

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training
Foreign Assistance Series

HAROLD M. JONES

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Dedicated with love and affection to my family, especially to Loretta, my lovable supporting and charming wife

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The inaccuracies in this book might have been enormous without the response of a great number of people I contacted by phone to help with the recall of events, places, and people written about. To all of them I am indebted. Since we did not keep a diary of anything that resembled organized notes of the many happenings, many of our friends responded with vivid memories. I have written about people who have come into our lives and stayed for years or simply for a single visit.

More specifically, Carol, our third oldest daughter and now a resident of Boulder, Colorado contributed greatly to the effort with her newly acquired editing skills. The other girls showed varying degrees of interest, and generally endorsed the effort as a good idea but could hardly find time to respond to my request for a statement about their feelings or impressions when they returned to the USA to attend college, seek employment and to live.

There is no one I am so indebted to as Karen St. Rossi, a friend of the daughters and whose family we met in Kenya. Thanks to Estrellita, one of our twins, for suggesting that I link up with Karen. "Do you use your computer spelling capacity? And do you know the rule of i before e except after c?" Karen asked after completing the first lot given her for editing. "Karen, I simply tell the story to the computer as it comes to mind, without enough concern for syntax," I replied. Without Karen it would have taken much longer than twelve years, with my off and on starts.

Needless to say, Loretta urged me to write the story and contributed her excellent memory of names and other details. She has been the catalyst. Some of her writing has been incorporated with "minor" changes, for which she has never forgiven me. Thanks to the daughters for their insistence over the years that visitors and guests sign our family guest book. That frayed, taped-together piece has at times been a tremendous source for refreshing our memory.

Colleagues, friends, and associates, we are truly grateful.

Family Adventure

Mama, get the bags and every child
We shall be gone for a while
Don't leave a single girl
We are going to travel the big big world
We'll see different races and faces
Experience new customs and new graces

We are off to see the world
Faces shiny all nice and clean
All dressed alike, each a queen
Dressed in dresses that Mama made
All the same style and the same shade

Mama and daddy and every offspring
We'll make the world swing
All together let's see it all
See how they rise; see how they fall
See the rich and famous; see the poor
See many that need so much more

We are off to see the world
Let's see what we can do to help out
Lending a helping hand is what it is all about
Let's help keep U.S.A. image in tack
Keep the family happy and growing till we get back

We are off to see the world
It will cost us a penny or two
At the university to get them through
I'll have to go without, so will you
We are not talking about just a few
It's seven you know, we have to do,
While we are seeing the world.

INTRODUCTION

Grass Roots Development - A Family's Global Journey recounts the adventures of an American family of color for twenty-one years in foreign service and in four different countries. We were a part of the United States good will mission to help some of the world's poorest people feed themselves and have access to basic human necessities. Armed with confidence and willingness to assist by imparting skills necessary to ameliorate the more egregious conditions of the third world, we set out for India in 1956 to begin making some small differences.

I was farm machinery advisor to the government of India, with the specific assignment to assist and advise on the establishment of a Farm Machinery Training and Testing Center.

My previous work had been mostly with small, poor, African-American farmers with small acreage and very limited means, similar to, but not as poor and primitive as, the Indian and African farmers. Loretta and I were approaching our late thirties, and she had never traveled outside of the U.S. I had traveled in the southwest Pacific area, Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan during WWII; France, Germany, and the U.K. during the Korean War.

Preparing for India took an extended period of physical and mental exertion. Grandma Chlora worried about taking the girls to a country characterized by the U.N. as the world's filthiest. Auntie Faustina wanted us to leave behind the one year old, but we decided all, or nothing at all.

Not much aware of the process and politics behind it all, our concern centered on helping people to do a little bit better with what they had. A few years into the work, a Department of State official remarked, "The Department has done well by your family and in return your family has done well by the Department of State." We feel that the experience of living overseas was challenging, exciting, exhilarating, and at times risky. Our life style demonstrated resourcefulness, friendliness, and regard for people on all levels of the human condition, from royalty to the poorest of social status. Simple, affordable technologies were demonstrated to struggling poor farmers as a means to get better results from their efforts and meager resources. We are proud of our contributions and have received some expressions of appreciation over the years from those with whom we worked.

Rearing a family of seven daughters in a nomadic fashion across the world is not the globe's greatest accomplishment, but it takes a lot of doing. Just the logistics of moving, sometimes on short notice, both within the country we lived or between continents every two to three years required great organization. Carrying as many as twenty-five pieces of luggage was a shared responsibility, some sharing more than others, and equivalent to mobilizing a small army. After arriving, there were the challenges of daily living in strange and sometimes isolated locations, under adverse climatic and sanitary conditions, and limited availability of many household items. But our greater concern was the education of our daughters. Loretta and I embarked with enthusiasm on this Project. I built desks, Loretta set aside a large room in our house for a classroom and library, and we started a disciplined, well-run school for our then six daughters. Loretta took on the greater part of the work, as my work situation required being separated from the family during the week. Loretta was left to contend as a single parent until the weekend. In addition to the school, she handled our health care. Managing the household meant training and supervising servants whose diverse backgrounds at times required creativity as well as sensitivity in assigning tasks. Housing and entertaining visiting friends and colleagues added to Loretta's workload, all to which she responded with vivacity.

Our understanding of other cultures did not come from in-depth reading or research, but rather from working and mingling with all classes, castes, and tribes of pulpit, including top government officials, private citizens, diplomats, and villagers. How they lived and what and how they spoke provided us with first-hand education at times we were

subjected to what they believed, to restrictions of different religious beliefs, tribal and caste animosities, and deep-seated superstitions. But we never ceased to respect people's struggle to provide for their families amid harsh physical, political, and economic environments that lack the most elementary human requirements for survival.

Hardships are endured throughout the world with the aid of rituals and ceremonies, song and dance, pain, and the allure and solace of love. Societies of less-developed nations have not yet turned basic resources into profit-making industries to meet the needs of the human condition, as has much of the west. Living for what is ahead in the next life keeps many people going forward more than any other factor. Time and energy are spent mostly for getting daily bread that often is not enough, until it is time for them to move on to kingdoms beyond this one.

On a swing through Africa which included a stopover in Khartoum, Sudan, at sunset I took a walk among the huge well-spaced trees along the Nile River. Here, the Blue Nile flowing north from Ethiopia meets the White Nile on its way from Lake Victoria between Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania. I observed the small fishing and passenger boats plying the Nile water. The white egrets, crows and other birds were flying through the lethargic smoke trails from village cooking fires home to roost. This life-giving waterway to Egypt and the Mediterranean Sea, the cradle of civilization, stirred deeply imbedded memories in me. Here, I made the decision to write this account of our family life in the foreign service. I wanted to call it "Offspring." That was twelve years ago.

My own story began near the banks of a large river, the James River in rural Charles City County, Virginia. This region is known as the cradle of the Republic, indicating its importance for America's evolution. Charles City County is composed of diverse social and cultural groups whose history echoes the trials of colonial life, slavery, Indian wars, and emancipation. If "all of America was once Virginia," as is often said, then all of Virginia was once Charles City. One aspect of this community is its population of descendants of slaves who, upon being freed in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, intermarried with native Americans, and Caucasian indentured servants. Many others sprang from slave owners and slave women. "Miscegenation" has long been rampant in the area. My paternal grandparents were part of the community's founding fathers, where a Baptist church and a one-room rural school were the social center. Grandfather, a vibrant offspring of Native American and African-American, was resourceful, dedicated, tenacious, and morally righteous. He married an unlicensed midwife, who believed the mingling of her Native American, African-American, and Caucasian bloodlines was the source of the vigor that kept her able until she died at the age of 102. Both grandparents were fiercely independent and enormously resourceful, necessary perquisites for survival in those days. These traits, as well as grandmother's philosophy, "Every devil in this world must figure out his own salvation," were passed on to my father who, after one day as a hired hand, swore and kept his promise to remain self-employed. He became a farming and small-business entrepreneur (many of the present-day Charles City citizens have built residences on land purchased from Junior Jones). He built a five-bedroom house on a ten acre plot, then selected a bride of Native American, African-American, and Caucasian decent.

It was here that I grew up, got religion in the Baptist church, was baptized in Staggs Swamp, learned to hunt, play baseball, finished primary school as the only male of four graduates, and rode a school bus for four years to Ruthville High for African-Americans, where I graduated.

Loretta was from Miller's Ferry, Alabama. Her parents were members of the black "aristocracy," for which I have no definition. Both had university degrees and were among the first of their community to purchase a Model T. They were dedicated missionary educators in an area school for African-American children, supported TV the United Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. They were fully engrossed in the community at large, always endeavoring to set examples for students, church members, and community folk. Her father was affectionately called "Fessor."

Loretta's paternal grandfather, descended from emancipated slaves, resided in Hazard, Kentucky, located in the coal region of Perry County at the turn of the century. Bigotry was minimal and Loretta's grandfather became a deputy sheriff, whose attire, captured in a black-and-white photograph, included a six shooter, leather-fringed chaps that appeared to need a wake-up call, and an oversized cowboy hat. It was rumored that he possessed a stare that could deter acts of criminal or mischievous intent. He married the daughter of a Dutch indentured servant. They had a son and two daughters.

Loretta's father, Norman Williams, left his Kentuckian home, at the age of twelve, soon after the death of his Dutch descended mother. His sheriff father refused to marry, and heeding the advice of the interracial community, he sent each of his offsprings to live with separate families. Norman went to a Caucasian family, as did his sister, whose resemblance to their mother was striking. Her new family moved out of the state, and Norman never saw her again. The older sister, Margaret, grew up in the Hazard area, married, and was the mother of nine children. She was fatally shot by her husband.

Norman began his higher education at Berea College, but left with sadness when the state legislation instituted segregation. He transferred to Knoxville College, a Presbyterian supported school, where students were African-American and teachers were Caucasian. He met and married Chlora Rounsaville, who had transferred from Spelman College in Atlanta. They had two daughters, Loretta and Faustina. Chlora's family was originally from a farming family of rural northwest Georgia. Norman and Chlora Williams worked most of their adult life within the segregationist system so common to the south at that time. Control and utilization of African-American to further the well being of whites was blatant, but nowhere was it more in vogue than on the Plantation adjacent to the school property. An Alabama state senator who provided the land for the Presbyterian school was a perpetrator of the system that endeavored to control African-- Americans. The parents of the students worked on the plantation and were paid in the locally minted currency called "brozine," which could only be spent at the plantation store. Brozine was an octagon shaped brass token with a value stamped on the back. This was a case where "owing your soul to the company store" was reality.

Loretta followed her fathers footstep's and graduated from Knoxville Colleges studying mathematics and music. I earned a B.S. from Virginia State College. Loretta and I met at the Manassas, Virginia Regional High School. I taught agriculture, and she was the math teacher and played the piano for the school choir. We married in early 1942, and together started our family with Burnetta. In October I joined the army and served in the southwest Pacific until 1945. Aided by the G I. Bill, I entered Cornell the same year and earned a M.S in agriculture and entomology. Christina was born during my grad school days in Ithaca. We moved to Fort Valley, Georgia, where I taught agricultural engineering, and Carol was born. A year later the family moved to Nashville, Tennessee, and I joined the faculty at Tennessee State University, the home of the famous 1960 Olympic Tigerbelles. We decided to make Nashville home and began paying a mortgage. The family grew. Three more offspring, Estrellita, Anita (twins) and Carlotta were born there.

When the Korean War broke out. I was inducted from the army reserves to serve three years, posted in Germany with the U.S. occupational troops for the final eight months. I returned to my faculty post at Tennessee State College in 1954. Loretta taught remedial mathematics at Fisk University and Tennessee State.

Racial tensions in these years were not so obvious to our daughters' in spite of their parents having previously had a number of humiliating experiences. Whenever the daughters took trips to town with us, they knew never to ask to eat in public places. This was not because of racist bars, but because it was considered a waste of money when they could have a cheaper meal at home. Even when they went to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, to see me as company commander leading my unit in military parades, they were so excited to see the march with all the precision, color, and music they didn't notice the units were not integrated. We did not burden the children with whatever feelings we had about the segregated south. There would be plenty time in later years for them to learn. In these early years, it was more important to us to instill in them self-discipline, good manners, and respect for others, home, and family.

Our first six daughters were born in Virginia, New York, Georgia, and Tennessee. Today they are: Burnetta, 51, living in Cleveland, Ohio; Christina, 47 residing in Germany; Carol, 45, married and residing in Boulder, Colorado; Anita and Estrellita, 43; Carlotta, 41, all residents of Washington, D.C.; and Loretta, 34, born in New Delhi, India, lives in California. Six of the seven are college graduates. Our ability to manipulate our meager resources to keep four in college at one time while in East Africa was truly tested. We arbitrarily set \$50.00 as a monthly allowance for each of them, making no adjustments for inflation or rise in prices. Their ability to keep desires in check and to make do was remarkable. No reminders came back to us that the amount was too little. Their resourcefulness was always on test, and we were grateful that they all made it without any severe signs of suffering because of the lack of material needs. Having lived much of their lives in places of scarcity, they counted themselves lucky and were appreciative. Throughout their lives all have been free of trouble with the law, and healthy and hearty, for which we are truly thankful. However, their maternal instincts seem less than prolific; one married twice, and divorced twice with three daughters. One has a daughter with a

Catholic priest. Three are presently married with no children. I predict they will not replace themselves. All are employed, and in their male relations with men they have crossed the “color lines.” Their perception of the world and its people has been greatly broadened and there nothing they would trade for having had international experiences. Expressions in this book from four of them tell how they felt on return to college and high school in the U.S.

We have often pondered the significance of seven and have learned that seven is a mystic number. It is composed of four and three, which have been accounted lucky numbers since Pythagoreans. If you keep rolling seven on the dice you keep winning. Among the ancient people, Babylonians and Egyptians and others, there were seven sacred planets. There were seven days of creation, seven days a week, seven graces, seven divisions of the Lord’s Prayer, and seven ages in the life of man. There were seven churches of Asia. There are Seven Gods of Luck, and seven mortal sins: pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice and sloth. Seven times Christ spoke on the cross. The seven virtues are: faith, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance. There are seven wonders of the world, seven seas, Seven Gods of Lucks and seven heavens. The seven joys include: sacrifice, truth, powers, beauty, life, memory, obedience. Ancient Rome was the city of seven hills. There were seven Lamps of architecture, Samson’s wedding feasts lasted seven days, and seven locks of Sampson’s hair were shorn. Nebuchadnezzar was a beast for seven years. Seven gifts of the spirit are: wisdom, understanding, counsel, power or fortitude, knowledge, righteousness, and godly fear. And now the seven offsprings who have brought much love and joy to us and to each other. There is truly a magic with sevens in my life when I think of the countries in which I have worked. They amount also to seven: India, Nigeria, Kenya, Lesotho, Swaziland, St. Vincent, and the Grenadines, USA.

We are often asked which of the countries we enjoyed most. This question tends to lead to the exercise of comparing countries. We have tended to not let the creature comforts and amenities be the major factor in determining how well we liked a location, but rather how well we got along with the people, the good that we were able to do to benefit others, the quality and number of friends, and our professional and social rapport with officials, villagers, and farmers. We feel happy about how well we realized all of the above. From this standpoint, we rate all posts equally. When we arrived in Kenya, we had borne up well under the climatic extremes of dry, wet, and high temperatures, dust storms, and monsoons, and felt that we deserved the wonderful 5500 foot above-sea-level climate of Nairobi, Kenya, which demanded a light blanket year round. Clearly this post rated number one in this regard. The access to other amenities as hotels, restaurants, entertainment, hospitals, churches, hunting, horse racing and wild-life excursions put Kenya ahead of most other places for recreation. For educational opportunities for the girls, Nairobi and New Delhi were equal Kaduna, Nigeria was a close second. In Bhopal and Samaru, we had to depend on home study. India had a unique magic and pull, and I returned there after thirty-five years of absence. It was an exhilarating experience. Although we dropped out of the world of formal segregation of the ‘1950s and ‘60s in the USA into a kaleidoscope of cosmopolitanism, we could never escape the human prejudices that arise from selfishness and jealousy in the personal as well as the official

world. I can say with a relatively easy conscience that our even mindedness is unique. We have never judged people according to color. Out of the pain of being subject to such prejudices we have gained fortitude to discipline ourselves against inflicting the same pain on others. The pain was there in all parts of the world.

Loretta had gained the great admiration of both African and expatriate women, as a mother, active organizer, family hostess, and avid bridge player. She was often spoken of with warmth. No one ever posed the question my Indian driver once asked, "Why did you marry a black woman?", with the after thought, "but she has a heart of gold." Loretta worked closely with women's organizations in both Nigeria and Kenya. She was a member of the University Women's Organization, active with the national Wanawake Womens group and the American Women's Association. The closest we came to situations of prejudice during our sojourn in Africa was when a new mission director's wife in Kenya seemed to harbor an immense jealousy of her popularity with the Kenyans, showing a tinge of hatred. This puzzled many of our friends, and one of our neighbors was so struck by this that they wondered if Loretta had a crush on the women's husband previously. It was clearly not that, but total jealousy of her popularity with the Kenyans, since she never met him until he became mission director.

Eventually she took advantage of her position to have us transferred to AID Washington. The transfer was the least of our concern since we had spent eight years in Nairobi, but the reason was regrettable. In another instance, a new mission director declared that he would make me his deputy, but I was not black enough. He needed someone of higher visibility, truly the ultimate for qualification. These instances were the extent of our being faced with prejudices. However, over the years, mistaken identity often plagued me. Most people seem bent on pinning a special set of features to ethnic categories without being sensitive to the variations that exist. Differences among African-Americans run the gamut and incorporate every physical feature known. This speaks to the genetic mixture that makes up the group: Caucasian, Indian, Asian, and African in telling degrees. Indians assumed many times I was one of them. A Britisher had me as Welsh with the name Jones. Middle East persons have claimed me at times as one of them. Many Africans didn't see me as being African enough to have reknit with them but tended to ease off when they met Loretta and the family. Too many times I have wondered how skin and hair got so deeply ingrained in the civilization process, especially since we are all expressions of climate, so closely similar underneath, and got started in Africa.

All the countries in which we lived, except Spain, had been under British rule, and the wide use of English lessened considerably our problems of communication, although I studied elementary Hindi in India, and Christina and I studied Hausa in Nigeria. Though most of the British had gone, their influence in both word and deed strongly prevailed. The locals often remarked to each other, "You are more British than the British." Many were proud to show off their ability to communicate in English. Our friends among the British, expatriates, and residents were extensive, socially and professionally. We enjoyed them immensely, in spite of occasional lengthy verbal encounters about the deficiencies of their legacies to the countries of the Commonwealth. They were a good source of information, although sometimes unfavorably skewed against the locals.

While our perspectives of the world and its peoples were greatly broadened in many aspects, none had more room to grow than our limited knowledge and understanding of the great religions Of the world. Our tiny point of view of religion had come from my rural Baptist church background, and Loretta's Presbyterian background. Our thought or concern went little beyond a general knowledge of a few of the more than 300 denominations of Christianity. We both had a sprinkling of knowledge of Judaism, resulting mostly from some acquaintances. However, our expanded knowledge of religion during our overseas years came from talking with and watching people practice their religions through worship, feasts, and festivals, and by observing how religion, in some instances, influenced all aspects of people's lives. During my first years in India I came quickly to the conclusion that there was nothing that could be done locally without religious considerations. Everyone seemed to ask: Is this an auspicious day for travel (or many other things?) Religion has been one of the most powerful forces in history, and it is said that there has never been people who did not have some form of religion. From the day we arrived in Bhopal, we heard the call of the Muezzin to summon devout Muslims to pray five times a day while they faced Mecca in Saudi Arabia at the mosque within a stone's throw of our home. I was constantly exposed to the worship practices of my young Muslim driver on a daily basis. Many other events— marriages, feasts and festivals, and Ramadan, the ninth month of the Moslem year, a period of fasting from sunrise to sunset— became a regular part of our experience. Equally prevalent were the practitioners of Hinduism, one of the oldest of the great religions of the world. I only had to walk down to the Narmada River a short distance from the Budni Center, my official work place to observe the temples the great variety of worshipers of water, sun, and wind along its banks and in the water. Our several family visits to the remnants of the nearby Buddhist shrine, at Sanchi, gave us a view of this renowned and historic religion that grew out of Hinduism in India and enjoyed great popularity over a long period, but had gradually disappeared there about 1000 A.D. and moved to Tibet, China, Japan, and southeastern Asia. More than 2000 years ago, Buddhism served as the foundation on which magnificent kingdoms were built by the Sinhalese in Ceylon, off the tip of southern India, known today as Sri Lanka,. We often observed Jainism in practice, with members wearing a net over their face to avoid killing even the lowest insect that might get sucked in and killed. They believe in not injuring or killing any living creature, but stress ethical purity, love and kindness, and do not worship any particular deity. There are between one and two million believers, most of them in India I met and converged with many who professed Sikhism, and visited their golden temple in the Punjab, in northwest India. This blend of Hinduism and Islam is the religion of more than six million people founded by Guru Nanak nearly five hundred years ago. Sikh means disciple. Their scripture is called the Granth.

Zoroastrian is a religion founded by Zoroaster of ancient Persia before 600 B.C. It is thought that its doctrines of heaven and hell and the devil had some influence on Christianity. Today, most of the one hundred thousand of them live in Bombay, India. They are called Parsee, some of which were our close friends. We never witnessed it, but were told that they lay their dead out to be devoured by vultures and other carrion eaters. I have also known several persons of the Pahai religion founded in Iran only about 150

years ago, by Ali Mohammed, called gab. It stresses the oneness of all mankind.

In Northern Nigeria, much of the population is Muslim, with some Christians, and each had some overlapping of tribal beliefs or Animism, I once asked an authority on Islam from the Middle East, who had taken an extensive trip over northern Nigeria: What was his opinion of the practicing Islamic believers in the region?

He said, "I didn't see any." This was symbolic of introduced religions in Africa with strong interspersions of tribal beliefs. We did encounter a number of missionary activities, mostly Christians, working in Nigeria. But on trips to the countryside and villages, the so-called primitive practices were common. Most of these practices were concerned with food, shelter, and well-being, since villagers depend more on nature to meet their needs than in the industrial societies. Traditional religions are not able to explain the natural processes of rain, earthquakes, or what causes their crops and animals to do well one year and poorly the next. They believe that spirits, gods and goddesses control occurrences. Pleasing the spirits by means of gifts, ceremonies and sacrifices is their way of worship. Magic and medicine men and women are often used. They think there have direct links with the spirits involved. In Kenya, where it is estimated that sixty-five percent of the people engage in animist beliefs, twenty percent are Christians and fifteen percent Islam, the influence of missionaries is strong in terms of school, hospitals and established churches. But we found that Africa in general is a composite of Christianity, Islam, and Animist beliefs with each and in the majority from one country to the other. Those countries in the north bordering the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea are predominantly Islam.

Most religions believe that life depends on more powerful forces than people. Worshippers seek to relate to and gain the good graces of these powers, which generally become their deities or gods. Most major religions worship only one god while the primitive religions worship many gods. All religions have code of conduct, which instruct believers what to do and what not to do. All teach that there is something of people that survives after death. Keeping on good terms with their gods through worship and showing love and admiration for what they believe in is a common feature. Symbols and ceremonies make up most worship temples, churches, cathedrals, and mosques are places of worship for most religions, while holy days, orders of service and religious practices are essential parts of all religions.

These experiences confirm our faith in goodness. They also confirm our belief that, despite secularism, the religious culture, even if in the subconscious, has tremendous influence on the development of an individual.

While our own knowledge and perspectives were being broadened, we hope that those we went to assist benefited equally in some way. We are convinced that there is no better way to make people independent and self-reliant than teaching them how to do better with what is relevant to their condition and within the means they can afford. Essentially our sojourn into the developing world was to train people to prosper by assisting with building and or strengthening existing institutions, teaching, and sending people abroad

to US for training. That worn-down saying from the Chinese that it is better to teach a person to fish, than to give him/her a fish, is as true today as it was then. Using that philosophy, we seldom failed to take advantage of an opportunity to train, whether it was our household assistants and driver, or students, extension workers, official counterparts, institutional staffs, farmers, manufacturing entrepreneurs, and university researchers. Our methods included lectures, but we predominantly used demonstrations and design ideas for improved tools, equipment, and practices. We gave as much effort to develop suitable attitude required for doing things differently as we did to imparting skills. After all education and training can do little more than teach people how to do things, and how one feels about what one is doing. In addition to my involvement in training, three of my daughters were involved in teaching, one at university, one at primary, and one reading to blind university students and teaching boys in rehabilitation. Across our training spectrum we witness the results of better baking, cooking and cleaning by our household assistants, how our driver grew and became the most sought after when he joined the mission motor pool in New Delhi. Gratifying, too, was how the staff at Budni went about establishing a quality training and testing center, which later served as a model for the government of India to build three additional centers. We saw extension workers alter their approach to convince farmers through demonstrations, so as to accept improved practices to increase production. I ran into students in the U.S. who had escaped from a terminal education track existing at a certificate level school in Nigeria, to proceed to higher education, giving them a better chance to improve their lives and to be in a position to offer a higher quality of service to their country, all due to my intervention at the policy level. I witness entrepreneurs fabricate larger quantities of more effective tools and implements for agricultural production. Thousands have been trained and thousands more will be trained in institutions we helped to establish and/or strengthen. Overall we think we contributed to helping people lose some of life's most pressing problems. The greatest legacy the U.S. has left in the developing world comes from our teachers sent overseas to train and those who taught participant trainees from abroad. Our lives touched a wide range of human endeavors and the people involved. We feel exceptionally good about it all. The "developed and developing" world's biggest challenge is to keep in existence democracy, and national unity, through justice and freedom. To achieve this attitude is essential. In this regard, humanity still has much to do to show that we have the will to realize quality civilization for all. The world still has much to do to show that humanity still has the will and capacity to realize quality civilization for all. "If we do not realize justice and love, we are no better than (or no better than I would say) Orangutans." Ghandi.

CHAPTER ONE

India

The Decision and Getting There

The Marshall Plan had done an excellent job of restructuring the war-torn economies of Europe after WWII. The success had prompted the U.S. Congress to pass legislation to provide monies assisting the economic development of many newly independent third-world countries. I had often thought about leaving my faculty position with the department of agriculture at Tennessee State University to join the hordes of technicians being sent world-wide to assist in third-world development. My salary was not especially high. Occasionally we had to resort to pawning the family's silverware to keep up with growing family expenses. Though I knew working abroad would offer increased pay, I had discarded the notion as many times as it had come to mind. My thoughts were laced with media images of the Third World. Disorder. Chaos. Strife. Dire poverty and deadly diseases, imminent internal conflict and strife. The thought of raising a family there, already up to six daughters, was too daunting. I shared these reservations with my wife, Loretta. None of these doubts were expressly communicated to the children.

One day at the university I was in my boss Walter Flower's office.

"Say Jones," he greeted me. "Maybe you'd like to try this," he said as he reached over his desk to pass me some papers.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Take a look and let me know what you think." Flowers leaned back in his chair and thrust his cowboy boots across the corner of his desk.

"Thanks," I replied, "I'll take a look and get back to you in a day or so." Just to get an appointment and find Flowers actually at his desk was an event in itself. I had been on his staff since I had left an agricultural faculty position at Fort Valley State College, Georgia, in 1950. Chief Flowers, Dean of Agriculture at Tennessee State University, Nashville, was the most sought after individual on campus. I wasn't quite sure why, but Flowers was close to the university's president. He was a master at evading people and missing appointments. Lots of patience, skill and intuition were required of his staff and others to catch up with him. Chief's secretary, Mary, had become very skillful at supporting his evasive habits. "Is Chief around today?" people would ask. Her standard reply was: "He's around all right, but he's not around here." In spite of the fact that every day brought new reasons to dislike him, I found it difficult to become disaffected with Flowers, like most of the other staff members. His charm, disarming personality, and his repertoire of tall tales conspired to dispel any ill feeling one might harbor towards him. He always seemed to want to project the cowboy image. He wore the boots and sometimes the hat, but his Mississippian birth and background always showed through.

The papers Chief had given me were application forms sent to him from the U.S.

Department of State, encouraging him to apply for the position of farm machinery advisor to the Ministry of Agriculture of the Government of India. More specifically, the incumbent was to advise and assist in the setting up of a farm machinery training and testing center at Budni, a remote corner of central Madhya Pradesh State, in India.

It had finally happened! After so many months of indecision something concrete presented itself. A torrent of new thoughts rushed through my heads. I had to weigh our present job prospects against future prospects. Was a pigeon in hand better than the many pigeons I hoped to catch? What did my job at Tennessee State hold for me? What about Loretta's job future? Loretta taught remedial mathematics and her salary helped meet family costs. But her chances for staying on looked dim, since she was recently called on the carpet for giving one of the school's top women Olympic prospects, Wilma Rudolph, a failing grade in remedial math. Loretta stood her ground and would not change the grade. The administration was unhappy. There goes the extra money, I thought.

As to my own position, I too discovered that I had to compete against financial preferences for the athletics department. When I had been initially hired, I was told to establish in the Department of Agriculture a Division of Agriculture Engineering in conjunction with the School of Engineering. My office site consisted of only a hulk of a building. On cold, wintry days the wind often blew in snow flakes through the broken window panes. I made substantial improvements with the help of student labor. We heated the classroom with a wood stove that I had built out of a fifty-five gallon oil drum. Wood had to be collected by me, the instructor, and the students. While this was better than nothing, the stove heated the room very uneven. Students on the side of the room farthest from the stove were freezing, and those closest to it roasting. This was not, needless to say, conducive to learning. This was Tennessee State for African-Americans in 1955. The college entrants from Tennessee's African-American high schools were terribly deficient academically and positive attitudes towards applying themselves to scholastic pursuits were sorely lacking. My department had been promised funds but never the likes of those actually allocated to the athletics department. Even though the university's president was a trained agriculturist his main thrust was athletics. He often said, "Black schools have to get well known, then they can get good." His vision of getting known was through the football, basketball, and women's track teams winning the state and nationwide competitions. They had dominated the annual AAU (Amateur Athletic Union) meets for several years. But his plan for getting good otherwise was less obvious. Athletics were thus pushed to the forefront and other academic interests came second, third, even fourth. I knew that my department would never get the required funds. In this kind of situation I began to feel like a volunteer with a stipend. So why not move from slow developing situation to another in India, I thought. After weighing the pros and cons, I decided for the pros. All I needed then was family sanction.

The family responded enthusiastically. Everybody agreed that they wanted to go to India, in spite of not knowing anything about the big sub-continent. The girls were enthralled about the prospect of going to school at home. Loretta was prepared to forego beauty parlors that treated African-American hair. "There's no one who could do my hair over there in India." Mr. Flowers had fretted once to Loretta. That did not daunt Loretta. We

were accustomed to being resourceful. It was decided that we would try it for two years and see what happened after that — *que sera sera*. Several trips were made to Chief's office to tell him what I thought about the papers from Washington, but he was never there and I never got any closer to him than Mary's stock answer, "He's around alright, but not around here." The application was submitted. Shortly thereafter, Mary Nichols called from Washington saying, "You have been accepted for the job in India and I have mailed all the instructions for you, and the family to make preparations for departure." All this had transpired, plus a letter from the university president granting me a two-year leave of absence before I actually got a chance to talk to Chief about the decision.

The preparations began with physical examinations at the nearest government facility, which was the Smyrna Airbase, just outside of Nashville. Several trips there confirmed that all parts were functioning up to normal standards, and I was given enough inoculations to bring on the pin-cushion syndrome.

With final details in place I was set to leave ahead of the family for my orientation in Washington, D.C. On the day of my departure, the girls came en masse to demand that I tell them something about India before I left.

"I shan't be able to tell you much because I haven't thought that much about it. But I will make a deal with you I'll tell what little I know if you older girls will agree to get the encyclopedia to read about India and share it with the younger sisters." They agreed.

"India is a long way away," I began to tell them, "more than 10,000 miles which is nearly half way around the world. I hear many many people live there. They have lots of floods and famine, but no floods in the place where we will live. Many people are poor and hungry and sleep in the streets in the big cities. People have many different kinds of diseases and unfortunately there are few hospitals, and not enough doctors to give them good treatment. They live in villages of many houses which are made from mud and cow dung. Millions of women dry cow dung into cakes and use it to cook their food. There are also lots of nice things and places in India, good beaches, good mountain resorts and lots of nice buildings. There are people with lots of money, rich people who live in palaces and very nice homes, all of whom have servants. We will have some too. I expect. But many village people are very poor and hardly have enough to eat. Much of my work will be with the poor people, farmers and village folks helping them grow more food so they can have enough to eat.

I thought it best not to mention what I had once heard about India while attending a lecture by Dr. Howard Thurman, the renowned religious leader then of Howard University. He had recently returned from India and spoke of the whole catalogue of human miseries. Particularly the caste systems and the plight of those at the bottom, the "untouchables." He referred to them as cringing and demoralized people who were able to carry on in part because they had heard that somewhere between them and the bottom of the human scale of suffering were the black Americans. I had discussed this with Loretta, who thought it was not necessary to relate this to the children.

If she could arrange it, Loretta was to come to Washington after my orientation for a final farewell before our six-month separation. Even so, our Nashville parting was difficult.

“Loretta, soon the family will take their first trip by air, halfway around the world. You must be brave for the girls’ sake,” I said with my arms around her. “If we are successful with India and are bitten by the foreign service bug, there may be lots more time in the air.”

She gripped my hand and with a tear falling on her cheek, she said, “I’ll be brave.”

Holding each other close for a few minutes, we said nothing else. Then all the girls gathered for a round of hugs, kisses, and promises to write. With a concert of goodbyes, I was off to Washington.

The old DC-3 lumbered through the Tennessee mountains into Virginia, through snow showers, strong winds and local visibility. The trip seemed unending, and the thought of eventually having to fly over 10,000 more miles was less than appealing. Finally the wheels were down, almost touching the waters of the Potomac River, before they grabbed the tarmac. What a relief. There is nothing to beat the feeling of having your feet on solid ground.

Flagging a taxi on arrival, I settled in to admire the monuments along the route. Instead, I found myself a captive audience to a social commentator.

“I get so mad with them raising my taxes all the time,” the driver proclaimed.” I guess you have to blame this on all the women who keep on getting pregnant, having all these babies and going on welfare and we hard working people have to bear the bill. I’m damn tired of it. Why does a hard-working taxi driver have to pay for somebody else baby when someone else had all the fun helping to bring them into the world?”

“That’s the way the system works,” I commented absent mindedly.

“I reckon so,” he sighed as pulled his official looking cap down over his brow.

“That’s the Lincoln Memorial just in front of us, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” the driver replied. “He sure was a good old man and helped us black people out a lot. Hadn’t been for him I might still be in Georgia hoeing Mr. Charlie’s cotton. Yeah, we owe a lot to Abe! He was one of them better white people of his day. But they killed him, you know, he got ‘sassinated right here in D.C. at the Ford Theater. Anybody that was good to us in those days, stood in danger.”

A few minutes later we pulled up to a sprawling building that filled a city block.

“Here is state! Your fare is \$4.50,” he announced as he recorded the ride in his log. I tipped him a dollar, for which I was profusely thanked.

Awed by the massive structure, and with baggage heavy enough to add to the unbalance, I lurched through the swinging doors and up to the information desk. I began to get the feeling that the whole of Washington had a roof over it. After checking my credentials, orders, and identification, the desk person began to direct me to a room on the third floor.

“You are here” she pointed out on the building plan, “and this is where you want to go.”

Then the trouble began. This was a big place! The signs, arrows, and numbers began to confuse me. Being a woodsman, I always used the sun, land marks, or even moss on trees to find my way. This place was too orderly, with endless corridors and elevators that deposited one on identical floors. I began to wander, pushing button after buttons often the wrong ones, and traversing corridors which seemed to lead to the same place. The more I asked people where room 3311 was, the farther from it I became. I sat down on my bags to rest and began to think how best to punish the architect for coming up with such a design. Suddenly the answer: bring him back to this place, put him in the middle of the building, and make him find his way out. Yes! A fitting penalty for his sins. Just then a young man came down the corridor with a handful of files. “Where is room 3311?” I inquired.

“You’re very close, just down the hall on your right.”

As I entered the evasive “3311,” I thought, my point of light at last!

Mary Nichols, the recruiter, was quietly pleasant with a slight smile. She had a good start on middle age, and her blond hair was mixed with gray. She had always referred to herself as Mary Nichols on the phone and in the letters I had received in Nashville, so I didn’t know whether she was a Miss, Ms, or Mrs. She gave me the packet crammed with information and explained how the next two weeks would be structured. I would be attending seminars with people from many different backgrounds: historians, diplomats, economists, sociologists, Europeans, Americans, Indians, the lot. She had made reservations at the National Hotel, which was within walking distance. Her instructions for getting out of the building seemed much simpler than those I had received for getting in. She stood up and graciously wished me all the best, promising to guide me through the maze of paperwork and activities. She could now carve another notch on the corner of her desk for a successful recruitment.

The National Hotel had probably been in Washington longer than dirt. From the looks of the lobby it was by no means plushy but livable for a couple of weeks. Generations of paint seem to have given it some extra strength. Steam oozed out of the radiators and pipes clanged and popped at times. Every step was accompanied by a squeaking floorboard. One could imagine that George Washington might have slept here. But it was clean and comfortable and I was going to be too busy to mind the little inconveniences.

Washington - The Orientation Capital

Orientation went by in what seemed like minutes. It loaded me with enough facts and figures to last the rest of my life, although we had only signed up for a two-year assignment. Indian history, politics, economics, traditions, and mores were all talked about. U.S. government officials, Indians living in the U.S., including some from the Indian Embassy, and hordes of specialists came to give of themselves and their knowledge. They kept repeating “You are all U.S. ambassadors to India and you must act in that image at all times. The fact that you will live in other cultures means that you will never be totally American again.” No one mentioned how much American would be left over after exposure to other cultures over time. Nor was mention made of minority Americans who had already lived on the fringes of their own country’s culture. Nor were the vast inequities of living standards among India’s social classes referred to, but my own experience in the U.S. prepared me for that. Nevertheless, by the end of orientation I was full of facts and figures as an inflated life jacket.

To top this off, I was advised at the end of the last session to report to room 3644 for any further clarification I needed about India. This I did.

“I’m Harold Jones sent here by the orientation people to get you to put the finishing touches on my knowledge about India.” My first and second impression of my instructor was that she would be an excellent candidate for the Miss America Contest, of the first order.

“My name is Marie and I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Jones.” She stood to shake my hand with a firm grip. “I am afraid I can’t tell you much about India. You see I joined the agency only two weeks ago.”

“Where did you come from?” I asked.

“I’m from Crossville, Tennessee.”

“Interesting, I’ve passed many a time through your town. I’m from Nashville. At least we have that in common.”

“I wish I knew more about India to tell you,” she lamented.

“Maybe my grandmother was right,” I said. “She used to tell me after living for ninety years that ‘Every devil must figure his own salvation.’ Anyway, it’s awfully nice to meet a fellow Tennessean. When I return in two years, maybe I can tell you about India.” We shook hands and I wished her all the best in her new assignment.

“You too,” she returned. This last point of light at the Department of State had shone rather dimly, with respect to her knowledge of India. But she lit the place up with her presence.

Loretta arrived by train to spend three days with me before my departure. She made her way to the National Motel after a racial hassle with taxi drivers at Union Station. After a compassionate embrace, she brought me up to date.

“I had mixed feelings about coming because all the girls got the measles, and the twins are still recuperating. But they’re in good hands, so I thought it was safe to come.”

“You’d better have, or you would have been in real trouble.” I said as we headed back to the hotel.

Over the next few days, I filled Loretta in on what I had learned in orientation. We planned and speculated, sharing our excitement and apprehension. The last evening was a passionate farewell, prompting Loretta to say forlornly, “Maybe I should go with you now. Six months is a long time to wait.”

“It will be six long months for me, too” I affirmed. “I sure hope the airlines will let us put those life jackets on while crossing the Atlantic, and not keep them under the seat. I won’t be happy until all of us are together again.”

The Lumbering Four-Motored Aircraft

January 1956, marked the beginning of my arduous journey to India. It started with a local flight from Washington to New York, then a transfer by helicopter to the international airport where I boarded my transatlantic flight on KLM, the Royal Dutch airlines. As the glow of New York’s artificial aurora borealis faded, I tried to prepare myself for what lay ahead. I would have to endure nearly three days of changing altitudes and time zones, cramped quarters, and the constant rumbles and vibrations of the four-engine prop plane.

There were a few bright spots to distract me from the Atlantic’s pitch-black horizon. I was traveling first class, as was standard for foreign service employees in those days. This meant a continuous deluge of sumptuous food and drinks and a pillow fluffing administered by one of the world’s loveliest young women.

After thirteen hours in the air, we struggled through a dense fog to land in Scotland for refueling. Then we were up again, crossing the English Channel to Amsterdam. The sky brightened and the flight became smooth, even pleasurable. Schipol airport, home of the flying Dutchman, was framed by the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the flat windmill and canal infested countryside on the other.

I could look forward to a twenty-four hour layover in Amsterdam. All I knew about Holland was what I recalled from primary school geography and fairy tales — wooden shoes, windmills, and the story of the boy who prevented a national disaster- by plugging a hole in the dyke with his finger. Soon I would be able to compare the real Netherlands with what I had read of it from “Other Lands,” my geography textbook in the late 1920s.

The urban spread of Amsterdam looked especially well laid out and orderly. The landing was smooth and welcomed. While proceeding through customs I had my bags examined by a very young looking, personable man.

I said to him in a friendly tone. "I didn't think a nice country like your Netherlands would have these kinds of checks on people coming in and out." He came back with, "Oh yes, we have to have a little McCarthyism also." Apparently I was not seen as a suspect, for he smiled and waved me through. I took the airport bus to the hotel for some food and rest. Lunch was well prepared, tasty, and served in a pleasant atmosphere of soft violin music. After a short nap, I was ready to browse a bit around Amsterdam.

I got a feeling of compactness and efficiency on my tour of Amsterdam. The people were determined and knew where they were going and how to get there. Old-world charm abounded in the below-sea level historic city. The people were warm, hospitable and cheerful bustling around day and night on bicycles, footmobiles, and boats in this city of bridges and canals. The city was remarkably well kept and the canals provided much of the means of transportation in this city of bridges and canals. The people were warm, hospitable and cheerful. I wondered if they had ever taken a bridge census. It would take a lot of counting for the bridges that connected the city's several hundreds islands reclaimed from the sea.

Amsterdam-Cairo-Lebanon

The next afternoon, my "flying Dutchman," heavy and clumsy, lifted under a bright sun Suddenly the phenomenally flat countryside of windmills and canals stretch-d out in all directions. My window view of towns and cities, rivers, lakes, farms, forest, and a constantly changing skyline held me fascinated. The second leg of the flight took us across the Swiss Alps and over the Mediterranean to Cairo. Night fell as we approached Switzerland, turning the panorama into patches of sparkling lights amid darkened hills. Our refueling stop in Geneva was routine and, back in the air, the sumptuous candlelight dinner, the soft music and quiet ambience did wonders to relax me. A bright neon allowed a spectacular view of the Matterhorn, with its unrivaled grandeur. Simply contemplating its majesty is enough to immobilize a human feelings of arrogance or superiority.

As we approached Egypt, clouds and fog forced our flight to be rerouted to Beirut for servicing. Our plane was already banking for Lebanon when the pilot announced the changed plans. The mention of Lebanon sent my thoughts back to Sunday school and days in rural Virginia, and the Bible's mention of the Cedars of Lebanon: "And say, thus saith the Lord God; a great eagle with great wings, long winged, full of feathers which had diverse colors, came unto Lebanon and took the highest branch of the cedar," (Ezekiel 17-3). "King Solomon obtained wood from these cedars to build his beautiful temple in Jerusalem," (1 Kings 5: 6-10).

Soon we were over the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the snow-capped Lebanon mountains parallel with the coastline. Their foothills nourish the roots of biblical cedars.

The beautiful capital city, Beirut, was just ahead. Once we landed on the tarmac, the summer heat melted my memory of snowy peaks. Flies and other signs of uncleanness did little to cheer up the lethargic, wilted, and aggravated passengers as we disembarked into the warm, humid airport. Only warm Coca-Colas were available for refreshment, adding to the wilt. Maybe this was what they had referred to back in orientation as “culture shock.” Overwhelmed by heat and exhaustion, we passengers sat dejectedly in silence.

I felt a tapping on my shoulder, and I turned to face two men whom I had seen on the plane.

In heavily accented English one asked, “Aren’t you getting off here with us to go to Syria?”

Caught totally off guard. I haltingly replied, “No, I’m headed for India.”

“We are sorry, we thought you were Syrian,” the other said as they moved away.

“Passengers are requested to return to the aircraft.” This announcement injected new life into the listless passengers, who seemed delighted to scramble aboard. All four engines roared into action and the aircraft was let loose down the runway, accelerating past stationary landmarks, and finally lifting into the warm air for Karachi. My seat companion was a dainty, elderly woman, who, at regular intervals, shifted her small, flat-top hat over her gray hair, making sure that it maintained its proper angle.

“Where are you from?” I asked.

“New York, yes. I am from New York.” she said in a thoughtful tone.

“Off to where?” I questioned.

“Every year I take a trip around the world by air,” she calmly replied, readjusting her hat.

“You are not afraid to do that?” I asked.

“No, I am not! You can’t get anywhere being scaredy cat. You see, I like this airline and all of its nice people,” Leaning closer to me she whispered. “Have you ever seen anybody more efficient than the damn Dutch?”

“They are good,” I replied. “May I ask your name?”

“I’m Gracie, Gracie Thompson.”

“I’m glad to meet you, ma’am. My name is Harold Jones. I’m coming from Nashville, Tennessee.”

“So nice to meet you, Mr Jones. Nashville!” she exclaimed. “I once went there. Heard much about Grand Old Opry, Minnie Pearl and all of them folks and my curiosity got the best of me, so I decided to go South for the first time, just to see that place where they make all that country music. I enjoyed it, but you know it doesn’t take much for me to get filled up on country music. You like country music, do you?” she asked.

With no hesitation, I answered, “I like all forms of music: country, classical, spiritual, down the line.”

“Where is this trip taking you to?” she queried, as she again patted her hat.

“I am off to India for two years”

“India, for two years. What on earth for?” she asked. looking at me in disbelief .

“I’ve just joined the U.S. Government’s Foreign Service Assistance Program. I will be assisting the Indian Ministry of Agriculture in setting up farm machinery training and testing center, in a remote jungle area in central India. The place is called Budni, really in the bush.”

“You going out there alone?” she asked.

“No, my family will come later when school is out in June.”

“Do you have a big family? You don’t look old enough to have much of a family.”

“But I do. I have six daughters and a wife.” I explained.

“With six daughters, I certainly hope there’s a wife,” she said and laughed. “No sons?”

“Nope, no son.”.

“I hear it’s the man’s fault when the children are all girls. Are you going to keep on trying until you get a son?”

“I wasn’t trying the last time when we got the sixth girl. I stated. “It just happened, ma’am. We’re looking for a way to put an end to having children. You see, we had planned to have four, but the fourth came as twins, making it five. This threw our plan right out the window. We then went to six.” Both of us laughed.

“Have any good suggestions how I could put an end to this children thing, not have anymore?” I asked her.

Gracie laughed and said, “There are known ways one can prevent pregnancies. I’d think you must have heard of some by now, haven’t you?”

“Yea,” I answered, “but they don’t seem to work for us. At least they have not up to this time. Seems like all I have to do is hang my trousers on the back of the chair in the bedroom and my wife gets pregnant.”

“I certainly can’t help you from my own experience,” she said. “We never had any children. My husband passed away a few years ago I never became pregnant during the forty years we were married. We never found out whether it was his fault or mine. And here you are with six and can’t seem to turn off the faucet. Life can be so uneven, so unfair.” A forlorn look came over her face. “And here you are going out to India with all those children. I have seen some of India’s teeming millions in Bombay and Calcutta living under sub-human conditions. It is beyond the imagination! If I had a family of young daughters like you, I would have to search my conscience thoroughly, before deciding to take them to India. You are a brave man. Godspeed,” she added.

“You see, U.S. assistance is all about helping the poor people of the world, like those you spoke of. Those kinds of people have far more meal times than they have meals. We hope that what I and others have come to do in agriculture production, over time, will make it possible for more people to produce more food. As long as they have food, people can live in caves, but without it they can’t even live in the best of hotels.”

“To that all I can say is the best of everything. You certainly seem to believe what you say,” she added, giving one more adjustment to her hat.

“It’s been a pleasure talking with you, ma’am. Continue to have a good journey around the world. I see we’re near Karachi, where I get off to transfer to a flight to New Delhi.”

“The pleasure’s mine,” she said, turning to gaze at the approaching landscape. The red, tile roofs of the Pakistani city and its mosques and minarets seemed to be just beneath the wheels of the plane as it glided gradually down to the runway for a smooth landing. The “dam Dutch” had done it again. As we taxied to the terminal, I was lost in the thought of Loretta and the girls’ so far away and still having to come by the Royal Dutch Airlines to Karachi without me.

The Desert Dance

For the final segment of the journey, I transferred to an Indian Airlines DC-3, WWII vintage, piloted by two turbaned Sikhs. So too was my seat mate, dressed in neat western clothes, with a classy looking turban, and a tightly pulled shiny beard. He spoke to me in what I assumed to be Hindi. Seeing me struggling to respond with a puzzled look on my face he came to my rescue in English.

“You are Hindustani, aren’t you?”

“No, I’m American,” I responded.

“Sorry, you look so much like one of us.”

“There’s some American Indian in my family. I’m Harold Jones, headed to Bhopal.” I explained the purpose of my journey.

“Delighted to meet you Mr. Jones, my name is Ball Singh. Let me be the first to welcome you to India. We need all the help we can get from people like you.”

The noisy twin-engine DC-3 lifted off the tarmac and headed for the Indian border. Buoyed by the hot desert air as it began to skirt the edge of the Great Indian Deserts the plane began flopping about like a drunken duck. One had the feeling of being thrown about rather than being flown. Vast areas of this plant-sparse, sand-bullied landscape showed minimal animal life or human habitation. Only small villages and herds of goats raising trails of dust, could occasionally be seen.

“We are nearing our first stop, Jodhpur,” Mr. Singh informed me. “See the hill and rocks in the distance, and the lake there with the buildings? Those are the palace grounds of the Maharajah of Jodhpur. The palace is reported to have 250 rooms built back in the 1920s. Maharajahs means ‘great kings.’ They no longer rule these territories since we gained our independence. We now have state and central governments for governing the country. The palaces are used to live in, but mostly for ceremonial purposes. The Maharajah here is but a young boy and I believe is at the private, preparatory school for boys, called Eton, in the UK.” Mr Singh explained.

“Thanks for all the information. You seem to know your country well,” I commented.

The DC-3 danced down, swaying from side to side in a crosswind and scattering thin layers of sand on the tarmac from the sand dunes at its sides. The few minutes at the sand-dusted airport with minimal facilities did little to ease the wooziness brought on by the jostling flight from Karachi. No one got off or on. Only a few bags probably mail, were loaded on and the desert dance was resumed until we reached Ajmer, the last stop before the 200 plus miles to New Delhi. The landscape showed a much stronger expression of plant life, nothing suggestive of an Amazon, but sufficient enough to increase the frequency of village life and animal activity. As the sun moved just over the edge of its horizon of sand Ajmer came into sight in a rocky valley, a lake was visible with a collection of good looking buildings lining its shores. Mr. Singh explained it was one of their ancient cities and that the wall surrounding the city had five entrance gates. He told me of a tomb in the city for the Muslim Saint Kwnaja, revered as a place of pilgrimage.

“It’s also a center of education with Ajmer College which is linked to Calcutta University and Mayo Rajkumar for the education of noble Rajputs.” Again I thanked him and praised his knowledge of the place.

The brief stopover was as uneventful as that in Jodhpur with the exception of taking on two passengers. One was a phenomenally beautiful Indian woman, wrapped in a sari which seemed to have “expensive” written all over it. Exuding a look of royalty, she had

unlimited powers for generating wistfulness in any man. With daylight almost spent and the desert air temperature becoming considerably more pleasant, the DC-3 was off for the last leg of the big journey. I was secure with the thought that the trip was not as long as it had been and not as short as it was going to be. The flight proved to be much smoother and we were nearing the end of a long journey. My spirit soared to exaltation, which all but took me through the roof of the aircraft as New Delhi came into view. Its lights retread out endlessly across the flat plains. The metropolis was dimmed over by thin blue clouds of smoke drifting lazily from the thousands of wood and cow dung fires cooking the evening meals. The dependable “drunken duck” came to a bouncy rest on the tarmac of the New Delhi Airport. Eternity, lay behind me.

“Mr. Singh, you’ve made my introduction to India a pleasant one. I enjoyed sitting next to you. Hopefully, fate will see fit to have our paths cross again before I return to the U.S.” I said as I shook his hand.

He replied, “It has been my pleasure. If you are ever in Amritsar, I have a small cloth business there. You would be most welcome.” We bid farewell.

The Newest of Delhies

At the terminal I was met by a contingent of American technical personnel assigned to various agricultural projects, headed by Earl Julson, a personable extension specialist from Great Falls, Montana. He had broad-shoulders, noticeably large hands, and a distinct Burt Lancaster look. His mouth tended to go askew as he smiled with almost every comment. Earl, along with a U.S. Embassy-employed Indian, who was apparently well-known to the custom officials, whisked me through customs rituals. The other eight or ten members of the welcoming party showered me with warm greetings, which gave me a genuine feeling of their sincerity, with one exception. During the introductions, I overheard one the party say quietly to another, “I hear he has a very large family. That’s all India needs these days is another large family, especially all girls.” Though it took some effort, I concentrated on all the genuine welcomes and let this remark pass without retort. I later learned that arrivals and departures of American personnel were taken very seriously and everyone was treated as a member of one big family. As we rode into town, Earl let me know that his family would not come for a while yet and that I would be staying with him in a bachelors setup.

“You’ve arrived a few hours ahead of one of India’s biggest annual events, the Independence Day celebrations. It starts nine A.M. tomorrow morning, just a short distance from where I live,” Earl informed me.

“They shouldn’t have done it. I didn’t expect such a welcome, but it’s very decent of them,” I commented.

“These are very considerate people,” Earl replied as we both laughed.

Shortly, we were having dinner at Earl’s quarters in a duplex housing project. Strictly

bachelor style, the dinner was a potpourri of wild game and vegetables cooked beyond recognitions. It didn't taste bad. Thanks to the seasoning that came to its rescue. The graciousness and enthusiasm of my host made up for his lack of culinary skills. After some small talk about living in Indian, my eyelids grew heavy. Earl suggested we get a good night's rest, since I was worn down from the travel. The next day would be full attendance at the Independence Day parade, followed by an afternoon hunt in the Punjab.

First Day In India

My first sunrise on the sub-continent of India shone dim through the ever present morning haze of smoke that hung upon the cool morning air. Beneath the smoky haze, the city of New Delhi was ablaze in mosaic splendor, heightened by millions of blossoms woven into garlands of every conceivable color. The Independence Day celebration had begun and Earl had worked us into an enviable position to view the parade. I watched this spectacle in awe of the Masses of humanity, animals, vehicles, and military equipment. School children were clad in all colors of school uniforms, bands were draped in gold and navy uniforms, together with colorfully regimented elephant, camel, and cavalry brigades. It went on and on. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru passed on foot barely a few yards from us. Smiling incessantly and possessing a humble, friendly, and unruffled demeanor, he slowly moved among the masses, shaking hands, giving special attention to the children. India's teeming millions had become a reality to me. They all seemed to be there.

It took a special kind of adroitness to avoid being trampled when the parade was over. Earl's experience came in handy for getting us back to his place. After a cold drink, a bowl of Earl's warmed-over stews, hard-crust rolls, and some black Montana-brewed coffees strong enough to jump-start a car, we were ready for the afternoon hunt. Earl supplied me with a shotgun and we stowed the water jug in his Jeep. We were heading north to a location he had hunted before, crossing the Jumna River to reach the Grand Trunk Road, a major artery that ran from Kashmir to Calcutta. That day it was jammed with holiday travelers, as well as the usual traffic: trucks, cars, bullock and horse carts and bicycles.

Eventually we left the congestion behind, reaching open countryside. Turning off the main road, we followed an irrigation canal through farmland and villages, giving me my first look at India's rural poverty. Irrigation and farming tools were at their most basics and living conditions were impoverished. There was little activity due to the holiday, aside from tending to domestic animals and the perpetual collection of dung for cooking fuel. "About sixty percent of India's domestic fuel is cow dung," Earl commented.

Beyond the farms was an area of gullies coffered with scrub plants, a popular grazing spots for the chincara, or raven deer. They are small, fawn-colored antelope, with both male and female sporting horns, so one had to take care to avoid shooting a doe. Earl explained their habit of bolting when startled, only to halt after fifty yards to look back, made them rather cooperative targets.

Earl perched atop a ridge while I scouted the ravines. It wasn't long before we had each bagged a buck and were heading back to New Delhi in the twilight, making much better time on our return trip. At Earl's place we salted the hides and prepared the meat for freezer storage. Over a dinner of liver and onions we exchanged hunting stories from Montana and Virginia. Then I had to give in to exhaustion, ending a memorable first day in India.

Being Stuffed With More About India

On my second day in New Delhi, I began a two-week orientation intended to prepare me for my field assignment in Bhopal. The priority for the day was spending time with Grace Langley, the organizer and animator of the program. Grace was a very striking, personable lady from Minnesota. According to Earl, she had been an assistant to Senator Hubert Humphrey of the same state. Grace went straight to the point, gave a clear succinct picture of the structure of the orientation, and handed out packets containing detailed instructions for the next two weeks.

"I hear you're staying with Earl Julson," she said as I took leave. "Our bus will come for you every morning."

"Thanks, I look forward to an interesting two weeks." I responded.

On my way out I met Eddie Daniels, an economist from Kentucky and also a newcomer. He had already seen Grace, and agreed heartily with my praise of her. We seemed to hit it off right from the beginning, maybe because we both saw humor in most things, and laughed at each other's jokes. Eddie was about five feet, seven inches tall and his graying hair had distinct cowlicks on each side and was thinning on top. For the most part, he carried a very sober look which, without the slightest provocation or warning, could burst suddenly into a smile and loud laughter, easily followed by some sort of earthy saying or joke. He showed me a picture of his family, and his children looked quite young to have middle-aged parents. I already had six and was considerably younger. He had no doubt spent more time pursuing academic accomplishments, having a Ph.D. in economics, than thinking about marriage and procreation. But by own standards and biases, he was headed in the right direction, starting with two daughters.

The rest of the day was spent meeting the members of the U.S. development assistance family, referred to as TOM (Technical Cooperation Mission). Heads of divisions, their staff, and mission support services personnel were warm, friendly, and impressive. I had the feeling I could count on the system to give the needed support in the field and that I could concentrate on the project to which I was assigned.

None was more striking than my agriculture department head, Dr. Frank Parker. An experienced agriculturist, he was tall, straight, and white-haired, with a constant, gentle smile that seemed linked to his eyes. He was clearly one of the most impressive in the mission: confident, encouraging, and quietly personable with a gentle sense of humor. He gave me a rundown on India's agriculture program and what my project was designed to

accomplish. He had an incredible knack for making one feel good about being on his team. The office support staff of Indian secretaries had strikingly good looks, warm personalities, and were competent. My eyeing mechanism had been fully exercised. I thought of Loretta's all too frequent reminder: Be strong and resistant, eyes on, hand off, and remember, I always put the blame on the man and never the woman. The limits were clear.

The bus came regularly each morning like a school bus to pick up the orientees. Near the end of the run, Grace, the coordinator, would board. On the first day, I had taken my seat beside Eddie Daniels and we had decided that there should be a special way to recognize Grace's presence as she boarded the bus, something that had a devilish touch but expressed our sincere appreciation for a top-notch coordinator. We decided to have the group sing: "Amazing Grace how sweet the sound to save a wretch like me. I once was lost but now I'm found; was blind but now I see." Being the kind, pleasant person she was, Grace gave a slight bow and smile of recognition of the group's off-tune singing. It also seemed to have a wake-up effect on us all.

In some areas the two-week program repeated my orientation in Washington, but was more specific. Indians coming from universities, government, religious groups and other private organizations dominated these presentations. U.S. Embassy personnel taught us in on how to behave and how to preserve and build the American image while contributing to India's development. India desperately needed to become self-sufficient in basic food grains; for years it had suffered a deficit. The Indian professionals, sociologists and historians as well as the bureaucrats, provided insight on how to survive and adapt to India's social Patterns. Their information left me with the impression that the farther you set from the Department of State Headquarters in Washington the closer you were to reality. Maybe that's the way it's supposed to be. We had the advantage of being in the midst of it all, and the field trips we made brought the whole picture of India into an even sharper focus. The contrast between rich and poor became evident on a trip to Old Delhi, where gold and silver were being fashioned into exquisite jewelry alongside dirt and poverty where the sunlight never entered. Dark, one-room hovels, sheltering as many as twenty people, on streets so narrow that two people had to turn sideways to pass, stood next to the grand and glorious monuments of old. The most impressive of these are were works of Shah Jahan, the seventeenth century Mogul emperor and founder of the City of Delhi: the Jama Masjid, India's largest mosque, and the Red Fort, a magnificent sandstone structure. I had never seen such exemplary architecture indicative of Mogul refinement. Salmon pink in color, it was for me a picture of enchantment, and definitely one of the extraordinary sights of India.

In Old Delhi, people seemed to lose their identity and blur into one mulled mass that moved like a monolith. The cows, in sacred immunity, roamed or lay in the streets. They seem neither tended nor owned, nibbling from food stalls or patches of grass, and impeding traffic. The main road, the Chandni Chauk, a wide thoroughfare, had nearly a mile long strip of warehouses and shops, where a staggering mountain of gold, silver, and embroideries could be purchased. Our tour took us along the road runs from the Red Fort to the old walled city, with even more ancient monuments. Eight capital cities had been

founded overtime in the Delhi area. Few things in the area were more striking than the mausoleum of the Emperor Humayun, the Qutab Minar, a 238 foot tower from the twelfth century, and the iron Pillar of Rsja Dhavs, which is 319 feet tall.

The many scholarly presentations given us during orientation were hardly a thumbnail sketch of the vast history of India. But we had been stuffed with enough information, including dos and don'ts, that would take a lifetime to use up. The time came to move on to Bhopal and Budni, the "doing" end of why I had come to India. I was ready, keeping in mind my grandma's words. "Every devil has to figure out his own salvation."

After two weeks of Earl's and my cooking, and a good number of invited-out meals, I showed no signs of the much talked about affliction of dysentery, better known as Delhi Belly. I was assured that it was simply delayed, because as sure as night follows day, no newcomer was spared. There is even a more devastating variety called amoebic dysentery. Fortunately my initiation to India included neither.

With a newly-issued green Jeep station wagon, DL371, a cache of the U.S. Embassy commissary items, and my air freight containing among other necessities, my trusty Springfield WWI, 30-06 rifle and a shotgun, I was ready to start my trek south to Bhopal. The familiarization with the ICA administrative structure and its support system had given a feeling of confidence that field people would be properly looked after. My 400-500 mile journey to Bhopal, the capital of central India's Madhya Pradesh State, had finally begun.

Driving On The Wrong Side

Driving on the wrong side, the left, that is, of India's bumpy, dusty, pot-holed fareways, one soon got the idea that every inch required weaving and veering amid waves of animals and what someone once referred to as "unthinking humanity." Evidently, there was an unwritten law that gave the country's mobile big-mass a right to share the road, and to take their share from wherever they wish. The first priority went to the millions of almond-eyed, large, white bullocks with colorfully-decorated horns and necks, often seen in cart convoys of fifty or sixty, all following the lead cart even when the drivers went to sleep. Bullock-powered carts carried the bulk of the country's cargo. An occasional Arabian one-hump camel with an unromantic snooty look plodded along on broad-toed cushioned feet. They were hitched to a four-wheeled cart, higher at the rear, with shafts and straps that seemed to defy the laws of leverage, with carve stacked higher than the camel's head. Herded and unheeded cattle, buffaloes, donkeys, sheep, goats, and loose fowl all had equal rights to the center of the road. People on bicycles and foot seemed to hold second priority, and the third place went to trucks and smaller vehicles. Increasingly, motorized vehicles were gaining in prominence and challenging the more traditional means of transport.

Monkeys of many kinds played along the tree-lined roads. The only critters that reacted to car or truck horns were goats. They jumped off the road if they could find the room when blown at. The rest exercised their rights and moved as the spirit dictated, but the

spirits didn't do much dictating. Bumping rear ends and rubbing sides was a constant amid the mixture of movements.

India built its roads with dirt from along the side thrown up on the roadbeds to give it a slight raise. In February, the dry season, the roadbeds turned into loose particles which seemed to delight in flying into the air when stirred by the slightest breeze or traffic motion. The big Mercedes and British Leylands trucks cause the roadbed to gradually become airborne, temporarily blinding all travelers.

Once visibility returned was and the Jeep was not bumping up against some animal's rear end, I was able to observe the passing landscape. Scattered across the flat plains between New Delhi and Agra was village after village with clusters of mud-walled houses. It is estimated that seven to eight-tenths of India's millions of Hindus, Muslims, and Christians still live in the countryside. I came to know them as mostly simple, peaceful, illiterate farmers, endowed with hand tools, draft animals, and small acreage. The villagers constructed their mud-walled homes and compounds from dirt dug from a common pit at the edge of the village compound. The first monsoon rain filled the holes, which became the village water reservoirs. In it people wash their clothes, dishes, pots and pans, watered the animals and bathed. Its water was used for drinking, cooking, even the call of nature got answered in the same vicinity. In early February, more than halfway through the dry season, the ponds were mostly used up and the water turned murky and rank covered with its green scum.

Green patches of crops spread from the village and gave a little relief from the brown dusty countryside. A few sparsely scattered trees about the farmland and villages provided shade for the farm workers from the scorching sun of the dry season and broke the monotony of the open plains. The first, tiring 125-mile segment of my drive in India brought me to Agra, the site of the famous Taj Mahal and Akbar's Tomb. A much needed lunch break at the town's tourist hotel came to my rescue none too soon. It was a pleasant place with old, snarled shade trees and neatly arranged gardens struggling against the dusty dehydrating air of the dry season. Maintaining this semblance of flowering beauty was a corps of men with watering cans.

I had arrived in the middle of lunch hour. The young Indian maitre d' sized up my dusty condition quickly as I stood in the dining room entrance. He came over and said, Perhaps Sahib, you would like to use the men's room. You seem to have collected much dust in your travel. It is just around the corner to your right, he said and pointed. Some beating and shaking got most of the dust out of my clothes, and with water and soap I flushed away several layers of dust from my hair, neck, face, nostrils and hands. I felt lighter and refreshed. My appetite needed no further stimulation. The big, white-walled dining room had high ceilings and was furnished with lights and fans. The refreshing ambiance eased my nerves, sorely tried by the hassle of the road. Only a couple of wealthy-looking Indian men and a half dozen Europeans were dining. They were hardly enough to keep the white-uniformed waiters busy. At least half were standing around. I ordered tomato juice and chicken with vegetables, rice, carrots, gram (chickpea) and gravy. This was followed by hot lime tea and biscuits. I skipped dessert, which I had been told was the wise thing

to do. since it had the risk of dysentery. The cooking was bland British-style, but the chicken nonetheless was quite tasty, although it required some extra chewing.

From Agra it was on to Gwailior approximately seventy miles away. South of Agra the volume and variety of traffic had lightened, but there were at least two funeral processions of a few hundred people and a wedding party. The bride rode in a covered, slow-moving, bullock cart hidden from view, and was followed by long throngs of people, all playing havoc with my average speed. As the road sloped down, I arrived at the one major obstacle of my trip; the Chambal River. One could be delayed for hours waiting to cross by flat-bottom boat. At the river bank traffic was backed up with trucks, cars, more bullock carts, and herds of sheep and goats, giving me concern that nightfall could catch me here. The roadside and riverbank were strewn with signs of those who had spent their nights waiting. People milled about buying food from venders, bathed in the river, drank, filled all sorts of containers with river water, watered their animals and kept them corralled for the crossing. The flat-bottom boat, partly poled and partly engine cowered, kept shuttling back and forth over the few hundred yards of water with loads fitted as tightly as sardines in a can. They hardly kept abreast of the growing accumulations on both banks of the river.

“How much longer will it take?” I asked a couple of Sikh truck drivers leaning against their overloaded Mercedes truck.

“With no ferry breakdowns, at least two hours,” they replied. “We won’t have to wait like this a year or two from now, God willing. The government is to construct a bridge a hundred yards down the river.”

Two hours passed. The Sikh’s prediction was right on. I was beckoned to drive my Jeep along the left edge of the ferry with hardly five inches to spare. Nervous in this precarious position, I was ferried across. The wet slope of the far bank called for considerable acceleration and four-wheel drive. Suddenly I was driving along the Chambal river ravines, a great expanse of crisscrossed hills and hollows twelve to fifteen feet deep, and reputed to be a hideout for dacoits (robbers) who often preyed upon travelers. Their exploits and uncanny moves to elude the police were well-known and often a topic of conversation at all levels. Several people had told me about them in New Delhi. Not until the ravines were well beyond my rear view mirror did my feelings of foreboding ease off. With only an hour or so of daylight left, the remainder of the trip to Gwailior was relatively traffic-free and less demanding.

Gwailior, a City of 200 to 250 thousand was known for its high-quality, colorful pottery. At the first service station I filled up and got perfect directions for finding Mr. and Mrs. Bell, a couple from Arkansas with whom I was to spend the night. Mr. Bell was an extension specialist. The straight, wide tree-lined tarmac west of town led me to their European-type residence, no doubt a leftover of the British days. His green Jeep station wagon, the same as mine, and a standard TCM mission issue for field folk, pin-pointed their house on a small road right of the thoroughfare. I had phoned ahead from Delhi headquarters so the Bells were expecting me, though I was a bit late, understandable in

India. They were in the midst of a devoted British ritual, afternoon tea. Both came to the closed gate with their dog to welcome me, the dog being less than cordial, but under control. Mrs. Bell immediately called her male Indian housekeeper to take my teas and show me my very clean and neatly arranged room. It was a great relief to find that their shower was working. With layers of dust gone I felt almost human again. I joined them for tea on the front porch of their very adequate, single-story bungalow. The setting sun shone through a wall of bush and trees laden with climbing vines casting ions evening shadows and dust-specked rays across the entire front of the house. The home-made chocolate chip cookies, Mrs. Belle's handiwork, made this tea time a special high. Much of the conversation centered on our respective families. The Bells were approaching the senior citizen status and their children were grown. Small talk continued until nightfall, including a lot of advice regarding servants, until a bell announced that dinner was ready. Mrs. Bell was quick to admit that she had helped with the preparation of dinner. Her servants were gradually, but reluctantly, changing over from the somewhat insipid British version of cooking, to Arkansas culinary arts. Our dinner was a same stew of antelope, potatoes, carrots, served with local greens, gravy, home made bread, cookies and ice cream for desert all tasty and enjoyed by candlelight.

The Bells seemed relaxed and very comfortable living in India, probably a bit lonely and less than fully integrated socially with the local residents. They spoke of their visits to the Maharaja and the Marharani, useful contacts. He was reputed to be a very fine gentleman and still very popular with the people who were happy and prosperous during his rule prior to India's independence. Yet acceptance of the basic elements of the American agricultural extension approach was not going like wildfire, as Mr. Bell had hoped.

The next morning, after a breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, jam and coffee, Mrs. Bell presented me with a teas of her chocolate chip cookies to take along on the last leg of my trip, about 240 miles. The Bells led the way until I was through town and on the right road south towards Bhopal. A toot on the horn and a wave beneath a pleasantly bright morning sky, and I was off.

The Last Leg To Bhopal

All of a sudden India was showing the spaciousness of a totally different landscape. The flat plains had turned to hills and valleys full of trees and bush, with small to massive rock outcroppings and a few low-lying wetlands where various wild waterfowl bathed. The tarmac road, though chipped and pot-holed, was comfortably free of traffic as it snaked its way south in the direction of Bombay. Some of the long unpopulated stretches gave me reason for concern in case of breakdown. I encountered several forty to fifty bullock cart convoys. An American soldier stationed in India during WWII had told me that these convoys traveled all night, all carts following the lead bullocks while the drivers slept. Sometimes, in a prankish mood, the GIs would turn around the lead cart, all other carts following, in the opposite direction they were traveling. The innocent frustrated drivers must have blamed the spirits for their predicament the next morning. The GIs never followed up to see the unhappy results of their joke.

I passed several towns along the way before coming into Guna, where I could top off my gas tank and relax under a big banyan tree for a few minutes. Back on the road I observed partly deteriorated stone palaces of former eras situated on higher ground and perhaps still occupied by deposed princely rulers and their families. I reached Biaora, a small market area and my turnoff point for Bhopal. A small mango grove a few hundred feet off the dusty gravel road looked innocent and safe enough to have a drink and a bite to eat. Hardly had I stopped the Jeep when there appeared at least a half dozen people gathered around to look. I had been told that in India where there are no people, there are people. They tried to speak to me in Hindi, but my puzzled look and unresponsiveness seemed to give them the answer. I explained that I was American and was headed to Bhopal. I started up again. Soon I was billowing dust on the narrow circuitous road to Narsingarh, where the town's most prominent landmark, the palace, stood tarnished with its moldy, darkened exterior. The remaining road to Bhopal was the worst yet. Ruts and rocks kept me shifting back and forth across the road searching for the least damaged patches. Many had come before me and set the pattern for driving over this stretch of road. Finally, the last two miles of the more than 10,000 mile from Tennessee were in sight. I saw Bhopal in the distance, perched on a modestly raised plateau above a lake, the palace grounds being visible at the highest point. The palace grounds were my destination. I spotted an old bearded man, seemingly content with the world, sitting on a stone beside the road. I inquired of him how to reach there.

Bhopal Palace Arrival

I drove through the gates leading to the Palace grounds. I passed a mosque. I stopped and got directions from a young man standing at the mosque entrance to where the "Amereicans" lived. On the way I was beset with mixed feelings. I had never been on palace grounds. How did one behave in such a royal setting? What kind of image were we likely to give to the door villagers whom we had come to help? I knew that India had already set in motion a policy to narrow the economic gap between its super rich royalty and its poor masses. I made up my mind we would make the adjustments and maintain a balanced image across the social spectrum.

The palace road ended at a pavilion. It was the home of George and Velma Puckett. George was an extension advisor to the State of Madhya Prsdesh. Bhopal was the capital. George and Velma, without children, greeted me on the steps accompanied by their two dachunds. "The building on the other side of the roundabout is where you will live." George pointed out. "Come inside and we'll have some coffee and chat. There's only one thing better than a cup of coffee and that's another cup," George added.

I saw what he meant as he chugged down his first cup, black and steaming, followed immediately by another. To my cup I added some sugar and milk, which was apparently against George's coffee creed.

"Ever try making a custard out of it?" he joked.

"I drink coffee for what you can put in, and not for the coffee itself," I countered.

“I was out to your training center location in Budni some weeks ago,” George said, turning to more serious topics. “Just a few paces from what will be your quarters stood a huge male Bengal tiger, as motionless and regal as a stone carving. It is really wild jungle out there. Did you bring any guns with you?”

“Yes, I have an old, note old, WWI 30-06 rifle and a 20 gauge shotgun,” I responded.

“They don’t recommend anything that light if you plan to hunt tigers,” George added as he puffed sway on the rest of his cigarette.

“Well, George, if I decide to go after tigers and leopards, and if I can get close enough to make a solid hit in the right place, using soft-nose or silver-tipped ammunition, they will tumble.”

“I hope you’re right, but it’s dangerous business, even with the big guns which have the extra shock power. I have a .375 caliber, the lightest they recommend for tigers.” he warned.

Velma broke in, “Oh, we forgot to tell you. There’s already some furniture sent down from New Delhi and a guest kit already in your pavilion to help you set started. Why don’t you come over tonight for dinner with us and come back for breakfast tomorrow morning?”

“Thanks, that awfully kind of you. I shall be more than happy to join you and talk a bit more about the place and people here. Tomorrow I plan to run out to Budni to pay a visit to the first and newly appointed officer in charge of the training center.”

“One more thing,” said George, “Tomorrow morning after breakfast, I can take you up to meet Mashuq Ali, the key administrator to His Highness the Nawab, to do the necessary paper work for the rental of your pavilion. The cost is \$65.00 per month; utilities are extra. Mack, the Nawab’s private pilot, and his servant, Seamy, are living in the back end of the Pavilion, but they are looking for a place to move to and may well be gone by the time your family arrives, which we understand is six months from now.”

“That’s right, Loretta and the girls will join me in June. Thanks for all your help. I look forward to being with you tonight for dinner,” I confirmed and rose to leave. “By the way, some mail came here for you,” Thelma said, handing me some letters.

Thanks so much, I see one from Loretta and the girls. I’m anxious to see how they’re getting along.”

I made it as far as the front steps of the pavilion then plopped down and ripped open the letters. Loretta and the girls were fine and making progress in their preparations for moving to India. Innoculations and check-ups were going well with one exception. Carol, number three, pitched a few tantrums when the nurse approached with a needle. She

finally gave in, but not before swearing she would someday become a nurse just to get even. News from home overshadowed my travel weariness.

The other letter, with a U.S. Department of Agriculture seal on the envelope, was a bit of a mystery. It was from Mr. Elan, the supervisor for the African--American Vocational Agriculture Teacher-Training program in the seventeen southern and southeastern states, which had segregated school systems. The letter read: We got rid of the wrong man. Good luck on your two year tour in India. Contact me when your two years are up.

Got rid of the wrong man. What did all of that mean? Then I recalled that I had accompanied Mr. Elan on one of his trips to West Tennessee. He seemed unhappy with the work of Chief Flowers, my old boss who was also in charge of the teacher-training program in Tennessee. Quickly it dawned on me. The application for the job in India which Chief Flowers had given me, and had resulted in my now sitting on those steps in Bhopal, had been meant for him. Innocently, and without a clue of the politics involved, I had gotten the job.

No doubt Elan had instigated this ploy from the federal level to entice Flowers from his state job. Chief might have had some idea of what was going on, and in passing the application to me, made me the wrong man to which the letter referred. It was thus by coincidence that I had joined the Foreign Service, and that proved to be the biggest and best one in mine and my family's life.

After a cursory look over the pavilion, its vastness left me with a lost and empty feeling. Exactly what had this building been used for? The slightest movement inside created echoes that bumped about the ceilings. The lights and plumbing worked well and the place was clean. Beds were in place, sent down from New Delhi by the Technical Cooperation Mission's support services. I had a good sleep my first night. In spite of the feeling of being in a big, roofed-over piece of outdoors, I felt secure, thanks to the palace grounds being guarded.

Late in the evening, I was visited by a young Indian lad, inquiring whether I needed a driver. He possessed a driver's license, a high school diploma and several other papers that were quite worn and dirty. Each told what a fine young man he was. After a short interview, I decided to give him a try. His English was good and he spoke Urdu and Hindi. Quite diminutive, he would no doubt need to sit on a couple of pillows to see over the steering wheel. He was a handsome lad, aggressive, self-assured, and intelligent. His apparent dedication to the Muslim way of life seemed total. His name was Abdul Rafiq Khan (Rafiq means Friend.)

Come tomorrow about 10:00 A.M. and ride with me out to Budni, I told him. "I'll give you a road test to see how well you drive."

Dinner afterwards with the Pucketts and their other guest. Paul Hassar was a good chance to get filled in on what it was like to live in Bhopal and on the palace grounds. Small talk about servants, together with the latest gossip on His Highness the Nawab and his two

wives, made up most of the dinner conversation. Much of the focus was on the younger wife, the junior Begum, who deviated too from the public's expectations of royalty. She was said to be a local commoner, a dancing girl with Anglo-Indian looks, and lacking the social graces for royalty. In spite of the public's obvious disapproval of her shortcomings, the Nawab provided her with attention and material needs in keeping with her junior royal status. The senior Begum, a descendant from Afghanistan's royal family, apparently met with everyone's approval.

The number-one gossip link between the Pucketts, the palace and local happenings was Paul Hanger, the other dinner guest. From Germany, he was the palace grounds engineer. When he spoke, which was plenty, his strongly accented English and his insider knowledge commanded an attentive audience. His ruddy face, golden wavy hair and white flashy teeth went well with his strong physique. He gave an interesting run down of the royal family's history, their good side, quirks, and quaint actions. For the most part, Paul had the center stage. To me he was an adult version of the Katzenjammer kids, those mischievous young imps of the 1920s and 30s comic strips, or Dennis the Menace. Paul often betrayed the royal family's trust, as when he was assigned to escort home guests who had over imbibed at the Nawab parties. He sometimes fueled the rumor mill of the conservative Muslim community by purposely switching spouses of the drunken couples.

Velma was the number-two gossip link. George got in a word sideways every now and then. I mostly listened. My few comments about my experiences in Germany slowed Paul down and caught his attention. Velma was proud to show off her cook. Aziz. She had taught him to bake good bread, loaves, rolls, and buns. Her training had hit the target and saved him from the art of butchering food the way the British had earlier taught him. Tall and slender in stylish Muslim dress, including a head piece, he served with pride a variety of well-prepared vegetables. The meatdish was nilgai {blue cow}, a large Indian antelope. Aziz had a modest, continually pleasant smile, which my copious compliments on his cooking and serving never failed to affect. My refusal to drink coffee at night didn't seem to sit well with the rest of the heavy coffee drinkers around the table. Aziz was too happy to prepare for me some tea with lime. George's assault on the coffee was extreme and his hands shook slightly as he lifted his cup, betraying his dependence on coffee and cigarettes.

The evening was interesting with its local news, information, and gossip as seen through a foreigner's eyes. I enjoyed it, but succumbing to my weariness, I was the first to turn in, thanking my host and saying good night to Paul. I trudged back across the moonlit, flowered walkway for my first night in the vast rambling pavilion. My long day ended in a night that went without any interruptions.

Upon completing the usual morning routine of shaving, cold water showering, and minimal preening the next day, I went to breakfast with George and Velma. I was very pleased to find eggs, hashbrown potatoes, toast and jam, and (guess what?) plenty of coffee. Without it, I don't think George could have found his Jeep keys. Velma quizzed me on the plans for the girls' schooling. Back in U.S. Velma had been a Primary school teacher. I told Velma that Loretta was also a teacher and planned to set up a home school

for the girls.

“That kind of things always intrigued me.” Velma remarked, and I have often wondered how a mother/teacher combination on a sustained basis would work out.

“We aren’t sure how it’ll all turn out, but we don’t have many other options. The school material will arrive by air freight, and I’m going to turn one of the rooms into a classroom before the family gets here,” I explained.

The morning stroll to the Nawab’s palace with George was pleasant and exhilarating. A brilliant sun out of a deep-blue, cloudless sky sent rays through the trees and shrubs. One could discern that some of the palace’s ostentatiousness was beginning to fade. The bright green mosque, still much in use by the town’s public, was well maintained. As we passed through the main gate of the palace grounds the bronzed monarch himself, riding high in the operator’s seat of his red tractor, whisked past us and gave a semblance of a nod.

“That’s His Highness, the Nawab,” George noted. “He goes regularly to his farm these days where he does much of the work with his tractor.”

As we approached the palace, a gracious, most gray-haired lady sat relaxing in a rocker on the veranda with a shawl about her shoulders. She retained much of what must have been phenomenal good looks with a strong aquiline nose and pleasant face. She gave a pleasant “good morning,” and nodded as we climbed the steps.

George leaned in her direction saying. “Your Highness.”

I nodded and said, “Good Morning, Your Highness.”

“That’s the senior Begum,” George whispered.

We walked down the corridor lined with a number of items denoting past eras. One of the bigger and more eye catching was a grayish carriage with two extensions jutting out from each end for resting on men’s shoulders. George explained that it had been used to transport the Begums to public events and audiences with the townsfolk in the streets and public squares during their 200 year rule of Bhopal State. The Nawab was the first male monarch in two centuries. The one-way glass in the carriage allowed the Begum to see the people, listen to their concerns and complaints, and respond without being seen. This was in keeping with the Muslim way. Especially the women of high status were not to be seen in public places.

Climbing the stairs to Marshuq Ali’s office on the second floor presented a crammed display of hunting trophies. Many had lost their color and lustre, but they told the story of the grand hunting days of the monarch.

Marshuq Ali was partially hidden at his desk behind stacks of frayed and worn files. He

greeted us with Salam U Lakum.” Mr. Jones, I assume, we have been expecting you. Welcome to India.”

“Thank you very much. I’m Harold Jones,” I responded as we shook hands. ‘It is nice to be here. We appreciate you allowing us to reside here on the Palace grounds. My wife and six daughters will join me in June.’”

“We must make things comfortable for our American friends who have come to help us. Marshuq Ali was a tall, gaunt, sunken-eyed, eagle-nosed gentlemen, who ran the business end of the palace. Muslim in every aspect: dress, mannerisms, religious dedication, and rationale. Somehow, I got the impression nonetheless that he might have a devilish streak near the surface. The rent agreement was simple. I paid the monthly rate of \$65.00 and the electric bill. The palace was responsible for the maintenance.

Royalty And The Palace

Ten years before our arrival the Nawab lost his power, but not his palace, to Indian Independence, together with over five hundred other princely rulers. The Nawab had been the only male in the royal lineage for two hundred years. He had two daughters, one living in Afghanistan. The family was receiving a Privy Purse from the government to maintain their previous life style, and had been allowed to keep a portion of their land holdings. Rumors had it that our Nawab got \$35,000 per month. The Bhopal Palace grounds were still highly livable, but a creeping shabbiness was visible. The main quarters of the palace had taken on the air of a museum, filled with a collection of interesting objects from other eras. The number of occupants had been dwindling, leaving more rooms than people to stay in them. The senior begum still lived there along with the junior begum. Respect for the family was still high but signs of their royalty seemed to be fading. The Nawab still had five, little-used planes, twelve vehicles, and an English pilot. His many hunting trophies were dusty and corroding. Prostate surgery in France and progressing age gave cause for him to order the removal of ceiling and wall mirrors from his pleasures playhouse down the hill from the palace, according to Paul Haggard, his German engineer. The 200-man hunting staff had been reduced to near zero. His Highness seemed content to spend lots of time driving a tractor at his farm a few miles from Bhopal. He had built a farmhouse, at the end of a lake, which from a distance, looked like a ship. The farmhouse was literally a game trophy museum. The stairs, balustrades and uprights were made entirely of deer horns. Animal heads looked at you from every direction. A few paces away from the country home was a village of abject poverty, populated by women.

“Why this?” I asked once Rafiq, my driver.

“This is where the ladies all lived to make the men happy when they visited His Highness.”

“What do they do now?” I inquired.

“Mostly they serve any men for small money.” he replied.

A remnant village of women who served guests’ needs in earlier times was still trying to survive on earnings offered from the world’s oldest exploitation. That the Nawab had established such a service for his guests brought to my mind the saying, “The advantage of being rich and famous is to be able to do things that don’t make sense.”

The Sixty Mile Last Leg

Rafiq showed up on time, 10:00 A.M. He wore a baggy, locally stitched khaki uniform and a dark-blue beret. There was a bit of disappointment on his face when I said, “Show me the way to Budni, I’ll drive and I shall give you your driving test on the way back.” The road down the hill from the palace made one moderate turn before turning up hill into town. I took the narrow, dirty city streets with open sewers running down each side through town until I reached a tarmac strip too narrow for two vehicles to pass without dropping off its badly chipped edges onto the rough bumpy shoulders. I drove through mostly flat countryside, crossing a causeway over a small glistening stream. A few slight bends, a modestly steep hill with rock outcroppings, and shrub bush were the only variations in the twenty-two mile ribbon of tarmac. Young green wheat and gram fields stretched out on both sides to rocky, distant hills. A few rasped, dirty children from several of the improvised huts watched over their animals who nibbled away at the sparse grass and bush at the ease of the road. The tarmac strip ended at a large village where a dilapidated sign read “Obaidullagang.” It had a good-sized school, some shops, houses, and a police station. Following a ninety-degree turn onto a rutted gravel road, we came quickly to a stop. The iron gate at the railroad crossing was closed. Twenty minutes passed, and the train had not come. This I thought was carrying safety a bit to the extreme. Rafiq made some inquiries and reported back to me. People were arguing with the gateman but to no avail. Apparently the gateman felt a special obligation to keep all travelers safe and unharmed. This attitude was attributed to an encounter he had with Mr. Nehru. Once when Mr. Nehru, the Prime Minister, and his entourage had arrived at the gate, one of the Prime Minister’s assistants requested that the gate be opened. The Veteran refused. Mr. Nehru thereupon congratulated the gatekeeper and gave him a small reward for being a firm, dedicated employee. The moral of the story was that once the gate was closed, even if the Bombay-New Delhi Express has not even left from either end of its run a few hundred miles away, there was only one thing travelers could do; wait.

We finally continued our journey over rough dirt roads. snaking through jungles on both sides. We passed over several wooden bridges high above sluggish streams. They creaked and shook from the weight and motion of the vehicle. Not realizing that the plains we had crossed were elevated, I was surprised when we suddenly began a decent via hairpin curves to a distinctly flatter, lower level. Halfway down. Rafiq pointed out an area carved in the hillside where hundreds of decrepit cattle were kept, called Pinjrinpoles or gaushalts. He said the owners paid an eleven-rupee entrance fee for each animal to spend the rest of its life there. They roamed about the jungle all day, feeding on the grass and shrubs. At night they were corralled into thorn bush enclosures to be protected from marauding tigers’ leopards, and hyenas.

The dirt road ahead seemed to go right to the top of the trees to meet the horizon in the distance. The jungle had begun to recede as villages and farms appeared. The crops were more wheat and gram, the basic food grains of the area. An occasional village pond could be seen.

The last few miles had more bridges across ravines and were lined by bamboo clusters and dense jungle. Another railroad crossing, this time with an open gate, and a left turn brought us into the village of Budni. There was a fairly well-kept elementary school and a whistle-stop railway station. The rest was a jammed series of dirty shops crowded with basic amenities: kerosene, cloth, some hardware and basic food staples. A few tea stalls rounded out these minimal retail offerings. Being without was obviously a way of life, no different from most of the rest of rural India. A few more paces down the road. I came to the place on the other side of the world for which I started out six weeks ago. My first impression: Budni was definitely a one-step post. One step backwards and you would drop off the ease of the world into oblivion. There could be no place less basic than Budni.

After driving through the training center's main gate, we alighted from the Jeep with relief. Mr. E.G.K. Rao, the Officer-In-Charge, walked up to greet me.

"Welcome to India and to Budni. We are delighted to have You, Mr. Jones."

"Thank you, Mr. Rao, I'm delighted to be here," I shook his hands warmly.

"How do you like India so far?" he questioned.

"It is also way from where I started, but I'm sure we'll enjoy being here. My wife and six daughters will join me in six months when school is out in the USA."

Rao was a south Indian Brahman with a round, pock-marked face, a middle-aged bulge, and had short, curly, salt-and-pepper hair. He wore a flowing dress of white, thin, starched cotton. There was just enough of a pair of sandals on his feet to stop contact with the ground. Rao introduced me to his administrative officer, Mr. Varma, and Mr. Gansuly, the chief agronomist. Both extended pleasant welcomes.

"It is a great pleasure for me to meet the both of you" I said as we shook hands.

"Why don't we walk around a bit to see some of the place, and meet some of the staff before having some tea," Rao suggested.

"That's quite all right with me," I replied enthusiastically.

"Those are your quarters just ahead. We have done some renovating to make it livable for you. There is no electricity, running water, or indoor toilets. However, we do expect to have a generator for lights at night within a year. In two to three years we plan to have the

center electrified.”

Here I am two notches below living conditions of my boyhood in rural Virginia, I thought. The partitioned building, with a little ingenuity could be turned into a crude bachelor’s quarters for the five-day work weeks I would spend at the center. All of the U.S. financed equipment, approximately \$120,000 worth for research and testing, had arrived. The young, technical staff of agriculture school graduates were struggling with the assembly of the equipment. Mr. M. L. Taneja, the chief instructor, joined the tour. He was a pleasant man of average height, a sturdy athletic type from the rugged Patan country on the northwest frontier of India. He seemed to be the practical mover and shaker of the place, perhaps because he was a graduate of the Presbyterian missionary agricultural college at Allahabad, known for its practical work-ethics approach. I sized him up as the person to cultivate for setting the center’s program established. The center consisted of no more than the remnants of old buildings left over from a jungle-warfare training camp used during WWII. Thick jungle still surrounded the outpost that housed the program’s operation, staff, families, and trainees.

The tour ended back at Rao’s quarters, where sitting on floor pads and propped up with bolsters, we engaged in one of India’s favorite pastimes, having tea. The tea leaves were boiled in a pot with milk and sugar already in, and was strong enough to walk around and serve itself. I didn’t care for it, but politeness prevailed. The biscuits, cookies to me, helped to cut the tea’s strength. I even indicated that the tea was good. With the sipping in full swing, Rao went into a relentless chatter about the center and his prowess as a mechanical engineer. Much of the dialogue centered on the application of basic, mechanical engineering principles to farm machinery. He seemed to have all the answers to all the things about which I thought I had come to advise and assist. Why do they need me? I thought. I was beginning to feel inadequate. Why had I come 10,000 miles to have a counterpart of such great capacity. I wondered if this was a display of more saying than doing. Could there be a gap between rhetoric and doing? On the other hand, was there a greater capacity to say it than to do it? Could there be a rhetoric/doing gap? Let time and performance bring out the real truth, I concluded.

“Mr. Rao, have you ever been to the States?” I questioned.

“As a matter of fact, I was there for more than a year,” he said. Pulling off his sandals and rubbing between his toes.

“What do you think of the place?”

“Technically, you are very far ahead, and I must say lots of good consumer items are available for the people. But spiritually I find the States terribly deficient. You see, when we visit the West, U.S. included, we must undergo a spiritual cleansing on return. Overtime we go through a series of rituals to regain our spiritual level. It has only been a short time since I completed my series to get me back to my accustomed spiritual level. We look at you people as advanced in the physical world of technology and materialism, but spiritually you are babes in the woods,” he commented.

“We are all in the woods here at Budni, and it’s going to take a lot of doing to get us out,” I jokingly countered, but I got no reaction from anyone.

“Enough of the spiritual talk, Mr. Jones, I would like you to know that the Ministry of Agriculture has set July first, four and a half months from now, as the target date to formally open the center for training. This means we must have all the physical facilities in order, training programs in place, trainees selected and ready to begin. The instructors have been appointed; most of them you met today. Mr. Taneja is the chief instructor and is responsible for organizing and conducting the training Programs.” Mr. Rao announced, as Mr. Taneja gave the now familiar, sideways Indian head nod. “By the way, the Central Tractor Organization headquartered in New Delhi, has a field office by the airport in Bhopal, and will send heavy equipment here to clear 200 acres of land for our farm machinery training and testing area.”

“Gentlemen, I feel good despite the tiresome 10,000-mile trip to reach Budni. I’m glad to meet all of you. It’s good to get a first-hand feel of what we shall be trying to accomplish in the next few years. The July target date for opening appears to be reasonable. When I return next week, we can have a closer look at what needs to be done on this and what support the government in New Delhi should give to help us meet the deadline. I look forward to working with all of you and I know we’ll get the job done. Thanks for your hospitality. The tea is a little strong for me, but we can work on that over time.” They all laughed at that.

Return To Bhopal

Lengthening shadows were beginning to claim their daily place in the landscape as the sun hung momentarily on top of the distant hills. We were on the way back to Bhopal with Rafiq at the wheel for the first time. I was beset with a mixture of delight and apprehension. I watched closely how he maneuvered the rough spots, curves and hills. His way of handling the brakes, clutch, gear shift, and accelerator were under derailed scrutiny. Vehicle speed and clutch handling were the only thing that elicited criticism from me. He seemed to sulk a bit, but all and all he was doing quite well. Once I could relax, I focused on the delights of my new environment. A variety of wild game were on display in their natural habitat. The daytime feeders were beginning their retreat, while others began their night Prowl. Rafiq kept up a dialogue about them and their habits. Little wonder, much of his knowledge had come from his father who was an important member of His Highness, the Nawab’s hunting staff during the great days of his jungle forays. Several groups of Indian gazelles bounded from near the roadside across the cultivated areas, with their long graceful leaps. A black buck with white undersides and long, back spiraled horns accompanied with pride his light-brown herd of females. The heavily wooded area, about twenty miles long, brought on a display of several groups of langurs. These long-tailed, gray monkeys with shiny black faces and thin lips artistically framed with gray hair, resembled the serious faces of well-trimmed dignified gentlemen. Their short-lived curiosity gave way to long, ground-consuming leaps. They were as comfortable on the ground as in the trees. The females carried their babies clinging to

their chest between the front legs. This in no way hindered their agility. Several sambhars, a large, six-pronged native deer with an erectile mane, accompanied by a group of smaller hornless females showed up several times. Their uniform brown color is the same for both sexes. Then a herd of ten to twelve spotted deer bounded across the road. A short distance away, they immediately braked en masse, turned, and looked. Rafiq yelled, Cheetal! Their hides are decorated by nickel to quarter-sized white spots on a fawnish-brown background. They resemble the American whitetail deer fawn, which loses its spots with age. The spots of the cheetal, however, become more prominent and beautiful with age. A male with six-pronged, thirty-inch antlers, two young bucks, and a number of does observed us with still attention. Spooked, no doubt, by our voices, smells, and movements, they gave a high-pitched yell and bounded away gracefully like Santa's reindeer.

Several pairs of four-horned antelopes dashed across the road with lightening speed. At a safe distance, they slapped on their anti-lock brakes, being overcome by curiosity, and turned to look back. I was fascinated by their horn arrangement: two on each side of the head, with the rear two an inch or more longer than the front two. Called charsingha in Hindi {char-four, singha-horn), the little brown antelope is unique.

"The best meat," Rafiq yelled, as they dashed away.

Wild peacocks, sour fowl, green pigeons, and small partridges appeared frequently as we went along. Rafiq noted that the small partridge or button quail were very much liked by His Highness, the Nawab. They help him do better with his women, he smiled. They were thought to be an aphrodisiac. A clumsily flying hornbill would at times show up along side the vehicle, adding a dash of color, piercing the air with its peculiar call.

Nearing the old cattle home we began our treacherous climb to the under plateau, and we encountered a sea of decrepit cattle hobbling back to their night shelter. They had scars, deformed legs, broken horns, leaking wounds, swollen udders; a livestock producer's nightmare, but a veterinary apprentice's training ground. As Rafiq slowly maneuvered past them, rubbing up against some and blowing his horn to get them to the side, he observed. "Many fat tigers and leopards live in this jungle making fodder of the cows." The steep curves were skillfully negotiated by my trial driver. Rounding the curve at the top of the climb, a herd of wild pigs trotted along on the driver's side. Rafiq spotted them, and without signaling, swung the vehicle to the right into an opening off the road. Sufficiently far away from the pigs, he steered back to the left side of the road.

When I questioned about his action, he said. "It is not good to run over the ground where pigs have crossed, if you avoid it. I was trying not to let them cross the road in front of us." The real reason suddenly dawned on me, the Moslem aversion towards pigs.

"What if they would cross in front of you and you could not drive around them?" I questioned.

"We stop, let them run until they are out of sight, then we drive on. But if we have a

chance not to let them cross in front of the car, we must do so,” he responded.

The famous railroad crossing was coming into sight. Off in the darkening distance a large cow-like animal stood motionless. Rafiq spotted it. “Nilgai over there,” he pointed out. “He is a very big Indian antelope and makes lots of meat,” he explained. High in front and sloping to the rear, he had two stout six to, eight-inch pointed horns, a short tail whisk, and feet that seemed to be clothed in white socks. Apparently he was determined to cross the road as he trotted in our direction. His short, stiff, black mane and cumbersome movement made him appear like a cross between a cow and a horse, suggesting a product of legislation, rather than a creature of nature’s design. He gathered speed and dashed across the road in front of the vehicle.

The railroad gate was open and we were back on the tarmac strip to Bhopal. Halfway down a straight stretch parking lights of a car shone in the distance as twilight disappeared from the sky. Rafiq pulled off on the shoulders and stooped.

“Why have we stooped?” I queried. There was no answer.

When the car had gone by, Rafiq answered. “His Highness, The Nawab, of Bhopal, passed.” He had pulled off in respect to His Highness.

“Rafiq, I have seen many shikar between here and Budni. I have for a long time been a shikari. I have brought my guns with me,” I told him.

“You a shakari?” Rafiq excitedly responded, repeating the word for hunter. “I will show you many good place to go for shikar.”

“Thank you. We shall see.” That was enough to set him the job, plus his good driving of course. Back at the pavilion, I told Rafiq, “there are a few things we need to talk about, like driving off the road for His Highness and driving around pigs and a few other small things about handling the vehicle.”

“How did I do?” he asked.

“You have the job, come back tomorrow,” I responded. He gave a big smile, a bit of a foot shuffle, bowed with thanks, and was off. This was the beginning of seven-and-a half-year relationship that turned into a close friendship as time passed.

Bush Living - Budni The Work Place

On Monday, the twentieth of February, 1956, I started my official task: to help convert 200 acres of dense jungle surrounding a WWII jungle-warfare training center into a farm-machinery training and testing center. To me, this task had the ring of turning swords into plowshares. My initial visit to the Budni site left me with many questions: What could one technician in the remotest area of this vast sub- continent do? Why had the Indian government decided to build this center? What long-range significance or benefits would

this center have on development of the agricultural sector and the economy of India?

No sooner had I arrived when Mr. Rao, the Officer-In-Charge, informed me that the Minister of Agriculture had requested my presence in New Delhi to discuss the project. I had a feeling that the minister wanted to be reassured that the center would open on schedule. I told Mr. Rao that I needed a few days to review and evaluate the situation, including having discussions with Mr. Tannin, the chief instructor, in order to determine what we had yet to accomplish and what the ministry could do to facilitate it. After some deliberation, we listed ten “must” items that the ministry would have to perform at their end. The first five had to be accomplished before the center could be opened, and the second five had to be done immediately thereafter to insure quality training. Rao then arranged an appointment for me on the following Monday morning.

Riding overnight on a clacking railroad car from Bhopal to New Delhi was not conducive to sound sleep. My compartment mate was Pritim Singh, a Sikh gentleman beyond middle-age. Congenial and talkative, Pritim welcomed me to India and apologized for the noise and dust as if he were responsible for them. The pitch-black night was pierced only by the dim, intermittent lights from the towns, and we tried to ignore the sudden jerks, noisy braking, and voices beneath the windows whenever the train pulled into a station. As Pritim settled into the bunk above me, his bed sagged into my air space, about a foot above my nose. The pleasantly cool, February air came through the open windows and apparently helped Pritim sleep well. He snored fitfully and periodically broke wind, unaccompanied by the “excuse me,” which he had offered earlier in the evening. As for me, I slept fretfully.

When dawn finally arrived, Pritim descended from the top bunk and replaced his loose, billowing sleepwear with a robe tied at the waist. He started his morning ablutions, which included grooming his hair and beard and wrapping his turban, insuring that both tasks met century-old standards. This was my first encounter with these operations. I was convinced of the patience and skill required to handle this intricate task. Tradition requires that Sikh men allow their hair and beard to grow uncut. The beard is groomed with hair oil, that makes it shiny and manageable. Then it is rolled tightly against the chin and secured with a net Pritim accomplished this deftly, then swept his waist-length hair into a bun on top of his head and tied it with a strip of cloth. The crowning touch was a length of fabric that, when unfurled, reached from Pritim’s head down past his feet to spread across the compartment floor. With one end tucked around his top knot, he wound the cloth until he had shaped it into a turban. The wrappings rivaled those on a finished maypole. In contrast, my morning ablutions were simple: a quick face wash in the basin, a shave with a battery-operated razor, and finally a lick with my hairbrush and comb. I was ready for the day.

After forty-five minutes of starts, stops, squeaks and jerks, the train finally arrived at the New Delhi Station shortly after sunrise. Pritim Singh and I went through our glad-to-meet-you and good-bye rituals before disembarking from our dusty sleeping compartment. A half dozen taxi drivers with little boy helpers, and thousands of flies, swarmed around. The former trying to get passengers and the latter food and blood. An

Indian railroad station is not just a place to embark and disembark from trains, but a living community. People beg, eat, sleep, wash, tend to children, barter, harangue, and perform religious rituals amid the bustle of travelers. Holding on tightly to my baggage, I weaved in and out of the crowds, selected a tonga (two-wheeled horse-drawn taxi), and was soon on my way to the Hotel Claridge, bouncing to the clackety-clack of horseshoes against the pavement. The rear end of the little horse had more scars than a Swiss watch has ticks, and the driver was using his stick as vehemently as a jockey urging his horse to the finish line.

“Why do you hit him so much?” I queried.

“He no go fast unless he get stick,” the driver replied.

We arrived at the hotel and I gave the driver an extra couple of rupees and suggested that he treat the horse better.

“Yeah Sahib, yeah Sahib, I will,” he replied, but I wouldn’t have bet on it.

After checking in at the hotel, I had time for a quick shower, breakfast, and a short nap before I left for the Ministry of Agriculture.

The meeting was held in the office of the Permanent Secretary. As I entered the office, he emerged from behind several high stacks of dog-eared files on his desk and shook my hand. I had seen a little of this file dilemma at Budni, but apparently at the government headquarters it was on a grander scale. The Permanent Secretary introduced me to the Minister of Agriculture, a short man whose facial features strongly resembled a cross between an owl and a frog, with a continuous smile. As we seated ourselves in wooden, hardback chairs, the Minister remarked, “As you know Mr. Jones, the target date for opening the center is July first. Will the scheduled date be met?”

“With certain actions and decisions, Mr. Minister, made from your office as well as at the Budni site, the center could open on the target date. I have a list of ten tasks that we developed at Budni that require action on your part. Bear with me while I read the list.” They listened, I think, as I described what Taneja and I had determined, but no discussion ensued.

After a significant pause, the Minister said, “Will the center open on July first?” It was becoming more and more apparent to me that a political commitment had been made to open the center on a certain date.

“Will your ministry accomplish the first five tasks set forth by mid-June?” I questioned.

He repeated the question three times and I gave the same reply three times. Then the Minister and the Secretary looked at each other, and slowly made that sideways nod that meant “yes.”

“Does this mean you’ll do all ten tasks set forth on the list in a timely manner?” I queried.

“Of course,” they replied.

“If we receive your support to establish and operate a quality training and testing center, the center will open as targeted,” I assured them. They listened attentively to my version of the time-phased development program being considered t Budni, which was to be operated with a practical technical, hands-on approach for both animal and motor-powered farm machinery and equipment. Over time the center would set the stage for increased application of machinery technology in India’s agriculture.

After a profusion of thanks, handshakes, and well wishes, I was ready to return to Budni.

“Mr. Minister, I realize you have a busy schedule, but please visit us at Budni when you can,” I said as I turned to leave.

“I shall.” he assured me.

I had held my ground and they finally acquiesced to our terms.

Before leaving New Delhi I met Dr. Frank Parker, the U.S. Mission’s agriculture officer, to bring him up to date on Budni, and assure him that things were going on planned. He advised me to keep him informed and that we should get together for lunch on my next visit. My last stop was at the U.S. Embassy commissary to purchase a few essential items not sold in Bhopal. It was now ready to be rattled back to Bhopal overnight. By a stroke of luck, I had the sleeping compartment to myself.

Lonesome

“What is hell — Hell is oneself. Hell is alone, the other figures in it merely projections. There is nothing to escape from and nothing to escape to. One is always alone.” —T.S. Eliot, 1950.

I had arrived at my place of work. The site was called Budni, remote and deep in the bowels of central India, a tropical Siberia surrounded by heavy brush jungle. A few hundred yards down the road was a one-whistle train stop and a destitute village of dingy shops that sold basic food grains, kerosene, cloth, sugar, and teapot stalls with dirt caked all around. Quickly, I sized up Budni as a one-step post. One step backwards, and I would step off the universe and float into eternity. I felt nothing lay beyond this place.

I soon learned that in Budni one could be subjected to two major kinds of blues: the hot, dry-weather blues, and the high-humidity, monsoon blues. Not much lay between these extremes. And in this habitat, I soon became a victim of a serious case of the loneliness blues. The temporary duration of this condition in no way affected the vital intensity of my experience. I understood most people undergo these feelings as a result of perceived deficiency in the social networks of their life. In my case, I had been temporarily cut loose from all that makes for a sense of belonging, family and community. Separation

from my family had been inescapable as the girls had to remain in the States to finish out their school year, and I had to make money for the necessities to maintain the home: a piano, sofa, and king-size bed for Ma and Pa.

Everything in my new world was abruptly strange and different. My life had become extremely remote from any past experience. I arrived in the soaring heat and aridity of an Indian summer. In such an isolated place, Indian culture was quite difficult to break into for socially meaningful contacts that might have restored some of the loss in my sense of connection. I knew to be lonely was no sin and that the local people would voluntarily offer little to make me feel a part of them. Their customs and conservative ways did not allow them to meet me halfway. Many of the center's new staff were young married couples living under difficult conditions. Others felt I was too removed from their class to socialize with me. Their living conditions at the center were entirely too austere to think of sharing and socializing with a stranger, albeit advisor, such as myself. Their meager government allowances were barely sufficient for their own survival.

Thus during the week, social engagements were few to non-existent. The social contacts I had were centered around sipping tea with cookie biscuits in the late afternoon with the director and chief instructor. I must admit some of my own initial mindless reactions did not ease the strain in my relationships. I must have been obnoxious in my declination of the customary tea they so cherished. The strong tea, boiled with milk and sugar made browner than usual from foreign sediments in the sugar, was a bit much for me to take. I requested lime or lemon with my tea instead. Still, I felt my demands were almost immoral in the social scene, although they seemed happy to accommodate.

Beyond tea, no one ever invited me to a meal. Did they feel their own dishes were unpalatable for me who could not even consume a regular cup of tea? I think they assumed they could not offer me cooking competitive to that food I could prepare in my own kitchen for my own tastes.

To improve my condition, I knew I had to engage in the difficult process of making friends in a totally new and different maze of an environment. I felt their friendship had to be earned and that I had to take most of the initiative. On my part, I often shared the meat I hunted from the bush with the staff who were non-vegetarian, that is the Muslims, Punjabies, and a few Hindus. Yet I could not completely and comfortably break through that invisible barrier that divided us. I felt my greatest loss was the lack of a family circle. After all, family networks were the key to how the Indians survived in their own culture. My physical environment, the harsh climate, insects, lack of conveniences and insomnia conspired with the haunting thoughts of my family and Loretta's companionship to eventually throw me into almost intolerable despair.

Sleepless nights in Budni emptied my emotions and physical vigor. The hideous heat propped open my eyelids seemingly all night. My insomnia kept my mind racing on what I was missing most in life. My thoughts turned constantly to the family. Over and over I wrestled with questions on their well-being: How is the family doing? How they might be making out in preparing for the long arduous trip abroad to join me? A photograph

clutched to my chest might have helped, but I had none. I had no radio, TV, or books to give me some distraction. My only diversion was to step to the window or outside and admire the starlit heavens, capable of producing wondrous views on a cloudless night.

But fatigue from the day's work forced me inside to my sagging cot for rest. There on the cot, I twisted and turned in an attempt to find a cool spot. The day-time temperature lasted deep into the night, making sound sleep impossible until just a couple of hours before daylight. I screamed inside. How was I to find a solution to my torment?

Sleep was fast becoming just a sweet memory. My worry over my lack of sleep compounded my lack of sleep. I had never taken and did not have sleep-inducing drugs. I had to grin and bear it. But my whole mental process at night was becoming diseased as I whirled down in a spiraling vortex of gloom. I had to get a grip and find a distraction to the stabbing wakefulness. I wondered how I was ever going to find a solution to my deprivations.

In one attempt, in my typical practical fashion, I built upon traditional technology to handle my situation. Across much of the country, Indians used a method based on the natural principles of evaporation to help cool air. Khas khas - dry, aromatic grassroots - were installed on frameworks in my windows. They had to be kept drenched in water to be effective. Dry air passing through the loosely woven material cooled the air, if only slightly. The pleasant scent helped make the experience worthwhile. In public buildings, a carp of water slingers were hired to maintain moist khas khas.

But I had no water slingers and brought a substitute to my rescue. I built wooden box tanks with holes in the bottom to fit over the windows. The holes allow water filling the boxes to drip over the khas khas. However, the water had to be replenished too frequently through buckets from a well outside my quarters. This activity proved too tiring and disruptive for nights already ruined by my condition. Instead, I soaked my mosquito net in a tub of water, then draped the mesh over my bed. This method gave me about thirty to forty minutes of relief.

There was little in my mind's storehouse that I could do. But then the counting began. I counted jumping air conditioners, swirling fans, and jugs of ice cold water. Several times over I would count little demons dancing and dripping with icicles. After that I tried counting backwards from a hundred in twos and threes. Then I would see them — the image of a woman with six little girls slowly descending the staircase of an airplane, then charging ahead to greet me. But the phantoms failed in the end. Internal pressures began to build.

I looked forward to the daytime when my enthusiasm for the job and the consumption of several gallons of water daily made the heat tolerable. Days were filled with newness — new people trying to do new things. I learned about them as they learned about me. I discovered how and why they accepted or rejected my suggestions and reached compromises. We combined to put new pieces in place daily, an activity essential to starting the center.

But at night the demon of loneliness returned, swinging its monstrous head. I tried to recall solutions from my psychology 101 in college to deal with the combination stresses induced by weather and loneliness. No luck was to be obtained traveling down that road, however. I was isolated from everything except total darkness. I could not share my problem with a sage authoritarian figure or anyone else. I dare not raise the topic. And after all, I was the one in the role of dispensing advice. I felt complaints about living difficulties were the last subjects they wanted to hear from me. I came to give help, not seek it. I did not want to risk my good standing with a show of such vulnerability.

I simply could not rest my body or my mind. But I fretted that my nocturnal disasters would eventually affect my performance and self-esteem during the day, leaving me a haggard, dreary shell for the day. I tortured myself with questions. What would my lack of sleep lead to? How much damage could this intolerable weather, sleeplessness, and unanchored social sense inflict in combination in the long duration? These disturbances could be sickening, corrosive, and a hindrance to the quality of my professional performance. My entire reason for being there could be destroyed. I despaired in a deep-seated pain.

I was aware that my position was a matter of change and adjustment. But I direly needed to hasten this process. The government was urgent about opening the center by June first. But how was I to cancel my blues or at least keep them under control to meet these professional demands? Being cut loose from family and community must be the problem of any advisor assigned to a strange, remote location, I reasoned. I just had to find the cure.

I realized that dwelling on my condition only deepened by sense of my predicament. I thought one way to acquire a positive view was to focus on the better times I anticipated. I repeatedly told myself the weather was going to change to the monsoon before the end of June and my family would be arriving in early June. The monsoon would herald a different world and maybe a new set of problems, but at least the chance of gaining a better quality of sleep would be improved. This change would thus equip me to handle my stress better. I brightened at the thought of regaining the family connection and companionship with Loretta and the girls. But these reflections proved insufficient for the moment.

An epiphany struck. "Have faith," I said. I realized I needed something to believe in far bigger and beyond myself. I knew I had faith in God or some higher logic in life. Everyone needs that belief. I needed the steadying effect of someone's hand on my shoulder, someone higher than even Loretta.

Eventually, I augmented my schedule with excursions into the edge of the wild brush in the afternoon to observe the plant and animal habitats. This activity tended to ease my pressure and placed me a different frame of mind for coping with my lonesome, restless nights. The environment gave me another object on which to reflect and reframe images in my mind. I used the pressure to turn my thoughts into more positive thoughts to make

my personality coalesce again. These excursions included visiting the terrain opposite the center where the Vindhya Mountain range abruptly stopped. There I observed the bird life along the steep rock face. Many ornithological types made their home there. Lying in the dark at night, I would recall the birds' habits and other activity: how they nested, how they soared on the air currents, dived to capture prey, sang, and displayed rich, feathery coloring.

I tried giving myself pep talks. I am doing okay, I told myself. I can handle this problem. I can't let it get the best of me.

I expanded my work contacts and found more outlets to put my ideas into action. I journeyed across the river to talk with personnel of the wheat research station to learn about their activities and problems. The staff was attempting to find more effective ways to use water for irrigation. I offered and built some models of bullock-drawn implements which leveled land for agriculture. These tools were successfully constructed and effective in performance. Even a film was produced, showing the implements in action and how they led to better and more economical water use.

By now my dwindling self-esteem had been restored. I had made new friends, increased my social contacts, and gained some sense of being a part of the community. I felt an emergent sense of my ability to constructively contribute to that community.

Time was approaching for me to make a trip to Bombay to meet the family. The center opened on time and the training program was launched. Faith and slugging it out had united my splintered parts. My progress was wonderful despite the fact that I was not completely satisfying my sleep requirements.

In early June, I made fast tracks to Bombay to meet the family. A palpable sense of joy came over me as my number one deficiency fell away at the sight of the family. The adjustment had been tough, but I had made it!

Living Alone Mostly- Four and Half Years

It would literally be a long, lonesome dry spell before Loretta and the girls arrived in Bhopal. I had nearly four months to bake until the monsoon began in earnest. Every sun-bullied day had an assembly-line pattern of temperatures ranging from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit and humidity close to zero. The air was relentlessly arid. Despite the weather, I felt I had to keep my promise that the training center would open on time, and spent the week days in Budni under rather lonely and primitive conditions. I lived in a sparsely furnished shell of a partially restored building with exposed rafters. The floor was laid with ill-fitting slabs of gray flagstone, held together with weak concrete. New cracks appeared each day. The five rectangular windows had half-inch steel bars, top to bottom, spaced four inches apart to keep out nocturnal growlers: tigers, leopards, hyenas, and bears. Cats, bats, and rats had access to the house, unless the heavy, wooden, battleship-grey blinds were closed. When shut, I felt as if a plastic teas had been placed over my head and I was suffocating. Furnishings were sparse: a chest of drawers, a metal

frame, single bed with a sagging mattress and mosquito net, and a crude table and bench which I had constructed from shipping crate lumber. The table did double service as a desk and a dining table. Standing in one corner was a crude closet, open on the sides and closed at the ends, also made of crating material. Here I hung my wardrobe.

The bedroom and dining room were separated from the kitchen by a crude, whitewashed stone wall. The kitchen equipment consisted of a kerosene stove and refrigerator. The stove worked quite well, but the refrigerator ran on a lick, a promise, and a prayer. It occasionally provided a cool drink, and it slightly retarded food spoilage. I did all my cooking and water boiling myself and learned to manipulate the stove's quirks so that it served me well for over four and a half Years. Of course, cleaning and changing the wick were essential to maintaining the kitchen appliances, and I did this on a regular basis with Rafiq's assistance. Rafiq freely and willingly cleaned the kitchen, including washing dishes, scrubbing the floors, and cleaning the refrigerator and stove. I would never recommend to anyone to try to keep a kerosene refrigerator operating and cooling under the severe weather conditions of India's dry seasons. One has to have the patience of a mother elephant completing her pregnancy.

Only once in my life did I see water freeze. Water I had stored in a glass jar had approached freezing point, and when I removed it from the fridge into the dry, hot room air, the condensation on the jar evaporated so quickly that the temperature lowered just enough to cause the water to freeze. Like a slanting shower of rain, the freezing process moved from one side of the jar to the other. I had just witnessed one of life's sweetest little delights, a jar of frozen drinking water in my hand, in the midst of Central India's dry season.

My bathroom consisted of a tin tub in the corner and a potty chair with a hole in the center and a small bucket underneath. No curtains hung in front of my convenience corner. Each morning the sweeper (custodian) came by and disposed of the waste and cleaned the container. I did have running water. I ran to the open well, tied my bucket to a rope, and dropped it in. I had to drag it across the surface a few times to fill it and then drew it up. Pouring it from one container to another made it running water.

For lights, we had four kinds: daylight, twilight, lantern light and candle light, not necessarily in that order. At night the entire center would have been in total darkness if it were not for candles and the cooking fires. When these sources of light were put out or burned out, the beauty of the firmament and its billions of distant stars was accented. Let there be darkness, and there was darkness!

The delicate mantle of my kerosene lantern was often shattered by big flying bugs drawn to their flames, and resulting in lights out. Thus, I preferred to use candles. After a year and a half we got a big generator installed at the center to provide electric lighting until midnight. Twenty-four hour electricity finally arrived at the center near the end of my four-and-half-year tour.

The Family Arrival

Four and a half months after I arrived in India, it was my family's turn to transplant their home to another land. Loretta — courageous as a soldier and enthusiastic as only a mother could be — packed up and journeyed three days - three nights with six young daughters, one less than a year old, to join me.

They were truly a welcome sight as they struggled down the steps of the aircraft at the Bombay airport helping one another and testing the patience of the other passengers. They all wore rumpled but fashionable navy-blue jumpers, a product of Loretta's handiwork and her dependable, portable sewing machine, a standard piece of luggage for the next twenty-one years. My six months of bachelorhood had ended. Waiting for them to clear customs seemed to take a lifetime. Once they were through, we greeted with a profusion of hugs and kisses in the steamy monsoon heat. There is no joy more fulfilling than a family unites halfway around the world in a strange land. Overcome by hordes of coolies, I appointed several to load the luggage. We successfully boarded the Hotel shuttle bus but left little room for other passengers. Rain fell in sheets and the vapor on the windows blurred the street scenes. The great buildings of Bombay's once rich European heritage had to be seen some other time. Water gushed from the gutters and overflowed into the streets. "Daddy, does it rain like this all the time in India?" one of the girls asked.

"No, sometimes it doesn't rain for six months," I answered. "This is what is called the monsoon season, when most of the rain comes."

Registering at the Taj Mahal Hotel was slow, but finally completed. This well-known landmark still showed signs of its nest beauty. The deleterious effect of time had kept a step or two ahead of the effort to maintain it, but it was comfortable and provided a nice retreat from the rainy outdoors. After a huge pot of steaming tea, and dainty open-faced cucumber sandwiches, plus a bit of exploring about the hotel by the girls, we put them to bed. Then Loretta and I had time for ourselves.

Loretta talked about the family's first air journey, which proved far from smooth. Well over the Atlantic Ocean, she had seen one of the aircraft engines on fire, but hearing no announcement from the captain, she thought all was well, trusting that the crew knew what they were doing. She assumed that the plane was ready for landing at its next stop. She then awakened the girls, combed their hair, and freshened them for the landing. Then an announcement was made: "We regret to say we have to return to New York due to engine trouble. There is no need for alarm."

"Since I took it in stride, showing no alarm, the girls did likewise. Loretta explained. "I had long learned that if I remained calm, the children usually followed suit. They were also probably too tired from a full day to be scared. In New York for the second time. we spent the next thirteen hours at the Plaza Hotel. Airborne once again, we encountered a few minor disasters. My blood pressure shot up momentarily when the hostess gave Estrellita a piece of hard candy which caught in her throat. Choking and gagging, she was pressed, probed, and hit between the shoulders until it hopped out. There was no after effect. During our first stop at Prestwick, England, the wind snatched her hat as we

walked from the plane. Some onlookers saw her plight and went hat chasing, but each time they got within arm's reach, the wind pressed its claim, ending up with the hat for its own disposal. For the rest of the trip she was the saddened, hatless one, which did little to curb her wandering.

“Arriving in Amsterdam, we learned that our connecting flight was waiting on the runway to take off. A hurried change of planes and we were on our way to Geneva, where we would have dinner. On the ground once again, all the other passengers on our flight had been seated by the time we arrived in the dining room. The waiters hurried over and began serving us with great flourish. Suddenly service slowed and stalled. This strange turn of events was later explained by the airline hostess. After noticing the extra attentiveness lavished on us, airline representatives realized they would be charged extra. The waiters assumed we were the family of some wealthy oil magnate or royal family from the Middle East, because we weren't dark enough to be Africans and not clear-skinned enough to be Caucasians. Once it was made clear we were just late arrivals, we were demoted to our Peon status with adequate but regular passenger treatment.”

“Off again, we crossed the Alps at night, and saw daylight just outside of Cairo, Egypt, where we landed for breakfast. Wilting from the moist heat, we were bussed to the City. Before disembarking our passports were collected, no reason given. I trembled at the thought of being held hostage. From the bus stop, we walked up a narrow street to the restaurant. Seeing the men in their robes and fazes, one of the girls remarked, ‘Mama, these men are still wearing their nightgowns.’

“No, baby, those are their regular clothes here. We're no longer in the West, this is the Middle East where the people dress differently’, I told her. Breakfast was served: cornflakes with warm milk, toast, juice, eggs, bread, tea and coffee. The eggs were hard and rubbery, if rolled into a ball and hit with a firm swing, they would have competed in distance with any golf ball.

“Back at the bus, our passports were returned, much to my relief. From Cairo, we flew to Karachi, where we spent the night. A Pakistani, apparently assigned to look after us, met us as we disembarked from the bus at the KLM airport facility. In loud English he announced to us, ‘Don't drink the water! Don't drink the water! I get good water for you.’ Later, he came with bottles of soda water. He sat down and began to talk to the girls, asking about the U.S., their names, et cetera. After the girls washed up and were tucked away, he said, ‘Madam, maybe you like good Pakistani bath?’

“ ‘What is Pakistani bath?’ I inquired.

“ ‘Very good thing. I bring nice warm water and while you sit in tub I pour water over you,’ he explained.

I told him, “No thank you. You bring water, leave it, you go, I'll bathe myself.’ He brought in the hot water and left. We had communicated. Early the next morning he was his usual attentive self, making sure we enjoyed our breakfast. He was there to help us

board the bus. Looking back over my shoulder as I boarded the bus. I said, 'Maybe the Pakistani bath next time.' He smiled.

"From Karachi we flew non-stop to Bombay, and here we are." Loretta and I had some catching up to do and then came the long hard sleep.

Next day the late afternoon brought light drizzles and spells of sunshine. It was dry enough to walk along the waterfront to the big stone, Bombay gate. Despite the wind and mist blowing in from the Arabian Sea, the girls were ecstatic with their first good glimpse of India's most westernized city, except one. She was quietly turning over in her mind the scenes she had witnessed on her way from the airport. For through the windows she had caught a glimpse of an entire family, half-naked, lying on the side of the street. The experience did not depress her, but struck a chord of lively conscience that was to accompany her for a lifetime.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernie Neal, the rural development officer for the U.S. Mission in New Delhi, were visiting Bombay and came by the hotel to welcome Loretta and the girls to India. In the small world of African-American colleges, he and Loretta had a number of mutual friends, which became the subject of an extended dialogue. I didn't remind him of his earlier statement. "All India needs is another big family of girls," when I met him on my arrival in New Delhi in January.

The next day, the long journey ended when our Indian Airlines flight landed at the barren airfield in Bhopal with one wind sock in place of a control tower. Rafiq was there with the faithful, green Jeep, which took us to the palace pavilion, our home for the next four years.

Our Pavilion Home

A dazzling white exterior gave the pavilion a strikingly tranquil appearance. The breeze prompted the shadows of mango trees to shift against the walls. It seemed conscious of its place in the royal getting. It was a very pleasant place in spite of buffalo and goats roaming about. Located high above a ninety-nine acre lake it was surrounded by several large mango trees and big, shady date palm trees. Across a flowered round-about was another twin pavilion, both having been built in the 1920s by the Begum for guests. Marble steps led one to a portico graced by four large Romanesque columns. Entry was through heavy wooden doors with twenty-four panes of glass. Inside the rambling single-story structure were eight rooms spacious enough for any of the girls to run away from home without having to leave the building. My usual competition for bathroom access in a household of females completely dispelled by the house seven washrooms — no more standing in line with agonizing patience.

All floors throughout the house were tiled in diamond shaped white marble. In the center of the house was an open skylight that allowed maximum airflow into the windows of the rooms. A wall-placed drainage system kept ponds of water from accumulating but strong winds at times brought in dust, leaves, and other debris. Each room opened into a

covered walkway that ran the length of the house. If these walls could talk, some bizarre stories of excess would be told of their royal occupants.

Our problem was how to turn this more than adequate space into a home fit for a family. The most pressing need was to set up a kitchen. No provision had ever been made to cook inside the pavilion. Food for the Nawab's guests had been prepared in another building and carried to the guest houses. Only the bathrooms had running water, but only cold. This left us with no option but to turn a bathroom into a kitchen. My basic woodworking skills came to our rescue. I had dismantled and saved our shipping crates, and with this lumber I built a counter over the bathtub, enclosing the sides for storage. Side extensions were attached to the sink, and the toilet bowl is boxed in by a storage cabinet. Our deep-freezer, kerosene stove, and kerosene refrigerator completed the kitchen setup. We were in business to boil, chill, chops and wash.

The entrance from the portico became the living room and home to the piano. The pavilion furnishings, together with thong provided by the Embassy in New Delhi, created a non-matching but adequate living room set. One large room accommodated all the girls, each with sufficiently demarcated space to minimize territorial dilute. Loretta and I had our own bedroom. We were close enough to the girls "dormitory" to keep an ear on what was happening and to get to them if need be. Rooms in the back and along the site corridor were used for the steady stream of visitors passing through Bhopal.

A great variety of biological specimens constantly shared the pavilion with us. None were more prominent than the little bug-catching geckos. They were so prevalent that I felt like asking them to pay rent. But having seen the variety and number of insects they consumed, I felt better about their free-loading. No living specimen is more innocent and determined than these little translucent creatures. They constantly drove themselves over the ceilings and up the walls. On occasions they drove us up the wall. To watch them spot their prey, flies, mosquitoes, gnats, ants, et cetera, track it down, and lash out a lightning-fast tongue to devour it is one of nature's interesting prey/predators displays of keeping the balance. "Tigers" of the walls they are. At times their suction pad feet would let them down literally, for during the excitement of catching their prey, they would fall with a hard plop on the marble floor or onto the bed, still holding on to their catch. Knocked out momentarily, they soon got it together and scampered back up the walls to continue their upside down pursuit, gave a big gulp, and another course had been added to the daily meal. There was always the possibility of one landing in our soup at mealtime, particularly when we had dinner guests. Chameleons also showed up without invitation. This angular-headed lizard, each eye moving independently of the other and matching skin color with its surrounding is one of nature's great fascinations in deception. Its snail-like pace gave the impression that it would never get to where it was going. This too could be another dimension of deceptions, the prey probably thinking that it will never get there. How such a lightning-fast tongue for catching insects got mixed up with such a slow creature is a true mystery.

Toads during the rainy season laid claim on their share of the place together with boosted insect populations. They hopped about freely and harmlessly. The sudden onset of the dry

season sometimes caught them with no chance to hide away in a moisture-laden spot. Some were left as dried, mummified forms, minus their hop of course.

What caused real worry for us were the poisonous snakes and scorpions that crawled into the house. We warned the girls not to be friendly with such visitors. The second oldest daughter was made responsible for stuffing old, folded newspaper under the door at night to discourage scorpions. A morning ritual consisted of shaking out the bedroom slippers to make sure no stingers had managed to by-pass the newspaper barriers. The cobra for the most part stayed away. Kraits, a very deadly snake, had a strong inclination to crawl inside. Once, upon returning from an evening out, we spotted one struggling to squirm across the beige tuft of our carpet. Needless to say its life span was made short with the end of a bludgeon. An on-going dialogue kept the girls snake-wise as well as how to use the anti-snake bite kit supplied by the U.S. mission. We were very grateful for our snake-bite-free four years in Bhopal. India loses hundreds of people each year to snake bites. Only once did I have a scare. The household helper, Lal, had been bitten by a poisonous black scorpion. I rushed him to my Jeep, threw up the hood and held the injected finger to the pole of the car battery to burn out the poison. It was painful but life saving.

During the day there was little hope of escaping the sweltering temperatures. We awaited the night with great anticipation for there was cooler air to be had just twenty feet above the ground. Evening brought a mass migration to the roof, which was a flat expanse surrounded by a three-foot high parapet, thankfully above the mosquito zone. To the extent of her size and age, each of our daughters was accountable for the nightly ritual of getting her things in place for sleeping on the roof. Occasionally we had breakfast there too, a special sunrise treat. I was the weather forecaster during the approach of monsoon season. Cloud formations and distant lightning and thunder always gave cause for alarm among the girls, causing several interruptions of the weatherman's sleep during the night. "Is it going to rain? Do we need to go inside?" came alarmed questions from all corners of the roof. The weatherman had a tendency to wait right up to the last minute, sometimes after a few drops of rain had fallen, to announce, "We had better get inside." This way, no one needed convincing.

Our other escape from the heat was across the road from the pavilion: the lake. It lay at the bottom of a steep slope. At the top of the slope was a fifteen by forty foot catwalk, which was beginning to share in the shabbiness of the other palace structures. But its aging, mold-stained marble flooring with it rusting, ornate cast-iron rail did not discourage our enjoyment. Here evening teas and small receptions could be held in the cool air as twilight gave away to bright evening stars. The lake waters mirrored the surrounding hills. The city lights along shore, and in the monsoon white masses of clouds constantly passing overhead. As a place to escape from the dust and irritations of the sun-scorched day, there was none better in the area.

Executive Household Assistants

No story about Indian servants is more widely known among expatriates than the one of the memsahib (wife) complaining about the breakfast toast being cold. As the story goes,

the cook showed up the next morning with his own solution to this national disaster. He came into the dining room and took up an erect posture with his arms held tightly against his body. When questioned by the memsahib about the strange stance and behavior he replied. "I am keeping the toast warm." He had a slice tucked under each armpit.

In the diplomatic circle of receptions, small talk about servant behavior was and still is a major topic. Many of the true stories leave no room for exaggeration. India is a servant society. Servants have servants, and these servants have servants. Every newcomer goes through the trauma of coming face to face with "professional" servants for the first time. Loretta was no exception. They came in a steady stream carrying motley letter of recommendations from earlier sahibs and memsahibs that often dated well back to the colonial period. Most of the papers no longer resembled paper. Key words were obliterated by holes worn at the folds. Several generations of dirt seem to be the only thing holding them together. Each servant who came was as dirty as the others. All were the epitome of innocence and honesty. They couldn't possibly have a dishonest bone in their body, nor could they think of the word "cheat," even in Hindi. We had to learn by trial and error. In Bombay at the Taj Hotel, the grapevine made us known, and a few men appeared at the hotel door with high recommendations. We decided on only one, Joseph, a short Dravidian sporting a white Muslim cap and a buttoned-up jacket, the uniform of colonial servants. He promised us he could cook, wash, clean, and he was prepared to leave his family 500 miles behind to take the job with us in Muslim Bhopal. Once in Bhopal where he had no ties or friends, he soon grew tired of being in a large family of women who were trying to get him to change his long imbibed habits, e.g. not to use the same linen cloth that was his constant companion on his shoulder for dusting and furniture polishing up the silverware before he laid down each piece for setting the table. When he announced his departure back to Bombay to seek his fortune anew, we decided to rely on help with ties in Bhopal. After considerable dickering, Loretta selected three: a cook, dhobi (laundry man), and a cook-helper/house cleaner. Things always went well the first few days. Then memshaibs tended to let their guards down and began to downplay all the awful stories heard on the cocktail Circuit. We in Bhopal were so far removed from the formal cocktail happenings that we had no way to keep up with the latest. But we did find out that the first few days of good impression soon wore thin. A wall-climbing for the average housewife was just around the next day, and close supervision was continual in order for Loretta to keep six daughters as well as ourselves in good health.

On the books, India's caste system has been totally abolished. But servants are more in a traditional rut than the necessary. They don't read books. A practice as old as India itself, servants don't touch each other's work. We found a greater flexibility of attitude in this regard among Muslim servants than among Hindus. Two of ours were Muslim and the laundryman was Christian. This finely tuned division of labor is often the reason for some households to have up to twelve servants. Too many foreigners tend to compare Indian servants with those of their native country. We often thought that our house helper back home, an eighteen-year-old girl, could do the work of a half dozen Indian servants. However, the low levels of nutrition, and the lack of other basic human needs together with the hundred plus degree temperatures are obviously not taken into consideration

when making such claims.

As sure as there is something that could go missing, sooner or later it was in fact. When Loretta found something missing she called the servants together and told them what it was and asked them to look around and find it. Most of the time one or the other would discover it, or it would be left in a place that a member of the family would surely see it. For some unknown reason, the blanket and sheet missing from the baby's bed never returned. Repeated reminders and memsahib's chastening threats came to naught. Ismail, who had been brought up ever since a boy as the servant of an old British civil retired in Kashmir, had learned the art of making a dining table with fantastic napkin foldings. Ismail once indicated in his self-taught English that he always collected something from his sahibs and memsahibs to remember them by. We often wondered whether or not the baby's blanket had been added to his memorabilia, because it was never returned.

When the servants had something they wanted to ask the sahib or memsahib, instead of coming out with it, it was often acted out. A sad expression, a dull response and slacking off with their daily routine were signs we learned to interpret. Their hope seemed to be that we should drag it from them.

"Ismail, what's wrong? You seem like something is bothering you," Loretta inquired.

"Memsahib, my heart is today very sad. My brother maybe passed away. He bit by snake," Ismail answered.

"What happened, Ismail?"

"He working in rice field early morning. When he go to pick up bundle of rice to land on hillock cart and both hands go under rice bundle, the cobra bite his finger. Hospital few miles away in Sehore and bullock cart taking too long to get there. My brother turn very black and puff like a balloon before he get reached. Doctor says he finished." Ismail closes his eyes and lays his head on his hands "I need off for afternoon to go Sehore," he added.

"We are sorry, Ismail. May Allah blesses him," Loretta replied. "You may go to Sehore."

"Shukriya! Sukhiya!," he thanked her as he bowed and touched his clasped hands to his forehead.

Dr. Mama

A Britisher once commented that the average foreigner had only enough disease resistance to last about three and a half years in India. Our home location, away from the public and town filth, and with generally higher standards of sanitation at the palace grounds, minimized the family's exposure to illness. Furthermore, recommended prevention measures were followed to the letter. All of the drinking water was boiled, fresh vegetables were Detol disinfected, and foods were well-cooked, especially meats.

Although all the meat came from the jungle, there were still possibilities of tapeworm infections. At the slightest sign of illness, and before the victims could squeeze out their complaint, the family doctor of preventive medicine, Loretta headed for her frayed copy of Family Physician to match the symptoms with recommended treatment. The victim was then administered home-concocted remedies. It certainly must have worked, both at home and on trips. The entire family stayed relatively healthy for the entire period of foreign service. However, I was in a much more vulnerable position to contract any one of number of illnesses common to Indians and foreigners. Living alone for stretches and traveling extensively for work brought me in constant contact with less stringently prepared food. Sharing in the meals and snacks associated with social and work situations was unavoidable. Many of the Indian offerings were very tasty. Strangely enough, the only major bout with illness came on Thanksgiving weekend. Luckily, I had bagged a big, wild peacock for Thanksgiving dinner before the fever set in. As far as I could tell the illness resulted from a small cut on my hand, in which I got some dirt I don't think there is anything more rife with infections than Indian dirt. I had to be spend in a prone position with a local Indian doctor in attendance. He diagnosed my problem to be a fever. Pretty obvious, I thought, I was burning up. But he assured me that the fever would soon pass away and that I would not pass away with it. Loretta. made her diagnosis, but wouldn't venture to say what. She too thought it would pass and not take me with it. They were both right. Encouraging indeed.

Though a bit woozy, I was back in Budni on Monday morning as usual, keeping my sick leave allowance unused. Two bouts with amoebic dysentery in the course of my tour meant having to be subjected to extended periods of listlessness and low energy. This meant incessant spells of embarrassing gas expulsion. Talk about being a walking windmill in polite society! The local people seemed used to it. Maybe they expected it. The twenty-day pill treatment caused as much of a burnt-out feeling as the attack. In spite of the many precautions taken, I truly believe one can get amoebic dysentery by simply breathing the air, something one can't very well avoid. The winds must pick up a myriad of stubborn cysts as it sweeps across open grounds where millions of people leave tons of feces every day of the year. We had been advised that once in the system, these tenacious organisms may go dormant in the liver and other organs without any noticeable effect for years. Suddenly they may burst forth with a devastating attack. In my case, thirty years have passed without any sign of recurrence. Maybe the little microscopic fellows have grown lazy and refrain from causing me to malfunction in order to avoid the threat of medical treatment. I hope so, for I'd prefer to let sleeping amoeba lie.

Actually I had not realized the long-term effect of dysentery until I went home on the first home leave. My doctor, neighbor, friend, and hunting companion met me at the airport and later told me, "Jones, I was aghast when I saw you emerge from the plane. How wasted and drawn you looked. I felt like coming up the steps to help you with your hand luggage." Maybe he should have, because twenty-two hours of flying on top of the twenty-day treatment for amoebic dysentery is enough to make any weak.

Teacher Mrs. Jones - Mother Loretta

"Education is the gleanings from humans and books and laboratories, from field and forests and whimpering winds. But it is more. It is learning from promptness and

thoroughness, kindness and helpfulness and every form of purity; it is the mastering of mind and spirit, appetite and passion, thought and word and glance. It is knowing that service brings worthy living, that selfishness means sin, that courage lies in doing right. Education is implanting of good habits, the acquirement of efficiency, the development of twenty-four carat character.” Anon

“Foreign service messes up the lives of many families, particularly those children who are moved a lot, changing school settings.” I overheard these words at my first U.S. Embassy reception in New Delhi. Although they struck a sensitive chord with me, I set these aside momentarily. I was too absorbed in treading my way through the bramble and thickets of cocktail party diplomacy: a smoke-filled atmosphere where drinks and hors d’oeuvres were consumed amid polite small talk, and it was difficult to distinguish the artificial smiles from the sincere.

That phrase, “messes up the lives,” came back to mind as I anticipated the arrival of my six children. What was the price of rearing a large family under a series of changing cultural and social environments? How would the broadening of our perception of the world and its people weigh out against the disruption of our lives? The cost of our happiness and security was unknown, but I had already accepted the job. The answer would come only with time, and would depend on how well we could adjust to change. That is what life is all about wherever one is. I assured myself: He can do it! I know we can! Loretta and I had both the commitment and strength to get it done.

Our goal had long been to give girls a good education, no matter what the circumstances. Loretta and I had struggled, I more than she, since her parents could help her more financially than mine to obtain our bachelor’s degrees from African-American colleges that were said to be separate but equal. Separate, yes; equal, a big, big no! We had both taught up to college level in segregated school, at a time when career opportunities elsewhere were more scarce than hens with gold teeth. The majority of African-American graduates from both segregated and non-segregated colleges went the teaching route as an end to justify the means. I had completed my master’s degree from Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. Loretta had taken two math courses toward a master’s degree. At that point, her preference for caring for two children and our lack of finance, combined to keep her from finishing her course of study, but knowledge of teaching methods, classroom organization, and instructional material gave us the qualification and the confidence later to set up and run a home school where formal education was not available. We knew that living in relative isolation in central India would be the ultimate test. After observing Indian students with only a shade tree for a classroom, a slate and crayon for equipment, and in the evenings only light from a dim city lamp for their reading, I was impressed that, even in such meager circumstances, learning could take place. I shared these thoughts in my letters to Loretta back home. We decided to keep the family together, rather than send any of the girls to boarding school as many foreigners did. The local schools were conducted in Urdu and Hindi, so our options were squeezed down to one: supervised home study. Before leaving the U.S., the children were enrolled in The Calvert and Nebraska correspondence schools, acquired the necessary instructional material and books from Baltimore and Lincoln, and arrived in June on

schedule after the closing of public schools in Tennessee.

Our school had five to enroll: Anita, Estrellita for entering the first year; Burnetta, the junior-high student who had a combination of public and catholic experience, all segregated; Carol, who had started out in the public school; Christina, who had attended the laboratory school at Fisk University; and Carlotta, the one-year-old formed the nursery school component. Their school experiences had been by and large within the segregated school system of Tennessee. Fisk laboratory school had been the exception a token school off integration within the otherwise segregated system. Fisk, one of the prominent, black liberal arts colleges, had some white faculty. The lab school offered an integrated learning environment for children of faculty members of Fisk, Meharry Medical College, and Tennessee State University, all African-American schools, up to the third year of primary school. For some reason still unknown to me, Fisk was never brought under scrutiny for carrying on its semblance of integration, especially noticeable at Fisk's Christmas programs that were liberally attended by Caucasians.

Carol and Christina spent the remaining primary school years in segregated public schools. They were puzzled as to why the school was like this, but we never discussed it with them openly. The all white school across the street from us did little to dull their curiosity. We figured they would know the true story in time.

In Bhopal, India, we ran a segregated school. It was for African-American females only, a double-barreled prejudice. It was clearly separate and equal to nothing we had experienced before. Any shortfall this engendered could only be blamed on ourselves, Pa Harold and Ma Loretta. This parent-run school was for our own children, no prejudice intended. All the students happened to be African-American because their parents had been categorized that way by U.S. ethnic codes. However, we do spare the blame for all the students being female.

The day-to-day operation of the school was modeled on public schools around the world. Each morning at eight o'clock the girls dressed for school, gathered their books and homework, and went through the routine of leaving home. Saying, "Goodbye Mother." They walked around the big, flowered round-about (British for traffic circle), between our guest house pavilion and an identical one facing ours, which was occupied by an American couple, and their two friendly dachshunds. The big circle completed, they climbed the dozen or so white marble steps of our pavillion, and greeted their teacher with "Good morning, Mrs. Jones!" Just inside the door was the piano, where they sang "God Bless America," or "America The Beautiful." This was followed by the Pledge of Allegiance. Then they proceeded in orderly fashion to the classroom and arranged themselves for study. Mrs. Jones, the teacher, moved about the classroom giving assistance and encouragement to each of her six students as needed, some needing more than others. At noon, Mrs. Jones became mother and assembled her daughters at lunch. For the rest of the hour they were free to do as they pleased, play, nap or whatever. The sole nursery school student always napped. The afternoon class continued from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m., ending with the students setting their desks in order, tidying up, and gathering their books. With a "Good-bye, Mrs. Jones" spoken in concert, the school day came to an

end. They again trekked round the round-about and back to the pavillion where they greeted Mother, who welcomed them home. She remained their mother until school time the next day.

All completed lessons and tests were regularly mailed to the Calvert Correspondence School and the University of Nebraska, stateside to be graded. Anxious looks were always on the faces of the students as they received their grades, comments, corrections, suggestions and encouragements from their counterpart teachers in the USA. "Mrs. Jones" reviewed the returned lessons for any clarification that might be needed. All were anxious to go to school, which was just as well, as we couldn't afford a truant officer anyway.

There were lots of pluses for our family school. Plenty of individual attention could be given to each student and their successes affected their schoolmates and their siblings all at the same time. Certainly there was no shortage of parental involvement in the children's schooling. Combining the role of parents and teacher challenged our ingenuity, wisdom, and not surprisingly, our patience. We wondered sometimes what would have happened to Job's patience if he had to stretch it into being a parent-teacher in a formal home-school setting.

The school was never without a few uninvited guest which sometimes created a scare, but often stimulated the learning environment. The sudden arrival of frogs and toads assured prompt scientific inquiry. Often a bird flew in, perched on the wall ledges, looked for a place to build a nest, preened or pecked at some insects before flying off. Or, a slow-moving chameleon came through the door or open window, with his independently moving eyes, angular head, and prehensile tail. Its mission was to catch small insects with his agile, lightning-fast tongue. One visiting chameleon was once introduced to our cat who stood over it with curiosity. The frightened fellow threw his color changing mechanism into gear and ran through his whole repertoire to throw the cat off. The cat must have been unimpressed, because she just walked off.

Less welcome was the scorpion with its lobster-like claws and long curved tail capable of inflicting devastating pain. Anyone with anything with which to strike a blow went into action with caution of course. Also nobody's friend was the krait, a small, brown-banded snake whose venom was lethal. Its arrival commanded real caution and concern to destroy it. Some of the men servants had to be called in on these occasions, and despite their own fear they managed to set the job done. Geckos frightened our students at first but they gradually warmed up to these harmless lizards. Their soft translucent bodies patrolled the walls and ceilings in pursuit of insects. These and other creatures, whether delightful, disruptive, or dangerous, brought to the classroom a knowledge of biology in action. Loretta often took advantage of these intrusions momentarily diverting from the specific subject at hand to give brief lectures on the importance of these creatures in the natural scheme of things general information on their importance in the natural scheme of things.

The shortfalls of our school, even when compared to the separate-but-equal system we

had known at home, were obvious. Equipment and resources were sorely lacking. Desks were rough, unfinished, and uncomfortable. They had been constructed by me from freight crating materials. Tools for science were limited to a microscope and slides. The library consisted of two sets of encyclopedias and fifteen volumes of Childcraft, accumulated by the family over the years along with a children's Bible, with copies of Reader's Digest, Ladies Home Journal, and the Nashville Banner, our home newspaper that sporadically found its way to India, often moist, frayed, swollen and faded, no doubt dammed up at some point until someone had pity to send them. The news was always stale, which was true of any news coming to Bhopal.

More prominently absent was the opportunity for social interaction, which educators consider a basic necessity to a balanced education. A neighboring family, also from Tennessee, had three children studying by correspondence, but they left after two years. Though we would get together with Indian, British, and visiting American families, and even the two oldest girls were invited to the masquerade ball by the Nawab's grand children visiting from school in Switzerland, and an occasional swim in the moldy outdoor pool or to tea with the Begum to taste her wonderful self-made goat cheese, it was not enough to develop lasting friendships. In addition to the cultural and social differences, language presented the greatest barrier. There was no chance for the children to participate in competitive sport or school activities requiring team work and cooperation of their age group. They got along very well with each other and with visiting children, making us their own badminton and table tennis teams but there just weren't enough other people to gauge their social progress in setting also with others. We were also concerned that they learn responsibility and independence outside the classroom, but there was only their large bedroom to keep organized and the pets to take care of. Otherwise, housework and cookies was done by the servants. Only the two-hour afternoon break for the cook and evenings when all went home were they free to barge into the kitchen to learn baking cakes and bread and ice-cream making from their mother.

Diversions consisted of trips to the market to buy and barter with the merchants. This was a lesson in itself and totally different from walking into a store back home where the stamped prices on the items ruled out positively no customer/clerk exchange. Other periodic diversions were the receptions we gave for the graduating classes passing through the training center where I worked. The girls participated quite willingly and graciously in the preparation and serving of refreshments during the reception, our tiny version of diplomatic function. These receptions were concluded with group photos of the students and family, which are preserved in our family archives.

As time went along, individualized patterns of behavior began to emerge among the girls. None comported herself in an unacceptable manner, though in the beginning one was close to the edge. Before we had moved to India, our eldest, Burnetta, had been a well-rounded, junior high student, with above-average grades and a clarinet in the school band. After I left for Bhopal to start my job and prepare for the family's arrival, her grades went down to average and stayed there. She never pulled out of the slump and tended to be somewhat of a dreamer after arriving in India. But there was no way to tell what was on her mind. She never asked questions about anything, neither did she complain. If

curiosity killed the cat, she hardly had enough to disturb one from its nap. She followed the school routine religiously, but netted mostly Cs. An excellent hostess, she was at the apex of her delight whenever there were house guests or a reception —happy, smiling, congenial, contented, composed. At the top of her list of things she enjoyed was being well-dressed and looking good. Possibly, the affectionate glances thrown in her direction by our twenty-year-old Muslim driver provided some motivation for glamorizing herself, but we concluded that this was a typical adolescent - phenomenon that would have occurred with or without an audience.

If curiosity could be used as measure for determining whether our two eldest were sisters, the conclusion would have been reached: not related. The second eldest had the potential to become a cat lover's most disliked person. Her curiosity was enough to kill a small town of cats. I was always on the defensive trying to come up with answers to her questions that would make sense to her. When she was barely three years old, she asked, 'what holds that tree up? She was speaking of the big oak tree in our yard in Nashville. I found myself in the pose of The Thinker as I searched for a suitable explanation.

"Part of that tree is buried under the ground. That part is called roots. We can't see them. Put your feet close together, I demanded of her." With a little push from the back I demonstrated how easy it was to push her over.

"Now spread your feet farther apart," I required. She was then pushed from the side. See it is much more difficult to push you over when you spread out. The tree roots spread out on all sides, like your feet were, far from the tree and attach themselves deep in the ground so the wind can't push it over.

"Can we dig and see the roots?" was the next question. We did.

"Why did all the leaves fall off that tree, except those two up high?" was the next inquiry.

"Let's go inside now," I commanded. "We shall talk about that later."

"Don't forget," she said as we walked through the backdoor.

Her curiosity never seemed to let up. By the time she had finished the fourth grade, right before leaving for India. She had decided she wanted to study law, a goal she kept throughout her home-school training. She remained studious and knew that to obtain her goal in life she had to be educated. She comported herself as self-appointed teacher and mother number two, determined to keep her other sisters in line, organized, and participatory. Her grades and work quality were exemplary. All of this won appreciative praise from Loretta, mother/teacher number one.

The third oldest of the student body was a non-conformist. She was highly energetic but was determined to spend her energy in ways other than on books. She cared not for the routine and strict discipline of the school. She was good at pretending to be studying, but when questioned about what she had read, her response showed that she had not read the

material or had not understand it. “I don’t want to be fooling around with those numbers in math,” she would assert. Clearly, she needed extra attention, sometimes at the expense of the other girls. Giving her extra work reduced her diversionary tendencies. The Bible stories read at Sunday morning breakfast and retelling of the movies Loretta and I attended Saturday nights were the only things that totally captured her interest.

Being the middle girl she seemed to have trouble deciding whether to side with the two older sisters or to go with the younger ones. What the other girls loved, she loathed. Budu, our female rhesus monkey, was dear to the heart of the whole family. Carole abhorred it. Budu knew it, and was usually adept at showing disdain for her. She would Give Budu a sly look out of the corner of her eye and keep her distance. Adventuresome, she was more at home down by the monsoon-created mud holes or the shores of the lake catching bullfrogs. She was frequently successful and no one appreciated her efforts more than Squeezy, our Pet Python. The frog catch seemed to be a gustatory delight for him(we were never sure which).

Soon, a change in her attitude toward studying began to emerge. Sometimes when playing with the younger girls outside, she would tell them things she wanted to do with her life. Gradually, she became also an avid reader, going through books and other reading material like wildfire. She liked her newly found image as a source of information on a great variety of subjects.

Our youngest students were the twins, first graders. As fraternal twins their thinness went little beyond being born during the same birthing. They have enough of the same gene mix to look like sisters. One has always been physically larger. The often pronounced concern that twins have each other’s emotions, problems, in their case was not true. The smaller twin showed deep concern for her sister’s welfare, at least emotionally. The larger twin did not respond with the same depth of concern on this level. The small twin had a high self-esteem with a matching strength to vocalize. Listening to her at times, I was prompted to say, “If she is ever able to synchronize her ability to vocalize with her thoughts, she will be on her way. She clearly wanted to give the impression that she was a good student. She was a good average student, but tended to depend on her sister to set her through the more difficult problems. The larger twin applied herself consistently resulting in good grades, but on social occasions she seemed to depend on the other for fitting comfortably into the social mix. Overall there was more of a balancing of dependency between them than first met the eye.

Nestled in the corner of the classroom was our one year old in her playpen, Carlotta. Easy to care for, she got lots of attention from her sisters and was quite content with her play routine. As she matured, she revealed a cleanly competitive spirit. Being at the bottom of this skyscraper Of sisters, she seemed to be saying. “I must fight to set a share. While pleasant and amiable, she continued to let her sisters know that she was not to be left out. One evening about dusk as the girls were out walking they decided to play a trick on her. They ran ahead of her then hid in the bushes. Poor Carlotta feeling abandoned and lost, arrived crying at the door, much to the chagrin of their mother. The other girls merged from their hiding place laughing at their own joke. But the tables turned. An angry

mother ordered them straight to bed after a supper of bread and water.

An accomplished pianist. Loretta was firm about adding music to the curriculum. With the arrival of our piano in our sea freight, lessons began. A clarinet and two violins made up the remainder of our instrument inventory. Loretta had collected sheet music for various levels of competence since college. Our collection of records (classical and pop) widened the range of music available. The radio reinforced our collection, tuning us in to high-pitched India music for which an appreciation gradually grew. Our three senior students already had varying magical starts to build on, and the younger students got a chance to discover their musical interest and talents. We wanted the whole family to appreciate music, to feel happiness and pleasure in the sound of music. To raise the music appreciation level of the whole family was a hoped for spin-off to feel the happiness and pleasure in the sound of music, and to understand its meaning.

Our musical efforts made a relatively isolated life less monotonous, providing relaxation and entertainment, and it increased family sociability with a chance for the girls to cooperate in a group activity. Loretta often organized group made up mostly of the more accomplished students. At the beginning of these musical forays, the sounds bordered on “every note threatening to be a tune,” a definition someone once gave to classical music. But the group made steady progress and lots of pleasure came out of their participation, both for themselves and for the rest of the family. Their rhythmic beat of sound had many of the recognized features of good music. Loretta gave each of the girls individual piano lessons, which most took quite seriously, some continuing into college. The violinist gave up after several years and the eldest student mastered the clarinet and piano, and later gave piano lessons. Loretta herself derived great pleasure from singing “Indian Love Call” while accompanying herself on the piano. Late at night while I was away in Budni she would, after all the girls were in bed, play the plaintive notes with such emotion that our neighbor in the other pavilion, who was often without her husband, felt shudders down her spine. She eventually pleaded with Loretta to confine playing that song during the day.

Stitching cloth into useful items was our second-most important extracurricular activity. Among the twenty-two pieces of luggage accompanying Loretta and the girls was our 1940 electric sewing machine. More than half of the dresses ever worn by the six girls and Loretta were products of our portable Singer. Mother, an accomplished seamstress, had stitched them all. Still fresh on all the girls’ minds are those lovely dresses mother Loretta had stitched until the wee hours of the morning for their travel from Nashville, Tennessee to India. All the same color, style, and design. The amount of uncut cloth we brought to Bhopal suggested that a dry goods store in Nashville must have still been restocking. During our first years in India, all the girls were quite content to be dressed alike, particularly after so many individuals heaped compliments on them for how good they looked.

Soon enough, the girls wanted to establish their own styles, which served as impetus to master sewing. All went through the basics of how to operate the sewing machine, how to cut material from patterns, and make alterations and repairs. Several went on to make

their own designs, producing garments from start to finish.

Religious education was given primary attention. Loretta and I had both come from strongly religious families. As my grandmother instilled in me “Each devil has to figure his/her own salvation,” I found it a good thing to show each devil the different choices available. Just as Loretta had gathered the children during the week days around her to impart the secular education, I gathered them around on Sunday mornings to read the dramatic stories of the Old and New Testament. Through contact with colleagues and my Muslim driver I learned too that India is in itself a living book of religious knowledge from the deep wells of which much moral and ethical wealth can be drawn. So I shared with the daughters what I had come to know and imbibed them with a deep tolerance of others’ genuine beliefs.

Eventually our little school gained attention across India. One of the leading magazines of the day, called TREND, published in Bombay, came to interview us. The article appeared with the following headline: “IN BHOPAL IS A UNIQUE ONE-ROOM SCHOOL WITH JUST SIX PUPILS AND ONE TEACHER.” Following are some quotes: Loretta recalls: “Holidays for the whole family posed a major problem back in the states. Harold could not always get away from his work when school was closed. Now, whenever he can get away the whole family takes a holiday and we move the school along with us or put in longer hours in class to make up the lost time.”

One of their American neighbors said: The Jones school is typical of the little, red school of rural America. Every morning when I stand in the garden and listen to the children singing in class, I feel I am back home.”

Educators have long said that “the difference between a good school and a great school is parental involvement,” no doubt in reference to public schools. If there is a grain of truth to this, what we had established — a school where the parents and family are the PTA, school, and superintendent — must be rated super great. Its day-to-day operation was all-parental, though mostly one parent was involved, Loretta being the mother/teacher. It is a general consensus among school educators that what children do in one place affects what they do in many other places they may find themselves. Success at the school place makes them more amenable for getting along not only with other family members, but with those outside the home. “The home child and the school child is the same child,” educators often say. Nothing could be truer in our case. But in our remote corner of India, we had scrambled all of these good philosophical things together. We knew that the children would each of experienced educators claim is gained by students who go through the normally unfolding steps of growth in public school. We had only ourselves and our personal philosophies to guide us. Our first academic aim was to prepare the girls for reaching the big goal of meeting university entrance requirements. The correspondence schools had guaranteed that if all lessons were completed with average to good passing grades, there would be no problem with university entrance any where in the U.S. Our hope ran deep to turn out students who had a good start on being well balanced and who would gain much from their wider exposure to other cultures and locations. Beyond qualifying our students for college entrance, we realized that our

school, like life, was an exercise in praxis, not just an institution for theoretical learning. It was a tight situation where children and parents were involved in an educative process, both in and out of the formal classroom setting. We were sensitive to what educators refer to as the differences between instruction and education. Instruction means training in skills referred to as the three Rs: reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Competency in the three Rs is thought not to be enough to assure a so-called successful individual. Education, on the other hand, is said to have a lot more depth. It is supposed to extend people so that their skills, talent, and attitudes are developed for their welfare and for that of all others. The key to education then is the competency to be warm and loving, when this is consistently up front, competency in the fourth and most important of the Rs is achieved. This R refers to the relationships with other people. Living in peace and harmony with others is said to be the true function of education, which still has a long way to go. Knowledge in itself is not worth much unless it is put to wise and prudent use. For adults and children to make good use of knowledge they need sound mental health, a prime requisite for living in harmony with others. To create this state of being, students need what is sometimes called "emotional vitamins." These are the unbottled vitamins like: Love, Acceptance, Security, Protection, Independence, Faith, Guidance, Control. Nothing is more important to the balance of a child than knowing that their parents love them and enjoy them. All children must know that they are accepted, liked, loved for what they are, as they are, and not just when their behavior complies with parental ideas of how they should be. The feeling of belonging to a family group is necessary to gain a feeling of security, to know that in a time of crisis parents and other family members will be on hand. Security cannot be at one's side all the time, but one needs enough of the feeling of security to make insecurity bearable. Dependency is unavoidable in the lives of all children. At the same time they need to know that they are independent and will be allowed by their parents to grow up and be encouraged to try different things. The existence of confidence in their ability to do things for themselves should be made known to them. This helps them build strong wings for leaving the nest. Faith and belief in moral standards and human values is an essential vitamin for all children. Kindness, courage, honesty, generosity, justice, and sharing are essential ingredients to live by in any society. Guidance is needed to convince children how to behave towards people and things. Role models who show by example how to interact with others can provide the best guidance. Control is basic to any society. Without it chaos is the result. Children need to know the limits and what is permissible. It is important for them to feel that to give vent to anger, disagreement, jealousy and other destructive urges cannot be let loose without penalty. Years later one of our daughters related to us the following comment of a budding suitor of hers at university on her sisters and their glowing memories of the Bhopal home school: I felt somehow our faith in home education was rewarded: "All of you are so generous and just because your parents took responsibility for the totality of your upbringing."

The Center Opening

Meanwhile progress towards opening the farm machinery center was on schedule. Mr. Taneja, other staff and I, established both a three and a six-month training program. He sent out to all Indian States announcements and invitations to apply. For the twenty slots

available in each course, we received over 400 applications, giving us an opportunity to select dedicated and good students. Dr. Rao, Officer-In-Charge, was not following the overall progress very closely. Three months passed before he raised any questions about the preparations. When he did ask, he wanted to know where we stood in the schedule for opening the center. The chief instructor and I had already conspired to set around any of his ideas that might slow us down. His main concern revolved around which basic engineering principles should be emphasized in the training. Mr. Taneja responded to his concerns by explaining the training would simply emphasize practical aspects of operation, maintenance of tractors and tractor-drawn equipment. Adjustments in the training program would be made as experience dictated. Furthermore, it was too near the opening date to make significant changes. Our approach proved to be a good one later on.

The big iron monsters arrived in Budni on schedule. The D-8 Caterpillar tractors were delivered on flatbed trailers that had squeezed their way over narrow, rough roads, and began to clear two hundred acres of dense jungle for our practical training area. Two D-8 Caterpillars, each hooked to a long heavy chain of a calculated length, moved in parallel and created a U-shaped loop. Each link weighed 125 lbs. The chain was further weighted by heavy iron balls spaced along it. All trees coming within the loop were uprooted and felled: monana, teak, both valuable in furniture making, and banyans used in construction due to their toughness. The dozer blades pushed the downed trees and vegetation into windrows to decay and return to the soil from which they had come. From dust to tree to dust, or more accurately, from dust to tree to dust to rice and wheat for our program to help India feed its growing millions.

Each problem solved had its way of generating other problems. This endeavor unfortunately created a mini- ecological disaster. Budni became a prototype of what happens when humans compete with flora and fauna for survival. With the destruction of the forests, the monkeys became our number-one pest, eating the grain crop planted in the cleared areas. This prompted the director to ask for special permission to purchase two shotguns to control the monkeys. But this solution had the potential for a disaster because many local people viewed the monkey as sacred. When it was hinted that I might be the one to shoot the monkeys, I thought "No thank You!" Despite the fact that I had enjoyed hunting tigers and game animals, I would never entertain the idea of shooting a monkey. Nothing could produce a one-way ticket to heaven or out of the country faster, than the wrath of local religious groups. The monkeys continued to eat, one or two were shot by a local on the quiet.

A small but colorful ceremony with ample government representation from the Ministry of Agriculture, was held for the opening of the Farm Machinery Training and Testing Center on the first of July 1956.

Monsoon

Big, white, billowing clouds projected themselves like leaders of a marching band, followed by gray, moisture-laden, floating ghosts, which spread the pleasant smell of wetness over a bone-dry landscape. These formations ushered in the monsoon, pushing

aside the punishing dry season for the arrival of spring. The eternal cycle of monsoon-dry season-monsoon demanded severe survival adjustments. Ready or not, here we are, each season seemed to say. All that is here, all that leaves and returns is a part of this parade. India is monsoon, monsoon is India. Rains come as morning, afternoon, or night showers, or in torrents lasting up to twelve hours, causing flash floods. Keeping dry and saving the essential things of life becomes one big scramble, as a roof may cave in or the mud walls of village homes may collapse. The fight against keeping weeds out of the crops in the muddy fields can be never ending. Road transportation can be delayed for hours, cutting into the normal flow of supplies. Insects, scorpions, and snakes come out from everywhere, exposing everyone to the dreaded malarial mosquito and the other painful bites and stings of the season. Roof leaks and rain blowing through open windows often had me sweeping out large puddles of water and dragging my bed to the only dry corner of the building. Then, like a faucet being cut off, the rains stops for six or more months. Heat and low humidity take every drop of moisture out of the landscape, and all living things suffer from the lack of water. Polluted and unfit drinking water often is the cause for cholera outbreaks.

No matter what the seasons brought, my life was devoted to expansion of the Training and Testing Center. We concentrated on improving the buildings and curriculum and experimented with simple and more advanced farm equipment models. I assisted a workshop in Bhopal to construct a small, power-operated threshing machine and spent an inordinate time testing and modifying it at Budni. We also began to extend simple technology to villages and small implement manufacturers. I built two models of bullock-drawn equipment for the wheat research station across the river, to demonstrate how land leveling could enhance better water utilization for irrigation. A film was made on small-farm irrigation, depicting the use of this equipment. I had the opportunity to view the film ten years later in Kenya.

In the meantime, Shri (Mr.) Vedantia temporally became Officer-In-Charge, replacing Shri E.G.K. Rao. Shri P. John Zachariah replaced Shri Vedantia as the first director of the center.

Bhopal The City

Bhopal is the capital of Madhya Pradesh State (Central Provinces) which constitutes a very large Portion of the mid- section of independent India. The city lies on the shores of a ninety-nine acre lake. Its narrow streets are lined with open sewers, from which rose a stench that took some getting used to. The custom of chewing pan, a nasty mixture of betel nut, lime, and spices wrapped in a betel leaf, resulted in red spittle splattered over most surfaces. The whitewall tires on our station wagon had to be scrubbed after every trip to town to remove the stubborn red stain. Whenever the locals offered me pan, I pulled out my chewing sum and said, "I'll stick with my Amereecan pan."

Scattered about the edge of town in the direction of the palace and around the government buildings were better kept areas. A few modest to palatial homes were built on the outer perimeter of town and near the lake's edge. The lack of stop lights, parking meters, or traffic jams compensated for some of the perils of city navigation. Bicycle and

foot traffic were dominated by men. Some Hindu women dressed in western clothes, or saris could be seen, and Moslem women were totally covered, seeing the outside world through eye slits in their burkas. No cover-up could be more complete. School children wore uniforms.

There were no finished clothing stores. Cloth of great variety and quality, sold by the yard, was readily available in many shops to be worn for saris, or cut and sown into finished clothing. Equally available were stitchers, who turned cloth into finished clothing. We had no need for the services of stitchers or tailors, since Loretta, with her portable Singer sewing machine, could do it all. We needed only cloth and thread.

Services and finished products were meager. We were able to obtain powdered milk from a provisions store that sold a liaised number of goods from Bombay and abroad. It was called the Bombay Store. We needed milk for cooking, cereals, for homemade ice-cream, and to nurse our younger pets. On trips to New Delhi we stocked up on powdered milk when available, but the U.S. Embassy commissary tended to carry more booze than milk. A flour mill on the outskirts of Bhopal provided a supply of protein-enriched, brownish flower. I honored an invitation to visit the plant, run by a Bombay business family. They generated as many weevils as they did flour. The walls and floors in the grain storage area literally crawled with brown specks, at least an eighth inch deep. The management did not seem concerned, hence the unplanned protein enriched flour. Sugar was available, light brown, and brown, and brown brown. The intensity of brownness depended on the amount of foreign material it contained. We boiled the light brown variety — which was sold as white — let the sediment settle out, and poured off the clear syrup. Some years later the younger girls were to discover that not all sugar was not brown syrup. Rice and gram were available. Extra washing was the norm before cooking the gram and rice. Fresh vegetables, such as potatoes, greens, cabbage, and tomatoes, were seasonal. All fruits and vegetables were heavily disinfected before storing or cooking.

Mangoes were seasonal but limes were available most of the year. Limeade was our breakfast drink and beverage throughout the day. Our maximum lime consumption for one week was twenty-two dozen, perhaps a world record. Later Coca-Cola, in its quest to colonize the world, occupied India, rivaling the British. An old, worn-down ice plant provided ice enough to supplement that from our deep-freezer, to allow Loretta to make homemade ice-cream flavored naturally with local fruits. Frequently, this was shared with our Indian friends and acquaintances, who were pleased to see local ingredients used and often requested the recipe. Of course, we had plenty of Jones girl-power to hand-turn the ice cream maker. On one of our home leave visits to Nashville, a salesclerk, tried to sell us the latest in electrical ice cream freezers, but when a unified shout of “and miss out on all that good hand cranking?” she backed off. Needless to say, we purchased the hand-cranked model.

The Bharat Talkies — the local cinema — was the downtown place most frequented for entertainment. On a dimly lit street beyond the town center, it was not a place of shine, glitter, or artistic decor, but was rather dullish, fitting in well with the town character. It was not very clean and the air not exactly scented with Jasmine. The seats were hard but

bearable. Red stains from pan chewers were common, but there were no buzzard roosts as were once provided for African-Americans in the U.S. south to separate races or castes. Prices were competitive but there was no freshly popped popcorn, so we carried our own snacks. In spite of the theater's appearance, we spent much of the week anticipating Saturday night, the only night films were in English, and we attended regardless of the content. After the movie, we often came back to the pavilion with Indian friends who had accompanied us, and topped off the evening with some cookies and homemade ice cream. When a film was rated for adult audiences, the girls stayed home and Loretta, a fantastic story teller, described it in detail at Sunday's breakfast. The girls frequently spent Sunday acting out portions of the movies. At the dining table the conversation flowed from the movies to worldly affairs. Relating my experiences during the week at the remote work place about tigers, leopards, and snakes, visits to Indian villages and the recall of WWII and Korean War stories, helped fulfill their never-tiring curiosity.

A three-ring circus spent one week in Bhopal, a great and welcome diversion. They put on an excellent show. We spent much of Sunday afternoon with our Montana friends, Dr. and Mrs. Keyes and their three sons stationed thirty miles away in Sehore. They had shared our pavilion until their house was ready in Sehore. Our light snacks and the great show made us feel pretty close to being back home. Christmas also had a special touch in Bhopal. For the first time we encountered Boxing Day. The British custom had permeated deep into the Indian culture. On the twenty-sixth we awoke to find a stress of visitors queuing up before our front door on the portico. Rafiq explained to us that Boxing Day had raised high expectations among the people. All public service employees — post, electrical, water — plus anyone who had on a social uniform of some sort, expected little boxes from the sahibs and memsahibs. These were in fact the “baskeesh” (a few rupees) of thanks for the year's services and non-services. At first we had nothing against the custom, but somehow it seems too materialistic for the nature of Christmas. So we modified the custom with equal success. We set up tables of goodies and tea with sugar and milk from early morning to sundown under the large mango tree to the left of our pavilion entrance. A steady stream of public utility employees, this time with wives and children, came to share a repast and talk. Our girls took the role of servants on this day. We made one exception on Boxing Day. We always kept an envelope ready for the strong, bow-legged, Dravidian dark gardener, Moti, who without our ever asking always took the imitative to weave a beautiful wreath for our front door. He always presented it without uttering a word, but with bright eyes and a huge, contented smile. We also told the girls that Christmas was different too in another way than in the U.S. In Bhopal, Santa Claus, whom we soon came to call Father Christmas in good British-Indian English, was poorer. The girls took the challenge. They worked hard in the weeks before Christmas making their own gifts to help Santa out. One, for example made out of a string of light bulb boxes an ingenious train for the younger sisters. The Christmas tradition started in India left lasting impressions on the girls even up to this day. The palace ground officials allowed us to cut a few limbs off one big evergreen tree resembling a Pine, which I converted into a semblance of a Christmas tree. The girls generated some colorful design from various colors of paper to decorate the tree.

Services

Several trained doctors were available in Bhopal. However, I felt a little squeamish when one told me that despite the fact that he had obtained his medical degree from a school in U.S. and that he applied the latest available scientific knowledge in his practice, in his own mind he had not yet accepted the germ theory. Religious and traditional beliefs were no doubt the culprits. What a contradiction in the eyes of us westerners. Fortunately during our four and a half years we had to call a doctor only once, when I experienced a high fever over one weekend.

A big sign with a painting of a large set of pink false teeth stuck out from a small rundown building on a narrow, dirty street. It signaled the office of a dentist. It was the Chinese who said centuries ago that one picture was worth a thousand words, and in fact the dentist was Chinese. I had broken a tooth on my partial plate, and in a matter of minutes he had it repaired. He then offered to build me a new partial. I saw the sense in having an extra, so I agreed. It was finished in one day. It looked and felt good and cost less than five dollars. I told him I had never seen a Chinese dentist before. He said that many of the Chinese in India were dentists. I asked about his training, and was told that in China, dentistry is a craft passed down from father to son.

None of the services were more quaint and adoring than those of my barber. A few doors from the dentist, tucked away in shanty-like building, was his dingy, but orderly barber shop. There was a baby-like high chair, straight razors, straps, mirror, hand clippers, combs and brushes. A hand basin with soap and water served to make foam for shaving and cleaning instruments. Oily, caked-on dirt had accumulated throughout the shop. Mounted on all walls were pictures of notables, and framed under glass was an inexhaustible collection of hair samples he had cut over the years from distinguished people. Dates and names were attached. He had kept a few curls from maharajahs, kings, Viceroy, visiting British officials, administrative officers, and popular politicians. I don't think my status was high enough to qualify for such distinction. He was able to understand how customers wished to have their hair cut, and tried hard to please. I was satisfied with his workmanship. However, after the first severe case of barber itch and other hairline infections, I had to rush home to administer my own sanitized prevention methods, mostly rubbing alcohol, hoping to beat the microbes before they became firmly established.

The Family and Bhopal

From a material standpoint, our car, our household, possessions, and our appearance, though minimal by American standards, created in the minds of Bhopalis an image of great wealth. Yet the respect we showed for people, regardless of caste or position, earned us the designation of a new kind of Rajah. This meant that although we lived like Rajahs, we didn't act like them. Periodically, the girls out on a meal or special reception to serve government officials or local private citizens. They did the same on special occasions for our household assistants, serving them and their families.

However, a family of girls in India is considered a disaster. Partly responsible for this

attitude is the Hindu dowry system, money or goods paid by the bride's father to her groom's family in an arranged marriage. Social position is judged by the size of the wedding and the amount of dowry. Baby girls are sometimes murdered or aborted in order to avoid the burden of their future financial obligations. Wives are sometimes beaten or burned after they have moved into their in-law's household if the dowry is considered insufficient. Families borrow heavily and so deeply in debt to marry off their female children that many never recover. Even when a father is prosperous, marriages can still lead to ruin, since pride and custom constantly urge him ahead of his resources. All of this is reflected in the India adage, "Even a king will go bankrupt if he has five daughters ." Not having the means of a king, I stagger to think what would happen if he had seven! As the locals saw it, I was in for a life of hardships, financial devastation, and sacrifice. Not a total misconception, but not for the same things Indians had in mind. For us parents there was always total sympathy from our Indian friends, though I assured them having many daughters is not nearly as much of a calamity in the United States.

The Muslim dowry system would have suited us better, since it obliges the bridegroom family to pay the bride dowry. But the social prices in the minds of us parents was much higher: total envelopment in a Burka in exchange for financial improvement.

A Congressman With a Fool-Proof Camera

Budni was no place to expect traveling "heavies" to visit. Even the U.S. Mission officials from the New Delhi office didn't bother to come. However, the embassy had sent word to Bhopal that Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana was visiting India and had expressed his desire to see the Budni term machinery training and testing project, which had been open for less than two months. There was no explanation for the purpose of the visit. Could it be that he was looking for ammunition to prove that overseas projects were unnecessary expenditures? He was, after all, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

Arrangements were made at the government guest house for the Senator and two AID mission officers from New Delhi who were also visiting for the first time. Their chartered DC-3 which must have cost a few taxpayers dollars, landed at the Bhopal airport, where the Nawab's five private planes were still hankered. Welcomed by several Madhya Pradesh state officials, the senator, in his trademark fedora hat and pin stripe suit, hit the ground politicking. After introductions, he exclaimed how happy he was to be visiting the world's largest democracy. Jokingly, or maybe not so jokingly, he made several host officials honorary Democrats by pinning a party button on them. The officials and crowd seemed to enjoy the antics in good humor.

Chatting constantly, with an occasional question about our work in India, the Senator took the sixty mile trip to Budni in stride. Much of his talk was about the other ninety-eight countries he had visited around the world. The latest on his list was the Soviet Union, where he saw some encouraging developments in housing, hospitals, and community development. He seemed to think that life in that country was not nearly as dismal as was often portrayed by the non-communist world.

Introductions of officials at the training center resulted in the making of more honorary Democrats. From the beginning of the tour to the end, the senator's 16mm movie camera ran constantly. He delighted in it as much as a child with a new toy. He called it foolproof, because he had only to aim and push the button. The Department of State had furnished the camera for his trip. As he filmed, he barraged us with his opinion that much of the \$120,000 worth of equipment furnished by the U.S. was out of touch with Indian farmers' needs. He focused his criticism on a \$122.00 wheatland plow, used by Midwestern wheat farmers in their large operations. Seeing that I was under fire, his pilot spoke softly to me about the senator's monologue. It's costing more to fly the old so and so one hour in that plane than the cost of that plow. I'm sure he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle and there is nothing you can do or say that will cause him to put his mouth in park. Just don't worry about it.

My attempt to explain that the equipment was bought on a trial-and-testing basis fell on deaf ears, neither slowing or changing the direction of his discourse. But it was all done in a pleasant, jovial manner and with what some say is high-political style. New to this business of development assistance, I was perplexed at the Indian and U.S. officials tendency to rush around like unguided missiles when a congressman made a request. There is a lot to be said for ignorance being bliss.

After the tour, Mr. Rao and his staff offered their standard recast, strong tea and biscuits. The Senator seemed to relish it and praised the center's establishment. For some reason, every half hour or so he mentioned the wheatland plow and its inappropriateness for India. But he promised to send the Officer-In-Charge, a copy of the 16mm film. At dinner that evening, the senator continued to relate his travel impressions, and everything went smoothly. The next morning our trip through the countryside of Bhopal gave the senator an expanded exercise for his foolproof camera, and he agreed to my request that he write my parents about his visit, which I thought would delight them. I saw him off at the Bhopal airport with great relief.

Within several weeks, a package marked "U.S. Senate" arrived. With so little to do in Budni, the prospect of seeing a film of our fledgling center and its staff had caused excitement to skyrocket, and some of the community folk had been invited to attend. Luckily, the Officer-In-Charge decided to preview the film, only to discover our copy was completely blank. Suspecting the original to be the same, I concluded that the State Department's ability to pick a foolproof camera for a non-foolproof operator was clearly not foolproof. Or had the Republican administration overestimated the Democratic Senator? Was it intended? If so, it worked.

A year or so later, during my first home leave, I stopped at the India desk in the State Department. The officer immediately brought up the senator's visit.

"What did he have to say about it?" I inquired.

He was still talking about that \$122.00 wheatland plow that was not suitable for Indian conditions.

“What was the response here to his comments?”

“We simply forgot about what the old codger was saying. It’s insignificant. You too should forget about it,” the desk officer advised.

“I never thought that much about it in the first place,” I countered. His letter to me stated that he planned to make good use of the information he gathered on his trip, particularly in connection with future appropriations for our foreign-aid programs.”

However, the senator did keep his promise to write my parents in Virginia about seeing us and the good work we were doing in India. That’s quite an accomplishment for a politician! Following is his letter to me:

Houma, Louisiana

November 16, 1956

Dear Mr. Jones:

I was very grateful for the courteous attention you showed to me when I visited the extension projects at Bhopal last August. I was very interested in every thing I saw there, and I certainly appreciated the efforts of you and others in charge of the project in furnishing all the information I obtained.

I feel that my trip this year was an especially enlightening and rewarding one. I plan to make good use of the material I have obtained, particularly in connection with future appropriations for our foreign aid program.

Again thanking you, and with kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely Yours,

ALLEN J ELLENDER U.S. Senator.

Pets - The Menagerie

Pets occupied a unique place in our family life in Bhopal. Truly treasured members of our pavilion house, they brought to everyone immense joy and at times sadness. Each one coincidentally happened to be female, furthering the family syndrome. Oh yes, there was one exception, the Python. We were never sure of its sex. Our menagerie, in both variety and number, would rival a small town zoo. They played an important and delightful role in our family life in Bhopal. Appreciating the value of animal companionship observing and learning their different behavior patterns, and the responsibility of caring for them, were lessons from which each of us benefited. Everyone’s favorite was equally catered to. The seven-foot python was probably the least loved.

Gori, a small, black-and-white terrier with one ear slightly bent down and a pigeon-toed left foot, was alert and intelligent. She epitomized the adage, “A dog is man’s best

friend.” though it was the girls to whom she was devoted. Wherever the girls were, so was Gori. She had only about three inches of tail, which was constantly in motion during all of her waking hours. We were never able to get any information as to Gori’s roots. She was clearly the fox terrier breed. Her behavior was classic, loving and protective. She was the leavening factor in keeping the rest of the menagerie’s temperament on an even, tolerant keel. When they bristled or showed resentment for each other, she would walk up, and sniff them as if to say. “We must recognize everyone’s right to be there.” She once rescued Cathy from an attack by an Alsatian dog by jumping on his back and sinking her teeth into his skin. She kept peace among the other pets and protected them from intruders. Gori actually belonged to Mr. Rao, at the Budni training and testing center. He had shipped Gori from Madras to Bhopal by rail, and had asked me to intercept her at the train station, since he would not be able to get there for her arrival. Though he knew we had her, he made no mention of reclaiming her and neither did I. The girls had become truly attached and Gori fit right in. Not until two and half years later, did Mr. Rao finally come to claim her, at the family’s deepest regret and sorrow. It brought home the lesson, “All good things must come to an end.”

BOODU was a brown Rhesus monkey. My driver gave her the name to indicate how silly he found the monkey. She never did less than wild monkeys are expected to do. With her speed and agility, she was a big tease and somewhat of an annoyance to all the other pets and indeed the people of the house, too. She liked being loved and petted and had a very keen sense of those who had the slightest dislike for her. Clearly she realized that she had little claim on Carol’s admiration, our third oldest. She watched Carol very closely and stayed out of her way. A favorite pleasure of her’s was to ride on the bundle carrier of the Christina bicycle with total ease and contentment, grasping her delicate hands around the pedaler’s or the second passenger’s waist. She hated being washed in the bathtub, screeching at the top of her lungs whenever Christina approached her with soap in hand. The reason for this antipathy was discovered by accident. Instead of filling the tub with cold water, the girls one day poured into the tub heated water remaining from the dhobi’s supply. It was almost impossible to pull Boodoo out of the bath. She swam and dried with pleasure. Hereafter during the monsoon, the girls took her to the buffalo’s mud holes to allow her to show off her swimming prowess. Boodu was more familiar with the kitchen than the cook. She was a big sneak, always looking for morsels to stuff into her mouth, making her elastic jaws jut out like Dizzy Gillespie. She was a veritable storeroom on the move, and move she could. We knew she had acquired some forbidden item when we observed a brown blur streaking from the kitchen. During the day she had to be staked out by the tree where she was content to pluck at the bark, looking for small busses to snack on and conduct her toiletry as needed. Although she slept in a large cage I had built out of freighting crates, she was clever enough to pick the lock on the chain holding her to the large shade tree. While loose and free to roam one day, her curiosity took her exploring up an electric pole which serviced the pavilion. When she reached the top she made the fatal mistake of grasping a live wire in each hand to swing between them. She was immediately electrocuted and fell to the ground bluish and lifeless. Two boys in the neighborhood found her and delivered her corpse to the girls. Family bereavement again hit a very high pitch. Boodu was given a dignified funeral with a simple wooden cross to mark the grave.

At the time cats were admitted to our menagerie the girls were just learning the gods and goddesses of Greek mythology, relating the proverbial curiosity of cats to their new-found knowledge. The girls baptized the cats. Pandoras were a series of cats of pure or mixed Siamese lineage. The three with us in Bhopal had the physical appearance of the more common seal-point Siamese. They thus had light-colored bodies with dark-colored ears, face, feet, and tail. The darker areas are called Points. Other variations of the Siamese include chocolate-point, blue-point, and lilac-points. We suspected that our first litter of Siamese cats had their more recent roots in England. However, the series of litters born in Bhopal and fathered by stray tons of dubious purity shook the Siamese features to the rafters. Even though the offspring were not purebred, these marvels of strength and balance were always a pleasure to have around and watch. Although credited by some as being more independent than other breeds of cats, our Pandoras didn't conform enough to convince us of this accusation. They were friendly and faithful companions and responded gratefully to good treatment. Bhopal offered a constant parade of creatures that kept their curiosity and hunting instincts totally riled with excitement. Birds, lizards, chameleons, moles, mice, crickets, frogs, screeching shrews and snakes were their constant victims. Our Pandoras had the more mournful meow which is credited to their breed, and is said to be an attention-getting technique. They were quick to purr when pleased, but ghoulish when unhappy or angry. The arched back, hair standing on end, and puffed up tails were consistently displayed in response to the various creatures running around the pavilion. As time passed, familiarity and the lack of any real threat from their encounters, they began to take things for granted, easing their anxiety.

No matter how domestic their situation, they remained cats first and always. Their swift, soundless, padded feet were their chief weapons for stalking their prey, often playing with their victims by tossing it about and recapturing it as it tried to escape. When bored with this part of the act, the captured is abandoned or eaten though the meal did not stay down if it didn't set well with the cat's stomach. Cats, no matter the size or type, are principally meat eaters. We left them to their own devices on that score, but supplemented their diet with milk, either powdered or fresh from goat, cow or buffalo. Proud and fearless, our Pandoras adjusted well to whatever the conditions. Our cats and dogs showed far less aversion to each other than most, always snarling and quarreling. They came as close to living in harmony as cats and dogs can.

Twitchy never seemed to know she was a rabbit. She came to us from an Indian acquaintance, little more than a fluffy, oversize powder puff. There could never be a better example of living in harmony amid a collection of big-types so totally different from herself. She had to put up with a dog, cats, a monkey, a python, a tiger, and all of us. Whatever food was out for the other pets Twitchy shared, including meat. Never in fear wherever the others gathered, her hippety-hoppy motion eased her up among them. Twitchy's peculiar flair for music set her apart from the rest of the pets. Whenever the piano was being played, which was very often, she would hop to the middle of the floor facing the piano and sit up straight on her hind legs. From this meditative posture both ears went into a twitching, quivering motion. Every other part was as motionless as a

stone. There wasn't even a blinking of the eyes. Only when the music stopped did her ears turn off like windshield wipers. Whether the piano music went on for a short spell or was extended didn't seem to matter. She adjusted her attention or participation span accordingly. As the last note on the piano faded she relaxed and went back being a rabbit. No matter how far away or what she might be doing, the first few piano notes brought her hurrying to her favorite spot. We were baffled by this strange action, but the Indian explanation was that she had been associated with music in her last life. She might even have been a pianist. Somewhat of a backward step, we thought, on the road to spiritual perfection. We never had the gumption to accent reincarnation as the last word, but it was interesting and something to wonder about. The great propensity rabbits have for procreation aroused our sympathy for Twitchy's predicament among such a group of non-appealing companions, all female. We bestowed much affection upon her to make it up to her.

Squeezy was a seven-foot python youngster of indeterminable sex, though odds were it was a female. It had lived in a windrow of trees, bushes, and dirt created by the D-8 caterpillar tractors that came to Budni to clear away the jungle trees and bush. These decaying heaps became the homes of many creatures: mice, rats, insects, frogs, snakes, and lots more. They were incubators for termites, ants, and other types which hastened their decay. Squeezy no doubt found it a good place to catch frogs, rats, and other creatures. While sitting one morning on one of the pushed-over trees, I saw the head of a python push out from under the debris. His fascinating color markings and sheen was a slithering thing of beauty. A big wood rat had just run out, went forward a short distance, and dashed back under the pile of rubbish. I think Squeezy must have been on its trail not being poisonous, and not large enough to attack and squeeze me to death, I decided to capture it. Quickly, I shaped a forked stick I could push down over the back of its head. As a young country boy I had caught snakes that way before, but nothing nearly as stout and long. Patiently, I watched it ease away from the stacked trees. It seemed unaware of my presence, engrossed in the pursuit of its prey, perhaps the big rat that had gone by. It seemed to be smelling along the ground as if to pick up the trail of the big rat that had gone by. As it moved into a clearing, I got between it and the heap, and was able to gush the stick down over his head. It curled, twisted and wrapped himself around the stick. Unsure of what to do next. I grassed the soft portion of its neck behind the head between my middle and fore fingers. It curled tightly around my arm above my elbow. I started to lose my grip as it squeezed my arm muscle, but just when I thought I had lost the battle, it suddenly relaxed. I am not sure why. I walked to my quarters and placed it in a closed wooden box. Here it stayed until the next day when I returned to Bhopal for the weekend to join the family. I wondered all the way home how the girls and Loretta would feel about the newest addition to the menagerie. Soon enough I got the answer.

"Why on earth did you bring a python home?" they cried.

"They're harmless at this age and we can let it go whenever the vote is in favor."

Carol blurted out, "I can catch bullfrogs to feed it." She had made an art of catching frogs from by the water's ease down at the lake by using the technique of tying a small red rag

to the hook on her fishing line. She dangled it in front of a frog's nose and, presto! She made a catch. Frogs and sometimes a small rodent became Squeezy's daily bill of fare. We never watched it swallow one, but they disappeared from the box and Squeezy seemed to thrive. Too bad it could never socialize with the rest of the menagerie. Although it never gained more than partial respect from the family, there was a sadness when Squeezy met its fate. Escaping unnoticed from the cage, it crawled across the palace grounds towards the mosque. We learned this when several small boys came down the hill to the house with a dead python. They had seen Squeezy near the mosque and beat it to death with sticks. Obviously it had not done a good job at convincing the youngsters that it was the Jones' pet python. There was nothing left to do but to hold our second pet funeral, with all the girls participating. Squeezy had gone where all dead snakes go.

"Daddy, is there a snake heaven?" they asked.

"Probably so," I answered solemnly.

Cathy, the Bengal tigress, was clearly the royalty of the family pet group. She joined the menagerie during our second tour. Cathy was short for Catherine I, wife of Peter the Great, and Empress of Russia, whom the girls had just learned about in school. It has been said, "God made cats so that people would know what it was like to pet a tiger." We had both, and sometimes they could be found snoozing side by side. Our day-to-day comparison clearly corroborated that cat behavior is the same, regardless of breed, size, shape, color and circumstance. From the other pets, Cathy got the respect she deserved, but none stood in fear or awe of her.

I found Cathy, only a few days old, on one of my tiger hunts. We got her started by feeding her milk from a baby bottle, which she adjusted to with ease. In a matter of weeks, she came running at the sound of the plastic bottle being tapped against the floor, our signal for feeding time. Flipping over onto her back, she would extend her front feet straight up. The bottle was placed in her paws and in less than a minute she dropped the emptied bottle. Then she bounced back on her feet and was ready to carry on her typical cat routine. We almost lost her when she lost enormous weight through dysentery. Relying on her medical book, Loretta decided to feed her charcoal. To our great relief, it worked. Wild meat was a supplement to her diet, with charcoal pills thrown in to control dysentery. We were all amazed at how her character changed when she was eating meat. She took her meat to a corner and would not allow anyone to approach her. The meat seemed to kindle aggressive behavior and the instinct to protect her kill. She went into blood curdling growls and snarls with teeth skinned back and ready for attack. When the meat was finished, she immediately went back to her quiet house cat manners, twitching her tail and rubbing her head gently against anyone's legs. Then she was ready to hop up on the foot of one of the girl's beds and stretch out for a nap. In seven months the milk/meat/charcoal diet turned her into a tiger the size of a full-grown police or Alsatian dog, only she was much heavier. Standing on her hind legs, she easily put her front paws on Loretta's shoulders.

Life with Cathy was a delightful experience for the family and friends. However, she did

cause some consternation for visitors. Once outside on her daily routine of stalking and jumping at things in cat fashion, two young Indian boys came by and started to tease her. A warning had been given them several times not to incite her. She tried to ignore them, but they persisted to the point that she charged them. They ran but she caught one by his leg. A superficial injury resulted, and he was taken to the local infirmary. Word quickly got around that it was not good to tease the tiger. Cathy eventually became just another member of the household. Consequently when friends or visitors came we neglected to tell them there was a tiger in the house. When she walked through the doors unannounced. People's reactions took many forms, including fearful facial expression, making ready to run, or hiding behind the sofa. None quite outdid one Britisher who had recently come to Bhopal without his family. He had heard we had a piano and dropped by to play. While in the midst of a number, Cathy walked up and stood in the doorway near the piano. He immediately took to the air and landed on top of the piano. We calmed him down, apologized, and got him back on the stool. When he got back to playing, Cathy came and laid sentry at his feet under the piano. He then got the idea. What a great picture this would make to send back to his wife in the U.K. with a note: This is India for you. We obliged with a camera shot but never had a follow up report as to how it went over with his family back home. We wondered if the photo kept them in London.

Our First Home Leave

We returned to the U.S. in June, 1958, after two years overseas, for our three months home leave in Nashville. The trip home began by driving our tightly packed station wagon from Bhopal to New Delhi, where we left our car with friends. We flew on BOAC to London and due to the vagaries of air travel, we missed our connecting flight on Pan Am to New York. The offending airline, BOAC, was obliged to put us up and arranged rooms for us at the Westbury Hotel.

The girls were ecstatic. The mattresses and covers were made of rich down feathers. In the dining room they were introduced to their first alcoholic desert in the form of a beautifully decorated chocolate cake flavored with liquor. Upon placing that first bite in their mouths, they donned some humorous expressions, and used lots of facial muscles to force down the morsels of unexpected taste. We spent most of the day at the hotel before I called PAN AM and told them our story. This led to a rip-roaring brouhaha with the BOAC representatives. PAN AM had a flight which left about the time of our arrival, with which we could have connected, but BOAC had led us to believe there was no PAN AM flight. After threatening to write a letter to the CEO of BOAC, we received a profusion of apologies from the British representative.

Both airlines had evening flights to New York, departing about the same time. We received a series of telephone calls from representatives of each airline, trying to persuade us to fly with them. Eight first class tickets were at stake. We finally decided to fly PAN AM and informed BOAC of our decision, because they had misinformed us about the morning PAN AM flight. We arrived at the airport and were met by officials from both airlines intent on blaming each other for the mix-up and confusion. Finally, the BOAC representative departed in a huff, beating an elegant retreat. At boarding time. the

PAN AM representative escorted us to the huge plane and directed us to what was called the "Elite Suite," or "Presidential Suite," located at the front of the plane. The suite was a two-level circular arrangement, connected by a spiral staircase. Each of us had a bed, secluded and separate and first-class service. The luxurious flight back to New York was our most pleasurable. We landed in the morning, June ninth 1958, knowing how Presidents travel.

Our Nashville neighbors and friends gave us a big, gracious welcome. Most of our vacation agenda was spent sprucing up our house, shopping, visiting friends and neighbors, showing slides, and displaying a few of my hunting trophies. I was invited to appear on WSM-TV's Noon Show with Jud Collins. Collins interviewed me about life in India and displayed two of my tiger and leopard rugs, complete with heads. Collins closed the show saying, "This is something for you Tennessee rabbit hunters to take note of," as the cameras zoomed in on the head of the large tiger. Mrs. E. Perry Crump, wife of Dr. Crump, who headed Pediatrics at Meharry Medical College, and our neighbor, made the initial contact with the TV station which led to the invite. After packing our air and surface freight, we completed our home leave, and on September first, we left New York on PAN AM to return to India.

We landed in Rome for our connecting flight and as we attempted to proceed to New Delhi, we discovered we did not have visas to re-enter India. It hadn't even occurred to us to check their expiration date, since they had been sent back to Department of State in Washington for renewal. The airline recommended a good hotel in Rome while our passports were submitted to the U.S. Embassy for updating. Being a weekend, we had to wait until Monday to get our visas. However, while standing in line at the airport, we ran into Larry and Ester Lewis whom we had known from Manassas, Virginia, when Loretta and I worked at the Regional High School there eighteen years prior. They had joined AID and were on their way to Turkey. The few happy moments of nostalgia with them were among the brightest of our stay in Rome. For the girls it was an extra treat to explore the city Cicero, Brutus and Caesar had once strolled and stormed as told in their history books, and they could verify for themselves the types of architectural columns they had to memorize from their art books. We resumed our trip after renewing the visas and arrived at Palam Airport in New Delhi, September eighth 1958. We spent a couple of days in New Delhi at the Claridge Hotel. I picked up our station wagon, touched base with the AID Mission, and visited the embassy commissary to purchase food items. Our usual pre-dawn morning start allowed us to complete the 500 mile long, dusty, tiresome trip to Bhopal by midnight.

Road Trips

In India, road trips had the potential to be hazardous due to heat, poor road conditions, and limited services. Happily, we had little trouble despite the fact that it took at least fifteen hours to travel to either Bombay or New Delhi. The trips gave us all a chance to see the country's diversity. AID agricultural personnel throughout the sub-continent gathered yearly for a conference, usually in New Delhi, although we did meet once in Hyderabad and Bangalore, where the weather is more temperate. Wherever the location, employees and their families amassed at a first-class hotel, giving the wives and children

a chance to make new acquaintances. For the most part, our family and John and James Ella Bull, from Alabama, were the only African-American families. On our first trip to New Delhi, we had the opportunity to meet Marion Anderson, America's prima contralto, who had come to India for a concert. After getting her autograph and handshake, the girls didn't wash their hands for the rest of the day.

More than once we took time to visit the Taj Mahal on the banks of the Yamuna River in Agra. The tomb stands in a garden, its image perfectly reflected in a long pool at its entrance. The Mogul ruler, Shah Jahan, erected the white marble monument in memory of his favorite sultans. Requiring the labor of 20,000 workers over twenty-two years, the Taj is probably the most beautiful example of Moslem architecture. Its magnificence has earned it many endearments: "a poem in marble," "the marble queen of sorrow," and "romance in stone," to name a few. With our shoes removed, we entered to admire the interior's mosaics of precious stones, arabesques, and prayers from the Koran written in black marble, decorating the columns and ceilings. One room contains two monuments visitors can see through a screen of carved alabaster. The bodies of Shah Jehan and his wife, Mumtez, lie in a vault below.

On one of our trips to the Taj Mahal, we received a royal welcome. As we proceeded along the streets of Agra, crowds of people lined the streets, cheering vigorously. Not an uncommon event in India, we assumed some important official would soon be passing. We drove unimpeded up to the guarded entrance to the Taj Mahal. A guard rushed up to the vehicle and opened both doors. To his amazement and our embarrassment, we were not the expected guest the crowd and officials had assumed, and for whom the preparations and cheering were intended. They were expecting the King of Saudi Arabia. We rationalized the incident by saying, "maybe our dry-run made all the actors perform better when the King did come." Without hesitation, we were happy to ease the apprehension of the guards and to high-tail it out of the entrance as fast as possible.

We made another trip to New Delhi at the invitation of our Embassy to join in the festivities honoring President Eisenhower's visit. We had made our usual, tightly packed, 5:00 AM start and were within 150 miles of our destination when we approached a small town. Masses of people were heading toward us, and bystanders lined both sides of the road, leaving hardly enough room to drive through. As we moved slowly through the crowd, a small girl suddenly darted in front of us. She was hit by our front bumper, which cut a small gash in her forehead, and fell down screaming. Like a flash flood, the crowd flowed into the road around the station wagon, not allowing us to move. Screaming in Hindi, one big, lightly clad man leading the crowd came to my side where the window was partially open and thrust a big dasher against my face. All of us remained quiet but there was enough adrenaline flowing to float the Queen Mary. Luckily, the police saw what was happening and came quickly to our rescue. The crowd was dispersed. I offered to pay the girl's parents through the policeman for her treatment at the nearby dispensary.

"What would you suggest as a fair amount?" I asked.

"Oh, give them thirty-five or forty rupees." he replied, which is about five American

dollars. After all, she is just a girl. He then added. "It is much more important that you get on with your trip to Delhi to honor your President Eisenhower, than worrying about hitting a girl." He had assumed correctly, the purpose of our trip. "Thank you for your help," I said.

"We are happy to be in place to help you. It could have been a nasty incident, not uncommon when crowds become aroused. All the best, and have a good journey," he said, as we drove away, feeling much less festive, but greatly relieved that all involved had survived.

Nature's Display

Pursuing and studying flora and fauna consumed much of my spare time, and in the process I caused a wealth of jungle lore. Clearing 200 acres for the center's crop fields had destroyed part of their habitat, but the animals were able to retreat further into the jungle and readjust. The area was a bird -watcher's paradise. One could see many birds of beauty, like the peafowl, bee eaters, doves, green pigeons, kingfishers, rollers, weavers, and the strange looking pied hornbill, to name a few. Some were known for their melodious songs such as the fly catchers and rollers, while others had the job of aerating the soil with their scratching, normally spur fowl, thrushes, and peacocks. The ones intent on keeping the insect population in balance were the fly catchers, bee eaters, weavers, and partridges. A bird watcher could also feast their eyes on such winged predators as hawks, kites, eagles, and owls. The huge, strong-beaked vulture could be seen often taking advantage of the thermal current: to soar out of sight or dive with folded wings down on a dead carcass. No group of living things in India display a greater proficiency of purpose than the Indian vulture.

Watchers could also see a wide diversity of animals that lived on the ground. The deer and antelope displayed speed, grace, and beauty, while primates added human likeness, stature, and agility. Pigs, bears, and porcupines aerated the soil. Monkeys, langurs, deer, squirrels, and peacocks warned others of danger. The scavengers like the hyenas and jackals could be seen cleaning up the areas. The tigers and leopards, together with a group of smaller species and wild dogs made up the four-footed predator group. All of these creatures of the air and ground, worked in a complex mosaic to maintain the balance of nature.

Legless and legged crawling creatures were also in abundance. Poisonous snakes included cobras,raits, coral, and vipers. Non-poisonous snakes were pythons, grass snakes, and rat snakes. Scorpions in black and white varieties were omnipresent. ever lurking in or under stones and unworn shoes. Another large group of birds, bugs, frogs, snakes, terrapins, and turtles lived in and at the water's edge. I encountered these creatures either in the living quarters, around the centers' compound, or in the jungle which bordered the center area on all but one side, which had been cleared for cultivation.

One of my more fascinating observations occurred in the late afternoon as I rested against

a tree a few yards from a waterhole. My legs were straight out in front of me with my rifle laid across them. A group of thirty-five or forty velvet monkeys came swinging from limb to limb for a drink of water. When they spied me, they started making loud noises, warning each other of my presence. Eventually, they calmed down and quietly sat among the branches, reluctant to approach the waterhole. Twilight was quickly approaching, and a large male decided to risk climbing down a few feet from where I was sitting. I had my hand under my chin in the nose of Rodin's statue, the Thinker. Leaning his back against the tree that he had descended, the monkey put his front paw under his chin emulating my position. Then he walked away, nicked up a stick and laid the stick across his legs as my rifle was laid across mine. There he sat perfectly motionless, but with his eyes intently focused on me. He gave a few squeaky sounds, apparently to tell the pack I was harmless and to come down. The entire group quickly descended the trees either by jumping or sliding down and gathered about the waterhole. As they drank, they kept their eyes on me. The leader finally tossed his stick aside and slowly sauntered over to the waterhole to drink. At his signal, the whole group climbed the trees and disappeared. Probably to their sleeping quarters for the night. Monkey see, monkey do had come alive in this most appropriate setting. Observing nature's system of check and balances was like reading a book with no beginning and no end, and my time at Budni was only a few interesting paragraphs in this great story.

The Film Makers

My work, the serenity of Bodni, and my nature studies were shattered when a movie-making company descended upon us to shoot a film. The training center, which was the only place that had any semblance of accommodations became their operating headquarters. This forced us in daily proximity to India's top stars of the late 1950s, playing badminton, sharing tea, and conversation and observing the filming. The major participants were Dilip Kumar, India's top male star, Ajit, Johnny Walker, the comedian, and Vjantamala, the top female dancing star, a very attractive woman, who was chaperoned by her vigilant grandmother. The movie, Naya Daur, was about tonga wallas (horse-drawn taxis) competing against busses and other modern motored modes of transportation. To stay in business, the horsemen cut a road cross-country on which the buses couldn't go, which greatly reduced their traveling distance and allowed them to compete.

One of the few trips that brought my family to the center occurred during the filming. This provided the girls a chance to meet and have their picture taken with Dilip Kumar, their first encounter with a real-life India movie star. It was my first opportunity to observe how skillful the movie makers are at creating makeshift scenes and giving them an aura of authenticity. Interesting, the movie was shown twice fifteen years later in Nairobi, Kenya when we resided there and is even available today in video in New Delhi. "They made good films in those days, better than today's," commented the shop assistant as my daughter asked to his surprise thirty years later for a video copy to present me go my birthday.

Central India's Holy Water

To go anywhere south of Budni, the Narmada River had to be crossed by ferry. Sometimes a crudely made sail was hoisted to propel the craft, but more often it took the efforts of six men to pole the passengers across. When the water level was high, and the monsoon winds stronger, the ferry traversed the river on a diagonal course to maneuver the current. During the dry season, the river was at its lowest, and the boatmen could pole straight across with no problem. The town of Hoshangabad was spread along the opposite shores, and was the only nearby source of fresh vegetables. I made the trip weekly as a pedestrian to the market. I also crossed with the Jeep on numerous business trips, since the boat could accommodate a few vehicles at a time.

The Narmada is central India's major river, and is the only one that flows to the west coast. While not as well known as the Ganges or the Jumna, it is perhaps the holiest, said to have sprung from the body of Siva. To get the full spiritual benefits from these other rivers, one has to bathe, drink and make other uses of the water. But in respect to the Narmada, some say just to behold it is sufficient to meet all religious needs. Certainly the day-to-day human drama in the river and along its shores was and still can be fantastically interesting to an outsider. I often moved slowly and quietly along it, or sat on its shores to observe the importance it has as a place to worship, bathe, wash clothes, water and clean animals, cook and eat, even give birth. Funeral pyres were constantly constructed for cremation of the dead. During the monsoons, it was extremely difficult to keep the fires hot enough for a complete burning to ashes, and as a result, many bodies were thrown in the holy waters only partially cremated. River turtle then fed on the remains.

Cattle, buffalo, goats, and pigs showed as much delight as the people when relaxing in the river's shallows. Dozens of buffalo submersed themselves with only their glistening nostrils visible above the water. Chewing lazily on their cud, they seemed to challenge creation's design for relaxation. The grotesquely scarred trees along the eroded riverbanks housed thousands of flying foxes (big, fruit-eating bats). All day they hung by their feet, the epitome of serenity. Twilight triggered their instinct to take to the air. Literally blacking out the evening sky they made a series of sweeps up and down the river, scooping up water in midflight. Then they flapped away on their ribbed, leathery wings to feed on their favorite fruit of the season, to the dismay of many farmers. Dawn brought them back to compete for a perch as they rejoined the pace of river life.

The Holy River Boss

Among the more colorful characters I met during my seven plus years in India was Shrimati Dubai, the Narmada River Boss. A Hindu of about fifty years old, she probably would not live long enough to be as old as she looked. Her seemingly neutered appearance was most likely due to the brutality of the seasons, the strain of eking out a living along the river, and a poor diet. She ruled over the fifty odd men who poled her flat-bottom ferry boat loaded with river traffic, tended her animals, and worked her plots of vegetables on the damp sands of the river's edge like the potter's widow of Kipling's Akbar Bridge. In spite of her being a bit shy with me, due mostly to her rudimentary

English, which was light years ahead of my Hindi, we developed a very pleasant relationship. Our conversations ranged from vegetables to philosophy.

“Amereecans, I find, are quite good and nice people. I remember some of them well from the jungle warfare training center in WWII,” she said one day, as she tucked her sari around her bare, wrinkled midriff.

“We Americans believe in trying to make the world a better place to live.” I countered. The several times I talked with her, making the world a better place was the eventual direction of our discussion.

“That is a worthwhile goal for any civilization,” she began. “But some of us Hindus, and I have said this before, believe that the world is made up equally of good and evil. No matter how much we worry, how much energy or money we expend, man will only be able to shift the balance slightly. Say fifty-two percent good, forty-eight percent bad, and vice versa. If you consider the efforts of religion, human-made laws, regulations, people in prisons, police and the military and what little progress is made towards reducing wrong in the world, I think you will agree with me,” she asserted.

“I certainly hope that someday humans can upset the balance by more than two to four percentage points. You do make a strong argument for your assumption. Personally, I have a greater faith in humans to make right reign over wrong in the long run.”

“I am not sure how long we have to run. But humans are the reason. If they could ever overcome themselves, there may be some hope. Getting right that much ahead of wrong is a long way off. It is way beyond the horizon of your and my time, and the horizons of many generations after us.”

“Madam Dubai,” I interrupted, “let me change the subject to something more practical and close at hand. What would you say if I asked you to sell me one of those good-looking watermelons along the shore over there?”

Smiling, she said, “Mr. Jones, I wouldn’t dare think of selling you a melon. It would be my pleasure to give you one.” At the flick of her wrist one of her workmen had it there in a flash.

“I am grateful,” I said and I cupped my hands and held them across my chest in typical Indian fashion. “Madam, I have brought with me from America some vegetable seed. When I pass this way again, I’ll give you some of them to see how they do here in your garden.”

The seed was delivered. Some did well, carrots and melons especially. I made numerous safe trips across the river under Madam Dubai’s supervision. Whenever I waited for crossing or had tea with her under a tree on the riverbank, we exchanged simple day-to-day points of view from our vastly different beliefs, education, and experience. Needless to say, we never agreed one hundred per cent, but we always respected each other’s

position.

The melon was crisp and sweet, truly a rare treat in my remote outpost, and valued for the spirit in which it was given.

The Freelance Photographer

The stranger climbed down from the horse-drawn tonga, fumbled through her cloth teas, and handed the driver the fare. His smile and the profusion of shukriyas indicated that the tin was more than adequate and much appreciated. Numerous cameras and attachments hung from her neck and shoulders, swinging with every move. Otherwise, she was traveling light, and wearing a washable skirt that flared below the knees, a good choice for India's humid wet season. Loosely fitting Indian sandals flapped as she walked. A little less than blonde, her complexion showed no semblance of melanin and suggested that it would turn red, blister and burn, rather than tan when exposed to India's strong tropical sun. Her facial expression was serious, with only a glimmer of a smile. She climbed the back steps of the pavilion where I had gone to wait after seeing the tonga drive up.

"You are Mr. Jones, I assume?" she said, dropping her bag to extend her hand. "I am Marilyn Silverstone, a freelance photographer."

"You're right, I'm Harold Jones. Welcome to Bhopal," I replied as we shook hands. "Come and meet Loretta and the girls." I took her bag and led her to the front portico. "You're probably wondering why I'm here," she said as we walked.

"We have had a string of unannounced arrivals since being in Bhopal. Let me call the family together so you'll only have to explain your mission once."

Everyone gathered in our open-air living room to meet the new arrival and hear the purpose of her visit.

"I am a graduate of Vassar college, and I work in New York as a photojournalist. I am traveling in India in search of interesting material, and I thought an American family working in development would make a good story. The people at the Indian TCM mission headquarters in Delhi suggested your family in Bhopal as a potential subject for my photographic essay. That's about it, and here I am!" she declared.

"I'm not sure how typical we are, especially since we have all girls. How do you see the story you want unfolding? What do we do and how and what do you do?" I inquired.

"I observe whatever you and your family do from day to day, no matter what it is, and I'll simply keep my distance, take pictures, and make notes without disturbing or interfering in any way. That goes for family's activities as well as your work and leisure routine, Mr. Jones. I want to see some normal days in the life of the family without any change or preparation to accommodate me. I would like to hitch as many rides with you Mr. Jones,

wherever you go, but the more you can forget I am here, the better.” she explained.

“Sounds like a workable arrangement. We can provide comfortable living quarters here in Bhopal. At Budni it will be necessary to rough it a bit. There are already eight of us around the table here. Nine will not make much difference. You are welcome. At Budni I do my own cooking. If you are game for taking a chance, fine. I usually eat alone and it would be a pleasure to have company. There are lots of mosquitoes and mud. The wrenching daytime heat and humidity during this season can make things very sticky and heat rash is easy to come by. At the moment, my work schedule is split between Bhopal and Budni. Here in Bhopal I’m working with a local workshop to build a small grain thresher for use on small farms. It’s a joint project by myself and a Ford Foundation agricultural engineer. Two to three days a week are spent at Budni. Luckily, you will not have to put up with my cooking for a full week! What happens during our time off we play by ear. Could be a tiger or a meat-gathering hunt, Saturday-night movie, or the circus now playing in town.”

For the next ten days Marilyn was our shadow. She didn’t say much to us. However, she talked to the local people who knew the family and/or worked with me. She was determined to keep up with me. At Budni in the fields she was sometimes in mud up to her ankles trying to keep her equipment in order and her sandals from being pulled from her feet by the sticky black cotton soil. What a far cry from moving about New York City, I thought.

With the added weight of her equipment, she once called for a push as she maneuvered to climb a tree up to a machan (platform) I had roped to a limb on a weekend tiger hunt. I was unable to shoot the tiger that had been troubling villagers, but the foray did expose her and her cameras lens to a close-up view of an isolated, poverty-stricken Indian village and its friendly people. Never grumbling, she went where I went. Though we discussed many issues during our off-duty routine. nothing was ever mentioned to indicate how she was doing or what she thought of the family activities or my work routine. We had not the slightest clue of what would come out of Marilyn’s Bhopal adventure or what would happen to it all.

“I think I have a good view of your role in agricultural development in India and how your family copes with living here,” Marilyn announced on her final day.

The girls saw to it that she did not get away without signing the family guest book. In the column labeled “Remarks” she wrote: “The sauce is Hal, and I look forward to seeing you all again. Thanks. After a round of embraces and best wishes, I drove our temporary shadow to the railroad station. Her impressions remained a mystery.

Slightly more than seven months passed before we had any word about Marilyn’s efforts. We were pleasantly surprised when we received a big brown envelope containing the March 1960 issue of SIGN - The National Catholic Magazine, with my beleaguered face spread across the cover. Below the picture was the words: “Harold Jones American Abroad.” The story within was entitled, “American In Action In India.”

It was Marilyn's first magazine cover story and the magazine's first story on a Protestant. Following are excerpts from the article:

"Harold Jones, an agricultural technician from Virginia, is engaged in one of the major revolutions of our time: the struggle to make India capable of feeding itself before being overwhelmed by its soaring population. The task of building up an economy to support 415 million people is stupendous and needs the help of an army of technicians like Jones. He was sent to India three years ago by the Technical Co-operation Mission of the U.S. International Cooperation Administration (which has 3000 experts working in underdeveloped countries). Jones is a farm machinery advisor at an agricultural training center at Budni, where young men throughout India come for three-month courses. He teaches Indians how to irrigate land, drive a tractor, and even the use of such simple devices as a pitchfork and a plumb bob line for stringing fences. With a patience and gentleness that have endeared him to the surrounding community, Jones explains the principles of machinery so that students can apply what they have learned when they return home. 'They need to get started,' Jones says. 'You get 'em thinking, then they come up with some pretty good answers.' Says a village elder, 'Jones is the first man who has made people here like Americans.' "

The Joneses Mix With Indians

"Harold and Loretta Jones and their six daughters, ages seventeen to four, live in Bhopal in an old pavilion which has plenty of insects and no hot water. The training center is sixty miles away, and Jones is gone all week. He lives on canned food and game he shoots in the jungle; his prowess with a gun and fearlessness when wild animals are loose have boosted his prestige. His wife teaches their children, who are made to follow strict school hours, opening with the singing of the 'Star-Spangled Banner'. The Joneses mix in the community life of Bhopal; they go to a weekly movie and visit with friends. Despite the frustrations frequently encountered on his job, Jones stays calm and accomplishes a collection of small things, and in the process he has learned a lot about the Indian character. He has a M.S. from Cornell, and would like a year to brush up in the U.S., then return to a foreign posting. 'This is going to be my life.' "

Two years later I ran into Marilyn in New Delhi. She was residing in Bombay, doing photography and writing. I congratulated her on the fine Sign Magazine article and how much we appreciated it. As the Years went by we periodically came across her photos in Time, Coronet, and National Geographic magazines accompanying news stories out of India. Fifteen years later, I was standing in line behind a young lady at Barclays Bank in Nairobi, Kenya, and began a conversation. She was heading to the Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean off the coast of East Africa. She declared herself to be a freelance photographer, which prompted me to ask if she had ever heard of Marilyn Silverstone.

Enthusiastically she responded. "Indeed I have! In my profession, she's considered the dean." I told her how I had met Marilyn. "Marilyn, wherever you are, all the best.

Special Moments At Budni

Two Trophies- One Shot He was thin and looked like a boy in his teens. His wide-brimmed hat with its leopard skin band, safari jacket, back-pack and rifle gave him the appearance of a serious hunter despite his youth. As I watched him come up the road from my seat on the veranda, my curiosity rocketed. Who could he be? Where is he going. He looked western enough, American or European. But no one comes to Budni unless they are ordered, even then reluctantly. His pace slowed and he entered the gate of the training center.

“Good afternoon,” he said. “Could you tell as where I might find Mr. Harold Jones?”

“Good afternoon. I’m Harold Jones.”

“Good” he responded. “I’m Wilson Giles coming from Indonesia where my parents work with AID. I hitch-hiked from there to hunt here in India. The Embassy people in New Delhi told me that you would be the person to hook up with for tiger hunting.” He stepped onto the veranda with worn dusty boots.

“You must be a very brave young man to hitch-hike all the way from Indonesia to hunt.” I said in amazement. “Have a seat, put down your rifle and pack, and relax.”

“A cool drink of water would do more for me right now than anything I can think of,” he answered.

“My kerosene refrigerator has been functioning quite well today and I happen to have chilled some boiled water.” When he finished drinking, my cold water jug was very close to being empty. During India’s dry season when the temperature can reach to dehydrating 120 degrees fahrenheit a drink of water can mean the difference between life and death.

“You say you’ve come to hunt tiger?” I inquired.

“I’d like to get a tiger for a skin rug, and a trophy head of a cheetah, the Indian spotted deer. I would consider that a successful and a worthwhile hunt in India,” he declared.

“That’s a pretty a tall order,” I stated. “They’re both here in the jungle, though it might take some doing and a bit of good luck to get them. How much time you plan to spend here?”

“Several days if necessary,” he replied.

“You caught me at a very busy time. I won’t be able to be with you as much as I’d like, and I go home to Bhopal for the weekend tomorrow afternoon. I can show you some water holes where many animals go in the morning and late afternoon. With patience and a good hideaway, you may have some luck. In fact, this may be the best time to show you a spot where you could sit until twilight. What do you think?”

“I’ll have to depend on your judgement. I know nothing about the area.” he admitted.

The area I had in mind for him was only five to ten minutes away by Jeep. We loaded his gear and took off, driving over several dry stream beds and nest heavy bamboo groves. Then we parked the Jeep and took a three minute walk to the water hole. A bamboo cluster nearby provided seclusion to Wilson and his rifle. I gave him some tips on positioning himself for a good view of the most likely approach to the waterhole.

“I’ll return early evening,” I assured him. “Good luck!” Not knowing anything about the young man’s woodmanship, his ability to handle his gun or to deal with a dangerous wild animal, I was quite worried. I had accommodated him, and now I felt responsible.

Signs of twilight signaled that it was time to check on Wilson and retrieve him from the jungle. As I headed down the straight stretch of road from the training center, a figure appeared in the distance carrying an extra load. First to come into view were the antlers of a deer. The figure had a pouch tied to a pole across his shoulder and rifle in hand. As I came closer, I could see it was Wilson with a smile on his face bigger than all outdoors.

“Say, tell me what happened. What is it you have there?” I asked.

As he dropped his bundle to the ground, I could see a tiger skin and the deer antlers, but I thought I had to be seeing things. It couldn’t possibly be what it seemed.

“It was a miracle! Twenty minutes after you left me, I heard this crashing noise that sent my heart racing like never before. I grabbed my binoculars and I could see a tiger dragging an antlered animal towards the water hole. Eventually it reached the edge, released the dead deer and took a broadside stance, giving me a perfect target. I slowly took aim and squeezed the trigger. The tiger leant a few times and fell flat on the ground. What was I to do? Was the tiger really dead? Should I shoot him again? Or dare I venture from my bamboo hideout? All these questions crowded my mind, but I had no answers. I was paralyzed. I did nothing but sit there, trying to calm down. Ten minutes passed before I crept slowly toward the tiger, with my rifle half up for a quick shot if necessary. There was no sign of breath or movement, so I picked up a stick, tossed it at the tiger. No response. I nervously moved close enough to see that it was a tigress and the shot had been fatal. She lay in a puddle of blood. At last I felt safe, though I hoped that a mate would not show up. The deer she had been dragging, as you can see is a cheetah with a good trophy head. I immediately went to work to skin out both of my trophies. I don’t know how to thank you for putting as in the right spot. But I still find it too fantastic to believe. A few thousand miles of hitchhiking and one single rifle shot to get the two trophies I have so longed for. I am still on cloud nine!”

“We’d better get back to my place. You need to salt those skins and place them in the shade to dry out. Luck and fate certainly figured in what you accomplished today. This might well be one for the books!” His backpack sleeping gear got him through the night. Wilson rode with me back to Bhopal the next day when I went home for the week end. We packed his salted skins in a bundle attached to a handle for easier carrying. I took him to the Bhopal railroad station for a night departure to New Delhi. I never heard from him again.

The King's Tiger In the midst of feeling exhilarated about how well things were going, though not without difficulties, the center's clerk handed me a letter in an official government envelope from the Conservator of Forests, Government of Madhya Pradesh, Bhopal. What had I done to warrant mail from the state government? Consternation came over me like an avalanche. The letter read, "Sir Jones. It has come to our attention that you have shot a tiger in the Budni area that we had demarcated for the King of Nepal. He is to come there [no date indicated], as a guest of the Nawab." My anxiety heightened as I continued to read. "You did not have permission to shoot a tiger, nor had you purchased a hunting block. We shall have much difficulty keeping our promise to the king. We would appreciate hearing from you. Sincerely, Chief Conservator of Forests."

I replied with the following letter: "Please accept my apology for killing the tiger demarcated for the King of Nepal. One day a villager came to the center and pleaded with me to shoot a tiger which had just killed one of his bullocks. He had gone into the forest to collect wood, leaving his bullocks out to graze and returned to find one of them dead. He was afraid that the tiger would come and kill his other bullock. I returned with him to the site, found the tiger eating his kill and shot him. I thought I was doing a good deed for a person who depended so much on his bullocks to make a living for himself and his family. If I have done something wrong, please again accept my apologies and I am willing to make amends financially or otherwise or by any measure you wish to impose. In regard to the king's tiger, before I shot it, two other large tigers were walking up to share the kill. They ran away when I shot the one eating the dead bullock. I would be glad to assist you or your personnel by showing them the territory which the tigers prowl, where they drink and so on. Sincerely, Harold M. Jones."

When I returned to Bhopal that weekend, I called upon the conservator. He was a kind, courteous, middle-aged man from South India. We had tea and I assured him that I could put the king and his assistants in proximity of the tigers. The conservator expressed his appreciation for my coming by to see him and my honest response to his letter and willingness to assist, when the king came to Budni. The king never came.

The Cobra Freeze Nawal Kishore was a shy mechanic-driver assigned to the Budni center. Dedicated and loyal to his job, he exuded a quiet contentedness. His smile always seemed to maintain the same intensity, even when he looked at you out of the corner of his eye. I had never seen his wife, but I knew where they lived. Their a-roof, one-room spread was small but not uncommon for the artisans assigned to Budni.

The pre-monsoon rains had come to the Budni area in sufficient quantities to give a wake-up call to many of the creatures which go into a partial hibernation during the brutal death-dealing dry season. The amphibious types, such as snakes, beetles, and flying termites are the more notable of these groups. No less bothersome are the scorpions, both black and white. This is the time of the year when extra precautions are taken against the potentially lethal inflictions from some of these creatures. While the rains offer some relief from the devastating heat, it also brings the nuisance of the crawling, hopping, and flying creatures. One sometimes wonders if the trade-off is worth it, but that is the way it is in monsoon country.

The welcome breezes stirred my mosquito net most of the night, making for much more comfortable sleeping than the restless nights of the dry season. In the midst the soundest sleep I had ever had in India came a banging at my loose wooden door.

“Who is it?” I yelled out.

“I am Nasal Kishore. I have much trouble. Could you help me?”

I eased out from under my mosquito net, and released the latch off the door. No night could be darker, for there was not the smallest light in the area.

“Nawal, what is the problem?” I asked.

“My wife attack by cobra. She sleep on bed and wake up and see cobra standing high and waving back and forth,” he said, moving his hands in imitation. “My wife go out of sense, stiff like a piece of wood. I slip out without hitting cobra. He might bite her if I hit at him. I come to ask you to shoot the cobra. Quick, he may kill my wife!”

“You think he is still there?” I inquired.

“Yes,” he excitedly confirmed.

I quickly slipped on a shirt, shorts and shoes, grabbed my twenty gauge shotgun from the corner and a shell from the nearby table. I followed Nawal through the darkness, a few hundred yards over to his place at the edge of the woods. The door was open. A nearly burned-out candle glowed faintly from a table in the middle of the room, illuminating the frozen form of his wife on the bed. The cobra was there still in striking position over her. I moved slowly along the wall, reaching an angle that would allow me to fire without hitting his wife. Though a bit excited, I was confident that a scattered shotgun blast would do the job. I flipped off the safety latch and fired from the hip. In the close quarters, the blast sounded like a major explosion. The cobra slumped on the floor like a limp rose and remained motionless. Nawal’s wife didn’t budge. I picked up the candle and moved over to investigate. The blast had cut off the cobra’s head as clean as the swipe of a sword. Yet there was a large clean hole in the wall beyond where the snake had been. What had happened? a number six shot would not blast that kind of hole. Then the realization hit me. I had by mistake picked up a slug instead of a shot-loaded shell. Both were side by side on the table near my bed. This accounted for the big hole in the wall. It was by pure accident that I had decapitated the cobra shooting from the hip. But all had ended well. However, the sound of the blast had not brought Nawal’s wife out of her trance. Nawal shook her a few times and she slowly gained consciousness. The trance most likely saved her life for had she moved, it is likely that the cobra would have struck. In India it is said that a cobra can kill by biting a person’s shadow. I trudged back to my quarters in the dark feeling a bit heroic.

The next day I happened to go to an all-girls school to talk to the lady principal about establishing a school garden. During our conversation, I related the previous night’s

experience feeling quite sure she would say something like: "You are a brave man, Mr. Jones. That was a good deed." But instead, she took all the wind out of my sails and left me feeling flatter than a runny pancake when she responded: "What a pity! Who would want to shoot something as beautiful as a cobra?" She was Hindu. By my standards, and I am sure Nawal's and his wife's, it was a good deed.

Wild dog heat

The wild dogs of India, known as Sona Kutta (sold dog), is an excellent example of canine beauty and ferocity. Golden chestnut in color, with a bushy black-tipped tail, it is one of the most interesting animals of the tussle. Its very high intelligence and the communal organization of the pack, places the wild dog on a different plane than other animals. They travel in packs of six to two dozen, and they normally weigh anywhere from thirty to forty pounds each. Unlike other carnivores, they sought in India their food during the daylight hours. The tranquility of the jungle was frequently disturbed by these roving canines. They caused unrest among the other denizens seeking food and rest, forcing them to seek new territory. The tiger and more formidable animals were no exception. The local people told me stories of tigers being killed by the highly efficient wild dog packs. Their gang action seemed to disregard all recognized animal customs of the jungle and theirs could be looked upon as being the Huns of the woodlands. The slow, remorseless hunt of a pack of wild dogs in the heat of the day is no comparison to the sudden spring of a tiger or leopard and the quick death that follows. I had heard no stories of them attacking humans, but they certainly were given credit for boldness in their presence. They seemed to regard human as a curiosity upon encounter, and then move on to their lawless pursuits. I had seen some pairs at various times in the jungle. They appeared calm and curious, and no doubt viewed me as something new, different and ugly enough to warrant closer study. Standing on the opposite side of a dry, sandy stream bed, I watched two leap in the air and just miss a peacock as its fast beating wings clawed at the air to lift itself out of their reach by a hair, as they calmly watched it fly away. I took aim with my rifle and just nicked one of them. They dashed away in the jungle, the slightly injured one whining.

Once about noontime, I walked along a meandering streambed. It was laced with frequent waterholes. Rounding a bend, I heard what seemed to be the brutal images to flash through my mind. Was I to end up as wild dog meat? Instinctively, I raised my 30-06, and started firing as I turned in a full circle. The first shot was aimed at the dog crouching in front. Then I swung clockwise while sparks and ricocheting bullets spewed into the night, as I emptied the magazine. Judging from the squeal-like noise of the dogs as they vanished in the twilight, at least two had been hit. Hit or not was unimportant: just the fact that they had run away was a welcome relief. I had escaped the flesh tearing teeth of these vicious creatures. It was truly one of the big scares of my years, including WWII maneuvers. I spent no more time getting away from there than the dogs had. A quarter-mile walk up the main road to the center save me a chance to calm down. Some of the staff had gathered, wondering about all the shooting, and were amazed that I had survived. The local villagers must have thought that the jungle warfare center had been reactivated for its original purpose.

Finish At Budni

The training and testing center had began to take its place in the gigantic effort to feed India's burgeoning bio-mass. Personnel changes had been smooth and without negative impact. Mr. P. John Zachariah had replaced Mr. E.G.K. Rao as director. Mr. M.L. Taneja, chief instructor, had transferred to the Rice Research Station at Cuttock to do research on farm machinery applications for rice growing. I had visited him there on two occasions. Other than a few changes in instructors, the original staff was still intact.

The center was a relatively small but a significant link in the multiple-imitative attack India was taking against its food production-import dependency gap. Coming from the USA alone were sixteen million ton of wheat and one million tons of rice requiring 600 ships, the largest assemblage since WWII, to help India weather its food shortage. For more than two years 60 million Indians were sustained entirely by American food shipments. The center was setting the pace for determining the most suitable agricultural hand, animal and engine powered machinery and equipment for India. The chief objective of the center was to train a corps of personnel to handle equipment importation, determine the most suitable types for India to manufacture, and set up distribution, operation and maintenance centers. Simultaneously with massive amounts of development assistance, India was building hydro-electric dams for electric power and irrigation, steel mills, fertilizer factories. AID and the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations were extensively involved in India's educational, research and extension institutions. The plan was that all of these forces would conjoin to impact on the country's food deficit problems.

The major attitude gap between knowledge and know-how as well as show-how, due to attitudes, was beginning to close, because of hands-on approach being taken on many fronts. At the Budni center we had emphasized this approach from the beginning. In the highly applied science of agriculture, where the generation and application of technology is essential to increased production, know-how is a must. I encountered many educators who taught only theory and did not engage themselves in manual activities because of their place in India's social ladder. However, my esteem for physical action and the ability to demonstrate the application of knowledge did more to win local respect than anything else. India's training methods, in a sense, had short-changed its students in both attitudes and skills needed to apply knowledge in a practical sense. To some extent this was a trait acquired from the colonial education system. In our approach, of making the best use of what you have was often stressed and demonstrated. Several waters pumps had come with the U.S. financed equipment, but had never been used. The reason given was that no pipes were available, and no currency to purchase them. However, there were lots of pipes left over in the jungle from WWII days, but still connected. I demonstrated how they could be disconnected and used to deliver pumped water from a nearby stream, which grew into an excellent small irrigation training model. To induce more lively participation from students in the classroom I suggested classroom conversation to discuss problems and selection of the best solutions to fit. While the training program had progressed very well and the effect was spreading in most states through better design, maintenance, and utilization of both mechanized and bullock drawn equipment, the testing program had lagged. The staff was now in a good position to begin a testing

program having had extensive experience handling various types of farm machinery and assisting small manufacturers with design of improved models. The Indian government would not or could not provide the finance necessary to procure basic testing equipment. I had spoken to several British persons about the situation. They put me in touch with their organization that provides technical assistance. The necessary paperwork was completed and submitted through the Ministry of Agriculture and the \$20,000 grant for testing equipment was approved just prior to my departure from Budni.

With supportive policy and marketing systems in place, the many development efforts across the country eventually came together and brought dramatic food production increases. But India for a long time will be faced with the formidable task of keeping pace with its enormous population growth. Budni became the model for three other centers. The government of India established later in the south, north, and Assam. Saying Goodbye To Budni

Presentations, including a bust of Mahatma Ghandi were made to me during an elaborate going-away reception. The following poem was read to close out the party .

AU REVOIR Mr. JONES

Adieu, Jones adieu.

You are separating from us today

Even though you are leaving this Centre,

We will remember you forever,

We believe that you will not forget us,

It's due to your hard labor at this Centre,

Every second of your stay,

You have laboured for the benefit of the Centre.

You never worried whether it was day or night,

But it's a fact that you were completely immersed in it,

The job was hard but you managed it.

You have upheld the name of your country,

You faced everybody with a smiling face.

With no wrinkles on your forehead, with simpleness,
good manners and a clear heart.
Anybody who met you once,
Has always heard you in obedience.
This is all due to your good manners,
We used to talk to you frankly,
We were proud of your friendship,
You never had the feeling of a boss.
Respect for you comes foremost in our minds,
Love for you in the heart of everybody,
We pray that you should be happy and prosperous in life
And earn a good name wherever you go.
All friends are telling me,
Who will give us shikar meat when Mr. Jones goes away?
Shri R.G. Dutt, Staff Member

Hunting

The country life is to be preferred for where we see the works of God, but in the cities little else but the works of man, and one makes a better subject for our contemplation.-
Reflections and Maxims of William Penn.

Hunting wild game in the forest was one of the ways Native Americans obtained food along the James and Chickahominy Rivers, home of the Chickahominy Indians for many centuries. I grew up near those rivers, in Charles City County, Virginia, and was a product of a heritage that included customs and traditions of primal survival passed from generation to generation. The custom of supplementing the diet with wild meat was an integral part of my community, especially during the depression years. Acquiring food involved agriculture, hunting, and fishing, all requiring much preparation. Children and adults grew vegetables, planted field crops, raised farm animals, and regularly gathered nuts, berries and fruits from the forests. Food preparation included pickling, salting, smoking, preserves, jams, and drying for the winter.

Of all my family chores, pursuing small animals in the nearby forests, fields and streams fueled my interest and adventurous nature. Known widely for my love of the forest and my keen desire to learn all about the animals that it sheltered, I eventually acquired the nickname "Nature Boy." At an early age I knew the names and habits of all the birds in the area. I could identify them on sight, by their call, song and flight patterns as far as I could see them, their nest design and egg shell colors. My journeys into the forest began at an early age and increased in stages.

In stage one, using a sling shot or gravel shooter, I chased birds and later, squirrels and rabbits. Ammunition was small rocks propelled by stretched rubber bands, cut from old inner tubes. At close range, my good eye-hand coordination resulted in a bird, squirrel, or less often a rabbit as a relished game dish for a night's dinner.

Stage two consisted of forays into the forest accompanied by ours and the neighbor's dogs. Before school, often in the pitch dark of frosty mornings, a couple of whistles and yells summoned six or eight of them for a rabbit chase, and they sometimes succeeded in cornering one in a hollow tree or a hole in the ground. I would then recover the animal by either tightly poking into the hollow of a tree twisting it into the rabbits fur and dragging it from the hollow tree or by pushing leaves into the hole and setting fire to them generating smoke to render the animal unconscious making it easier to retrieve it.

Stage three started at the age of fourteen and involved the use of a single shot 12-gauge shotgun and hunting dogs. I first fired this gun at a squirrel's nest, resulting in a blasted nest, a busted bleeding under lip whose scar I bear today and no squirrel. My yearly hunting years were during the depression when to shoot and not hit your target was considered wasteful. Obtaining extra shells required some extra hustling on my parents part for the vice was six shells for 25 cents. "How many pieces of game did you bring home and how many shells do you have left?" was often the first question my parents asked. As the years passed, the skill and accuracy with which I handled the gun brought me quite a reputation and the many hours I spent hunting substantially boosted the family

food supply with minimal ammunition being wasted. Easing the family hunger pangs was high priority.

As the depression eased and I entered adulthood, hunting became less of a means of survival and more of a sport, a way of staging intimate with nature and learning about the wild creatures that shared it. Any gustatory delights from hunting was now a bonus for my family and later my own family.

Nearly four decades after my first hunt, my own family of eight and I found ourselves in the heart of India, in the midst of vegetarians. For hundreds of years millions of Hindus and Buddhists held religious beliefs that forbade meat consumption. The Hindu's belief in the sanctity of life prevented them from killing even the tiniest living creatures. "We are not able to give life, so we have no right to take a life, they declared." Most Hindus and Buddhists are teetotalers and did not eat animals or their products, like eggs, milk, or cheese. The minority that do eat animal products rationalize their behavior by saying this in no way had anything to do with taking a life. My family and I had never known any vegetarians nor, before going to India, nor had we discussed the topic. While we realized some adjustments in our way of life would be necessary we were not prepared to change our omnivorous eating habits. and I realized that hunting would be the only means of providing a fresh, safe supply of meat for the family. Our family division of labor made it my responsibility to harvest. dress and package the meat for the freezer, an appliance for which we were most grateful. Without it we might have been forced to become vegetarians. This situation took us back to the days of yore when husbands hunted and brought home the meat, while wives kept homelife intact and harvested vegetables and grains.

Fortunately. we were living in a Moslem dominated community which was less sensitive to meat consumption than Hindus. The Moslems hunted and ate wild and domestic animals. Their only prerequisite for eating meat was the execution of halal, a spiritual ritual performed at the time of killing the animal. This ritual originated in the days of Mohammed when numerous people unknowingly ate decaying or spoiled meat and died. The throat of the animal is slit and while the blood flows a prayer is said to make the meat edible. Halal can be performed by any Moslem. Rafiq, our Moslem driver made sure he performed the ritual on all the animals I shot. The meat could then be shared with his family and friends. Rafiq showed great disappointment if no blood flowed when he cut the animals throat. He only needed to see a few drops as he prayed. However, this ritual was never performed on a wild boar because Moslems have a strong religious aversion to pork and any of its by-products. We respected this religious tenant when sharing meals with them.

In modern India, the prestige of hunting reached its peak during British rule. The princely rulers- maharajahs and nawabs--considered it the cream of all worldly sports. Many rulers maintained that hunting was the exclusive right of royalty. Non-royalty could only shoot a tiger with the consent of the Begum or Nawab in Bhopal, one of the Moslem principalities was for many years a hunting reserve for the Nawab of Bhopal and his guests. It was frequently said that the only activity that rivaled hunting was in the harem

where both concubines and wives were trained to be demure and permissive.

Many rulers had an elaborate organization for hunting with distinct divisions of labor, often involving several hundred people. One told me, "I don't mind roughing it but I do appreciate a few comforts on shikaris [hunting trios]." Special crews set up and operated camps, serving alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks, and elaborately prepared food, eaten on fine china. Portable showers and plush pillowed sofas and chairs were provided. Gun bearers transported and maintained expensive ammunition and hi-powered weapons which were kept loaded and ready at all times.

Royalty had several favorite hunting methods designed for minimal risk and effort. In one method elephants were used to transport supplies and people. From a howdah, a roomy box on the backs of elephants, hunters often shot tigers. Forming semi-circular arcs across an area of the jungle that contained a tiger, the servants screamed and beat drums to drive the tiger and other animals into the hunter's shooting range. Assistants on elephants would sometimes help to herd tigers in the desired direction.

Another favorite technique for hunting tigers involved a machan, an elaborate timber platform constructed in a tree or on the ground to provide comfort and safety while the hunter waited for the game to appear. Meanwhile the party would sip a beverage or eat if the wait was long.

The method for night hunts used either a live buffalo or goat as bait which was tied to a tree and affixed with a bell to alert the hunter who might be dozing in the machan. Flashlights were often attached to the rifle or someone in the machan focused a spotlight when the game arrived to claim the bait.

World War II technology Produced the Jeep, a blessing and a curse. This vehicle allowed men to Penetrate more easily the jungle interior and wildlife's habitats, thus beginning the decimation of the big wildcat populations and the many species on which they depended for survival. Prior to WWII the footmobile and domestic animals were the only means of transportation into the deep jungles, limiting man's access to its wild life areas. The advent of the Jeep made wildlife the losers in the competition with humans for land. In addition, malaria control programs involving the cutting of vegetation contributed to the reduction of wildlife. New lands were opened, cutting deeper into game areas.

Reportedly, our Nawab of Bhopal had a 200-man hunting staff--drivers, spotters, beaters, bearers, campsite crew, and machan builders. He replaced his elephants with Jeeps and shot thousands of animals of all kinds---predators, hoofed types and a great variety of fowl. His palace and country home contained massive trophy displays of all kinds--skins, horns, heads, rugs and whole mounts. On one of his birthdays, during the height of his rule, so I was told he set out to establish a record for the largest number of tigers killed in one day. To be number one, he had to surpass the record of ten bagged tigers held by one maharajah. Men scattered over Bhopal's countryside to spot the animals, and to plan a strategy for driving them in record time within shooting range of the Nawab. Elaborate machans were constructed all over the state and the entire population rallied behind their

leader to make him a national champion. On the eventful day, the Nawab moved hastily from kill to kill, but at the day's end the maharajah's record was still intact: the Nawab had killed only eight Bengal tigers.

Many of the Indian royalty had killed hundreds of tigers during their hunting careers. It is estimated by one British naturalist, E.P. Gee that there might have been 40,000 tigers in India in the early twentieth century. A maharajah of Gwalior, often mentioned as a great hunter and is credited with more than 700 tiger kills. The ruler of Guariapur shot more than 500 in his grand home time. But apparently the grand home of them all was the maharajah of Surguja, who was still living when we resided in India and was said to have killed over 1100 tigers. The British colonists also did their share in reducing the wild cat species of this sub-continent. One colonist bagged approximately 300 tigers during his civil service tenure of 25 years: another shot 173 in one year. Yet another is said to have poisoned a great number during his time. Villagers, over time, particularly during the middle of the 19th century, killed a few thousand tigers and leopards. The famed Jim Corbett, British game hunter and author, warned in 1946, ten years before our arrival that only 3000 to 4000 tigers were left in India. A more accurate count in 1969 put the number at 2500 and declining.

When India became independent from Britain in 1947, the princely rulers lost their absolute power over vast portions of the country to newly established central and state governments. Hunting privileges fell within the public domain and open access to the princely hunting estates resulted in unmitigated slaughter of wild life--tigers, leopards, and their prey. Anyone with means could hunt and collect animals from the jungles and plains. At the time of a hunting block purchase, the government forest departments authorized specific limited number and kind of animals which one could take from a block area within a specific time frame. However, there was no policing or other follow-up controls, and people exceeded the established limits. At the same time, guns became readily available and people shot wild animals for crop protection or coached. Commercial hunting firms were established to cater to the romantic side of the sport for wealthy globe-trotting foreigners who came to India for big game trophies, especially Bengal tigers and leopards. Some of the hunters pursued the heads of buffaloes and the royal antlered deer like the sambhar, barasinga and cheetal. These firms were contracted to place the game within killing range for about \$6000 for a two week stay. Although the companies usually fulfilled their obligation, the hunters were not always successful.

Our stay in India offered me my first sustained foray into the arena of big game hunting, naturally without the background of royalty, prestige, renown or the big capital means. Nothing spoke the truth more clearly about my economic situation than my weapons--a 20-gauge shot gun and a fifty year old World War I vintage 30-06 Springfield rifle. These meager weapons solicited serious warnings from the big game experts regarding their inadequacy against big game, especially tigers. Additional advice came from the modular book of hunter Jim Corbett. His stranger than fiction books included *Jungle Lore*, *Man-Eater of Kumaon* and *The Temple Tiger*. Friends had given me these three books with advice that I should do some serious reading before I attempted big game hunting. The books are quite scary and after reading a few chapters I put them aside and decided to

learn from my own hunting experiences, and not clutter up my mind with the fear these books had generated. After some blood-curdling experiences where only my guardian angel made the difference between my still being alive and not being mauled or killed by a tiger. I read all of Corbett's works, with a clearer understanding, but with no less excitement. If I had to do it over, I would read all of Corbett's books before attempting big game hunting. However, I did bring to India considerable woods lore, a keen eye and some adroitness in handling my ancient weapons, boundless energy, and a love for the great outdoors. I had a keen desire to broaden my horizons of jungle lore, to obtain some trophies, and to provide a dependable supply of fresh safe meat for a family. In addition, I helped the villagers, when requested by killing crop-destroying wild pigs herds, antelopes, cattle and man-eating tigers and leopards that threatened their livelihood or themselves.

A sixty mile trek separated my work place, Budni, from my family in Bhopal. For four years on every holiday (Indian and American) and weekends, I made this trek, leaving Budni on Friday evening and returning on Monday morning. Thirty of those miles were through dense uncle home to a game and varied population of wildlife. These early morning and evening trips provided me with the opportunity to see and bag a variety of wild animals, including five species of antelopes and deer ranging from twenty five pounds to several hundred. One of the main differences between the deer and the antelope is the shedding of the horns. Male deer shed their horns annually while the antelope never shed theirs. Female antelope often have horns less developed than the male, but female deer have none. The quality and taste of their meat is very similar but without the strong gamey taste of their North American counterparts. On my trips I often saw and killed many different kinds of fowl--green pigeons, partridges, spur fowl, wild peacocks, and ducks. Some of which I usually consumed during the days of the week I was a bachelor. For our entire four and a half year stay in Central India, all the meat for the family's supply and guests, which was considerable, was generally bagged on Friday evening or on the eve of holidays as I trekked from Budni to Bhopal. For Thanksgiving dinners the piece de resistance was peacock instead of turkey. Peacock breast was certainly no competition for the plumb breast of butterball turkeys but its light and dark meat is quite tasty. The peacock had not yet been declared India's national bird. Our freezer was always stocked with fresh game meat including wild boar. A few 200 to 300 pounders of wild boar per year gave us a chance to prepare our own variety of sausage, souse, and choice pork cuts.

The Cattle Killing Tiger That Came Early

Early one Saturday morning during the dry season, two villagers clad only in dhotis (a loin cloth pulled tightly up between one's crotches and tucked into one's waist, giving the appearance of baggy-legged mid-calf pants and worn by Hindu men) and turbans of soiled cotton, squatted on their wrinkled, spindly legs on the back steps of our pavilion. They quietly proceeded to remove their stiff mud-hardened shoes in order to clean dry between their toes with their fingers. When they recognized that someone was standing above them they quickly stood, bowed, and with hands together greeted me with "Namaste Sahib."

“Namaste” I replied raising both hands together in front of me. “Qap-kaa Naam Kyaa hat” (What is your name?)

“Mera nam Suni Lal,” one said, while the other said. “Mujhee Amrit Kehtee hai.” (They call me Amrit.)

Greetings over, the villagers launched into an excited barrage of Hindi. Despite my language limitations, I knew they were talking about a tiger. Fortunately, Rafiq was around the other side of the building removing a week’s supply of dirt and grime from the green Jeep station wagon. I stuck my head around the corner of the building, and called for him to come. He dropped his wet rags and joined us.

“These two villagers have been telling me something about a tiger. Can you talk with them and tell me what they are saying?” I asked.

Rafiq conversed with them for a while and then turned back to me.

“They have heard that you have a gun and ask if you can come to their village to shoot a tiger that has been hounding them for several months. It has killed over thirty of the cattle in a three-villages area and the people are afraid to leave their homes. The tiger sometimes comes late in the afternoon, and sits in the middle of the road leading to the village to wallow and plays in the dust. This prevents the people from bringing their herds of sheep, goats and cattle in from the fields. Bullock carts returning from the market and women carrying wood and water to their homes have to walk long distances to avoid the tiger. Some farmers have lost one or two of their bullocks, and can’t afford to replace them. They say the tiger comes to a water hole around 2:00 P.M. everyday.”

Through Rafiq, I told the villagers that I was going next door to speak to another sahib, who had a gun, and ask him to join us at their village to learn more about the tiger’s habits.

I rushed next door to Andy Renshaw’s house. He was admiring the lake from his front verandah. As I told him the villager’s story, his enthusiasm flared like an oil well on fire. Earlier in the week someone had told him about the same tiger and he had intended coming to relate me the same thing.

“If we can, it would be good to help restore normalcy to those villagers’ lives.” Andy noted.

“A trophy with a good cause attached to it, wouldn’t be bad either,” I nodded.

We loaded our guns and canteens into the Jeep, and with our drivers, Rafiq and Majid, and the two villagers, we drove through Bhopal and headed east for the village, approximately five miles away. The dry season’s sun, which felt like an acetylene torch, was heating up the dusty dry air. Soon we turned off the main road onto a narrow rutted, bullock cart trail. The Jeep created billowy dust clouds as it bounced slowly along,

rendering the rear view mirror useless. The fine dust particles seeped through every crack and crevice of the Jeep, turning its interior into a veritable dust bin. Shrub bush, some palmetto-looking plants, with needle sharp points, and occasional large trees lined the left side of the trail. Open farm and grazing lands were on the right. As we slowly drove along, one of the villagers excitedly pointed out the direction of the tiger's lair. All heads turned to look. Just ahead slightly off the right was their village, and we were spared further suffocation by dust.

Our arrival at the poverty stricken-village was an event. Children, many naked, suffering from diarrhea, and batting flies swarming around their infected eyes, instantly surrounded the Jeep, making it difficult to disembark. Men and women stood close by chatting among themselves but with their eyes riveted on us. One of the village elders gave a command and the crowds withdrew slightly, giving us a bit of room to maneuver. Our first obligation was to pay our respects to the village's headman. Under the only big shade tree, we were officially greeted, and thanked for coming to help them. As we listened to the headbands version of the situation, the elders periodically signaled the crowd to maintain some distance. Some backed away. Rafiq interpreted the headman's story. Their great fear was that the tiger would become a man-eater. He had killed 36 cattle in the three village area. Village life had been badly interrupted--people would not take their herds of animals to graze, collect wood or fetch water. At the end of the story, we were offered tea, which we diplomatically declined because we needed the time to study the tiger's movements and plan our strategy for killing him at the water hole later that afternoon. We promised to celebrate after we had successfully eliminated the tiger. The village headman agreed to allow two men who knew the area to accompany us into the jungle. The six of us, Rafiq, Majid, Andy, two villagers and I-- in single file with one villager leading the way walked slowly into the jungle towards the waterhole. The breezeless 100 degree air under the canopy of jungle brush and trees began to take its toll. Perspiration began to drip from under our pith helmets, and wet spots began to appear on our khaki shirts. We made our way slowly until the leading villager held up his hand and said, "Mullah" (ditch). We had come to a large dry stream bed cut six to seven feet deep by repeated monsoon rains. Slowly we climbed down the embankment on to the trampled sandbed. The lead man spoke again, "Pani,"(water) as he pointed downstream. Quietly and uneasily we inched along Suddenly the lead man stopped and pointed to a waterhole.

"This is the water hole? I don't see any water," I complained disappointedly.

The villager kept pointing to the hole as we gathered around him. Nothing could be closer to being a non-waterhole. In a small, sandy depression about the size of a water pail, was less than a gallon of water beneath a thick coating of green algae. I couldn't believe we were at the right spot. Rafiq questioned the villager, who continued to affirm that this was where the tiger comes. Andy and I looked at each other and worried that this could be a "wild goose chase." Had the villagers told us what they thought we wanted to hear? As despondency enveloped us, one of the villagers who had stepped a few yards away started yelling, "Skier! Sher!" (Tiger! Tiger!) He had discovered two pug marks of a very large tiger near the edge of the streambed where the sand was undisturbed. Excitement took hold! It was difficult to imagine that any self-respecting tiger would come to a near

non-water hole to drink, but obviously the tracks indicated that he had been there. But when and why?. Perhaps he had no other option. It was deep in the dry season and our face water everywhere was very scarce.

Andy and I needed to select trees overlooking the minuscule waterhole, where we could wait safely later in the afternoon to see if the tiger would appear. As scheduled I walked upstream, checking each tree for ease of climbing and a sturdy limb where the tree trunk could provide a good back rest. Andy walked in the opposite direction looking for the same kind of perch. I spied a low-branched tree that showed considerable promise, though it wasn't entirely safe from a tiger's leap. I struggled up the right bank of the nullah. With my trusty 30-06 I climbed the tree until I located a limb that offered an ideal seat. After a lot of twisting and turning, my backside meshed perfectly with the limb and trunk, and I decided that this would be my lookout that afternoon. I was not sure where Andy had gone, but the rest of the group had climbed the opposite stream bank, and all were relaxing behind a big tree. I could hear them mumbling. Very comfortably situated, I glanced at my watch. It was 10:30 AM. Out of nowhere shocking as a nightmare, came a huge Bengal tiger moving through the bush as quietly and softly as the sun rays. It was only about forty feet away. Tiger fever hit like a bolt of lightning. My heart pounded loudly and rapidly, and throbbing pains shot through my kidneys. I had absolutely no power of recall of any previous experience to deal momentarily with this first instant shock. The tiger standing on the opposite bank was about fifty feet from the others crouching behind the big tree. It gave the false appearance of looking me square in the eyes. As it approached the bank's edge it slowed its gait, carefully looking right and left. Time seemed like an eternity - longer than a life time. Now the tiger was only 25 feet away and staring in my direction without blinking. I was sure that at any moment it would actually focus on me then dash into the jungle out of fright. Instead it lowered his head and slowly started down the embankment, carefully surveying the landscape. With its head lowered, his eyes were no longer aimed at me, but I still felt the blood-curdling tension of the moment as my heart raced and my body froze. As if stalking something, it stopped several times before finally reaching the streambed. It inched slowly and gracefully towards the water hole, then made a 45-degree turn which gave me a broadside view. With barely enough presence of mind I eased my rifle to my shoulder, making sure the loose leaf sight was pushed into alignment with the front sight. I aimed at his front shoulder and squeezed the trigger, shattering the jungle silence. The tiger leaped high into the air, fell back on the sand, danced momentarily, and began to bite on its hind legs before finally giving up life. I was never more astounded. Shouts came from the jungle and from Andy who was down stream

"What happened, did your gun go off accidentally?" Andy yelled.

"The tiger came, I shot him! He is lying here on the sand," I yelled.

"Are you sure?" Andy shouted.

"I am sure, he is lying here in front of me. Stay where you are until I am sure he is dead," I yelled. Because no signs of life were visible, I descended the tree and nullah bank and

shook the “Big Fellow.” “He is finished” I called, “You can come out now.”

The villagers danced and chanted on the bank. Andy approached the tiger, touched him and looked at his teeth in disbelief. The rest of the group descended the bank and gleefully stroked the king of cats.

Rafiq and one of the villagers set off for the village to enlist some help and to bring an axe and the camera from the Jeep. When they returned, Andy and I took turns being photographed sitting or standing by the tiger with our rifles. Rafiq and Majid were photographed beside the tiger, which measured nine feet and ten inches, from its nose to the tip of its tail. Having eaten well over the past several months, it was a hefty 350-pounder. Two villagers tied the animal’s feet together, while another cut two poles, then slid them between the legs. Four men, each with a pole end resting on a shoulder, hauled the big cat to the village for viewing. With telegraphic speed, the word of the killing spread across the countryside, luring hundreds of local residents to a colorful impromptu celebration. Chanting and dancing the villagers admired the dead tiger. After much jubilation and gracious acknowledgments to us, the tiger was loaded on the Jeep and we prepared to leave. Due to the tiger’s early appearance at the waterhole and its sudden demise, the villagers had not had time to prepare food or tea. But it was a good feeling to see them rejoice that one of their great fears had been alleviated, and a degree of normalcy had been restored. Heaven knows their poverty-stricken lives did not need the added burden of a cattle-killing tiger that had the potential of becoming a human-eater.

Back in Bhopal, we skinned the “big fellow” and salted the skin for drying and preservation, before sending it to Van Ingen and Van Ingen, a Dutch family-owned taxidermist business in Mysore. Ten quarts of stiffish, bright yellow, tiger fat was distributed to the local townsfolk. At that time, tiger fat cost approximately \$2.50 to \$3.00 per ounce in the local market and the locals considered this fat to be nonpareil for curing whatever ailed one. Many locals were ecstatic to have just a pinch for free. They felt if you had an ailment and tiger fat did not cure it, you weren’t ill. I kept a small jar of fat in the Jeep’s glove compartment. Little did I know that one day it would save me from a life-threatening situation. After that incident, I too bordered on the belief that tiger fat could cure anything.

The Tree Tiger

Hank Hannah and I were having lunch at the home of J.A. Stevenson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Uttar Pradesh Agricultural University. We were engaged in a lively conversation about the progress in establishing a land-grant type of institution in North India. Mr. J. A. Stevenson, a slightly rotund, dark-haired, articulate Anglo-Indian, had recently been appointed to his position and, he dominated the conversation. Hank Hannah was the Chief-of-party for the University of Illinois team, which was assisting in the 4600 hectare Tarai State Farm project. The purpose of my visit was to provide ideas for establishing the Department of Agriculture Engineering for the university.

The trip to Tarai State Farm had been long, dusty and tiring, and I heartily consumed the

toothsome meal of curried meat and vegetables set before us while listening to Stevenson and Hannah. Slow-turning ceiling fans stirred the moderately cool, dry air. Several servants, dressed in white starched uniforms with white towels across their arms, stood nearby, moving only to chase flies away and await the next order from Sahib Stevenson.

The unexpected sound of horse hooves just outside the open window stopped the conversation. A horse and buggy driven by a tall aristocratic-looking Sikh stopped at the front entrance opposite a flowered round-about. A short, khaki-clad young man quickly alighted from his stand-up position in back of the buggy to hold the horse's bridle as the driver disembarked. One of the servants uttered a few Hindi phrases to the vice-Chancellor, who gave a nod and a couple of hand signals, sending the servant scampering to open the door for the gentleman. The turbaned gentleman, sporting a well-groomed salt and pepper beard, stood tall and lean in the doorway. As he entered the dining room, he apologized for interrupting our meal and introduced himself as Pritam Singh. We rose and shook hands, and he accepted Mr. Stevenson's invitation to have a cup of tea. Mr. Singh seated himself at the table, then spoke with agitation.

"I have an emergency on my hands, and have come to see if you gentlemen have a rifle and could help me!" The three of us looked at each other, then I said "I have a rifle in my Jeep. What is your emergency?"

"I wonder if you could come with me, not far away from here to shoot a tiger my circumstances are this: I am a farmer in the area and have a crew of workers, mostly Burmese. These fellows set snares to catch animals, mostly deer, for meat. Early this morning three of them checked their snares and to their surprise, they found a fairly large tiger cub. Money signs danced before their eyes because they know that wildlife dealers who sell tigers to zoos and circuses will pay \$300-400 for a tiger cub. This would be the largest amount of money these farm workers would have at one time. The three workers approached the cub, which had a noose well secured around his neck and attempted to tie his legs together to carry him to the village. Unbeknown to them, the mother tiger was crouched in the high grass and ferociously charged them. Miraculously all the men escaped by scampering up a nearby tree, out of the reach of the tigress' jaws and claws. When the men did not return to the farm for several hours, I sent three other farm hands to search for them. They, too, did not return in the expected time.

About an hour ago, a neighbor came by and told me the following story. He heard shouts in an area near his farm and he went to investigate. He found six men sitting high in a tree, yelling. When the yelling men saw him, they told him not to come near because all six of them had been treed by the tigress who was shuttling between her cub in the snare and the tree in which they were sitting. Their predicament had worsened because the tigress had just been joined in her defensive duties by her mate. Therefore, I need someone to shoot at or kill one of them. A shot may scare the tiger and tigress away, but if not, I would prefer the male be killed, leaving the female to care for the cub in case he escapes the snare. I am assuming that the farm workers will not be able to get the cub as long as the mother is around. No one has ever been known, to my knowledge to take a tigress' cubs without killing her. "I need my six farm workers back," Mr. Singh

concluded.

“Let me finish my lunch and I’ll investigate the situation,” I responded.

As Mr Singh departed, he said, “I’ll leave my servant, who is reliable and knows the area well. I now must go. Thanks, but be careful, it could be a dangerous situation.”

“Tigers are a big problem in the area. There are many of them, and the grass is extremely dense. We lose 8 to 10 people each year to tigers,” added Stevenson.

Fifteen minutes later, I finished lunch and walked to the vehicle. Hari Lal, Mr. Singh’s buggy assistant, climbed in the back seat, assuming this to be his place.

“I’ll need you in the front to show me the way,” I said.

He seemed delighted to be needed and scrambled into the front seat. By now it was clear that I would have to communicate through gestures, broken English, and Hindi phrases. After driving a mile or two on a gravel road, Hari Lal gave a signal to turn left cross-country into an ocean of luxuriant elephant grass that was taller than the Jeep’s roof. We had to move at a snail’s pace and I feared that the vehicle would get stuck in a hole or smash against a rock or tree stump. Only the upper portions of large trees, mostly mangoes, could be seen above the undulating grassy plains. Slowly the four-wheeled drive vehicle pushed a path through the giant mass flushing out moths, butterflies, grasshoppers, and birds like a fire. Hari Lal seemed confident about the direction. The grass screeched and rubbed against the surfaces of the vehicles like scratching finger nails.

Hari Lal spotted the tops of two large trees a few hundred yards away, and pointed “The men may be in one of those trees over there.”

The men were indeed sitting on the high branches. Half of them had been languishing under the sun for more than eight hours, without food or water, knowing if they descended from the tree, somebody would lose a life, and it would not be the tiger and tigress. Hari Lal, yelled to them and their spirits soared. The men guided us to a place where we could monitor the tigers movements and see the snared cub. I maneuvered the Jeep under a low hanging mango tree which provided us with coverage. I laid my rifle on top of the Jeep and climbed through the window onto the roof. Then I swung onto the limbs and climbed the tree, avoiding, the risk of walking through the dense grass. Hari Lal handed me the rifle without leaving the vehicle. After some shuffling and twisting, I found a comfortable yet stable position that would withstand the rifle recoil. From this position, I had a clear view of the weary farm workers, and some visibility to my left. Hari Lal climbed onto the Jeep’s roof, and talked with the men, who reported excitedly that the tigers had moved away in the tall grass, when our Jeep arrived and were somewhere left of our tree. We expected the tigress to return if she heard the cub growling as it struggled to get free of the noose, so Hari Lal told the treed men to be perfectly quiet.

The evening shadows lengthened and light breezes stirred the dense grass, creating rhythmic sounds. Birds flitted in the air, scrounging for their evening meal. Suddenly the grass beneath my tree rustled, and I recalled that tigers are often compared to ghosts, they simply appear without warning. Looking down through the dense foliage, I glimpsed a flowing form, reddish in color and slashed with black I smelled the strong, familiar odor of a tiger, and was instantly engulfed by shivers of fear that ran through me like electric currents. It is just not possible to see one of these magnificent beasts in their natural habitat without a quickening heartbeat and a sense of awe. Appearing as abstract art through the shimmering tree leaves and tall grass, the powerful mass moved near the drip-line of the far side of the tree. With nerves tingling, heart racing, and pains shooting through my lower back, I slowly raised the rifle to my shoulder, adjusted the sights and I aimed at what I thought was the front end of the male tiger, knowing that it was a bit risky not to have a clear view of the vulnerable spot. Carefully, I squeezed the rifle trigger. The blast thundered in the silent dusk, echoing against the distant verdant hills. In a flash, the tiger disappeared into the tall grass.

The men in the tree, shouted “Skier! Sher!” (Tiger. Tiger), and pointed in the opposite direction. Hari Lal questioned them, then translated that at the sound of the gun, the cub lunged, freeing itself from the snare and galloped off with its mother. This confirmed that I had shot at the male. Recovering my composure, I handed Hari Lal my rifle and descended the tree onto the Jeep’s roof. The six men gradually came down from the tree, being extremely happy that they were no longer hostages, but disappointed that their instant wealth had vanished. They gathered around the Jeep, smiling and chattering. With a mixture of fatigue and gratification, the six men thanked me in typical Indian fashion, of hands clasped in front of chest, bows and sukriyasst (thank yous). I returned their bows and watched them vanish as the last of the sun’s ray glistened against the billowing elephant grass and mango tree leaves. It was too late and risky to venture into the tangled mass of vegetation to see if the tiger had been wounded. But the hunter has a responsibility to his/her prey, as J. W. West author of a British hunting manual aptly put it, “Let it be said that when a tiger is wounded, and has to be finished off, every white man, (I assumed this applied equally to black men) goes in and takes the risk without hesitation, many a good fellow paying the extreme penalty, may they find good sport in the happy hunting grounds.” (Shikar notes for Novices by J.W. West.)

Hari Lal and I got back into the Jeep and followed the path it had cut earlier through the elephant grass. When we reached the road, we departed company after agreeing to return to the site the next morning.

Upon returning, I showered and had tea with Stevenson and Hannah. They listened intently as I described the details of my adventure.

“What about the tiger you shot at?” Stevenson inquired.

“I plan to visit the site very early in the morning to see if there are any signs that he was wounded Hari Lal agreed to accompany me.” I replied.

“All my life I have heard that the hunter must follow a wounded tiger and kill it,” Stevenson added.

“That’s right,” I said. “I will do that. I am told there are many tombs in India of hunters killed by tigers. I’ve heard what Louis Gordon’s epitaph read: ‘Killed while following up a wounded tiger with a gun he had forgotten to load’ I have seen my driver’s father, once a member of the hunting staff of the Nawab of Bhopal, and a living reminder of the severity of injuries inflicted by tigers can be. He has a terribly distorted, withered and useless leg, that was bitten right through the bone, as he climbed a tree to escape a charging tiger,” I responded.

In spite of being very tired, I had a restless night that seemed endless. Finally, the neighborhood roosters announced daybreak, none too soon for me. The guest house cooks had tea, eggs and toast ready. Hari Lal arrived at 7:00 A.M., and under the brilliant sun we headed back to the mango tree. The cool breeze ushering in from the foothills of the Himalayas seemed to shake the trees and grasses awake as it passed over them. Even during the dry season in Tarai country, the rolling hills can support heavy farming, as well as large trees and vast plains of waving elephant grass. Each day is a carbon copy of the previous one. From November to March the area’s climate has no equal. Blessed with massive amounts of water, surface and artesian, draining from the top of the world, the region gives rise to a great variety of flora and fauna. Prey and predators maintain the balance of nature.

a symphony of bird songs cascaded over the country side. This, our third trip over the trail was much easier and more relaxed. As we traveled through the tall grass, pairs of red jungle fowl, cock and hen, flapped frantically as the air lifted them momentarily above the elephant grass. Quickly they settled down after a short glide downwind. These beautiful birds, both gray and red species, are said to be the ancestors of today’s domestic fowls. As we proceeded, a wild-eyed hog deer, with bristling, short antlers, darted across our path and disappeared from sight as quickly as it had appeared. We glimpsed a number of small creatures, who provided much of the bill-o-fare for the tiger, leopard and wild dog population. In the distance a big brown hawk, with slowly rhythmic wing beats, skimmed lazily just above the grass tops, yet fully alert and ready to capture a less watchful creature for breakfast. While seeking a meal many animals become a meal. Few of nature’s creatures are better at taking advantage of other’s mistakes than these sharp-eyed birds of prey.

We came to the end of our grass trail, at the mango tree. With my rifle in hand, I examined the vegetation in the direction the tiger had run the day before. In these remote grasslands and with no back-up gun, it would have been an understatement to say that I felt uneasy. The lay of the grass suggested that the tiger could have been off balance and stumbling. After several slow tip-toeing steps into the grass I spotted a very small speck of blood on a blade of grass. The tiger had been hit, but was it blood from a solid hit or just a superficial wound? My foreboding heightened, I checked my old rifle to make sure that the bolt and the cartridge ejector were functioning properly. When I pulled the bolt

backs the cartridge in the chamber did not move with it. In complete shock, I examined the rifle closely and discovered that the ejector in the end of the bolt had snapped. Nothing could have been more devastating. The Cordon Lewis epitaph flashed before my eyes. Hari Lal and I slowly walked to the Jeep with absolutely no defense against a tiger attack. Suddenly, a tiny ray of hope came to mind; I remembered that more than a year before, I have stripped an even older 30-06 rifle and placed the bolt in the Jeep compartment. The chance of this bolt fitting and functioning properly was about one in a million. The bolt was dusty and filled with grit from many miles of India's roads and cow paths, and needed special cleaning. I whisked off most of the dirt with a couple of dirty rags and a small brush I had in the tool box. With a few drops of engine oil from the vehicle's dip stick I lubricated the bolt. The moment of truth had arrived. I slipped the bolt into the rifle. It was a perfect fit and withdrew the cartridge when I pulled it back. To be doubly sure, I fired a round into the tall elephant grass. My elation and confidence soared higher than the distant Himalayas.

Hari Lal and I cautiously returned to our search half-step by half-step, listening and scanning every square inch of the thick over-our-head- towering elephant grass. The blood stains on the grass became less apparent as we continued walking. Finally, we could not see any blood. The only sign of disturbance was the grass pushed aside as the tiger struggled through it. After thirty minutes of creeping and watching we had only traveled approximately a hundred yards into the unrelenting grass. As we continued onward, we heard the sound of gurgling water ahead. Soon we were on the banks of a swiftly flowing, clear stream coursing its way between banks lined with black boulders, a few small trees and scrub bush. No sign of the tiger was visible in the thinning grass, nor was their evidence of its crossing the stream. It could have easily jumped across if not badly injured. I was able to make Hari Lal understand that he should ford the stream to locate any trace.

Wearing shorts and no shoes, Hari Lal grabbed some small branches that were overhanging the stream and lowered himself down the slick bank into the water, which came up to his waist. He just stood where he was, and despite my motioning him to move across, he remained motionless and a very confused expression appeared on his face. He then began to move first one foot then the other as if to get a feel for the depth of water or to get a good footing. Then with a cry of surprise, he waved his hands, shuffled his feet and shouted in broken Hindi and English, "Skier' Sher!" Hari Lal was standing on the tiger. What another stroke of lucks I thought! The spare rifle bolt had been a perfect replacement for the one that malfunctioned, and now we had selected the right place for Hari Lal to enter the stream and land on the drowned tiger. It all seemed too much to be true. I tossed Hari Lal the short piece of nylon rope that I carried as part of my standard hunting gear. Submerged in the water, Hari Lal successfully tied the rope around the tiger's neck. He then scrambled up the bank with the other end of the rope. The water gave the tiger some buoyancy, so we floated it down stream a few feet where the bank was less steep. With relatively ease, we pulled the tiger onto the bank. Cold and well preserved the carcass was clean and fresh-looking. It had been shot through the rib cage. Highly exhilarated, I started skinning it with my razor-sharp Louisiana muskrat skinner, a three blade pocket knife, which I carried as religiously as the orthodox Sikhs carry their

kirpan (a knife). Methodically, I removed the winter pelt, the black striping over a rich reddish-yellow background much more colorful than any I had seen in central India. To wash the skin, we pulled it through the clear stream water and then rolled it up for transport.

Needless to say, the return trip through the elephant grass was made with much less trepidation. Under the shade of the mango tree beside the Jeep we unrolled the skin and rubbed in a good amount of salt to preserve it until it could be thoroughly dried (I always kept a bag of salt in the Jeep). Hari Lal was very excited and pleased, as this had been an experience of a lifetime for him.

“My Sahib sends you much sukiryaa (thanks). He very happy all the men back to the farm. The men too happy you came to help them down from tree.” Hari Lal explained. He gave a “Namaste” (goodbye) and seemed to exude a ring of light above his head as he disappeared through tangle of waving elephant grass on his way to the farm. The one hundred rupees I gave him for his assistance, more than a week’s pay, gave him a boost.

I pondered the episode as I drove back to the vice-chancellor’s house. Three innocent farm hands get a snare to catch deer. Instead, six men were held hostage by two tigers defending their cub; 10,000 miles from home in the vicinity of the top of the world, I came to their rescue. Two unusual strokes of luck allowed me to become the proud and uninjured owner of a rare-hued tiger skin. It all seem to be guided by fate, and seemed like a dream. Call It natural luck, or a guardian angel not being away from his/her post, something intervened at critical moment to keep Hari Lal, the farm hands safe from harm and me safe from harm. After all, my mission was technical assistance to agricultural development and any good farmer needs employees on the farm and not up a tree.

Cathy the Great

Cathy’s entry into our lives was due to Mr. Bradfield’s tiger hunt. Brad, as we called him, was a slow-moving, slow-talking Texan whom I had met through a mutual colleague, another Texan named Ted Elder. Cathy, on the other hand, was a Bengal tigress cub. Brad and Ted both worked in New Delhi, about 400 miles north of Bhopal. Ted had made two trips to Bhopal to go on safari with me, and under my guidance he had successfully killed a large tiger on his first trip, and a large male leopard, whose coat was rich and dark, on the second. Both animals had been bagged within a few hours. When Ted returned to New Delhi, he bragged about his safari adventures, whetting Brad’s curiosity and desire to go hunting with me. Texan friends, who have similar interests especially braggarts like to be evenly matched, if not top one another. I am sure Ted did not omit anything. If anything, he added to my reputation as a woodsman and big game hunter. Ted loved to exaggerate, particularly when he talked about his hunting successes “I have little respect for a hunter or fisherman who is not a big liar,” he would frequently state. Ted’s and Brad’s wives, Cecil and Mary, saw each other regularly. Cecil could never resist showing off Ted’s trophies, the skin rugs and her gold-trimmed “lucky-bone” brooch to visitors. The “lucky bone” is a two or three inch long, crescent-shaped, floating bone located in the shoulders of tigers and leopards. Indian craftsmen do an excellent job

of setting them in gold or silver filigree. They make great conversation pieces, especially if the husband bagged the tiger or leopard.

Brad called several times asking when he could visit Bhopal and go on a safari. We finally settled on an Easter weekend. Brad and Nyah, his driver, arrived Thursday night. A slight breeze crept across Bhopal's arid countryside on Good Friday, providing faint relief from the heat. The outdoors had been drained of every molecule of moisture by six months of a bright, searing sun. All living things, including human beings, were waiting for the monsoons. Our hunt could not begin until late afternoon when the heat abated. As dusk slowly approached, night prowlers awoke to start their nightly vigil of stalking and using their finely tuned skills to kill for a meal. Brad, Nyah, and I loaded guns and water cans into my Jeep and climbed in. I drove over a bumpy, dusty bullock-cart trail for about fourteen miles to a small spring, which usually carried imperceptible trickles of water throughout the long dry season. I knew this spot to be the place for animals to drink, lounge, and graze on the sparse greenery. Both predators and prey of foot or wing took chances with their lives for a drink of water.

Eventually we stopped on a small knoll. As we stepped out of the Jeep, we heard the calls of a long-tailed peacock, sitting high in a nearby tree. These sounds were followed by barks of cheetal, India's spotted deer, and in turn their barks were punctuated by the hacking calls of langurs, the gray, long-tail, black-faced monkeys. These animals had spotted a big wild cat or cats and were sending out signals, not unlike the motorist who blinks his headlights to indicate the highway patrolman hidden away in a cove down the road. In the jungle it is not just a warning to avoid a ticket, but a life-and-death alarm. Animal danger calls are completely different from those for mating or congregation and I had become an expert at distinguishing them.

Faint odors of a tiger or leopard were apparent. But were these odors from the actual animals or from the bark of a nearby native tree that exudes a near perfect duplication of these animal odors? We proceeded cautiously until I could verify the source of the odor. To our right was a matted, low-growing bush. A small, moist depression ran through the center. At the far end of the depression, we observed several large tiger pug marks in the soft soil.

"That's a big male," Nyah, said softly with some apprehension in his voice. The bush had been an ideal shelter for some wild cats, with a natural leaf roof just tall enough for one to slide under and maneuver out of sight. Next to a small water supply, the bush was an excellent escape from the scorching dry season sun, a good place to stash a kill from flies, vultures, and other scavengers, give birth, or sleep and laze away after an over-stuffing meal.

From the bush we moved in the direction of the cheetal calls, which were intermittent. Slowly and in single file, we walked north through a mullah about six feet deep and banked with dry reddish dirt. Sand patches made walking difficult at times.

With eyes as big as pool balls, Nyah nervously whispered, "Suppose the tiger jumps

down on us in the mullah; we would all be mauled to death.”

I gave him the hand signal to keep perfectly quiet. We could see over the edge of the mullah, although at times our heads were below ground level as the depth of the ditch varied. Tiger odor permeated the air, accelerating our adrenaline flow. We spotted a herd of cheetal on a nearby slope. Their head and eyes seemed glued on something in the distance to our right, but the nullah was beginning to curve away from them. Signaling the other men to stand still as statues, I climbed out of the mullah’ quietly and slowly creeping along the bank. Suddenly I spied a large Bengal tiger some forty yards ahead, sitting stone-still on its haunches. With its back toward me, I watched its tail twitch slightly as it concentrated on a quick meal so near it’s grasp. I eased back into the nullah and motioned Brad to follow and be ready for a shot at a tiger. Crouching and moving at a snail’s pace, we quietly made our way through the ditch without being detected, thanks to the cheetal who were occupying the tiger’s attention. Brad and I changed positions as we raised our heads above the nullah banks. Slowly and quietly Brad raised his .375 rifle to his shoulder. The cheetal spotted Brad, gave a barking noise and, resembling Santa’s reindeer in flight, leaped gracefully into the bush. The tiger remained still. Quickly adjusting his rifle, Brad carefully aimed and squeezed the trigger. Like a small exploding bomb, the big rifle boom created triple echos, each one reflecting from a surface a greater distance away, as the sound gradually dispersed across the jungle. The tiger leaped high into the air and quicker than a wink, the yellow-black-stripe flash disappeared into the bush.

“I’m sure I hit him,” Brad exclaimed as he nervously pulled out and lit a cigarette. “What do we do now?”

“Nothing,” I answered. “It’s too dangerous to follow up a potentially wounded tiger in the dimming light of dusk.” I advised.

Hurrying back to the Jeep to beat the nightfall, we decided to return early the next morning, the Saturday before Easter Sunday. The trip home was filled mostly with silence, regret, and nervous speculation. The occasional scampering deer, antelope or wild pig, and the call of peacocks offered little to ease the disappointment.

When we arrived home, Nyah went to visit a friend and Brad and I dressed for dinner. Our dinner conversation focused on plans for the next day. We decided that we needed an early start to discover the fate of the tiger at which Brad had fired. We assumed it was wounded and if this were true, we would have to track it and put an end to his suffering. We retired for the evening.

Just prior to daylight, and before the bird songs burst forth from the nearby mango trees, Brad was nervously pacing the outside verandahs. After overhearing Brad’s slow Texas drawl asking Ishmael about the status of coffee, I quickly rose, washed, shaved, and dressed.

“Good morning, Brad. How was your night?” I asked cheerfully as I stepped onto the

verandah.

“Sleepless, absolutely sleepless. I couldn’t get my adrenaline flow down to normal all night. Never thought I would ever have a night counting leaping tigers to help me sleep. A couple cups of hot, black coffee should get me off to a good start for today’s pursuit I hope we don’t find a wounded tiger,” Brad drawled.

“Everything will work out, but we must be very careful,” I responded.

“I’ll follow you,” Brad asserted.

Ishmael soon announced that breakfast was ready and we went inside. After breakfast, Brad, Nyah and I drove to the spot of the previous day’s shooting. Cloudless and bright blue with a moisture-robbing sun, the morning was another in the succession of many during the dry season. The monsoon rains were still one to two months away. An occasional destitute villager walked along the dusty trail. Once in the jungle we passed many of the creatures on the move which depended on daylight for their survival. Back in the dry nullah we progressed in spurts, pausing to listen and observe. All we heard was the rustling leaves, stirred by the early morning, omnipresent “seven sisters” birds, congregating in their typical style. According to landmarks we were approaching the exact spot on which the tiger had been. We climbed out of the nullah and proceeded along its banks to find the exact spot on which the tiger had been sitting. There were no signs of blood or injury, just marks where the tiger had dug its strong claws into the soil as he dashed into the bushes.

“What do we do now?” Brad inquired.

“Let’s skirt the edges of the bush canopy over to the right,” I replied.

We had to crawl, putting us in a very dangerous position. From the edge of the bushes we saw a small patch of dull tiger stripes, far too small to be a whole tiger. Nyah volunteered to crawl a little closer.

“It looks like a small piece of dried tiger skin,” he said softly and nervously.

As we all pondered the patch, it suddenly squirmed, causing Nyah to retreat at break-neck speed. What was the patch? All eyes were glued onto the patch; all minds were pondering the possibilities. Another close inspection revealed tiny tiger cubs entwined and nestled in a small leaf-lined depression. None of us had ever seen such a sight. I’m not sure many people have, especially under these circumstances. We retreated again, speculating that Brad must have shot their mother, who was trying to catch a meal and that the tigress must be dead or severely wounded; therefore it would be safe to retrieve the cubs, saving them from starvation. Once again Nyah immediately volunteered to crawl the ten to fifteen feet under the bush to retrieve the cubs. Brad and I “covered” him just in case our supposition about the tiger was inaccurate. At less than a snail’s pace, Nyah crawled up to the cubs. He was visibly nervous, and slightly shaking. So were Brad and I. Then like a

hawk, Nyah grabbed two of the cubs by their neck. The cubs burst alive, snarling and spitting. Instantaneously, the tigress' loud roar exploded from under the low-hanging canopy. She had been watching from a deeper part of the bush. Our calculations could not have been more inaccurate. She was there, very much there. If she charged with blood-curdling fury, it would surely spell the end for Nyah and probably ours as well. Brad and I rapidly backed away from the bush, dropped on our knees and aimed our rifles in case she charged out of it. She did charge to the edge of the bushes, shaking them as violently as a hurricane, but then retreated. Nyah, like a streak of greased lightning, flashed out of the thorny bush with a cub dangling from each hand. He had escaped by a hair's breadth the killer claws and fangs of the tigress. Brad and I, tense as steel and feeling more like running than being brave, continued to aim our guns as we waited for the tigress to emerge. She never did, she just continued to roar and finally even ceased that. We slowly backed away from the bush, then quickly turned and headed for the Jeep, a couple of hundred yards away.

Leaning against the Jeep in shock was Nyah, literally scared out of his wits. His vise grip on the cub's necks had rendered them breathless and unconscious, with their eyes literally popping out of their heads. It took a couple of light blows about his neck and severe shaking before Nyah regained his senses. We persuaded him to release his grip on the cubs, one male and one female. By blowing into their noses while shaking them we revived them. They started kicking and snarling. They were the size of an adult house cat, with their eyes only partially open. I took a cardboard box from the Jeep, lined it with leaves and grass, and put the cubs inside. We were still shook up, but Nyah was by far the worst, so we helped him into the front passenger seat. Brad sat in the back, keeping an eye on the cubs, and I took the wheel. I reversed the Jeep to turn around, but it jolted to a stop. What had I hit? We climbed out of the Jeep to discover a jagged stump had punctured the fuel tank a steady stream of gasoline gushed from the tank, threatening to drain it in record time. "Not this!" I moaned to myself. Had our luck run out? We had been so close to the edge all morning. How to stop this dreadful leak and avoid a ten-to-twelve mile trek or a bullock cart ride to the main road to get help? Suddenly my country-boy resourcefulness surfaced. I remembered how we used to temporarily repair small leaks with soft soap. The problem was, there was no soap. But I did have the mayonnaise jar of stiff yellow tiger fat in the glove compartment a quick twist with a stick removed a sizable glob from the jar. Instinctively, I reached down at my feet and got a handful of the black clay soil and mixed it with the fat. When moist, this kind of soil swells, giving it some sealing power. I molded the mixture into a patty, squirmed on my back under the Jeep and pressed the patty hard against the spewing hole. Like magic the gas stream was reduced to a small, fast drip. The next problem was how to keep the pressure on the concocted sealant while jolting over the bumpy road, and the tourniquet principle came to mind. While keeping pressure on the patch, I freed my handkerchief from my back pocket and tossed it to Brad to tie his handkerchief onto it for more length. Nyah, who was quite calm by now, tied one end of two handkerchiefs to a bracket on the front side of the tank, and the other end to the bumper bracket, and pulled it tightly against the patch. Brad cut a small stick, which I forced between the handkerchiefs and tank, and gave it several twists, to tighten the tourniquet further. This reduced the leak to an occasional drop

“This certainly must be one for Ripley’s Believe It Or Not, Brad,” proudly proclaimed.

“My grandmother always told me you have to do the best you can with what you have,” I said.

“That’s well and good as a philosophy, but I’m sure she never thought you would be 10,000 miles from home, in an Indian jungle repairing a punctured gasoline tank with tiger fat and clay. I don’t believe it either,” Brad said with relief.

As we rode along the bumpy dirt road, we counted our blessings and pondered events. Why did the tigress stop her attack? Was she wounded? Was it because we had left the third cub? Nyah quietly pondered why he had escaped a worse fate.

“Maybe the local people are right when they say tiger fat will cure anything,” he mused. I tended to agree, especially if they would let me throw in a handful of black cotton soil. The cubs rested peacefully all the way home. When we arrived, Loretta and the girls gathered around the surprise package, which contained their substitute for an Easter Bunny a mixture of delight and trepidation swept over their faces as they looked into the box. Any attempt to touch the little closed-eyed, striped bundles brought out snarls, spitting, and vicious angry noises.

“How do we care for it?” they queried. Loretta warmed some milk, put some in a cup and some in a baby’s bottle, something of which we never seemed to be short I put my finger in the warm milk, pulled open the female’s snarling jaws and put my finger against her tongue hoping she would lick the milk from it. I did this several times to no avail, when suddenly the female cub began to lick and suck my finger. Loretta immediately replaced my finger with the nipple of the bottle and the cub sucked it, as all our six babies had done before her. She was truly a suction pump in action. The girls christened her Cathy, for Catherine the Great of Russia, about whom they had been studying in their history class. Brad’s cub took the bottle more easily, was also fed, then cozily tucked away into a well-lined box for his 400 plus miles journey to New Delhi. He had not yet been named.

“Mr. Bradfield, we are depending on you to keep us informed about your cub. We want to know his name, too,” the girls requested.

He promised to do so. Although he did not return with trophies that matched Ted’s, his hunting trip proved to be unique. The pluses and minuses of raising a tiger in his household were an ongoing adventure, making Brad’s safari as memorable and rewarding as any of Ted’s or mine. The story of Cathy and her brother’s capture soon spread around but fell on unbelieving ears. The Nawab and members of his hunting staff, who had shot hundreds of tigers, refused to accept it. “It is not possible to take a cub from a tigress without shooting her, inflicting some casualties, or both,” was their usual response. The professional hunters were no less convinced. “That simply can’t be done,” many asserted.

Cathy took the bottle for the next seven months as she grew into a big tigress. Heat

supplements and charcoal pills to control dysentery became part of her diet. She never seemed to look back. Working hard at it, she barely managed to keep her body growth in near proportion with her oversized big feet. Brad didn't keep his word. A mutual friend of ours later told me that his cub was healthy and growing into a nice looking tiger. We never heard about its final disposition.

Other Pursuits

While at Budni, a nearby village headman requested me to shoot a leopard that had the people in a total state of fear. During its nightly visits to the village, it entered their thorn-bush- fenced corral, and took away their goats and young calves, paralyzing the people with terror. Occasionally it snatched a village dog before the front door of homes. I made several late-evening trips to the village to see if I could learn something of the movements and behavior of this cunning cat. Leopards are smart, sensitive, and tricky. While I talked to a villager one evening, it snatched a small dog from a veranda and dashed into the jungle. We recovered the dead dog and used it as bait the next night, but the leopard stayed away. For nearly a month, I attempted to pursue this animal that kept the village homes buttoned up at night as tight as a bass drum. About dusk one evening, Rafiq and I were driving up the bullock cart trail to the village, when a sparkling set of eyes reflected in the headlights, and then scampered up a steep bank beside the road. When we reached that spot, I could see the shoulder of a leopard protruding above the top of the slope. I took a quick aim, squeezed the trigger, and a leopard leaped into the air, danced about, and then tumbled down the slope into the ditch by the Jeep door.

We waited for a few minutes to make sure it was finished. It was. All we had to do was to open the door, reach down, and drag it into the Jeep. The tightly locked village homes unbarred their doors, and all went immediately into a celebration, another night of alertness, but this time in merriment. Their abject fear had disappeared. More people touched my feet to show their appreciation for my help than I could count.

I encountered four other instances of leopard's eyes showing up in the head lights as I traveled from Bhopal to Budni or on other road trips. None escaped.

The bears in the Budni area were relatively small and their color ranged from black to a ginger brown, but they were seemingly of the same species. Moving about the wooded area and at the edge of the cleared farm area during late evening or early morning over a period of five years I saw five of them. Early one morning walking down a jungle path I came up upon one crouched as if he was ready to spring only a few yards away. Out of immediate fear, I made a quick rifle shot that bagged him.

On safaris accompanying other people, I had spells of fantastic luck. My Texas hunting buddy, Ted Elder, came to Bhopal for a tiger hunt. On the first evening we drove along a narrow trail through the woods for about two miles, with a stream on our left, and staked out a buffalo for tiger bait. On our way back to the main road, a huge Bengal tiger was caught in the head lights, crossing the trail. I turned the headlight in its direction, and Ted got out of the vehicle, walked behind the tiger for a short while until he got his gun in the

right position, and shot it. I told Ted if he got any closer to the tiger, he would surely take his gun. Ted said, "I didn't think I could get too close to the son of a gun."

On a second occasion, he came to go leopard hunting. We drove to the edge of the jungle at sunset and were speculating as to where we should stake our bait. Suddenly, a huge, dark-skinned leopard trotted out in front of us and headed down the road. Ted got out and followed him a short distance, and when he turned right to head across an area relatively clear of bushes and undergrowth, a single shot from his .375 rifle dropped it instantly. One of the shortest safaris I have been on.

George Puckett, my neighbor across the round-about, wanted a tiger trophy too. So I agreed to accompany him. We crisscrossed a scrub bush area several times where the villagers said a tiger often roamed. With the sun setting and daylight dimming we decided to move towards the main road where the vehicle was parked. Walking down a narrow path with George following, I spotted a huge tiger sitting under small bushes ready to spring. I dropped back, pointed the big cat out to Puckett and urged him up front with his big 375 cal rifle. I thought it would take him forever to line up the animal in his scope sight. He finally did and the blast from the gun literally shook the bushes, but the tiger ran off. We trailed it to a dry stream bed where we found some drops of blood. By this time George's nerves were on the verge of cracking and he said, "According to Jim Corbett, the noted British hunter, under these conditions, one should take time out to light up a cigarette." George sat on a rock, lit up, and nervously puffed away. In a more calm mood, he asked, "What do we do now?"

"It's getting too dark to pursue it further. I suggest we go home and come back tomorrow morning," I advised.

We returned the next day, picked up the trail, and found the tiger lying on a small mound of dirt too weak to charge, but not too weak to snarl and roar as if it were ready to attack. George, struck instantly by tiger fever, seemed in no mood to go closer to finish it off, in spite of my attempt to persuade him that the tiger was not mobile. I finished him off with a shot in the neck.

Ray Davis, our chief agriculture officer from New Delhi, journeyed to Bhopal to go on a one night tiger hunt from a machan. Using two of the omnipresent village charpoys (sleeping bed), I secured them side by side to the limbs of a large tree with nylon rope. The evenly spaced limbs that grew close to the ground made climbing relatively easy. We used a young, sickly buffalo from a nearby village for bait, and lashed a bell about its neck and staked it out. Then I lifted our rifles, water, and light snacks by rope, and we both climbed the tree. The breezes rocked the tree at intervals, but otherwise the night was one of deafening silence. Both of us began to nod. About midnight, the buffalo rustled as if frightened. Davis turned on his flashlight strapped to his rifle, and tiger eyes flashed like headlights. He quickly zeroed his rifle sight on the tiger and let go. The boom seemed to echo several times against the big hardwood trees. The tiger ran off and as many hunters would say, Davis said, "I'm sure he was hit. I don't see how I could miss him." Our only hope to find it would come after daylight, after we removed our gear from

the tree. Laying on the banks of a sluggish stream partially bloated, about two hundred yards away, we spotted our spoil. He got the usual treatment of being skinned and salt rubbed into his hide.

I was beginning to get worried about my reputation for short, painless, successful safaris getting out, and being flooded with requests from New Delhi. But such luck at least took a temporary break when Robert Wallace and his son George from Pullman, Washington, and stationed in Pakistan, drove from there to Bhopal on two occasions to hunt leopards and tigers. My usual luck of accompanying others on safari had momentarily petered out and their net on both trips was one leopard.

Lady's Remains For Bait

Jim Corbett, the famed British hunter and author, once wrote: "There is no more terrible thing than to live and have one's being under the shadow of a man-eater." My one-time experience of shooting a tiger that had killed a woman was as close as I had come to realizing the significance of that statement. Although in deep fear while trying to catch up with the killer, I realized that it must have been only a fraction of the intensity of fear that grips village people when dozens of their people are killed by "man-eating" tigers. Stories, true and exaggerated, of man-eaters constantly circulate among rural people who are illiterate, superstitious, and are firm believers of rumors and tales regardless of their validity. A story of that time, from far south of Bhopal, told of a tiger that had killed sixty people. There was little one could do to convince them that if a tiger killed only one person, it was not necessarily a man-eater and is not likely to kill again. I had this confirmed when I was requested to come to the village shakapur and shoot the tiger that had killed a woman. I consented, but the surge of dread of taking on the task was no doubt as intense as that of the villager upon discovering that a person had been killed by a tiger. Whether it is a validated man-eater or not seems to have little bearing on their feelings and fear. With no protection against the powerful animal, they were not inclined to listen to any argument that the tiger may not be an habitual man-eater. Take no chances, quickly becomes their creed when a person is attacked and killed by a tiger. Tigers are not natural pursuers of humans, but extreme hunger, or tasting as a cub human flesh killed by the mother eating carrion which contains human flesh, an old age and discrepancy preventing catching natural prey can cause them to become man-eaters. Villagers were not willing to analyze whether the tigers were a serial killer or not. Their one wish was to have the culprit destroyed.

I drove to the village over a bullock cart trail about two miles off the main dirt road. The headman village man who had already approached me came out and welcomed me, and offered to show where the half-eaten body was located. It was gruesome. My first nervous thought was to stake out a buffalo calf as bait. When I asked the villager to provide one, he told me to use the rest of the dead lady's body. This was a bit more than I could handle, sitting over a woman's dead body waiting for the tiger to return, and told him that I would prefer to move about the area later to see if I could pick up signs of the tiger's presence, in spite of the surge of nervousness and foreboding from the thought of tracking down a woman-eater not yet authenticated. Whether to pursue the killer or not

gave me a gnawing concern.

A day or two later, one sunny, bright mid- afternoon, the thought hit me to drive to the village and look around for signs of movement, still with the feeling that this could be my most risky undertaking yet, especially with no backup gun. Slowly and cautiously, I moved about the sparsely wooded area, staying mostly in the scrub bush and near the dry, sandy streambeds. As I moved down a small, sloping foot path, leading to a winding, dry streambed, I spotted tiger stripes. A closer examination revealed a huge tiger looking straight at me and seemingly ready to spring I quickly whipped my rifle into position, took a fast aim, and with a gentle trigger squeezed the blast sounded across the countryside. The tiger soared high above the bush and ran down the footpath and out of sight. There were no signs of blood, but claw marks on the path showed it was headed for the streambed. When I came to the soft sand, I spotted fresh pug marks that seemed to indicate a staggering or unsteady gait. It was too late to pursue the animal. I went by the village and chatted with the village head, whose main concern was about my intentions to follow up I assured him I would return the next day because I felt that the tiger had been wounded and could be dangerous if people ventured into the area. I suggested that he inform the people of other nearby villages and encourage them to stay away from that wooded areas.

I had a restless night, seeing the partly eaten body of the woman, and wondering what might be my fate if I followed the tiger. The sun had moved high in the sky by the time I left the next morning. I went to the streambed and picked up the pug marks where the unsteady gait seemed more exaggerated as it went along. The streambed forked, leaving a small island in between From this point I spotted a curled-up tiger on the island. When I moved closer with my rifle half in position, it looked at me but seemed too weak to muster a killer charge. A quick shot caused it to roll over and tumble into the streambed. A ten-minute break sitting on a nearby boulder was long enough to get my nerves back to near normal. With my trusty muskrat skinner, I went into action to remove the skin and head I saw no signs that would lead to the conclusion that it was or would soon have become a serial killer. It was in good condition and had an excellent set of teeth. There was a quarter-sized pus pocket in its front left leg caused by a quill fragment from a porcupine. That might have eventually lead to a deteriorating condition that would cause it to kill even more people. My arrival at the village with the skin brought villagers rushing in from their daily tasks like ants at a picnic. All came to see the skin, and the celebration was on.

The 13th - a Psychosomatic Cure

Of course there were less fruitful expeditions, but they were exciting nonetheless. One such trip worthy of note was with my avid hunting companion, Ted Elder. I had planned the trip with the hope that it would cure a painful psychosomatic condition in my lower backside, resulting from the pounding of 25,000 miles of Indian roads.

Night had fallen, and after a short stroll Ted came back to the campsite. He went to his footlocker, unloaded and laid down his rifle, and brought out a full bottle of bourbon. He

took a swig and immediately spat it out, spraying his boots and the rocks he stood on. He dashed over to his diminutive south Indian cook, pointing his finger menacingly.

“Thomas, there are three things you can’t do for me,” Ted shouted. “Drink or tamper with my booze, fool with my old lady, or wipe my behind. How many times have I told you not to take whiskey off the top of a new bottle and then top it up with water?”

Apparently, Thomas had just finished doing just that when Ted walked up. The tiniest alteration of Ted’s bourbon was a cardinal offense to his sensitive liquor taste.

Thomas dropped his head, sulked, picked up his soiled bag, stuffed it tighter, and said, “I quit, I no longer work for you.” He started up the rocky slope towards the gravel road. We were at least fifteen miles from nowhere.

Ted came over to me and sat down on a rock. “He does this all the time. He’ll be back in a few minutes. He’s not crazy about the dark and he knows that tigers and leopards roam about at night.” Gone hardly long enough to get out of sight in the deep darkness, Thomas came creeping back, dropped his bag and went over to Ted, and started unlacing his boots.

Ted jumped up and shouted, “The other thing you can’t do for me is to take off my boots! Get me something to eat.”

Thomas heated the canned pork and beans, sliced some cheese, stacked the crackers, and had the pot of black coffee simmering over the glowing wood coals between carefully arranged rocks smiling, he served Ted, me and my driver, Rafiq. Ted’s rage fell to a more tolerable level at the prospect of dinner.

Late that afternoon after our 400-mile drive from New Delhi, I selected this campsite, which was roofed over by a heavily foliated banyan tree, and encircled with rock masonry. It had probably been one of the choice campsites during the Nawab’s hunting days, for it was equipped with a ten-foot diameter platform three feet high. Equally attracted to the tree was a great variety of birds that lodged among its Protective branches. It soon became obvious that the tree’s foliage did not provide us with protection from the birds’ droppings. That would be too much to ask for; after all, we were the trespassers. I was reminded of the expression often heard in India regarding Prime Minister Nehru’s effectiveness: “The Prime Minister is like the great banyan tree, thousands seek shelter beneath it but nothing grows.” For several days we were to put up with this shared relationship.

A cacophony of night sounds from the wilder segment of India’s burgeoning jungle biomass was in full swing But none of us tired. worn-down travelers could be distracted from the call of Morpheus, the Greek god who shapes dreams. Ted and I had already set up our folding army cots, mattresses with one-inch foam rubber. It was too far into the dry season to worry about mosquitoes Thomas and Rafiq preferred the Jeep wagon as their best chance against marauding carnivores.

The residents of the big banyan tree burst into song at the first sign of daylight, aided by return calls from their respective types throughout the jungle. Ted was first up, washing and shaving. Thomas had the coffee steaming, Ted gulped down two cups, adjusted his hearing aids, threw his rifle across his shoulder, and took off down the road past an old cattle corral on the hill where moos, grunts, and moans were contributing to the morning sounds. His habit of walking off into the jungle alone became my main worry. Even with his network of wiring and his hearing aid turned up high, he still couldn't hear. He depended mostly on reading lips. If we ever encountered trouble, got separated, or attacked, there would be no point calling out to him. There were few readable lips in the jungle. Tigers, leopards, and wild dogs use their lips only to surround mouthfuls of prey, and if Ted was that close, it would be too late for him to reply. Fortunately, he always found his way back.

After a breakfast of eggs, canned wieners, and hot tea, I spent my morning gazing at birds in the banyan tree, which was a veritable bird watcher's paradise. That day I counted thirty species. Ted returned about 10:00, and we decided we needed to replenish our water supply. This meant a trip to Bhopal by Rafiq and Thomas. They returned with enough ice to restock the coolers, and some six packs of carbonated apple juice drink. When the day's heat passed its peak, I left to scout the area for a spot where Ted could get a clear shot at a tiger. I followed a narrow overgrown track up a steady incline for about three-quarters of a mile until it ended abruptly. A short distance to the left, I spotted a shabby, three foot high circular structure. It had a stone base, and was partially enclosed with weather worn, termite-eaten bamboo, but it had good potential, requiring a minimal rebuilding effort. A diversion on the way back to camp led me to a small active spring oozing out of a hillside. Around it were animal prints, including a couple of old pug marks of a tiger. Back in camp I talked about my find.

Rafiq chimed in with, "That enclosed machan you saw is one the Nawab used when he was a good hunter. Maybe it's still a good spot for tiger."

We decided it would be the place for Ted to spend the night along with a buffalo calf for bait. Rafiq hustled about and was able to buy a young buffalo from the villagers, complete with a bell around its necks. Before sunset the camp crew reinforced and cleaned out the enclosure. With a bag lunch and a canteen of water. Ted crawled in and located a good slit for viewing and shooting. We staked the buffalo, gave it some grass to chew on, and left Ted on his own for the night.

With daylight in full blaze the next morning, I drove the Jeep within a hundred yards of Ted's machan. With rifle in hand, I slowly walked to the site Ted was sitting on the front edge of the stone wall, and the half eaten buffalo carcass lay out by the stake with the rope still tied to it. Obviously, a tiger had been there, killed the buffalo, eaten his fill, and had left. I continued to look but saw no sign of a tiger. I was within arm's reach of Ted, before he knew I was there. When he saw me, he braced up slightly, but had a sadness on his brow worse than if he had lost a loved one.

“Ted, what happened?” I asked loudly, looking straight at him in case he had to read my lips.

“The son of gun came here, killed the buffalo, and when I woke up this morning I saw what you see out there now.”

“Didn’t you even hear the bell when the tiger attacked the buffalo?” I asked.

“Hell! I haven’t heard a bell in thirty years,” he responded sadly. Ted’s morale was lower than his boot soles. We collected his bedroll and rifle and walked slowly to the Jeep. The vultures had already loaded two nearby trees, waiting for us to clear out. They cleaned up what was left before we turned the Jeep around. Ted’s day was off to a sad start. Only after a couple of good swigs of his bourbon did he brace up a little.

Shortly after breakfast, I followed a nearly erased footpath which passed within a few yards of the spring, well hidden behind a cluster of bamboo. The sunlight was still young, but well on its way to its burning maturity, slight breezes stirred the dry leaves a group of seven sisters, robin-size brownish birds, scratched in the bush to my left. They traveled in sets of seven, hence the name, and continually chatted as they searched for bugs and other morsels. They were the biggest jungle noise makers that morning.

As I approached the bamboo cluster, I detected a slight movement and heard a low growl to my right. I kept inching along, and through the small opening in the bush I discerned wet tiger stripes amid the shaded foliage. It must have been cooling off in the spring, and hearing my arrival, took cover. The water, no doubt, had rinsed off the usually strong odor tigers have preventing me from picking up his scent.

I had reached the end of the bamboo cluster where I could better see its movements, but the bush was entirely too thick to risk a shot. Up ahead and in the direction it was moving were two large trees with an opening between them. Dropping on one knee, I moved the rifle sight over to the opening. Shortly the big wet cat entered the clearing. With a quick aim, I squeezed the trigger. The blast echoed across the jungle, and the tiger went down, biting its hind legs momentarily. Then, like a bolt of lightning, the striped bundle of fury came straight down the hill at me. My heart raced and my hair must have stood on end under my pith helmet I had not reloaded another round; it had never even occurred to me. In seconds it was within springing distance a flash of immortality and eternity clouded all I had left of thought. By now it was bigger than a eighteen-wheeler and traveling twice as fast. For some reason which I’ll never fathom, it made a ninety-degree turn so close to me that its tailed whipped against my right leg. Whew! It kept running at full speed down the slope and out of sight.

My right leg trembled like a leaf in the breeze. Then the whole of me became one big shake, which receded as quickly as it had come. It had to have been divine intervention, I was convinced. Once again my guardian angel was on duty.

Quickly I collected myself, reloaded my rifle and got on its trail, observing every inch of

the ground. Splatters of blood on the dry leaves led downhill to a small dry streambed of gray slate. Patches of sand along the edges were also spotted with blood, and marked by toe prints of a fast-moving tiger heading upstream. Further on, I found a puddle of blood with tiger hairs around its dried edges, so I knew it had laid down briefly. After about a mile, I rounded a bend and caught a glimpse of the tiger a hundred yards ahead, stretched out on the rock licking its paws. It was too far away to hazard a shot without a rifle scope. The thick bush and rocky stream banks made it too difficult to sneak out and get within range without being detected. It must have sensed my presence, since it raised his head and glared straight at me. I had my first good look at it, which confirmed my suspicion that I was dealing with a large male. With his eyes glued on me, he slowly rose and disappeared behind a cluster of blackened boulders along the streambed. I crept to the rocks with my rifle raised and came upon a cave, the mouth of which was blood stained. Tossing a few rocks against the sides of the cave entrance did nothing to arouse him, and I did not risk firing into the cave. My thoughts were that I had followed the wounded animal as diligently as a hunter should, and I was not sure I wanted to tangle with an injured tiger without a backup gun, as I had unwisely done too many times before. Possibly, my luck for one day had been fully consumed. My thirteenth tiger had gotten away, and with divine intervention, I too had miraculously escaped.

Back in camp, I related the story to Ted, Rafiq, and Thomas, who were both excited and thankful that I had come out unscathed. They had heard my shot and had been eagerly waiting my return. Ted was still down on himself for sleeping through the tiger's visit the previous night. For the two of us, it had not exactly been a dream day in the jungle. For me it could have been much worse.

Shortly after sunrise on the third day I decided to sneak back to the hillside spring. This time I neither saw nor heard any movement as I approached. I figured if the tiger were still strong enough, he would return to lay in the water to heal his wound and protect it from flies and other pests. Peering through the bamboo, I saw that the hole looked freshly disturbed. A close inspection revealed that the tiger had been there only moments before. Hairs and pug marks were pressed into the mud, and the water was stirred and muddy. He had either heard or smelled me coming and moved on. Maybe some mutual respect had set in. Dripping wet, he had left a path of wet leaves which led straight up the hill for about ten feet. A mild attack of tiger fever came over me as the thought sprang through my mind that he might be hiding close by, plotting revenge, even though I knew tigers attack straight on and don't hide out, or sneak up from behind as leopards are known to do. A cautious check of the nearby bushes revealed that he had left the vicinity, apparently in fair to good condition, leaving me with no more than to do the same.

Back in camp, Ted and I spent most of the day lazing. We went out to shoot a couple of antelopes for meat. I took a shot at a wild dog trying to make a lunch out of a long-tailed peacock. Crouching and sliding along on its stomach, he sprang at the peacock and just missed as the big bird dug his strong wings into the hot dry air just in time to escape, squawking loudly away into the jungle. As the dog stood there lamenting its miss, I fired from about fifty yards, just nicking it. It too ran off into the jungle screaming.

There had been a gradual reduction and finally a disappearance of pains in my back side. Early the next morning I decided to run my own psychomatic test. With the Jeep loaded, Rafiq was asked to drive off down the road for a few minutes, return then blow the horn before picking us up for our trip back to New Delhi. The horn no longer triggered my back pain as had happened over the past several weeks, when the vehicle's horn blew at the front gate to transport me to the office. It had gone. Horns no longer triggered pain. The thirteenth tiger and all connected with him had effected a complete cure of my psychosomatic condition.

A Night In a Machan

I was preparing to spend a night in a machan between Budni and Bhopal, in hope of bagging a leopard or a Bengal tiger. Rafiq and I, along with a small buffalo for bait, had arrived at a location in the jungle where the large treeline gave way to tangled, low-growing bush. While the dimming daylight bathed the jungle, and the sun lowered itself behind the tree line, I selected a climbable tree of about twenty inches in diameter and forty feet tall. To its stout limbs I planned to attach a platform about halfway up to hold me and my gear. My machan would not be as elaborate as the royal version during the Raj years. I was going to use a charpoy, the ubiquitous cot of India on which all kinds of backsides reclined. Charpoys had lightweight wooden frames on to which a woven rope was strung to make a taut, hammock-like mattress. I tied one end of my rope to the charpoy and the other to my belt at the rear, climbed about twenty five feet, then pulled the charpoy up after me. I set it across some level branches, lashing it down securely. Several more lines I extended to overhead limbs to secure against rolling off the cot. On my second climb I hoisted up my equipment: the bedroll, rifle, water bottle, a few tools, and some dried snacks. After I was well situated, Rafiq tied the emaciated buffalo to a small tree, leaving it a mound of straw to munch on. Then he returned to the main road in the Jeep, where he would remain for the night.

Twilight, as usual in the tropics, came and went quickly, taking with it the last daytime sounds of the langurs, wild dogs, peacocks, and other birds. Full moon showered the jungle with soft light then sunk out of sight. Pitch darkness was upon the jungle. I felt secure on my perch, but a night alone in a machan is not for those leery of ghosts, ghouls, banshees, or haunting sounds. My own feeling is that there is nothing out there but the natural order of things where lives depend on what they can scrounge in the darkness to survive.

Most beings out there, I figured, had no interest in me. I had no reason to curse the darkness, and I had purposely left behind candles. I admired the stars that winked through the gently swaying branches on my first night solo in India's jungle. The buffalo gurgled as it chewed its cud, the essence of contentment. I was cozy and drowsy, but the night had an eerie quality. The silence was overwhelming, and the call of the owls, sambhars, and cheetah, and the hackles of langurs warning of the prowling cats, only deepened the silence when they faded. I couldn't help thinking of Loretta, and the miles that separated us both from the continent we called home. As I contemplated my nearly total union with nature, the strains of high-pitched chant floated faintly through the jungle night. Aided by

the hypnotic rhythm of the village drummers, I drifted off.

I awoke to the rustle of leaves, as if something was kicking them about. The sound came closer and closer but the buffalo did not stir or show concern, indicating that it was not a big cat on the prowl. It passed directly under the machan, and I hoped that whatever it was, it had no intentions to climb the tree. As the rustling receded, my curiosity could no longer be held in abeyance. I took a quick look with the flashlight and revealed two porcupines in an amorous position. I couldn't imagine a more prickly affair, and concluded that true love has no fear of spikes and spines. My luminous watch dial showed ten o'clock. A small, flapping creature made a couple passes through the tree, no doubt a bat. Some moments later the slapping sounds of larger wings suggested, either an owl or nighthawk. The wind had died down, then the heat and silence engulfed my senses and I dozed off despite the perspiration gathering on my forehead.

Again I was awakened, this time by the howling of an approaching wind. A dead tree limb crashed to the ground. Gusts rocked my tree from side to side, causing the charpoy to strain and screech against the limbs. I nervously held on as the wind buffeted the grove. To allay my concern, I began to think up a message to send to society in regard to living in trees. "Continue with the business of civilization, because living in trees is not all that promising."

Eventually the turbulence abated. I was able to rest for an hour or more, until the distant but nonetheless spine-chilling roar of a tiger wrested me from sleep. This continued periodically a half dozen times and the deep rumbling sounds reverberated in the still, night air. Two and half hours later the growls of a big cat were mixed with squeals and snorts the sounds of a typical tiger attack on a wild boar. The noise flared repeatedly for thirty minutes, suggesting a strung-out battle between these arch enemies. The massive neck of the boar is a problem for the tiger, which captures its prey by twisting or biting through the back of the neck. The boar is also capable of inflicting some serious injuries with its sharp, gashing teeth. According to local lore, the tiger usually wins, but not without a price. In time, the grunts and squeals of the boar weakened and finally faded, suggesting that the tiger had landed a TKO.

Below me I heard the jingle of the buffalo's neck bell, but it had risen only to stretch and relieve itself. After nibbling on a few mouthfuls of dry straw it curled up to sleep. The chances of the buffalo fulfilling its potential as bait were diminishing. The air had begun to cool slightly, signaling that dawn would soon break through the darkness. The morning star shone brightly through an opening in the tree cover. After a near sleepless night, I nodded out and when I awoke rays of sunlight shone through the open jungle spaces. It was all over, I consoled myself. The feathered family of the jungle provided a variety of unblended sounds, with the loud call of the peacock dominating.

I stood up on my charpoy, and reached for the limb overhead to stretch and yawn. Suddenly a huge Bengal tiger burst out of the dense bush and hit the buffalo, slapping it to the ground. It sunk its teeth into its neck and held on, twitching its tail as the buffalo kicked, trembled, and gave up the ghost. I raised the trusty 30-06, took aim at the tiger's

left shoulder, and squeezed the trigger. The silver-tipped projectile hit the target and the tiger sprawled over the buffalo, losing its grip on its neck. It twitched its tail a couple of times, then was still. It happened so quickly that my adrenalin didn't surge until after the shot. Tiger fever set in as I stood watching for any further movement. I began to gather my regalia, keeping one eye on the tiger. This gave me time to calm down and make sure the shot had been fatal. It was.

I vacated the tree and pulled the tiger away from the buffalo. With my famous Louisiana muskrat skinner knife, which I was never without, I skinned my prize in forty-five minutes. Then I went a short distance to cut a pole from a sapling, on which I tied the rolled up skin. When I returned, four huge vultures were tugging over the skin and dragging it along the ground. Nature's instant, efficient clean up crew had lost no time doing their job with the best of tools, their strong sharp beaks. They had dragged the skin ten feet, and when I tried to pull it away from them they refused to let go. I waved my stick and hit the ground beside them as we tugged against each other. I literally had to hit one with a light blow before the rest broke their hold allowing me to recover the skin. After such a hassle they simply stepped aside and watched. I was puzzled at first that they chose the skin over the carcasses. Then I realized that the bright orange skin is what they had spotted from the air, not knowing that it was empty.

With my bedroll, skin, and rifle, I walked out to the road to find Rafiq still curled up on the back seat of the Jeep. I put the head of the tiger up against the window and banged the sides of the Jeep to awaken him. A mad scramble ensued, and he was more than relieved when I showed myself. He took it all in good spirit, but was disappointed he did not hear the rifle shot. He went to fetch the charpoy and to remove the bell from the buffalo. He came back saying he had to fight off the vultures to get to the buffalo. I related the night's events as we spread the skin on the grass, gave it a good salting, and rerolled it. To experiencing the abiding quietness of a pitch black night in a machan, with the drama of the winds and the wild life, touches both body and soul.

Meat Harvesting

My India-wide travel schedule continued, though I returned to New Delhi most week ends. Our meat supply still came from the jungle and plains, obtained while returning from trips or short forays. Much more duck and goose meat was being consumed than previously. Daybreak Saturday and Sunday morning often found me and a friend in waders walking through waist-deep water beyond New Delhi's International Palam Airport. Monsoon rains flooded low-lying grain fields of sorghum, millet, and corn, and migrating water fowl stopped to feed. We had to carefully measure each step out into the submerged, unmarked irrigation wells fields to avoid the unmarked irrigation wells. A misstep into one of them would likely mean being permanently ducked.

To make sure they would never be accused of letting daylight sneak past them, the village roosters announced its arrival all over the countryside. Second in line were a few well-spaced quacks of the blue or green teal flying sixty miles per hour down-wind, offering nothing more than a dark speeding image as a target. Big flocks of flapping, cumbersome

pelican flew past in silhouette, with drawn necks and food pouches tucked away. They could be mistaken for geese by the less experienced hunters, who felt the pangs of disappointment when they found the goose they had shot was a pelican.

Appearing next on the horizon were mallards, pintails, canvasbacks, teals, shovelers, several varieties of geese, and occasionally India's rare pink and chocolate duck. The brown, downed crop stalks provided excellent camouflage under a sky streaked with smoke from dung-fueled cooking fires. At intervals the peaceful scene would be shattered by jets landing at the airport.

Not all of the pleasure came from bagging a few ducks and geese, but also from watching the morning regimen of nature's creatures. Hustling to make a living from the swamp were snakes, turtles, terrapins, fish, and flying and wading birds. Duck hawks patrolled back and forth in search of still or flying prey. Once they spotted a potential target, immediately their wings folded, and they went into a plunge at more than a hundred miles per hour, grasping their prey with piercing claws or knocking it out of the sky as a cripple no longer able to fly, literally making its prey a sitting duck. More often smaller breeds were scooped out of midair.

A snake striking at a frog who was snatching at bugs, demonstrated that if there is something to eat, there is something to be eaten by. Everything lives at the expense of something else. Man is not an exception.

A half dozen different kinds of ducks and a couple of geese were my usual bag. Eighteen in forty-five minutes was my record during two and half years hunting this spot. Our deep freeze seldom had legs than six, and at most seventy frozen waterfowl. Needless to say, we and our friends became connoisseurs, preparing these birds in an endless variety of ways.

The Transfer

I had received orders from TCM that our transfer from Bhopal to New Delhi would be effective September 1, 1960. We had about a month to close out in Bhopal. With packing, shipment, receptions, and good-byes completed, the time had come. As usual we got an early morning start for the long wearisome trip. Greenery and lingering moisture from the monsoon rains made the trio less dusty than usual. Both the station wagons, Mercury and Jeep, labored under the load of pets and people. The Mercury carried two adults, six daughters, three cats and a tiger, plus food baskets, water ins, and every child's special keep-close-to-me item. The one item that one of the daughters sadly had to leave behind however was the large wooden box laden with soil and the long growing vine for a watermelon that had sprung from a simple seed she had planted herself and meticulously nurtured for months in the open, inner veranda of the pavilion. Rafiq, driving the Jeep, followed with stacks of baggage. All cargo was special, but none more so than Cathy, as she took her place on the folded-down seat by the right rear door. No tigress ever displayed more of an air of royalty as she sat on her haunches, serene and totally absorbed in the changing scenery. She was truly the least bothersome female

passenger of the six who rode with her. We all loved Cathy. But it was Cathy who was the model of good behavior. At rest and eat stops she hopped down, walked about, relieved herself, went into some stalking postures and lumped at anything that moved. Always ready to finish off her bottle of milk, she was again at peace with the world and ready to ride. Hopping gracefully back on her special seat, her regal posture and perfect deportment was resumed. Cathy got most of the attention when we stopped to have refreshments and visit with the Bohis in Agra. Wayne, Norma, Becky and Jennifer Bohl had visited us in Bhopal. He was one of a two-man team in India collecting species of same birds which showed surmise for being established in suitable areas of the U.S. Cathy seemed to know she was among strangers and that good behavior was in order. After about an hour, it was late in the afternoon and we started on our last leg of the trip. Our friends gathered around to see us pack in, with all eyes on Cathy and how she would ride. We had said good bye, turned around and were pulling out of the driveway when Mrs. Bohl yelled, "Wait a minute!" She then dashed into the house, and returned to thrust a book through the window, saying "This is for the mother of Cathy, the tiger psychologist." The book was Born Free, by Joy Adamson.

The 450-mile trek ended at the One Mansinsh Road Hotel, in New Delhi, after the reception desk had closed. The night guard had instructions nonetheless and led us to our reserved rooms. While he never said anything about Cathy, he kept his eyes glued her way. We moved into our two double rooms, tiger and all. After removing a few layers of dust, everyone was within minutes flat out. Cathy was no exception. The lone hard day had exacted its toll.

Tigress In The Hotel

Early the next morning there was a knock at the door. The sweeper appeared at the door with an early warning signal. "Mr. Singh, the hotel manager come. He heard about you tiger in the hotel. He very angry. He soon coming up stairs."

Quickly a thought came to mind to beat Mr. Singh to the punch. Slipping my robe on as I headed down the steps, I saw Mr. Singh in a hurry, on his way up with an excited face. From above, I said sternly, "Mr. Singh, I checked into your hotel late last night, with a tired wife, six fretful daughters and a worn out tiger. I am terribly disappointed that you had no place to accommodate the tiger. What kind of hotel do you run anyway?" Mr. Singh was completely disarmed.

He apologized profusely, then declared. "I did not realize you had a tiger. I have just the place you need. There is a cottage out back with plenty of room for all of you and the tiger will have room to run around in the yard. I'll send my people up to start moving you right after breakfast."

This was an excellent arrangement, complete with housekeeping facilities and space for the girls and Cathy to run about. The screened-in veranda was perfect for having tea, and for Cathy's sleeping quarters. This was our home for about ten weeks before we were due to take home leave.

School - Prime Minister Nehru-Cathy-Home Leave

Although we would be going back to the U.S. in a few months, Loretta lost no time enrolling the girls in the American International School in New Delhi. The three youngest had never attended formal school, only Mama's home school. With eagerness and enthusiasm they seemed to welcome the challenge. Mrs. Jones, the one-woman teacher, principal, and PTA, retired to become mother, transporter of children, and PTA member. Although she surrendered the main control of her daughter's education, she maintained high standards for their attendance and homework.

My role in the education process remained advisory, reading and commenting on the literary essays and borrowing the office's portable typewriter occasionally so that Christina could bang out longer term papers into the wee hours of the morning. Not to be left out, Cathy was adopted as the mascot of the Taj Tigers, the school's athletic teams. Her reign was to be brief, for our impending departure and her increasing size required that we find her a more suitable home. This prompted the following story in the Taj Times, the school paper: "SCHOOL LOSES MASCOT". The Taj Tigers are soon to lose their real-live tigress mascot, Cathy. She is to be donated to a zoo or some other such organization when the Jones family, her owners, go on home leave.

"The six-month old tigress was found in the jungle of Bhopal on April 16 and brought to Delhi in September. Cathy, who has attended one baseball game, the Taj Tigers-Woodstock game on October 15, will be given away sometime before November 7, 1960, the departure date for the Joneses."

"Cathy has some unusual habits. She picks up her ears when a child passes. She also likes to drink from a baby bottle. Cathy, who has learned to respond to her name, is said to like Mrs. Jones best of all. Whenever Cathy is eating raw or cooked meat she does not like to be disturbed."

"The family fox terrier used to play with her, and their Siamese cats once fought Cathy. Cathy likes to play with soft things. She once had a rubber pig which she ate to pieces. She also loves to be rubbed under the chin. The tigress cub, who sleeps on the Jones' enclosed veranda, is taken care of by the whole family."

With the school routine established, and Loretta's mastery of streets and traffic well in hand, the family had settled in as far as the office car took me to and from work, and I spent the days preparing for my new assignment after home leave, and attending session meetings. I had not had such an ordered and centered lifestyle since 1956 prior to arriving in India alone. What had happened to my world? It seemed to have tilted on its axis and was rotating counter-clockwise. But it was nice to be home more with the family.

Prime Minister Nehru

To climax our stay, the girls had gotten together and sent a Loretta-prompted letter to

Prime Minister Nehru saying that they would like to present him with a tiger cub. This was done unbeknownst to me. Shortly afterwards we were invited to have dinner with an Indian family and became suspicious when they insisted that all of the girls sign their names as we left. We thought this could be for a comparison of signatures on the letter sent to the PM.

In the meantime we had been hounded by the head of the U.S. two-man bird collecting team as to what we should do with Cathy. We thought he was intervening on behalf of a local wildlife dealer who sold to circuses and zoos. It was our guess that the local man had done a favor for the U.S. and to facilitate his work in India. Getting us to turn Cathy over to him was his way of reciprocating. With no response from Prime Minister Nehru, we hoped that a CBS man who had come to collect a white tiger from a maharajah would also take Cathy with him. We were unable to contact the CBS man, so we agreed to let the Indian wildlife dealer take Cathy the day before our departure. He informed us that Cathy would be sold to a zoo in the Netherlands. She had become an unwilling dropout from the International School and her role as mascot.

The last day had come. We all were losing a loved one. Chicken Little's sky had truly fallen on all of our heads. Tears flowed in torrents as we watched the wildlife dealer disappear out of sight with Cathy walking on a leash on a clear, cool November day. Instantly, a family resolution was passed to visit her in the Netherlands. The image of Cathy being led away hindered the arduous task of setting our usual twenty-two to twenty-four bags packed and stacked on the veranda ahead of departure time.

The next morning, while scurrying around tidying up loose ends, we were amazed to see a long, black, shiny limousine drive up in front of the cottage. What is this all about? we wondered. The most we expected was a simple van to take us to the airport. A chauffeur hurriedly dismounted and walked up to the cottage veranda.

"Good morning," he began, "I'm a driver from Prime Minister Nehru's office. I have come to collect Mrs. Jones and her daughters and their tiger to be presented to Mr. Nehru and to have tea with him."

Completely caught off guard, we finally managed to say, "We got rid of the tiger yesterday because we are returning to U.S. today."

"What happened to the tiger?" he inquired.

"We gave her to a wildlife dealer," I answered.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"We have no idea. Yesterday afternoon he came and walked off with the tiger on a leash. He did not tell us where he was taking her. Earlier he had told us he would ship her to the Amsterdam zoo in the Netherlands."

“I would like to find him, get the tiger, and take you with me to the Prime Minister.”

“We are terribly sorry it happened this way. To have been able to present the tiger to Mr. Nehru and share tea with him would have been one of the great moments of our lives. Please express our regrets, appreciation, and best wishes to Mr. Nehru. Our transportation to the airport is expected any moment now. Thank you for coming.” Loretta answered. The chauffeur departed. What a moment to miss, we thought, especially for the girls. Loretta and I had tea with the Prime Minister during one of his visits to Bhopal. However, a second time with the girls would have been very special.

Home Leave Number Two

Mentally set for the most direct twenty-two-plus hours flight from New Delhi to Nashville and the usual big family hassle, with customs, head-count and baggage enough to fill a medium-sized warehouse, our out-of-sync bio-rhythm journey was on. Jet flights had now replaced the lumbering, propelled, four-engine aircraft, a pleasant bonus. This trip was in keeping with our home-leave pattern, alternating with summer and Christmas, which allowed for the least interruption of the school year and gave us the chance to spend a holiday at home and to be updated on the latest Americana, every two to three years.

Just to see a live, decorated tree was a great Joy. The best we had been able to do in Bhopal was a few green limbs cut high tree an aged, distorted casuarina tree after getting special permission from the Palace office. As it had been in all previous years, it was my job to go into the forest to cut, deliver and decorate the tree. A Joyous Christmas was had by all. After contacts with kith and kin, and shopping for things not available in India, which then had to be packed and shipped our home leave vanished like vapor.

Back In Hindustan

We were never sure what the side effects were of upsetting our bio-rhythms. Whatever they were, we had by then a substantial accumulation of them having completed our fifth trip between Nashville and New Delhi. Home leave had provided a cushion against the sorrows we felt moving from Bhopal to New Delhi. Our Jet lag and memories of the loss of Cathy combined to make us hostages of lethargy at One Hansinsh Road. The need to find a new home and get the girls conditioned for school soon shook out the drag, and our daily routine was re-established.

After a short stay in our temporary quarters, house hunting had landed us in the Defense Colony community, so-called because the Indian government had made plots there available to servicemen to construct new homes. Our two-story, pale-yellow house stood well above some of the adjacent homes, but gushed tight against the lot's boundaries, leaving a narrow strip of yard on one side and just enough area in front for some grass and shrubbery. The driveway and garage left no space between the adjoining property line on the other side. Captain Balwant Singh, a very congenial naval officer, was the owner. But like all landlords in New Delhi, he knew more about U.S. government

workers' housing allowance than we did. Accordingly, rent costs were set at the allowance level or slightly above. In spite of our serious attempt to negotiate, we had to supplement the rental allowance. The house was new, an architectural centerpiece by Carl Van Heina, and quite adequate for us, a not too common find within our allowance.

Continuing the tradition started in Bhopal for having separate rooms for the girls to study and read, we set aside one of the rooms off the dining room as a library-study with shelves full of books accumulated ever since Loretta's and my college days.

There was no semblance of a striking rear view. The barren lot in front was twice the size of a football field and had several shanties scattered on it. It served as one vast latrine. And what an extra ordinary view it could be at times! The early morning scene was of fifty to a hundred bare bottoms relieving themselves, with small brass pots filled with water for the after-act cleansing. Thank goodness for curtains. When gusts of wind blew across the dry area, my imagination ran wild with what the air might contain that we were breathing. Frequent blowing and cleaning of our noses was our only defense. Christina with her tender sixteen years saw a child born in one of the huts hastily constructed with leftover bricks and a jute sack for a roof. She recalled her first jolt into a world of less privileged than hers on the way to Bombay City from the airport years ago. Again she challenged me with her cosmic curiosity. "What are we going to do to help the child? What if I had been born over there in that field?" I left her to find the answers.

The house was located directly under the straight line that the crow flew. The early daylight and late afternoon skies were filled with a city-block expanse of thousands of black, flapping wings stretching as far as the eye could see. The migration lasted thirty minutes or more, the crows heading out to the farm lands to feed all day and returning in the evening to roost in town. Where they found enough room in New Delhi to spend the night, and who cleaned up after them, I never learned.

The Girls' Participation

Comforting to us was the fact that the girls were having an opportunity, some for the first time, and others after four and a half years of interacting with others in school, making friends and participating in school activities. They all adjusted well after having been steeped in the importance of maintaining a routine at their home school in Bhopal. Report cards ranged from B averages to all As. Mama didn't let them rest on their Bhopal laurels. Christina became feature editor of the school newspaper, and Anita and Estrellita served as class president and reporter. All soon developed close and rewarding friendships, in spite of having lost Cathy. There were never any problems of promotion to the next class. The overall performance in each case paralleled that of the past four years in the home school.

The church serving mostly the American community provided another focus of activity for the girls. Regular services, playing piano for Sunday school, and other youth programs kept the girls from having to repeat the Bhopal experience of minimal social interaction outside the home.

Pets Down

With our pets down to the Siamese cats only, an alltime low for us, I had an opportunity to add another. One Sunday morning while looking out of our bedroom window, I noticed a mongoose going into a road culvert. The far end of the culvert was choked with dirt. I figured it had to come out the way it went in. Rushing outside, I placed a box over the open end. Then I turned an empty five gallon kerosene into a trap. I cut out one end, then reattached it with strings poked through some holes that I punched. This save the trap a swinging door. After more hole punching, I ran a string from the door through the can and out the back end, so I could pull the door inward. I nailed a small wooden block to the front of the can to act as a doorstop. With the door pulled open, I placed the can over the opening of the culvert. One of the girls hit at the culvert with a stick, and the mongoose ran out into the tin. I released the string and the door swung shut against the block. This resourceful boyhood operation took ten minutes. Snorting violently and biting at anything it could set its razor-sharp teeth on, the captive was successively transferred to a box which we covered with wire netting. After it calmed down, we managed to get a collar on it to which we could tie a leash. It was a mature male and did not take kindly to domestication, although captured young mongooses are reputed to tame easily and make good pets. The mongoose is known for its ability to kill snakes and rodents with lightning speed. It attacks similar to a tiger, having carnassial teeth, a pair on each side which perform like scissors to slice through meat when its ferocity is up. The cobra and mongoose were often a source of entertainment in India in street or road shows. I have seen the mongoose circle a raised, hooded cobra until there is a chance to apply his lightening-fast moves for the kill. Between the girls and the mongoose there was respect but little love and affection. His stubborn, relentless resistance to domestication prompted our letting him go.

On The Road Again

Soon after our arrival in Delhi from home leave, parenting had again become the major responsibility of our household executive, Loretta, for my new assignment again took me to the road. I had to travel back and forth, up and down and across India to locate and to persuade state officials to utilize some of the twelve million dollars worth of agricultural equipment which had been purchased by the TCM Mission for community development. My survey of about forty percent of the equipment revealed a hundred percent non-utilization. During my survey, I was once asked bt a Sikh gentleman in the Punjab State a series of questions. His rapid-fire responses promoted me to stop and ask: “Why are you so forthcoming with answers, when I’m a total stranger to you?”

He answered, “You have an affidavit face. I trust you,” he responded.

Affidavit face? That’s a new one, I thought. Sounded good though.

The twelve-month assignment meant traversing India to the tune of 25,000 miles taking me to nooks and corners of the country, from the foothill of the Himalayas to the last

square foot of the sub-continent at Cape Comorin. I called on nearly every state government's agriculture ministry. The effort resulted in slightly more than one million dollars worth of equipment being put into use. But what was more important was that a much broader understanding of how it could be utilized was realized. My Budni experience had stood me in good stead.

When I had worked at Budni I had seen some equipment laying idle without having any background knowledge of why it was there. Since it was not being utilized, and had the famous AID hand clasp insignia, underscored by: "Donated by the People of The United States," I had been prompted to demonstrate its utilization to a number of local officials, missionaries, and village farmer groups as an extension of my Budni center responsibilities. My objective had been to show that there are better ways of doing what had been done in the villages for hundreds of years. The big stationary grain thresher, utilized in the U.S. more than fifty years prior, demonstrated the principle of machine grain threshing and cleaning versus trampling the straw and grain under the feet of cattle for separation, then winnowing the chaff from the grain by tossing it by hand into the air after it had attained a substantial bullock urine and feces flavor. The machine's size was the prohibitive feature to widespread village use but it did demonstrate a principle by which smaller more suitable models could be built locally. Within a few years, small mechanical threshers using the same principle were built in India and enjoyed widespread use.

One of my scariest experiences in India grew out of one of the demonstrations. While I was towing a stationary thresher behind my Jeep, the hitch busted near a village where the spring festival Holi was being celebrated. A large crowd was coming in my direction, singing, dancing, and dousing each other with colored water, as is the custom, and dashing off to avoid return fire. Hot, sweating, and irritated, I kneeled down over the broken piece trying to repair it. The crowd had shifted to the other side of the road and was passing. Suddenly, I felt wet hands raking across my sweat-filled eyes. Temporarily blinded, I sensed someone running away. In an automatic response, I threw the hammer I was holding. Out of nowhere the angered crowd closed, shouting and pointing their fingers at me. They then produced a person with an injured elbow, pointing at it and accusing me. Apparently the hammer had found its mark. My apology and use of my weak Hindi did little to ease their rage. Two nearby police came to my rescue and sent the crowd on with their celebration, all except the injured person. After retrieving my hammer, I offered to take him to the nearest hospital. At first he angrily refused and said he would find his own way. I had hit the young village doctor. When we reached the hospital his elbow was bandaged but found not broken, and he had become much more amenable. With some help from Rafiq, I was able to tell him who I was and what I was doing. He apologized profusely. My whole day was one of total regret. You are here to help not to hurt, my conscience reminded. I invited him and his wife, who had accompanied him to the hospital, to have tea with us at the palace pavilion, which they did. Later I stopped at his village several times when passing through on my way to work. We became good friends. He told me later that he had summoned the police and appealed to the crowd not to be revengeful because he was to blame, not knowing who I was.

For me, it resulted in being away from home about seventy percent of the time, rivaling that of the past four and a half years in Central India. One of my trips took me to Bhopal for an overnight visit. Our pavillion there had been turned into a hotel. I registered there, and by coincidence was given the same room Loretta and I had used as our bedroom. Through my travels I realized that riding over India's roads and trails and open country is equivalent to a lot of hammering to one's sit posterior and its connective tissues. The results: an excruciating painful posterior condition. The most painful attack coincided with the end of the one-year assignment. Within several day of sitting in an upholstered office chair away from the jolting, the pain subsided, except when riding to and from work. At night and weekends there was absolutely no pain. But the sound of the horn of the office car at the front gate to pick me up brought back the awful feeling. This went on for several weeks without change. It had become psychosomatic. The pain lasted ten to twenty minutes into the ride to the office before it eased somewhat. This condition persisted, until I decided to take a week off, to go camping, trapping, and hunting in the jungle of Central India. This cured my psychomatic illness.

\par The Plus-One Trip

In October of our second year in New Delhi, we made arrangements for a family vacation within India. We left home in plenty of time to complete the 170-mile trip to the foothills of the Himalayas well before dark. Stuffed tighter than jigsaw puzzle pieces with eight passengers, the eight-cylinder Mercury station wagon took it all in stride as it had so many times before. After a short delay at the Jumna River Bridge, where the road and rail traffic used the same crossing, we were on the Grand Trunk Road heading north for Simia. Much of the trip was across the flat, Gangetic plains, India's major bread basket. The countryside was distinguished by a network of irrigation canals, hundreds of shallow wells with animal-powered water lifts, new green fields large herds of grazing sheep goats and cattle, and a variety of wild antelope. We passed numerous villages and ancient ruins, as well as many shrines still in use. An occasional distant rise in the landscape broke the monotony of the plains. Buzzards rode high on the air currents, searching for fallen animals. Several times they could be seen in piles like ants, devouring a carcass. They came together fast and in such great numbers that even the laziest of animals could be stripped clean in minutes. In one instance a huge flock covered the entire roof of a slaughterhouse, and a cave-in seemed imminent.

Traveling on the Grand Trunk offered the usual bumping of our rear ends. Constant rocking and rolling gave the vehicle and its load a total bashing. At times it seemed as though we were being thrown to our destination rather than riding there. No part of the vehicle got more of a workout than the shock absorbers. This all led to my coining of the expression: "As busy as a shock absorber on the Grand Trunk Road."

After close to five hours of rocking, rolling, being thrown around, and a few rest stops, we had come to Chandigarh, the newly constructed capital of the Punjab, a monument to the architect Le Corbusier. This is the only state in which Sikh religion is dominant, and Chandigarh was built to pay homage to its founders. Unfortunately, we had to just refuel and keep moving. The last thirty miles or so was a constant climb on sharp curves past scary, craggy drop-offs, and through magnificent, forested mountain slopes.

Finally, we had reached Simia, the capital of Himachal Pradesh, a landscape of lush hills and valleys. Large public buildings were located in the city center, and European-style homes were spread over a crescent-shaped ridge five or so miles long. Simia had been the summer capital of British rule, and since independence, also for segments of the Indian government. The air was cool and damp and the residents dressed accordingly, giving the city an ambience of a Swiss resort. The population fell to its winter levels of about 20,000 versus 80,000 during the warm summer months. One reason for visiting Simia during the hot months, I was told, was to see and be seen. This was, in part, a reference to the constant parade of well-dressed, sari-clad and otherwise well-to-do eye-catching ladies who caused male head-turning to become a phenomenon of perpetual motion. I vowed that some day I would return when I could stretch to the limit Loretta's mandate, "Look, but don't touch."

We made our way from the bazaar to the other side of the hill to the bed-and-all-meals home of Mr. and Mrs. Singh. He was a member of India's parliament, but spent much of his spare time at their mountain home. We had made arrangements to stay three or four days but we were never able to get an exact price quote. This gave us considerable concern as to whether we had enough cash with us to pay the bill or whether they would take a check.

Mrs. Singh, a genteel, gracious, motherly type, met us when we drove up and sounded the horn. She did a good job of not showing surprise and of accepting such a crowd as ours and the heaps of things we carried. Like most dwellings in Simia, ours had an endless view of the great mountains of India, China, and Tibet. A tasty and well-prepared welcoming dinner was served family style, with all of us sitting around the table with the Singhs. They persuaded Loretta and me to taste their homemade wine after the children went to bed. We sat around the blazing fireplace with a grogginess slowly overtaking that soon prompted us to turn in. We slept so soundly that little of what went on was very clear to us the next morning. However, there was strong evidence that we had engaged in the kind of activity that had added up six offspring over the years thus far. We awoke still in the familiar position, limp and totally relaxed of course, and the condom that I did not remember putting on had come off with a good chance of having spilled in the wrong place. Loretta was still too sleepy to discuss it. Thoughts of inordinately small cells of life flashed through our minds the next day, wondering if the unplanned had happened. Had it truly become the Plus-on trip?

The second day, Mrs Singh accompanied all of us to the bazaar to shop. Loretta and the girls were a bit suspicious when she discouraged them buying things that caught their eye. Her attitude set us wondering whether or not she knew how much money we were carrying. The less we spent, the more we could afford to pay them for our stay. The sum of our purchase was a pair of small white marble elephants and some little packages of Indian candy for the girls.

Reading, radio, games, climbing the hill behind the house, and keeping warm and cozy around the fireplace occupied much of the time. There was an over abundance of

spectacular views. We began to notice the snow-line coming closer each days pushing cooler air ahead of it, which demanded increasingly heavier clothing. Out of habit I carried my 20-gauge shot gun on short walks, hoping to add pheasant to the menu. Twice I flushed the same pheasant close to the house. Since it was slow to take off I got the impression it was tame, so I didn't shoot.

Within walking distance of the house was the monkey temple. Monkeys were spread over the temple in every possible posture; climbing, lounging, grooming one another, relieving themselves, carrying their young, and rushing up to people for a handout. The temple and the monkeys seemed unattended and the troop showed all signs of primate miseries. Some of the older males manifestly threatened to attack unless food was given to them. We kept our distance. The temple was built to pay homage to Hanuman, the monkey god, of Hindu mythology. In the Sanskrit epic, The Ramayana, Hanuman and his fellow monkeys built a bridge across the strait of Ceylon, assisting Rama's rescue of Sita, his consort, from the demon king.

At the house that night, I attempted to get some idea from Mr. Singh for what the total bill would be.

"Don't worry about it, it will be within your means," Singh replied. "Furthermore, we totally trust Americans. I think they are the most honest people I know. My experience with you folk corroborates this belief.

"Some years ago a young American man was passing through New Delhi and ran into money problems. He came to me, he said, on a friend's recommendation. After some talk about his money problems, I loaned him 10,000 rupees, strictly on the basis of his signature and promise to pay. Some years went by without any word from the young man. I took up the matter with the U.S. Embassy, but never got any encouragement that my money would be returned. After a busy week in Parliament, we decided to spend a few days here in Simia. Early one morning, someone knocked on my door and there he was. After apologizing for the delay, he went into his shoulder bag and counted out 10,000 rupees with interest. I thanked him and invited him to breakfast. He only thanked me profusely and departed, saying he needed to return to New Delhi as soon as possible. He sped off in his taxi. Only an American would do something like that," he concluded, looking me straight in the face.

The mountains in the distance had become a vast expanse of white and the snow line was just a few days from Simia. The next morning, we got the car packed even tighter than before, due to heavier clothing. Nervously, I went to settle with Mr. Singh. After paying the bill, we had just enough left to buy gasoline back to New Delhi. We always wondered whether an inventory had been made of our cash during our semi-drugged condition the first night. It was a great relief to have had enough cash to pay the bill and not have to come back years later.

We headed back down the twisting, thirty-mile run to the flat lands. The first time I applied the brakes to maneuver a curve they failed to respond. Amid shouts of, "Daddy,

slow down!” I pumped the brakes madly until the car finally slowed, diminishing our chances for an upside-down view of the ravines and forested slope. With a better feel of how much pumping was required, I finally was able to get the vehicle speed and braking back into balance. Once all was under control, passenger excitement drastically reduced. We had a safe return, taking a bit longer to be bumped/thrown back south than when going north. Two days later the newspaper reported that two inches of snow had come to Simia.

We had indeed taken a Plus-one trip. All the telltale pregnancy signs Loretta had experienced five times previously gradually reappeared after a six-year hiatus. When we announced it to the girls, Christina spoke up saying, “Why are we having another child? I thought you didn’t do that any more.” The rest were mum. So were we.

Our driver Rafiq said, “I didn’t think people your age do that any more. In our place, you become only companions when you are that old.” What does he mean that old?, I wondered.

Ford Foundation Liaison

During my final two years in India, I was assigned as AID’s field liaison officer to Ford Foundation’s Integrated District Program, at Aligargh in Uttar Pradesh State. There, I completed a utilization survey on 100 sets of improved agricultural implements distributed by CARE to small farmers in the district. They were simple bullock-drawn implements: a moldboard plow, cultivator with shovels, and a planter. All were designed to be more efficient than the indigenous counterparts. My findings were as follows: a.) All farmers liked the new implements and had used them extensively; b.) All sets were in storage because there were no replacement parts; c.) All farmers were back to using indigenous implements; d.) Farmers would continue to use CARE models if repaired.

My conclusions showed it was worth the effort to have the needed parts, mostly plowshares and cultivator hoes, made locally by village artisans. This would increase the district’s self- efficiency as well as improve its farming practices. I sought out the area blacksmiths and spent time with Suni Lal, whose business was repairing the age-old implements that we hoped to replace. At his workshop, I demonstrated some revisions of his equipment, including speeding up his grinder with a cart wheel as a pulley, which was essential to shaping and finishing his fabrications. This enabled him to make replacements for the improved but worn-out plowshares, hoes, and other parts. Suni Lal was receptive, but had no regular source of steel, so I suggested he investigate the stock at the Aligargh Junk Yard.

I thought all was well until he came to me at the district headquarters a short time later. He had one problem: cash. I had failed to realize that there was no cash exchange between the farmers and the village blacksmith. He was paid for his work in grain, and had never handled money. Luckily there was a solution to this dilemma. U.S.-controlled, Indian rupees, generated from U.S. grain exports to India, could be used in U.S.-assisted development activities.

I established that this was a legitimate need, and set up an account in Aligargh, from which I could draw on a small portion of these funds. Receipts and accounts were submitted to the AID controller. My initial cash outlay was to purchase some scrap steel to get Suni Lal started. Meetings with extension workers and village leaders were held to explain that when parts were made for farmers, they would have to pay enough cash to replace the cost of materials; e.g. a meager amount for a piece of scrap metal, a few traditional farmers resisted at first, but after seeing what could be produced locally, and what it meant to their farming operations plus their strong desire to keep in style, they conceded. After a few thousand years, the germ of capitalism had finally reached down to the village blacksmith level.

There were many facets of the district program, including a workshop for teaching farm mechanic skills and maintaining project equipment. Agricultural extension was key. Even a songfest, an idea that emanated from a Ford Foundation extension advisor, was sponsored as a means of communicating improved agricultural methods and information to farmers. A large audience of villagers came to listen to compositions by a variety of groups who sang and played instruments. All renditions were supposed to carry a convincing message, much like today's rep groups. Judges determined the most effective performance and prizes were awarded. Starting in the morning, the program went well into the night and I am not sure the thing ever ended. We had failed to limit the number of groups, and didn't realize that in Indian music each song is repeated over and over. Every group took more than twice the allotted time. Entertainment had overshadowed the purpose of the songfest.

We dared not leave it all to singing. Field demonstrations at district headquarters used methods well within the means of cooperating farmers. Many Indians found it less taxing to stick with the music, but I often reminded them that I had never heard a song that had the power to increase potato or wheat production. One conversion lecture was aimed at the practice of flooding wheat fields before planting, then allowing the plot to dry out enough to seed. I had tried to convince the farmers to plant their grain crops in dry soil, then flood, saving water and time. Not until I had demonstrated the technique using both methods and having them observe the results at different stages of growth were they persuaded. The dry-planted plot surpassed the plots that were flooded and then planted. They had actually seen the convincing results.

We didn't ask farmers to do anything we could not demonstrate or was not within their means. Teaching simple practices and underlying principles to the area agricultural extension workers and helping them plan their work programs turned out to be relatively effective. One of the barriers to effective implementation across most of India was the attitude of the educated towards manual tasks. Being educated meant an escape from manual labor and setting one's hands dirty. Many felt that being in agriculture meant being equal to coolies (unskilled laborers who did heavy work for little pay). In the highly applied science of agriculture, such feelings have no place if extension is to be effective. I once attended an extension training seminar where an Indian with a Ph.D. from the University of Illinois was to open the program by being photographed holding the handles of a bullock-drawn plow. He hadn't shown up, and the seminar was held up

for his arrival. He never came. Finally he sent word by a runner to start without him because in my position and at my educational level, it is not necessary in our society to be photographed holding plow handles.. I fumed under the collar. It would take time to change attitudes.

Being assigned to Aligarh brought back weekday bachelor living. My weekend commute from the field office to home and back totaled 160 miles. Parenting and the upcoming need for increased parenting was once again thrown on Loretta, who was moving rapidly towards giving birth for the last time, for sure.

Two to three of us bachelors lived in a modern, two-story house, sharing housekeeping tasks. The house was tucked away among trees, shrubs, and vines which gave it maximum insulation against the torturing sun and heat. Periodic jaunts into the nearby plains country were taken to procure any of the several varieties of antelopes for meat, to be shared with the family at home. Locally produced vegetables and some staples from the U.S. commissary in New Delhi kept us well nourished. Competitions on the tennis court, among ourselves and India counterparts, occupied much of our spare time.

During one late afternoon drive, I thought I was seeing ghosts when I spotted a figure ambling up ahead resembling Paul Hassar, the German ground engineer at the Palace in Bhopal who had been our constant visitor, and treated us each Christmas by singing “Oh Tannenbaum” in German. When I pulled up and saw it was Paul, he dashed over to the vehicle saying, “I didn’t know ghosts drove Jeeps!” We embraced in Moslem fashion.

“We ghosts get around in however we can,” I responded. “I’m assigned here now with the Ford Foundation, working down the road at the district headquarters.”

“Ferocious me, what a coincidence!” Paul exclaimed.

“And you Paul? I thought you were still in Bhopal.”

“I left about a year ago after the Nawab passed. I thought I should move on. I’m ground engineer at the university here.”

“Hop in, I’ll run you wherever you’re going.” Still a bachelor, Paul had a very adequate bungalow a short distance from the main campus that he shared with a couple of young men he worked with. Some tea, and reminiscing of Bhopal, filled the rest of the evening. I dropped by to see him several times during my stay.

The U.S. Exhibit at the New Delhi Industrial Fair

Dulal and Rose Bopujari were a diminutive handsome, Assamese couple, both strikingly beautiful by the most discriminating standards. Both were graduates from the Presbyterian- supported mission agricultural school at Allahabad. Our mutual interest in promoting the manufacture and utilization of improved animal-powered implements had brought us together several times. I had been a guest at their home and visited his small

factory at Allahabad, where bullock-powered implements were being made. They had both been our dinner guests in New Delhi. I had spoken to him about a particular piece of equipment to be demonstrated by U.S. at the 1962 New Delhi Indian Industrial trade fair. I stated how simple agricultural equipment could be produced on a mass scale at the Industrial Trade Fair my discussion with officials at the U.S. Embassy about a U.S. equipment exhibit, at the New Delhi Industrial Fair. The demonstration which resulted was transforming a piece of round mild steel into a moldboard plowshare to replace the centuries-old traditional type. A big, high-speed electric hammer was set up with the capacity to do the job properly in minutes, compared to several hours by the current methods, a constant line of spectators were enraptured by what was being turned out before their eyes. Both villagers and urbanites readily identified with the meaning of the plow and its place in India's agricultural production cycle.

Dulal, an innovator, had been swamped with dreams of having the machine that would multiply his output several times. He had come to me inquiring how he could procure the piece of equipment. Contact was made on his behalf with those responsible for the U.S. segment of the exhibition to determine what would be involved in the procurement. I expected them to be delighted to keep the machine in India. It was available at a price of \$5000. Dulal had about half the amount and felt he could make a trip to the U.S. to solicit help from the Presbyterian Church to raise the remainder. I assured him he would have ample time once he committed himself to buy it. After all, the multi-ton hammer was not an item that would generate flocks of anxious competitive buyers. His fund-raising journey netted the cash needed to buy for the equipment, its dismantling, transport, and get-up in his workshop. This was a gigantic undertaking, given the excessive weight and the inadequacy of Indian mechanical aids for handling heavy items. Within months Dulal had plowshares literally pouring out of his shop, together with a number of other equipment parts.

Plus One Arrival

Before I could pull completely into the driveway at 505 Defense Colony, I was met by a chorus of excited Joneses shouting, "Mama went to the hospital to have a baby!"

"How did she set there?"

"Mrs. Sprague, our next-door neighbor," they replied.

"When?"

"This morning."

We had calculated that she would go to the hospital during the week end, Friday evening to Monday morning when I would be home. She went there Friday morning. I had arrived late in the afternoon.

Repeatedly the girls declared, "We hope it's not a boy. It would be too much for a young

boy to survive among this many girls.” I too had begun to wonder, given my twenty years in a house of all females.

“Let’s not worry about the sex, but instead hope that it’s well and healthy,” I responded.

Predictions by neighbors and friends that it would be a boy ran as high as eighty-twenty. This will be your first son was often adamantly declared. First and only, if a boy, I thought.

The first word at the desk when I arrived at the Holy Family Hospital in Delhi, after telling them my name was: You have a fine baby girl, wife and child are doing fine. The last one had been added.

Loretta was exhausted but smiling and awake when she saw me standing over the bed, as I held her hand and kissed her forehead with the reminder, “Your capacity to forecast is atrocious. This was supposed to happen after I arrived from Aligargh.”

“I tried hard, but couldn’t make it work,” she countered.

The little one was resting well and had no idea who I was. Once again we had added to the species not by spontaneous generation, as the girls tended to believe, but rather by the cooperation of two individuals in a state of rejuvenescence. As had been the case with the six before we readily agreed on a name. I had done all the naming except Carol. This one had to be called Loretta Jr., to signify an end to our string of offsprings, a must for us. Loretta, the beginning, agreed; Loretta Jennifer Jones, the ending had no vote. Alas! with her name, we brought to a halt the flow of offspring which had started in August 1942, and ended August 3, 1962. Twenty years can teach so much. Loretta’s accumulated experience of caring for babies automatically kicked in, in spite of a seven-year hiatus. The longstanding unevenness of sharing parenthood was still with us, since my being home only on weekends and holidays would last for at least another year. Placid and good-natured the lost little time becoming all joys and smiles. Constant attention from her older sisters was clearly appreciated but did little to slow her fast-growing independence.

The Oldest To College

The first run in our close-knit family fabric began only weeks after the last stitch had been added. Like colorful kites, the time had come for them to start flying off to college. A gradual unraveling, it would take thirteen years to complete. No matter how good the workmanship, the time is relatively short before the unraveling starts. The wish to hold on to them as long as possible is contrary to the order of things. At least ours would not be instant. Number one, Burnetta, had completed the twelfth grade at the American school in New Delhi and was accepted at Fisk University in Nashville. She had only four years of formal schooling under the Mother-Mrs. Jones arrangement, albeit some of the more critical of her pre-college study. We were for the first time up against the discomforts of being too far away to give her timely, critical, family support. Knowing that she would be near and in contact with some of our dearest and closest friends was

comforting. One of her classmates would be Betty Treherne, the daughter of our long-time friend and neighbor, Dr. Treherne, who was head of Gynecology and Obstetrics at McHarry Medical College. He had been responsible for getting our family planning out of kilter when he delivered the twins, bringing the total to five instead of the preferred four. Faculty friends at Meharry, Fisk University, and Tennessee State University had given us assurance that Burnetta could rely on them if need be. Keys to our vacant home were with the Trehernes and available to her. However, we learned that she was a bit unhappy once when denied the keys, due to suspicion that a student invasion, with less than best intentions, might take place. We stood by Mrs. Treherne's decision. News later reached us that there had been a house break-in. Students were suspected.

Representing the family, Burnetta made a presentation of a mounted Indian tiger, as mascot to Tennessee State University Tigers during their annual Thanksgiving football game. I had shot the tiger in central India, then had it mounted and shipped. The student body contributed to pay the \$500 price tag. Otherwise her freshman year contained the normal share joys and irritations. Her grades were average.

A Touch of Diplomatic Action

New Delhi, being the capital and center of diplomatic playtime, meant that we became more and more steeped in receptions, dinners, and other functions. Loretta was caught up in this much more than I, since my time in town was limited. However, our guest book signatures grew rapidly, a total of ninety over a two-year period. World-renowned persons were regular visitors to New Delhi. During our time they included Queen Elizabeth, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, her sister Lee Radziwill, and Vice President Lyndon Johnson. We felt privileged to see and be close to them, especially the queen on her arrival. We were simply one in the crowd, but received an invitation from our embassy to attend her departure ceremony. Loretta, Christina and I arrived at the appointed time, but no one was at the entrance to direct us. Spotting the American Ambassador and other Americans. We went to straight to them. Other foreign representatives were at their appointed seats. The queen and her group were at the front, and we noticed other people entering, going first to the queen, and then to their appointed places. Loretta nudged me, saying we had committed a faux pas, and should go immediately to the queen. We did, but did not curtsy. She graciously greeted us with niceties, but then casually mentioned that we had greeted our mission people before coming to her. There was no reprimand. Instead, we think the Embassy crew preferred us greeting the Ambassador first. Little did we think our second-oldest daughter, who greeted the queen, would one day be awarded her doctorate degree from the University of London by the Queen Mother.

Good-bye to India

May had been at first freakishly cool, but more than half gone. New Delhi was back to being nature's closes thing to a furnace. The school year was over, all were promoted to the next higher grade, resigned from extra-curricular activities, and were busy closing out seven and a half years in one of the world's most interesting countries. Little Loretta was

close to one year old and the smiling and independent ruler of her playpen, but too young to share in the memories of the family's great moments in India. Hers would start with Africa. We all knew it was time to move on, but to leave was more wrenching than we had anticipated. During our exhilarating and difficult moments amidst the heat, dust, bugs, and amoebic dysentery, we had made some lifelong friends. The unfamiliar things had become routine. There was no getting out of India without engaging in dinners and receptions both in Delhi and Aligarh. The inscribed brass bucket given as a memento from Aligarh read: "To Harold M. Jones in Grateful Appreciation For Your Valuable Service and Advice. From The Aligarh District Intensive Agricultural Project Headquarter's Staff - May 11, 1963."

It was time to say good-bye to India, our many friends, and its myriad of fascinations and problems covering every aspect of the human condition. We would miss its monuments to tales of great history, its unmatched ecosystems, the growing elements of modernity existing side by side with old traditions and customs in which class and caste were clearly still distinct. In a small way, we had helped to put in place some bits of agricultural production technology necessary to close the gap between meals and mealtimes for its escalating millions.

Saddened were the hearts of our household help, Lal, who had accompanied us from Bhopal, and Rafiq, the driver, as we piled our warehouse-load of luggage in the van and pulled away from 505 Defense Colony. Among our AID co-workers who saw us off to the airport was Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Ensminger, head of the Ford Foundation in India, who had offered me a position in their India program, which I promised to consider. The Pan Am 707 lifted through the heat-laden, cow-dung and wood-fire scented air, dimming out the vast expanse of New Delhi's lights as it climbed into the black star-spangled night, with its nose pointed towards the Middle East.

CHAPTER TWO

Northern Nigeria

The dancers bending, twisting, twirling, and shaking were living proof of the indestructibility of the human torso. The African drums, horns, and xylophone drove them relentlessly with musical repetitions. Someone in the audience joked that the dancers were from Chicago, and the band leader, perhaps noting his audience's flagging attention, explained that we were lucky because in Africa performances last all night long until total exhaustion sets in.

But I was not in Africa yet. This was in 1963 in Washington, D.C., and I was attending a fund-raising event with my niece Ethel (Honey) Parker. The Mistress of Ceremonies was the former Mrs. Harry Belafonte, and the recipient country of the event's proceeds was Nigeria, my next USAID post.

During my final preparations for my new post, I attended a meeting at the Department of State with Nigeria desk officer. Our discussion took an unsettling turn on the subject of recruitment.

"Mr. Jones, could you recommend some black men who may be interested in joining the agency? We are trying to recruit more blacks," queried the officer.

"I could suggest a number of well-qualified, potentially recruitable people, but I would need a little time," I answered.

"That's the problem. We don't have the time. We're pressured to bring them in yesterday, we need instant black."

"I don't know any instant black, whatever that is, which means I can't help you unless you're willing to allow me some time," I persisted. He dropped the subject. When we parted, he wished me well with my new assignment.

Pondering the matter of instant black, I wondered if it was only bodies and numbers the agency wanted, without regard for qualifications, in order to achieve a representative percentage of black professionals.

My journal began at Washington's National Airport with a transit stop at Kennedy International, where I boarded a 707 for an overnight flight to the West Coast of Africa. As the glow of Metropolitan New York City dimmed below me, my thoughts turned to the challenges ahead.

Nigeria gained independence from the British in 1960. The Prime Minister administered the central government from Lagos, the capital. The country itself was divided into three semi-autonomous regions, Eastern, Western, and Northern, each of which was headed by a premier. Nigeria was self-sufficient agriculturally and derived the bulk of its revenues from land. Agricultural production occupied the greater part of the working population,

providing fifty percent of the nation's total productive output. Industrialization in Nigeria was only in the incipient stage and eighty-five percent of the country's export was in its raw state.

Agriculture development was a top priority, and manpower training at and in all levels and specialties had been singled out as a major thrust. U.S. Assistance focused on building training institutions and sending Nigerians to U.S. colleges and universities.

I was to work in Northern Nigeria, the largest and most populous region. There I would join a team of five USAID field experts involved in expanding and improving the training programs at the Samaru Agricultural School, the graduates of which would be employed by the Ministry of Agriculture to run projects throughout the region. I looked forward to meeting my colleagues and the students, building a rapport with local and regional officials, and getting my family settled in our new home.

Daybreak marked the plane's descent to Dakar, Senegal, my first stop in Africa. After six return trips to my last post in India, this flight had been just a short hop with hardly enough time to confuse the biorhythm. However, the heat and humidity at the modest airport facility did little to animate me. The rest of the flight to Lagos was a milk run, putting down in Monrovia, Liberia, Accra, Ghana, and finally under the chin of West Africa, in Lagos. My arrival at this modest, shabby airport was noted only by the customs officer who looked briefly at my passport, asked what I was carrying and why I had come to Nigeria. He marked my luggage with crayon to indicate I was cleared and could pass on.

I turned and said to him, "I'll be working in the Northern Region of your country for the next two years. Two weeks from today, a lady with six young girls and lots of bags, maybe twenty or more, will be coming through your customs. You can't miss seeing them. They're my family and don't give them a hard time. My wife, Loretta, already has enough problems handling six girls and all of that baggage. You may wish to put an extra man on that day to help you clear the bags. They're good, trust-worthy people. In fact I'll be here to meet them."

He laughed and promised, "We will treat them right."

On the way to my hotel in Lagos, I had my second encounter with fund-raising for Nigeria. A giant-sized thermometer towered above the traffic. Showing the amount of money that had been raised for the Azikwe Fund (Dr. Nnamdi Azikwe was the first President of independent Nigeria). The specific use of the funds was left to the imagination. Lagos was creation's nearest thing to a vast open steam bath, but despite this climatic drawback, the retail business thrived. In addition to the abundantly colorful outdoor market, vendors laid claim to every available inch of street real estate. Along the city streets were hundreds of women and children, each with one to only a few items for sale: shoe strings, combs, cigarettes, and other sundries. In spite of the stifling atmosphere, the energy, enthusiasm, and hustle shown by the people was a refreshing experience.

My brief stay in Lagos included a meeting with the AID country office regarding my position at Samaru, some staff introductions, and a vehicle assignment. The next morning I set out for the 300 mile trip north.

The first leg of my journey passed through the upper reaches of the rain forest where cash-yielding hardwoods grew to 150 to 200 feet. Large creepers climbed the trunks of ebony and mahogany and swung freely over the shady, woody masses. This is Africa! I thought, awestruck. This limited segment of the upper reaches of the coastal landscape was much like that portrayed in the Tarzan movies.

The narrow macadam trail I traveled curved and dipped its way north. A few heavily overloaded trucks and Matatus or Mammy Wagons (small passenger vans) made up most of the traffic. Most of the vans sported a specific name and various kinds of expressions; many were Bible verses. Two that caught my attention and stuck were: "God bless me and my friends today, my enemies tomorrow," and "Thy will be done, Oh Lord."

This took my mind back to our childhood Sunday Baptist church services. After the deacons had tried several times to empty our pockets for the regular collection, they came back with the collection plates to get money for the African Missionaries. Even then, those few extra pennies we stubbornly held on to buy a piece of candy from the country store were only sometimes surrendered, and with painful reluctance. Nothing could have been further from our minds than the idea that one of us would ever see Africa.

By now I was only a few miles outside of Ibadan. I had information that my haven't-heard-a-bell-in thirty-years friend of India days, Ted Elder, was now stationed in Ibadan.

Ibadan, one of Africa's most populous cities, is about seventy miles from Lagos. Thousands of mud-thatched and tin-roofed houses were spread over the wildly undulating area. A few wrong turns and several inquiries addressed to bystanders brought me to Ted and Cecil's place, in most likelihood the former home of a pre-independence Britisher. Cecil, gracious and hospitable as ever and still performing well in her self-appointed position as guardian angel for Ted, prepared a very tasty lunch. Our conversation included tales of India revisited, Ted's work in grain storage, and differences between living in Asia and Africa.

At the end of my short stay, I asked Ted for directions back to the road to Kaduna. With some shouting and severe lip action, Cecil got Ted to understand my request. Ted had become stone-deaf and his hearing aid didn't help much any more. I was to follow Ted. What a following it was! Ted went after everything with breath-taking gusto.

Busting his way through the narrow streets of Ibadan, he sent the street-venders scattering with their baskets and goods. Dust, paper, and other trash swirled from the two-vehicle rush. A few stray chickens beat their wings, cackled, and scampered out of the way, barely managing to remain feathered and in one piece. I had little choice but to drive madly to keep up.

Outside the city opposite the airport, Ted slammed on the brakes and jumped out of his vehicle. He dashed back to me, pointed, and said, “There she is, straight as an arrow and rough as a woodcock’s ass, all the way to Kaduna.”

“Thanks Ted, I’ll keep in touch,” I promised as I drove away.

It was soon evident that the road was not straight as an arrow. Rough, yes. In spite of having seen a number of woodcocks, I was unable to make a comparison between the bird’s behind and the road. I gave up, deciding Ted’s description was just another of his inexhaustible, earthy expressions.

Ilorin, the heart of Yorubaland (home of one of the major ethnic groups) was the next major metropolitan area, just south of the 2600 mile long Niger River, from which Nigeria takes its name, meaning black. Further on I came to the river crossing several hundred miles north of where it flows into the Gulf of Guinea. The Niger River is Africa’s second longest and is joined by the Benue river.

The cocoa and oil palm farms along the route gradually gave way to a more typically northern Nigerian landscape: Savannah woods, scattered trees, scrubby bush, and grasslands. The macadam road degenerated into dusty gravel, but with persistence I finally arrived at Kaduna, the capital of the Northern Region before the AID regional office closed. A brief stop, some refreshment, staff introductions, and I was off on the final fifty miles to my destination, Samaru. The rainy season greenness was still evident across the countryside, but the narrow, bumpy, red dirt road was bone dry. Portions of it blew away as dust with the breezes of every passing vehicle. Highly visible amounts of the red stuff settled on the driver, vehicle and all therein. Amid scrub bush and grass, I saw giant, reddish-gray termite hills. Inside of them, the queens live up to fifty years, churning out millions of eggs. Occasional clusters of red, mud-thatched huts broke the monotony of the horizon and delicately balanced stacks of blackened rock formations distinguished the barren landscape I passed through the town of Zaria overlooking the major thoroughfare continuing north to the border with Niger. Another six to seven miles of mostly open country brought into sight Ahmadu Bello University and then the wide spot in the road, Samaru.

With some direction, I was able to find Gene Swanson, chief of the AID development team for the Samaru School of Agriculture.

“Harold Jones, I assume,” Gene called from his veranda.

“That’s right, all the way from India, via Nashville,” I responded.

“Welcome to Samaru, we’ve been expecting you. How about a cool drink?”

“That would do a lot to clear the mounds of red dirt from my throat.” I said thankfully.

Gene described the Samaru living situation and what the team was all about in its quest to

expand and improve the quality of training at the school. There were hints in his comments that the local regional government officials were not keen to have African-American advisors. I was not interested enough to ask why, but I thought, assuming that Gene was right, it may be due to their lack of contact with African-Americans, particularly those with technical expertise. I had long made up my mind to do my job well, learn from my experience, and win the favor of my associates.

“More than anything I would like to have a place to clean-up and stretch out,” I confessed.

“Your house is just a few hundred yards from here and I can take you on over. I’ll just ride with you and walk back.” We climbed into my vehicle. Shortly, he pointed to the driveway. “This is it.”

We went inside to look around. The well-built bungalow had a T-shaped design with living room, dining room, and kitchen along the top of the T and sleeping quarters along the leg. A walkway with a slotted outer wall connected the house to a single-car garage. Hedges surrounded the large yard with flowering tropical trees and shrubs, including grapefruit and papaya. A roped-in yard space for eating and relaxing ran parallel to the walled hallway.

Before Gene left he described the work day. “We have a vary crazy work schedule at the school. At 7:00 A.M. we open, go until 9:00 A.M., have a breakfast break for one hour, return at 10:00 A.M. and close at 1:00 P.M., with the rest of the afternoon off for lunch, siesta, tennis, golf, club or other activities to our liking. There is a nine-hole golf course and club a hundred yards from here. There is a bigger club and an eighteen-hole golf course in Zaria.”

“Sounds more like a vacation than a work schedule.” I remarked.

“That’s the way it is. When you come to the school tomorrow, you can meet the rest of the team and the local staff,” Gene said and headed home.

“Thanks for all your help and I’ll see you on the job in the morning,” I responded.

The house was furnished and I had purchased a few stables in Kaduna to get started. After a good shower and dinner at the club, I was lulled to sleep by the distant sound of village drums.

New Job

Shortly after 7:00 A.M. the next day, I was introduced to the school principal, Mr. James Craig, who welcomed me, showed me around and made staff introductions. A Nigerian, he had studied agriculture in Kansas, and was married to Lucille, an African-American. Jim was of medium height, stoutly built, with stiff, slightly reddish hair, and was personable and bubbling with enthusiasm. He expressed his gratitude for U.S. assistance

and said he was out to build a quality, certificate-level agricultural training school. We talked about my job in the Farm Mechanics Department and its curriculum. I suggested that in addition to teaching farm mechanics to the boys, I could offer a course in household mechanics to the girls studying home economics. He agreed. Gene Swanson had done some preliminary work in the farm mechanics area, and I was to pick up from there. Already I could see myself over extending the five-hour work day in spite of the debilitating weather.

Family Arrival

With a bachelor's version of the house ready, I flew back to Lagos from Kaduna to meet my family. As fate would have it, when I walked into the airport customs, Loretta and the girls were already lined up in front of a custom officer with more bags and passports than anyone would care to count. I was allowed to go into customs to greet them which caused some disgusted faces on those waiting in line behind them. I recognized the same officer who had checked me through.

"I hope you can remember, when I came through two weeks ago that I told you that my wife and daughters would be arriving to join or in Samaru and I requested you not to make it difficult for them," I reminded him.

He answered smilingly, "I do remember. They are welcome." He immediately stroked their bags with crayon marks and passed them on.

"Thanks, that was very kind of you. You're a good officer," I said and I beckoned for some help with the bags.

AID mission vehicles took over and we drove into Lagos for an overnight stay. The flight the next day to Kaduna then a sixty-mile dusty, bumpy ride to Samaru, was crowded with comments and questions, mostly about differences between Nigeria and India. One of the girls commented that except for Lagos, where everyone seemed to live, there didn't seem to be many people in Africa. After seven and a half years in India, our first impression of Northern Nigeria was "Where did everybody go?" Miles could be traveled with hardly a person in sight, more often than not at a distance from the road, living in small clusters of circular thatched huts.

Living In Samaru

Unlike India, Nigeria had allowed colonial Britishers to stay involved in public activities after independence. Both the Samaru School of Agriculture and Ahmadu Bello University were designed on the British colonial system of education and their staffs were a mixture of locals and expatriates. Samaru was also the home of the regional agriculture research station, staffed predominantly by British scientists.

Northern Nigeria was the largest and most populous region, inhabited primarily by Muslim believers. The Premier, Alhaji Ahmadu, Sardauna of Sokoto, headed the Northern People's Congress Party (NPC) and was a colorful figure. His region's main

export was peanuts, totaling nearly one million tons annually. Samaru was a part of the Zaria Emirate, a unit of native administration (local government) within the Northern region that covered 16,000 square miles. Zaria town was its administrative center. Local industries included peanut milling, cigarette manufacturing, and railway engineering for railway maintenance.

No community here was ever far from the traditional sights and sounds of Africa. The sharp rasp of axe against wood was a prelude to twilight, when the cooking fire sent blue smoke into the dimming skies, and darkness heralded chorus of native drums and gong. Their notes laid on the still night air, carried great distances, and entered our own African nights.

Samaru was a work, play, and bedroom community of expatriate and Nigerian professionals. A club and golf course fulfilled their recreational requirements. Food and household supplies were available in Zaria, seven miles away where many of the stores were owned by Lebanese. The service stations had the necessities I needed to keep our station wagon rolling. During the rainy season a limited supply of vegetables were available on market days.

The fifty-mile trip to Kaduna provided a wider variety of items. AID assisted in the operation of an abattoir and a retail meat outlet where fresh cuts of beef were periodically available, but the British-packaged sausage was unfortunately more filler than meat. My occasional forays into the woods and savannahs helped supplement the family meat supply with antelope and guinea fowl, the latter reminding me of my Virginia boyhood. The flock my parents used to keep was the same type as in the Nigerian wild.

Collecting guinea fowl eggs was a major money-making activity in the area. The messiest situation I have ever encountered was an overturned truck with a load of guinea eggs scrambled in red dirt of the road. They had been intended for restaurants and hotels in Lagos. I was generously offered a free crate but only took a few dozen.

Traders came weekly to our house with head-baskets of eggs, a mixed variety of wild guinea fowl, village hens, and duck. After finding as much as half of her purchase to be rotten, Loretta devised a more precise method of pre-purchase selection. To test their freshness, she dropped the trader's egg into a bucket of water. The bad eggs floated to the top, the questionable ones stood on end at the bottom, and the good eggs laid horizontally. The process created some unhappy and wearisome moments for the traders. After a few such sessions they began to bring a higher percentage of fresh eggs, improving the local consumer product quality. Selling live chickens for Loretta's roasting pot turned out equally exasperating for local trade. Our regular supplier, a tall striking Hausa always sporting a white embroidered cap, arrived his usual time at 10:00 A.M. to offer two of his live hens. Loretta took one look and pronounced them sickly, almost dead, and unfit for the pot. He responded unhesitatingly, "Madam, why worry whether they look so weak. You are going to kill them in any case."

Our house was a corrugated roofed, single-story, tropicalized European design, typical of

Samaru's pre-independence British dwellings. Amid the well-established garden, two flamboyant, flowering trees burst into reddish-orange blooms during the dry season. At the same time mango trees also blossomed and set fruit. This most welcome but intriguing phenomena in the midst of aridness, was a mystery. When I discussed it with the plant researchers in the area, their answer was: "The trees probably know what they are doing. Don't worry about it." I took such a response to mean that they didn't know what triggered this wonder of nature, when every other living thing in the area was browned and exhausted from dehydration. The important thing was I that the resulting flowering beauty and tasty fruit was ours to enjoy. The guava, papaya, and grapefruit trees in our yard provided fresh fruit in season. The prize of the fruit trees was a mature grapefruit which throughout the year bore every stage of fruit development simultaneously from blossoms to mature fruit of very good quality. The papaya tree has grown well above the house, and high among its branches were delightfully sweet papayas. I resourcefully devised a harvesting tool. A long pole with a half gallon tin anchored to its end and was maneuvered around the fruit. A few twists of the pole deposited the fruit into the can. Rough lemon trees in the area with their large bumpy fruit provided us with juice, the flavor being a cross between lemon and lime, which had become our favorite in India. The lush beauty of the plants peaked in the four-to-five-month rainy season which was ushered in with heavy clouds that often turned night skies into a thundering mass of constant flashes, resembling a giant neon sign. The severity of the ensuing dry season was quick to fade the lushness of all but the large deep-rooted trees, and water became too precious to use in the garden.

The cool, harmattan winds blowing off the Sahara Desert brought relief at times from the hot temperatures, but choked the air with fine dust which sometimes blanked out the early morning sun. It lodged into the smallest of crevices and deposited powdery layers on everything in its path. Scheduled small aircraft arrivals at times had to be canceled. Ashy dusty complexions characterized the season.

Low to no electrical voltage often caused poor electric appliance performance. The refrigerator in particular was adversely affected and had to be left off indefinitely. Temporary black-outs were common. Bathtubs often had to be filled to serve as temporary home reservoirs so as to have enough water for minimum household needs. Several times during sustained water shortages, I hauled the family water supply with the school tractor in fifty-five gallon drums from local shallow wells. Sometimes it had the color of medium-strength tea, which had to be boiled and filtered for drinking and cooking.

None of nature's creatures were more prominent than the 8 to 10 inch long lizards. They clung to every ledge, wall, roof, and tree, sunning themselves and watching for insects. The males are handsome, bright mauve and orange with scaly skin, and always seemed to keep an eye on the drab greenish females, ready to fight off any intruding males. They are big and active enough to gain notice and irritate anyone with the slightest fear of them. Harmless, they keep the insect population in balance. Their prominence contrasted with the small, soft and slower geckos so familiar to us in India.

Loretta Teacher/Doctor

Loretta was back to her mother/teacher role, supervising and directing the girls home-study courses. The structure was less formalized than in India, since they were older now, but no less intense and demanding. Four grades and a kindergarten made up the home school load. Thoroughly familiar with the discipline expected of them, the girls lost no time getting into their routine. Being in higher grades demanded greater concentration and dedication to complete their courses. Lack of extracurricular school activities were again a shortfall, but the girls adjusted quickly to home schooling despite having had formal instruction in New Delhi for the past three years. Christina was a senior in high school and was soon engaged in applying for college admission. She sent applications to Vassar, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, and Wooster. For the first time in seven years we were again a two-parent family, seven days a week. While the school was totally Loretta's jurisdiction, I could at least chip in to help with household problems and needs, especially during water shortages and search for any mistakes in the letters and applications the perfectionist Chris was writing.

Dr. Mama exerted her customary vigilance in keeping all of us healthy. A quick consultation with the frayed pages of her book, *Home Physician*, and her speedy administering of store-bought and/or home remedies, protected us well. We were constantly exposed to malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Our home was not screened, nor did we use mosquito net, just as it was in India. Sundays, we took religiously our weekly dosage of anti-malarial pills. However, after about six months into our stay, Dr. Mama had her first patient. Young Loretta, less than two years old, came down suddenly with a high fever which did not respond to home treatment. As her condition worsened, she appeared very close to convulsions and gave us our first big scare in eight years overseas. Loretta, the baby, and I dashed madly to the British doctor's office at the Ahmadu Bello University. Without hesitation, he quickly diagnosed malarial fever, administered some injections, and advised that we take her immediately to the hospital in Kaduna. We hurriedly picked up a few items at home in case a stay in Kaduna was necessary. With Loretta nervously cuddling her patient and constantly calling out, "Don't drive so fast," our new Mercury station wagon made record time in blinding clouds of dust.

Once in the town limits of Kaduna, I kept the horn blasting, weaving in and out of traffic as people and animals fell away from the sides of the streets. At last we reached the hospital where we breathlessly called for assistance and we were immediately attended. The earlier injections seemed to have slightly eased our patient's condition. The physician informed us that he had to keep her there for a few days for observation. Loretta stayed with her, while I went back and forth from Samaru keeping their list of requested items up to date. Several days passed, bringing a gradual improvement in our patient. Seeing her smiling and back to her independent energetic self, we felt more than thankful for her recovery. The malarial attack was thought to be due to an insufficient weekly dosage of aralin that normally would have kept it under control. Needless to say, Dr. Mama stepped up her weekly dosage as recommended. AID's service crew was there in a matter of days screening our house. Otherwise, our two plus year stay in Samaru was free of illness.

Social Life

The Samaru community offered the girls many more opportunities for social interaction than they had had in India. There were children's activities involving Nigerians, Americans, British, and other Africans. In homes and at the local clubs. Four of the six girls were now old enough to attend some of the dances and other social events at the agricultural school. While the girls had not attended many dances they did expect the boys would ask to dance with girls. This was not necessarily the way it was done in Nigeria. A boy would just as soon dance with another boy, dance alone, or with a female, or female with female. I once asked one of the young students why. He said, "We dance when the spirit hits us to dance. Whether we do it alone, with men or women, it makes no difference. It is spirit."

Visiting friends and occasional family picnics made up the bulk of the family recreation. Attending traditional and modern Nigerian weddings offered some interesting and enjoyable moments. Joan Ramsey, the wife of Bill Ramsey, a USAID agriculture extensions specialist, organized an Ahmadu Bello University production "Desiree," a Nigerian adaptation of Bizet's "Carmen," in which Chris, Carol, Anita and Estrellita were members of the chorus, and the play was later shown on a Nigerian television.

Traveling was another opportunity of which the family took advantage. Carol spent two weeks touring game parks in the Cameroons and at Fort Lamy, Chad, a country that nature created but then forgot. Signs of progressive action are nil. She and her companion barely missed being in the midst of an elephant stampede that killed a French soldier on holiday.

Loretta senior rounded out her multifarious activities by joining the African Women's Organization, and helped with the writing of an international cook book.

Hausa Lessons

Hausa is the lingua franca of the Northern Region, spoken by almost half of the population of seventeen million. Borrowing mostly from English and Arabic, Hausa is used by those of different dialects to conduct business transactions, but is also used in homes. English was the language of instruction in all high schools, universities, and in government. Many Nigerians were proud to show off their English-speaking ability. But to enrich one's human connection, gain local confidence and to demonstrate genuine interest in the local people, there is no substitute for being able to speak the prime language. With that in mind, Christina and I decided to learn the fundamentals of Hausa. We enrolled in a class taught by a British expatriate Anthony Kirk Green at the Institute of Administration in Zaria. The classroom training together with self-tutoring booklets got me a few notches beyond a diligent tourist's conversation level. Chris, with her more agile mind and greater attention span, kept several paces ahead of me. During the course I encountered two Hausa expressions that came surprisingly close to ones I had heard from my grandmother, who was born twenty-one years before slavery was abolished in the

USA. Unfortunately, I can't recall the exact expressions. I wondered whether they had come down over the years from African slaves.

In no place with in my experience are greetings between people more important than among Hausa-speaking people. I was fascinated by the length and the extent of these exchanges. Once when I had listened to two men carry on a very extended greeting, I asked my Nigerian friend why it had taken so long.

"They asked about everybody in the family, and the well-being of everything they each own, including all their animals," he explained. Evidently these fellows had extensive holdings.

"How did they end their greeting?" I inquired.

"They ended it with, 'How are your ducks?' Greetings mean so much to our people. We have the urge to keep a conversation moving along and most of the time it is the simple, everyday village happenings we like to talk about," he replied.

Toynbee

During our language training, we were privileged with the opportunity to attend a lecture at the Institute of Administration by the renowned English historian and educator, Arnold J. Toynbee. One of his major themes centered on the future of human kind. He contented that the progress in science and technology, particularly since WWII, had relieved many people of the world from having to spend the bulk of their time procuring basic human needs, such as food, clothing and shelter. This allowed humans beings to focus on the arts and the so-called finer things of life, gradually moving away from wars and conflicts towards peace and tranquility. The results would be better neighbors, better Christians, Moslems, Hebrews, et cetera. Ultimately this would lead to international brotherhood.

Christina's and my reaction to Toynbee's thesis was that he had greater confidence in human nature than was warranted. My thought went back to my Hindu lady friend who believed that the world was made up of half good and half bad, and little could be done to upset the ratio. Her contention was that the more affluent people become, the more they want to consume at the expense of others. Greed, prejudice, and corruption dictate the course of human behavior, and unfortunately too many people succumb to these influences. Although this did not figure in Toynbee's prediction, his was a beautiful thought and certainly one to hope for. We couldn't help thinking it was out of line with the greater part of the human race, regardless of the system of politics, religious persuasion, or economic circumstance.

The School of Agriculture

The Samaru School of Agriculture offered a two-year certificate for high school graduates. This stream of education was considered blue collar. The certificate graduates were generally employed by the Ministry of Agriculture given field assignments for

several years, if their performance warranted, they could return for a third year of training, terminating their formalized academic training. The U.S. assistance team consisted of two agriculture extensionists, two home economists, and one farm mechanics specialist. My initial assignment was to assist in the farm mechanics area, which included constructing, equipping and organizing a farmshop building, setting up courses of study, and actually teaching the classes. A good beginning had been accomplished by Gene Swanson.

The Northern Region did not yet have an university degree program in agriculture, making it difficult for U.S. specialists to have academically qualified counterparts. This also meant that the regional Ministry of Agriculture's development initiatives had to rely on relatively inexperienced field and headquarters personnel until a more qualified cadre could be built up. Most of the Nigerians on the school faculty were from other regions of the country where graduate-level programs produced professional administrators and semi-professional agriculturalists. Students from all three regions attended the Samaru school and several other West African countries were also represented.

After a month or two into the assignment I was appointed team leader with coordinator/supervisor responsibilities as well as the role of farm mechanics specialist. A vigorous program in home economics was already in place. Its basis had a local orientation, making use of readily available raw materials for fabrication of useful items. Instruction also included applicable home improvements, child care, sanitation, food preparation, and nutrition. The department was well organized, with a high student morale and participation. In the agricultural extension division, training in farming methods was linked to the nearby, small farm community. Previously trained extension workers employed by the regional government worked in tandem with four to six USAID field specialists.

In the area of farm mechanics, the construction and organization of the farmshop was completed under my supervision. Two courses of study were set up for the men and women students. The men students were taught the underlying principles of the six simple machines, which in various combinations make up more complex machinery: levers, wheel and axle, inclined plane, screw, wedge, and pulley. The first wheels to come to Africa might have come on a Peugeot. African agriculture made little use of these basic machines principles and the tools of small farmers were limited to the hoe and machete. Our aim was to show them how the application of simple tools and machines made labor more effective and less strenuous by replacing human energy with motive power. The farm mechanics class began with identification, fitting, and use of available hand tools. Basic skills in woodworking, welding, metalworking, soldering, rope and leather work were emphasized. Fabricating home-farm items such as wheel barrows, chicken coops, benches, and stools, were group projects. Repairing and fitting simple hand farm tools as hoes, forks, and machetes were individual exercises.

The household mechanics course for women emphasized identification and use of tools like the hand saw, screw driver, and hammer, along with selection and use of hardware. i.e., nails, screws, tacks. The students built and repaired wood and metal items for the

home, including chicken coops, stools, benches, and cookware. Principles of electricity together with cord repairs and connections and basic household physics were taught. Class Projects were exhibited at the local agricultural fairs. Generally the women students were ahead of the men in the number of first prizes awarded. This set up a healthy competition between the men and women, always a welcome situation for the teacher.

People From Kansas

During our first year the expatriate community was significantly enlarged by the arrival of the Kansas State university team of five families. Various specialists of the faculty at Manhattan, Kansas, had come to establish agriculture and veterinary faculties, patterned after the U.S. land grant college model at Ahmadu Bello University. They were on a two-year rotation basis and most of them had families whose ages matched those of our girls, providing opportunities for friendships. School by correspondence was a new experience for the Kansas families, and they often sought Loretta's advice on how she had done it over the years.

Pets

On arrival at Samaru our extensive pet menagerie of India had diminished, and the girls soon began to feel the need to fill the void. Our first offer, which we gladly accepted, came from a British neighbor, who gave us a cat of Siamese-Persian lineage, truly a beautiful specimen. Her color combination, heavily dominated by Siamese markings on a white to creamy long-hair base, could have been the envy of a lot of cats and cat fanciers world wide. We were told that this cross had been established in the U.K. as a specific breed. She was named Pandora, after the series of Siamese cats we had in India. Loving, gentle, and a perfect family fit, she perpetuated the "female syndrome." Holding true to form, I wondered if there would ever be a male in the family, including pets, besides myself.

The Hobbs, Jean and Arthur, with the Kansas Team had been raising German Shepherds (Alsations) for fifteen years, and brought with them a pregnant female who had a litter of eleven. Loretta let Jean know that we were interested in having one of her pups. With no hesitation, Jean kindly obliged. Loretta requested Jean to select the "smartest one" for her. As they looked over the mass of squirming, competing puppies, Jean pointed to one of the litter's brightest members. It was marked and watched from that time until we became the owner of the "smart one". A female of course. I was beginning to believe I had no place in the world I had helped create. The girls named her Guardie. She grew well, was lovable and friendly, dependable, and even accepted Pandora's right to be a fellow pet. As she grew she became more and more watchful of our place. However, she singled out Loretta as the one to stay close to and was always ready to challenge anyone who came within twenty-five feet of her outside. She was not vicious, but would stand her ground, barking or growling to warn a potential intruder that they had to reckon with her. Our first test of her brilliance and Jean's judgement came one day when we decided to leave her at home while the family drove to town. I put her in the bedroom and closed the door. Before the last girl got into the station wagon, Guardie dashed out and hopped

up on the back seat of the car. Again I took her to the bedroom, making sure I had pulled the door closed. She repeated the same act. Again she was closed in the bedroom, but this time I dashed around to the back window to watch how she escaped. To my disbelief she stood on her hind legs, caught the door knob in her mouth, turned it to the right and pulled the door open. I had to lock the door to keep her in, making sure I didn't leave the key where she could get it. The girls couldn't believe my observations, and I was wondering if I was seeing things. There had been no attempt to train her in any way. She had simply observed how people opened a door. I suggested that Loretta enroll her in a correspondence course, and I offered to build her a desk.

Picnic

I organized the first Fourth of July picnic for the American segment of the Samaru community. To get permission to use the facilities of Ahmadu Bello university, I was directed to the grounds supervisor.

Mr. Walters was a ruddy-faced, balding Britisher, and I found him behind his desk in a slouched, contemplative posture. He straightened up when he saw me in the doorway of his office.

"I'm Harold Jones and I've come to see if you can grant or help me get permission to have a picnic here on the campus. Our American group of approximately forty adults and children is planning to have a picnic celebrating our Independence Day."

"Oh, come sit, Mr. Jones, I'm happy to meet you. Obviously you know who I am. I think that we can grant your request, but I need to make a phone call to be sure." He picked up the phone and spoke loud enough for me to hear.

"A young man is here with me to ask permission to use the university grounds on the fourth of July. Says he is from America, our former obstinate colony across the Atlantic, and there are about forty of them who wish to celebrate their independence day from us with a picnic I knew that they had sort of stormed about here in the last year or two, but had no idea there were so many of them. Anyway, that's beside the point I see no reason we can't accommodate them, do you?" With a pause and a laugh, he listened then hung up, obviously conversing with another British compatriot.

"Yes, Mr Jones, we're happy to give you permission. Better come with me and I'll show you our best area, with some cook-out facilities and shelter that could serve you in case of rain or storm." We dashed in his car for a quick inspection of the area a few hundred yards away. "It's all yours," he said as we hurried back to his office.

"Thank you, sir. It's very kind of you to grant us permission. If you find it convenient we would be delighted to have you drop by for a bite," I offered.

"Would love to, but I'll be out of town that day. Thanks awfully," he said as I left him to his contemplation. I was struck by an odd thought. Here was a colonialist working for a

former colony, now independent, granting permission to a few citizens of another former colony celebrating its 188th year of independence, to use a small piece of real estate on the continent of Africa. Things do have a tendency to come around.

The cooking enthusiasts decided on the menu and parceled out who would do what. Loretta volunteered to bake 100 hamburger buns, enough to guarantee at least two per person. It seems as though everything in the house got filled with dough, uncooked and cooked. There was enough yeast-generated gas to float a zeppelin. I was reminded of a story I read during my grade school years about a naughty little boy, Epapanondo, who walked through his mother pies cooling on the window sill. It was tough walking about the house, weaving in and out to avoid stepping on buns. But when the day came the only thing missing was the fireworks. The ladies did a superb job of food preparation, including hot dogs, burgers, a great variety of main dishes, drinks, and desserts. Horseshoes, badminton, volleyball, and a variety of children's games kept all busy, thirsty, and coming back for more. It was our family's first and biggest fourth of July picnic in Africa.

Number Two Flew Away

Chris completed her high school by correspondence and was accepted by three of the four colleges to which she had applied. Wooster- was the exception stating they did not accept her because she had listed them as a second choice. For sometime there seemed a degree of indecision as to whether she would choose Wellesley or Vassar's offer. This is what she later- wrote: "... and carefully selected Vassar's offer in lieu of Wellesley's and Mount Holyoke's. At the time, Vassar's faculty was less in-bred, more hours were required for graduating and its catalogue emphasized a tradition of superior education not for one's own prestige, but for service to a community in the tradition of noblesse oblige." Like a colorful kite, number two left for college, leaving five to go.

Then came the news from Burnetta, the oldest away in college at Fisk University. She had married, in her third year as a music major in spite of the family having earlier rebuffed her suitor and urged her to complete her college studies before marrying. We long knew that she and Bill were head strong, but did not expect them to follow their own mind to such an extent, after being strongly advised to the contrary.

Word came from Chris at Vassar that she had attended a welcoming tea given where she was construed to be a Nigerian simply because she had been living there. A college board member took her to meet the Nigerian ambassador at the U..N. in New York. It seemed as though her college mates could more easily imagine a black Nigerian attending an elite institution than an American person of color. She talked the situation over with the motherly dean of students who recommended that she participate with the international students as liaison. She took part in the extracurricula program for them with her international awareness which had been encouraged at our dinner table discussion. She felt more at home with those who came as far away as she and who did not seem to think in the same ethnic pigeon-hole as her U.S. counterparts.

Having two away in the U.S. meant a financial burden. With Vassar we entered the big league. But Loretta was and is the capitalist of the family, having supreme confidence in the credit system on which capitalism thrives. Although a Republican, without batting an eyelash she often quoted the democratic President Kennedy. "Have money, spend money," she said to justify our expenditures. I turned the financing of the college expenses to her. She had sound instincts and judgments in spending and investing. I in saving. The results have proved satisfactory in the long run.

Hobbies

With my short work hours and the minimal need for hunting for meat, I had a lot of free time. Loretta encouraged me to take up golf. This was an excellent suggestion given the favorable conditions in the area for engaging in the sport. Both Samaru and Zaria were living examples of what I had heard many times about the British: wherever they went, golf went with them. They went to a lot of places and if as few as two of them stayed for any length of time, they built a club house and golf course in that order. Sahara was no exception. A nine-hole golf course and clubhouse were just a couple of hundred yards from our house. Zaria had an eighteen-hole, using different tees and the same fairways, what the Britisher referred to as a "proper" club house. They established a variety of conditions stretching the original intent that the game should be played on grass. Wherever the rainfall was sufficient you could count on grass to play one at least part of the year. However, they often compromised in Africa and used sand instead of grass; on the putting surfaces. They called them "sand greens," which was not very good description. They were all brown. But as long as everyone knew what was meant, it didn't matter. Fairways ranged from well-grassed to compacted laterite which rivaled concrete, in that the ball rolled a greater distance than it traveled in flight. This came home vividly to me once when I played a par-five hole at Kaduna and my golfing buddy never got that ball off the ground but birded the hole.

With a small course next door and golf being the major sport outlet for the expatriates and a few Africans why not give it a go? I concluded. I bought a set of inexpensive, left-hand clubs, and at forty-six years I held my first golf club. During all my years of baseball and softball, I had swung from the left side, but was otherwise a strong right-handed in other things including pitching. Swinging left-handed was almost a community custom of my generation where I lived in rural Virginia. Our baseball team had seven left-handed batters in the first line up. This was surely a case of environment being the motor determinant of how people do things. My approach to golf was similar to the way I had done things from my earliest boyhood: read the instruction book and translate into action. However, my first two weeks of trying did not translate into desired action. I couldn't get the ball airborne, it would only roll along the ground. Was it the ball? Was it the clubs? My technique had to be the problem because I was seeing people every day who made the ball fly high, low, short, and long distances.

One morning during our breakfast break, I hit a dozen practice balls and got about half of them airborne. You can't imagine the jubilation I felt. The first and best plastic balls I ever used were purchased in Zaria. They had the perfect distance for our yard when hit

diagonally over the roof of our house to the opposite corner. The colonialist work schedule permitted me to spend part of the breakfast break practicing. I ate breakfast before seven, was at work at seven, came home at nine for an hour and used the time for this most pressing need. The golf bug had bitten. Gradually I made the ball do some of the things I wanted it to do, in spite of being reminded by some of the more accomplished golfers that my awing was not exactly one that would pose any threat to Jack Nicklaus or Sam Snead. Read the book and put what it says in action! This went on for two or more months and I was ready for the big course at the Zaria club, where I became a member. A few weekly competitions under my belt, some near wins, and finally I got a win. No one was happier to whack away at one's handicap when they win than the British. Frankly I was happy to see it come down. After eighteen months it had come down from twenty-four to eleven, hitting from the wrong side. Serious golfers are constantly thinking of things they can do to improve their game. I was no exception. Why not try hitting from the right side like most of the golfers? To my astonishment the first eighteen-hole I played from the right side I played to an eleven handicap, the same I had attained since beginning. My old left-hand clubs went into the closet replaced by righthander. With an occasional win, the handicap was down to nine by the end of our four-and-a-half-year stay in Northern Nigeria.

Hobby number two was the collection of expressions. Whenever I heard or read an expression that caught my fancy I jotted it down on bits of paper in a notebook, or whatever transportable surface was convenient at the time. Since my youth I have had an appreciation for the way people express themselves, but I had spent so much time outdoors playing baseball, softball, basketball, running track, and hunting, that I had not made a conscious effort until 1956 to collect expressions. At first most of the expressions were taken from reading material, speeches, radio commentaries, and later from TV. Then I started scribbling down expressions I encountered in conversations. Coat and jacket pockets, books, drawers, and shelves served as havens of collection. My first semblance of organization took the form of a common box or basket as centralized collecting point. From here they were then transferred to writing pads, typed, numbered, and bound into pager. My initial thought was that if expression collection was popularized it might take on the features of a network between individuals or organized groups, similar to stamp collectors. Assuming an eventual organized promotion effort which I was in no position to start, I visualized great benefits coming from the hobby during these days of language melting pots. The potential for growth from the local to national and international dimensions, I think, is great. Interpretations of expressions, enhancement of the quality and elegance of human utterances, wider understanding among peoples, and improvement of written and oral expression are some of the long-range benefits that could accrue from interaction among expression collectors. Certainly some publishing could result. My collection ranges from the profound of the intellectuals and scholars and pundits down through the ages, to the practical wisdom of people in the street speaking in various dialects. It is still an active hobby for me with more than 5000 entries from Africa, India, Europe, Australia, USA, and the Caribbean. It is a very interesting and satisfying activity to include in a retirement agenda. Some samples: "Even God doesn't approach a hungry man except in the form of bread," Mahatma Ghandi. "It's better to sit than to walk, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is best

of all,” Brahman Proverb-India. “May your day be scented with Jasmin,” Arab Expression. “I conceive that the land belongs to the vast family of which many are dead, few are living, and countless more are still unborn,” Nigerian Chief. “The laws that have determined the course of life for them are made of skin and hair, the relative thickness of lips ... skin and hair, it has mattered more than anything else in the world,” Nadine Gordimer-South Africa. “The ruin of a nation begins in the home of its people,” Ashanti Proverb. “He is rich who owes nothing,” Hungarian Proverb. “You ain’t seen the stink side of me yet,” St. Vincent. “I was so vexed with she, I could pull her titty long,” St. Vincent. “Evah boar hog got ‘e Saturday,” Barbados. “Einstein gave us fusion, politicians added the ‘Con,’” Harold Jones. “He alone is happy who has no demands,” Nepal Proverb. “Everybody is ignorant, only about different things,” Will Rogers. “This place charges like a wounded buffalo,” Australian. “She gave him a bucket full of her mind,” Australian. “A nation deprived of its liberty may win it, a nation divided may unite, but a nation whose natural resources are destroyed eventually must pay the penalty of poverty, degradation and decay,” Clifford Pinchat-USA.

The Principal

Jim Craig left his position as principal of the Samaru School of Agriculture and was replaced by Mr. Apará. He was thin and above average height, very articulate, energetic, and scholarly. He always moved in a hurry, creating the image that he didn’t have time for his slower flowing Nigerian robe to catch up. He was the most eligible bachelor in the area, but seemed a bit nervous about it, as well as other things he was doing. One could sense a tinge of a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. He reminded me of a definition I once read the differentiating a psychotic from a neurotic. A psychotic is no longer with us, he is out of this world, gone. A neurotic is still with us, but is nervous about it. In spite of Mr. Apará’s apparent state of disordered nerves he and I had a very good understanding and got along grandly. But there was a growing rift between him and the home economists, which often came to my attention. Our discussions never seemed to result in more than a patched-up situation that lasted, at most, for a couple of months. He initiated a few modifications in the training, which the economist construed to mean he could have more time and opportunity to be with the women students for his own enjoyment. This did not set well with home economists. Eventually the confrontations were more frequent and severe. Mr. Apará’s illness, a brain tumor, from which he later died, might have been the intervening factor.

In the meantime I attended regular meeting in Kaduna with the Ministry of Agriculture officials and the USAID director and agriculture officer. We discussed the progress and problems of the project. The Ministry’s chief, called the Permanent Secretary, had never attended the discussions, but deferred to his deputy Alhaji Alkali, with whom I had become very friendly. (Alhaji signified that he had made the pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca in Saudi, Arabia .) I knew of the deep interest and concern the Permanent Secretary had for the success of agriculture development projects, and I decided to request an appointment with him. I also knew his reputation for being hostile to non-natives from discussions I had with the Young British expatriates working within his ministry. While I pondered what approach I should take, the Permanent Secretary came

on an inspection tour of the school. From my observations, I could see he was going away from the place with a better impression than the place deserved. Not that the situation was terribly bad, but neither was it as good as the principal had painted. I was more determined than ever that he should know the real truth as I perceived it.

I contacted Don Pickering, a young British expatriate planner for the ministry. Don was reluctant because he too was in awe of the Permanent Secretary and did not relish a dressing down. I finally got an appointment and accompanied by Pickering, I came face to face with Mallam Mohamet Lawan, a stern man with graying hair. He sat regally in full Nigerian dress that overflowed the chair onto the floor.

“Mallam Lawan, this is Harold Jones, head of the AID team at the Samaru School of Agriculture,” said Pickering in a nearly inaudible voice.

“Yes, I know. What can I do for you, Mr. Jones?” asked Mallam Lawan as we shook hands. A glance at Don revealed a quiet smirk, which seemed to say it was nice to see someone else in for a chewing.

“Mallam Lawan, I wish to thank you for granting me this appointment. I feel it necessary to have some discussion about the training program at the Samaru School of Agriculture,” I stated.

“What is there to talk about? I was recently there on an inspection trip and I found the program going extremely well and the morale of the faculty very good. I saw you there. I don’t see that much to talk about,” he replied abruptly.

“Mallam Lawan, one of the reasons I have come is that I felt you left the school with an excellent impression of the progress at the school, but there are a number of things that are not going quite as well as you were lead to believe. In my opinion, if they don’t improve, it could mean a gradual deterioration rather than continued improvement. If you prefer to live with the impression gained from your one-day visit, all well and good. If you wish to hear the truth from someone who is there everyday sincerely working with the program, observing and interacting with the school administration, faculty, and students in all aspects of the school programs I’ll gladly share my perspective with you together with a few suggestions I have for your consideration. Otherwise, I apologize for taking time from your busy schedule.”

“Let’s hear what you have to say,” he said as he sat up in his chair.

“There’s increasing friction and resentment between the principal and the AID home economic advisors. The women are becoming increasingly discouraged because they feel there is too much interference in their program. No one seems to be able to pinpoint the exact trouble. I’ve spent time discussing the issue with the principal and citing that the program is good, locally relevant, and the AID ladies are experienced in that profession in the U.S. and in developing countries. They have an excellent rapport with the students who are unquestionably happy and participate very well in the program. In my opinion,

the training is very relevant to home-making in Nigeria. The principal and I have had discussions from time to time and things normalize for a short while but soon revert to a confrontation. The ladies also tell me that some of the girls complain about the principal and his advances towards them. Additionally, the two AID extension advisors complain about being snapped at when they have issues to discuss with the Principal. He refuses to give them an appointment so they can get his point of view on what they should include in their training. "You're the consultants, you do what is necessary," he often shouts back. They feel uncomfortable when it comes to interacting with the principal. The students sense the difficulties their extension instructors are having and they tend to resent the principal's attitude, since they have an excellent rapport with the advisors. I have no personal problems with the principal, but I do wish to keep people working together, and feeling good about being a part of the school. There are a lot of good things happening at the school and I would like to see them continue and improve. But I feel that you or someone from your office should have a serious discussion with the principal concerning the points I've raised.

"I hope you don't think I'm too presumptuous for making the following suggestions. I think a decision should be made to allow the most promising students who graduate from the school to have an opportunity to proceed to diploma or decree training. There are some very bright young people attending that school but because of the terminal education stream in which they find themselves there is no opportunity for them to realize their scholastic potential. I know that the kinds of programs you have planned and those already in action for agriculture and rural development in the region can only be successful in the long run if you have the trained specialists required to get the job done. Since Kansas State University is setting up the faculty of agriculture for degree training at Ahmadu Bello University a stone's throw away from the school, I suggest that between fifteen and twenty percent of the top graduates of Samaru School be encouraged to attend the university for degree training. Otherwise they're being penalized and have no chance to realize their potential. Once they have their degree they can be sent abroad to study in a variety of specialized areas and return to build useful careers in agriculture and rural development, as well as to take their places to help build better training institutions in the country. My suggestion may run contrary to the prevailing policy of training, education at the certificate level but I think it should be given serious consideration.

"My second point concerns the agriculture faculty program at the university. I've looked at the proposed curriculum and I see no courses being offered in agricultural extension. I discussed the matter with the Kansas group and they say it will come later. I happen to know about the extensive programs you now have going on across the region in agriculture extension and the kind of assistance you're getting through donors, including USAID. As you know agriculture extension is an area of major emphasis at the Samaru School. I think it would be useful for you to intervene, assuming you think well of the suggestion, and see that agricultural extension courses are included early on in the agriculture curriculum.

"Mallam Lawan, I wish to thank you for your time and attention. If I can be of any use to facilitate the planning or implementation in your impressive program in agricultural

development, I shall be glad to oblige. Thank you once again.”

“Thank you very much, Mr. Jones. I appreciate your sincerity and I’m grateful for the information about the school and your suggestions. I’ll be in touch with the principal and we’ll sort things out.” Mallam Lawan escorted us to the door and shook my hand with a thank you and good bye.

Don Pickering couldn’t believe it, “Don how did I do?” I asked.

“When you were about half way through, I felt like jumping up and shouting, hallelujah! Someone has told him. I’ve never seen the Permanent Secretary leave his desk and open the door for anyone.”

“I didn’t have much choice. You know as well as anyone about the difficulties we’re having with the current Principal.”

“I never saw the Mallam more receptive than when you were talking to him in spite of his lack of expression. You can bet your bottom dollar he’ll take action on the school problem and your suggestions,” Don assured me.

He was right. Within weeks rumors were flying around the school about giving the top students a chance to go to university. Later on, the chief-of-party of the Kansas team informed me about a recent inspection visit by Mallam Lawan to the faculty of agriculture at Ahmadu Bello University.

“How did he like what he saw? I inquired.

“He seemed very pleased with the progress being made,” came the response.

“Did he have any suggestions for additions or changes,” I persisted.

“As Mallam Lawan was entering his Mercedes to return to Kaduna, I asked him if there were other courses he would like to see in the curriculum. He looked back over his shoulder and said. “Add some courses in agriculture extension.’ So I reckon we’ll have to do that.”

“You might remember that I raised this question earlier with you folks and you thought such courses should be added later on. Actually, the agriculture program here in the region is heavy-ended on extension and it is imperative that training in that area should come early on,” I remarked.

The decision to allow certificate-level students to proceed to a degree program was a major one. It altered a long-standing premise of the British instigated education system. The Permanent Secretary had done it without an officially publicized declaration of a policy change. Whether or not the decision applied to other certificate-level institutions, I never heard.

The Pump

Technology that gave small farmers a mechanical advantage was sorely needed in northern Nigeria. As I had done in other places, I looked around for a special project. I found that a number of farmers were attempting to grow vegetables on small irrigation plots by lifting water from pockets left in streams from the rainy season. To accomplish this they used either a shadoof or rope and bucket. The shadoof, also common in the Middle East, consisted of a long pivoted pole with a bucket on one end and a weight of dried mud on the other. The other device required a man on each end of a rope with a container in the middle. They threw water up to the plots with a swinging action. While the traditional devices were familiar and maintenance required no hardware, they demanded heavy exertion.

I was determined to make a demonstration pump, choosing a site a few miles north of Samaru and visible to villagers on their way into town or to market day places. In the kitchen sink at home I worked out the basic idea of such a pump. During our spare time some of the farm mechanics students and I finally constructed a simple, flapper-type hand pump to lift water from the stream bed up to the irrigation ditches, where it would flow and spread over the vegetable plots.

Our pump created a tremendous amount of interest and curiosity from the passing public of all ages. Many stopped to work the pump. The children were delighted to see that they could get the same results as grown men with older devices. The Samaru students understood the principles and could fabricate the pump if they wished to do so later for their own extension work. I made several trips to the location and found the pump functioning well and interest still high. After more than a month I talked to the owner of the plot and asked what he liked most about the pump. He replied that he liked getting water put on his land without having to do any work. So many people stopped by to try the pump that his plot got irrigated without him or his helpers lifting a finger. Though we had shown the farmer how to maintain the pump, eventually the parts would wear out, and even such small costs can be prohibitive to many villagers, limiting the spread of such devices.

The Emir's Celebrations

Other recreational outlets were provided by the celebrations of the Emir of Zaria, the traditional head of administration, who extended us invitations yearly. At one such event, picturesque horsemen from all over the region rode into the area to participate. The crowd watched in awe as the riders paraded in quilted armor, their mounts richly caparisoned. Then in a thunder of hooves, six horsemen came galloping at full speed towards the Emir. They flew along with nerve-tingling cries, colorful robes and pennants streaming, brandishing swords. They charged without slackening to within a few feet of the throne, when their steeds were thrown back on their haunches and came to a dead stop. Clouds of dust enveloped the crowd, while a second wave of horses arrived before the dust settled. This continued until their Emir had been saluted by at least seventy-five riders. The crowds, wiping dust from their clothes and my eyes and spectacles, regained

composure and waited respectfully for the Emir's oration. A robed Mallam in white stood to the Emir's right and read the brief speech. Its contents exhorted the crowd to greater religious zeal, more honesty and hard work to grow better crops and so on. The formalities being dispensed with, the crowd reverted to a fairground atmosphere. Scattered about the area were side shows with snakes and trained animals and dance troupes. A variety of drums and wood-wind, combined to produce stimulating, foot-shaking music.

Trip to Jos

Our most pleasant family excursion was a week-end trip to Jos, located in the plateau belt with an altitude of over 2500 feet which fosters the most temperate condition one can find in Nigeria. The cool, drier air and good rainfall give the area its attractiveness, which no doubt for years lured the colonialists to give it the extra touches of development. They had built up a town with a good business center, recreational facilities, an eighteen-hole golf course, charming western-type homes with beautiful gardens, hotels, and public services. Just to be there and to loll away the time soaking up the climate was more than worth the trip. The golf tournament in which I competed was sponsored by one of the big British auto dealerships. Our thatched-roof hotel, with its cuisine too British to make it excellent, was nonetheless the best in the Northern region. The gardens, where the Brits are at their best, were superb. Our friends, Mrs. Herrick and her husband Lee, the AID poultry specialist stationed in Jos, became our self-appointed hosts and gave our stay an extra touch, including a most tasty dinner for the family. With some shopping from the well-stocked stores, regrettably we had to head back to Samaru, less than a hundred miles away over mostly dirt roads.

Four To One

One of the popular small-talk topics among western expatriates, especially women, was speculation about multi-wife families. We wondered about the division of labor, the status and treatment of each wife and how scheduling is handled to keep all happy, especially the man of the family. On the subject of wives, the Koran says, "Men have fear of the Lord, who created you from a single soul. From that soul he created its mate, and through them He bestowed the earth with countless men and women. Give orphans the property which belongs to them. Do not exchange their valuables for worthless things or cheat them out of their possessions; for this would surely be a great sin. If you fear you cannot treat orphans with fairness then you may marry other women who seem good to you: two, three or four of them. But if you fear that you cannot maintain equality among them, marry one only or any slave girl you may own. This will make it easier for you to avoid injustice. Above all these teachings contain rules of good conduct and social relations. Above all equality and justice to all wives as spelled out is a clear must. How this instruction or advice showed itself in practical relationships, we had never been close enough to witness. And the personal advice I had over the years from Loretta was, You had better not try to experience it personally. As long as her Presbyterian upbringing was intact she intended to remain the one and only senior wife.

I am not sure who or how the arrangements were made, but Loretta and I were invited one afternoon to have a look into the lives of four wives of the same man. Accompanied by a Nigerian and several American women, we went to observe their living quarters and to talk with them. There was no way to tell how much of what we saw was theatrics, since preparations had been made for our visit. The women's quarters consisted of a plain shed-roof building with four ground-level rooms in a line. The senior wife who occupied the first room greeted us on arrival with, "Ka zo. Na yi murna," You have come, I am pleased. The other wives stood on a narrow veranda, in a military-style line-up in front of the door to their respective rooms. They were all in western clothing. The senior wife, with graying, medium-length hair hanging straight down, still retained much of her of African-Hamitic good looks, with Hamitic features dominating. Her high-quality brightly, patterned dress ended just above her ankles, showing her colorful leather sandals. She was very pleasant, with a constant smile of confidence. The age differences between the wives was readily apparent. The senior wife appeared to be fiftyish, wife number two late thirties to forty, the third wife late twenties to thirty, and the youngest middle to late teens. We were invited to look at each room. The senior wife's room had all the trappings customarily befitting seniority, with striking, colorful wall hangings, curtains, quality furniture, bed covers, a center rug piece and mirror. Wife number two showed more of the African features and was very personable and very pleasant. Assuming that the second wife is poised for moving into the senior position, she showed all the grace and confidence necessary for take over. Her room decor was a shade off on the minus side, as was her dress, compared to the senior wife. While her room was well organized and neat, the polish, shine and quality was not up to the senior's standards. Several colorful, enameled hand basins were well placed among her wall hangings and pictures, flat wood carvings and dried vegetative pieces. A small round rug was in the center of the room.

Wife number three showed a mix of African-Fulani-features and exhibited the same charm, attractiveness, and happy disposition as the other two. Materially, sharp differences were beginning to show. Her dress was of plain unfigured cotton material showing considerable wear. Her slippers were worn and walked over. Orderly and well arranged, her bedroom had a chair, bed, small rustic desk, and a large number of enameled basins hung from the walls. She showed it off with as much gusto, eagerness, and pride as the wife before her. We wondered what the selection criteria for the wives had been. While there were distinct differences in their material possessions, they all had an amazing likeness of character and disposition, all pleasant and seemingly happy.

The youngest of the four was a very attractive girl. She was pleasant, smiling, and cheerful in spite of being clearly at the bottom of totem pole. She wore a ragged dress and was barefoot. The bed was more of a cot that sagged in the center. Her furnishings consisted of a crudely built bench and a small table. She either spent all her allowances on basins (I assume she got an allowance), or her friends kept giving them to her, because her walls were nearly totally covered with them. She was pleased as punch to show them.

Regrettably we were not able to hear their individual feelings about their place in the hierarchy, how they felt about each other, and what it took to move up the ladder toward

seniority. We also wondered about the number and role of children, parent-children relationships, the extended family, and whether having sons or daughters influenced their place in the family. It was obvious that the senior controlled the other's interactions with the husband. How the husband's preferences or desires figured in was less clear. Cooking was done in a central kitchen area in pots supported by rocks over wood fires. Food was taken from there first to the husband's quarters. Afterwards the women and children dined, keeping with the order of seniority. The extent to which the Koran's reference to equality was practiced within the family, despite the obvious material differences, could not be discussed in any depth of exactness. Neither did we have access to the head of the family or information about his resources. I was reminded of a wedding announcement I saw in a Ghana newspaper that said, "The groom has two other wives, lots of cattle, goats and sheep, and numerous pots and pans." All we knew about the family was that they had lots of basins. In keeping with the custom of respect for men and seniority, the senior wife turned to me as we thanked them for having us, and said, "Mun gode, bature," We thank you sir. They all bowed slightly as we left. My follow-up comments to Loretta as to whether or not she would relish becoming my senior wife in a four-wife family prompted the kind of quick response that left no doubt of it being an unwelcome idea.

The Kaduna Transfer

After eighteen months at Samaru I had four months of temporary duty (TDY) at AID headquarters in Kaduna. This allowed me to overlap with the outgoing AID regional agriculture officer, Robert Sweet, whom I was to replace after my home leave.

During this period of training, I learned the specific duties of the position and became familiar with the structure and operation of the Northern Region Agriculture Program. I was initiated into the bureaucratic maze of government project management. Along with the added burden of paperwork, it meant I would be traveling extensively to visit the forty-eight agriculture specialists working either as direct hire, or under contract, or a PASA (U.S. Department of Agriculture) arrangement. I was to review their program effectiveness, becoming the liaison between the AID Mission and the Ministry of Agriculture officials to minimize problems and maximize progress in meeting the time-phased project objectives. I was ready for the mission.

For the first few weeks of the TDY I was a bachelor again doing the housekeeping, while Loretta and the girls remained in Samaru. We had been provided in Kaduna with a convenient and adequate house, now that our offspring had been reduced to five. With the exception of short periods of low voltage, utility services were adequate, and the British, Lebanese, and Nigerian stores were well-stocked with a wide range of consumer items. By the time the family joined me, I was suffering from a brief spell of high fever though still on the job.

Dr. Mama surmised that I had not taken the proper preventive measures she normally insisted on, and with her help I recovered rapidly. Oddly enough, while checking around for doctors and medical care in Kaduna, one of the prominent Nigerian doctors recommended was a Dr. Mama, the identical name I had given Loretta over the past eight

years. Quite a coincidence, I thought. We later met Dr. Mama II who seemed as competent and caring as his recommendation indicated. I was beginning to feel Kaduna would be our safest post ever with two Dr. Mamas to care for us.

In short order, I had under my belt sound knowledge of the Kaduna golf course and all its quirks. Much of the year we played on hard lathyratic fairways. The rainy season brought the joy of grass, along with the challenge of putting on wet, dry, and partially submerged greens. I was also introduced to some of the quaint ways the British play a round of golf: one club of the players choice, three clubs, and beer company-sponsored rounds in which the player drinks two bottles before starting and a bottle after each six holes. In addition to visiting the bushes several times, the putts never fall and it doesn't matter that much.

Home Leave

Following my stay in Kaduna, we returned to Samaru to wind up matters there. On the fourteenth of November, 1965, we were off to Nashville to spend several months of home leave, which included the Christmas season. We rejoined our neighbors and friends, and restored our offspring number to seven. Our oldest daughter had married a Jones, no relation naturally, but it did give us a feeling of being stuck in a Jones-female rut. Spending the holiday season with friends and relatives was exhilarating. We also felt good about being able to attend the Presbyterian church Sunday services, make our annual contribution, and renew fellowship with the congregation.

It just was not possible to come home during the hunting season without going on several quail and rabbit hunts with my hunting buddies of the Nashville Sportsman Club. It was on one of these forays in the woods that I was able to keep up my family tradition of cutting a fresh evergreen from the forest for our Christmas tree. Dressing the tree was mine to do as well. Christmas spent in America was indeed memorable for us all.

On another trip, Sportman's Club member Dr. Treherne and I walked miles through grass, bushes, and open fields, beating the briar patches to flush out our prey. We succeeded in bagging five rabbits, the daily limit, and three quails each, seven short of the limit. On our way back to Nashville, the warmth of the car and drone of the motor induced me to doze off while Dr. Treherne, wide awake, drove the twenty-five miles back to Nashville. The radio was hardly audible. As we rode into Franklin, Tennessee, from the dark countryside, the street lights roused me enough to hear the headlines of the upcoming newscast and the word Nigeria.

"Doc, I thought I heard something about Nigeria. Could you turn up the volume?" I requested. He answered, as we pulled into a service station to gas up. With the motor off and the radio still on I listened intently to the announcer. The report stated that a military coup had taken place in Nigeria, but the details were skimpy. However, the BBC had confirmed that the military coup had left dead the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Finance Minister Okotie-Eboh, and two regional premiers; the Sarduna of Sokoto in the northern region and Chief Akintola of the western region. Wide awake from the news, and dismayed for the remainder of our drive, and I wondered how

all of this would affect our return to Nigeria.

“Are these people familiar to you?” Treherne inquired.

“Indeed they are. I’ve seen them all on different occasions. The Premier of the Northern Region was one the of the most colorful and powerful spiritual leaders and politician in Nigeria. He has a house next door to the one we will move to in Kaduna, with a mosque in between, if we return. When we lived in Samaru, we often saw his twenty-car entourage pass through on his way to Sokoto. These assassinations have left alive only one premier, the head of the eastern region, shattering the country’s leadership. No doubt the army will take over the country and I’m sure there’s lots of speculation on how this will play out during the ensuing months. Anyway, I’ll be in contact with the State Department in Washington in a few days. Then I can find out what we can expect about returning to Nigeria,” I explained.

“Would you like to return?” Treherne was curious.

“Yes, we’ve been busy preparing to return I’ve been appointed to serve as agriculture advisor for the Northern Region, supervising projects throughout the area. There are forty-eight U S. agriculture specialists scattered across the region. I’d like to have a shot at it to give all I can to agriculture development in Nigeria and to give a boost to my career with the agency. But I don’t wish to risk or sacrifice the family in any way. If we do go back and things look too hazardous for the family, they’ll be sent to what’s called a safe haven, somewhere in Europe.

Back home, when I broke the news about Nigeria there was a fall of countenance and concern for our future.

“Does this mean we can’t go back to Nigeria?” my family asked.

“I don’t really know. I may have to go and leave you here until things get better. But we shan’t be bothered about that and will continue to get ready to return. If we don’t go there we’ll go somewhere else, no doubt. For the time being I have some rabbits to skin and some quails to pick.” I went to finish my share of the labor before turning the wild game over to Loretta to cook.

The following day a reporter from the Nashville Banner called and asked if he could have an interview about Nigeria, saying he had been informed that we had recently returned from there. I agreed. He came and asked a series of questions: signs of disturbance before we left, our living conditions, the premier of the north, the U.S. agriculture program, and our expectations of going back and working in Nigeria. Two articles appeared on January 23, 1966, in the Nashville Banner: “Military Says Balewa Dead” and “Overthrow Surprises Nigerians.” The latter was based on the interview, and included a photograph I provided of the family gathered around a full- mounted tiger I had taken in India, then shipped to Nashville. It stood in our living room. Several days later I contacted the Department of State and to our delight our return to Nigeria was assured. We packed and

sent supplies, this time including my disassembled chick cage for rearing forty fryers. I had in mind to start egg and fryer production in the back yard to supplement the family meat supply.

We arrived back in Samaru on February 15, 1966, to find things peaceful and quiet. The school year ended and relative calm prevailed in the region, though there were isolated incidences of arson and killing in Ibo housing areas. We were unaware of the violence smoldering beneath the surface.

The Elephant Hunt

Mr. Thornburg, the Executive Officer of the USAID mission in Lagos, wished to come to Kaduna and go on an elephant hunt, and I had been politely asked to help arrange the hunt. I had never had, nor did I ever expect to have, the desire to shoot an elephant, even if I had a gun large enough to bring one down. But I agreed to provide the woodsmanship and to advise and assist, in typical technical assistance language, as soon as I did a bit of investigating. Among the people whom I questioned was Frank Abercrombie, the range management specialist who had spent as much time in the bush as any of the AID People. Frank had developed a water catchment area into a beautiful small lake, a show piece, that served as a source of drinking water for cattle, goats, and wildlife throughout the dry season. He said that elephants made cyclical visits to drink, bathe, wallow in the mud, and wreak havoc with the dirt dam. A fifteen-to-thirty elephant herd roamed about the jungle adjacent to the lake, but the area was vast and it would take more than just a brief excursion to catch up with the them. Much of the area had been burned over recently, which meant that to find food the elephants would be ranging further than normally.

All of this information was passed on to Mr. Thornburg who decided that he wanted to go on an elephant hunt anyway. Within a week he arrived in Kaduna. In the meantime, Frank was checking for the most recent signs of elephants around the small dam area. He reported that the elephants had frequented the water hole, maybe twelve to fifteen of various sizes. We decided to visit the waterhole the same afternoon. I took my old 30-06 of WWI vintage, not with the intent of shooting elephants, but to divert their attention in case we got caught in a stampede, and my legs could not transport me fast enough away from 10,000 pounds of thundering elephant bull mass capable of moving at twice the speed of a man.

The main hunting party, loaded in a station wagon armed with water jugs, a few sandwiches, and a couple of .375 rifles with ammunition, headed for the small lake. I followed in a pick-up truck. The road was rough and narrow but quite passable. Frank made the trip regularly and he often spent the night there in a small house trailer. It was a bright, warm afternoon. We arrived at the trailer and Frank rent led the party to the lake. A slight breeze rippled the clear water toward the dam. The far shore of the pond seemed disturbed and on closer inspection showed definite signs of activity: foot marks, mud wallows with dried edges and a few droppings. This told us that a few hours earlier on, the elephant herd had been engaging in their favorite pastime: drinking, playing in the water, and coating themselves with mud to protect them from insect bites and sunburns.

The next move was to pick up their trail. Judging from the terrain, and the size and lushness of the vegetation downstream I guessed they had gone that way. I scouted ahead and discovered that my assessment was right. They had milled about the bush. Pushed over a few smaller trees and deposited some heavy droppings. There were older droppings and felled trees that indicated this was their regular route from the water. As far as the eye could see there were hills and valleys covered with large trees. I signaled the group of four to head off in the direction of the trail. Thornburgh and one other carried the big guns. The rest carried smaller calibers only for safety. The party moved with modest speed as the underbrush was thick. Moving quietly and listening to pick up any sounds, we covered nearly a mile. Ground signs were becoming fresher. A few trees pushed over, broken and twisted twigs, and fresh droppings showed that we were in their vicinity. Now was the time for slowed movement and more listening I left the group and headed down a small ravine to the left. When I saw the trunk of a large bull swing high into the air, I realized I had just passed the herd on the slope to the right. Amazingly quiet, the group milled about snapping off ranches and pulling up clumps of grass. Their large fanning ears were in constant motion to prevent heat build up, since they have no sweat glands.

The problem was how to get back to alert the rest of the party. I saw them coming down the opposite of the ravine and would likely run into the elephants. When I reached a position across from them without being detected by the elephants I could see that the group had spotted the elephants and was near shooting range my adrenaline surged, causing a throbbing in the kidney area. I was worried that the herd would charge in my direction once shooting began, so I moved behind a lame tree for safety. Then a .375 shell blasted, shattering the jungle quietness. The herd of fifteen to twenty, none less than half grown, took off full speed straight ahead, thanks goodness, and was out of hearing in seconds. Gone! I called up the slope to the others. Thornburg answered in triumph. "I dropped one of the males and he's lying here beside us." I came out of hiding, still a bit nervous, and made a close inspection of the fallen bull. The bullet had pierced the brain of one of the world's largest mammals and had ended its potential sixty-year life swiftly and painlessly. Others shaking off the nervousness I examined ears, trunk, feet, tail, and wrinkled mud-covered skin. This was my first opportunity to be close to an African elephant. The tusks were, about three and a half feet long. Modest in size when compared to the record of eleven and a half feet. He was about nine feet tall and weighed between 10,000 to 11,000 pounds. Again this is a moderate size when measured against the 22,000 pound record of Africa's largest male elephant. While I satisfied my curiosity, the rest of the crew was busy cutting out the tusks. Being family meat sensitive, I decided to cut about ten pounds of the loins to take home, thinking that we could grind some of it and produce the original "jumbo burger." Night was beginning to fall and we proceeded back to Kaduna. Although my first and only elephant hunt, it had been as successful as the many hunts I had been on in India.

The next morning I decided to go back to the jungle to pick up the trail of the elephants. I wanted to observe their behavior after losing one from the herd. I trailed them three or four miles. After the shooting they had run only a few thousand yards before halting.

They had milled about, disturbing the ground, and depositing droppings, but there were no signs of feeding. Next, they had moved into a ravine where they trampled in the mud up to their knees, but I found no signs of wallowing. They had climbed out and gone over a steep hill deeper into the forest, where they spent most of the night without feeding. I found a couple of trees pushed down, but the leaves were intact. Suddenly, I heard thumping and thrashing up ahead and I waited until the noise receded. Apparently they had detected me and moved away. I discovered they had spent some time in another small stream bed where there was little water and lots of mud. The signs were fresh and the mud from their feet was wet and splattered. Just over the hill the woods had been burned off and the herd had to increase its rate of travel to gain shelter. I concluded that they seemed to care less about feeding, and slowed their movement, formed tighter groups, and milled about mournfully. I headed back to the elephant carcass to find that it had been stripped. Nearby villagers had cleaned away all edible parts. I stopped at the village on my way back and was greeted by the old chief who said, "If you people come often, our children will become fat and healthy. I don't eat the meat myself but it is good for the children."

Loretta ground the elephant meat and we enjoyed the "Jumbo Burger." Later on, we carved dinner elephant meatloaf to dinner guests but did not tell them until they had eaten it. It was slightly coarse but very beefy and everyone seemed contented about the once-in-a-lifetime experience. They all thought they had eaten beef. Once we served elephant meat to Ed Kiefer, the AID abattoir and meat market advisor, and Mrs. Kiefer, a middle-aged couple, and then told them what they had eaten.

The husband said, "You mean to tell me that was elephant that I just ate!"

"That is exactly what it was." I answered.

He ran to the wall and clawed as if trying to climb it, then looked at his wife and said, "Honey, you're going to catch hell tonight when we get home," and he let out a couple of bull elephant squalls.

Kaduna

I finished my assignment in Samaru, and in June I assumed my new position as Agriculture Area Advisor for the Northern Region, effective June 5, 1966. Our family of seven took up residence in Kaduna in an ample two-story rectangular stucco house. A covered car port abutted the front entrance, allowing access without being exposed to rain. The yard was large and fenced. There was a guest house in the back also fenced where a small vegetable garden among the abundant ubiquitous banana trees had been established. The small guest house was a welcome addition. Bob Sweet, my predecessor in both job and house, had done an excellent job of establishing beautiful roses, and Loretta had premised to keep them well-tended. We were located on the airport side of town, some yards off the main road north. A line of trees offered some privacy from the passing traffic. On the other side of the mosque next to us, was the shattered, shell-damaged home of the Sarduna of Sokoto, ex-premier of the region. It was a gruesome

reminder of his assassination. As he had emerged dazed after a bombshell struck the house, he met with machine gun fire. We were grateful to have been in Nashville during the coup. Had the shell aimed at the premier's house fired from a field across the road, been a few degrees off target, our house, and the Sweets' could have been the victim.

Loretta continued to be at the helm for the girls' education via correspondence. The twins, by now fifteen years old, supplemented their correspondence education and social life by attending a Catholic school operated by the Queen of Apostles nuns. Their studies included French, geography, and social studies. Carol, seventeen, continued with her high school home study via the university of Nebraska, Extension Division. Carlotta, eleven, attended the Capital Hill, a local primary school. Loretta Jr, four, resumed her self-assigned investigation of whatever struck her fancy. Christina returned on holiday to Nigeria after two years at Vassar, and spent a good portion of the summer traveling with an American lawyer, who was a Moslem court inspector for the Northern Region Department of Justice, an experience that put the final touches on her decision to be a student of Islamic Law. With some assistance from her mother she baked a cake and some cookies, which she presented to the village chiefs when she went to observe court proceedings. Her display of respect for the village elders won them over and exempted her from their traditional attitude towards women. In an effort to integrate the U.S., parochial world in which she found herself for her studies, and the international world in which she had grown up, she made a point of getting to know the international students wherever she was. The summer before she came to Nigeria, she was at Georgetown for a summer course in logic. In her dormitory she was in for a big surprise. A young woman with a certificate from the Samaru school of agriculture had received a scholarship to take a university degree in Arizona. She was at Georgetown for orientation. The two became friends, but almost too close for Chris's liking. For the young woman came every evening to Chris's room to seek company and talk over cups of tea. Obliging and knowing what it meant to be homesick for family, Chris listened patiently until usually midnight when the young student left. Then Chris could start her homework, burning the midnight oil until two A.M. The two parted at summer semester end. They did not meet again until the next summer, this time in Samaru. Chris had gotten a message to come to the woman's flat. Surprised, Chris went, thinking the young woman should still have been in Arizona. Chris climbed the steps to the flat house, knocked, and was welcomed by her radiant friend. They fell in each other's arms. As it turned out, the young woman was forced by government to give up her scholarship because she had discovered in Georgetown that she was pregnant. She thanked Chris for having saved her life. She used to come to Chris's room in Georgetown in desperation. Out of shame she wanted to commit suicide, and if Chris had not so patiently kept her company, she would in all likelihood returned so depressed to her room and actually ended her life. Something of Africa's famous patience with human beings had rubbed off on our daughter.

The only hitch to my job change involved a technical specialist I had evaluated back in Samaru I had recommended his dismissal, and shortly after I transferred to Kaduna he notified me that he was taking the case to his congressman. My assessment had been based on claims he made that he had worked for a highly secret organization that carried

out clandestine cloak-and-dagger operations. He told many convincing stories of his exploits while sitting around the British clubs. Some of my British friends had made complaints about him. I ran into a lady who knew him from his home state and verified that it was all a fake. I took steps to notify the area administrator. News had also gotten around that he put on sex exercises with his wife for close friends at his home. I sent word back to him that if he did not wish to look worse than what had been reported, he should not have his congressman investigate his case. I never heard from him again.

At home I immediately went into action to prepare for my home poultry project. I chose a location behind the house under the shade of the small banana grove planted by the Sweets. Using one side of the guesthouse's concrete fence as a windbreak, I enclosed an area with chicken wire and a gate. Inside I assembled the broiler cage I had sent from Nashville. Day-old chickens for broilers and young pullets for layers were purchased from the certificate-level School of Veterinary Assistants hatchery in Kaduna. This was another AID-assisted project implemented by Arthur Hannah, brother of Dr. John Hannah, AID Administrator, and former President of Michigan State University. The project assisted with hatching and distribution of chickens to farmers and villagers in the region. Pfizer Pharmaceuticals had set up a plant to produce good quality chicken feed just a few hundred yards down the road from our home. The situation was ideal for providing eggs and fryers for the family. Ten weeks after placing forty- day-old chicks in the cage, they were taken out, dressed, packaged, and placed in our freezer. Fresh tender fryers were on hand at all times for family and guests. The droppings from the poultry went back to the soil to fertilize the banana trees. The thirty pullets grew to be good layers and were free to roam about the lot to scratch, eat the commercial feed and the young green shoots growing on the banana plants. I constructed a series of roosts along the concrete wall where they spent the dark hours. Additionally the broad leaf bananas provided the much-needed shade against the sizzling sun of the dry season. The pullets average production was seventy percent about twenty eggs per day. Although I was not interested in using the eggs for hatching, I kept two roosters to keep the hens happy and contented. There are no eggs better than contented eggs from contented hens. Seriously, the banana/poultry combination represented an excellent symbiotic relationship. The plants furnished the shade and green shoots as a food supplement for the poultry while the poultry keep the ground loose, pliable, and aerated by scratching, allowing the rain to soak in freely when it did come. The nutrient loaded poultry manure kept the plants vigorous and healthy. Some of the banana bunches of the sweet, plump, South American variety weighed up to a hundred pounds. Good bananas and fresh, fried chicken can go a long way in providing good "chop" (food) for the family.

One day while repairing the fence, little Loretta came to the poultry lot and stood at the gate. The big, full-grown rooster walked up to the fence and looked as if he would peck at her through the wire, then started chasing a hen. She stood looking straight at the rooster and did an appraisal of him, talking out loud to herself.

"Look at him, he can't do much. All he can do is eat the food, mess up this place and chase the hens. He doesn't know many subjects."

“What was that you were saying about the rooster?”, I asked, trying to subdue my laughter.

“I just said he don’t know many subjects. He doesn’t,” She said as she went running back to the house.

I told that story at the office the next day, and it was such a hit that her expression “He doesn’t know many subjects,” became a catch phrase at the mission. It was used especially when describing someone not too informed about what was going on, or whenever the traveling bureaucrats came from Lagos and Washington to look over the mission.

In my free time I continued to add to my collection of expressions, and my golfing improved, earning me several trophies. My recreational activities took on another dimension when we got together Sunday mornings and for an AID/counselor softball team to play a Japanese team. The Japanese had thirty men in Kaduna assisting with the administration and operation of a textile mill. We came out on top most times. I did most of the pitching and played outfield. One of the more interesting features to the contests was the differences in refreshments. The teams alternated hosting the post-game snack. The Japanese menu included dried octopus, squid, and other fish and rice preparations in cellophane packages, accompanied by Japanese teas, beer, and soft drinks. We did hot dogs, potato chips, hamburgers, Coca Cola, Pepsi, and fruit drinks. Everyone ate heartily without complaints.

The lull in the political situation began to deteriorate. Following the military coup, General Johnson Aguiyi-Ironsi, an Ibo, had taken control and was credited with postponing the portending civil war. The short-lived calm was broken by mid 1966, when he was kidnaped and murdered by northern Islamic soldiers bitter about the general’s plan for a unified government and the pardon of Ibo officers responsible for the coup and murder of the Muslim Prime Minister and Sarduna of Sokoto.

I overheard a group of Northerners in the marketplace discussing the general’s death: “Some people cannot believe it if they wish, but I say, believe it, I saw him on the slab. He was dead,” one man asserted.

Disorder erupted across the Northern Region against the Ibos, who had been favored by the British. Colonial rule depended on the creation of a civil service and drew from the missionary-educated Ibos. They were trained as railway and postal workers, clerks and technicians, and dispersed throughout Nigeria to manage the country’s bureaucracy and commerce. This method of operation may have been practical, but by singling out one ethnic group the British had set the stage for tribal conflict. Nightly raids were carried out against the Ibo communities. Their homes were burned and dozens were killed as they fled in search for refuge. Zaria was one of the first places near to us to feel the sting of death. We heard reports of house workers being stabbed and beaten and left for dead in expatriate employers’ bath tubs. Even during the day gangs of Hausas could be seen chasing a solitary Ibo, often beating him to death. The violence was a hard thing for

expatriates to take, but any move to help the Ibos resulted in a stern reminder: “This is our affair. Stay out of it and you will not be harmed.” We had a mix of Hausa and Ibos working in the office but early on the Ibos were warned by the AID Director, Bill Rex, to get out and head for the eastern region as raids escalated both in the countryside and the urban centers.

“We really slayed them last night,” said the young Hausa as he sat at his desk laughing.

“Ramiah, what’s so funny? Why are you so happy and smiling this morning?” I asked.

“We really knocked them over last night, the Ibos I’m talking about.”

“You went out burning and killing Ibos last night?” I asked.

He continued to laugh. “Yes I did. What was so funny is one of our gang took a swipe at an Ibo with his machete and cleanly cut off his head. His head fell to the ground and he fell to the ground but quickly bounced up and walked around with no head and then fell dead. That was really funny walking around with no head,” he laughed.

“You mean to tell me that’s why you have been laughing?” I asked in astonishment and consternation.

“Yes. It was funny.”

I gave him a hard stare and walked away. There seemed to be a tinge of repentance. At least the laughing stopped. But this was the typical attitude of the youth gangs whose nightly work I witnessed for the first time in Zaria. The dead were being picked up from the streets and gutters and stacked like cordwood on a tractor-drawn trailer, damped into a mass grave and covered over with dirt by a bulldozer.

It was rumored that the U.S. and the British ambassadors had persuaded the reluctant Lt. Colonel Yakubu Gowan to seize control of the central government. He was the thirty-one year old son of a Methodist minister, a Sandhurst graduate, and the former chief of staff of the Army of the Northern Region. Still the violence continued. A meeting convened by Gowan to bring about a consensus collapsed. Mob action escalated in the north with a cruelty that made earlier conflict seem mild.

It had been in Ibo land that I first observed the Baptist missionaries for whom I had given my scarce pennies at my home church in Virginia many years ago. Loretta often said, “The missionaries taught the Ibo a lot but not how to be humble.” They were proud and given to self-praise. They had become the dominant tribe of the young nation after independence, because of their capabilities as entrepreneur, educators, and administrators, but they were harshly resented by other Nigerians.

Typical Road Trip

With my young assistant, Everett Headrick, from Idaho, helping with the paperwork at the office, I began regional travel to review project activities. These included: range/ranch development, certificate level schools, agriculture engineering, agriculture research, extension, soil conservation, agriculture and veterinary faculties, and poultry production.

A three-day road trip took me through Bauchi, along the 800 square mile Yankari game reserve and on to Maiduguri. This northeastern town was the home of ballad Lawan, the Permanent Secretary of Agriculture, and Bukar Shaib, the head of livestock for the region, both of whom I often met with in Kaduna. AID had four agricultural specialists stationed there in extension, cooperatives, livestock/ranch, and agricultural engineering. Across the countryside one could detect little signs of political upheaval. People went about doing their daily tasks, gathering wood, marketing their produce, and cooking outside on open fires. Twice I saw bands of men combing millet fields with sticks, looking for an Ibo who might be hiding there, but I saw no violence.

One of the special joys of traveling across open bush country of West Africa was the great variation in the local people's physical features, including tribal scars, and their dress or lack of it. The stretches of open dusty roads often provided an interest that would make uptight Westerners sit up with interest, but to local people it was perfectly normal. Young Fulani maidens with balanced basket head-loads on top of dusty hair, their skirts bounced from side to side with the swing of their hips. Bare from the waist up, their busts were bronzed by the relentless sun, and their unconscious grace and beauty as dramatic as the lengthening shadow that followed them. This, I thought, is big screen stuff without the commercials, giving the mind a chance to think what comes naturally without being persuaded by someone trying to sell something I had heard the British around the Zaria club talk more than once about these natural beauties. Their conclusion was that it doesn't get any better than this, but at the same time, if you could not control your admiration, you have been in Africa too long.

In fact my schedule of appointments in Maiduguri included this very subject. Mallam Lawan had heard that one of our bachelor extension workers had a young Fulani lady staying with him at times and it had become a matter of gossip in the community. Lawan asked me in Kaduna to counsel him on the need for discretion in such a conservative Moslem community, or he might be asked to leave or transferred to another post.

It was my first trip to Maiduguri. As the sun lowered behind the distant horizon, I could see in the distance an orderly grove of trees that stood out in the semi-arid countryside. This was Maiduguri, a cluster of Shawa Arabs and Kanuri communities. The trees turned out to be neem, also numerous in India, where the twigs are chewed on and used for tooth brushes. I later discovered that the trees had been planted by the brother of David Nivens, the British movie star. His brother was once stationed in Maiduguri with the British Army. I made my way to Ted Shambaugh's house, the agriculture engineering specialist. After de-layering myself of most of the dust, we relaxed with some tea and biscuits while Ted highlighted his project, which was to complete a workshop to train local people in tool use and fabrication of items for the farmstead and farming operations in the area.

This being one of my specialities, we had a vigorous exchange of ideas that no doubt covered all the farm equipment and tool problems facing the local farmers. I shared with him some of the ideas and fabrications I had introduced in India.

Inevitably, we discussed the Hausa/Ibo conflict. So far there hadn't been any violence in Maiduguri, but Ted felt it was just a matter of time before an area-wide attack was coordinated. AID Kaduna had installed a system of radio communications across the regions to maintain personal contact, determine the existing conditions, and order an expedient evacuation of Americans out of the area. If necessary Ted's place was the radio center for the Haiduguri area, so he was well informed.

Ted's cook served up an incredible, edible dinner, and with it I enjoyed my favorite drink, tea with limes. Tired from fighting the dusty roads all day, I succumbed early to a deep, dreamless sleep. The morning daylight peeked into the windows and from among the need trees came the songs of birds. Ted was already up and on the move. A breakfast of eggs, cheese, slices of canned ham and toast, topped with hot lime tea, was quite enough to get me started. We spent the first hour at the agriculture engineering workshop where several young Nigerians were training to take over the shop's management. The well-organized, well-equipped shop handled simple repair jobs for local farmers, serviced what little mechanized equipment there was, and fabricated equipment to be drawn by small donkeys. Little had been done to domesticate animals other than cattle and horses, which were used only for riding and on ceremonial occasions.

Next Ted put me in touch with Lloyd Trayick and Harlan Tully, working with agriculture extension and cooperatives, respectively. I found them at Lloyd's where they were rounding up a breakfast meeting on how to dovetail their efforts with local action groups. Lloyd was the source of Hallam Lawan's concern, which I decided not to mention in Harlan's company. They offered me some of their meal, which was an ostrich omelet. One of these eggs made enough omelet to feed about six. I questioned them about the taste and texture and they said it was a bit tough or rubbery, but not bad. I took a taste on my tongue and it resembled an omelet I once made from peacock eggs, which tended to bounce slightly when dropped.

We took a tour of the offices, meeting some of the Nigerian extension workers and farmers. We also took a look at some of the citrus production under irrigation on Mallam Lawan's farm. Limited technology and lack of improved farm inputs were constraints to a more vigorous extension program. Simple techniques were being emphasized, such as making better use of organic materials and fertilizers. Plant spacing, timely planting, and improved methods of water application the basic thrust of the program lay in convincing the farmers of the advantage of collective input purchasing and product marketing along with the exchange of ideas.

I spent much of the afternoon with Wayne and Marg Wenburg at the big ranch AID was supporting, a few miles out of Haiduguri. They lived in trailers with low ceilings, which seemed a bit crowded. Wayne, over six feet tall, moved about with a bowed head. Electricity was furnished by small generators which were not without frequent problems.

Lanterns, candles, and kerosene lamps were often pressed into action to supplement the generators. Water was stored in a small overhead tank, obtained from a tube well that had been drilled to furnish water for the livestock. The ranch was intended to breed high quality bulls for mating and providing semen for artificial insemination. Holsteins were on hand for improving the local milk breeds. For beef cattle breeding San Gertrudis and Brahmin bulls were brought to the ranch San Gertrudis, a cross between Shorthorns and Brahmin, was the first distinct breed of cattle developed in U.S., in Kingville, Texas. Brahmin bulls were introduced into the U.S. in 1849. Native of India, they did well in the humid southern climate. Their well-developed sweat glands make them resistant to heat, and so were included in the livestock at the ranch. While both beef breeds did well under good management in the ranch setting, there were problems. A very rigid tick eradication program was necessary, requiring frequent dipping in chemical solution. Another serious problem was thorns sticking in the low-swinging penis sheaths, causing infection. With little veterinary care in the area, one of the better bulls was in critical condition. Wayne had taken steps to clean out the thorn bushes but was working against the time as they were difficult and expensive to eradicate. This project was probably one that catered to Bukar Shaib's interest, who was a veterinarian by training, as well as the Ministry of Agriculture's livestock expert. He was a Shuwa Arab, extremely bright and ambitious. He once told me that he saw veterinary training as the best avenue for moving up the political ladder.

I returned to Lloyd's house to discuss the matter of his indiscretions. His lady companion prepared tea for us, then retired to the back of the house.

I told Lloyd about the Permanent Secretary's concern. "Lawan, who as you know is from the area, called me before I left. He asked me to inform you that the local people have been talking about you taking up with a young lady who is staying with you. He realizes that you are single, but the social norms in the conservative Moslem community do not permit such cohabitation, which is causing gossip and resentment, particularly from the elderly. He would like you to be more discreet in your relationship with the women in the community. If the gossip or truth persists Lawan may have to ask AID to transfer you. That is my sermon," I concluded.

Lloyd hesitated a bit as if surprised and said, "She works for me and a number of outsiders here have ladies working for them. I don't see anything wrong with that. She does stay here sometimes, and I guess that is what has created the talk. I'm surprised that the talk has reached to Kaduna. I'll handle it," he promised.

"You know, Lawan is in touch with all that goes on in his hometown and his attitude toward expatriates is not the most hospitable, to say nothing of his stern conservative religious practices. Anyway you have the word. Be careful," I shook his hand and was off.

I spent the night at Ted's and mentioned the situation with Lloyd. Since Ted was the senior staff person, I asked him to keep an ear to the gossip machine as it pertains to any AID persons and to do his best to keep it contained."

Late the next morning I started back to Kaduna via Jos. Along the way I passed a group of forest ladies wearing leaf skirts only. Nothing on the upper. They carried head loads giving them excellent grace and poise. The scorching sun had taken away the leaves' shine and glitter and withered them to a smaller size. Increasing the exposure. This was eye catching to westerners. The naturalness of it all is what specifically struck me. Each evening the women collected fresh shiny leaves, plentiful along the roadside, and wove them quickly into skirts. No style variation was apparent. The fresh skirt was then ready to wear next morning. The daily repetition must have eliminated any discussion about what other women wore. It certainly beats having to do the laundry and deciding what detergents to buy. But each day a torrid sun waited around in heaven to cast its evaporative powers upon a fashion as old as the leaves and left nothing more than a desire for a change of skirts.

I had a restful evening at the famous thatched-roof hotel in Jos, my third stay, where the cuisine was British Style and uniquely inedible. The fresh, cool night made sleep under a light blanket a welcome treat. A hard fried egg, the only kind the Nigerian cooks could do, heavily breaded British sausage, slices of fried tomatoes, and tea with rough lemon fueled me for a visit to Vom veterinary facility, where Eric and Dot Carver were stationed. Eric was a USAID veterinarian who assisted with the production of livestock vaccines. This impressive facility had lone been British staffed, but was gradually becoming staffed by Nigerians. A light lunch with the Carvers, then I was off to touch base with Lee Herrick, our poultry specialist in Jos. I also got glimpse of the soil conservation training school, part of a project sponsored by AID and implemented by the Bureau of Land Reclamation. I made it back to Kaduna by night fall.

The Crash

On another inspection trip, I had spent a day and a night with Labe Larson in his trailer on a cattle ranch in the lowland near Jos. I looked the project over and offered some suggestions for overcoming his drainage and fencing problems. The next morning was clear and sunny, and after breakfast, I headed back towards Kaduna. I drove forty-five miles per hour along the rutted gravel road with my luggage in the back of the pick-up truck, feeling good about setting an early start. At the pitch of a long hill that went down and up again, the front right tire blew just as I was passing between the concrete supports of a road culvert. The vehicle went out of control, flipped over and back up on its wheels, climbed a small bank, and came to rest against two small trees at the edge of a twelve foot deep ravine. After being bounced around, turned upside down and knocked on the head, I was still in one piece. I got out of the vehicle to discover that one side of the roof had been smashed down over the steering wheel. The windshield lay in the dirt, still whole but so cracked and limp that it took on the shape of the contour of the ground. My suitcase had been thrown out the rear, flipped wide open and its contents were scattered over twenty feet. I gathered all I could, stuffed it back in the suitcase, and threw it in the back of the truck. As I opened the door of the truck it swayed and I saw the left front wheel rested at the edge of the ravine. I carefully eased inside and turned on the switch. To my surprise the engine started. I turned it off and went to the back to determine how

delicately balanced it was over the ravine. With one hand I could rock the truck back and forth. The two small trees were keeping it from tumbling into the ravine.

This was not a well-traveled road, but I sat beside it to wait for help. I wiped the bloody scratches on my forehead and right arm. After an hour I heard the noise of a scooter coming. I stood in the middle of the road, waved the oncoming traveler down, and told him my story. He was willing to give me a ride to the nearest village. I hopped on the back and rode for five or six miles clutching the driver's waist. We came to a very large village which fortunately had a police station. I reported my accident to the policeman, who wrote down a few comments but didn't seem interested in looking at the wreck. When I inquired whether there was anyone in the area who had a vehicle that could help me, he sent a messenger to someone who had a Landrover.

I sat outside the police station nearly two hours. About to give up, I saw four men pushing a Landrover towards the station. They told me there was no gasoline in the tank, the battery was weak, and the Landrover had to be pushed to get it started. They continued to push until we reached the gasoline pump in the village. I paid for three gallons, then I realized that we would need a long rope or chain to tow my vehicle. Finding a chain was very unlikely. One of the men volunteered to get some rope. After about thirty minutes he came back with several pieces of goat-skin rope. Dried skins with the hair still on it had been cut into strips and plaited into a rope with more colors than Joseph's coat. I tied the sections together and got what seemed to be a piece long enough to reach from my truck to the road.

We had a downhill from the gas pump, and after a few heaves, jerks, and gushes, the Landrover started and five of us piled in. We chugged down to the wreck, leaving the Landrover in the road pointed downhill. Three men took positions at the rear of the vehicle to push against the side next to the ravine. The fourth took the driver's seat. My plan was to coordinate the push with the tightening of the rope. I had turned the front wheel of the truck in the direction of the road. The rope was tied to the bumpers of the vehicles. I gave the driver the signal to start and pull. Before the rope fully tightened it broke. I retied it and instructed the driver to accelerate sharply to give the rope a snap rather than to ease the rope tight. I gave the heave-ho signal again and all forces went into action to dislodge the truck. At the same time the rope broke again. Whew! How lucky can you be, I thought. All faces must have been in perfect accord because the truck was tugged just enough to get it off the edge and rolling down the embankment. A shout from the helpers went up that could be heard a mile away. I cleaned out most of the pounds and shillings I had in my pocket and passed them to the driver to distribute. I drove the pickup the next fifty miles bent low and peering through the steering wheel and out keeping an eye on the side window because the cab of the truck was crushed.

As I slowly dragged myself back over the road to Kaduna, I recalled the last time I drove that road I had a flat tire and found no spare tire in the AID vehicle. I parked it beside the road then caught a yam truck all during a thunder storm. Squeezed in between four workers, I rode under a muddy canvas. The mud from the rear wheels sprayed all over my face and chest. My hat caught at least an inch but spared the top of my head from a

mud bath. Totally plastered from head to foot when I arrived home, the girls tried to be polite and sympathetic, but they sneaked an awful lot of laughs over my ordeal. The Kaduna river water must have been colored red for a day from the muddy water flushed from our bathroom. Oddly enough all the vehicle road trouble I encountered over the more than four years in Nigeria occurred a few miles apart on the same road. Maybe the spirits there and mine were simply incompatible.

The Death Trap

The tension between the northern Nigerians and the Ibo Nigerians had been sporadic and it was just a matter of time before there would be a big coordinated push to wipe the Ibos out completely. We at the mission were nervous about how this would affect the U.S. development assistance program. We continued our program in full swing with a growing diligence and with an increase in radio reports from all corners of the region. A few areas had experienced skirmishes, in which a substantial numbers of Ibos lost their homes or their lives.

I embarked on an air trip to Maiduguri, Mubi, and Jos. The pilot was from South America and had not flown in Northern Nigeria before. He worked for a charter aircraft service located in Lagos and had been sent to pilot for the AID mission in Kaduna. One of the few consolations of flying over the rugged country of the north was that no chartered flights were allowed to fly single-engine aircraft. Our twin-engine propeller plane cleared the runway at Kaduna in the early morning amid billowing white clouds too high to fly above. This meant bucking winds and poor visibility, flying with occasional openings revealing the rugged ground. After passing over Bauchi, the home area of the assassinated Federal Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, we seemed to be off course, but the pilot flew on, glancing at his map. We had flown long enough to be somewhere in the vicinity of one railway that traversed the country from Bauchi to Maiduguri. The pilot finally admitted that he had flown ninety miles off course to get around a heavy cloud mass he was afraid to fly through. Being a bit nervous, I tried to calm myself by saying: "I've never been to the Congo, maybe this is my chance." I informed the pilot that the only land mark in the area that I could recognize was the railroad, and if he came down a bit and traversed the countryside we might be able to spot it. According to his calculations, he had corrected his ninety miles detour and should be headed in the direction of Maiduguri. Finally, I spotted the rails and suggested we follow the tracks to our destination. Within minutes Maiduguri appeared in the distance. Below we could see a locomotive without cars, but covered with people hanging on in numbers that literally obliterated most of the engine. I had little time to speculate on this strange scene for as soon as we landed hordes of people with packages. Suitcases, and bundles charged out in front of the plane. With some persuasion a few policemen kept them away until we taxied to the passenger loading area. By this time they hung all over the plane, pleading and begging us to take them on. Resigned to the futility of their effort, they milled nervously about and gathered in crowds on the runway and parking areas. As I disembarked, five women carrying babies and baggages, pulled at my clothing with agonizing tear-lined faces and pleaded to me to take them with us. A choked feeling gripped me as a dual inner voice spoke out, one saying you can't leave them here to die,

the other saying neither can you intervene and risk your own life. I kept walking but was haunted to the very roots of my existence. Inside the airport we were informed that the previous night was the scene of mass killings of the Ibos, leaving hundreds dead and scattered about the streets, their homes in flames. The locomotive that we had seen heading inch had been commandeered by Ibos. Nigerians attempting to escape heinous butchered by the Hausa Nigerians. As we rode into town, a couple of caterpillar tractors with dozer blades were digging a mass grave deep in the sand. The town smoked from beneath its canopy of neem trees. The streets were littered with 400 to 500 chopped and delimbed bodies, many bloated and swollen. A tractor-drawn trailer began the removal of bodies. The bodies were stacked crosswise like cord-wood and hauled out to the mass grave, dumped, and covered over with sand. This was a far more frightful and shocking experience than I had witnessed in the jungles of the Pacific during WWII.

We made contact with the four AID people stationed there and found all of them unharmed, but naturally concerned and nervous. They had been assured that there was no need to worry as long as they did not intervene or show any sympathy for the Ibos. The night before had been the results of a coordinated push to annihilate the Ibos. Radio contact with AID regional headquarters at Kaduna to report on the situation in Maiduguri verified that similar reports had come in from all over the region. Apart from body collection and burial and Ibos flocking to escape by taking to the bush or to catching anything rolling, the town seemed calm and peaceful. Many of the Ibo businesses had been demolished. The local public services were severely interrupted due to the fact that their administrators had been Ibos. This area was one of the farthest points from Ibo land which made it a most formidable task to get back home safely. The mobs of Hausa that had risen up against the Ibos this time made earlier strife seem mild. Thousands were being slaughtered, including women and children who did nothing more than to search for ways to get out of the region.

We radioed the AID contact in Mubi, my next destination. Told that the local officials were inundated with the explosive situation there, we decided to postpone that visit and to fly to Jos. The crowds at the Maiduguri airport had diminished and take-off was uneventful. The flight to Jos meant battling the winds and heavy cloud masses while maintaining enough altitude to safely clear the rugged hills in the area. The story at Jos was no different; burning, smoldering remains, more dead and many trying to escape. There was one instance that everyone talked about one that I observed as we drove out to Vom to visit the American couple there. Evidently some of the outlying families had not gotten the word and had dressed their children for school. Eleven young school boys neatly dressed in their school uniforms and carrying their books had been attacked, arms, legs, ears and faces cut beyond recognition. They lay among their scattered books, groaning in pain and agony, left to die. Their Ibo parents were in no condition to help and no one else dared. As in other places, no Americans were harmed, but had been warned not to intervene. Later on in the day the word got around that the locomotive loaded with Ibos trying to escape was ambushed in Bauchi and all were put to death. Our ghastly day ended with a safe landing at the Kaduna airport.

With screaming Moslem mobs attacking Ibos across the region with clubs, machetes,

arrows, and shot guns, the Ibo elders feared the annihilation of their people and sent out the call for all Ibos to come home. From all regions, villages, government offices and private businesses, Ibos traveled by foot, carts and wagons by road and rail lugging all they owned. It was reported that some parents carried the heads of their children in baskets. In late May, 1967 at the Eastern Region capital, Enugu, the leader of the Ibos, an Oxford trained lieutenant colonel called Chukweumeke Odumegwu Ojukwu, proclaimed the independent Republic of Biafra. (The Bight of Biafra is the bay formed by the curve of the Eastern Region coast line). This was equivalent to declaring civil war. Recruiting and training military troops escalated in the vicinity of Kaduna, many across the road from our residence. The Northern Region was clearly preparing for war with the Ibos.

As tens of thousands of Ibos were systematically massacred, I became highly concerned for the family's safety. There had been no high-level decision regarding evacuation of dependents. The options were for all of us to remain in Nigeria or send our family to a safe haven in Europe. The decision was left to each family.

The Move to Madrid

With the new school year about to begin, we decided to relocate the family to Madrid, Spain, as our safe haven. This agonizing decision meant that I would stay in Kaduna while Loretta would assume the task of a one-parent family, an undertaking she had assumed many times over the years. The U.S. Embassy in Madrid was notified of their arrival time and was requested to make hotel reservations until they could locate an apartment. Flight arrangements were made with Sabena airlines from Kano, Nigeria. A frenzy of packing resulted in fifteen bulging suitcases which we loaded inside and on top of the family station wagon. We drove 160 miles to Kano, where everything was under the control of the military. The sight of Northerners combing the fields and woods looking for Ibos to murder was still common. The soldiers at the airport were particularly courteous and accommodating to Loretta and the girls during their exit check. I stood on the visitors' deck as the big jet took off and watched it reduced to a distant speck. In my mind I hoped for the best for them, but knew that Loretta was ready for the worst and prepared to handle anything in between. Pandora, the cat and Guardie, the dog remained behind. We became close friends and got along splendidly. I taught the house assistant how to be friendly with them and to care for them while I was on trips. He did a commendable job.

The family reached Madrid on the same day, went directly to the Embassy, and were directed to their small, comfortable hotel apartment where they lived for several weeks. Loretta lost no time enrolling the four older girls in the American school at the Torrejon Airbase. They landed within walking distance of the bus route to school. A fifty-cent taxi ride took Loretta to the huge, well-stocked American commissary where she made her weekly food purchases. Additionally the PX (Post Exchange) at the airbase was available to them with easy access by city buses. In the meantime I had hustled around at Loretta's request to get a notarized "power of attorney" required for her to cash checks at the Embassy. With the girls comfortably set in their school routine, their next move was to get an apartment and set up housekeeping. The big obstacle was that no Jones spoke

Spanish and the people of Spain had not bothered much to learn English, making it difficult to negotiate a lease. Loretta was eventually informed by the Embassy general service officer of an apartment for rent owned by a former Spanish employee of the Embassy. Loretta and the girls inspected the apartment which was a bit tight, but they decided to take it based on the rent quoted and its convenient location. When the time came to move, the owner raised the rent considerably and informed them that she would be staying in the apartment. None of these terms were acceptable. Loretta suspected that she had talked to the hotel owner, who knew about the U.S. family rent allowance and suggested that she could get much more than she had earlier quoted. Loretta and the girls refused the deal and were back in the market for a place. The general service officer informed them at some apartments for rent owned by an army captain, they contacted the owner and discovered that he was unable to comprehend a word of English. The twins could offer some halting French. Loretta had taught French but through the years of non-use she was limited. Her speaking did not go beyond, "Je ne comprend pas," I don't understand. Fortunately, the landlord's wife could speak French, and they were able to make a date to inspect the quarters.

Satisfied with the ninth floor, three-bedroom apartment two blocks from the school bus stop, they staggered through the language barrier and closed the deal. The Embassy general service officer helped them move from the hotel to their new quarters, a tremendous relief from hotel living. There was no washing machine but instead two large tin tubs with built-in scrub boards for hand washing and rinsing. The clothes were hung on two string lines stretched across the veranda. There was no refrigeration. Fresh food items were left on the window sills and veranda to minimize the rate of spoilage. They finally settled into a family routine. The two Loretta's, youngest and oldest, had the days to themselves while the rest went off to school. Loretta Jr., who had long learned to plan and carry out her interests of the day, made it relatively easy for Loretta Sr. Loretta wrote me about her latest interests that of wanting to go to fetch the mail on the first floor. Loretta pointed out that she was not tall enough to reach the ninth floor elevator button. Loretta Jr. could only reach the seventh floor button, but she argued that she could push the seventh floor button get off and easily walk up the two flights. Mama Loretta let her have her way a couple of times.

In October 1967, I traveled to Spain to join the family for nearly one month. The stay was a delightful respite from the tense civil war atmosphere in Nigeria. Loretta and I had some catching up to do and lost no time getting started. I checked several appliance stores and found a refrigerator about two-thirds the size of which we were accustomed. I struggled through my elementary Spanish acquired during World War II to make a successful purchase. This gave the family their first refrigeration since being in Spain. The girls were enjoying the amenities of Madrid as well as the U.S. goods available at the commissary and PX. Our purchases included two five pound packages of chitterlings, which created some consternation among the girls. They didn't want to denounce us, but did claim that the cooking odors might offend the neighbors I argued that our place was on the top floor so the smell would not permeate the building. Loretta cooked them and there were no complaints from the neighbors. The girls would not partake. They had never been introduced to "soul food" and had no appreciation of what they were missing.

I thoroughly enjoyed them. A little vinegar or hot sauce sprinkled over them and hot buttered corn bread is a delight that no one should miss.

Airbase shopping, long sightseeing walks, and bus and taxi rides took up most of my day. We decided to take in our first bull fight, the best known of Spain's spectacles combining courage, cruelty, and elaborate ceremony. After watching the picadors on their horses lance the bull to weaken his neck muscles, the banderilleros on foot stick a pair of darts in the bull, the matador showing up on foot with his sword and small red cloth draped over a stick. I tended to side with the bull. But the star of the event was the matador who paraded around the ring before the fight in an elaborate silk and velvet costume embellished with gold braid, beads and jewels. How well the matador is liked by the spectators depends on to how much risk and danger he exposes himself to. We were told that if the matador shows good form, is skillful and brave, he is awarded the aura and tail of the bull. The better of these fellows can be genuine national hero and earn his salaries from a single fight. We watched two bulls killed. Loretta relished it less than I did, which was not terribly much and commented. "That poor bull."

Loretta Jr. looked up and said "Poor Mama, she can't stand to see that bull killed,"

I was unable to spend Christmas with the family but Christina, by this time a senior at Vassar, came for the holidays. She was still espousing her feeling about being a citizen of the world, one-world government, and the changes needed to make the world a better place to live. The rest of the girls did not think about it enough to show any specific reaction. Mama however was worried about more prosaic, solid things at life, even as how a world citizen should look. Money for hairdressing during college was scarce, and Chris found giving out money for books at the annual bookshop sale were of priority. But Mama knew that people are always capable of judging on what in the brain (or heart for that matter) but rather on the basis of books. Having discovered that Spanish women sold their beautiful long hair to earn extra money and that hair wigs were relatively cheap, Mama hauled Christina into a "perruquia" shop where she had to choose an elegant black wig decorated with black velvet ribbon though under protest.

In the meantime. back in Kaduna. I continued my job assignment with trips to the project areas, the concomitant paper work, and meetings with northern government officials whose interests was dampened by the prospects of civil war disturbances. However they were still keen to raise crop production levels and groundnut (peanut) production for export earnings, both essential to carry on the fight with the Ibos. A team of farm credit specialists sponsored by AID Lagos visited the region to determine how the credit program could be made more effective. Groundnuts were one of the most important crops, so they wanted to observe the marshaling area in Kano. Kano was one of the northern cosmopolitan terminals on the trans-Sahara caravan, and known for its ancient dye pots and mosques.

I accompanied them to Kano where I had visited officially on many occasions. Our approach from the south presented us with a display of pyramid clusters rising out of a flat landscape resembling those in Northern Sudan and Egypt. A closer view revealed that

they were sacks filled with shelled groundnuts stacked in 700 ton pyramids of agricultural wealth along railway sidings and truck ramps. From there the produce was to be transported through the ports of Lagos and Port Harcourt. We found that an Egyptian contractor was responsible for marshaling and shipping the produce to the southern ports. He gave the credit team a tour of the operation and answered their questions. The last question asked by an Oklahoman was: "How come you call these groundnuts and we call them peanuts?"

The Egyptian gave him a serious look and answered, "You can call it peanuts if you wish, but we think it is a hell of a big operation." This brought a big laugh from the Americans. The Egyptian added that groundnut production stood close to a million tons annually.

War Escalating - 2nd Trip To Madrid

Preparation for war was escalating. Daily the open space across the road from my house was increasingly occupied with young recruits in basic military training. Their relaxed, sloppy posture and unmilitary way of handling weapons left much to be desired and was a great source of concern for people passing through roadblocks. In the meantime, the Ibos were going full steam ahead with their war. They had procured an old B-26 Bomber of WWII vintage, fabricated some steel plates for reinforcement, concocted some homemade bombs and were beginning to fly over cities pushing out a few explosives and terrorizing the populace. This was something the people of Nigeria had never before experienced. Kaduna would be a natural target and the residents were apprehensive. Artillery and anti-aircraft units, such as existed, were on alert.

A Britisher and I were having a late afternoon game of golf and discussing the prospect of an Ibo bombing. I was putting on the ninth sand green when the drone of an aircraft became audible.

"That's the sound of a B-26 bomber. I've heard too many of them take off and land on airstrips we built in New Guinea during World War II. There isn't a plane that flew in the Pacific theater that I could not identify by the sound of its engine," I said.

"Ah poppy cock, I don't think so," he replied.

The sound was more pronounced and I was more than convinced that I was right. I looked up and descending through a thin layer of gray cloud was the old bomber.

"I'll be damned, you're right," the Britisher admitted. Astonished, we watched in awe. I couldn't believe I was reliving a tiny piece of WWII. The plane drifted down over the city airport and the military barracks and started unloading its bombs. The anti-aircraft guns went into action and we could see clearly the shells bursting in mid-air, well wide of their target. Probably feeling little threat from the anti-aircraft guns, the bomber made a few runs back and forth, pulled up and headed south flying over the golf course. They had hit a military barracks, killed a few military officers, and did some damage to the airport runway. The terrified populace was left thinking they would return. So far as I

know they never did. At the golf club my British friend had everybody's attention when he told the story and how I had identified the bomber from the sound of its motor.

In March 1968, I spent one week with the family in Madrid, where they were getting along famously. Keeping up well with their studies, they all felt that they would be promoted to the next grade. Carol was a senior and was looking forward to college, probably Vassar where Chris was a senior and would be graduating in June.

The highlight of the visit was sightseeing at Toledo, fifty miles southwest of Madrid. The ancient city dates back to 193 B.C. and is known throughout history for the manufacture of fine swords. This one-time capital of Spain, from 534 to 712 A.D., is the home of The Alcazar, a fortress on the city's highest point, and the Gothic Cathedral founded in 1227 and completed 266 years later. Its library has more than 70,000 volumes and manuscripts; its art works include works of El Greco, Goya, Titian, and Reubens.

Of major interest to us was the home and museum of one of the greatest painters in the history of art, the Greek born Domenikos Theotokopoulos, known as El Greco (the Greek), 1542-1614, who did most of his work in Spain. It was said that his works better reflected the mysticism and religious emotionalism of Spain than that of any native. His long undulating lines and twisted figures caught the curiosity of the girls. His use of color to reveal an inspiration and his disdain of material reality has made him one of the outstanding forerunners of contemporary art. The often distorted anatomy of his paintings revealed the personality of the person. The museum collection included Christ Carrying the Cross, Agony in the Garden and the Pieta. His View of Toledo is said to be the top landscape painting in all art. The rainy day did little to dampen our enthusiasm for this great city of European history.

The Nigerian Exit

Upon my return, the federal forces were gearing up to undo the Republic of Biafra to reunite Nigeria. People in the northern region would experience none of the battlefield action. Our AID program was still intact, but the war effort was beginning to impact negatively on the effectiveness of some of the activities. I had left more than two months of my assignment in Kaduna before picking up the family in Spain for home leave and transfer. I made a few short project-inspection trips. A final visit was made to Gusau, north of Samaru, where Tom Reynolds was advisor to a highly exemplary, small-farmer extension project. On the same route were Ed Boiling with his wife Ellen. He advised and assisted with building and organizing an agriculture engineering workshop, similar to the one described in Maduguri. With no other expatriates nearby, they handled well the isolation of their post and the struggle of assisting with the building of their home. I visited a similar workshop project in Bida, where Moses Morgan was advisor with his wife Dena and family.

Mostly I was in a phasing-out stage in the office and at home. My chicken project was dismantled and shared with friends. I gave the broiler rearing cage to the young Nigerian who was assisting with house chores. Packing air and sea freight demanded considerable

time. Arranging to ship Guardie and Pandora, our dog and cat was a major concern. I could turn Guardie over to General Services at AID for shipment to our next post in Kenya, but I needed to take Pandora with me.

The family station wagon had to be driven to Lagos for shipment. Notice had been circulated by the Embassy that no night travel into Lagos should be undertaken due to the potential dangers of military action around road blocks. In spite of good intention and much hustling to get the car packed and ready for shipment, I was late getting started. There was little chance of reaching Lagos before dark nor was there any place to spend the night other than in the vehicle. With my house assistant and a tightly packed vehicle we started the trip. Darkness caught us fifty miles north of Lagos. We were speeding along at about fifty miles per hour when the road curved sharply as it passed through a village. I caught the black image of a road block in the head lights, and slammed on the brakes, but the vehicle skidded into one end of it. Instantly there was stomping and loud shouting in Hausa as the vehicle was encircled with seven machine guns aimed and poised towards us. I was ordered from the car, jostled roughly, and asked why did I hit their road block. I tried to explain but they continued shouting and pointing their machine guns. They were all young nervous recruits and I had seen some of their training exercises, which did little to ease my adrenaline or fear. Guns still pointed they demanded to see what I was carrying. All the time my passenger was squashed down in the middle seat. They jabbed him to sit up and when he did he started speaking in Hausa. This broke the tension and the word went out. "He is carrying one of our brothers." Abraham told them who I was and that he worked for me. The guns slowly went down and they told me I could go on but warned I might not get into Lagos at night. Five miles ahead on a straight stretch was another road block but no one was visible. I pulled up and stopped. A voice called out of the bush, "Who goes there?"

I responded, "No one is going anywhere unless you remove the road block." Abraham yelled something in Hausa and two soldiers came out pointing their rifles at the car, after listening to our story they took a look in the vehicle where among other things, one spotted a pair of rubber boots.

"You didn't buy those boots in Nigeria." one of the soldiers noted.

"No, I bought them in the U.S.A.," I responded.

"I sure would like to have them." he stated.

I looked down on the ground at his foot and said "they are much too small for you," and I passed him one of them to put beside his foot, which was about three and a half inches longer than the boot. His countenance fell. He passed the boot back and waved me on. As I drove away I looked out the window and said, "I'm sorry those boots did not fit."

A few miles further on, fifteen cars had parked on the right side of the road at a road block. I got out and walked to a booth manned by two soldiers with machine guns. I asked the corporal what my chances were of getting through to Lagos.

“You have no chance to pass through tonight. We have orders not to let anyone pass until daylight. General Gowan could not pass if he showed up here tonight. You have no chance!” he shouted as he stomped his feet.

I retreated to the station wagon, but was not totally resigned that I would spend the night. I dozed briefly then looked up to see the corporal with his gun slung over his shoulder walk out to the middle of the road. I hurried up to him.

“What will it take to pass through this road block?” I reached in my pocket and counted out several pounds and passed it to him and said. “Split this with the Sergeant.”

He accepted it and stuck it in his pocket and said, “Do you have an office in Lagos?”

“Yes, I do,” I responded. “I work with the U.S. Embassy.”

“If I send my sister by there next week would you give her a job?” he inquired.

“I’ll do my best,” I responded. He took my name and I went back to my vehicle to wait. Within minutes the corporal stepped out in the middle of the road, looked in my direction and moved slowly next my station wagon.

“You can pull around and go on,” he said as he pushed up his machine gun strap on his shoulder and pointed in the direction of Lagos, only about seven miles away.

A scary and worrisome trip had been completed, I was unscathed and had been granted a pass through the last road block to Lagos, something they said not even General Vakubu Cowan would not be allowed to do. I bet he could have made it through had he flashed a few pounds of cash.

A good restful night at the Federal Palace Hotel and I left the vehicle with Peter Bloom, a young officer who had recently joined the agency, for shipment to Nairobi. I flew back to Kaduna. Abraham wanted to stay a few days in Lagos and planned to return by bus.

The few days remaining were used to clear up personal details of packing, readying Guardie for shipping, attending farewell receptions and paying farewell visits to government officials, including Mallam Lawan, his deputy, Alhaji Alkali and Bukar Sahib, head of the livestock division. Hallam Lawan requested that I send him a copy of the latest book published on citrus production. I Promised I would as we had a round of handshakes and goodbyes. My certificate of clearance from Barclay’s Bank rounded out the requirements to clear post.

I built a box for Pandora following the specifications provided by the airlines. When I appeared with the completed box I got a long lecture as to how it would not protect her in a case the freight shifted. My argument about having built the cage as instructed ended with the comment that the person issuing the instructions had made a mistake. There was

not enough time to start over so I figured out my own methods and warned personnel on duty if I didn't get away with it, I would blame the airline. I converted an old briefcase into a cat carrier. Much of one side was cut out and replaced with a screen. I placed Pandora in the case for a few hours in the days before departure to acclimate her.

I boarded the plane in Kano on May 14, 1968, for Madrid. Bag scanners were not in use at that time so I could carry the screened side against my body. She went undetected a good pacer lining and other absorbent material lined the bottom. At my window seats I set the briefcase against the wall or placed it on the unoccupied seat next to me. When I went to the bathroom I held the screened side against the front of my body. Pandora cooperated beautifully. We arrived in Madrid by mid-afternoon. Standing in the customs line an elderly lady spied the cat, came over and started telling me what a fine cat Pandora was and how much she loved cats. The more I tried to ignore her and wished she would move on or cease, the more persistent she became. By now a lot of other people were paying attention. When I reached the customs officer I declared the cat. They were good enough to let me keep her, took my name and address, gave me the name and address of a veterinarian and twenty-four hours to get a certificate of vaccination against rabies. I made an appointment with the veterinarian and took Pandora to be inoculated. The extended formal process was amazing. The waiting room decor was mostly red with elaborately cushioned chairs and sofas, artistic wall paintings, carpeted floors and lots of Spanish reading material. The wait lasted nearly an hour when the doctor was ready, an assistant carried Pandora in on a red, satin pillow. Pandora was talked to, caressed and very gently handled before the needle was inserted with the inoculant. The certificate issued was large and decorative more like what would be given for a Ph.D. than for a cat rabies inoculation. Pandora appeared to enjoy the queenly treatment. The price was amazingly low, Pandora was once again a full-fledged family member.

The girls pitched in to close out family living in Madrid. All were proud that they had successfully completed another public school year. With packing under control, the girls and I decided to visit the famed national Prado art museum of painting and sculpture, next to the fashionable promenade of the same name, which means meadow. The best of the 3000 paintings there were done by the artists of the 1500s, 1600s and early 1800s. Thirty excellent works of El Greco were on display, and fifty by Diego Velazquez. The Spinners, The Surrender of Breda and The Maids of Honor were among the more memorable. Francisco Goya's painting of Charles IV and Family caught our eyes. His other etchings and drawings were said to be inspired by bull fighting.

The big surprise and delight of the visit was that we ran into Aronetta Hamilton and her friend, Joe, visiting the museum from Nashville, Tennessee. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hamilton, among our closest friends during my tenure at Tennessee State University prior to entering the foreign service. He and I traveled extensively in Tennessee working with the Teacher Training Program of African-American high school vocational agriculture teachers. Their two daughters Aronetta and Sylvia, were friends of our oldest daughter, Burnetta.

The family departed Madrid on May 31, 1968, and landed in New York the same day.

We had one thing in mind: to travel up the Hudson River and see Christina graduate from Vassar.

Home Leave

Her pre-college schooling was marked by the nomadism to which she had been subjected: three years private and one year public school in USA, four years home study correspondence in Bhopal, India, three years public school in New Delhi, India, and one year home study correspondence in Northern Nigeria. After four years at Vassar, she was the first of our offsprings to graduate from college. Here is what she had to say about her experience at Vassar: "At Vassar I concentrated on political science and economics in preparation for law school, the professors of history, above all, won my admiration. They taught us to question the reliability of a writer's sources of information, to sift out her or his biases, and never to rely on anything but prime, or first-hand sources. The theory was that it was better to form one's own biases and opinions and be aware of them than to be molded in the image of other's biases."

"One of the most rewarding personal experiences at Vassar was when I spent two years as an elected student representative to the judicial board, which, in the era of *in loco parentis*, heard students defend themselves against alleged violations of social and academic rules."

Despite her earlier protest of us attending her graduation, she acquiesced and made arrangements for the rest of the girls to stay in the dormitory. After one night in a hotel in New York, the girls rode the train up the Hudson river to Poughkeepsie to meet Chris. Loretta, the cat and I spent an extra night in New York before we caught the train to Vassar. All of us attended the baccalaureate and the graduation. The mayor of New York, John V. Lindsay, delivered the graduation address. His wife was a graduate of the same college. At a reception given by the Vassar president in the afternoon, Loretta and I had an opportunity to talk with the Lindsays. He asked some questions relating to our overseas experience.

From New York we journeyed to AID Washington, Africa Bureau, for my debriefing on Nigeria and briefing for my new assignment in Nairobi, Kenya, as the mission's deputy agriculture officer. During our stay, we received the sad news that Robert Kennedy had been assassinated. At the beginning of our tour in Nigeria, President Kennedy had been assassinated, and now at the end of our tour his brother was also dead.

After a few days we flew to Nashville, Tennessee, to start our home leave. The highlight of our stay was being introduced to Bianca Jones, our first granddaughter, born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 13, 1968. Another generation was maintaining the female tradition of the first generation. However, I thought Burnetta was a bit too serious about perpetuating the "Jones" name, when she doubled hers to Burnetta Jones-Jones. While we cherished the few days of holding and pampering our granddaughter, luckily she would be spared a sustained period of being spoiled by us. Our overseas travels and continuing hassle with getting the remaining five through college would see to that. As usual, the

rest of our home leave involved meeting family and friends, few fishing trips to Kentucky Lake, catching up on the repairs needed on the house, stocking up on those hard-to-get items overseas, and the school correspondence material. Carol was left behind to attend Vassar, where she received a scholarship covering the first year's expense. We like to think the college realized that there were five more to go and since Chris's record had been exemplary, a little financial assistance would encourage some of the others to follow in their sister's footsteps. The Vassar representative in Spain who came to interview Carol had met the youngest, Loretta Jr. and was impressed enough with her to get up the Vassar tradition in the family.

CHAPTER THREE

Kenya

Living in Nairobi

“Mr. Jones, this publication by the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi is a bird’s-eye-view of the U.S. AID program in Kenya, starting prior to its independence through June of last year. You will have plenty of time to familiarize yourself with our program on your flight to Nairobi,” said the Africa Bureau Agriculture Officer as he passed me a copy of *Partners in Progress - The Story of U.S. Economic Aid To Kenya*. “We wish you all the best in your new assignment.”

With this sendoff, my transfer orders from Kaduna, Nigeria, to Nairobi, Kenya, became effective September 8, 1968. On the last day of August, I set out for East Africa, leaving the family behind until I could make living arrangements. These overseas journeys always began in Washington, D.C., with a change of planes in New York for the transatlantic flight. This time the “red-eye special” would cross the ocean during the night, reaching Africa at dawn. After four stops in West Africa, the plane headed over the continent to Kenya. The State Department official had been right; I had more than enough time to read about and contemplate my next assignment.

Kenya gained its independence from Great Britain just five years earlier, with Jomo Kenyatta as its first president. He was a member of the largest ethnic group, Kikuyu, and had emerged as a leader during the struggle against British rule. The Mau Mau uprising, as it was called, occurred from 1953 to 1956, and was an attempt to unify all ethnicities to drive the British from power. I could recall hearing news stories of fighting in Kenya while I was serving in the army during the Korean War. These stories were skewed in favor of the British, who lost fifty-eight soldiers and thirty-seven settlers in the uprising. Close to 13,000 Kenyans were killed, more than a slight disparity. Jomo Kenyatta was imprisoned for his role in the struggle and was released after independence. Keeping leaders in jail until an orderly withdrawal could be achieved was a part of the British colonial pattern that also held true for India’s independence movement. My sympathies were with the African countries that struggled to liberate themselves from the colonial yoke.

The booklet I had received in Washington, *Partners in Progress*, spoke of the warm, friendly relations that existed between U.S. and Kenya. Over 5000 U.S. citizens living there were involved in the more than one hundred U.S. firms that had investments of an estimated two hundred million dollars. The outgoing U.S. Ambassador, Glenn Ferguson, had written a section explaining why the U.S. helps Kenya. He believed that humanitarian aid would lead developing nations to reach their potential; that fostering stability be in our own national interest; and that Kenyans had demonstrated a willingness to help themselves.

President Kenyatta was quoted in the same publication: "Agriculture is vital - four out of five men earn their living from the land . . . and by 1970 three out of four will still do so." Having meager mineral resources, Kenya's economy was and is based on agriculture and tourism. Its equatorial location provides adequate rainfall, while its varied topography tempers extremes of the climate, allowing the production of crops ranging from tropical to temperate. They include, corn, wheat, sorghum, millet, rice, beans, potatoes, cotton, oilseed, and tobacco. Sugarcane, cassava, and bananas are grown and consumed locally. Major export commodities include: coffee, tea, pineapple, pyrethrum, wattle, and cashew nuts. The principal staple is maize (corn), which is widely grown by subsistence- and market-oriented farms. The then consumption was such that additional maize had to be imported, but great progress was being made to reverse the situation.

U.S. technical assistance to Kenya, including loans prior to independence, had been approximately twenty-five million pounds (seventy million dollars) including grants, Food-for-Peace, and loans. In agriculture, between three and four million pounds (five million dollars) had been given as technical assistance grants. Between 500 and 600 Kenyans had been sent to the U.S. to study agriculture, and the benefits of improved production methods were beginning to impact positively on the standard of rural living.

My arrival in Nairobi September 1, 1968, bore testimony to the fact that the flight was indeed correctly designated, "the red-eyed special." My eyes along with the rest of me felt the strain of the trip, but I also felt the excitement of a new place. Although I had arrived a full week before I was to begin work, I lost no time checking in with the AID mission headquarters located on the seventh and eighth floors of a downtown Nairobi office building. The view from this "skyscraper," on certain days, included snow-capped Mount Kenya to the north, and Mount Kilimanjaro to the south.

Initially, the mission director was Carroll Hinman, but he was shortly replaced by Harold Snell, a self-made man with labor management experience. My assignment was deputy to Elton Smith, the mission's Food and Agriculture Officer. He was white-haired, personable, and capable, a resident of up-state New York. Assisting both of us was a very competent, sari-wearing Indian secretary, Mrs. Britta DeMello. My duties were to assist Smith, act as the food and agriculture officer in his absence, and manage the following projects: range management, range water development, fisheries, and crop and livestock. I was also to take on other duties as assigned, and supervise fourteen project technicians assisting the Kenyan Ministry of Agriculture.

Living In Nairobi

Nairobi is a cosmopolitan city, and at that time it was clean and spacious. Its stately government buildings and boulevards lined with flowering trees are a legacy of the British. It is located three hundred miles inland on a plateau 5500 feet above sea level. The sun is intense the air cools asbut darkness falls, requiring a light blanket year round. After thirteen years of tropical climates, monsoons, and droughts, I felt the Jones' had earned the amenities offered by Nairobi, a Massi name meaning cold place.

I took up residence with Rob Robinson of our office. His family had departed and he was soon to follow. Our family would be taking over his house. As a pair of bachelors we made out very well, not exactly a new status for me. We cooked breakfast and dinner, but had lunch at one of the many popular restaurants in town. The Thorn Tree at the New Stanley Hotel was among the most popular, with sidewalk tables under two large thorn trees. It was the place to see anyone and everyone you had met or would likely meet.

No time was lost in procuring my means of transport, knowing that once our station wagon arrived from Nigeria it would be Loretta's vehicle for the thousand and one things to be done to care for the family. I closed a deal with a Peace Corps worker who had done a superb job of maintaining his Volkswagen Bug. It was just what I needed for office transportation, golf, hunting and some official travel. The Bug and I had an unsurpassed, eight-year camaraderie.

Loretta was a bit reluctant about spending more time in Africa, but relented and arrived in Kenya on October 6, 1968, with the number of offspring reduced to a mere four: Estrellita, Anita, Carlotta, and Loretta Jr.

Once again they were a most welcome sight as they struggled across the tarmac from the plane to customs. We waved and called to each other. After an eternity, they emerged and, as usual, those who were in the queue behind them had had their patience well tested. They should have seen it when nine of us traveled, I thought.

The family had traveled via London and down to East Africa. The most exciting point in their trip resulted when Loretta Jr. ran out of smarties, chocolate candies, and went into a foot-stomping, crying, yelling fit for more. Needless to say, the candy tantrum was embarrassing and went against the quiet family decorum for which the girls were well known. But as the years passed the girls reflected on the incident and the extremes to which Loretta continued to have chocolate in her diet, including chocolate syrup over toast. We concluded that her gene mix had an uncontrollable chocolate-craving component.

A mission vehicle carried the baggage, including Pandora, while I squashed the rest of them in my little car to transport them to our new home. The house turned out to be a bit too small for six of us. This meant some of our belongings had to be left in the hallways, but we adjusted without complaints.

Located on a long slope, the plot was in typical British tradition, landscaped with flowering trees, shrubs, and flowers. The ground fell steeply away from the back of the house, leaving the first floor quite high off the ground. It extended over a downstairs veranda where ping-pong and other games could be played, or one could sit and gaze into and over the forest below. At the bottom of the hill, a small stream coursed among the trees, providing an excellent area for picnics. Strong legs were required to maneuver the hill up to the house. The previous occupants, the Robinsons, built a tree house with a sturdy ladder, down by the stream. There the girls could play, spend the night, and study.

I often took walks through the woods and soon learned that a group of twenty-five or thirty brown monkeys made their feeding rounds about once a week, usually on Sunday. The leader of the group was a large black male with a white throat. It often came to sit in the backyard, or climbed up on the little walkway outside our bedroom window, while the others remained quietly in the trees. We were later informed that the Robinsons used to give it a banana. Loretta Jr. started offering it a banana when it showed up. With banana in hand, it scampered back up a tree, and sat there, never offering any to the others. I wondered if our own selfishness had originated with our tree-loving ancestors. With a few odd noises from the leader, the entire group would scamper off leaping from tree to tree through the forest to continue their hunt for food.

Loretta lamented the separation from our three older daughters, but was soon busy getting the remaining four enrolled in schools. The American school was in a formative state, using supervised correspondence for the high school grades. Regular classes were only at the primary level. Estrellita and Anita enrolled in the correspondence classes, using their own material from Nigeria. Carlotta attended the American primary school. Loretta, Jr. was enrolled at the Hospital Hill School which had been founded prior to Kenya's independence. At that time the education system consisted of Asian schools for Asians only, British schools for British only, and African schools for Kenyan-Africans only. No school for children of mixed parentage existed; consequently, the Hospital Hill School was founded for those children. The school earned a very good academic reputation and maintained an international faculty of fourteen nationalities and a student body representing thirty-three nationalities. It was the best example of multicultural harmony in any public school the girls had attended. Shortly after Loretta's enrollment, the teachers requested that she be allowed to be advanced two grades. We compromised by allowing her to move up one grade, rationalizing that two years would put her too much out of her age group. Loretta was happy, had no problems, and was extremely popular among the students. Her grades were good.

Pandora was settled in and happy but had no boyfriends. She had been the first spay victim of the new veterinary school in Nigeria, established with AID assistance through Kansas State University. However, she was especially delighted to have shrubbery, bushes and trees to climb and plenty of creatures to stalk: birds, moles, lizards, ground mice, and insects. This kept her acting out all the ancient things that cats have done, big or small, wild or domesticated, since time immemorial, spayed or not.

All of us went to the airport to meet Guardie, our Alsatian who had been shipped from Nigeria. She arrived at night and strongly resented the Kenyans moving her box onto the luggage carriers. She barked, snarled and charged. Being fearful of dogs, even caged ones, the Kenyans were reluctant to go near her. From the observation deck I spoke to her across the dark distant tarmac. She immediately recognized my voice and went into tantrums of delight, trying to break out of the cage. I walked out to talk to the cargo handlers and got their permission to handle her, ending the travail. She vigorously greeted me by jumping, licking, whining, smiling and trying to talk, seeming to say, "Where have all of you been? Why did you leave me? It's sure good to be with you all

again.” By now the girls had spoken to her from the terminal which sent her into a complete tizzy with every muscle and sinew stretched and pulling to get to them, almost knocking over each of the girls as she went from one to the other. Suddenly she seemed to sense someone was missing. Momentarily dead still in her tracks she started whirling and looking around for Loretta, who stood off from the girls to watch. She charged Loretta with a frenzy nearly sweeping her off her feet. With the last greeting out of the way, Guardie settled down enough to jump up in the car for a ride home.

With the gang settled in our home, I went into my usual activities of digging a plot for a vegetable garden. I built a small chicken house for some layers and procured a pair of white rabbits to start a meat supplement project. The rabbit project didn’t do well. I had never raised rabbits and something must have been faulty with my husbandry. They never seemed prolific and vigorous as I knew rabbits could be. The younger girls came to their rescue and claimed them as pets, which proved better for all. We did gather a few eggs from the poultry and had a few fat hens to roast. Some vegetables were harvested but not without my having to fight off attack after attack by Kenya’s blue-naped mouse birds which flew out of the forest in groups of ten to fifteen. These drab-colored, long-tailed, crested birds no doubt get their name from their habit of creeping about like mice. Perching in every imaginable position from hanging upside down to normal bird posture, they are interesting to watch, but only when they are not eating one’s vegetables. Extraordinarily nimble, they can switch from one perch to another very swiftly. They eat all parts of a plant, leaves, buds, flowers, fruit, and seed, crippling young plants beyond recovery. Our neighbors must have wondered about the blasts that occurred a couple of times when I was home for lunch. The blasts came from my 20-gauge shotgun aimed at mouse birds. I bagged a couple and strung them up hoping to deter others. It was effective for a few days only. We came out about even on sharing the garden harvest. On second thought, they might have had the edge.

In December 1965, we received word from Burnetta that we were the proud parents of a second grandchild, Monica Jones, born only eleven months after the first, Bianca. This was not only a perpetuation of the Jones, my son-in-law’s last name being Jones, but also of the female syndrome. Daughters and granddaughters now totaled nine. Most important to us, for which we were thankful, they were all healthy and happy.

Our Picnic Area

During our stay at the first house we cleaned out the flat wooded area by the stream and made it a proper picnic spot. Along the edge of our lot I cut a wide track through the debris, and knocked off some of the mounds of dirt to allow me to drive the Volkswagen to the bottom of the hill. It took all that the willing little Bug could muster to climb back up hill. One horsepower less and the hill would have won the battle. I used it to transport the picnic supplies. I built an oven out of a fifty-five gallon oil drum which was split in two, hinged at one side, and fitted with a steel grate. With the oven mounted on a stand I was in business. Charcoal was easily available. The two picnics we organized involved fifty and seventy-five guests, respectively. The crowds involved a good balance of friendly expatriates, Americans, and Kenyans. Loretta’s picnic repertoire included home

baked hamburger and hot dog buns, vegetable salad, baked beans, and her very popular punch, which was a mix of tea, soda, and fruit juice. For dessert there was cake, cookies and ice cream, all homeade. Her talents coupled with my uncanny ability to pop sizzling burgers and hot dogs off the grill, soon had a fully satisfied group of guests ready to loll about under the trees saying, "I ate too much." It was interesting that the adult Kenyans did not partake of the sweets, particularly the ice cream. Their children kept coming back for another dip. I reminded the parents that they were clearly the last generation of Kenyans who would not eat ice cream.

Killer Bees In The Attic

As I gazed out over the forest behind the house one afternoon, an insect bombed its way into my left arm. Shooting pains traveled the length of the arm, which reddened and swelled. I suspected the culprit to be an African bee. I had been told that African bees don't normally attack unless they feel threatened, which meant there had to be a hive nearby. I circled the house to look for bee activity. Up at the apex of the A-roof facing the forest, I detected some flying insect action around a louvre that could be a point entrance for bees. After getting a little first aid from Dr. Mama's infirmary, I decided to inspect the attic through an entrance in the ceiling at the opposite end of the house. A small table with a chair on top of it gave me sufficient height to raise my head through the opening. I scanned the rafters with a flashlight, and spotted a huge mass of honeycomb covered with buzzing, crawling bees extending down from the apex of the roof to the bedroom ceiling. They had begun to eat away at the ceiling and were close to puncturing through to our bedroom I was struck by the dreadful thought of waking up one morning to find our bedroom filled with aggressive African bees. The near disaster had been detected just in time, but how was I to deal with it? My first thought was to smoke them out, preferably without burning the house down. The attic was a tight area to work in, and allowed only crawling.

After inquiring at a number of stores about smoke bombs, I hit pay dirt at an Asian store, where I purchased a box of three. Back home I cut a long young sapling from the forest, and attached a tin can to the end I loaded the can with one of the bombs, and followed the instructions for lighting it. Quickly, I pushed the smoking tin can up in the attic and leaned it beside the honey laden mass. The cloud of smoke thickened rapidly and I retreated as fast as I could, closing the ceiling hatch behind me.

An hour later I had a peep. All was quiet. The bees were either dead or had flown away, to my regret I would have preferred to collect the bees and transfer them to another location, but my left arm was a constant reminder that I could not risk having the rest of the family inflicted. At a closer inspection, I found that most of the bees had suffocated. I set out to salvage the honeycomb which bore a variety of African wildflower flavors, which was somewhat of a reward for the trouble and pain of the sting. I attempted to clean up the remnants so that the bees would not be encouraged to rebuild, but evidently I did a poor job.

Five months later, I observed a few bees buzzing about the roof. A peep in the attic

brought the surprise of a lifetime, a hive nearly three-quarters the size of the original hung in the same spot. Those tough, obstinate African bees! Unfortunately, I had to get rid of them all over again. I knew of no bee experts in the area. Floyd Moon, AID's bee specialist, was three hundred miles away in Mombasa. My experience with bees had not gone beyond being stung and eating their honey.

As if I didn't have enough trouble dealing with bees, Loretta Jr. decided to test her wings. While I piddled about the backyard, hitting plastic golf balls and doing other things, Loretta came sailing through the air from an upstairs window with an umbrella serving as a parachute, and hit the ground with a thud. I couldn't believe my eyes as she rolled over and bounced up, embarrassed but not hurt. It was truly a miracle. When I found out she was an unhurt daredevil, I lost my patience and yelled at her, probably for the first time. "What on Earth were you trying to do?" I shouted.

"I saw Mary Poppins floating around with an umbrella and I thought I would try it."

"Baby, don't ever try anything that foolish again. You could have been killed or unable to walk for the rest of your life. That was a movie trick that showed Mary Poppins floating around with an umbrella. It is not possible for anyone to fly in the air with an umbrella, is it?"

"No," she sheepishly replied.

"Promise me that if you have anything in mind and that you would like to do, you will come to me and talk about it," I requested.

"I will," she promised.

Dog Debacle

Once the family settled into its routine, Loretta was in a position to start her new hobby, breeding Alsations. Her responsibility as mother had waned as our nest emptied, and she directed her considerable energy to her project. After a series of inquiries among the British, she discovered an elderly resident of the Karen community (the setting of Isak Dinesen's memoirs *Out of Africa*, who had a big, handsome Alsatian male called Sasha. She was willing to allow her pet to sire a litter. During Guardie's next heat period, which seemed to come every few weeks judging from the frequency of dog visitors, we got the two together for a successful mating. Guardie was well cared for as she grew larger and heavier for the next sixty-three days. She gave birth to a litter of six healthy dogs. The girls pitched in to care for them with a deepening affection and a budding desire to keep at least one, maybe two, which I reckoned could be the beginning of an unbearable situation. Although Guardie was small for an Alsatian, and light tan with a dark saddle, the pups were large for their age, taking after Sasha. Most of them were black in coloring and all but one were male, a record for us even with pets.

Finding homes for the puppies did not take long. Harold Snell, the AID mission director,

and his wife Wilma, took a dark one with brownish markings about the feet, legs, and eyes. David and Mary Kay Davies, with the Ford Foundation, and their three daughters, took a massive, almost black pup, with lighter shading about the lower legs. Everyone who saw this one admired it, but unfortunately it was later struck by an auto before it reached it's prime. Calvin, director of U.S. Peace Corp, and Ollie Raullerson, became the proud owners of another dark one with tannish brown shadings. An Indian family took the other large one with an equal black tan mix. The Snells' and Raullersons' dogs accompanied them home to USA. As I had suspected we kept two, the female named Bonita, and a large reddish male called Nickie. Our dog population was now up to three. All indications pointed to a successful start for Loretta's project.

The lady next door had a large, smokey poodle, its eyes, though hidden under a puff of hair, kept a vigil through the hedges over Guardie, awaiting its chance. I had chased it out of the yard several times. During Guardie's next heat, she slipped away and the poodle came over the hedges to mate before I could intervene. We kept our fingers crossed that it didn't take, but in time the swelling began and we feared we were in for a litter of odd-looking progenies. Sixty-one days of gestation and another litter of six puppies arrived with a dominance of the Alsatian look. As they grew, the poodle look gradually gained dominance. The pups had long hair around their face, but their body hair became wavy. One male aged into a near-total father image. Their friendly disposition and different look seemed to appeal to people who saw them and eventually they were all given away. Our cook, Kariaki, asked us to keep one for him until he was able to prepare for her care at home. Eventually he took "Sweetpea" home and we visited with her whenever we drove Kariaki home to the countryside, a few miles from Nairobi.

By now, the male and female we had kept from the first litter were growing up, both of a very gentle disposition and of good Alsatian form, with one exception. Bonita's ears were upright and pointed forward but the tips drooped slightly, never becoming completely rigid. Nickie grew large and nearly all red in color. He was slow and calculating with an almost smiling personality equaled only by his gentleness. He cared enough to bark or perk up when strangers or other animals came around. During Bonita's first heat period an incestuous situation resulted; brother Nickie and sister Bonita mated, resulting in a litter of five pups, probably due to the teen-age mother's immaturity. When the pups were a few days old the gardener came upon Bonita and the pups and she charged him. He swung his machete and opened a four inch slash in her head. Based on the veterinarian's advice we brought her and the pups in for treatment requiring several days. When Bonita was well enough to return, the vet told us the black puppy had died. Solid black or sable Alsations were very valuable and much sought after. We took his word without question or fuss, but not without a suspicion of foul play that some shenanigans were at play.

One of the pups we named Amigo, who turned out to be too vicious to pass on to other people. We kept him. It was fascinating to note the range of behavior from extremely gentle to unparalleled viciousness within the same litter of two very gentle parents. Maybe there is some significance to the hypothesis that incest tends to exaggerate the parents weakest and strongest characteristics in the offspring.

Two of this lot were promised to Anita Joseph, an American married to a Caribbean man, associated with the University of Nairobi. Mrs. Joseph later felt she could not pay the 100 shillings for the two, about \$15.00, and returned the dogs. They were later taken by other local citizens. A young English girl at Loretta's school persuaded her mother to allow her to have one of the pups. Her mother came by for the dog, but when Loretta quoted her a price of fifty shillings, she showed reluctance, but still carried the pup home with her and promised to drop by later with the money. Later, she called saying the pup had died. Since Loretta Jr. was so attached to the pup, Loretta Sr. asked her to bring him back so that he could have proper funeral. The lady delivered the pup, which appeared to have been poorly cared for, and Loretta Jr. buried him with a short ceremony. She marked the grave in the back yard with a crude wooden cross. Bonita, the mother, was later taken by a Kenyan, a friend of Loretta's dentist.

Guardie seemed to have no intention of foregoing her heat periods. This time we all resolved to look after her and keep her safe from the strays that always showed up. Carlotta decided to take her for a walk and encountered a bull dog that was determined to exercise his masculinity. Carlotta valiantly tried to keep him away from Guardie but he became more resolute in his pursuit. This literally turned into a clash between Carlotta and the dog, with Carlotta coming out second best. She was scratched about her arms and legs and bitten on the neck, which greatly concerned us with the possibility of rabies. This meant having to locate the dog's owner who truly regretted the incident. He was able to provide documents confirming that his dog's inoculations were up to date. This allayed our fears about Carlotta's health, and his fear of legal action.

Two months later Guardie gave birth to six mouse-colored puppies with a snub-nosed bullish look. I was on a trip and the girls were all in school when the puppies were born. This gave the instigator of the Alsation breeding program, Loretta, full freedom, without any witness, to see that they all met with an accidental demise. Stillborn was the reason given until some years later when she confessed that their death was intentional, drowned in the stream below the house. And with them went the idea of breeding Alsations. All things considered the project wasn't a complete disaster. We had produced some handsome dogs, and increased our own dog population to three. Guardie was spayed but continued her intelligent guard duty and pleasant devotion. Amigo was kept on a restraining line at all times but continued to protect us with his untamed ferocity. Nickie seemed happy to play it quiet and gentle, stalking out his territory on the front entrance steps to the house. I had taught him to shake hands. Whenever I drove up, he would move to the second step and extend his right front foot straight out for a hand shake.

The Down-Hill Run

Bright sunshine and azure skies are a daily occurrence in Kenya, and even during the rainy season showers are brief. It was on just such a day that Anita, Estrellita, Carlotta, Loretta Jr., and Loretta Sr. and I piled into the family station wagon for the 300 mile, 5500 feet, downhill run to Mombasa, and the sea. Just beyond the Nairobi city limits sign, the plains unfolded their rolling landscape. A great variety of animals lived on the Savannah. Some herds of cattle were within the fenced in ranches, but wild animals

roamed the slopes and gullies, grazing and drinking. A few yards off the highway an overnight passenger train returning from Mombasa was barely acknowledged by the animals. On the horizon were the peaks of the snow capped Mount Kenya range. Past the national airport entrance, a tall aluminum smoke stack rose beside the Phi river, spewing smoke and steam into the dazzling morning sky. It was an abattoir, run by the Kenya Meat Commission, with assistance from AID. Hundreds of animals were slaughtered each day producing meat, both corned and fresh, and the hides, bones, blood and manure were reserved for other uses. I informed the girls that the skins of Loretta's coat had come from this plant. The wife of one of the American advisors sorted through hundreds of skins to find ones that matched. After the skins are tanned she made them into coats and jackets. A short distance down the road I pointed out the distant ranch house of the Hopcrafts, a British family who remained in Kenya after independence. One of the sons was experimenting with rearing elands, the largest of Africa's antelopes, for meat and other animal products. I visited them once with a professor from Cornell University in New York, supporters of the project, and also my graduate school alma mater.

Once the last signs of the city were behind us, the countryside changed little. Tribesmen moved their herds about the grasslands. Thompson and Grants gazelles, eland, and zebra ambled about the field, grazing and lifting their heads nervously to make sure nothing was creeping up on them. After about five miles we reached our first distinct escarpment. At its upper reaches was a truck stop where a few shops and shacks afforded rest, food, drinks, fuel, and sex for the truck drivers that ply the highway from Mombasa to Nairobi and Kampala, Uganda. The long twisting road down the escarpment gave a sense of the huge struggle the slow-moving smoke-belching trucks had encountered to reach the top. The drive down reduced altitude maybe a thousand feet. One could actually feel the difference. At the foot of the escarpment, old sisal plantations that once had provided the fiber for sacking, rope, and other products, were being uprooted and turned into cattle ranches. I pointed out one European ranch that grew the big beef breeds, San Gertrudis and Brahmin. Both breeds do very well in near tropical to tropical conditions. San Gertrudis is a cross between Shorthorn and Brahmin, the first distinct breed of cattle developed in the U.S. in Kingville Texas. Brahmin bulls were introduced into the U.S. in 1849, native of India. I had earlier accompanied Secretary of State William Rogers of the Nixon administration and Congressman Charles Diggs, representative from Detroit, Michigan who wished to see a quality beef producing farm in Kenya. The Embassy had earlier intervened and I was asked to accompany them. The operator told us stories of lions molesting or killing some of the young stock. Opposite the ranch was a small village town by the railroad tracks they wanted to drive through.

As we journeyed towards the coast, we got an occasional glimpse of the snowy peaks of Kilimanjaro, which was just over the border in Tanzania. We arrived at Hunter's Lodge, named for a Scots game warden, J.A. Hunter. He had contributed grandly to the desecration of Kenya's rhino population by shooting nearly a thousand of them, said to be part of a legally sanctioned episode of wildlife control. The lodge offered refreshments, petrol, lodging, and picnic grounds. We took advantage of the cool, shady picnic grounds and the small pools stocked with several marine types. After a drink and light snacks, we continued on.

A few miles ahead at a watering hole we spotted a male waterbuck flicking his ears from behind his long, pointed, ribbed horns, posed with all the grace they are so well known for. His four undisturbed females waded in the pool. Two large cape buffaloes, with sweeping horns curving inwards, were walking down to the water. These one-ton, five-foot-high animals are considered the most ferocious of the big five in Kenya. The other four are the elephant, rhino, lion, and leopard. A hunter friend once wounded a buffalo and was immediately swept off his feet, thrown high in the air, stomped, butted, and rolled on the ground. He played dead and the beast walked away. His wife was with him on the hunt and saved his life. It took him months to recover.

Further on at Makindu we passed a Sikh temple, where travelers could have a simple substantial meal for no charge. However, they welcome a contribution to help with the upkeep of the temple. I had stopped there on a previous trip before construction had been completed, and was told about the operation. As we moved on we could observe large accumulations of lava rock, varying in size from boulders to pebble, and obscured by vegetation. It was a silent reminder of the violence that shaped Kenya's landscape millions of years ago. Now the small hills and valley on both sides of the road were under the hoes of small farmers. Several villages came into view. The women were carrying water and pounding grain in their carved-out wooden mortars and baseball-bat-pestles. Soon we came to another settlement with a service station, shops, and snack a bar. We refreshed ourselves and topped off the petrol tank. This settlement was a take-off point for tourists headed to Amboseli game reserve further to the west. The road to Mombasa passes through Tasavo game park, where we observed downed and rotting trees pushed over and ripped to pieces by elephants. It was a striking example of how these big land giants destroy their own environment, not unlike man. Much of this stretch had been uprooted since my first trip to Mombasa, less than a year ago. In the distance on the open Savannah, a few big red figures moved about amid tall stationery shapes. In motion were the elephants, with their huge bodies covered by reddish mud of the region. The sun had baked the mud into a crusty armor that act as a sunscreen and insect barrier, and the elephants grazed in comfort. The immobile shapes were massive six to twelve-foot termite hills built of the same red lateritic soil piled high and cemented with the secreted juices of termites. These weather-resistant, statuesque structures represent the best and most intricate of insect design and construction. Inside, they are termite factories, housing the queens that churn out millions of eggs from which larva hatch and mature to adulthood. The first rains trigger their migration, when thousands of termites fly out to set up new colonies. In the process, millions become meals for birds, frogs, lizards, shrews and other insect-feeding creatures. One of the happiest faces I witnessed in all of my years overseas, was that of a big lizard setting atop a termite hill gobbling them up as they emerged. Baboons and chimpanzees are known to stick twigs or grass in the nest as enticement. They then the pull out the lure and lick off their catch. This may qualify as an example of the earliest use of tools by animals, including man.

We watched a dirt devil whirl across the dry country-side, picking up loose grass, leaves, and other small debris. Funneling it high into the air, the twister then spewed out the detritus, which scattered and drifted lazily to the ground. A deep curve in the road took us

over a small river and past a gloomy prison farm. The gray-granite Taita hills rose in the distance on the right, out of the semi-arid Tsavo plains. I had once driven into the hills, which are crowded with the friendly, industrious Taita people. They were growing their crops on small, terraced farms on the slopes, resembling the mountain farming in southern Europe. The winding dirt road up to Wundanyi, snakes up into a surprising contrast of temperature, invigorating air and lush vegetative growth, very dissimilar to that of semi-desert of Tsavo at the base of the hills.

We topped up our petrol tank at Voi, used the rest rooms, and started the last leg of our downhill run of about 100 miles to Mombasa. We passed through Maungu, and the one-street town of Mackinnon Road at the entrance of Tsavo Park East, the last of the game reserves before the coast. Then we crossed the bridge to Mombasa and the lushness of the coast was upon us. Palms, hibiscus, poinsettia, frangipani, and large shady mango trees decorated the island city. We asked our way to the ferry that would take us to the south coast road. Once across, we drove a few miles south. Off to the left was a narrow, crushed coral road through palm trees, leading to the U.S. Embassy beachhouse, a gleaming white, large, rectangular structure called Baharini. We had reserved the ground floor for a week.

Sun, sea, sand, and sleep made up most of our days. Swimming, strolling along rippled, sandy beaches, and playing in the sand were enjoyed amid the gentle breezes. The gradual slope of the shoreline allowed wading out to the coral reef without danger from undertow, but the girls were warned to look out for the stinging jellyfish and the deadly venomous stone fish.

Quiet, pink, dawns brushed with mist dissolved into the morning splendor as the sun climbed out of the Indian Ocean. Soon the squalling sea birds appeared, rising and falling with the wind currents until they folded wings and dove for floating morsels or an unsuspecting fish just under the surface. The middle of the day could be hot sending us inside for a light lunch and a short siesta, but full activity resumed by midafternoon. Sunsets reflected on a rippling ocean and the short-lived twilight of the equator signaled another day was done. No skies are clearer and no stars out twinkle those over the Indian Ocean where it caresses the east coast of Africa.

The nearest thing we had to a disaster was the loss of a bathing suit bottom that floated off of Loretta Jr. Loretta had made her a bathing suit from flannel material, which expanded when wet. The result was a bit embarrassing for the nine-year old.

Daily trips to the small village shops kept us supplied with candy bars, cookies, drinks, and a few excursions to the Nombasa markets reinforced our groceries. We had brought our own homemade bread from Nairobi. The fishermen with their fresh catches came regularly to sell to us, which provided a genuine tasty boost to our meals.

We had a good start on the day for our return journey and the 5500-foot climb to the plateau and Nairobi. We took our first stop at Voi and proceeded along the Tsavo Game Park area, where a huge elephant ambled across the road in front of the station wagon. I

decided it was an excellent opportunity to get a picture. With the engine still running, I grabbed my camera, climbed out of the car and started to follow the elephant as it walked slowly up a narrow path just off the road. Suddenly it reversed direction. Flapping its blanket-sized ears, it threw up its trunk, trumpeted loudly and started at me. I got a quick snap and scampered back inside the car, which had turned into one big scream. The elephant stopped its charge as I stepped on the accelerator and took off. I calmed the girls and Loretta, and joked that this would be our first still picture with sound. The rest of the trip was routine, stopping at Hunter's Lodge for a final petrol top-up and arriving back in Nairobi by late afternoon.

The Work Place

After a year as deputy, I was appointed the Chief Food and Agriculture officer, effective April 1, 1970. I had supervisory responsibility for the entire U.S.A.I.D. agriculture program in Kenya, with twenty-six agriculture specialists involved in eight projects. No mention had been made of appointing another deputy, possibly a tribute to my extraordinary capability. Seriously, I could have used the help. During this period, the three of us agricultural officers assigned to the countries of the East African Community — Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda — met two or three times a year in the capital city of each respective country to compare notes, exchange ideas, and share information about progress in each of our missions. This was particularly useful when it pertained to the regional projects common to all of the countries. At that time, country cooperation and support for the regional projects was usually satisfactory.

The Kenya projects extended from the southern coast to Lake Victoria and Uganda in the west and to the Somalia border in the northeast, and involved institution building in higher education, farm credit, veterinary medicine, extension, research, range management, agriculture planning, and fisheries. My office was responsible for the administration, supervision, and coordination of all of these activities of agriculture and relevant segments of rural development projects. I assisted with agriculture mission policy formulation and provided advice, assistance, and technical expertise on professional matters and agricultural development strategy, and the closing out of old and design of new projects.

We had an open-door policy for the project technicians, inviting them to visit as frequently as required from their field locations to discuss progress, problems, and-to receive advice and guidance I visited field locations about three times each year. At times special trips were required to smother personality brush fires among project technicians and between Kenyan counterparts and technicians. In all cases reconciliations resulted, in spite of a couple stubborn counterpart cases requiring the attention of the responsible Kenyan supervisor. I was responsible for all annual Personnel Evaluations of all direct-hire technicians (AID employees). The office monitored and reported to the mission on abnormal fluctuations in natural conditions, for example, the weather, which resulted or was likely to result in the need for emergency relief. And there was no way to avoid cooperation with and taking time out for the constant stream of AID Washington visitors, including auditors. Yes, I did it all without a deputy.

A constant liaison was needed with donor agencies, national and multi-national, particularly FAD and World Bank representatives, for coordination and evaluation. Meeting and telephone contact was a constant with Germany, UK, Denmark, Canada, Netherlands and Sweden to coordinate and to discuss problems and progress so as to avoid duplication of project activities. They responded by freely exchanging information and permitting us to review their documentation of ongoing and anticipated activities. An interesting example of donor cooperation was that of the AID mission and FAD in producing sixteen mm movies on various aspects of agriculture in East Africa, utilizing our AID technicians assigned to the Agriculture Information Service project. Because of Britain's investment in Kenya's development and their long experience there, the Ministry was under their strong influence. In fact, in my earlier years a strong-willed, flamboyant Britisher named Bruce McKenzie was the Minister of Agriculture, the only non-Kenyan minister. He apparently had the full backing of President Kenyatta. Our credit project was an example of how Mr. McKenzie got his way. He went directly to the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture to request Henry Lowe, a senior credit specialist, to be general manager of Kenya's Agriculture Finance Corporation. This was said to be unprecedented for AID to allow its specialists to head a recipient country organization, particularly one as politically sensitive and blame-prone as a financial institution. I understand Minister McKenzie then went to the AID Washington office, apologized, and told them it was unfortunate he had to do what they were supposed to do. However, Lowe and his team of an accountant and three area advisors was very effective and highly respected by Kenyan officials, and after two years Lowe turned over his responsibilities to Francis Maina, his Kenyan deputy. Frequently the British methods differed from ours. Our methods were usually more demonstrative or action-oriented with constant follow-up supervision of the farmer's homestead or place of business. However, with the exercise of a little tact and persuasion, they became convinced that our approach was sometimes superior to theirs, particularly in water development, credit, and range development and extension.

When the Republicans won the White House (Nixon and Agnew in 1968), Alex Duckie, a Texan, joined the regional office as an agricultural officer in January 1969. He had previously been assigned to the AID Congressional Liaison Office, but found it necessary as a Democrat to escape to Kenya as a political refugee. I think he hoped to stay out of the dart range of Republican bureaucrats. As a Democrat, he was total, and he seem worried about being able hold on to his position in the agency. He had a strong congressional backing, was very personable, and had a very fine family of seven children, which made a total of fourteen between us. Dickie was more political than anyone I had known in the agency. That isn't saying much, since no one could be less political than I was. Whenever we had discussions about projects and agricultural development in Kenya and the regional recipient countries, which was often, invariably the conversation led to Washington politics and who did what for or to whom. We got along fine, and exchanged many family visits. Later, near the end of his tour, he was assigned as my deputy, which lasted until mid-1973 when he returned to Washington. Rumors had it that there was no better signal in the agency to tell when the Republicans would win out than when Dickie started making plans to get a field assignment. This relatively short spell with the Kenya

AID mission was the only time a deputy was provided during my seven years as the agricultural officer.

Early in 1972, I was appointed Deputy Coordinator for the U.S. Mission Alcohol Abuse Program. Never sure what the specific duties were, I assumed it was to discourage excessive consumption of alcoholic beverages by giving verbal or written reminders to individuals brought to my attention. Any action taken would be more of a moral appeal rather than punitive. Excessive, obnoxious, or difficult cases were called to the attention of the Alcoholic Abuse Officer. My alcohol consumption was almost nil, so I was not highly sensitive to or concerned about those who drank. I am happy to report that no severe abuse cases came to my attention during my tenure. However, I did receive the following letter from a member of the U.S. Mission.

Dear Mr. Jones:

I note with interest the official announcement, entitled Administrative Instruction No. 72-3, explaining that you have been appointed Deputy Coordinator for the local chapter of the Alcohol Abuse Program.

The announcement explained that members could seek your aid and advice any time day or night, and be assured of sympathetic listening; and that the confidentiality of the matter would be respected.

My problem, sir, is not one of too much, but too little. Once or twice a week I like to imbibe, mostly before a meal on Wednesday and again before the Sunday evening meal. I feel at those moments, after a hard week of toil and frustration, that it is appropriate to indulge a taste (or dram if you will). Nothing perks me up more than a swig of East Tennessee sourmash made with limestone spring water which keeps it free of the undesirable iron taste.

But also, of late I have experienced a shortness of funds with which to provide myself this trifling, little indulgence. Thus feeling that too little is as harmful to the body as over-indulging. I respectfully beseech your help in this regard. My work efficiency would surpass its already superior level if you, as our deputy leader, could see yourself clear to provide me free of charge, as it were, the stimulating nectar from time to time. I would indeed be grateful for your cooperation because your unbounding generosity is well known at this base.

Your truly,

Martin

Hobbies

Nairobi's weather was highly conducive to the pursuit of my favorite sport, golf I had played a couple of rounds at the Muthaiga Club, at one time exclusively for British colonists, and still a good place to hear comments about how things had deteriorated since the Kenyans took over. A scene in the movie Out of Africa was filmed at the Muthaiga Club, but unlike the era depicted in the film, membership now includes Kenyans. The five-minute drive from our house to the club was very convenient for me.

It was necessary to have a sponsor in order to join, and I soon found one. The application went through the scrutiny of the membership committee, which apparently found me with no flaws serious enough to exclude me. Immediately I signed up for weekend and monthly competitions, occasionally coming in with a win. This started the lowering of my eleven handicap I had brought from Nigeria. Muthaiga held an annual professional competition, involving mostly European pros. This was my first experience observing the experts. Greg Norman was one of the players I saw who demonstrated some prowess, length, and strength in a few rounds at the course. His performance was nothing short of sensational.

Because of my close connection with the USAID/Colorado State University project at the Kabete Veterinary School, I applied for membership in the Vet. Lab Golf Club and was accepted. Apparently it was much less formal and fussy about accepting new members than Muthaiga. A good percentage of the members were Asian, and Kenyans were well represented. I was soon in the winning column there as well, playing regular club competitions, and against other clubs. All clubs had at least one major event a year on a Saturday or Sunday, to which all other clubs were invited to participate, generating a plethora of golfing events. I even made two trips to Kampala, Uganda (before the rule of Idi Amin), to participate in intra-country golfing events. Loretta and the family were often widowed on weekends due to golf. I had become quite steady and hung consistently between an eleven and a seven handicap, my lowest ever. One of my more memorable events was held at Limuru, a few miles outside of Nairobi and a few hundred feet higher up the plateau. After playing, I got a drink from the bar and walked out on the veranda. Three Britishers were sitting at a table for four. I asked to join them.

“By all means,” one of them said, and they continued their conversation among themselves. The rolling, green landscape, accented by the circular white fence of a race track, must have stirred my host’s memory of the English countryside.

“What does that remind you of?” he asked his companions.

“Kitale,” another answered, which is a town in up-country Kenya.

This reply generated some amusement.

Another joined in to say, “Wherever the British have been, they have established good golf courses.”

“What about the Americans?” asked the host.

“The Americans have never been any place,” was the reply.

Then was my turn. “No, we stayed at home and built 10,000 golf courses where about 13 million people could play golf. Furthermore, I am sure you fellows keep up with the world news through BBC. If you will remember, it was announced a few months ago that an American walked on the moon. And you are, I am sure, old enough to remember the

Yanks leaving home and traveling across the world in WWII and for that matter WWI. I recall that on both occasions, a goodly number of Americans landed in the UK.” From then on the conversation kept to more local topics.

After strong persuasion, including a promise that I would learn bridge and play with her on occasions, Loretta came out a few times to play golf with me. She was loose, relaxed, and had a natural swing, hitting the ball quite well, with only a few pointers from me. Carlotta took a keen interest in golfing. She too had a loose, natural swing and within a short time was giving me competition in distance. I then arranged for the pros at Muthaiga to give her some lessons. She entered the U.S. Department of State-USIA, 1971 World Wide Tourney, winning the Junior Girls low net

As I traveled about Kenya, I soon learned that I was never far from a golf course. I played all eighteen courses over the eight years we spent in Kenya. This was partly due to my joining the Diplomatic Golf Club Golfers from the various embassies played a monthly Sunday competition. Participating embassies agreed to provide the trophies. Competitions were rotated from one club to another over much of the country. This provided an opportunity for families to go along, spend Saturday night at a local hotel, and on Sunday swim and socialize, while the men and some of the wives played. Some of the high-plateau area hotels, though totally British in every sense, were quite plush and provided excellent service. The Tea Hotel at Kericho in the tea-growing area is a good example. Molo, where the British boast of the highest tea in the Commonwealth, at eight thousand feet was a quiet, off-the-beaten-path place to spend a weekend. I was elected captain of the group for one year, responsible for negotiating for places to play, conducting the competitions, and encouraging African embassies to participate. I was able to get Zambia to participate and, copper being their greatest export, they provided a unique copper-based trophy. I won it by one point. I also invited Kenya government officials to participate in the competitions as guests. Two of the ministers of President Kenyatta’s cabinet played several times. Kenyans were well into asserting themselves at all of the clubs and gradually taking over club operation responsibilities. A very capable crop of Kenyans golfers had appeared on the scene. I give myself high marks for using golf as a means of making contacts, discussing issues of common interest, and exchanging information with Kenyan officials and technical assistance donors, like the United Nations representatives. The mood for discussions is always good strolling down the fairway between hits, especially after hitting a good one. Golf tends to generate an easy camaraderie.

With a ten handicap in hand, I entered the veterinary Lab Club championship. A club competition was held to select sixteen golfers with the best net score. I made the cut. My first competitor was a Kenyan with a ten handicap, the same as mine. My seventy-five gross round won by several holes. Opponent number two was a six handicapper, giving me some concern. Again seventy-five gross did the job to move me up to the next opponent. He was a Kenyan and one of the club’s best. His handicap was a lowly two. I stuck with him on the first four holes. He then went two holes up. The only chance I had was to use some mental tactics on him. I started predicting where he would hit his ball. My first prediction was that he would hit in the trees on a sharp dogleg to the right. He

did and had some trouble recovering. As we walked together up a narrow grassy path, a long black spitting cobra raised up out of the grass and spewed a long stream of venom, a defense mechanism meant to blind enemies. The venom fell close to my feet. I asked the caddy for a five iron. As the snake wriggled through the grass, I took a healthy swing at it, then paused with my club still raised to see where it had landed. The snake had totally disappeared as if by magic. The caddy gestured upwards, shouting, “He’s over your head on the club,” pointing up in the air. I glanced up and sure enough there it was hanging on my five iron. My opponent had run off. I brought the club down against the ground and smashed the snake. A couple of blows finished it off. I won the hole.

The next hole was a par three down a long slope, about a five-iron shot for me. I predicted my competitor would hit in the sand trap behind the green, and he, indeed, landed in the trap and lost a stroke coming out. I parred the hole. On a sharp dogleg left and up a hill to the green, I predicted his second shot would go over the barbed wire fence and out of bounds. He went out of bounds. He never got more than one hole up after the predictions started. I won the fifteenth to even the score. He hit some good balls and I wasn’t that bad. I could see him getting a bit nervous, so I stopped calling the shots. But with a ten-inch putt on the sixteenth, he missed, giving me one up. We matched par for par the rest of the way. He was furious when we went to the club house declaring he would never play another game of golf with me. “The man is voodoo! The man is voodoo!” he shouted. Then he told how I had handled the snake without any fear, reinforcing his voodoo claim. I was beginning to believe the voodoo myself, having shot another seventy-five gross.

The final day was a competition with an Asian playing off a six handicap. This round was under the watchful eye of a supervisor. After the first nine holes, I was one up and continued to pull away until I was five up with four holes left. No voodoo in this one, but another seventy-five gross. Four rounds of seventy-five gross, my best ever for the first and last time of my golfing career.

I was club champion! It took some time for it to sink in. Congratulations over, I retreated home, showered, had dinner, and went back to the club for the ceremonies, and to collect the green jacket and trophy. Loretta was there to witness it all. Yes, I was club champion even if a little voodoo did come into play. However, it was a bit embarrassing for the club to have a double digit handicap champion. When the story came out Monday morning in *The Nation*, Nairobi’s newspaper, I had been reduced from a ten to an eight handicap. We returned to U.S. before I had a chance to defend the club championship. My golfing trophies from Nigeria and Kenya totaled forty.

While waiting around to tee off in a competition at the Muthaiga Club, a young smiling Kenyan came up and introduced himself as Michael Ndichu, one of the caddies I had often seen. He said Mr. Allen Lukens, the U.S. Charge d’Affaires, had been helping him with his school fees (school children paid fees at all levels). But Mr. Lukens would soon be leaving Kenya, and Michael would not be able to continue his education.

“My mother has no husband, and she works only sometimes. There are two of us boys

and we are trying to finish school and she has no money to help us,” he said with a look of appeal I found impossible to ignore.

I agreed to pay his school fees, in spite of being drowned in school fees with four of my own in college. I later wrote him a check. He brought me a receipt each time he paid the fees and showed me his report card at the end of each term. He later was admitted to Nairobi Polytechnic, where he studied surveying. I paid some of the fees there as well. After I moved back to the U.S, he sent me his picture and a long letter of thanks, saying he had been employed by the Kenyan government as a member of a land survey team.

My last good deed was to recommend a Korean, who ran the local casino, for membership into the Muthaiga Club. He was accepted. To show his appreciation, he invited Loretta and me to a night at the casino which included a fine Korean dinner and \$20 worth of Kenyan shillings to play the slot machines. It was Loretta’s introduction to slot machines, which grabbed her fancy and has held it every since. We came out ahead for the night because of the free start by the management. Since that night every slot machine has been an irresistible magnet to Loretta. I stopped keeping up with who is ahead, but if anyone is, it’s not by much.

While golf took most of my free time, Loretta was consumed by bridge. Her bridge group held their games at the member’s homes on a rotating basis, and when it was Loretta’s turn to host, there were good leftovers to be had. For some unknown reason when they played duplicate bridge it was always at our house. This gave me extra access to these special snacks. I eventually learned enough about the game to keep my promise of joining her when the husbands were invited to play. It’s not easy for a beginner to be a satisfactory partner with a wife as avid and good at the game as Loretta. A few times I made a good opening bid, and knew what I was doing, but Loretta bid another suit. Once I had enough clubs to supply a small police force. I bid clubs. Loretta went to another suit. We got set mainly because of her own miscalculations, strong will, and total distrust of my bridge. I reminded her, as I often do, of her inclination to try to make things as she would wish them to be, rather than see them as they are. But I struggled on and we had some pleasant times playing together. I had never taken to playing cards of any sort. My feeling is that sitting still that long is a waste of time. I have always preferred to be more physically active: baseball, softball, golf, and hunting. Whenever I am asked, “Do you play bridge?” my stock answer is, “Yes, I play the game, but I don’t promote it”.

One interesting story came out of Loretta’s bridge sessions. On this occasion, the wife of a U.S. Executive Corps (retired volunteer officers) filled in for an absent bridge group member. During the session, Loretta asked her where she came from.

“I’m from Nashville, Tennessee,” she responded.

“That’s our home as well. We live at 329 Arena Avenue,” Loretta replied.

“329 Arena Ave!” she exclaimed. “I grew up in that house, five of us sisters. My father H.M. Jones, an engineer, built that house.” she said excitedly.

“My husband is also named H.M. Jones, an agriculture engineer, and we have seven daughters,” Loretta added.

“This is incredible! But it does solve one of the mysteries that has bothered my sisters and me. About fifteen years after we moved, we decided to find out who was living in our old house. When we were told that H.M. Jones lived there, we concluded that they had not taken our name off the records. This is an unbelievable coincidence!, H.M. Jones, an engineer built a house, reared five daughters and moved out. H.M. Jones, an engineer followed and is now rearing seven daughters in the same house. Wait until my sisters hear this story,” she added.

“ We purchased the house from a Mrs. Boone in the late 1940s in a rundown condition. My husband did a huge clean-up and renovation and made it quite livable. In 1956 we joined the Foreign Service and return to our home every two years for home leave,” Loretta explained.

They both agreed that it was an amazing discovery.

First Home Leave

After about a year as Food and Agriculture Officer, in March 1971, the family went on its first home leave. Loretta, Carlotta, and Loretta Jr. left two weeks ahead of me. I was scheduled to do a one-month management/administration training program at the Maxwell School, Syracuse University. After a few days at AID headquarters in Washington and a few weeks of home leave in Nashville, I headed for Syracuse, where the training was both interesting and useful after fifteen years in the field. Again Loretta was left with taking care of the girls and having the task of buying and preparing other elements for returning to Kenya. The girls caught up on the latest Americana, mostly through excessive hours in front of the TV and buying and eating things not readily available in Kenya.

On June first, the family returned to Nairobi. Carol, Estrelita, and Anita also went to spend the summer in Kenya. When I later returned, I learned of the girl’s reactions to the campus turbulence and student movements. It came out that Carol ignored all persuasions to join any type of campus movement. Estrellita, a political science major, straddled the fence, playing around the edges of several movements without committing herself to any. Anita went all out for one of the black student movements. I took the opportunity to give her a little advice.

“I hear you’re totally engrossed in the black student movement on your campus. If this is what you wish to do, I respect your choice. Whatever your choice, you should give it your best. I don’t think you can give it your best until you are prepared. This is what going to college is all about. You have only three more years to apply yourself to learn whatever it is you wish to do. Then, and only then, can you give it your best. I guess what I’m trying to say is stop wasting your time on campus movements; get into your studies

so you will be effective in your life's work."

It was a one-way conversation, but she seemed receptive in spite of the often heard expression of those days, "Don't talk to anyone over thirty." We did not hear again of her being involved in any campus movements. The twins spent the remainder of the summer months in Kenya, after which Estrellita traveled to France to spend several weeks with a French family prior to starting her third year of college aboard in Switzerland where French was the media of instruction. Anita decided to spend her third year "abroad" with us and study at the University of Nairobi.

Christina Studying Abroad

Upon graduation from Vassar, Chris received a two-year scholarship, later extended to three years, to pursue her PhD in Islamic Law. The grant, one of five, was funded by Mrs. Muller, an alumna and wife of the vice president of Nestle International. The prerequisites included study in Europe and one visit to Mrs. Muller's home in Switzerland. Not difficult to take. Chris chose the School of African Studies at the University of London. Her studies included spending time at a language institute in Lebanon, and three months at Hebrew University in Israel to learn Arabic. This necessitated her getting two passports, as certain Arab countries denied entry to those who had been to Israel. Chris also traveled from London to Tunis to do preliminary research for her thesis. I was still at Syracuse at that time, and while waiting at a bus stop I noticed a foreigner beside me. I asked him where he was from.

"I'm from Tunisia in North Africa," he replied. "I'm here pursuing a second degree in business administration. Previously, I completed studies for the same degree at the Sorbonne, in Paris."

"Sir, I'm pleased to meet you. I'm Harold Jones, working with the U.S. Agency for International Development in Kenya, and I'm here training for one month. I'm especially interested to hear you're from Tunisia. My daughter, a student at the university of London, recently journeyed to your country to do research on her PhD thesis in Islamic Law," I said.

"What an interesting coincidence. My father has been working on law reform in our country for many years. He is now the highest court judge."

"Is there any way she could meet your father?" I inquired. "I'm sure he could do wonders to help her."

"As a single girl in our society, she cannot meet my father directly. But there are two lawyers who work with him whose names and addresses I could give you and they in turn could have her meet my father," he responded. He wrote the names and addresses on a sheet of paper torn from his notebook. After going over the spelling and pronunciation with him, I thanked him. He took Chris' and my name and promised to send them to the lawyers with a note of explanation. We shook hands and wished each other the best as his

bus was approaching.

The information was immediately dispatched to Chris, who was still struggling with contacts and approaches to people in the predominantly Muslim capital of Tunisia. After about three weeks, I received a letter from Chris saying she had met the judge and his family, and twice he had taken her personally to have lunch with them at their home. He became a substitute guardian for her. This contact had paved the way for her access to legal archives, and unpublished Arabic court decisions from which she could prepare her thesis. A chance meeting at a metro bus stop in New York had brought excellent results for the desires and needs of a dear one far away in North Africa. Such a happenstance causes me to wonder how much of life's occurrences are due to luck and fate. I think all. "A wise man turns chance into good fortune," said Thomas Fuller.

Management and administration of AID's development assistance programs was the prime emphasis of the Maxwell School at Syracuse. It was my first specialized training in the subject and I gained a fuller appreciation of the skills and techniques for improved performance in this area.

The Family Move

In early December 1972, we moved to a bigger house on Limuru Road, still in the Muthaiga area, a short distance from our first home and the U.S. Embassy residence. It was said to be the home of the former mayor of Nairobi, who then lived in Switzerland. The Ahmeds, Taj and Gulzar and their son and daughter lived next door. She worked for PanAm and he ran a thriving tailor business. Our new spacious house was set on a one-and-three-quarter acre plot on a hill that sloped in two directions. The driveway was on a steep incline up from the main road. There were trees and bushes along one side of the lot and a large wooded area across the main road, giving it the air of a country hideaway. Our perch gave us a good view of the approaching storms of the rainy season. The backyard joined that of Bob and Nancy Gray, with a family of two daughters and a son. Bob was on loan from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, serving as a member of the USAID planning project with the Kenya Ministry of Agriculture. Through-the-fence exchanges often occurred between us and the Grays. Visits and conversations over the fence were common.

The idle, moldy, algae-laden swimming pool had collected dust, dirt, and leaves, and had several large cracks. The girls, under Carol's initiative, took it on as a project for rehabilitation. They cleaned it, patched the cracks, painted the interior, and filled it with chlorinated water, making it a first-class pool to share with their friends. On the upper level behind the house, I dug up a plot on a poor piece of ground for a vegetable garden, and with a good dose of organic material, commercial fertilizer, and animal manures, I harvested high-quality vegetables. Some water application kept vegetables coming during the dry season. Among the trees, I was able to find a clearing where I could keep my golf swing intact by hitting plastic balls. Also amid the trees was a barbeque pit. A stone patio and benches provided an excellent place for entertainment beside the pool. We had a series of cook-outs involving a few hundred people. The nearby embassy residence ice-making machine provided us with a good supply to keep things cold on any social

occasion.

Our three Alsatians from the dog debacle accompanied us to the new place. Mickey was happy because there were many more steps to sit on to welcome me home. Amigo had to be tied to the second-story veranda overlooking the parking area from where he charged at anything moving as if he would come crashing down on them. Guardie seemed content to help watch over the place and keep tabs on all of Loretta's movements. The two youngest girls, their school friends, and the influx of the other girls from college helped Loretta to eventually rid herself of the notion that a replacement was needed for her absent daughters.

Visitors

The music playing on the turn table was clearly that of a group singing a negro spiritual.

"Who do you think is singing on this record," asked Justin Hairston, of Hollywood fame and more recently the TV series, "Amen."

"That has to be a black choir, maybe the Tuskegee, Fisk or Howard University choir," I responded.

Hairston smiled and said, "That's a Danish group I organized and taught when I visited Denmark. For two years the record has been a best-seller there."

"You could have fooled Loretta and me. It sounds as authentic as any African-American choir, and we've heard a great number of them at black colleges singing that kind of music," I replied.

Hairston was on a Department of State goodwill trip to demonstrate how community people can organize themselves to bring out local talents as a means of providing their own home-grown entertainment and recreation. Hairston had stopped in Kenya on his way to Tanzania and had dinner with us. After dinner, conversation included one of his many interesting experiences. He had left his native Martinsville, Virginia, for Hollywood. After having gained some recognition, he received a letter from a lady of his hometown, whose last name was Hairston. She suspected they might be related, and stated that she and her husband would be coming to California and wished to meet him. He responded to her letter saying he would be happy to meet them, but suspected she was Caucasian. He knew that many black Americans had taken their family names from plantation or slave owners long ago.

There was a stage show that coincided with their visit at the theatre where he worked. He suggested that she and her husband attend the show and remain standing in the middle of the auditorium after the audience had left. When the show was over, he walked out on the stage and saw a buxom redhead standing with a man in the empty theatre, but they paid little attention to him, as if waiting for someone to show up. Perhaps they thought he was the janitor. He walked down the center aisle and introduced himself. The expression on

the lady's face started her husband laughing, as if to say, this is going to be fun.

She weakly said, "I'm Marie Hairston. I'm pleased to meet you."

Justin shook her hand, continued to move closer to her, pushed his face beside hers, looked at her husband and said, "Can't you see the resemblance?" It was now obvious that her husband was turning the situation into a fun-thing. However, the strained event turned more cordial as they began to talk about Martinsville and other things of common interest. A genuine friendship, which is still continuing, grew out of the meeting in spite of no traces of kinship.

Hairston went to Tanzania and on his return stopped to see us again.

"How did you find the Tanzanians to work with?" I inquired.

"Disappointingly," he said. "I couldn't get on track with those Tanzania cats, since they sing between the tones we have in our music. I was unable to bridge the gap."

Other visitors included: Mrs. Andrew Young and Mr. Young, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. during the Carter Administration and later the mayor of Atlanta, Georgia. I served as guide on a short bus tour to the Kenyan countryside for Mrs. Young and a group of women. They showed a tremendous admiration for my first-time unskilled guide technique. Maybe some of my long experience of living with women was unconsciously apparent.

Dizzy Gillespie was the dinner guest of Frenice and Mary Logan, of the USIA (U.S. Information Agency) office in Nairobi. Loretta and I were invited. His place in the jazz world and the long road he had traveled to get there engaged much of the evening's conversation. The extra large sacs at the sides of his neck which ballooned like bellows when he blew his horn struck me as an interesting adaptation that gave extra punch to his music.

Coretta King, widow of the late Martin Luther King, was also a guest of USIA, and Loretta and I had a chance to chat with her. She felt that her husband's efforts to prick America's consciousness on racial matters had taken a back seat due to his untimely death, which was a great loss to all America. Her quiet grace and charm gave her special appeal.

Seriously In Love

Out of breath after dashing upstairs to our bedroom, just after midnight, Chris blurted out, "He proposed to me!"

"Proposed what!" I inquired.

"Proposed marriage, Harold," Loretta filled in.

“Oh, that,” I followed up. After a relatively short courtship, an American teaching at the International School had asked Christina to marry him. It was a bit too sudden for us to give it our blessings, and a meeting with the young man did little to inspire confidence. He explained that he had decided to marry Chris the first time he met her. We maintained a neutral position, telling the couple that it was their decision.

One of the teacher’s colleagues gave a reception to announce the engagement. Following this event the young man went into high gear preparing for the wedding, without consulting Chris. She received a call from our church administrator who wanted to clarify some details. This was the first time she knew what was happening. The event was postponed. The young man showed little emotion but it must have been devastating, particularly since his mother and brother, were on their way from California to East Africa to attend the wedding. When they arrived, we had them in for dinner. The conversation centered around small talk.

Chris’s intention was to pursue her education at Harvard Law School, and the relationship continued in a less serious vein. In the meantime Dr. Shapiro from Harvard visited Nairobi. We gave a reception in his honor. He also interviewed Chris. In September 1973, she entered Harvard. Her friend insisted she take a large photo of him. He was deadly afraid that she would be tempted to go for one of those highly sophisticated Harvard types, with whom he felt he could never compete.

With a grant from the Ford Foundation and a Harvard scholarship, Chris planned to spend two summers in Kenya traveling to the courts to collect judgements for her manuscript in family law and succession. When she returned to Kenya, in June, 1974, she reprimanded us for our less than frequent contact with her friend. Their friendship continued, and they traveled throughout Kenya together, but there was little chance for further developments now that she was determined to complete her study at Harvard. In the meantime, the young man came to my office and declared quits for good. Chris did not accept his declaration and tried hard to keep the relationship alive. He left Nairobi during her years at Harvard. She continued to try and get the relationship back on track, including a trip to California to visit his family, but to no avail in spite of the favorable attitude of his mother. In a last-ditch effort, Chris requested that I call the young man and appeal to him to renew the relationship. I did, but he responded adamantly that the relationship could never be resumed. It all had come to a dead-end. Maybe for the best. He had once been interested in entering the priesthood, got ill, and had to leave. Stability was not one of his strong points.

Family Development Assistance

The spirit of wanting to help others clearly manifested itself in the family circle during our stay in Nairobi. Four of the six girls and Loretta were involved in activities which could be characterized as family development assistance. In October 1971, Chris arrived in Kenya from Tunisia to interpret Arabic documents, organize her material, and write her dissertation. During that time the University of Nairobi needed a specialist in

Comparative Family Law. She applied for the job, but ran into some resistance because she had not yet finished the thesis. However, at her interview by the selection committee, a British member who had seen her in a mock trial at the University of London (another coincidence), supported her appointment. Since the university was on the route to my office, Chris rode back and forth with me to the university. Late one afternoon, shortly after she joined the faculty, I stopped at the university to pick her up for a ride home, I ran into an Englishman on the steps of the law school while looking for her office. I inquired if he could direct me to her office.

“She’s up the steps there. I just left her office,” he indicated.

“I’m her father and I’ve come to pick her up. My name is Harold Jones,” I asserted.

“Delighted to meet you, Mr. Jones, and may I congratulate you on such a fine daughter,” he replied.

“How’s she doing? I hear there was some reluctance about hiring her,” I inquired.

“She’s doing splendidly, so splendidly that if I had two more like her, I’d let the rest of the faculty go.” He smiled and led me to Chris’s office to announce my arrival. Then he was on his way with a. “Delighted to meet you.”

“Who is the gentleman?” I inquired.

“He’s the dean of the law school,” Chris informed me I told her what the dean had said. Needless to say, the glow of appreciation lit up her face like a neon sign. Her stay at the university was apparently most rewarding. Later she wrote: “The Kenyan law students won my respect for their insisting that teachers be dedicated to them as students and for their ready criticism of anyone who was less than expected. The students, in turn, as I later learned from graduates, respected my ability to argue to the point of convincing, without forcing or seeming to threaten.”

Following her graduation from Vassar, Carol returned to Kenya with the hope of finding something in which she could be gainfully engaged. She pursued an opening for a teacher at the Westlands Primary School and was chosen. Here she gained an excellent reputation and was constantly sought after by Kenyan mothers who wanted to get their children in her class. For her transportation, I successfully bid on a Chevrolet sedan, several years old but low in mileage, that had been the property of the United States Department of Agriculture. Getting a driver’s license was not so easy. She had learned the theory and practiced with an L on the car. She was prepared. Still she failed the first test, then the second, then the third. She got through on the fourth. The testing officer remarked that she was one of the rare ones who was determined to pass honestly without giving into the expected bribery. She quickly learned to drive defensively in the Nairobi traffic without an accident. Paradoxically, for all the effort and extra time she put in preparing lessons and activities that earned her praise for her teaching performance, she maintained she did not like teaching. She spent some time as a consultant with the Kenyan education

advisory committee. Carol had previously spent considerable time doing volunteer work at the Nairobi museum. Her work there brought her in close contact with the internationally known Leakeys, the family of archaeologists who founded the museum. Carol, Carlotta and I once spent a day and night visiting with Mrs. John Leakey at Oldivai Gorge, the site of the Leakey's discovery of early man.

The summer after her freshman year, Anita began volunteer work at the National Museum in the office of the ethnographic researcher Loretta had arranged this for her with the thought that it would compliment Anita's pursuit of a degree in anthropology. Unfortunately, from Anita's point of view she had to catch a ride with me and the other girls on our way to work and school. This meant rising by at least six o'clock, eating breakfast by seven, and leaving at seven thirty sharp. While Anita's idea of a summer break constituted a more leisurely existence, Loretta insisted that early rising would prepare her for the rigors, steadiness, and discipline of the working world. The work also gave Anita a chance to exercise her graphic skills. She had to sketch items of collection at the museum and for the museum's publication. Eventually she was able to join a few field expeditions in the Nairobi area.

The motivation behind human choices is a fascinating subject. While our offspring from the same nuclear family choose widely differing educational or professional careers, the common denominator of the courses of study — law, anthropology, political science — was an international perspective. Here is what Anita wrote about her choices: "I have often wondered if I would have pursued anthropology if I had not been raised in environments abroad. I knew that I wanted to be involved in the behavioral studies somehow and enjoyed imbibing popular psychology readings in my free time. However I perceived that the subject lacked the pluralistic perspective I sought and I opted to study anthropology instead.

"In any event, this same interest and curiosity led me to volunteer work at the National Museum in Nairobi following my freshman year at college. Through my mother I learned of an ethnographer at the museum who needed help in sketching the material culture collection to provide graphic documentation to complement the catalog. At the time I had a great propensity for drawing and saw the work as an opportunity to combine my interests. Soon I became absorbed in 'interesting dogwork,' to borrow a description I have heard in reference to museum cataloging. However, after crouching over a desk (the normal illustrator's drafting table or other specialized equipment was not available) day in and day out, I was ready to stretch out and accept opportunities to go excavating in areas got far from Nairobi. During one such occasion an added treat came in the form of an overnight visit at a Maasai boma, or homestead. A Maasai employee at the museum welcomed the crew at his family home the evening prior to our scheduled excavation.

"Reaching Maasai country outside Nairobi did not take a long time — a few hours. We left the lush hills of Nairobi and descended to more arid Savannah plains, that brought Texas to the mind of the chief archaeologist. Not having visited Texas, I could only imagine that the observation seemed plausible. Peter (a name we shall give the Maasai museum staff member for protection of privacy) had also been kind enough to interject

into the conversation explanations of some Maasai customs, such as the social significance of some of the articles he wore. We reached this community by dusk and were led into a boma, the traditional Maasai abode constructed of cow dung, earth, and branches where a small group of Maasai men were seated around a small fire.

“The social activities commenced with rounds of honey pombe, a typical beer made from honey, and a milk solution made from processed cow milk. As usual, life was a mix of the traditional and the contemporary. We did not drink from the customary gourd but from modern glass or ceramic mugs. One huge mug of each of the beverages was about all I could handle. The pombe was quite tasty. The few bees which still floated in the liquid testified to the authenticity of the recipe. The milk, actually fermented into a yogurt with the consistency of oatmeal, was a bit more difficult to handle, even as oatmeal had been for much of my youth. Yet I knew demonstration of my politeness and acknowledgment of the host’s hospitality meant finishing the food offered. I also knew that this food was the only means by which my dietary needs were to be satisfied.

“As was usually the case when a number of Kenyans sat in the company of a few foreign visitors, the Maasai men frequently lapsed into their own language. The Maasai men appeared comfortable in conversation among themselves, all the while sniffing or chewing and spitting out the ubiquitous snuff of East Africa. Perhaps some did not even speak English or speak English well. From time to time, Peter would translate. At one point a girl, appearing to be not much older than ten, was introduced as Peter’s betrothed. A girl’s marital partner was traditionally selected quite early prior to marriage, which usually occurred later in adolescence. Except for his fiancée’s brief appearance, I was the only female in the group, although I was not made to feel awkward by this fact.

“Our meal finished, I did not feel the effects of my diet until I stood up from the short log on which I was seated. The ground underneath was no longer steady, but tilted from side to side like a seesaw while I struggled to keep my balance — successfully I might add. A light, easy feeling overcame me and I found myself grinning and chuckling unprompted. My steps were high and slow. I hoped no one noticed, as my outward appearance did not equal the intensity of my internal state. We were next escorted to our overnight quarters into another boma. In preparation for the evening all of the cattle that had been grazing outside of the thorn bush fences that surrounded the community had been herded for their protection into the center of the circle formed by the Maasai abodes. We passed by some of these huddled cows and calves on our way. I imagine their hooves had churned the kraal grounds into soft, loose dust.

“By now, night had firmly settled, and to add to my spacy sensations, I entered into a strange disorientation in the pitch blackness of the low-curving tunnel that forms the entryway in the traditional architecture. The tunnel was low as to cause one to bend over to enter. I would recall this sensation years later in Disneyland in the miniaturization tunnel where the visitor rode through a light-deprived chamber while the car jostled the body in all directions. Peter explained that these entrances were originally constructed to confuse lions — animals that now have disappeared in large numbers like most other big game in the vicinity.

After the tunnel, we reached a small chamber lit only by a small fire, by which Maasai women were seated. I was never clear about their relationship to Peter. Peter showed us our sleeping area, a platform of what appeared to be branches covered with hides along a wall opposite the women at the fire. In the dim light, distinguishing my surroundings was difficult. A smoke veil hung throughout the room, mildly stinging my eyes until I grew accustomed to the acidity. The ceiling appeared to be supported by a thick network of branches that glistened with what appeared to be condensation. The cool nights of the Savannah can contrast rather sharply with the daytime temperatures which nevertheless maintain moderate ranges within seasonal variations. I noticed that the women continued wearing their elaborate rings of beaded jewelry around their neck, head, ears, and arms inside the room, unlike my habit of shedding the encumbrances of a few rings and earrings I wear in public as soon as I touch the comfort and privacy of my home. The women were still adorned even as the fire was extinguished, and I wondered what happened to the beads after the lights went out.

“Sleep did not come easy and was fitful. My head begun to ache, mostly from the beer and less-than-filling meal. One of my elbows felt pricked by what might have been hair left on some of the hide. I slipped in and out of consciousness. The dark mask of quiet was occasionally punctured by the thuds of hard streams of liquid striking the ground like water emptying out of a bottle at arm’s height. The cattle were relieving themselves. I was enveloped in a deep, palpable sense of the organic which I could not see but felt, smelled, and absorbed. The night air, the earthen roof curving overhead, the gentle rustle of the cattle all closed in and melded into the sensation. I was safely tucked inside shelter under a blanket, but the night and cattle sounded so loud, so close that I felt I could reach out and touch that which was so intangible.

“Just before daybreak I was awakened by the women moving around to prepare for the day. The fire had been lit and the women appeared to be in earnest conversation, one in particular punctuating her conversation with gestures. And yes, they were all in full, beaded array. We of the survey team arose and headed for our Landrover to launch our own preparations for the day.

“We made a light breakfast on the propane stove in our Landrover parked outside the kraal. I wanted to take photographs, but had to politely obtain our host’s permission first. He did not believe photographing the people was a good idea. People such as the Maasai were always a popular subject for photography. Yet one would also hear stories about tourists inviting the ire of spear-toting youth if photographs were snapped without permission. Many traditional people were known to believe that capturing an image of a person also meant capture or control of that person’s spirit or soul.

“Young boys were coaxing the cow herds out to pasture. With the cattle came the flies. The fly seemed to have become an element in their life as much as any other part of nature. I marveled at how the Maasai seemed so oblivious to the flies buzzing, landing, exploring the body, the face, the arms, as I whacked away at the air to drive away the nuisances. I began to realize that these kinds of attempts to rid oneself of these pest were

futile and would eventually drive one insane.

“Yet life in these parts did not always have to seem so distant from the familiar for the American resident. One member of our group noted that even travel to what might appear to be the remotest regions did not seem possible without hearing some mention of President Kennedy, already showing signs of endurance as a global legend. Kennedy had been buried for almost a decade by that time, but his name still served as a glimmering beacon of common ground that tempered the loneliness/estrangement of international encounters.

“The sun was rising higher in the clouded July sky of an equatorial winter. We had to be on our way. Despite the cloud shield, the daylight seemed to glare and my head weighed as heavy and congested as the overcast sky. The Landrover bounced away across the dry Savannah. We followed a narrow, barely visible path, only partially defined by a peek-a-boo tire rut, which eventually joined a dirt road, and later tarmac highway to our next destination.”

The following summer Anita found work, again as a volunteer in a bibliographic project affiliated with the Nairobi International School. The following fall she enrolled at the University of Nairobi to study sociology in a kind of junior year abroad program Anita said the change from Vassar to the Kenyan University, with a predominantly male population and English-derived curriculum, was refreshing.

Carlotta, the youngest of the volunteers, was still a senior at the International American School. She read in the Nairobi newspaper that the university of Nairobi needed volunteers to read to blind students. This caught her fancy. She spent a number of hours pursuing and enjoying this volunteer activity for school credit. She said it gave her a great feeling of satisfaction to assist the less fortunate who had the determination and tenacity to pursue their academic quests. Later she heard about a group of young street boys who had been picked up by officials and placed in a rehabilitation center. She volunteered to teach them English, their first exposure to formal schooling. She found them eager to learn, which made her work much easier and satisfying. Simultaneously, she enrolled in Goethe Institute to study German.

Carlotta entered Vassar in September, 1973, returned to Nairobi in June 1974, and announced that she did not wish to return to Vassar in September, but would take a year off and then return. Needless to say we were shocked and dismayed but did not put up a strong protest. In September 1975, she reentered and went on to finish after our return to Washington in 1977. We attended her graduation.

Loretta was a member of the American Women's Association. Their goal was to raise money each year for Kenyan charities. Once, for their annual bazaar, Loretta grew one hundred African violets which sold well. She was a member of the board for two years, elected vice-president for one year and treasurer for the annual ball one year. She served as chairlady once for the annual tea held at the U.S. Embassy residence to honor wives of other ambassadors and prominent Kenyan women. As a member of the Kenya University

Women's Organization, she shared in their discussions and activities. She also was a member of Kenya's national women's organization, Mandeleo Ya Wanawaki. I accompanied her to one of their gatherings as the only male present when the main speaker was Margaret Kenyatta, the mayor of Nairobi and daughter of President Kenyatta. It was interesting to hear about their difficulties in trying to improve their status and get what they wanted. I got into a discussion with five young college graduates and raised the unpopular topic of the high population growth in Kenya. After my passionate spiel about Kenya's limited amount of productive agricultural land, about eleven percent of the total land mass, they still unanimously rejected my point of view and said in near unison, "We see no need to curb our population growth, since we have so much open, unsettled land space in our country." My argument that it took thirty acres to properly support one cow, to say nothing about supporting lots of people, left them unconvinced. Apparently many others were equally disbelieving. The ensuing years saw the country's annual population growth soar to the world's highest.

Loretta played the piano ten hours a week for ballet classes. Madam Margo Short, an accomplished ballet dancer of European renown and a political refugee from Hungary, had married a Britisher and set up a studio. Her dance classes catered mostly to Americans and Europeans. Only one African girl joined the class.

Loretta literally ran the wheels off the family station wagon, which we had brought to Kenya from Nigeria. During a slow, short turn near our home, the left front wheel ran off. She called in desperation and I came to the rescue. A local repairman did enough to render the car roadworthy in a couple of days. Later on while maneuvering a long gradual down hill, within sight of where we lived, the other front wheel came off, throwing the vehicle off the road into the bush and grass just before hitting a small bridge. Several children were riding with her but no one was hurt. This led to ordering a new station wagon through the foreign service-linked automobile service. Not long after its arrival, an elderly British couple failed to stop at a stop sign and slammed into the car and badly damaged it. Again I was to the rescue with tools to beat out the dents, and pry the fender away from against the tire. I concocted a latch for the out-of-shape hood, rendering it not a pretty sight, but mobile. Luckily, the accident occurred near the time for our home leave, when I could order new body parts and have them shipped with our sea and air freight. The British couple put up no argument, agreeing it was their fault. They flipped out a copy of their insurance and took full responsibility for the damage. The parts eventually arrived in Nairobi, the repair work was done, and the bill submitted. The insurance company covered the expenses and Loretta was back to running the wheels off, not literally this time.

In the meantime, Loretta Jr. finished Hospital Hill Primary School and was able to enroll in Rosslyn Academy for the ninth grade, a school run by the Mennonites. She was very interested in track and field events. She invited Loretta and me to her field day exercises. We arrived late in the afternoon and saw her perform in the 100 meter dash. She won, showing total nonchalance as if nothing happened. At the end of the day prizes were awarded for various events Loretta had won the following: 100 meter dash, long jump, high jump, and hurdles. She had not even bothered to tell us. Her performance suggested

olympic potential. Upon graduation from Rosslyn, she entered Northfield Mount Herman in Massachusetts and joined the track team. During her first year she set a new record, while winning the New England Prep School Women's Mile. During her holidays in Nairobi she continued to jog and run. I was more convinced than ever that she had good potential. A ski trip resulted in an injured ankle that seemed to dampen her spirit and enthusiasm for track, and the sport simply became a means to exercise.

The African Family

Since one of our major concerns in the foreign service was rearing and educating a family, family patterns in traditional societies caught our attention. It was apparent to us that the cohesiveness of the African family was equal to any in the world. An Ashanti proverb states: "The ruin of a nation begins in the home of its people." Another African proverb says: "It takes a whole village to rear a child." For the elderly: "If your elders take care of you while you are cutting your teeth, you must in turn take care of them while they are losing theirs," Ashanti proverb. These expressions tend to give a strong impression of the value of togetherness of the African family and how they live. Food, shelter and love are always there for the old, infirmed, and children, as long as there is something to share. Poverty and starvation are endemic to much of Africa, and at times sharing tends to lose its true meaning in many family structures. The strongest of instincts, the one to survive, at times takes over and family values become frayed. In much of rural Africa, individual interests are seen as catering to one's desires and impulses, when the well-being of the collective unit is really what matters. The elders are generally respected and the children and young people seldom question their position or authority. Children are constantly chided to remember that there is nothing more important than the family. I once visited a U.S. assisted rural development project in Western Kenya, and judging from some of the poor returns from their farming and low levels of income, I wondered how it could be that the people seemed to live beyond the actual means of their income. Upon questioning, I was informed about the substantial amount of money being repatriated to the area by individual family members who worked in Nairobi. It was that unseen difference that elevated their living standards.

In their early days, African children are strapped to their mother's back accompanying her to the field, and to collect wood and water. There seems to be no schedule for the infant as in industrialized societies, but it is cared for on demand. The ladies told us their babies seldom cry. However, the pace at which babies come into families can be upsetting when the previous one is replaced and left alone to experience the shock of being deprived of the good graces of the mother. This means that they must soon learn to be responsible, e.g., learning how to tend to farm animals and do other things about the homestead. Dr. David French of WHO (World Health Organization) noted: "People don't live long enough in Africa to worry about cancer and other diseases that concern us in the western world. In Africa the trick is to get to be five years old." So in spite of the togetherness and goodness of African families, there are many other things that negatively influence their well-being. In addition, when the swirling demands of a society get caught up in progressive development. In Africa and elsewhere, people tend to begin side-stepping tradition for convenience. Change comes in dribbles, one can see it

creeping in, particularly in the younger generations who are being more formally educated. In many communities it could be observed for the first time, that the elderly were having to depend on the school children to explain the meaning of the written word for participation in elections, paying taxes, and qualifying for certain social benefits. In traditional Africa, the knowledge and wisdom passed on by the elders since time immemorial, is giving away to formal education.

Our daughters were old enough to wonder about the role of women in African societies. Women produce about seventy-five percent of the food and the other work required to meet basic human needs of nutrition, clothing, and shelter. A very common sight along many dirt roads and trails is a woman bent over and struggling under extremely heavy loads of wood or water. Seen more as a machine for procreating and doing work necessary to rear the family, African wives do little to rebel against their situation in spite of some having gained some political status, including being members of parliament and heads of large social organizations. However, African women are not handed the inhumane treatment awarded women in India often associated with the dowry system. In Africa the man is expected to pay, usually in kind, for the bride. Cattle or other animals are not an uncommon offer. But men in most instances can have a number of wives, often as many as they can afford, and they find it is extremely easy to divorce or rid themselves of wives.

Premarital sex is a social prohibition in much of rural Africa, and severe punishment can be the price, even death in some cases. A crude, bloody minor operation is often carried out to remove the clitoris, without anesthesia or antiseptic. This is to reduce the chance for arousal during sexual intercourse. Female sex activity then becomes one of procreation without pleasure. Marriages often take place after circumcision, when the boys and girls are in their mid-teens. The boys are usually several years older than the girls when it occurs. Africa seems to be rigidly heterosexual, and homosexuality is deeply frowned on, and carries a severe penalty for those involved. The rapid growth of cities have ruptured the fabric of traditional African society which formerly dictated the rules of sexual behavior. There is a noticeable looseness in the moral sex role of larger cities. The cyclical efforts of Kenya to clean out prostitutes, often dictated by President Kenyatta, reduced the numbers pursuing the profession to a point of total absence on the streets. Clean up usually lasted a short period, maybe several months at most, then *deja vu* set in.

Archaeological Trip

The little Volkswagen Bug was so completely packed that there was not room left for a toothpick. Three of us, Carol, Carlotta and I, fitted in like a socket wrench on a nut, with room enough only to turn our heads. The roof rack was stacked high and the trunk under the hood so full there was no space for air circulation. Our first scheduled stop was Olduvai Gorge in Tanzania, where the famous archaeologists, the Leakeys, had spent much of their lives excavating and discovering. This meant heading south of Nairobi through Maasai and big-game country on both narrow macadam and gravel roads amid billowing dust and potholes. Many of the plains wildlife could be seen: water bucks,

elephants, antelopes, wildebeest, impala and zebra. A great variety of birds came into view, but none more interesting than the secretary bird, as odd and different as any of the feathered kingdom. About three feet tall with a crown of quill-like feathers, the bird's black-and-white markings give the appearance of business dress, hence the name. These are birds of prey, stalking the ground for snakes, insects, and mice I have only seen them in flight once, each one resembling a flying stick with slight bulges. Twice I spotted also the big, black, turkey-sized ground hornbill close to the road. Their huge bills, with a bulging, blood-red, fleshy-looking lump at its base, seem to fit their predatory nature well. Like the secretary bird, they also prey on the small creatures of the grassy plains.

The Bug chugged on and on with its overload without complaint, creating large swells of dust until we reached the Tanzania/Kenya border, at Namanga, where our passports were checked. From there we proceeded to Arusha taking a break in this pleasant little town backed up by the 4565-foot-high Mount Meru. Our next leg took us cross-country on mostly dirt roads to a hotel, by the glistening calm of Lake Manyara. After washing away many layers of dust, and contributing grandly to muddying the lake, we indulged in the British custom of afternoon tea. We were told by the local people that the area was well known for the tree-dwelling leopard, but we had no chance to see one. After a dinner of bland British cuisine, we had no trouble drifting off to sleep and snoring the night away. Daylight was ushered in by a great variety of bird calls, and a view of the lake calmly reflecting all along its shores. A hearty breakfast was served of hard fried eggs topped with a piece of fried tomato, something with the shape and smell of sausage, toast with orange marmalade, and tea. Without orange marmalade for breakfast, I think the British would wither and fade away.

Again we hit the road, raising dust clouds, headed for Olduvai Gorge. The winding dirt road led us past a settlement named Oldeani. As we came close to the Ngorongoro Crater, we had a very frightening experience. The little Bug was in the struggle of its life scaling a steep incline in first gear. Rounding a curve, we came up against two big African buffaloes standing in the middle of the road, bringing us to a halt until their dangerous bulk was out of the way. I glanced up a very steep slope to our right and a herd of fifteen to twenty buffalo were maneuvering en masse, sliding down the hillside out of control. They were heading straight for the weighted down Bug. I had never witnessed anything that got so big so fast as they slid down. I could feel the big crush coming. As the two in the road cleared the way, I gave full throttle for maximum power, released the clutch and brake at the same time, and got the bug to inch away just enough to clear the road in time to miss the cumulative weight of the sliding, black, hairy tons. As the mass hit the road they missed the rear bumper by less than five feet. Our heartbeats were beginning to rival a village drum fest. The Bug had come through once again. The road followed along one perimeter of the crater to the top of the hill. A short downgrade turned into a rough, rutted track that soon brought us to our first stop of interest, Oldivai Gorge.

We drove over to Mrs. Leakey's tent. First to come forward were the two well-publicized dalmatians that accompanied her. Then she came to the tent door, and we dismounted and introduced ourselves. In spite of her reputation as an ungracious host who detested interruptions, she made us feel most welcome and asked us in for a cool drink. The fact

that Carol had contact with other Leakey family members probably helped. Nearby was one of the more prominent digs of the thirty-mile-long gorge, having an estimated depth of three hundred feet. Some of the beds had been dated to be more than one and a half million years old. The deposits contained a variety of early stone tools, animal fossils, and fragments of hominids. Mrs. Leakey took time to point out the various earth layers of the dig, from which the skull piece of *Zinjanthropus* had been excavated in 1958. She showed us fossils of animal types and pointed out evolutionary changes in their features. A giraffe skull showed longer horns than the present day types. Horns from the greater kudu and eland also were different from current types. Rhino and camel bones were displayed for us too. Mrs. Leakey then left us with one of her very knowledgeable local assistants. Oldivai Gorge held many of the secrets of early humans, which it gave up reluctantly and only to the Leakeys and others willing to apply the ultimate in patience, lack of material comforts, dogged persistence, and suffering.

With a strong breeze sweeping across the area, it was quite a hassle to put up our small tent to spend the night. We chose a site across the slope from Mrs. Leakey's tent. In the afternoon we walked around the area where wildebeest and zebra could be seen lazing about, nibbling at the sparse vegetation. We came upon a phenomenon called the walking sands. Large mounds of black, kidney-shaped sand dunes, shaped by the winds, were deposited on the plains. The constant breezes sweeping across the plains flowed up the inclined side of the dunes, moving small amounts of sand up to the top and down the backside slope, gradually spreading the pile while maintaining its shape. Eventually the whole pile moved intact. Over time the pile walks across the plains, moving from the windward to the leeward. We wondered if they had formed in another era when the area was more of a desert and less vegetation was present. We were told that as the years went by, the number of piles had been greatly reduced. We witnessed the interesting wind action on two dunes, which produced a very mild whistling sound. On our return to camp, Mrs. Leakey had us in for tea, a British courtesy that meant we were welcome.

Our little kerosene stove came into action to boil water and to heat a variety of morsels for dinner, supplemented by dried and canned food. Light was furnished by our mantled kerosene lantern. Our bedrolls were spread out on the grass. The winds persisted in mild gusts through the night, constantly rattling our little tent. A few distant lion roars, the screams of hyenas, and the piercing cries of the jackals were constant reminders of the harsh, exotic violence and throbbing life of the Serengeti plains.

After a light breakfast everyone pitched in to pack the load into the roadweary Bug. We stopped by Mrs. Leakey's tent to bid her goodbye and to thank her for her hospitality.

Taking it slow over the rough stretch of road to Ngorongoro Crater, I drove down the slope into the crater to take a quick look. What a spectacle! This fifteen-mile-wide hole in the ground contained the largest collection of animals species, making it the nearest thing to a natural zoo. There was a lake, and a grassy center cropped closely by eland, gazelles, zebra, and reed buck, all on display chomping away at a green breakfast. Several giraffes and three ostriches in the distance were deeply engaged in their favorite pastime, eating. We did not see any of the predators but were told that the black mane lion, cheetah,

leopard, and a number of the lesser cats lived there and constantly offer their services to keep nature's balance. I was a bit apprehensive about the Bug being able to motor up the steep slope out of the crater, but with no buffalo in the road to halt its forward motion, the climb was taken in stride.

Constantly pounding away at the dusty, uneven dirt road, we arrived at the Arusha hotel where we did some deducting and freshening. With much whetted appetites, the lunch was very tasty, in spite of the stuffy British ambience in which it was served. A brief stop at the service station and we were off for the long trip to Mombasa on Kenya's coast. Traveling from Arusha to Voi, the longest leg of the trip, offered the spectacular snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro and we observed the relatively prosperous lifestyles of the people tilling its productive foothills. Just short of Voi, we again passed through the border of Tanzania into Kenya, and were on the main road to Mombasa, a city known for its Moslem culture and faith, brought by missionaries around the tenth century. The coastal strip represents Kenya's only region of luxuriant growth, in contrast to the more arid interior. I had made previous arrangements to stay with Travis voelkel, a young, energetic Texan, who was an AID range management specialist in Mombasa. He and his attractive new wife, Salha, a Mombasa resident, had accompanied us to one of the local eating places where I had dined during previous trips to the city. The next morning broke with the echoing call of the muezzins commanding the faithful to prayer. Later in the morning we visited Fort Jesus, a sixteenth-century fortress built by the Portuguese in the old-European style. Dominating the city as it did, the fort was one of many lasting symbols of foreign trade, occupation, and rule in Africa.

From Mombasa we traveled north towards Malindi to visit the Gedi ruins, an ancient coastal city that had been excavated and preserved. Some of the polished surfaces of the building material still looked new Gedi served as a seat of power for two hundred years, administering the affairs of the coast, before it was abruptly and mysteriously abandoned. We had been duly warned about the variety of poisonous snakes that inhabited the place. The many holes and stone slabs sprawled in the bush seemed ideal for the slithering creatures, but we didn't encounter a single one.

Next we traveled the secondary roads to Kitui, Embu, and Meru, to give the girls a cross-country view of the high country around Mount Kenya. Wild game, cattle and goat herders, marketplaces, small farms, Savannah, woodlands, streams with unsophisticated bridges, villages and local administrative centers made up the unfolding scenery. We stopped briefly in Embu, a clean, quiet town nestled in the foothills, where we had refreshments and stretched our legs. Previously, I had made a number of official visits there to an AID-assisted agriculture extension and training center Embu was the home of my good friend, Mr. Nyaga, the Minister of Agriculture, and I had visited his farm, run mostly by his wife.

We arrived in hew, nestled under the shadow of Mount Kenya, late in the afternoon and checked into a modest Asian-operated hotel for the night. At dinner I engaged in conservation with an old-timer Britisher, a long-time resident of the area. He talked about the Meru game park and its inhabitants, especially the white rhino. This animal is

distinguished from the black rhino not by its color, which is nearly the same, but by the shape of its mouth; square-lipped as compared to the hooked-lipped black rhino. The white rhinos were an endangered species, victims of poachers. They are the second largest land mammal, next to elephants. The Britisher was highly critical of what little appreciation the Africans in the area had for wildlife and the need to preserve them.

The pleasant, cool night air, requiring a light blanket for sleeping, made it a restful night, in spite of a few sags and lumps in the mattresses. The colors of the early morning sky spread across the sleeping town. From the veranda, the only movement I could see was that of two night bank guards, with their night sticks, wiping weariness from their eyes as they moved up the street wrapped in their blankets. I watched the sun rise. Shortly a knock on the door announced the bearer with the morning ritual tea. After a breakfast of hard eggs and sausage, we resumed our tour with a drive about the surrounding game park. It was here that Joy Adamson returned to the wilds and the lions she had adopted and raised. We had been given her book, *Born Free*, while living in India. The story of Ms. Adamson's tame lions, Elsa and her cubs came back to us now, as well as reminiscences of our experience in India raising our own Bengal tigress, Cathy.

Mount Kenya rises to 17,058 feet under a blazing equatorial sun, and our view of its snow-capped peaks was awe-inspiring. The mountain is sacred to the Kikuyu, Kenya's largest tribe. According to Kikuyu legend, the god Ngai occupies Batain, the highest of the peaks. Ngai ordered Gikuyu before him and showed him the world that lay within the protective solaces of the mountains. He was then given a wife, Mumbi. Nine daughters were born of the marriage, for which the nine principal clans of the tribe were named. Husbands were provided for all the daughters. At first, women ruled the clans, humbling the men and treating them badly. It is told that each woman kept several husbands and put to death those who were no longer of value. The men planned revenge many generations later. They made all the women pregnant, then took power from them. From then on men ruled the clans and kept several wives, changing their names to honor their father, Gikuyu, instead of names honoring Mumbi, their mother.

The story was interesting to us because it resembled a turning point in Hindu mythology in which men dominated women by impregnation. I am not sure when the Kikuyu men made the change, but frequent impregnation was very much in evidence during our Kenyan stay. I commented several times to my Kenya male friends that nowhere do men get as much out of their women as they do. They give birth and rear the children, do most of the laborious work at the homestead and on the farms, provide sexual satisfaction, and obey almost all of their orders while the men take credit for it all.

I was once invited by a Kikuyu to visit his small farm where he proudly showed me his recent improvements: irrigation, poultry production, a vegetable plot, and a swine production which earned some cash and provided an excellent supply of food for the family. His pride ballooned like bubble gum as I congratulated him on his success. I asked if we could meet his family. He consented and called his wife out. Shy, with her hand half covering a smile, she came out with four of their six children hanging onto her. I asked her how much of the work had she done to improve the farm.

She said, “All.”

“Is your husband a good farmer?” I asked.

“He is a good paper farmer, but do no hard work,” she responded. It turned out that he was a teacher at an elementary school a few miles down the road. I patted him on the shoulder, saying, “No one gets as much out of their wives as you Kenyans.”

We departed Meru late in the morning, passing by the Police Training College at Kigango. The college has produced most of Kenya’s top internationally known athletes, including Kip Keino. We swung past the entrance to the luxurious Mount Kenya Safari Club, owned at the time by the late William Holden, Hollywood actor. I had previously played the attractive golf course and spent the night at the fabulous establishment.

Our final stop before heading home was the town of Nyeri. I had previously made several official trips to Nyeri, staying overnite at the home of an AID credit specialist, Bert Behrens. Bert and his wife Barbara lived a few miles out of town in a spacious colonial home, and were members of the Nyeri Golf Club. I had to forego the golf course this trip, but we treated ourselves to a leisurely meal at the Outspan Hotel. This place also serves as the launching point for visits to Treetops, a unique camp out in the bush. The camp building is set on stilts and at night wild game congregate below to enjoy the salt licks. Visitors spend evenings on the veranda, gazing down at the zebra, elephants, buffalo, rhinos, wart hogs, and whatever else turns up.

We didn’t spot any game during our lunch, but I did learn the whereabouts of a great game hunter’s grave, revealed by a lunching Britisher. Jim Corbett, who at one time had been stationed as I had in India, and whose three books I still have in my possession, lies buried in Nyeri’s church yard. Ten years earlier, I hunted much of the same territory in which he made a name for himself: the jungles of the Himalayan foothills and central India. It took me totally by surprise to find Corbett’s final resting place in this corner of Africa, until I remembered the colonial saying, “The nearer to Nyeri, the nearer to heaven.”

With a few pounds less load and a little more passenger room, the Bug seemed to know that it was headed home, and performed with a smoothness and purr that happens only when headed homeward. By mid-afternoon, it climbed up from the Limuru-Nairobi road into our home compound.

Political Upheaval

In spite of our preoccupation with our fulltime family engagement, volunteer work, travel, social interaction, and job-related responsibilities, there was an undercurrent of family concern about how close to the edge Kenya might be to political upheaval, given the antagonism between two major ethnic groups, the Luos and Kikuyus. The assassination of Tom Mboya, a Luo on July 5, 1969, was one of the moments that

heightened our concern. Loretta and I had dinner with him two weeks previous. I had just finished a golf competition at the Veterinary Laboratory Club, and was having a drink with two Britishers when the news of Mboya's death was announced. One of the Britishers turned to me and asked, "Which one was he?" This was not an untypical attitude. Internationally known and considered one of Africa's brightest sons, Mboya was a responsible and intelligent leader who was well-versed in labor and politics. Kenya, and indeed the west, had looked toward him for future African leadership. What lack of awareness is it that made the Britisher pose such a question? I thought. This prompted me to ask him the difference in the relationship between the British and the Kenyans now and during colonial times.

"The big difference is, when we were in charge we could kick their arses and get away with it. Now we can't," he answered.

Mboya's killer, a Kikuyu, created a potentially nasty situation. Mboya had supported KANU (Kenya African National Union), Kenyatta's party. But this incident quickened Luo and Kikuyu animosity. Riots and unrest prevailed in much of the country. The KPU (Kenya People's Union), led by Oginga Odinga, a Luo, was banned, and its principal leader, with members of parliament were detained. This action was taken after a visit by Kenyatta to Kisumu, a Luo stronghold, during which time a large crowd of Luos threatened his safety by pelleting his car with rocks the crowd was fired upon by security guards, who killed and injured a number of Luos. Kenya became a one-party country.

Once I was on a project inspection tour to Kisumu when the sounds of sirens signaled that I should pull over to the side of the road and let the president's entourage pass. As I entered the city an half hour later, I met the same entourage high tailing it back at a fast clip towards Nairobi. It was the talk of the evening in and around the Kisumu hotel during my visit. Crowds had apparently gotten word of the president's visit and had gathered to make a show of verbal hostility. No stones were thrown. The president, however, took no chance and his entourage never stopped moving.

In March of 1971 there was an attempted armed coup in Kenya against which the government moved swiftly. Thirteen people were brought to trial, in the course of which the prosecutor implied that some people in high places had been involved, but refused to name names.

In 1974, Kenya experienced institutional unrest. The government, with support from the trade unions, banned strikes and demonstrations. The students at the University of Nairobi and Kenyatta College took advantage of the disturbances to make their demands for better accommodations and less strict academic requirements. Both institutions were closed.

Joseph Mwangi Kariuki, a Kikuyu and an immensely popular parliamentarian, was assassinated in 1974. He had been jailed by the British during the Mau Mau uprising as a suspected member, but after independence he rose to the level of deputy minister. Apparently he had come to disagree on a number of issues concerning Kenya's

orientation towards a free-enterprise economy. Lines of confrontation became apparent in November when President Kenyatta postponed opening the new parliament to prevent a man named Seroney, an inner-circle critic of the President, from being elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Karinki then brought corruption charges in the press against those close to Kenyatta: Vice President Moi, other ministers, and even Mama Nigina, the president's last wife, were accused of accepting bribes from foreign businessmen in the form of profit cuts. Since Kariuki was a Kikuyu, he was seen as a turncoat to the old-guard players. The report quickly got around that Karinki was last seen being escorted from the Hilton Hotel by senior security officers, just prior to the opening of parliament. His badly burned, disfigured body was found two weeks later. As was expected, his funeral brought about violent demonstrations. Many Kenyans were sure the government was involved in his murder. Even the president was not above suspicion. The several times I had met with Kariuki, he always seemed infuriated with members of government and the ruling family for doing things solely for their personal gains. I once asked his thoughts about the effectiveness of all technical assistance to Kenya. He responded, "I'm not very knowledgeable about money amounts and specifics for which technical assistance is provided, but the number of top officials I know in our government who are only concerned about lining their own pockets, you can bet if there is any way to create an opportunity, surely sizable amounts are siphoned off by them. The people for which donor assistance was meant to help will never know about it."

In spite the potentially explosive situation in Kenya, the president and his men managed to machinate measures, not always legal, to contain confrontation between the Kikuyus and Laos.

Project Highlights

President Kenyatta's early prediction that agriculture would be vital to Kenya's development proved accurate. The national slogan "Harambee," or "Let us pull together," was much in evidence in the rural communities, where support for the government's emphasis on hard work and self-help was high. By the late 1970s, AID-assisted programs in agriculture extension and home economics were making a noticeable impact. The organization of 4-K Clubs, similar to the American 4-H Clubs, had grown with 1,200 volunteer leaders and 30,000 members who were involved in vegetable gardening, poultry production, field crop cultivations and sheep and goat raising. The U.S. provided specialists to advise both central and provincial governments in these areas. Many specialists with insight and experience went beyond their job descriptions to contribute in area activities they recognized as important to overall development.

To Bee Or Not To Bee

Floyd Moon, the extension specialist assigned to work with the agricultural officials of the Coast Province where he was stationed in Mombasa, was able to get a lively extension program going. After being there for a short while he noticed that the mango, coconut, and cashew trees bloomed profusely, then formed fruit that did not set and develop. Instead, it dropped off, reducing the potential crop by more than fifty percent.

Moon concluded that there was a pollination problem, and discovered that there were very few bees in the area. With some help from the local extension people, he began to bring in wild bees from up-country locations. Scouting north of the coast, he located wild bee hives as far as a hundred miles away. Over an extended period he was able to bring in and establish about thirty hives.

I once rode with Moon from Mombasa to Malindi. About halfway there, a middle-aged, graying Kenyan stood in the middle of the road waving both arms to flag us down. He explained that he had an emergency and was seeking help from anyone passing by. He was the principal of a school just off the road. A swarm of African bees had just settled in his filing cabinet. We had a look. The middle drawer of the cabinet was buzzing with thousands of African bees. They had come to school uninvited. African bees, which are referred to in the U.S. as killer bees, and have caused unlimited consternation by their invasions, can be very aggressive when disturbed. Moon advised the principal not to disturb them and arranged to meet him at the school after dark when the bees would be less active. Moon had had much experience with bees in the American Midwest, but dealing with African bees was new for him. However, he was convinced that the basic behavior pattern of bees were universal, and he was not afraid to handle them. With little protective clothing, he returned that evening and easily removed the hive from the filing cabinet, allowing the principal to reclaim his office and the school. The swarm was relocated in the Mombasa area.

As the bee population in the province increased, proper pollination took place and fruit production more than doubled, giving a needed boost to the Coast's number-one export crop, cashews. Most Africans saw bees as a source of food, often destroying natural hives. Hollow logs were sometimes placed in trees as enticement for bees to establish hives, which were then broken up for the honey. Local appreciation for the value of bees in fruit production was near nil and most of the attitudes and practices had contributed to keeping the bee population at a dangerously low level. Moon, in cooperation with the extension department, put on some eye-catching and informative bee exhibits at the local fairs to enhance the public's knowledge and appreciation of bees. These highly visible displays demonstrated the basics of bee management and emphasized harmony with nature. The last bee exhibit in Mombasa led to CIDA's (Canadian International Development Assistance) designing of a project to provide assistance for bee culture in Kenya, continuing what Moon had started.

Major Cereals

My visits to Kitale included several Points of interest. Located in the highlands, it had once been a stronghold of British farm enterprise, but was slowly reverting to Kenyan control despite a few expatriate holdouts. A two hundred acre farm I visited was operated by a Kenyan woman who had sent two of her daughters to college in the U.S. Corn and wheat were the predominate crops, reminding me of the American corn belt. The weather was very pleasant for farming as well as golfing, which I took the opportunity to play at the Kitale Club, a comfortable, British-style establishment.

The town of Kitale is a service center for the area's farmers. It also boasts a sporting goods store owned by Kipochoge Keino, the internationally known athlete. He and his wife adopted fifty Kenyan children whom they care for on their farm and send to school.

Near Kitale right on the Uganda border is Mount Elgon. The 14,178-foot peak towers over Kenya's smallest game park, the half-mile-square Saiwa National Park. Here resides the rarest and shyest of African antelopes, the sitatunga. When disturbed, they dive under the water, exposing only their nose on the surface until the danger passes. Their specially designed, long-toed hoofs are similar to the front tips of a sleigh runner, and enable them to walk on the marshy terrain. The sitatunga's capacity to stay on the surface where other, much lighter animals sink into the mire is truly an effective adaptation. It must have taken centuries to work that one out.

The main reason for my visits to Kitale was the maize research station, part of the Major Cereals and Legumes Project. Initial hybrid development had been started by an English plant breeder who had moved to Nigeria. Maize, or corn, is Kenya's major food staple and, over a period of eight years, AID provided a succession of three plant breeders whose work was to develop and promote the use of hybrid maize varieties suitable to different elevations and climatic conditions in Kenya. Their research was put to test on selected farms near Kitale. My tenure allowed me to work closely with the last two of the breeders, and I followed their superb efforts with much interest.

They succeeded in developing varieties that raised maize production to a surplus. The number of acres under cultivation increased from approximately 60,000 to over 600,000, including both subsistence and market oriented farms. Establishment of the Kenya Farmer's Cooperative and a seed-processing company, along with extension and credit programs, and the availability of fertilizers, came into a timely confluence to make the difference. However, variations in these and other factors, especially weather and producer prices, could drastically change the production picture in one season.

Prior to our project, maize had been imported to meet domestic demand. When, in 1976 and 1977, production exceeded demand, the National Cereal and Produce Marketing Board was unprepared for handling the excess. Farmers were left with large surpluses, causing a major disincentive to production. On the positive side, however, 120,000 tons of maize were exported. With expanded storage space, normal weather conditions, and policies that keep the production incentive alive, Kenya should be able to maintain its strategic stocks of maize for use in drought and other emergencies. Migration from rural areas, and the world's highest annual population increases, have caused domestic demand to rise, and must be reckoned with if imports are to be avoided. This project was clearly one of the bright spots of AID's development assistance, and its costs were relatively modest. It was very satisfying to be involved as project manager in its success.

Higher Education

About halfway between Kitale and Nairobi is Nakuru, near which is located a training institute I visited half a dozen times. But first one must tell of the sensational Lake

Nakuru, located in the Rift Valley, one of the earth's largest fault lines. The lake contains much phosphate, which encourages the growth of a certain algae. Feeding on this algae is a huge population of flamingoes. From a great distance, large sections of the lake appeared as pink islands. The serenity of the scene was broken at intervals by hyenas charging through the flock to catch a meal. The targeted bird would attempt to escape by running or flying short distances, but the hyenas usually succeeded in capturing their prey. In the midst of all the excitement much of the flock never stopped feeding.

These delicate, pink and red African birds are clearly one of nature's oddest flying designs, resembling twigs floating through the air. Their incredibly long legs and the rare curves in their necks and bodies seem derived from some overdone need to make all movements as difficult as possible. Some think it could be the flamingo that is referred to in Egyptian myth as the phoenix, the beautiful bird that lived in the Arabian desert for some 600 years, then consumed itself in fire and rose from the ashes to start a new long life. "The enchanted pile of that lonely bird. Who sings at last his own death-lay. And in music and perfume dies away," Thomas Moore - "Paradise and the Peri."

I went to Nakuru to visit the Higher Education Project at Edgerton College. The project, under contract with the university of West Virginia, was in its second phase when I arrived in Kenya, and I later became project manager. The aim was to strengthen the diploma-level institution's ability to train agriculturists, in order to fill the acute shortage of skilled Kenyans. Established during the colonial times to train the more well-to-do British youth, Edgerton had a well-laid-out campus.

Agriculture engineering, range management, and extension were the new departments added to the project. The UN was involved, supplying five instructors in other areas. Program aims included: adding trained Africans to the faculty, training secondary school teachers in vocational agriculture, and maintaining an adequately trained reservoir of agricultural field service recruits. Also a priority was the establishment of academic standards for diplomas, curriculum in agricultural subjects, and an adequate library. The project succeeded in meeting its objectives. The principal and I were staunch friends and often held discussions about the project, giving me the Kenyan point of view on its implementation, which was very much in accord with the project objectives. I established an excellent rapport with the contract team, headed by Edmond Berl Collins, an agricultural engineer.

Berl told me about an unusual experience he had at the college. He was walking across the campus with his baby in his arms, when a swarm of African bees settled on the baby, and covered it from head to toe, as well as covering much of his own arms and hands. He was thoughtful enough to remain calm and refrained from fighting off the bees. He stood dead still, and in a few seconds, which seemed like eternity, the entire swarm lifted in unison and flew away. Why the baby escaped harm from beneath such a heap of venom that had the potential to kill a small town remains a mystery.

An Assassination Attempt

Loretta and I were at Edgerton College attending a ceremonial event when we witnessed another mysterious happening. President Jomo Kenyatta was addressing a large crowd under a tormenting sun. The only shade was the shadow of the person next to you. The president and his party were on a stage covered with a canvas roof. A group of about thirty scruffy, malnourished men were lined up alongside the tent, occasionally chanting in Kikuyu. I asked the person sitting next to me about them. They were some of the few remaining Mau Mau warriors from pre-independence days. Their chants assured their continued support for Kenyatta, and expressed their readiness to return to the forest to fight. Their worn physical appearance did little to assure me of their dependability in any type of guerrilla skirmish.

The sun was gaining height in the sky and its withering heat was beginning to take its toll. As the president delivered his speech in English, he wiped his brow, took a sip water and picked up the rate and volume of his words of encouragement. Bodyguards were stationed four to each side of the stage, facing the audience. I got a kick out of watching them for their alertness, concentration, head and eye movement and general demeanor. The heat had withered their usual watchfulness. As my eyes went down the line of security people, I leaned over to Loretta and said. "If there is anyone with a notion to attack President Kenyatta, this would be the time to do it." Before Loretta had time to absorb my comments, a man ran past the security guards on the president's left and up the steps of the stage with a drawn dagger in his hand. The Rift Valley Provincial Commissioner sitting on the president's left came awake in time and thrust out his leg and cane which partially tripped the would-be assassin, slowing and throwing him off balance. The guards bolted after him, pounding him to unconsciousness with their billets. At the same time a second person broke from the front of the crowd and attempted to run down the center aisle. I am not sure of his intended role. He was stoned and beaten down by the crowd in a flash. Both men were thrown limp into a police van and taken away.

The president, seeming only slightly disturbed, shifted from English to Kikuyu and kept on speaking. Our comprehension went sub-zero. The audience's unrest and murmuring continued, but the gray-bearded, moist-eyed speaker, swaying right and left, persisted. Then still swaying, he raised his silver-handled fly whisk of wildebeest hairs over his head and called out in a powerful, magical voice, "Harambee." Each syllable was extended, and the final, one, pronounced "bay" was like an explosion. The crowd was carried away in body and spirit, leaned forward to respond as one, "Harambee".

The president left immediately surrounded by his security people. Many of those in the audience dismissed the incident as the act of a crank or eccentric. We reported the happening to our embassy. Radio Kenya was silent. BBC London carried the news in their broadcast, more than twelve hours later. Then followed by The Voice of Kenya.

Maasai - Peanut Butter and Jam Sandwiches

In physical appearance Paul was a typical Maasai, but his name, made it apparent that he

had been tampered with by influences outside the tribe, probably the protestant missionaries in Narok, a small commercial center in the Maasai reserve. His parent's lifestyle was still traditional Maasai. They paraded their wealth of nearly two hundred cattle across the countryside, chasing the rains and holding onto the belief that man and cows come from the same god, who lived in a manyatta just as they do. According to custom, they wore the traditional blanket and carried the spear. Additional external influences on Paul came from his attendance at a U.S. university. He earned a B.S. Degree in range management as part of a USAID program to train members of Maasai communities to manage local projects that would improve land use and herd quality.

Paul was now wearing sportcoats, slacks, neckties, and fancy shoes. He ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, potato chips and a host of other things of western taste, having long abandoned his native diet of blood, milk and meat. He was assigned as principal of a FAO-supported training center at Narok. It was designed to provide a few weeks training to groups of twenty Maasai in improved cattle husbandry and land management practices. Since our range/ranch project involved much of Maasailand, I decided to pay a visit to Paul's school. I arrived about nine A.M. to find everyone gone. I was told that Paul had taken the entire student body on a field trip to see some of the better managed livestock farms in the province mostly European types, and to visit an FAO range cattle fattening demonstration. Following their route, I caught up with them just outside of Nakuru. They had already visited the livestock farms, and had stopped for lunch on a hill overlooking the Rift Valley. The view was breathtaking. All students carried their blankets and spears. They told me of their morning excursion through Paul as interpreter. Then Paul pulled a series of cardboard boxes from the bus and had all the students line up for a hand out. He passed each one a well-wrapped sandwich, an orange, and a bottle of Coca-Cola. What a change of diet for a traditional Maasai! I looked to see what they had received, and to my deep surprise they were all unwrapping a peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I said to Paul. "Will they really eat this?"

"Just wait and see," he replied. To my astonishment, they all dived into their lunch without the slightest hesitation and finished it with a smile. Having many times watched the Maasai dine traditionally, I asked myself whether Paul knew what he was doing. He didn't seem to be bothered. I wondered if he was contributing to the reasons Mirella Ricciardi had included the Maasai in her photographic essay, "Vanishing Africa."

In the afternoon they went to the range cattle fattening demonstration at a feed lot. I had earlier loaned one of the AID range technicians stationed in Coast Province to FAO to get this project off the ground. The demonstration was meant to convince the range cattle owners of the advantage of sending their cattle to the feed lot for fattening before marketing them. In addition to a profit for the owner, theoretically it would improve meat quality for domestic markets and export. The fattened cattle and those from the range were paraded together, one of each in pairs, with their value painted on their sides. This displayed the differences in market value before and after fattening. I noticed the Maasai sat quietly as the first pairs passed. Suddenly several hands went up, all wanting to know how much of the difference in the prices shown was profit? After the reply, they conferred among themselves. I asked Paul what were they talking about.

He said, “They’re wondering if it’s worth it.”

Later it became evident that the range cattle put on extra weight and looked much improved for the marked but the change was only a layer of fat just under the skin. There was no fat interspersed among the muscle tissue, which improves the flavor and quality of a good beefsteak. The range cattle had not been bred for this feature.

Greatness in a Glass of Water

Paul was later made the Rift Valley Range Officer at the provincial headquarters in Nakuru. Here the government had provided him with a modern European-style house with modern facilities. I invited Paul to lunch during one of my visits to his office. While we ate I asked Paul about his relationship with his parents and if they had stayed with him in his modern home. He said they had visited his new home, and he went on to tell me about his father’s reaction. Both parents were still apprehensive about whether or not they had betrayed the Maasai culture by sending him to school. After they arrived and had settled in, Paul turned on the television and President Jomo Kenyatta was speaking. His father was totally puzzled. He went up and touched the glass to see if he could feel anything, fumbled with the knobs, and went to the back to have a look. Why they were showing the president in a glass-covered box made no sense to him. He looked Paul straight in the eye and said, “I should never have sent you to school.” Later his father had to relieve himself and started out the door to find a place behind a tree or bush, when Paul told him he had a place inside of the house for that. “People don’t do that in their house,” his father reprimanded. He seemed more sure than ever that he had betrayed their culture. Paul persuaded him to use the bathroom, but he did so with much reluctance and considerable fear of vexing the spirits. Paul showed him how to flush the toilet. He returned to the living room muttering, “Is this really necessary?” Later, his father asked for a drink of water. Paul gave him a glass which he took with disgust. Paul then showed him how to turn on the faucet to fill his glass. As he gazed at the swirling clear glass of water, a big smile came over the old man’s face. He looked at Paul, put the glass down, and threw his army around his shoulder and said, “I should have sent more of my sons to school. After engaging in a lifetime of chasing water and grass from one end of the plains to the other, in order to keep his herds and family alive, the old man saw a fantasy come true: water that could be turned off and on at will, the ultimate in a Maasai’s quest. Paul said from then on his father thought he was the greatest. How many people have seen the greatness of their son in a glass of water filled from a faucet?

Northeast Territory Adventures

U.S. assistance to Kenya’s Northeast Province (NEP) consisted of range development and drought relief. The National Range and Ranch Development Project was expected to induce a stable way of life among the 200,000 nomadic pastoralists of the Somali and Oromo tribes. The goal was to integrate them into a system of livestock production based on rotational grazing blocks and reliable water supplies. Theoretically this would permit them to settle in one area and thereby have better access to health, education, and other

government services.

This was the land where President Jomo Kenyatta declared full protection to Ahmed, an old, slowed, elephant tusk, from a hunter's bullet or poison dart until the end of its time. In a standing position, Ahmed's life-time growth of tusks rested on the ground. Ahmed died a year or two after the decree, and the mammoth job of simulating his tusks and skin at the National Museum in Nairobi, was successful. NEP was also the land, in my early days in Kenya, where the shifta (guerilla) bands roamed about in support of Somalia's long-time claim on NEP, which had not being honored by The Organization of African Unity (OAU) and other official interventions. The dissident action against the Kenya police and army lasted for about four years.

Annual rainfall in the area was seldom more than six to eight inches, with more than half coming in one torrent, creating flash floods. Poor and arid, the area constituted nearly one-fifth of Kenya's territory. My early visits to the area carried a degree of risk due to the shifta. Burned and blown-up vehicles along the way were common sights. Care had to be taken in certain locations by spending the night under security, usually behind guarded barbed wire enclosures provided for travelers and workers.

Our three technicians assigned to the region to work with Kenyan counterparts were Bob Kornegay, Fred Mass, and Wolf Swarzenski. Kornegay, a prematurely grey agriculture engineer from Smithfield, North Carolina, and was in charge of the surface water catchment areas. A Peace Corps worker was doing a tremendous job assisting Bob. Mass, a heavy, personable Montanan, was the range specialist who worked with the local chiefs in laying out rotational grazing areas. Swarzenski, a hydrologist working on boreholes and pumps, was bald and wore thick glasses. His discerning manner and slight accent made him seem more European than American. They lived in trailers under very difficult conditions from one to three weeks, before returning to Nairobi to rejoin their families to discuss workplace problems and progress with Kenyan officials.

I made the trek up to the NEP accompanied by an AID driver to get acquainted with the project. We reached the AID camp site at Muddo Gashi late in the afternoon after a long, bumpy, and dusty ride from Nairobi via Thika and Garissa. The technicians had set up their trailers under large trees by the trickling Ewaso Nig'ro River. My first act after greeting everyone was to become de-dusted under their crude, river-water shower. After tying together some cross sticks for hanging my mosquito net over my bedroll and cot, I was ready for the night. Across the road was a shack-like shop that extended its activities long into nightlife for locals. Drinks were served, and local music could be heard from the dimly lit hut. I also got acquainted with a young, congenial Somali who hung around the camp helping with anything that needed to be done, for a place to stay, something to eat, and to cultivate his interest in Americans. He also served as an interpreter for the AID people. I asked his name. He smilingly replied, "My name is Mohammed Ali, but they call me Cassius Clay." This was at the time when Mohammed Ali, the world heavyweight boxing champion, had changed his name from Cassius Clay to Mohammed Ali. I was delighted to find humor, as well as heroes, are universal.

With an unidentifiable meat and vegetables stew and a few of my dry rations, we put on a good evening under a typically dark-blue, star scattered sky. Around the campfire, discussions centered on the workplace and its problems. Swarzenski informed me that the Ewaso Nig'ro River flowed from the high ground of Mount Kenya, but a short distance from the camp it lost its surface flow to the underground. Above it was a wide swath of a meadow where grasses and trees grew luxuriously. The boreholes being sunk in the area were designed to tap that underground water, and were to be capped with deep-well pumps to raise water into tanks and reservoirs. Their main trouble, besides getting supplies and equipment parts, was that the white, free-flowing sand, the kind that all beach goers wish for, prevented the drill from structuring a hole that could be pipelined. I suggested that they move out of the riverbed a short distance up a slope to drill the borehole. Later it was tried and proved successful.

Fred Mass the range management specialist, was very pleased with the rapport he had developed with the area chiefs in getting them to understand the advantages of the rotational system of grazing plots. An occasional meal and a non-alcoholic drink fest were useful diplomatic tools in that remote corner of the globe for getting into the good graces of the people. Bob Kornegay and his local crew moved steadily along with surveying and the construction of the water catchment areas. Wild animals, particularly elephants, caused concern because of their damage to the dirt structures. Bob told of helping the local schoolmaster, outside the project activity, to establish a more dependable water supply from the river which at times had only sub-surface flow. With a dozer blade he dug out a good section of the ground in the riverbed and filled it in with a heavy clay core. The underground flow ran against the clay, built up, and rose to the surface, creating an above-ground water hole. This allowed water to be pumped to the school storage tank, saving the school from closing in the drier seasons. Bob had become somewhat of a local hero, and felt good about it. Despite trying circumstances, project activities were doing well.

After visiting field sites the next morning, the driver and I went in search of a shortcut across the river that would take us to potential drought relief areas farther north. Otherwise, it would be more than fifty miles longer to drive around to the road. As we reached the river, a number of people milled about, speaking in a dialect unknown to us. I could see a man on the ground with a badly bleeding leg being wrapped in a dirty cloth. I learned enough from gestures that while he was walking across the river, a crocodile had bitten away his calf muscle as cleanly as could be done with a butchers knife. They had sent a runner to the nearest outpost to contact the flying doctor service for transport to Nairobi. I never heard what happened to the man. People continued to wade cross the river, beating the surface with a big stick to discourage crocodile attacks.

The water was too deep for the Jeep, which sent us the long way to the village area I was seeking. We arrived at dusk at a sizable area enclosed with barbed wire, and guarded by Kenya army and police personnel. All advised me to settle in there for the night since the shifts still made forays into the area. Several burned-out, overturned truck skeletons resting just outside the camp testified to their claim. Expatriates and Kenyan officers were present in the compound, equipped with food staples, beer, and soft drinks. I

became the guest of a German peace corps equivalent who was working in the development of water supplies. I cleaned up and joined the dozen or more people in the encampment. Most people partook of beer, though a few had bourbon or scotch. I noticed a lot of activity around the outdoor cooking area, but no one mentioned anything about dinner. I assumed they would eventually eat, otherwise I would have had to call on my own rations.

About 8:00, someone walked through the sitting area with a goat tied to a rope. No one commented. I assumed someone was simply moving his goat around. The night dragged on and on. I was ready to turn in. Not too much before midnight dinner was announced. The cooks had come up with potatoes, curried rice, and roasted goat. The one I had seen earlier. It had been slaughtered and roasted intact, including the stomach, liver, lungs, heart, the lot. The Kenyans went for the entrails and then the roasted exterior. Since I was the newcomer and considered a guest, I was offered one of the eyes, which out of courtesy I took. It slid down like a raw oyster, and to my surprise, it stayed down. My first and last goat's eye. I figured my innards did not need an eye, especially a goat's eye. Ever since then I have been seeing eye to eye with every goat. I then selected slices from the hindquarter which was on the rare side. A few swigs of German beer served to keep it all in place. I had only a couple of swallows of the strong hot coffee cut with goat milk so I would still be able to fall asleep. I was still convinced that coffee after five P.M. kept me awake too much of the night. An after-dinner view of the clear, star-twinkling night sky and a few deep breaths of the coolish night air, and then I was off to bed, in a small comfortable cot cushioned with my bedroll. After the hard dusty ride over rocks and ruts, I had no trouble getting to sleep.

Next morning my German host scrambled around and put together a breakfast I am not likely to forget. The big dish of hash brown potatoes and a large, well-seasoned, young giraffe steak (a tall order) with onions rivaled any breakfast I had ever eaten. Hot, medium-strength tea sent with it. Needless to say I was taken aback when he told me I was eating giraffe. Hans told me the Kenyans preferred giraffe meat to other game, and one had been shot just prior to my arrival.

An early morning talk with the local officials at the nearby villages, revealed their grain supply was low and that, with any sustained period of drought, they would require more food relief. A check with the missionaries in the area corroborated their predicament.

We headed for Garissa, hoping we had enough gasoline for the trip, our hope was not enough. Ten miles away on a lonely graveled road, the vehicle ran out of gas. We sat for an hour or so waiting for a passing vehicle. Then I saw flying dust in the distance. A Jeep was coming. I stood in the middle of the road and got them to stop. It was a Jeep loaded, and I mean loaded, with seven Somalis and gear, all carrying rifles except the driver. When they found out I was an American, their determined, severe facial expressions brightened just a tad. Some spoke enough English to understand my problem. They invited me to join them for a ride to Garissa. Lucky for me they were anti-shifta and headed to Nairobi. With a part of me in the vehicle and the rest hanging outside with my five gallon can, the overload vehicle made the dusty trip in slow-motion. I offered to pay

them for the ride, but they refused. After refilling the can, the station owner sent me back to the vehicle in a rickety, slow moving Landrover. Returning to Garissa in the Jeep, all cans and the tank were filled, and we made it back into Nairobi before dark.

On another trip to the northeast, we were a few miles north of the equator when I noticed a huge eagle circling high over the scrub bush just off the road on the left. Suddenly it folded its wings in a dive and plunged to the ground. Boy, he must have gotten what he went after. I thought. I asked the driver to stop and circle back through the bush in the direction where the eagle went down. I got down from the Jeep to see if I could spot the eagle. In a small clearing I saw a lynx, thin and emaciated, holding on to the eagle. It was obvious that the eagle's attempt to capture the lynx had been reversed. The bird's neck was broken. The lynx had probably played dead to entice the eagle down. I caught hold of one of the wings, about a six-foot wing span, so as to get a good look at the king of the sky. The lynx was reluctant to turn it loose. Normally these shy cats dash off when approached. But obviously near starvation, its shyness had been abandoned. When I picked up a stick and hit the ground beside the lynx, it dragged away about ten feet, sat on its haunches and watched. A close examination of the color and hardness of the feet, claws, and beak indicated that the eagle was not an old, experienced bird. The brashness of youth had done it in. As soon as I turned my back and walked away the lynx reclaimed its catch. An inexperienced eagle had brought a new lease on life for a starving cat.

We continued on to the technician's campsite in Muddo Gashi. Everyone was out on the job. We took a ride out to the area where Bob Kornegay was constructing surface water catchments: small, carefully designed ponds for storing surface water. A number of the constructions had a good amount of water from the last rains. Bob was stripped down to his waist, his bronzed body glistened with droplets of perspiration. He ran his fingers through his dripping, snow-white hair trying to figure how best to remove a five to six ton drowned elephant from one of the ponds. Elephants had become a major problem, bringing damage to dams and catchments. The deep water and steep slick slopes, designed to minimize evaporation, became too much for the old tusker to maneuver. This one had met its end by drowning, probably a bit unusual for an elephant known for their ability to handle all types of water situations. Bob ended up having to attach a cable to the big beast and drag it out of the pond with a tractor.

There was still enough daylight to browse the area to see if I could spot a Grevy's zebra, a species found mostly in the NEP. The bigger-eared, larger-bodied, finely striped version had been on my trophy list for some time. A few hundred yards from my parked vehicle, I spotted a group of four Grevy's screened by bushes, I was able to get within rifle range. Crouching just above the grass at the outer branches of a thorn bush, I took careful aim and fired, shattering the silence of the quiet countryside. The smack of the bullet told me that I had a solid hit. The big male fell, scrambled up, ran about fifty yards, and fell over. The driver and a Britisher who had joined our brief expedition helped me manipulate the animal for skinning. With my hunting knife the big skin was removed in short order. Never without a bag of salt for preserving a skin before tanning, I rubbed in several pounds, and folded the skin so that the salt would penetrate. A few pounds of the loin meat made a welcome addition to the camp dinner. It was a bit coarse and similar to

horse meat, a familiar flavor for those of us of WWI vintage.

NEP Trip With VIPs

I had taken the two-lane tarmac road north from Nairobi several times to reach NEP, but this time I was accompanied by U.S. Ambassador Robinson McIlvaine and AID Mission Director Bert Tollefson. They were making an unofficial visit to the region to better understand the Range and Ranch Development Project. I was the guide and we traveled in two vehicles loaded with camp gear. Twenty-five miles up the road we passed through the industrial town of Thika. On the red soil slopes around Thika, where sisal once grew, are acres and acres of pineapple under cultivation by Dole Pineapple Company. An overhead irrigation pipes rained down a constant shower of water on to these slopes, pumped from the Thika River. The processing plant in Thika produces juice and various canned products mostly for the European market. I know of no gustatory delight more satisfying than a field-ripened pineapple. When you cut into it, and peel away the hard yellowish-green skin, the sweet juices run freely. Whenever I made the long, dusty grind of a trip to the NEP, I stopped to take on some of Dole's pineapples. Having made friends with their agronomist, an American, I never came away empty-handed.

From Thika to Garissa, the trip was mostly cross-country on narrow, dirty roads, covereing everything with at least a half inch of dust. Much of the trip found the ambassador at the wheel of the Jeep station wagon, with the embassy car following. He wore his typical safari clothes and a striped locomotive engineer's cap. The mission director looked safari enough, but without the headgear. A few jackals, lots of guinea fowls, dik diks, duikers, and herds of genenuks lent a little variation and interest to the drive. The gerenuks stand on their skinny hind legs and stretch their long necks, allowing them to browse over the branches of smaller trees and taller bushes. Their special mouths, designed to nibble the smallest of leaves from thorn bushes, make them one of nature's special oddities. One gets the impression that they started out to be a giraffe and then changed their mind. Nature needed something that could prune the medium-height bush, something between the giraffe and the shorter grazers.

As we neared Garissa, the roads became sandier, making steering more difficult and the rate of travel slower. Eventually we came to the Tana River, one of Kenya's major drainage systems that flows southeast into the Indian Ocean. After crossing a pontoon bridge, we arrived at Garissa. We came to a crossroad whose street signs were mounted on stakes stuck in the eye sockets of an old elephant skull set atop a stack of rocks. Our plan was to spend the night in Boy's Town at the northern edge of Garrisa. I had been invited by Brother Mario, who had left a wealthy material life in Colorado to build up a Boy's Town in this remote village two or three degrees south of the equator. He had bean informed about my companions and welcomed them. He successfully ran a hostel and a training facility for about sixty Somali boys who had been orphaned by a shifta warfare in the NEP. In addition there was a service station, a swimming pool, and excellent guest quarters, the most comfortable in the area. Brother Mario had set up an irrigation farming system, consisting of a pump by the river and pipe lines to the fields mounted with sprinklers, making it possible to grow vegetables and cantaloupes on the sandy plots.

Cantaloupes were being trucked to Nairobi to earn money for the center. The hot, bright sunshine on the watered sands helped produced the most flavorful melons. We took advantage of the chance to shake off the dust, take a splash in the pool, and enjoy Brother Mario's excellent food and lively conversation. It was our last opportunity for a sound sleep in a real bed and to fill our gas tank before entering the desert. After a ham and egg breakfast, Brother Mario sent the boys out to collect a cardboard box of cantaloupes for us to take along.

We arrived at the AID campsite at Muddo Gashi by afternoon. Unfortunately, not even a semblance of guest quarters existed, but we had brought all that was necessary to rough it comfortably. A tour of all the field aspects of the project and a night around the campfire with the technicians participating in a question-and-answer session gave a good overview to the visitors. Both were up to the rigors of the hardships the AID people were experiencing. Brother Mario's gift was a rare treat. I never dreamed the amount of goodness that could come from eating a fresh cantaloupe until we did so in the dry, dusty desolation of the northeast.

The ambassador wished to extend the trip further north. We decided to motor on to Wajir, an outpost of shops, a few public buildings and mosques, camels, people, and lots of sand. We had access to the government guest quarters, but sustained ourselves with the rations we had with us. Two local officials escorted the ambassador from place to place. Town activities were limited to marketing, camel auctions, and outdoor classrooms. It was interesting to watch school being carried on under a big tree, where the eager, cheerful youngsters, all boys, sat with their long, tree-bark type writing pads and crayons. They recited in unison after the teacher, engaging their memory at the expense of thought and discussion. Discipline and obedience were evident, but use of my camera momentarily upset their routine. During the break crowds of kids followed us around.

Director Tollefson was interested in finding something different to take back to Nairobi for his wife's birthday. There were only a few simple, crude souvenir choices of local handicrafts: bracelets, necklaces, small beaded bags, and leather sandals. The most interesting feature of our day was attending a camel auction. The auctioneer's language was truly foreign to us, but the gestures and responses of the bidders were not untypical. The average camel was going for about 235 shillings (\$35.00). I suggested to the mission director that he should take a camel home to his wife for a birthday present, and tie a big, red bow around its neck with the message: "Happy Birthday, Dear. We Are Finally Over The Hump." He laughed at the suggestions but didn't make any bids for a camel.

Wajir was a place of red sand and thorn bush, a picture of austerity in a hostile setting. Only the children smiled. The women draped themselves in loose-fitting cloths, stayed to themselves in groups, and spent most of their time fetching water and tending to their families' needs. Gaunt and grim is the only way to describe the people. The men seemed to mill about aimlessly, eking out a living herding the animals on which their very survival depended. Thorn bush fences served as animal corrals and security. Clusters of huts were called manyattas, which were mound-like structures made from scraps of cardboard, rags, and skins tied together over a oval wooden frame. Camel skins served as

roofs and bedding. The land is too arid to support sedentary life. People are much on the move, not unlike our own fidgety society, but for different reasons. But this is Africa and these people are as much of a part of it as the thorn trees, dust devils, giraffes, lions, and elephants. Our range management project did not extend as far north as Wajir. I know of no donor or government project activity aimed at getting the people in the area we visited to become less migratory. The ambassador's trip had shown him these realities as well. "Thanks. I have a much better feel for what you are trying to do in NEP in range management," the ambassador summed up as we parted.

Hunting In East Africa

Camping alone in the wild, remote corners of East Africa, away from human passage, can be risky. I felt, as do many others, that nothing could happen to me. Lucky for me, nothing did, in spite of Loretta's warning that I should take someone with me on several occasions when I went alone on bird or antelope hunts.

My hunting in Kenya was restricted mainly to harvesting meat from the jungle and plains for family consumption. Edible game included spur fowl, guinea fowl, wart hogs and a variety of antelope ranging from the largest, the eland, to the small dik dik. Trophy gathering was limited to three zebra skins, one Grevy's, and two common zebras. But the truly great fascination was to be out among the world's greatest collection of wildlife, on the Serengeti Plains where the competition for survival is constantly a life and death struggle. I participated in one forest elephant hunt, providing only the woodmanship of tracking. I had no desire to shoot an elephant or a lion. Truthfully, I found the African lion to be listless and unchallenging after pursuing the true king of the jungle cats, the Bengal tiger in India.

On one Saturday afternoon I took a forty-five mile ride down the Nairobi-Mombasa highway with Jim Green in his highly stacked Landrover, accompanied by his cook Joseph. We turned off onto a narrow, bumpy, dirt road that wound its way deep into Maasai country, and the Amboseli game reserve. We crossed the famous "steel snake," the railroad laid near the turn of the century by coolies from India despite interference from man-eating lions. We passed through a small village, apparently born out of the train's need to take on water and drop off mail. The dust-billowing journey took us through the scrub bush and grassed plains past a church mission whose snow-white buildings stood out against the dark distant hills. A heavier wooded area lay ahead. We were seeking a regulated hunting ground where a species of spur fowl, called the "yellow neck," could be found. We reached a road block marked by a sign, reading "Game Check Point," Our hunting permits issued by the game department in Nairobi were examined, some notes were made in a big book, and we were waved on as the guard raised the long, balanced pipe arm across the road. Immediately we began to see yellow necks moving about the grass and bush on both sides of the road. My adrenaline was on the rise. A fifteen bird per day limit was in effect. Our aim was to bag the limit on Saturday, spend the night, and shoot another fifteen Sunday morning, taking home a total of thirty each. It took a short time to see why the area was special for the thriving population of yellow necks. A plant similar to cotton in appearance abundantly produced a hard, black,

triangular, seed that fell to the ground when mature. The seed served as a food supply through the hot dry season until the rains brought favorable conditions for nesting and rearing a family. The birds had done an excellent job of aerating the soil by scratching, permitting rapid absorption of moisture. The gullies in the area trapped water sufficient to carry the animal population through the dry season. We soon learned the habits of the birds, how they moved about and hid in the bush, grass, and under thorn bushes. They were easy to walk up to and flush without the use of a dog. Their habit of sticking their heads up and displaying the bright, yellow, bare spot on their throat gave them away. I presume this blatant yellow mark was intended by nature as a mate-attracting device. To us it was a give-away for locating the birds. Jim and I decided to space ourselves with plenty of room to shoot safely and walk parallel across a strip of the area. Soon the birds began to flush and my 20 gauge and Jim's 12 gauge started popping. The noisy flutter of their wing beats gave the impression that the birds were flying much faster than they were. Actually their flight was slow and clumsy, compared with many other game birds. Jim, who was a little less woodsworthy than I, had a few misses until he got the swing. I had only two misses on my way to the fifteen limit. Jim eventually got his daily allowance. Afternoon shadows signaled that daylight would soon give way, so we stowed our catch. I had been to the area before and knew about an overnight campsite. We drove to the site, just a few paces off the beaten path of a wild animal trail leading to a major water hole about 100 yards away. Eucalyptus and other trees grew big this close to the drainage ditches in the area. One big eucalyptus and another large, well-rounded tree hovered over the camp site. A couple of large fallen trees with burned spots on them gave us a natural spot to bed down and build a bonfire. We pulled the Landrover off the road and set up camp. With a fire-red sun descending behind the distant hills, I walked down the road to where the bush opened to grassland. Two Massai were coming in my direction, driving a small herd of cattle and carrying their familiar spears. As they came up I attempted to communicate with them, but none of my words got through. They only smiled and gestured. I did the same. Then from across the slope came a third Maasai bouncing along with long strides. "Hello," I said, as he approached me.

"Hello, how are you?" he replied I was so overwhelmed it took me a moment to get my balance.

"My name is Harold Jones and I'm here with a friend shooting some birds. We will stay overnight."

"People come here often to shoot birds. My missionary name is John, but I don't use it anymore. I took back my peoples name, which would be difficult for you to say." He repeated in native natal name, but I don't remember it.

"You speak good English. Where did you learn to speak it?" I inquired.

"I finished high school at a mission school, where I learned English. My teachers thought I would stay with them and continue my education. After high school I had enough of it and I decided I would be happier back with my own people," he said.

“Are there many of your people who have gone to missionary school?” I inquired.

“Some. They now are government workers. But they are the ones the missionaries kidnaped and forced to go to school. Some of the older people who stayed with the missionaries sent their sons to school for more education and they too work for government, others work for business people,” he stated.

“That’s interesting,” I remarked.

“It’s getting dark now, I must move on. It was nice to meet you,” he said. He shifted his spear to his left hand, offered a hand shake, and he moved off in his long strides.

The Maasai are a handsome, arrogant and elegant people filled with serene self-satisfaction, which is sometimes referred to as group narcissism. It is said that the Maasai and the cow come from the same place in creation and they have always been together. I don’t know how long they have been together, but it is difficult to find a more compatible match, not too unlike the native American of the plains and their relationships and dependence on the buffalo.

An event I witnessed on a previous trip firmly convinced me of the Maasai herdsman’s unique skill in controlling their cattle. A train had pulled on to a siding in Voi to unload about two hundred Maasai cattle. The head steer became the center point of a circle. The remaining cattle formed a tight spiral that wound around the center circle until they were all unloaded. A Maasai jumped up on a stump, looked over the herd, made a couple cooing sounds and waved his hands a couple of times. Then he jumped off the stump and the whole herd unwound itself and followed him like a dog, never breaking rank down the main street of Voi. This method is called tame-herding, and was simply amazing to watch.

As I returned to the camp, I could hear the calls of the scattered yellow necks reassembling themselves for the night. Jim and Joseph, the cook, had the camp fire blazing in its rock enclosure I described my conversation with the Maasai, and though we had heard rumors of kidnappings by missionaries, this was the first account I had from a Maasai directly.

After a wash to rid my face, hands, neck, and ears of the heavy collection of dust, I could better see the scratches on my hands and neck inflicted by hostile, thorn-laden bush. In spite of the pain from the application of rubbing alcohol, I applied it to all scratches to prevent infection. I was never without a small bottle in my shaving kit. We dined under the stars and half moon in the cool night air. Drinks from our cooler, sandwiches and chocolate chip cookies, were more tasteful and appetizing than usual, our appetite well whetted by the long drive and afternoon walking and beating the bush. While we talked about contemporary hunting as a remnant of human’s earlier existence and my exploits over the years, the sound of hooves and the rising clouds of dust along the trail announced a procession of customers for the water hole below our camp. In the moonlight it was easy to recognize the zebra and wildebeest. They paused when they saw

the campfire, gave a few grunts and snorts and moved on. Lucky for us, the wind carried the dust in the opposite direction. After some settling down another group of eight or ten massive black forms came down the trail. They, too, stopped momentarily to peer in our direction, gave a few snorts and trotted on. It was a group of buffalo, one of the most ornery and dangerous of nature's wild types. We felt safe and snug sleeping by the camp fire in most of our clothes, shedding only shoes and hunting vests with our loaded guns by our sides. My faithful 30-06 was never far away, though I had not anticipated using it. It was between midnight and one o'clock when I got up to put some pieces of wood on the dying coals. Standing out on the trail, two rhinos were looking in our direction trying to make out what was going on. My movements brought out several snorts as they ambled on towards the water hole. Before I was asleep again, about twenty elephants passed by, taking no notice of us. And so it was all through the night: a plethora of plains animals congregating at their life-extending water hole right up to the daylight hours, when impala, gazelles, hyenas, and wild dogs rounded out the parade.

Shortly past daybreak the call of the many bush birds began to cheer up a drab tree-bush scape. The yellow neck joined in from all directions, which was music to our ears. The coals were still hot enough to boil some water for coffee and to cook slices of bacon and eggs in record time. Then to the bush to flush out our favorite game. By ten a. m. we both had our day's limit and a two-day total of thirty. After a brief rest, we broke camp and headed back to the game check post. We shared several of our birds with the game warden, who waved us on without checking our take. Retracing the trail back to the main highway, we were back in Nairobi by mid-afternoon. After a nap, I tackled the ordeal of dressing my catch for the deep freeze.

Kilimanjaro By Moonlight

This was one of several bird hunts on which I went alone, just me, my Bug, shotgun, and the trusty old 30-06 rifle. None of my African hunts was more exhilarating. The area I decided on was mostly low bush and grass which brought into full view African's most majestic snow-capped mountain, just over the Kenya border in Tanzania. There is nothing to match the three great views I witnessed of Kilimanjaro during sunset, under a full moon, and at sunrise.

The narrow, bumpy woods road I decided to follow, in search of a good hunting ground, proved perfect for the sport as well as for fantastic African scenery. The road ended at a field that appeared to have been at one time under cultivation. The plants on whose seed the yellow necks fed were plentiful, and so were the birds. After setting up camp under the one large shady tree, from where I had a good view in all directions, I scouted the bush. I walked through a sparse stand of trees partially covered with climbing vines, and into low bush and grass. Suddenly, something bolted out the grass. A big rhino halted in its tracks in a seemingly resentful posture that left me wondering if it would attack. Although I had nothing more than a twenty gauge shotgun, hardly powerful enough to scratch its wrinkly, tough hide, I brought it up partially to my side. He stood perfectly still with his head slightly bowed, looking me squarely in the eye. I waved my gun a couple of times at it and it reluctantly trotted off a few paces, turning to look back and

snort before ambling through the grass and out of sight.

In addition to a good population of yellow necks, there were signs of guinea fowl in the area. A dry drainage ditch lined with tall thorn trees revealed an accumulation of droppings that suggested a roosting spot. Beyond the trees several hundred guinea fowl were feeding near the edge of a large expanse of scrub brush. Having scouted the area, I decided to stay within the rules and try to bag fifteen yellow necks during the rest of the day and go for as many guinea fowl early the next morning after they left their roosting places. The yellow necks had the tendency to fly right or left, seldom straight away from the open feeding area to the heavier bush. I moved at a creeping pace, scanning for any movement and the give-away big yellow pot on their throat. Eighteen shots netted me the limit.

After a fireside dinner in camp, I sat back to admire the spectacular glow of a full moon against snow-capped Kilimanjaro. This extinct volcano has two peaks, or “Kibo,” over 19,000 feet. The highest on the continent of Africa, and “Mawenzi,” which stands 17,564 feet. Over millions of years it has shaped the landscape of Kenya and Tanzania. The crater of Kibo is said to be about 600 feet deep, filled with snow and ice. Following the rainy season, the snowcap reaches down to about the 16,000-foot mark. From my eight story office building in Nairobi, I had witnessed the seasonal change. Hemingway’s “The Snow of Kilimanjaro” came to mind that night as I viewed the mesmerizing natural display. Other than several lion roars in the distance, some jackals howling on the plains, and hyenas whining, the moonlit landscape was hushed, but for the soft, gentle breezes. In the opposite direction, one thousand or more yards away I could see the darkened silhouettes of baobab trees, probably the oldest living things in the African landscape. Their shiny bark glistened in the moonlight, and their stillness rivaled that of Kilimanjaro. Twice during the night I awoke to more wonderful views of the snowcap under the moon’s changing light until it finally set behind the mountain. The night seemed but a flash.

The early morning calls from the guinea fowl and yellow necks were inviting. At full daylight I walked through the roosting area and into a clearing where hundreds of them congregated, feeding on a grassy slope. At my approach, they scampered into thorny bush, from which they could be easily flushed and shot on the rise. In my pursuit, I knew full well that my hands, legs and arms would be snagged many times by the hostile thorn bushes. But the thrill and intensity of the chase rendered the scratches temporarily painless. Within an hour and a half I had the day’s limit to add to my yellow-neck bag. Back at the campsite, I gave my scratches the rubbing alcohol treatment. The camp’s shade tree had given lodging to small flocks of birds as well as myself, and in preparing my breakfast, I discovered that droppings had dotted a few of my camp things. I didn’t feel badly about it. After all, I was the intruder.

The trip home in the little Bug included routine bumps, sand spots, hills, depressions, rickety bridges, gravel and billowing dust clouds. Again, I had no way of escaping the task of dressing the birds for the deep-freezer when I reached home. Our family division of labor in that regard is not likely to ever change.

Up A Tree In Lion Country

On another occasion, I planned a safari deep into the plains country to bag an impala or Thompson gazelle for family meat and maybe add a zebra-skin trophy. Christina decided she would like to come and share in the experience of an African safari. With breakfast out of the way and our water jugs filled, we loaded the VW Bug with my rifle, the twenty-gauge shotgun, and camping gear. We got an early start, and as we drove we had our first adventure on the road leading from our house to the road out of town. A Ford Sedan with three Kenyans passed us, then tried to block the road weaving in and out. They were obviously making an attempt at robbery, and we dared not stop, I gunned the faithful Bug to dodge their maneuvers, being equally skillful at weaving. They finally gave up and fell behind. We sped away.

We drove without a break deep into the upper reaches of the Serengeti Plains where open areas alternated with scrub bush and scattered larger trees. I had a habit of following cow paths to see where they led, as long as the Bug could get over or around the difficult spots. The danger was that if one encountered some exciting game, one tended to follow it without paying attention to direction or landmarks. It was easy to get lost under these circumstances. In this terrain, one could travel without noticing much difference in the make-up of the bush. Visibility was generally very limited to fifty or a hundred yards, meaning that one could be hopelessly lost within half a mile from a known point. Trees look the same. Termite hills, and there are many, can appear the same as the one just seen from another angle. Even with my keen observation of landmarks and lay of the land, I felt the fear in being temporarily lost. As we scouted a wide basin ribbed by gullies, we spotted a dozen or more zebra on the periphery, their eyes glued to the moving vehicle. I stopped the car behind a bush cluster to shield my preparation from them. I gave Chris the shot gun while I crawled through the scrub bush and grass for about twenty yards to within range. The zebra stood dead still, ears pricked and nostrils flaring. From a crouched position, I took aim and squeezed the trigger I heard a plunk sound as the projectile hit the big male zebra. He fell but scrambled back to his feet, with a wound on his left shoulder. The herd took off in a blur of black and white stripes, kicking up dust. The injured male struggled after them over the rough terrain. I made ready for pursuit, but I first needed a landmark, because our brown VW blended with the bush. I used what was available thing: Chris. I helped her up into a nearby tree, where she would be both cool and visible from a distance. I passed her the shotgun and plunged into the ravines, following the spilled blood of the wounded zebra. Twice I sighted it as it had stopped to rest, but the thickness of the bush kept me from getting a shot before it struggled off again. The trail of blood lessened, then disappeared, until the only sign of it was its uneven foot prints on the hard ground. I finally lost it in a ravine thick with thorn bushes.

I stopped to take stock of my situation. Since we were in lion and wild dog country, there was a possibility that zebra blood might attract a predator. I was scratched and bleeding too, and my trousers were snagged from thorns. Suddenly I realized I had lost the trail, after a detour around the last grove of thorn bushes I found my way back to the edge of the basin, but at an unfamiliar point. The next step was to scout the area until I spotted the

taller of several trees where Christina should have been sitting. I turned left but the sameness of the scenery began to confuse me. I reversed directions, slowly picking my way through the bush. As I walked into a low grassy area, I noticed a flash of light; possibly a reflection off a shiny object I headed toward it, and several trees came into sight, but none held Chris. Thoughts of what could happen to Chris, who had a gun she couldn't shoot, kept bothering me. How long could she sit on the tree before having to come down? Lions and wild dogs again came to mind.

I continued to circle the perimeter of the basin, passing termite hill after termite hill, without any familiar details. Suddenly through the low bush there was another sun glare I was within fifty yards of the Bug. What a relief! My dependable friend had sent the message, "We are over here." I found Chris clinging to her tree perch and gun, with perspiration streaking down from under her pith helmet. I helped her down, mentioning that I had been slightly lost. I wondered what she would have done if a lion had shown up. Had she fired the gun, it is likely she would have been thrown off balance to the ground. Under the shade of the tree we had a drink of water, a sandwich, and some oatmeal cookies. I told about my futile zebra chase and being temporarily lost.

Her first safari in itself was unspectacular and unsuccessful. This never dampened her enthusiasm for the sights and sounds of the African wilds. Its not every day that one has more than four hours to contemplate Africa's uniqueness from a tree, including waving to a group of Maasai women and men passing in the distance and probably chuckling about the strange habits of expatriates. She won a story she could pass onto her grandchildren.

We boarded the Bug and followed the little dirt track toward the main road. As we slowly eased across the uneven terrain several Grant's gazelles trotted in front of us. I stopped the car and they halted. I eased out and, leaning against the side of the Bug, took careful aim and shot one of the young males. I immediately removed the entrails, stowed the carcass, and our meat supply had been supplemented for a spell.

The Woods Elephant Hunt

The woods elephants are said to be stockier and smaller than the big jumbos of the plains, a claim I had a chance to verify. David Davies, a Ford Foundation employee in Nairobi, had a permit to shoot a woods elephant and asked if I could go with him over the weekend. I agreed to go, with no intention of doing anything more than providing some woodman's expertise in tracking and locating an elephant. Well stocked with food items, water, and camping gear, we took off for the two-day excursion around noon on a Saturday. We headed for the wooded slopes of Mount Kenya, where the streams flowed with clear, cool water year round. Our destination was an abandoned game warden's house left over from the British days, deep in the forest. The road into the forest was a narrow track grown over with grass and weeds that nearly hid the wheel ruts. The trail inclined steadily for several miles in a near perfect straight line, with intermittent dips and several bridges over rapidly flowing streams. The old stone house showed some deterioration and no signs of recent occupancy. Davies had the keys, which still worked. The wood floors and steps sounded off with squeaks as we crept about exploring the

place. There was a good wood stove in the kitchen and a large livingroom with a fireplace, where we would bunk that night. We felt reasonably secure and moved our gear into the livingroom. The air was cool, suggesting the fireplace would need to be fired right away. Luckily, wood was already in place.

After a light lunch, Dave, his household assistant, and I decided to walk up the road leading higher into the hills. After a few hundred yards, the terrain flattened slightly and the forest thinned out. On the left, I noticed that the ground cover had been disturbed as if something had recently crossed the road. I felt sure it was an elephant or a buffalo, but no tracks were distinguishable on the hard ground. We were able to follow the trail a few hundred yards until we came upon a small spot of loose dirt, imprinted with the foot of an elephant. The worn, smooth edges of the toe marks indicated that the elephant was an older one. Now we knew we were on an elephant trail, a single tusker, probably driven from the herd by the younger bulls and destined to be a loner the rest of his days.

The bushes thickened, We neared a meandering stream where we found limbs snapped from the trees and chewed. Several clumps of grass had been pulled up and nibbled. The spoor showed forward movement, curving, reversal, and crisscrossing. We came across our first pile of droppings, fibrous lumps twice the size of baseballs with bits of twigs, grasses and seeds. They were still wettish and birds had scratched the edges searching for food morsels. A big plant with long, broad leaves resembling a banana plant had been partially torn down. To pick up the spoor from his feeding area, where he had moved back and forth randomly, we decided to walk in a large circle to look for signs of direction. The elephant had gone downstream following a narrow, dry depression between two small ridges. A light breeze held steady in our faces and the spoor was getting hotter.

Our excitement left a dryness in our throats. The animal's pad marks were clearly visible leading us right into the stream, which could be heard gurgling as it leaped over and around boulders in its path. The spoor led to the water's edge and we ran temporarily out of signs. I crossed the stream to see if there were signs on the other side, but no luck. The likelihood was that he had walked is the stream, but in what direction, and how far? The vegetarian looked more promising upstream where patcher of the plant resembling bananas and grasses were abundant on the right bank. The left bank was steep, offering us protection and a vantage point of the flatter terrain on the other side. A narrow ledge about two feet from the top of the bank appeared to be a natural path established by the local passers-by. We climbed up and proceeded slowly long the ledge in single file scanning the landscape.

The vegetation thickened. My ever sifted through every batch of bush for further signs. I signaled Dave and his assistant to stop, while I moved closer to a thick clump of the banana-like plants. While I could detect no definite form, I had a feeling something had been added to the bush. Suddenly, I saw a trunk swing high above the bush, and a big ear flapped lazily, bringing into focus the camouflaged creature. Pressing hard against the bank to give Dave room to pass, I signaled him to move up fast ahead of me with the rifle. Simultaneously, the gray bulk of the bull elephant burst out of the bush, charging

into the stream in our direction. The water churned with each step as he closed the fifty yards between us. One swipe with his trunk and he could have easily tumbled all three of us into the cold, swift stream. Fumbling and excited, Dave finally got his rifle up to his shoulder. The big wrinkled mass was now just thirty feet away coming at us like a freight train. Dave took aim and squeezed the trigger. At the sound of the big rifle, the tons of bull elephant fell on his side with a huge splash, dead as a stone. I knew such an instant kill must have been a brain shot.

Our first experience with elephant fever left us all trembling with shock. No one spoke for a minute or two. Only the gurgling water broke the jungle's silence. Satisfied that the elephant would not again come to life, we filed back to a point where the bank was low enough for us to step into the stream. The chilly water reached our crotches as we headed up stream to the elephant. A close examination verified that it was indeed a brain shot that had totally collapsed the biggest land mammal. We went to work on cutting out the three and half foot tusk on the upper side before darkness set in. Removing the other tusk, which was under the water as well as the elephant's bulk, presented a problem we postponed until Sunday morning.

Wet and chilled with our teeth chattering, we scrambled through the forest to the house, where we threw extra wood on the fire. The radiant heat sent steam spiraling from our wet trousers, socks and boots that we had spread on the floor and draped over logs and benches. Our underwear dried off in place, as we took turns before the leaping blaze, and we dressed in our spare shirts and trousers. The wooden floors creaked with every move. No time was lost getting a pot of boiling water for hot drinks. The others had coffee but I poured hot water over a few teaspoons of Jello. Two cups of this hot, high-energy drink revived me.

We put together a scrumptious dinner of corned beef, pork and beans, homemade bread, chocolate chip cookies, coffee and tea. Only the occasional hoot of an owl or the scream of a jackal broke the chill of the night, which seeped into the room. Our exhaustion curtailed our celebration, and we spread our bedding around the fire, taking turns refueling it through the night.

With daylight came the sounds of birds and other jungle creatures. Rays of the morning sun streaking through the top branches of the tall trees did little to ward off the chill. Our socks, trousers, and boots had dried stiff, and the thought of facing the ordeal ahead of us was not exactly a pleasant one. With breakfast out of the way, we careened down the steep ground towards the stream. To our surprise villagers had discovered the elephant. We met one man struggling up the hill with a burlap bag of meat. He smiled as he spoke to us, and Davis' assistant translated: "When you come, we have good food." We entered the stream and went to work. Using a couple of poles as levers and rocks as a fulcrum, we were able to raise the head enough to reach the submerged tusk. We took turns cutting and lifting, and after several hours managed to remove the tusk. Wet and chilled again, we twisted the water out of our clothes, and hung them in the sun for a spell. Then we packed our gear and the tusks and headed back to Nairobi. I had very mixed feelings about our hunt, I had enjoyed the jungle and the pursuit, but having watched one of those

great animals being killed, I felt a loss. I had never overcome my aversion to killing one of nature's few creatures that is neither prey nor predator.

CHAPTER FOUR

Trips Outside and Within Africa

Rome

One of the more interesting and eventful business trips I took was to Rome. Two Kenyan cooperative officials and I attended a conference staged by the International Cooperative Alliance, held at FAO (The U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization). After returning to our hotel from the afternoon session of signing in, collecting programs and brochures, and listening to some orientation remarks, we found in our respective hotel rooms flowers, two bottles of wine, chocolates, and free tickets to two operas. While the chocolates and opera tickets fitted into my lifestyle, I turned the wine over to my Kenyan colleagues.

The extras planned for the conferees were far more interesting than the core activities of the conference. One of the host country officials arranged an audience with Pope Paul VI, the Bishop of Rome, for those interested. I signed up and went with a group of about twenty to the Vatican. In a small rectangular room with rugs on the floor and paintings on the walls we waited until the Pope appeared in a pleasant smiling mood. Prayers and blessings were offered and for twenty minutes we conversed with the Pope, answering questions about where we were from, our work, families, and the conference. Prayers and blessings ended the session.

I used both of my opera tickets. Since I did not keep a diary in those days, unfortunately I don't recall the titles, just my enjoyment. On Saturday afternoon, we were again invited to the Vatican to a concert involving a choir of 120 voices and an orchestra conducted by the internationally renowned Indian-born Zubin Mehta. The performance will ever be in my memory. Luckily, I was seated in the front row, only a few-seats from the Pope. This was extraordinary, I thought, to be in the presence of his holiness twice within a few days.

Sunday morning we were collected in a vehicle that headed for the hills and climbed the narrow crooked roads until we were high above Rome. The drive took us to a Roman estate, where the conferees were treated to a massive cook out. Rotating on a spit over hot coals was a whole ox, and there were several less elaborate arrangements on which chicken, fish, lamb, and goat were being prepared. Drinks were flowing, and we sampled hors d'oeuvres in a variety and quantity sufficient to whet all the appetites in Rome. The dessert spread left out nothing: pies, cakes, fruits, nuts, custards, and ice cream. Anything that could give pleasure to one's palate with its richness and abundance was available. While we did ample damage to what was offered in the time allotted, the need to catch our plane back to Kenya took us away before the festivities ended.

On return to Nairobi I told many of my Asian friends about my experience of being in close proximity of the Pope. Many wanted to touch me with the hope that some of his holiness was still with me and they could share it. Some even touched my feet. Little did I suspect that years later a catholic priest would fall in love with my second daughter.

Mexico and Central America

AID used to go through an exercise called “Spring Reviews.” The purpose was to take a world-wide look at specific categories of AID assistance programs within each geographic region of the so-called developing world. The Spring Review of 1973 was on agricultural credit. I participated in two of the regional reviews. The one for Africa was held in Nairobi, and I assisted with the coordination, arrangements, and logistic support. Our AID program in Kenya had strong credit components.

Costa Rica

The other Spring Review I took part in was for Latin America, held in San Jose, Costa Rica. I traveled first to Washington D.C., then to Cleveland, Ohio, where Burnetta lived. She had been dealing with the devastating problem of marital separation, and had been through trying times that lead to serious thoughts of suicide. When I arrived she was on the upswing, thanks to a very supportive group of lady friends whom I met over lunch. They informed me of some of her problems, and the solace she had found in turning to the church, where she became the director of the junior choir. This contributed to her recovery and helped to her get on with her life. One of the drawbacks of the foreign service is not being available to offer family support when needed to those back home.

Before continuing on to Costa Rica, I spent a few days in Mexico City, so I could visit CIMMYT, the International Research Center for Wheat and Corn (Centro Internacional de Mejoramiento de Maiz Y trigo). Headquartered at El Batan, fifty kilometers northeast of Mexico City, the center was supported by The Rockefeller Foundation and the Government of Mexico. Dr. Norman Borlaug, the director and longtime foundation scientist, had received worldwide recognition when he was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1970. CIMMYT’s program was built around research, training, worldwide testing in a wide variety of environments, and consulting work with governments. Their research included plant breeding, agronomic studies, physiology, pathology, cereal quality, and economics. Senior scientists, postdoctoral fellows, and visiting scientists conducted the research. other scientists were Posted in regional or national programs in developing countries. Seeds of wheat varieties were distributed to nurseries. Trials were planted at over 2000 sites in more than 100 countries. These trials yielded information about adaptation, disease resistance, and comparison of wheat yields on a worldwide basis. The scientists visited most of the countries each year to observe trials results, talk about production problems, and assist with the selection of young scientists who would come to Mexico each year for a cropping season experience in research or production.

The trip provided me the pleasure of meeting an old friend and his family. Ernie and Liz Sprague and their two sons had been our next-door neighbors in New Delhi during our 1960-63 stay there. We had a very cordial relationship with the Sprague. Our girls often baby-sat for their two boys. In fact, Liz took Loretta to the hospital to give birth to Loretta Jr. because I was away that week. Ernie worked for the Rockefeller Foundation and was involved in corn research and corn production across much of Asia. My visit

with him at CIMMYT included an overnight field trip to Poza Rica to observe some of the corn field trials. We also saw some of the open grasslands where livestock production was carried on. One of the more interesting highlights was in the harsher, semi-arid areas where life was tough and basic human needs scarcely met, and sheep, goats, and cattle were the primary means of survival. For the first time I saw cactus used as livestock feed. The prickly portions were burned off and the remaining fleshy parts were chopped and fed to the animals.

The flight to Costa Rica made a stopover in Guatemala. The plane flew directly over the famous snow-capped twin volcanos, Popocatepetal (Smoking Mountain) and Ixtacihautl (White Woman), the latter so named by the Aztecs because its three snow-covered peaks resemble the head, breasts, and feet of a sleeping woman. These two are among the highest mountains on the North America Continent, Popocatepetal at 17,887 feet, and Ixtacihuatl, eleven miles away, at 17,347. The pilot dipped the wings and circled them to give the passengers a good view of the volcanos, both inactive, and their reflections in the clear lakes below.

Guatemala is about the size of Tennessee, and its capital, Guatemala City, lies high up on a plateau. The sun was bright and the temperature most delightful. The several hours layover allowed me to move among the people, over more than half of whom were Indians. I visited the marketplaces, where I purchased two colorful, tightly woven cotton shirts of green and red with detailed white designs. The dye was very unstable but they were sturdy and wore very well.

I finally reached San Jose, Costa Rica, which seemed quiet and peaceful, clean and orderly. The second smallest Central America country (El Salvador is the smallest), it has an agriculture based economy and agricultural credit is very important to the farming population. We spent two days reviewing the credit projects of AID's Latin America Bureau. The results were mixed and a list of remedies and strategies were compiled for improving on-going activities and designing new ones.

On the last evening following the workshop, three of us walked out to see a little of San Jose, to have dinner and visit an ice-cream shop. Three well-dressed attractive women showed signs of soliciting our attention. They spoke Spanish and we couldn't. While it was obvious what they had in mind, the details were less obvious. But before any understanding could be realized, three black uniformed policemen with bullets bursting forth from nowhere, scooped up the ladies, forced them into a black van, and sped away. Needless to say, we lost no time retreating. We did find a little restaurant where we enjoyed a good dinner followed by a visit to an ice-cream parlor.

Ethiopia

In 1971 I traveled from Nairobi to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia's capital, and the only large urban area in the country. Large eucalyptus and pine-type trees adorn much of the city. Because of its high elevation, 7726 feet above sea level, it has a pleasant healthful climate. Many modern, private and public buildings mark the city, including good hotels

and restaurants. I had a walk past the Palace of Emperor Haile Selassie, who had been in that position since 1930.

The purpose of this one-week trip was to view some of the agricultural development activities, particularly agricultural research, training, and extension. Donor agencies, national and multinational, were providing a variety of development assistance in these areas. Much of the trip was spent visiting the agriculture research stations supported by FAO and a rural development project with a large extension component, supported by Scandinavian countries. I also paid a visit to the Alemaya School of Agriculture, at Alemaya, a project to which AID had provided financial assistance over a number of years under a contract with Oklahoma State University. The school curriculum was to a great extent patterned after U.S. schools of agriculture, with a strong emphasis on hands-on experiences. The trip was in response to invitations from donors involved in agricultural development in Ethiopia; to observe their approach to activities similar to AID-supported projects in Kenya, and to exchange ideas that might be mutually beneficial. Donor representatives held discussions before and after each project visit.

A Taste Of Apartheid

Bill Johnson, the agriculture officer stationed in Mbabane, Swaziland, was scheduled for home leave and I had been assigned to act in his place for ten weeks. This assignment took place approximately three months prior to the end of my assignment in Nairobi. All of the girls were away in school, and Loretta and I decided that we would go together to Swaziland for the temporary duty. To get to Mbabane, the capital of Swaziland, there was an overnight lay-over in Johannesburg, South Africa, which required that we apply for visas. Only mine was approved, meaning I would have to travel ahead of Loretta, hoping that her's would soon come through. Without it she would not be allowed outside the airport. There were transit lodging facilities at the Jan Smuts Airport but she would miss the chance to see Johannesburg.

My flight from Nairobi was uneventful, but as we circled in over the residential areas of Johannesburg, I got my first view of the apartheid system. There were homes on wide, tree-lined streets with meticulous lawns and gardens and the highest percentages of swimming pools and tennis courts, per resident, I had ever seen. This scene partly told the story of a prosperous, clear-skinned minority in an ocean of the poverty-stricken, black majority. At the airport, my skin must have been deemed fair enough (probably the reason for my visa approval and not Loretta's) to allow me in the "white" line as I passed through customs. Already it was highly evident that skin color established a person's identity in South African society. The thought came to my mind that in my own country, prior to integration laws, it was blood, more than skin color, that kept people separated.

I spent the night at the Holiday Inn across from the airport, which was pleasant, but had only white guests. "BLACKS" only worked there, cleaning, carrying bags, driving vans, running errands, which was not unlike what I had seen in the U.S., prior to joining the Foreign Service. I had a bus ride into town the next morning with a chance to explore booming Johannesburg, with its high rise office buildings, carefully attended parks, and

its well-stocked stores, staffed with “white” clerks and loaded with white customers. It was like being back in Boston, or Dallas in pre-integration days. I had caught up a bit on what Swaziland was like. King Sobhuza, said to be the world’s oldest ruling monarch, had reigned since 1921. He had about 120 wives and countless children. He was credited with having a fantastic memory and was fluent in English. The king tolerated no dissent, maintaining long-standing traditions and organization, so that political stability seemed assured. Swaziland’s half million people speak Siswati, English, and Afrikaans. More than half of the population is Christian; the remainder are of tribal beliefs. They had gained independence from the British in 1968.

Plateaus 4500 feet high with forested mountains are in the west, gradually giving away to lowlands in the east. The temperate climate gets warm enough to allow the cultivation of large quantities of sugarcane. Libby Company was growing and processing pineapples. Good hardwoods grow in the forest areas. The people boast having the largest man-made forest in the world. Wood and iron ore were being shipped to Japan. Modest resources and supplemental investment by the British had brought limited prosperity.

The short afternoon flight landed at Swaziland’s Matsapa Airport, where I was picked up by the AID vehicle. It was about an eight mile ride up the twisting, tree-lined macadam road onto a high plateau to the AID office, which was stuck in the side of a hill. Its stepped-down entrance, amid several giant-sized pine trees, reminded me of Switzerland. The air was pleasant and the clouds seemed close. The office oversaw projects in what was called the BLS countries: Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland. I was introduced to the staff and assigned an office and a vehicle before the afternoon ended.

I was filling in at Bill Johnson’s house as well as his job, commuting up and down the plateau. Bill lived in an ample, stone house in the valley with gray granite, hills as a background. It was across the road from the golf course, hotels, casinos, and game park entrance. This would be my abode for next eight to ten weeks. Bill’s wife, Alice, was so meticulously organized that everything had its place, down to a single straight pen. I was at first bothered about getting things out of order. I love an orderly house but had given up years ago, due to Loretta and the girls’ disinclination in that direction. My room was on the far end of the house and I kept any disorder at that end.

Shopping at the well-stocked stores in Mbabane after work was convenient, and freed up the weekend to play golf, visit the casinos and clubs, or to tour the countryside. The area’s recreational facilities served as a magnet for vacationing South African tourists, who wished to escape their country’s racist laws that prevented them from frolicking with African women. Bus loads came every weekend.

Loretta and I kept up a running exchange of letters about her visa. I even submitted another application from Swaziland to Pretoria. Seeing no progress, we decided she should come on despite not being allowed to leave the airport in Johannesburg.

After nearly a month in Swaziland, I flew to Botswana for a week to look over the agriculture projects in extension, research, range management, and training. I checked

into the Holiday Inn in Gaborone, the capital city. Its casinos and gaming attractions served the same purpose as those mentioned earlier, and were crowded with South Africans. President Sir Seretse Khama had been chief executive since independence from Britain in 1966.

With help, I was able to contact the project technicians, agricultural officials, and British expatriates working in various aspects of agriculture. Project activities were discussed with government officials, and other donors engaged in projects similar to AID's. All of us wanted to achieve more effective dovetailing of the research, extension, and training across the spectrum of agricultural donor assistance. We came up with good suggestions and held periodic meetings to compare notes, always including the Botswana counterparts.

I traveled upcountry as far as Francistown as well as cross-country to observe some of range/ranch land where the food and livestock of the nation were produced. At least eighty percent of the population at that time earned their living from the land. A significant number earned their living from the minefields of South Africa. Cattle farming for beef and dairy had long been the traditional source of foreign income. I paid a visit to one of the big abattoirs/meat processing facilities for export. Mining of nickel, copper, and diamonds were beginning to make its impact on the economy and would likely become the leading foreign exchange earner. This created the potential to make Botswana a fairly wealthy nation, making it possible to raise the living standard of its approximately 800,000 citizens.

More than a year before my visit, I had attended a rural development seminar in Nairobi and had a chat with the delegate from Botswana whose name and phone number I had noted. From the information in my little black book I was able to contact Jacob Subiya, senior health inspector, with a golf handicap of two, who introduced me to Dr. Knox, a local physician. The outcome was a couple of pleasant conversations over a drink and two enjoyable rounds of golf. The course ran along the back veranda of the Holiday Inn.

When I returned to Swaziland, I received word of Loretta's travel plans to join me, still without a visa. I naturally wondered how she would make out, confined to the Johannesburg airport overnight. She came out unscathed and with few smiles, but praising the adequacy of the facility, though she was lonely and cooped up. Her arrival put all the missing pieces back into my life. Soon after she came, I planned a road trip to Lesotho, which meant having to pass twice through South African customs. I phoned Pretoria, the administrative capital, and inquired about Loretta's visa application. The response was that an application had to be submitted at least fourteen days prior to issuance. I informed the lady on the line that we had submitted the first application more than five weeks ago and that a second had been sent, from Swaziland more than two weeks ago. There was some hesitation but no legitimate reason given why visa was not issued. My submerged anger burst out, and I asked, "What in hell does one have to do to get a visa after meeting all your requirements?"

"We will look into it," she replied

“I don’t have that much time. I’m on official U.S. Government business and will be traveling by road to Lesotho on Monday, passing through your Customs at least twice, at the Swaziland and Lesotho borders.”

There was a pause, and then, “We shall inform the border custom officials and you will be able to pass. You can be assured,” she declared.

On arrival at the border, two lines were formed. We got in the “black” line as officers watched. One of the officials approached me and said, You are in the wrong line. We can’t allow you to go through the black line.

“We are black Americans, husband and wife, and we wish to stay together.” I showed him our passports. We were pulled out of the line and told to wait a few minutes. I told of my conversation on the line to Pretoria and that I had been assured that we could pass through customs here without any problem.” The officer consulted with the officer in charge, returned, and said, “We have worked it out. We will give a temporary, honorary white status to your wife, making it legal for both of you to go through the “White” line. We do have authorization from our Government to allow your wife to pass through without a visa,” he stated.

“Thank you, sir,” I responded.

We were guided over to the white line and we passed through customs. “Temporarily white,” made absolutely no difference and no sense, but was simply symbolic of South Africa being so full of pain and unnecessary things. The “honorary white status” confirmed the hypothesis of a Harvard law professor: “Apartheid laws are unjust for trying to do the impossible — define black and white.”

The day-long trip took us across the vast farmland areas where black laborers Toiled under back-breaking drudgery, through the neat, quiet, small and medium-sized cities, like one called Harris Smith that rivaled those of Europe and North America. In between were the shack-filled, run-down black communities where ragged people and barefooted children moved about in mule-drawn wagons and buggies or via foot. Their appearance was one of severe poverty, similar to what we had often witnessed in our own rural and urban communities in the U.S., and in other countries of the world over the past twenty Years. Our only stops were for rest and gasoline. We felt a little less apprehensive with the diplomatic licensed vehicle.

We reached the Maseru Bridge customs point, where the Orange River separates South Africa from Lesotho. Exit out of South Africa and entry into Lesotho was done without Loretta having to leave the vehicle. Arrival in Lesotho gave us a feeling of relief and of being among friends. We made contact with the U.S. consulate and the AID office. The U.S. had one ambassador for the BLS countries, with a consular in each country. The former ambassador, Charles Nelson, had become our AID Mission Director in Kenya. To our surprise, Bernie Stokes, our consular officer and good friend from Kaduna, Nigeria,

was the consular. That made for a good reunion.

The Lesotho mission provided us with a three-bedroom house, allowing us set up housekeeping. The stores were well stocked with food items, mostly from South Africa. We lost no time contacting our friends, J.R.L. Kotsokoane (Joe), whom we had known as Lesotho's ambassador to Kenya, and his wife Mamie. Our families, his two daughters and a son, and our girls were on a very friendly basis and we often exchanged visits. He was now the senior secretary to the parliament, under Prime Minister Chief Leabua Jonathan. King Moshoeshoe II (mo-shway-shway), the hereditary monarch, was chief of state. Considerable friction existed between him and the prime minister, who offered no apologies for his grade-school education, and the king, who was Oxford educated. The king had been jailed and exiled several times by the prime minister.

Lesotho (leh-sutu), referred to as the "Kingdom in the Sky," lies among the peaks of the Drakenburg Mountains, with its lowest point being 5000 to 6000 feet above sea. Its highlands have snow-capped peaks as high as 11,000 feet, from which much of the drainage provides water for a relatively dry South Africa. Lesotho is the only country in the world surrounded by another country, South Africa. Much of it is remote and unchanged by modern industrialization. Mountain tradition still holds sway, as I learned from a conversation once with a stylishly dressed young lady, probably in her twenties, who worked at the mohair processing plant. I asked about her family. She told me she was the only child, but she used to have a younger brother who had been sacrificed to the spirits in the mountains.

On the agricultural side, AID had a planning team in the Ministry of Agriculture, under a contract with Colorado State University. I met with them and a team officials of the Ministry of Agriculture, and detected some animosity between the two teams. I encouraged the young Colorado team leader and his other planners to be more tolerant, and to try to pitch their planning and approach within the context of the understanding and perception of the local officials. One impressive project related to soil conservation. The country had an appalling erosion problem. Six or eight inches of loose topsoil over a hardpan made it extremely vulnerable to wash. I reminded the government officials that if they did not take the problem seriously and apply the best of conservation measures, the country would literally become "The Kingdom In The Sky," and all of the land would literally erode from under them. The solution involved heavy equipment to bust the hard pan, building good drainage ditches, terracing, and establishing ground cover. This was a very expensive proposition and raised doubts as to whether it was affordable. On the other hand they couldn't afford not to.

Dinners with our friends, drives to see some of the nearby countryside, visits to the Holiday Inn and its slot machines — Loretta's newly discovered delight — and a couple of rounds of golf for me made up our pastime agenda. This all took place at the beginning of the summer months, in November when the air was still cool. We made use of the electric heat and a blanket to be comfortable at night. Light snows in July and August were not uncommon.

Our return trip across South Africa was much less apprehensive, but we kept our fingers crossed against embarrassing incidents, particularly since we no longer enjoyed our “honorary white status.”

In mid-December, we flew back to Nairobi to spend our last Kenyan Christmas, and to pack for our departure after nearly eight and a half years. Loretta Jr. who was in school at Northfield in Mount Herman, Massachusetts, came out for the holiday, together with Christina, who was clerking for federal court judge for the Caribbean after graduating from Harvard. She saved some of her previous Arabic books bought in the bazaars of Tunis from being dumped. With a dwindled family, we had less shipping allowance, and Loretta had been throwing out much of our books stock that had grown with each girls depositing her own private academic archives. The house seemed pretty empty with just two of the girls there. Unfortunately, there had been a mix up getting travel approval from AID for Carlotta, which came too late to allow her to join us. She soon got over the disappointment. Loretta and the girls left in early January. By the way, Loretta’s visa application for South Africa was approved just prior to her departure.

Disposing of the vehicles and dogs became my task. A young rural development officer, Walter Scarborough, a recent addition to the mission, became the proud owner of the Bug, and the family station wagon went to an American engineer, a newcomer who also hired Kariuki, our cook. An Asian couple sent their pickup truck from Mombasa to collect Amigo, the most ferocious dog in all of Kenya, and result of Chris’s rearing. The task of getting him roped in for the trip was not soon to be forgotten. Whether they reached Mombasa with a live dog or any dog at all, I still wonder.

I had traveled all over Kenya, interacting with government officials, central and provincial, donor personnel, school staffs, village heads, and civic groups with the intent of making a contribution to agricultural development. Kenya’s agriculture showed many signs of progress and along with tourism, supported the development of a national economy. Whenever there is competition between man and wild animals for the land, inevitably the animals lose. In Kenya’s case when the animals lose, Kenyans lose. The extent to which its citizens share equitably in the benefits of development will depend on a Kenya with political stability, which is tied to tribal harmony, leadership ethics, population control, and free election.

Our unusually long assignment of over eight years in Kenya had come to an end. I had served with five mission directors and an equal number of acting mission directors. One director once told me that because of my extensive knowledge of Kenya, contacts and friends inside and out of government, he should have appointed me as his deputy mission director. Then he added, “But you are not black enough. We need someone of higher visibility.” I told him this was bad news, and that I was sorry the old color thing, or lack of it, was still a strong factor in determining one’s worth. I never let this influence my attitude toward him and we stayed on a friendly cooperative basis during his short tenure.

On January 11, 1977, our twenty-one years overseas ended. I boarded a flight from Jomo Kenyatta airport in Nairobi, Kenya, to Washington, D.C., via Ethiopia, Greece, and New

York.

CHAPTER FIVE

U.S. Reentry

Family Member Comments

“Once you have lived in another culture, as you will in your upcoming assignments, you will never be 100 percent American again.” Those words from speakers at my original orientation in Washington, D.C. still rang in my ears twenty-one years later. I knew at that time that I would never be the same after twenty-one years anywhere. Besides, no one had estimated how short of being total American one would be. From a civic point of view, I took the comments to apply more to white Americans and African-Americans, who had never been fully American. The sessions also warned us that re-integration into our home culture of society after living overseas would pose difficult problems. Again, Loretta and I estimated re-integration would not prove as difficult as pictured. After all, as African-Americans Loretta and I had never known full integration. We had only known the official separate and unequal status of living in the United States all of our youth and some of our adulthood.

We seven experienced parting shots, reminding me of the blatant racial inequities shortly before my departure. At the time, Loretta had come to Washington D.C. to visit during orientation. She had arrived at Union Station and had been trying to hail a cab outside the station. She waited as cab after cab passed her by. She noticed that all the drivers were white. Finally one cabdriver advised her, “Lady, you need to go over to the island between the traffic lanes and get a black taxi.” She did, and after situating herself in the back seat of the cab, she announced, “I want to go to the National Hotel.”

But her trials were not over. She learned implicitly that the National Hotel was not known for hospitality to her kind.

“Lady, are you sure that is where you want to go?” The driver was very doubtful.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“Are you sure?” he repeated.

“I’m sure. My husband is there waiting for me.”

Loretta was not riled, but remained collected in the face of all this effrontery. She was too focused on reaching the hotel and spending a few days with me before my lengthy departure to make room for anger. She usually managed to deflect this kind of emotion when dealing with these issues, turning instead to retrospective reflection or a rationalization, if she had to respond at all. The year was 1956.

Twenty-one years later in 1977, we were back to live in Washington D.C. on our final assignment. The Jones nomads had returned to a new world. A brand new world in many respects, as we were to discover. Tremendous changes had taken place back home during

the explosive decades following World War II in the United States. These changes included technological developments in materials and services, as well as social developments, none more important to us than those concerning civil rights and equality. Our franchisement was greatly improved, albeit a long way from being complete. During our twenty-one years away, civil rights legislation, marches, non-violent protests, speeches, strikes, sit-ins and other demonstrations lead or inspired by the leadership of Dr. Martin Luther King had borne fruit. To a minimal extent, we had been able to keep abreast of these activities signaling the movement of African-Americans from a second-class position toward first-class status through limited forms of media, American newspapers and news journals available abroad, and information from visiting observers or activists on the home front. We were also in India when Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Coretta visited in 1957 to learn more closely about Mahatma Ghandi's nonviolent ideology. But even during our two to three months of biennial home leave, we were too consumed and over extended with visiting kin, and purchasing and preparing for the return abroad to fully appreciate the progress of African-American movements in civil liberties.

Nevertheless, our life overseas had conditioned us to take this new status in stride. We were totally American, so to speak, the first day we landed in India, the land which gave non-violence and civil disobedience its real meaning through Mahatma Ghandi. We spoke like Americans. Our dress and behavior mirrored the United States. We were in fact proud to say we were Americans. We maintained a middle-class lifestyle despite a small, middle-class segment in the local populations occasionally stood conspicuous in our consumption of some items such as our nine passenger station wagon, bought to accommodate our large family. At the same time, depending on our location, our conveniences could fall short of other American families who might have proximity to and therefore greater access to American commissaries and American-supported schools. At times, locals didn't regard us as American as some of our counterparts did because of our heavier reliance on the local economy and the modest count of our domestic employees, usually three: a cook, house cleaner, and gardener. Generally though, the privileges we had not experienced in the United States were ours to enjoy in other cultures. We were on par with other Americans, accepted and respected as such by locals from government officials to village community members. All knew we had help to offer and showed their appreciation of our presence. Generally, racism was not an issue except in places like South Africa. Otherwise, in some places I believe I invoked the envy of some of my Caucasian colleagues by my ability to establish collegiate relationships with locals in the host country.

Thus on our final return home, our concern was not what other cultures had done to us, as prophesied in our introductory orientation, but rather what had been done for us in the United States in a culture in which we had aspired to participate — an aspiration that had in many ways been reinforced overseas. In spite of welcomed improvements, we still found racism in America very much alive. Legislation, however, had done much to remove the obvious obstacles to civil rights. We were no longer confronted with the nagging "White" and "Colored" signs; with relegation to back seats on public transportation as well as seats in the "buzzard roosts" in theaters or other places of

entertainment; and with exclusion from restaurants or certain schools.

The girls were another story. We parents thought that reentry and integration would be more of a problem for us than the children, as we had experienced much more of the United States. In fact, the youngest, little Loretta, who had been born in India, sheltered no recollections of the United States. Thus, I prefer to use the term entry, not reentry, to refer to the girls' return to the United States. One by one, at staggered intervals the daughters left home to go to the United States, usually to matriculate in college. Little Loretta eventually left to complete high school in Massachusetts. Big Loretta and I were the last to arrive stateside with our final assignment in Washington D.C. after two decades of work overseas. At first I thought that the girls simply had only to adapt to differences in this country as they had been accustomed to adapting to any place we moved. We had not insisted that they experience the social short-comings of the parent's culture, not even vicariously. We felt these experiences would only add to any adjustment problems on entry.

In actuality, none of us were quite prepared for what was in store on our return. And little were we aware of the effects of such elements as media and snatches of home leave experiences accumulating on impressionable young minds through the years. Most of the college-age daughters attended schools in states where civil rights deficits were less obvious than the states in which their parents were raised. Yet our offspring could not have arrived during a more disheveled period in American history. While African-Americans were being accepted into major institutions of higher learning, the process of inclusion and adjustment was far from settled. Campuses churned with upheavals and movements for all kinds of humanistic and political interests. While the girls had been approached to join in the activism, they eschewed full involvement, partially due, I like to think, to our view that academic pursuits be maximized and interfering influences be minimized to prepare themselves for the future. We could only afford to give them one chance at college, preferably within the usual four-year period. Only Burnetta, the eldest, opted to marry over completing her degree. But she would serve as an object lesson. We made no secret of our disapproval. At least one or more of the girls indicated that our disappointment over Burnetta's failure to finish her degree and marry without her parent's knowledge, tacitly helped to reinforce our opinion on the importance of education.

Given the pressures of the day, the girls' responses to their stateside experiences consisted of decisions more involved than unquestioning mindfulness of the easy wisdom of the elderly. The times and our offspring's behavior spelled out the generation gap for us. Still, we did find some common ground in the some of the ways entry or reentry propelled parents and offspring into disoriented conditions. For example, nothing more pedestrian than moving from point A to point B became a major challenge to our sense of direction. We were initially awed by the maze of superhighways flooding the country with cars that zipped around in a pandemonium of giant signs. If you missed a turn or an exit, you could virtually end up in another country, perhaps one we had already left.

I had spent twenty-six years, including my military stints in Japan, Korea, and Australia,

driving on the left side on roads or streets with one or two lanes constructed of dirt, gravel, macadam or real pavement. Motorized traffic and driving was a fairly recent experience for most people. Highway conventions and facilities of convenience had not fully developed. Often, potholes, tumbling boulders, washed-out roads, mud, bicyclists, domestic animals, people on foot and reckless drivers had to be negotiated. Frequently, the lack of sidewalk or shoulders left more than motor vehicles on the roads. In India, especially, the bicycle was the car of the average working man. The sight of small families and heavy loads balanced on the slim black frames of a two-wheeler was common. In most of the places we lived, public carriers were frequently weighed down with an excess of people and produce. Many public vehicles also accommodated the smaller farm animals of the passengers, many chickens, a goat here and there. Buses also stopped in the middle of the road to unload passengers and other items. Resources for maintenance were not easy to come by. Rocks, wood, and other raw tools used to block wheels for vehicle repairs collected on roads ascending hills in the rural landscape.

Drivers usually had to choose between the two extremes of defensive or offensive negotiation on the roads. I acquired the nerve and daring to compete with local drivers in India and Africa. In Africa the game of “chicken” had reached professional levels — perhaps was invented on the roads there. Drivers only swerved out to pass after they had seen the white of the eyes of the on-coming driver. On the road, one could also easily find oneself in the company of pressured, bleary-eyed truck drivers who had spent all night behind the wheel chewing on kola nuts to fight fatigue and sleep. I well remember witnessing the aftermath of an accident of a truck turned upside down with a load of guinea eggs. I don’t believe I have seen a messier scramble!

On a return visit to Nigeria in the early 1980s, I experienced a drive on a newly opened, spiffy four-lane superhighway covering the 100 miles between Ibaden in the west and Lagos, the capital at the time in the south. This highway was the only one of its kind I had seen in Africa outside of South Africa. Stout steel rails guarded the edges and separated the lanes in each direction. Traveling down that same route a year later, I discovered that not a single hundred-yard stretch of rail had missed a beating by wayward traffic. Speeding was mainly responsible for this condition. Extensive carnage gave testimony that vehicles didn’t always win the game.

Other than this superhighway exception, roads were free of disturbing signs, sometimes scarcely enough to know where you were headed. A driver did encounter lonely laconic roadside prompts like DEAD SLOW, DUAL PASSAGEWAY, FILTER RIGHT OF LEFT, KEEP OFF VERGE.

Beginning in the great Eisenhower era of superhighways and expressways, traffic grew thicker, faster, and more gnarled upon each return stateside on home leave. One could not see the roads for the cars. One felt like throwing up their hands and swearing, “I’ll never drive, again!” Once we returned home on a permanent basis, Loretta for all intents and purposes completely relinquished the wheel. Overseas, however, my wife’s name could have been Loretta “Chauffeur” Jones. She won praise from the locals for the way she handled the family bus, a nine passenger Mercury station wagon. We had one of those

big American cars by necessity. For some, she had become a familiar sight behind the wheel about town. Each morning and afternoon, she regularly carted the girls back and forth to school, and on weekends, to friends, the market, women's clubs, and any number of places. But at long last, upon return to the States with the offspring grown and scattered, Loretta felt that she had put in her time on the vehicular battlefield and that the road had been primary in contributing to her emerging blood pressure problems.

We ultimately decided even to stay free of the hassles of car ownership and parked ourselves in a home within walking distance of the State Department. Not owning a car also eased the financial burden of the high cost of living in Washington D.C.

But I was determined to shed my alarm over the interstates. I don't know which phobia I might have contracted if this fear has been diagnosed at all. I tested the waters with rented cars — if I was going to wreck cars, better to beat up someone's else's property rather than my own. But I survived the experience with no real mishap. A time or two I did find myself gliding comfortably in the left lane, wondering why the on-coming car didn't move over to the correct side. Fortunately, I collected my thoughts in time to realize I was the one at fault. One night on a trip to Alabama, I pulled out from a service station toward a hill. Lights appeared over the crest a short distance away. The twin beacons drew nearer, growing into bright spotlights that were bearing down on me. I swerved to the right, missing by inches an eighteen wheeler lumbering on a downhill run at about sixty-five miles per hour. This image still rattles me to this day. Surely, that collision would have meant our end. Grandmother and our guardian angel had to be watching. For a split second, I thought they were on holiday.

Our youngest, Carlotta, approached me about her confusion as an urban pedestrian. "Dad, I have some trouble crossing the street and getting a feel for how the traffic is flowing."

"Why so?" I queried.

"Everything here is on the right side of the road. I never saw cars coming from any way but the left side. I feel turned around." Right-sidedness did not seem natural for her.

"Start thinking right side, watching lights change, and move across the street only when the sign says WALK. I advised. "Take your time and concentrate on the right and it will gradually come to you how traffic moves on the right side. By the time you get a car and start driving the right side will be how you think. Don't dare get behind a wheel to drive until you get the right feeling."

Little Loretta chimed in, "Since I came to school at Northfield Mount Herman out in the styx, I had time to get used to the right side of the road before I lived in the big city. But it took me some time to gain a sense of direction, since so many of the landmarks are the same. In Kenya, the things we used to mark the way were different, and I felt more sure of my way to a particular place. Here, you can see a MacDonald's and go a block away and see another MacDonald's. I felt I was back where I started. In Africa, it seemed much easier to gain a sense of direction."

“Being a hunter and having to use landmarks very extensively to find my way from place to place, I appreciate your problems,” I sympathized. “Landmarks can still be very useful, but you’ll have to learn to fine tune our way more closely by learning the names of streets, building numbers and so forth. You’ll learn that in every place you live, adjustments are necessary. We’ve had to learn things all over at every place we have been for the past twenty years, new roads, new land marks, new streets, new numbers, new senses of direction. You have got to be patient and at every location, learn to relearn. There is no choice but to learn the streets and street numbers, what streets go where, and how to read a map; your only choice if you want to keep from staying lost and accident-free.”

The new technology was an area in which I could not compete, however. As an all-round handyman, I had been proud to be able to maintain and operate the mechanical systems around our homes abroad. But suddenly in the U.S., we were in a different world. I soon discovered I had been robbed of this capability. Where we had night guards overseas, American homes had electronic security systems; where we had house employees help answer the door, American homes had intercom door systems. Candles were not necessities for electrical failures, but decorative luxury items for creating romantic ambiance. Washing in the hand basin because the bathtub was being used as a storage tank in times of water emergencies became a practice of a bygone era. Refrigerators and ovens were several generations removed from the older models we used overseas. Boiling water to drink and storing that water in oversized dispensers were regular kitchen rituals. In the States, we obtained a drink with a mere twist of a faucet handle. But while the water was safe to drink, the air wasn’t safe to breathe.

In case of trouble with home systems, we instantly had to reckon with specialists and their outrageous charges. Having a car would have added to my dismay. I had maintained all the seven vehicles we had previously owned. Today’s models with their fancy gadgetry relegated me to a “has been.” I felt I had fallen so far behind, I would never catch up. I felt a uselessness and emptiness.

In the States, shopping had been stripped of the social nature it had assumed in Africa. Markets in Africa gave people a chance to socialize and become acquainted. Merchandise was not tagged and the first prices quoted were usually three to four times higher than the bargained amount. The customer would offer a price and the seller would come back with “My last price is...” The buyer made another offer and the seller would counter, “My last price is...” This exchange might continue for a half-dozen rounds before a compromise was reached. Most sellers never sold whole packages of items, but disbursed merchandise in single units like a cigarette here and a shoe string there to satisfy an immediate affordable need.

In the United States, the fun had been taken out of the retail experience. Now prices aren’t even posted in intelligible language but buried inside codes, only revealed by the magical wave of an impersonal clerk over an electronic eye. The buyer does not haggle over the numbers created with the cold flash of the electronic eye. Any delay, an

argument might arouse adverse passions in the impassive countenance of the clerk, not to mention the line of customers waiting to pass through. The customer scrambles for payment and finishes off the transaction as quickly as possible — speed is all that really matters.

We did enjoy the efficiency of telecommunications, however. Shortly after we arrived for our U.S. assignment, I received a welcome call from Ben Muirhead in Illinois who had been stationed in Rajasthan, India. We had housed the family a few times when they had passed through Bhopal. Ben and I marveled over the latest in telephones in the country. Direct dial calls to anywhere in the U.S., Maine to Florida or New York to California, went through with lightening speed. We reminisced over operator-assisted calls in India which had never gone through by the time we were ready to leave. I told Ben Africa was not better. Placing calls took an eternity and then you could not hear well enough to be sure of the party you were addressing. Bill closed the conversation by saying, “Give me a call sometime.” I did, knowing that at an earlier time, in another country, that comment could never have carried the same sense of casualness. Thanks to the phone system, we maintained contact with the Muirhead family even after Ben passed.

Yet even as the telephone fostered human contact over distances, our feelings were split over the quality of human relationships in the society. On the one hand, I was comforted by the favorable changes that eased the lot of African-Americans. We could take any seat in a public carrier or in a restaurant. We could live in multi-ethnic neighborhoods and participate in elections without intimidation. But was the country experiencing a cultural retrogression also? The rise in crime, teenage pregnancy, drugs, divorces, law suits, and shattered family values brought us disappointment.

Everywhere in Africa, the family, immediate and extended, was a strong force. In Ghana, the Ashanti proverb predicts, “The ruin of a nation begins in the homes of its people.” Moroccans say: “None but a mule denies his family.” Another African proverb advises, “It takes a whole village to rear a child.” In fact, nepotism was always debated as an interference in the progression of the modern economy of new African nations.

Overnight back in the U.S., we found the world’s leading industrial nation seemingly was trying its best to reverse all that makes for a harmonious society, beginning with family values. We were disturbed. All kinds of gambling had been endorsed. Lying and cheating were a part of business everywhere — the judicial system, all levels of government, the schools. And where had all the truth gone in advertising? The public was being bombarded with fast, false claims on the TV screen, in newspapers, magazines, and radio. All elements of the human condition, mental and physical, were marketable. Profit held precedence over human values. Government and white-collar crime stood at an all-time high. We had more people in jail than any other country. To me, it seemed we had become cheap and base. We were floating in a sea of vulgarity; given over to a degenerated pop culture. When I first saw Richard Pryor in performance on a video in the Ivory Coast, I could not believe my ears. He spewed more vulgarity than I had heard in a lifetime. To his credit, he was later to disclose that the new sense of dignity he gained after visiting Africa in the flesh led to the removal of the term “nigger” from his

vocabulary.

At another point Big Loretta and I were trying to persuade Little Loretta of the advantages of transferring from her high school in Massachusetts to a girls' school down the street from our house. Teary-eyed, she shot back, "If you want to save me, let me go back to my same school for at least another year."

We later discovered she was terrified by the street crime she had heard or read about in Washington D.C. She spent her first summer with us inside the house before she decided life wasn't solely what appeared on the news.

Yet we also couldn't deny or ignore all the information that arrived over the media. Some told us the downhill slide had come with the acceptance, even worship, of mediocrity, loud-mouthed vulgarity and foolish pursuits as a standard starting in the 60s. The more I thought, the more I came to accept the words of a Hindu women friend who believed the world was fifty percent bad and fifty percent good and little can be done to shift the balance in spite of all the efforts and money spent to make a difference. We have all wrestled with and made important adjustments demanded by our world, called home. We have had to be in it but tried hard to avoid being of it in the worst scenarios.

But the most significant impression to emerge from my worldly experience is how much people across the globe are so much the same at heart rather than different. Their reactions to their problems are all human reactions that anyone might be made to understand. What might be looked upon as monstrous behavior may be a last resort to the scourges of poverty, illiteracy or threats to the benefit of their general tribe or caste. Their way of doing things may seem terribly alien to ours. But when life is trimmed down to the fact of human survival, the human experience and existence is universal. True, some people live in or under deplorable conditions, made helpless or cruel by forces of history, politics, tradition, religion, tribe or cast. Everyone, in their own way has needed assistance to handle basic problems. Whatever kind of help is received, whatever the outcome, all struggle to feed themselves and otherwise take care of themselves, catering to the greatest of basic instincts. We all are born, die, and return to a common origin.

The time I spent away from the U.S. in several cultures provided me with varying experiences to reflect on the controversy of race and ethnicity that underlies life in our country. I say again that everywhere we went, we were Americans first before we were African-Americans. We were among peoples of color who made us feel more welcome and respected than we had ever felt at home, even if our official status figured into the scenario. We were not lost to some of the irony in our observations. Another case in point was a place like India, which recognized deep spiritual ideologies and elected a woman, Indira Gandhi, to head of state as no western democracy has done, yet also gave birth to a social caste system cut along lines of color.

Our trip through South Africa certainly gave us food for thought on the superficialities of race and ethnicity. Surface differences were more pronounced there than anywhere. In the Johannesburg airport on our way to Swaziland, Loretta and I were standing in the black

customs line when customs official pulled me out of the line. My surface was judged to be white and Loretta's black. We told the officials we were man and wife who wished to stay together. The officers then drew both of us out of the line, promising they would find the solution to keep us together. Loretta was granted temporary "white" status and was allowed to stand with me in the white line. Only people are capable of taking this kind of absurdity to new heights.

Blood mix, so important in the U.S., did not figure in the formula. The explanations are historical, and we are all products of a history. I am reminded of comments ascribed to Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, which echoed the social standards of the nation: "One drop of Negro blood automatically causes one to be loud, uncouth, and have sappy hair." I thought that Negro blood must be some powerful stuff, if one drop could affect all that! I knew I had drops aplenty but had missed out on inheriting those attributes, or so I thought. A big wonder.

Yet we come from a culture where small differences in peoples' surfaces are astoundingly emphasized and result in much injustice and inequality. What a poor measuring stick! How hair and skin color can be so much more important than other human values such as love, kindness, good character, wisdom, and intelligence makes me wonder what went wrong in the civilization process. People are more the same than they are different. Maya Angelou has said it all in passages from *Wouldn't take Nothing For My Journey Now*. [?]

It is time to the preachers, the rabbis, the priests and pundits, and the professors to believe in the awesome wonder of diversity so that they can teach who follow them. It's time for the parents to teach young people early on that in diversity there is beauty and there is strength. We all should know that diversity makes for a rich tapestry, and we must understand that all the threads of the tapestry are equal in value no matter their color, equal in importance no matter their texture.

Biologists see white skin as a natural adaptation designed to help the body synthesize vitamin D in places exposed to less sunlight. I am still baffled as to how light skin attained such esteem and foundation for building a sense of egotistical superiority. We have got to come by better measuring sticks for determining a person's worth.

One of my early observations on reentry led me to comment, "The U.S. culture has become one big hurt."

"Why, Harold?" Loretta asked partly amused, indulgent, and incredulous.

I explained, "The amount of advertising in radio, television and in print of painkillers — aspirin, Tylenol, Bayer, Advil, Ben Gay, and the lot — tells me that this is an aching society, despite all the broad smiles on photographed faces." I reasoned that if so many painkillers weren't consumed, such heavy advertising wouldn't happen. Of course, part of the growing elderly population could be part of the cause. The older we get, the more pain we presumably suffer. But many of the ads feature younger people, particularly for medicine for headache relief. Reasons for all that hurt must be innumerable. Pain, no

doubt, is an intricate, integral part of the human condition and our society continues to add to the condition. Pain is shaped by environmental circumstances, and we may be thankful one day for relief around the corner. Some African students we have met complained of a loss of vigor after arriving in the U.S. They speculated the cause to be a change in diet. Whatever the reason, our biologies seem to respond in undetermined ways to our immediate surroundings.

The family living overseas, on the other hand, was never accustomed to using many painkillers. Neither were we constantly reminded of the easy availability of these drugs just around the corner at the drugstore. In fact, Loretta's doctors have commented on her high threshold for pain. One daughter argued with her dentist to withhold novocaine for filling her tiniest cavities. The dentist had never had to handle such a request and was faced with a small business dilemma (a credit to his conscience, as charges for fillings automatically built in the cost of novocaine).

On the work front, I grew more familiar with the thinking and operations of the central office in Washington D.C. Overseas, a certain tension always hung over the relationship between the field and home offices over what was considered a mutual lack of appreciation for the other office's outlook. Now moving to the other side of the fence, the home office, either confirmed and clarified my suspicions or opened new revelations or disabusements. I saw more and more technical advisors emerging out of the American urban labor force for assignment overseas to tackle projects in the African countryside. These types had little appreciation for the rural, non-industrial, social and geographic environments in which development efforts were applied. They lacked training for nurturing skills to help them cope and interact in unfamiliar cultural and geographical circumstances. Advisors who had spent years in the field building knowledge and experience were not fully utilized in future project planning. By the same token, Africans and other foreign nationals sent to the U.S. for training as development specialists received little instruction applicable to home situations.

In the late 1980s, I called the Dean of Agriculture at West Virginia University to discuss these issues. "Dean," I said, you folks have been in East Africa, Kenya and Uganda for a long time, and you have sent many Africans to your school for training in agriculture. I feel by now you must have a good feel for the kind of training that is most suitable. What changes have you made in the content to make your training more compatible to conditions in those countries?"

"If you had asked me this two years ago, I would have said none," the dean responded. "But recently we have found out that most of our agriculture students are coming here from urban backgrounds, and we have had to retread them with fundamental training that will give them a better understanding of basic agriculture. We are now subjecting the African students to the same kind of training."

I pressed the point, however. "But these efforts weren't made with Africans in mind. It just so happened you made the same training available to them. So you still have made no changes in training for needs specific to Africa?"

“That’s right,” he conceded.

Training programs for overseas work direly need to be re-examined and readjusted to overcome the failure and waste in development projects in places like Africa. None of these systems is more important and basic than a national food system involving production, processing, and marketing. As time has passed newer generations of AID employees have moved further and further away from promoting the fundamental systems and development technology from which national and highly urbanized, industrial elements have evolved. USAID tended not to stay with systems that guaranteed basic human needs although the need remained strong. I believed much of this departure was due to the composition of AID personnel.

During one period, the agency rushed to hire economists as the men of the hour. By the time I left India, when the advisors were struggling to develop relevant technology, someone determined that the country needed a dozen hot shot, aggressive young economist. I believe this move developed around the period of the new Keynesian theories. Too premature, I thought. Not yet, but maybe later we could use these types.

These attitudes and approaches tended to emphasize policy development as a panacea for development problems. True, policy and political aspects of the country are quite important in how development progresses, but unless policy is balanced or served by appropriate technology and improved practices, the country will be found lacking.

The lack of appreciation and respect for technical personnel was very pronounced in the agency. The corollary to this attitude was little appreciation for the big technical world out there. Very few technical employees ever emerged as mission directors or in planning and program positions. This situation merely reflected the state of affairs across much of the U.S. The people who built the national infrastructure and operating systems for the comfort and benefit of all, receive the least praise. None are more ostracized and lacking in benefits than America’s small farmers. No memory of mine is more tenacious than the low status and prestige accorded agriculture students in college.

To overcome some of its short-comings, USAID, like many bureaucracies, tended to reorganize, at least partially, about every two years. Restructuring seemed to be a means by which new top personnel could be recognized for their leadership and responsibility. Just do it, whatever it is, seemed to be the motto and quest of the turf markers. The last time I checked, major re-organizations had occurred thirteen times.

After I arrived in Washington D.C. to work, I also learned that only a small percentage of money appropriated for foreign assistance ever left the USA; only three dollars out of every ten. When one considers the salaries of U.S.personnel, expenditures for U.S. commodities, and training expenses in the U.S., one grows aware of the substantial amount of money that stays at home. I realized that most of the funds were spent to directly protect U.S. interests.

I found irony in the occasions when I or family members had to defend my livelihood, in other words, aid overseas, against those who accused the government of spending too much money abroad. For twenty-one years, my impressions had been inaccurate.

Christina's Adjustments

I ordered catalogues of all the seven sister colleges. Although I sat in the middle of a dry area in northern Nigeria, I looked with great fascination, maybe envy, at the photos — well-formed young women riding their bicycles. I was impressed with the opening introduction in the Vassar catalogue of '62-'63. It spoke from noblesse oblige. Those entitled to privileges had also to give of those privileges to those who had less. I was not terribly conscious of the contrast between well-groomed gardens in the photos of the Vassar campus with the well-formed women in shorts looking healthy and my surrounding circumstances of children dying of malaria and where waters had bilharzia, and where the local chicken seller tried to convince us one day to buy a sick chicken because it was going to be killed in any case.

I got accepted to Wellesley, Vassar, and Sarah Lawrence, and decided to go to Vassar because of their introduction emphasizing noblesse oblige. Subconsciously, there was still in the back of my mind the picture of the child who had been born in an open field across from our home in New Delhi. We had a large fine house for a large family. But across the street was the field where people did their toiletries. One day a man had built a house there. The walls were from the remains of a construction site. For the roof he had simply a burlap sack, held down with four bricks at the corners. One day a baby with yellowish brown thin hair was born in that one-room house. I was about fifteen years old at the time. Suddenly it occurred to me, I could have also been that child and wondered how it is that fate could be so discriminating. Not fate, but people: how could they be so discriminating? And I was angry at myself and my parents. Since I had consciously decided that noblesse oblige was also to be my fate, I flew to Vassar. I landed in New York and fortunately buses met us and took passengers, from all parts of the American continent and other continents to the small town of Poughkeepsie. Before boarding the bus, I was accosted by a black taxi chauffeur. He offered to take several of us to the college. We turned him down, and he looked at me with poisoned eyes and said, "Why don't you support our own people?"

I had put on my very best dark navy blue, worsted skirt and vest which my mother had sewed for me, and we drove up the Hudson River Valley. It was a beautiful fall day but I put the beauty at the back of my mind. I was simply too tense. What was going to be expected of me? How was it really going to be? Would the young women accept me for what I really was? Only as I made that same journey, over the years, often in a rickety train instead of the bus, could I come to appreciate the extraordinary beauty of the Hudson Valley.

As we arrived at the campus, I was assigned to a suite room in Jewett Hall. I had a roommate, Conchita Thronton, from New Jersey, a Catholic. Later she invited me once to her home, and the Sunday we went to mass was special, because it was the first time that

Catholics could hear the mass said in their local language instead of Latin. She never invited me again. She was a sophisticated woman from the east coast, and I said in all modesty on the first day that she could have the larger room, and I would take the smaller one. I did not say that I really could not bear having someone walking through my room to get to hers. I wanted quiet and privacy, and so I took the smaller back room. (Many years I also took the smaller back suite at Harvard's law school.) I compared the desks at the women's college with the men's desks at Harvard, and found the women's were very modest, very small indeed, an indication how women were not taken very seriously.

After settling in my room in Jewett, I went down to a tea reception for newly arrived students and their parents. A dark-haired woman from New York approached me and asked in all friendliness, "And where do you come from?"

I said I had flown in from Nigeria

"Oh, you come from Nigeria?"

"Not originally."

"Oh, not originally? Then you come from just around here?" she remarked, very disappointed. She turned her back on me. I was absolutely stunned that someone was not interested in me just because I did not come from some exotic land, and yet I was absolutely different from the majority of others at the reception. That was the mother of Eva Berman, who later studied medicine, a rather attractive young woman with auburn hair, and very much aware of herself I was still at the age where many things I wanted to say simply stayed in my head, and rambled about in my head after I thought about them. Later as a result of this tea reception, I asked to join the international foreign students. I felt myself completely foreign in these surroundings, unaccepted by the people who were supposed to be of my nationality or citizenship, and more accepted by people who came from other lands.

At Vassar, the library turned out to my favorite haunt, I stayed until eleven o'clock at night when the bell would ring for closing time to go home. There was a great big hedge, certainly more than seven feet tall, that I had to pass in front of Raymond Hall on my way to Jewett. The slightest rustle I heard in the bushes, I was sure it was a snake, after years of being on the alert for snakes in the high grass during the monsoon season in India. I never got over that feeling of tenseness about snakes until I had survived two years of hard winters.

The first winter was particularly bad, and the foreign student advisor told me to go to the army surplus store in Poughkeepsie, Main Street, and get some warm boots. I got at the time from my parents an allowance of fifty dollars a month, and boots sold in the normal stores were at least twenty-five. I found some cheaper army ones for five dollars. Later the hole wore out rather quickly I used to take long plastics bags from the cleaners and wrap them around my feet to keep them from getting too wet from the snow. Every day I was tired, very tired. And in between classes I would lay down and catch a nap. It was

bitter cold and it was tiring. I thought I would never survive. The wind I shall never forget. Sometimes as we came from the library or Pizza Parlor on Raymond Avenue with the full blast of the winter wind beating against my face, I thought I would drop frozen dead on the spot. Because of these winds, I eventually bought an Army surplus coat. It turned out to be a lot warmer than the dozens of sweaters I had been putting on. In my room the radiator stayed on full blast twenty-four hours a day. That was my tropical haven, where I could still dream about the days of the monsoons and the heat, when I did not have to wear long coats, and did not have to put on any kind of boots, and we could play barefoot in the water that we would stop-up in the open area in the middle of our house in Bhopal. I felt akin to Sara Crone who had left colonial India to go to imperialistic England.

But I was determined to keep on with my dream to be a lawyer. For law had played an important part in history. And Mahatma Ghandi, whose bust was a gift to me from the colleagues at Budni, where my father worked, had been a lawyer and a hero for me. Law was also a way for me to understand how society orders itself politically and socially. And when it came to elections for a college-wide judicial committee, I put my name up, because I wanted some experience of what it was like to judge others. I got elected, maybe because I had become known for looking after people who felt lonely. Whenever I had breakfast, lunch or supper, I always looked for a table where a young woman was sitting alone, and always went and sat by her. I could not go in for cliques and could not bear to see someone alone, partly because I felt so alone and would have also been very glad if someone had come and sat by me. Once elected, I was very conscientious and sat on the judicial committee with “The Drew.” She was the Dean of Students — a wide motherly figure with beautiful locks of hair, waves of grey and white. At times I crossed her about what I thought was just. Two years in a row I got elected. The third time I decided not to run, for my studies were going to suffer because of my taking time to work on the board. We met once a month to decide cases of Young women who stayed away from the college overnight without permission, came back too late from Harvard and Yale on weekends, and a few cases of drunkenness. I decided I was not going to run. But then I got a note from one of the students, saying that because I was respected for my sense of justice I should run. And I did. It was signed by Candy. Later it turned out that she was charged with plagiarism and it was proved. She was in her last year and under so much pressure to get her papers done. She got suspended for a while.

“The pressure to get papers in on time was enormous. I resisted at first and stayed up only until midnight. That I found ridiculous enough. But finally I found myself also sitting up until five in the morning in the typing room banging away at my Smith Corona that the parents had bought for me. The first term paper I turned in had been for Mr. Post in political science, which was going to be my major. All handwritten, neatly and beautifully. I read the note on it when I got it back: “Please type your papers!”

And then I joined the Owl Society, a group of guides for all visitors to the college. Some of the visitors were young potential candidates for the college, much younger than I. And I got my little silver pin of honor for being such a good guide.

The prompt return of library books was then a matter of honor for me. It was almost grounds to commit suicide, not to return books on time. Now it is the last thing I think about, and I duly pay my fines for getting books back to the library too late). In the library was a beautiful stained glass window, which I did not fully appreciate at that time. It was of a woman from the middle ages receiving her doctorate. Later as I received mine, I recalled that art piece. It had somehow accompanied me subconsciously.

During my time at Vassar I was less aware of discrimination against women than discrimination of people of different colors. I used to go twice in a semester to a woman to do my hair. She straighten it out with chemicals and I rolled it at night. She had a son who was handicapped. She was nice to talk to and she was proud to have some customers from Vassar. I had simply found her through the telephone directory. I had not dared ask one of my classmates if they could recommend a hairdresser. That was something they could not understand. That was our secret.

Researching term papers was my delight. I concentrated on the politics of the so-called "neutral countries" or underdeveloped countries, as they were then called, not yet the third world, with Professor Craab. He gave us a list of books, a "reading list," and a list of possible topics to research I never found anything interesting on the list. I wanted to use my experience in these countries as a basis for a term paper. I researched to find new ideas and new literature.

Funny enough it turned out that the best term papers I wrote at Vassar were analyses of Shakespeare. My analyses were a combination of literary hermeneutics, human psychology, politics and power. I was learning gradually to think in terms of larger theories, but still trying desperately to keep my feet grounded in my own experience. I still remain to this day inductive in my research, and hate being forged to fit facts into given theories to satisfy sponsors.

In my senior year I moved to Main Hall. I was responsible during semester breaks for the hall. Spare rooms were kept open for those of us who had no place to go. I could not fly back to my parents. I had a run in once during the break with Sylvia Brown when I informed her that I would have to report her transgressions. We got into a discussion about the Vietnam war. She was very much involved in the protests then against the war. I could not understand why people did not let the war be settled by the United Nations. No, it was a matter of the United States being thrown out, she said. It is how ironic that the USA talks of using the UN in the Gulf War. I recall that there was an all-night meeting on the Vietnam war. It was in the hall where we saw theater performances. I sat in the upper balcony One group had asked a former soldier to come to talk about his experiences. I raised a question about the organization of the Vietnamese in local politics. It turned out to be a good question and it raised my esteem in the eyes of some people there, such as Randy, an honor student one year ahead of me. It was good for my ego. Thirty- five years later at a Vassar reunion, Sylvia and I were members of a panel about international politics. We had both become human rights fanatics, and we communicate today on human rights cases.

I went a few times to what was called the weekend “cow market”, not bull market. This was the big dance at which the Harvard and Yale men came to dance with the Vassar women and to seek out life partners. The beer flowed easily. I found these meetings nauseating and degrading. I decided to sit in my room, or go to a film of weekends. I did venture once to go to Yale when an Ibo from Nigeria had invited me. It turned out that I had more fun with his roommate with whom I could parry intellectually. All I can remember from the conversation with my date is that the young man said bitterly that opposite poles were supposed to attract one another and we were opposite poles, but I had been attracted to a like pole. We sat at a football match which I did not understand at all. I was fully bored at my first and last annual Harvard/Yale football game.

I was elected in my third year to the Daisy Chain. Gone were the days when the selected few actually picked the daises; they were flown in from California. Being chosen to carry the chain at graduation was considered an honor. But I was becoming aware of how much money was expended on frivolous things, and took the honor with a grain of salt. Of course, I had my hair straightened out for the event. In the official photo I stood in the front row. We were supposed to represent not just beauty but intelligent contribution to the community. On the day of graduation as we stood in the Shakespeare garden, holding up the chain, I recalled ruefully the first assignment I had gotten in English from Professor Greer. I was to write a poetic work. I had walked in the mist and fog and drizzle in the garden and described all the fine details of leaves and mist and rain. It turned out to be a very long poem on fog and mist and green leaves I got it back with the comments: “I do not know in what direction you are going. Sometimes you focus telescopically, sometimes microscopically.” I was proud of it. She did not like it.

Graduation for me finally came. As we were packing up in my room, my eyes alighted affectionately on the basket from Nigeria that I had used in my tiny room for holding my laundry. It had been sent to me by my parents after I had visited them in Nigeria after not seeing them for two years. I had really missed them, not being able to feel comfortable around others. There came a notice from the airlines that I had to come to open the package myself for duty purposes because there was a sign on the basket that it had a dangerous snake, a cobra, in it. At least they were prepared to bring it to the back delivery door of Vassar and let me open it. The chap from the airlines was there.

“Here,” he said, You are going to have to open it.” It really had a sign on it, “Danger, Cobra inside.” I did not actually believe that a cobra could survive the journey from Nigeria to New York, then to Poughkeepsie. I cut the wire that surrounded it and opened it up with some trepidation. It was simply full of paper. It was a practical joke we do not know to this day who played the prank and why.

The basket served well for carrying my dirty wash to the machine for my dorm I had to wash my clothes, regardless of colour, in one batch in order to save money on the coin machine. Some whites got faded in the wash with colours. But clothes, thanks goodness, were totally unimportant at Vassar. During the weekdays one could dress as one wanted without having to think at all. What was important was what was in the head. But on the weekends the transformation was tremendous. One did not even recognize a made up

roommate dressed in the most expensive Saks Fifth Avenue clothes.

I was determined to go on and carry out my idea of a thesis in my last year on the politics of India and Nigeria affecting the developments of customary laws in these two countries. In the last semester everyone was getting yeses from Harvard and Yale, and I was not getting anything. I was determined that my place was not going to be on that continent where I was. My place had to be on another continent abroad. I applied abroad and was very glad when they said yes. It was also at the time Martin Luther King was shot, and a scholarship fund was established for people by Mrs. H. Huller for students interested in Europe. The college gave me the scholarship as a Maguire fellow. I remember being furious, thinking that it was simply a question of luck, like the fact that I was not born in the open field across from our house in New Delhi. All seemed to come full circle. The first day at Vassar at the reception I did not feel accepted for what I was, and on the last day, I thought I got a scholarship not because of what I was or because of my ideas, but simply because of people being more powerful than I. I thought out a play in my head that I was going to write on the conflict that arises between conscience and luck, luck and feelings, between the powerful and the powerlessness. With hindsight I can say that I was awarded the fellowship out of gratitude of my contributions, a recognition of my wideness of vision for the world and confidence in my ability I repaid that confidence in full.

In my senior year, I was privileged to use the law library at Columbia University. There I was in seventh heaven. There were many documents on Nigeria and India. I was even allowed to take the last train from Grand Central Station back to Poughkeepsie. It was quite a feat to go through a dark part of Grand Central in NYC at midnight to get the last train back to Poughkeepsie, and I walked brusquely. I was very satisfied.

I was also given, as a member of the foreign students, tickets to go to the Metropolitan Opera. That time one saw first-class opera. I was allowed to sit in a box that belonged to one of the well-known New York families. Not that it was terribly important to associate with people who are well-known, having already consorted with personalities like Prince Philip as we were part of the diplomatic corp when the Queen came to India. We were sitting on the second row as she passed by the first line of dignitaries. And I heard her say, "Its been terribly hot here " Or the chance to get an autograph from Marion Anderson, as she dined in the Ashoka Hotel, when we went from Bhopal to New Delhi for an annual conference. Or asking Prime Minister Nehru for his autograph and to get a hug from him for asking. Or knowing that he was prepared to take our tiger, Kathy, and sent his personal representative to us at the hotel where we were staying.

It was the fascinating world of wealth and power which I found interesting, but was not fully aware of its impact. I was also too busy trying to practice the piano in the last two years. One passed the Shakespeare Garden over a bridge to go to a castle that was the music hall. And there in sound-proof rooms one could practice for hours. That was a wonderful outlet for me. In my third year I gave a real concert in the music hall. Professor Groves, my music teacher, was a six footer, but gentle. He recognized some talents. The real attraction I had for music lay in the study of harmony. But one concert I

particularly enjoyed, Professor Groves had me shaking my hands to warm myself up back-stage. I started playing Beethoven's "C minor." I began with the wrong chords. I said, "Oh," and excused myself to the audience very politely. I began it again properly and was able to go through perfectly. After the concert Mr. Groves congratulated me. He warned, however, "Never, never begin a concert with an apology. You make a mistake and you must simply cover up and go on." Sagittarian honesty was simply too much.

One last experience I had on the judicial committee I shall hardly forget. I happened in the summer semester to visit Claudia in her room. She belonged to the well-known New York family, Ginghams. She was a tall, red-haired young woman. She offered me a drink from a bottle of red wine. It was not allowed to drink alcohol in the college dormitories. Somehow, I could not bring myself to close my eyes to it. I said I was going to report it. We had a long discussion about it. She feared she'd not be able to transfer to Chicago University because of the violation of rules. Several years later at a reunion I met her. We immediately took to each other. She was dressed in tight white Indian pants with a turban on her head. It seemed she had gone through a very tough time in France after she left Vassar and Chicago. She almost lost her first child because her husband was unconscious with LSD in France. Her mother found for her then a Sikh guru's community. It was quite ironic after all these years. She had become a vegetarian and drank no alcohol. I was the only one who showed up at six A.M., at which time she was to give some yoga lessons. I do not think I ever had such a good work out. She had forgotten about the incident with the wine bottle.

In the last year the student revolts began to reach even Vassar. I began to see more clearly. Some of the students who wanted liberalization of the rules had simply had a sit-in and the administration was prepared to give in. Most of us in the student government had been involved in a long process of negotiating changes. The administration always had reasons why liberalization was not proper at that particular time. They were responsible for the young women, and were the guardians, substitutes for parents. Suddenly with the sit-ins all of these arguments were thrown out the window, and the people in the administration gave in. That made me furious. Our position in the student government had been negotiate to compromise, if needed, and we were made now to look silly. All arguments of logic and reasons were simply not strong enough against all the emotional arguments and force of the sit-in. It was a hard lesson and remains a hard lesson.

Anita's Says — New York was America America was New York — New York City. I might have been an Ellis Islander. My first long-term residence in the U. S. in memory was occasioned by my matriculation at college in Poughkeepsie, New York, just two hours up the Hudson River from the Big Apple. For the better part of the college community, NYC was the place to be if you were where "it" was at. What I had learned of American urban areas in my reading and education led me to imagine that NYC represented the American prototype, the real America, the measure of America. Since I had read Jane Jacobs and Louis Mumford late in high school, I had been won over to the virtues of American city living. What was more hip or American than this hub of the globe? More American than bagels and lox and cream cheese? More American than

schlepping around and flavoring the chutzpah of its emboldened, brazen, obnoxious, candid, risky street life? “Lwoonng Aaiyland” was really the only correct way to refer to that island. Yes, of course, the diversity of nationality was certainly integral to the character of the city, but I did not really connect foods and language to any of the older, embedded, ethnic traditions except to being American. And, of course, New York had real seasons, another typical trait of temperate-climed America. I did not figure Florida or California in this equation.

New York embodied the power, excitement, and intensity of a golden land that captured the world’s imagination, or so I thought. Yet, my perception had been fed by the nostalgia of veteran U.S. citizens abroad and the dreams of starry-eyed, indigenous nationals. Adult Americans reduced all that was good and efficient into the word “home,” and many of the world’s citizens envisioned their salvation in things American — American aid, American education, American democracy — rich, generous, free America. We were a kind of Dorothy temporarily released from our moorings in Kansas. But inevitably, as American youth, we were destined for home. The African and Indian youths clamoring for scholarships to American schools also hoped to reach that destiny and take a piece to create a better home for themselves. Yet I could also easily respond to the international sense of New York City.

I believe most of the Jones offspring took for granted their return to U.S. for higher education. Practically all our formal education was oriented to prepare for this final debut into this place home; really an image we had partly conjured as a reality. In college, a professor or student might gush, Oh, how exciting and intriguing your life has been!” Yet I found no particular cause to be the object of marvel, envy, or curiosity. I had arrived in the U.S — that was what was really exciting — not a life I had taken for granted.

Just as we abroad had conjured our own stereotypes of the promised land, I had to deal with stale American perceptions of nations abroad as well as Americans abroad. I was expected to be the expert on international espionage or at least on CIA maneuvering, as well as to have the last say in African cultural practices. They did not want to be bored by my denials that my father had no CIA connection or that I was no more the expert scholar on African, Indian, or Spanish culture than they were on the American culture in which they had spent all their lives. They did not want to hear that I had lived fairly comfortably in a modern urban environment; that I went to church where Africans practiced Christianity and not ancestral worship; that I went to a school where Africans studied English and Western-style curriculum, and not circumcision rites. I did not so much mind disappointing them as having my personal life subjected to intrusive, uninformed or thoughtless scrutiny. Once a young Nigerian male student bore the brunt of their gentle but apparent censure when he couldn’t deliver the names of African women’s fashions.

They had not appreciated that an African male might not take interest in or have the opportunity to learn about women’s wardrobes any more than an American male would bother to know the difference between a shift or a tent dress. Furthermore, an African student eligible for the opportunity to study abroad certainly could not have spent all his or her life in an insular traditional experience. Sorting through the reality of the change and diversity of Africa and one’s expectations based on personal needs for a salvation, must have presented quite a challenge for the young, black American student.

Yet I was fairly tolerant. Life was a learning process. Students did not always take a lesson, however, from this attitude. One classmate who decided to spend an academic

term in an European country found herself in a similar position, but could not appreciate the parallel, as she exploded over what she considered ignorant questions posed by others. Tit was not always for tat.

Significantly, the nature of the times shaped the character of my interactions. Academic campuses, especially, churned with social ferment. For the black student population in particular, alignments with Africa became a major focus of political movements. We were lost sheep in search of our home, lost to our brothers and sisters in the greener pastures of a continent from whence came our identity and strength. Yet sorting through the reality of the changes and the diversity of Africa and students' expectation based on personal needs for a salvation presented the challenge of the times. I had to work through coming to terms with this ironic twist of fate to understand their point of view, however misinformed on Africa I felt they were. Being African did not imply any strong radical, ideological conviction for me. I did not see "schizophrenia" in wearing my so-called dashiki with long hair anymore than I saw through the contradiction in student's critics who insisted that cropped hair turned them into Africans, yet they spoke only English and maintained basic western lifestyles. I stubbornly rejected the false symbols of Africanness.

The pressure to conform, however, was incredibly intense, forcing some students no doubt into insincere postures. Frequently, I pondered before I leaped or, as a consequence, did not leap I could be burned for this hesitation by the disapproval of my peers. At times

I squirmed under extreme duress as if a gun was being held to my head, but held my ground. Sometimes I seemed to touch deeply buried disguised insecurities in white liberal as well as militant black thought, but did not understand the point. Similarly, my points may not have penetrated their understanding. Basically I did not labor under the need to prove myself or my racial worth.

For an example, the first day of a class in political philosophy became the arena for staging a number of issues of the day as well as my personal predicaments. After some discussion, all of the other black students filed out in a dramatic exit after denouncing and dismissing the class as socially irrelevant. I was left to listen to a discussion of white liberals arguing for the cause of civil liberties for black people because studies had demonstrated (or had not successfully tested for the contrary) that black people had proved their abilities if given a chance. I did not necessarily perceive a correlation between equality or intellectual worth (actually credit goes to my high school American history teacher and the Constitution). Black people's striving for legal rights was not connected to special accomplishment. Certainly all white people were not equal in ability or opportunity. Black people had a right to due process and fair treatment by virtue of being human beings — by just being people, I reasoned. A silence ensued. A woman I knew to be an activist-type snorted I felt like the ultimate heretic in the wilderness.

Later in the semester, the professor included the topic of Martin Luther King among his suggestions for research papers; I know for whose benefit the suggestion was extended. Black students were lumped into the Martin Luther King integrationist sympathizers, or Malcolm X separatists sympathizers. But I was interested in analyzing Marx instead. At the end of the semester some of the final exam questions concerned what Mills and Kant would have thought about the current issues like the Vietnam War.

I inevitably missed Africa, but how divergent the inspirations and motivations of my wistfulness and those of student colleagues! For America, the luster of America's allure,

the potential for an amalgamation of creative forces that would generate the Great Society seemed to wear thin. By my second year when I had my fill of America and decided to spend an academic year abroad in Kenya, I did not share the expectation of unconditional adulation from my continental brothers and sisters, but expected that friendship had to be earned. Home indeed was a mental construct, to be experienced anywhere anytime, not a specific geographical point where you imagined you could fit.

Estrellita's Talks About "Coming to America"

This could be called, "Except I was American, coming to America." But an American, of a sort. A signal of what I was to experience at college — nothing like I had experienced before — came in the mail to our home in Nairobi. A letter from my "Big Sister," courtesy of the Black Students Alliance (or was it union?), welcoming me to Smith and addressing me as "sister." This was the BSA's "black" version of Smith College's long-standing tradition of upperclassmen (I don't think they were upperclassmen in those days) being assigned to a freshman, guiding the new comers, helping them to adjust.

This interpretation of "sister" I had not known before, and I immediately resented being addressed that way; I knew it implied being inducted into a black sisterhood, a membership I was not given the choice to accept or reject, much to my irritation. The implied separation along ethnic/racial lines was also an anathema to our upbringing, i.e., that racial integration was the key to good living.

But that letter of introduction was only the start of my experience in the U.S. during that era over which I felt I had little control. As a black student in some ways, I felt compelled to hang with the black students socially, to the almost entire exclusions of whites. The social lines were drawn and I sensed — or chose to sense — that most students (black and white) were too intimidated to cross these lines, me included. I am sure for most of the whites who for the most part had grown up never socializing with blacks, the social code was easy to accept.

My adjustment was not as traumatic as it may appear at first glance. I was touched by the warmth in which the black students welcomed me; I'll never know if the white students would have been the same. I was in need of belonging and conforming to something, and I had latched on quickly. But the lack of appreciation of the diversity among the black students troubled me. My own background was unique by both white and black standards, and it did not seem to fit anywhere in this starkly drawn pattern. In my college years, I never determined conclusively where I fit in.

In my freshman year, I wrote my parents in Nairobi, telling them my experience and background were different from many of the black students, (I did not refer to white students at the time), and therefore my terms of reference would be different. Implicitly my message was that I would have to carve out my own path at Smith College. I never did so, for lack of trying. In retrospect, I think it led to an underlying restlessness throughout much of my college years.

For all their interest in Africa, there was no genuine curiosity from the black students

about my experience on the continent. They rarely, if ever, asked, and I did not offer.

Africa was a tool to pursue a political agenda in the U. S.; not a real interest in the history and culture for its own sake. I am speaking generally. Of course there were exceptions.

Loretta Jr. Speaks Out

I had grown up overseas pretty much all my life. I was born overseas and had lived all over with my family. When I heard that I had to go to school in the States, on one hand I wanted to go; and on the other hand, I didn't want to leave Nairobi. I had come to think of Nairobi as my home so when I found out that my father was being transferred to the U.S., and that I would have to come to the States to live as a final destination of coming home, I didn't want to come home. This was a little traumatic for me. I remember my mother saying, "We have to go home sometime, this isn't your home." I said, "Of course it is. This is where I have lived all my life." I guess because my mother had lived in the States, she always thought of that as home. But I never did. Then I thought maybe, even though they say we have to come home, because my father is being transferred, maybe it won't happen. I sort of held on to that thought.

So it was determined that I was going to go to Northfield Mount Herman School, Northfield, Massachusetts, which was the school that took a lot of international students. I guess my parents thought they should put me there because they thought I would adjust better to life in the U.S. It was a boarding school and at the time I was coming back I would be in the tenth grade and my parents were not going to be in Washington D.C. yet, and I would have to be at a place where I could board as opposed to a day school. My friends, the Lindstrom twins, were also going to the same school. We all decided that we would travel together. This was the first time I had traveled alone on a plane. I had always been with my family. That was really exciting and I remember the Lindstrom twins had navy suits with white blouses, jackets, and pants. My mother, thinking that we should all look alike. Which was fine except that the white blouse was polyester and I hated polyester, but she insisted that I wear it. Actually later, on the plane when the stewardess spilled orange juice on the shirt, it turned out to be quite a good shirt because the orange juice came out. But the stewardess was very nice, in fact all the stewardesses were very nice. We got on the plane and stopped in Brussels. So my first memory of coming to the States was that it was cold. I was here for the school year and I was going to be a senior at Northfield Mount Herman and I had turned fourteen that past summer.

When we got to the airport there were two families that were sponsoring us international children from overseas. The Lindstrom twins went with their family and there I was alone in the airport. I was a bit wide-eyed but not really afraid, but curious and waiting for my family, when this guy came up and said, "Are you Loretta Jones?" I guess he had my picture, but I couldn't figure how he knew me. He was about my age, sixteen or so.

I said, "Yes."

He introduced himself, but I don't remember his name. He said, "I'm going to take you to

school.” I was a bit flabbergasted. It was the first time I had thought of getting in a car with someone my age driving. This was too much for my little brain to handle. Heretofore, I had only been in a car with an adult driving overseas. I think the age limit in Nairobi was age eighteen or twenty-one, I can’t remember I didn’t want to go. I told him I was not going to go. He said it was the only way I guess he thought I was crazy, frankly. I got in the car and it was night. Even though I was tired, I immediately became awake, because I was so nervous. We got in the car and we drove on the right side, which was perturbing, but not as much as with this guy driving. I think I was staring at him and not saying a word and thinking, am I going to die in this car or what? But we made it and it was fine and I got to Northfield.

Actually Northfield was much better than I thought, because it was a school in western Massachusetts and very far out in the mountains with a lot of green around me, pretty much what I was used to in Nairobi. It was colder and obviously we didn’t have the animals around. We didn’t have the dogs or the monkeys around that I used to give bananas, but there was lots of land, so I thought this could be okay. I moved my stuff in. Basically I had all my things from Nairobi, short-sleeved shirts, jeans and that kind of stuff. So I moved into this room with a girl who was a junior. Even though she was only one grade ahead of me, she was three years older. She was seventeen. I thought, Wow! She is really old and mature. One of her first reactions was, Wow! You speak English so well. I thought, why shouldn’t I? That became more and more a common comment by people as they met me when they found that I had come from Africa. That was another thing that kind of pissed me off, they never said you come from Kenya or you lived in Nairobi. They always said you come from Africa, like it was one big huge country without any divisions. They thought it was amazing that I spoke English so well I never took offense to that, I just laughed and thought it a little bit odd. The other things people were enthralled about was when I told stories about the animals, monkeys, baboons and stuff, that my father used to go hunting. But I think I was fostering their stereotype of what they thought Africa was, being one big black place without any divisions, but I was simply telling them of what I had done as a child.

Then winter came and I didn’t have any winter clothes. My mother use to send me \$50.00 a month allowance and that was not enough to buy me any clothes. I borrowed \$100.00 from the dorm parents and I went to Brattleboro, Vermont, which was really a two-horse town, but since I was in the boonies of western Massachusetts, it seemed like a booming metropolis. I went to the army and navy store and bought my winter outfit, which consisted of three flannel shirts, a couple pairs of corduroys, some heavy socks, some overalls, striped overalls, and a couple pieces of underwear, I was all outfitted for the season. I pretty much lived in overalls, and everybody looked at me and wondered why I didn’t change my clothes. I survived the first winter and took until spring to get kind of adjusted I went home at Christmas.

My friends always got packages from home, but I never got any, my parents being in Kenya. I did get some small packages from my sister Carol, then at Smith College. I wanted badly to get care packages, but never got them. My friends lived close to the school had their parents come and take their laundry home over the weekend and bring it

back. I thought that was so cool. I could never do that. When I went home for Christmas, I'll never forget, I had two suitcases, and one suitcase was filled with dirty clothes. I decided this was great, I was doing what my friends were doing. Of course when I got there, my father said, "I can't believe you dragged that dirty suitcase of clothes 5000 miles across the world." It really didn't occur to me that I was doing that. I thought I was doing whatever my friends did, and I wanted to fit in.

The other thing took me a long time to get used to was the kids swearing. I had never grown up in an environment where anybody swore. My parents never swore, my teachers never swore, but these people were swearing all over the place. When I first heard it, it used to pain me to hear them say, "shit" all the time. I used to look away when I heard it. Then I said if this is the way the States are, this is terribly disgusting, these people have no respect for anybody. So now I have a mouth like everyone else. As the saying goes, "For better or for worse, you become like those around you." I remember that was the big thing for me to adjust to, a lot of people swearing.

I adjusted pretty well, but I think I missed the lifestyle and attitudes that I had grown up with in Kenya. It was totally different as far as people being friendly to you. I remember when we were in Kenya we had that big car and we were like BMOC (Big man on campus). All the street children would run around and touch the car and would be amazed about the biggest car in Nairobi. We felt kind of important. When I came to the States, I really didn't feel important, but I felt different. But after a while people started listening to my stories and I began to feel more important, because I realized that I had had a much different upbringing than they had. When people kept saying, you speak English so well, I thought, what is the big deal, didn't everybody grow up like this? But as I talked to more people, there were ones who had never left their hometown. Going away to Northfield was the first time they had left home. For me it was not a big deal. They were going through being separated from their family. I was going through the problem of being separated from my home, which was not necessarily from my family, but Nairobi. But maybe I was kind of important, and other people seemed to think so when I told them my childhood stories. It was all very strange and wonderful .

I think the reason I adapted well was because I was adopted by this family. My friend, Cheryl Hemingway, lived in Connecticut and they kind of adopted me and took me under their wing, and that was pretty good. High school turned out pretty good, but I still missed Kenya. I ran track and became a track star, and that was fun.

My next great impression related race, but that didn't happen until I was in college. When I was at Northfield there weren't many black students there, but lots of foreign students, especially Asians and Saudi Arabians. Race was never an issue, and living overseas, my parents had never stressed race. We were just American and that was kind of all that I thought we were. When I went to Brown University, most of my friends were white, just as they were at Northfield. The black community at Brown thought I was uppity or snobbish because I didn't socialize with them very much. This made me a bit uncomfortable. I felt I had to be a part of the community because I was black, even if I didn't like them or anything. That made me a bit uncomfortable and I felt a bit pressured

to conform. One time this guy, whom I didn't even know, came up to me and said, that other black students thought I was a snob. I was kind of taken back and felt bad, then afterwards I got mad. They don't even know me, how dare they call me a snob! This was my first introduction as to how racism plays such a big part in the American society. That was kind of a shock. Not that I hadn't been aware of it, but it had never touched home like that. But since I have been living here as an adult, I have decided that there is no place or country, I believe, that is so pre-occupied with race as the United States. It is very interesting. People's reactions to me, because I don't look like the typical black. A lot of people think I am Spanish, some think I am Jewish, due to my curly hair and olive skin. So it is interesting to see people's faces when other people tell them I am black or when I tell them I am black.

When I came here so young, I think I went with the flow. Besides the fact that I missed Kenya, I didn't have much culture shock beyond that. I was pretty adaptable and that wasn't too bad. Now as I grow older and travel overseas, I still have culture shock when I come back to the States. I went on a trip to Japan and Hong Kong last year and when I came back to the States I thought, what ignorant Americans. They are totally unaware of the world except how America plays into it. As I was overseas, the news, for example in Japan, was world news; they talked about the things happening in the world. I became more of the world than when in the States. In the States they think the center of the world is America. All you hear about is what is happening in America. You don't necessarily hear about what is happening in other countries in the world. I think Americans are egocentric in that regard. Other observations from my friends and myself are that sometimes I am out of touch with what is happening in America, like when my friends talk about what they used to watch when they grew up on TV or common American icons, I had no idea what they were talking about and I always asked them and they always look at me and said, "Oh yes, you didn't grow up here." So sometimes I feel like I am in that book, *Stranger In A Strange Land*. I am an American, but only a kind of an American on the surface I look like one, I sound like one, so I must be one. Maybe I'm not really I don't know much about American history. But I think I know more about what is happening in other countries, and more interested in what is happening in other countries than what is happening in the States. So, I never had this notion that America was my home actually I always thought that overseas was my home and this was a place like we came on vacation when we came on home leave. We came here three months every two years. This was the place we came to, where we had grapefruit and brought lots of clothes. It was kind of like a pit stop or a resting stop. It was never like home. But obviously that is not the case, because it is home.

One of the things I liked most when we came to the States was all the TV I could watch and all the different food we could eat in the States that we were not allowed to eat in Kenya. We could have those wonderfully chocolate covered peanuts from Sears. My favorite, Dad used to buy them all the time and I would just gobble them up. And every time, I remember, always when I came here on home leave, I would put on fifteen or twenty pounds. Then I would go back to Nairobi and become scrawny just like that. My mother used to say they put all kinds of vitamin stuff in the stateside food here that they didn't put in there. The other thing I didn't like about the States was that my mother

always made us take cod liver oil and I always thought we should take that only in Kenya because there were always diseases there but not in the States. The best thing was watching TV. We never even watched it in Nairobi because everything was in Swahili. We never even had a TV in Nairobi. So when we came here we got to watch all kinds of TV. I would watch TV day and night, staying up late into the night. That's about the only thing I missed. That's why I watch so much TV as an adult, because I was deprived of it as a child. Mother and I used to argue all the time about what TV shows I could and couldn't watch. But she used to go to sleep and I watched them all. One occasion I shall never forget, I had done something bad when we were in the house in Nashville. She said I couldn't watch TV. The TV was in the kitchen and it was reflected off a window. So I came downstairs to watch it off the window. It was a comedy, so I started laughing and she heard me, so she turned around and I got in trouble. TV is an American icon for me.

When I went to Northfield, I remember many of the kids had to make adjustments to academic problems and partying. I didn't have that problem per se. I had gone through first to seventh grade at a British school and the education was pretty rigorous. We memorized a lot and I grew up with my education of lots of memory. It was rigorous and disciplined. In the eighth grade I did Calvert correspondence with my mother. That actually was a breeze for me because I was able to cut corners, leave work and classes early and say I had finished and that kind of stuff. In the ninth grade I got put in a Mennonite school. It was pretty much an American school, so a lot of my adjustments to American schools happened there. But again the Mennonite school was very good and pretty strict. My parents didn't want me to go to the American school in Nairobi because that wasn't very good. The Mennonite school was good. So when I got to Northfield it seemed to be a breeze for me. My friends had a hard time adjusting to being independent and on their own but it wasn't as big a jolt to me. I could handle the free time since I wasn't at home all the time and had to be a little more responsible in the boarding school. So that turned out to be to my benefit. Again the same thing happened to me at Brown because for a lot of students it was the first time they had been on their own and they had a hard time adjusting and trying to discipline themselves. I already knew how to do that, so it put me into a better position. I think I liked the American education system more because I was encouraged to ask questions, and to think more. In the British system we used to memorize. I remember French in Northfield was a total cinch, because it was basically memorization. I memorized all the verbs, conjugated them and that sort of stuff. A lot of the people in my class had a hard time with that.

Another thing I liked was being on my own away from my parents and my family. It made me feel very good and independent like I could do anything and take care of myself. That was pretty good too. That was a good social skill of social development, personal development, to be left alone or sent away so early. I think now after having that life, though, I probably wouldn't send my child to boarding school, because our school was from ninth grade to twentieth grade. I wouldn't send my child away to boarding school in the ninth grade, but rather the tenth grade, because four years in a boarding school, I think, is too much and the child is too young. I think three years is just the right amount of time. When you are a junior the two years is a little bit short, but it is doable.

The other thing I wish to say relates to a streaking incident at Northfield in which I took part. There is something similar in this experience to what I encountered at Brown about race. This was in the seventies and streaking was the in-thing. A group of girls and I decided we would go streaking through the dormitory and we were going to do it at dinnertime. This was the only time that boys were allowed in the dining room. There was six or seven of us I don't remember who the leader was, but we basically put stockings over our heads so that we would not be recognized and then just streaked around. It never occurred to me I could be recognized until I complained to someone that it was uneventful and we didn't get into trouble or anything. We streaked around the dorm with everybody laughing. It never occurred to me that anyone would ever know who I was. I was telling this to someone and she said, "Weren't you afraid of being caught?"

I said "Why? We had our faces covered."

She said, "You got six white bodies and your brown body and you don't think they'll recognize who you are?"

I said, "I had not given it a second thought." I didn't know if that meant that I took it for granted that we were all the same or if I took it for granted that I would be recognized as white or whatever, but it never occurred to me at the time I agreed to go streaking. And again I think that goes back to having been brought up in a non-racial environment where we really did not talk about whether we were black or white. We were just Americans, and that's just what we were and we represented America overseas. I remember a lot of Peace Corps types would come over to our house in Nairobi and we would talk about "blac" power and black this and that and I really didn't pay any attention to them because it was something that never was talked about in my family. We were just Americans and race never came into it. The streaking incident just revealed that I thought no one looked at color. As I remember someone saying when we were preparing to streak, are we really going to get into trouble? Someone said no, who is going to recognize us with stockings over our heads. Maybe it was me who said, who is going to recognize us, of course not thinking.

Another adjustment I had to make actually wasn't from Nairobi to the States, but within the States when I went to college Northfield was such a boonie little town, and the closest town was actually a one-horse town half an hour away. Brown is on the hill in Providence, a little above Providence city. Anita took me there and I remember walking around and saying "Wow, this is great! This is a real city." I couldn't believe I was going to college in a real city. This was really another adjustment, and was pretty interesting and I was very excited. I thought this is big time. Actually, Providence is pretty much of a nothing town, but after coming from Northfield, I was just thrilled to death. This was the greatest thing, so many things to do, so many things to see. We even had a Greek restaurant where we could go and have gyros and eat Greek food. It was one of my favorite places that I frequented on a regular basis. And I think I remember feeling even more of a sense of freedom in college, probably because there was more to do than at Northfield. Even though I had been out on my own for a while, this was real freedom, probably because I was older as well.

The other thing that struck me when I came to the States was the kids with all their drinking and smoking. I never got into the in-crowd, but had a few friends and we had a very close-knit friendship. We never strayed from that. I remember one of my friends in my small circle decided that she was going to try smoking to be more in the in-crowd. For a little while at Northfield for a month or so I smoked cigarettes, that was the in-thing. Actually, I didn't inhale, like President Clinton says. They didn't even taste very good, but just having a cigarette in your hands was very cool. That was a little bit of an adjustment. A lot of people drank at Northfield, but I never got into this drinking thing. I remember at one time during my sophomore year I came up on some girls having a little party. They said they were having some orange juice and I said great, I'll have some of that. It was spiked but I didn't know it. I started drinking it and it was spiked with vodka and tasted terrible and they all started laughing when I spit it out and started crying like a baby and blubbering. Then they all got mad with me and accused me of being a wimp because I wouldn't drink this alcohol. Now, as I think about it, I can't even figure why I started crying, whether it was because they were laughing at me or the shock of drinking alcohol. I always thought I was hyper enough and crazy enough being sober let alone going off the deep end by having alcohol. So at any rate through my high school and college years, I was pretty straight but not to the point that I developed a reputation of being a nerd.

I think the most valuable thing that living overseas did was to make me thoroughly open minded. I think I am one of the most open minded people that I know, and my friend Brian also thinks that I am one of the most open minded people he knows. Part of it is living overseas in a different environment and part of it is the way my parents raised me. But I am not necessarily sure you can be raised in the States all your life and be that open-minded, because I don't think the society lets you, even though they say they like creativity and American ingenuity and that sort of stuff. I think they put constraints around you. I think there is lots of stereotyping in this country. Even foreigners and people that I know at Lotus today as an adult constantly tell me that the States is the most racist place they have been in, not that the people are openly or advertently racist, but people are preoccupied with what you are and how you behave. Americans need to define you first and that is finally to put you into some kind of category. I think in some ways people have a hard time trying to figure out what I am or who I am and what my background is. So I think I puzzle quite a few people, which actually is good. It's kind of good to puzzle them because they are always kind of on their toes around you. So one of the better things of growing up overseas is that you are definitely more accepting and more open-minded. I think I am more open minded than most Americans I know.

Aftermath

In January 1977, our twenty-one years of continuous overseas service ended when we were transferred from Nairobi, Kenya, to AID/Washington. Our fifteen days home leave in Nashville was spent mostly making arrangements to move our household north to Washington. Once in D.C., Loretta and I stayed at Columbia Plaza apartments, a block from the AID office, and began house hunting. The twins already lived on 15th Street

N.W. Estrellita was on the staff of Congressman Don Fraser (D-Minn), and Anita worked at the African Museum. In May they made room for Carlotta, who had finished her third year at Vassar. Loretta Jr. stayed with us for the summer, sewing and making garments for herself and older sisters. She had one year of high school left and we tried to persuade her to forego the boarding school she had been attending when we were in Kenya in favor of a girls school one block from our residence. After I had explained the advantages, including the big cost difference, she looked me straight in the eye and said, "Daddy {I you want to save me, let me go back to Massachusetts; I need more time to overcome my fear of walking the streets here in Washington." We had not realized that the daily news reports on crime, especially against women, had affected her so deeply. She returned to Northfield's Mount Herman at the summer's end, and Carlotta returned to Vassar. Carol was in a masters program in education at Smith in Massachusetts through the summer.

In August of 1977, we purchased a town house within walking distance of my office at Department of State. Because it was close to the Foggy Bottom Metro station, hospitals, shopping and other services, we decided to cut down on pollution by not owning an automobile. We have stayed with this choice for nineteen years, renting a car for excursions beyond the reach of public transportation.

I had been assigned to the Africa Bureau as an agricultural development officer for Eastern and Southern Africa. This was my initiation into the AID bureaucracy at headquarters. I had a good understanding of the organizational structure and procedures at the country level, making the transition relatively easy. But the paperwork demanded considerable overtime, including weekend hours at the office. Paperwork and a very rigorous agenda of meetings, after meetings, and post-post meetings, were time consuming. Woody Leake, head of the agriculture office, was planning to retire, and Harold Kugler, his deputy, was soon to end his career with AID. They both hoped and expected that I would become the chief agriculture officer for the Africa Bureau. But I was a bit naive concerning the politics involved, trusting the system, to promote me, if warranted, as it had done over the years in the field. I was soon to realize that my attitude was one of childish simplicity. After all, no one knew me, the newcomer, who had only field experience and no solid bureaucratic contacts. I had no one to run interference or to carry my case to the decision makers, since both of the people who showed confidence in me were busy arranging their departures. I lost.

The position went to William (Bill) Johnson, for whom I had substituted in Swaziland, just prior to being assigned to AID/W. A somewhat unorthodox lobbying effort on his behalf had succeeded in derailing my promotion. I called Woody Leake, who by this time had retired, and told him what had happened. He said, "I kind of thought they would beat you out of that position." I took my case to Mrs. Goler Butcher, head of the Africa Bureau, not to complain that someone else got the position, but about the key person who intervened and his methods. She reprimanded him. In the meantime, Bill Johnson came in and we worked together quite amicably to support the Africa Bureau's programs of agriculture development.

Underhanded methods can be very effective in a bureaucracy, when an individual or

individuals desire to further their purpose or career. Another example is the Egerton Collene project in Kenya, where I had been stationed for the previous eight years. The Kenya mission had submitted a project costing approximately thirty million dollars to expand the college and triple the number of graduates. I had raised some objections to the proposal prior to leaving Kenya, since I had been the project manager of a previous project designed to strengthen the same school. My objections were: the government lacked resources needed to absorb the tripled number of graduates; the current rate of growth of the school was in equilibrium with the agriculture sector growth; the increased exchange rate of faculty/expatriate could adversely affect a Kenyan faculty performance; and training quality. Although I had become the backstop officer for East and Southern Africa, I was not invited to the project review meetings. I later found out that the program officer from Kenya who was seeking approval of the project had alerted some key Africa Bureau Personnel in Washington, not to invite me. She wanted no opposition and warned that my attendance would bring "sour grapes." The same went for Roy Hoffarth, who had recently returned from eleven years in Kenya. That the two of us were not included was an example of a tendency of top officers in the agency to undervalue its technical personnel, particularly its agriculturists. Program officers carried the ball for country programs, often ignoring the technical aspect of economic development. This was either a neocolonialist attitude born out of lack of knowledge, or a strong determination to push personal advantage, and/or the agency's unannounced interests.

The first year passed with me being held pretty close to the desk. On occasional trips within U.S., I attended seminars and workshops at institutions that pursued agricultural development interests. My liberal attitudes about women in development got me several invitations to attend their meetings on the subject in Washington and Arizona. Two trips were made to Utah State University, at Logan, to their Range Development Program, which was involved in a number of African development projects. I visited Auburn University in Auburn, Alabama, to keep abreast of the latest research and recommendations in aquaculture for developing situations, and to be updated on their overseas project involvement.

In April 1978, I was sent to Lesotho to settle some differences between government officials and project staff from Washington State university. The university dean of agriculture, one of his staff, and I flew to Johannesburg and connected with a flight to Bloemfontein, a quiet conservative town where we spent the night in a hotel for whites only. The race issue I thought might surface, and if so, I wondered what they would do with me, in spite of having been taken for white on a previous visit to the country.

In a rented car, we traveled the next day by road to Maseru, Lesotho, about seventy miles away. Once there we learned that two visiting U.S. officials apparently made some comments that left the Ministry of Agriculture with doubts about their sincerity in implementing an AID project. After some discussion and seeing that the university had sent the dean of agriculture and one other top official to discuss the matter, the government felt much better. The visit went well. I was about to return home to attend Carlotta's graduation from Vassar. I was requested to spend ten days in Swaziland to assist that mission with a project proposal. After fulfilling this request, I got to the

graduation just in time. Carlotta then joined us in Washington to launch a career as a professional golfer, hoping eventually to join the Ladies Professional Golf Association. We encouraged and supported her in this goal.

In August of the same year, I flew to Nigeria to discuss project activities and to visit and attend meetings at the International Institute of Tropical Agriculture (IITA), an international agricultural research station located in Ibadan. Research of farm implement design and utilization under tropical conditions was one of my keen interests at the center. Much of my time between group sessions was spent exchanging ideas and experiences from Indian days with the director.

In early 1979, another trip to Africa took me to Kenya, Malawi, and Sudan. In Kenya I participated in aquiculture project discussions, offering historical perspectives and tidbits of advice of working with Kenyans. Several projects sights were visited. I assisted with the evaluation on control of vertebrate pests in Sudan. But the central focus of the trip was to help with the evaluation of the AID assisted Bunda Collage, Malawi. The project objectives were to: expand the physical plant, provide commodities, strengthen the faculty through the provision of U.S professors, and training for Malawians in U.S. institutions. We found that the project had done a commendable job. The Malawians appreciated it and were offering good support. The replacement of expatriates by the counterparts was on schedule.

I had the privilege to learn first hand about Malawi's President Dr. Hasting Kamazu Banda. I observed him on a crop inspection tour, accompanied by some officials and over a hundred colorfully dressed women dancers who helped to make every stop a gala occasion. Much of his talk was designed to encourage diligent, hardworking farmers. By careful development of its agricultural resources. Malawi had been able to feed itself and export produce to foreign markets Tea, cotton, and tobacco were plantation grown. No significant mineral deposits had been discovered, which means the country would likely remain largely rural and agricultural, without an industrial society's pressures and problems. With its rolling plateaus, its mountains, lakes and valleys, and its equatorial climate, Malawi has the most beautiful scenery on the African continent.

I ran into a Britisher who had worked in agriculture in Malawi more than twenty years. He had experienced a number of encounters with the president about agriculture development, and indicated that few people ever questioned his judgement on any matter. President Banda would ask if a particular crop was being grown in the country. If the answer was no, the president would say, "We are now," and that was that. He thought Mr. Sanda had the most fantastic memory of anyone he had known, because the president would remind development officials of what was said a year earlier, word for word, and what progress had been expected. The president had little time for those who did not have something substantive to report.

The return trip took me to Khartoum, Sudan, for several days to participate in a Project evaluation. My recall of the details is a bit dim, but the assessment of the project measures taken for quell bird control, the chief pest, along with locust were considered

not very effective. Things like: fake owls and hawks, timed explosions, loud recorded noises, drums and beating on tin cans only brought temporary relief, and soon the birds returned to continue their grain-destroying ways. It was recommended that efforts should be made to involve more donors in regional project to spray bigger areas across borders to control the migratory locust. For problems as old as Africa itself, modern technology did not yet have the answer.

In May 1979, I journeyed to Maseru, Lesotho, to serve as agriculture officer to the AID mission while the regular officer went on home leave. Previous trips had allowed me to establish and expand contacts with friends and government officials. Since I went alone, I did house-sitting for two AID persons who were on home leave, and did my own cooking and cleaning.

The Colorado State University team implementing an AID agriculture planning project, had created a near unworkable situation with the Ministry of Agriculture and were close to being asked to leave the country. The U.S. trained permanent secretary of the ministry and the Colorado team were at major odds about how agriculture planning for the country should be phased, and what key elements should get prioritized action. After an extended period of contacts, discussions, and persuasions of Lesotho officials, I was able to reinstate Colorado back into the good graces of their counterparts. The Colorado chief of party later wrote me a letter of thanks for my intervention.

Weekend golf, casinos, and bars provided recreational outlets for the three-month period. In addition to project supervision, I followed the same pattern I had at other posts, engaging much my spare time doing something useful to benefit the people. The two activities that were launched grew out of my observation of the rural populace trying to meet their basic needs.

The first idea came up when I asked farmers why they did not weed their corns. They explained that they grew the weeds for fuel. For many, dried plant fig residue was their only source of energy for cooking and heating, because wood was not available. They simply threw the material on the fire to burn freely, losing much of the heat to the air. I thought of compacting them so as to produce a slower burning. The dried material was chopped, mixed with some fresh cow dung and placed in a metal or plastic cylinder for compacting with a piece of wood similar to a pestle. The mass was then extracted and dried in the sun. The tighter material burned similar to charcoal, in heating cooking devices or in open fires, generating a more concentrated heat. Stalks of plant material were also tightly bound together, using a looped rope, then banded in place with half-inch strips cut from tin cans. They could then be cut into convenient lengths resembling small chunks of wood.

Activity number two grew out of my recycling instincts. Discarded beer cans were abundantly available. After any weekend, a half to a full truckload could be collected from local establishments. Large accumulations existed in trash dumps. I devised a method of cutting the cans and fitting them together like tile roofing. With a few nails and some tar or other waterproofing material, a very attractive and durable roof could be

built and painted the color of choice. Many people struggled to build or to maintain small houses, using a variety of roofing materials which soon deteriorated. When I discussed the idea with the permanent secretary of agriculture, he was a bit negative, saying that I would create a dependency on beer cans. I produced a neat, attractive section of a roof as a demonstration by stay in Lesotho was not enough time to sufficiently test or to promote either of the ideas. However, I spent time with the rural development officer just prior to my departure, discussing and demonstrating them. All of the materials and devices were left with him. He gave the impression that both were excellent ideas and deserved more research and promotion. Later in Washington at the World Bank, I discussed the idea of beer can roofs with a British professor from one of the universities in the South Africa homelands. He was enthusiastic and requested that I send him a sketch. I did, but never heard if either of the ideas reached the intended user.

CHAPTER SIX

Aftermath

Facing Retirement

Many older, foreign service officers were not prepared for the policy change which made retirement mandatory at age sixty. Apparently, a group of younger officers had gotten together to lobby congress after finding themselves up against a ceiling of senior officers blocking their chances for promotion. They got the attention of Cyrus Vance, then Secretary of State, and whatever other political backing they could muster, and successfully persuaded congress to pass the bill. I later saw the letter that was sent from Mr. Vance's office to congress. Essentially, the letter talked about the excessive stress to which foreign officers are subjected. It equated the foreign service to combat duty, claiming people lost their physical and mental capacity to perform well, at an earlier age than normal. I was convinced that in spite of the strain one can be subjected to when living overseas, it was no more stressful than working in Washington at the Department of State.

I was mandatorily retired on January 31, 1980. Several attempts were made by the Assistant Administrator for Africa, Mrs. Goler Butcher, to get my retirement age extended to sixty-five under the provisions of the foreign service bill that allowed extensions up to five years in certain needed job categories. The attempt was not successful. Neither was my personal letter to Peter McPherson, Administrator of AID requesting an extension. I also pleaded my case with the director of personnel, emphasizing the value of my field experience. The difference in my retirement pay and salary was only \$12,000 per annum, and each year that I stayed on would reduce the period I would receive retirement pay. Her comment was, "That's a nice gesture on your part, but the system is such that we cannot deal with your request." My retirement became effective on April 30, 1981, after I received two short-term extensions. During these periods, Dr. Cheryl Christensen, USDA, Dr. Vernon Johnson, AID, and I traveled through African countries: Senegal, Ivory Coast, Cameroons, Nigeria, Zambia and Tanzania to appraise the status of their food production. This was in conjunction with the U.S. Department of Agriculture and resulted in a extensive report : "Food Problems and Prospects in Africa."

There still weighed on us the costs of a college education for Loretta Jr, who was enrolled at Brown University, then among the most expensive schools in the country. Making a down payment and monthly mortgage for our newly acquired home in Washington and helping the girls get settled in jobs, had cleaned out most of our insurances, savings and certificates. Luckily, I was offered a job for two years with the International Agricultural Development Service (IADS), a part of the Rockefeller Foundation, which offered professional services of various kinds for agricultural development projects worldwide.

I then decided to become a consultant in agriculture education. This endeavor was the results of an idea I advanced with the AID Africa Bureau's Education and Human Resources Development Division; and the Agriculture Development Division, namely

that agriculture education should be the catalyst for the long-term solution to Africa's food crisis. To thrash out the idea and to get input from Africans, a workshop was planned. Dr. Cynthia S. Perry, head of the Human Resources Division, took the lead, but encountered some resistance from the agriculture division. As a consultant to the Human Resources Division and a retiree from the Agriculture Division, I took on a mediator's role. I asked the head of the Agriculture Division what was causing the resistance and why they were giving the impression of dragging their feet. His response was: "The head of the Human Resources Division is black, a female, and a political appointee."

Angrily I responded, "Come off of it, we agriculturists must not harbor such narrow, prejudiced attitudes. These are serious efforts to turn around the colonialist system of education in Africa, and which could have longer-term implications for solving the longer-term food problems on the continent. Isn't that what most of our agricultural assistance to Africa is all about?"

He looked down on the table and said, "You're right, that was small of me. We'll be with you from now on."

My efforts resulted in a five-day workshop involving both agriculturists and educators, hosted by the Cameroon AID Mission and the Ministry of Agriculture of the United Republic of Cameroon, in Yaounde, July 23-27, 1984. Over 100 participants attended, including representatives from twenty-two U.S. universities and officials from the ministries of agriculture and education from twenty African nations, FAO, and World Bank. The theme was "Agriculture Education: A catalyst for African development." The objectives were to provide an opportunity for the exchange of ideas among African and American agricultural educators.

The workshop focused on five major areas: (1) the inclusion of agricultural content in the general education curriculum at the primary level; (2) vocational and technical agriculture at the secondary and post-secondary level; (3) women in agricultural education; (4) higher education in agriculture; and (5) extension and non-formal agricultural education.

The similarities between the concerns of the African agricultural educators and their counterparts in the United States were numerous. Inequities in food pricing, lack of support mechanisms for rural families, policies which deny a fair return on investment to farmers, and the need to attract young people to agriculture as a profession were problems of importance raised throughout the workshop. While the concerns are similar, the degree of urgency is very different. As Dr. Solomon For Gwei, vice Minister of Agriculture of Cameroons, said in his opening remarks to the workshop participants: The food question... Is the number one problem facing Africa today. It is a Problem which we must solve urgently in order to save the lives of millions of our sons and daughters. Hunger, malnutrition and consequent diseases stare us straight in the face. Food, food, food, is the outcry in many corners of the continent. Food importation and gifts of food by benevolent organizations are only temporary relief measures. Food self-sufficiency is the answer. The means to this end is agricultural development and there can

be no real and effective agricultural development ... except through agricultural education. (For Gwei, 1984)

While Participants at the workshop were cautious to avoid presenting agricultural education as a panacea, they did see it as an essential element to any long term solution to Africa's food problems. The conclusions stemming from each of the five areas discussed helped to define that element. Additionally, the conclusions were formulated within the context of the following generalizations:

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Interdisciplinary, integrative approaches to agricultural education are essential. Thus, the overall understanding of agriculture must include understanding of such concepts as farm family, sociology, management, and decision making.

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Agricultural education is a continuum of learning from primary, secondary and higher education to adult education. Denying the need for such programs at any level will inhibit success at other levels.

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In light of the previous generalization, priority should be given to those efforts which will have an impact upon basic education and skills development in agriculture. Programs should target (1) farm families for immediate impact on agricultural development and food production, (2) primary level students for long-term impacts, and (3) agricultural professionals to develop and extend the technology needed for increased food production. (Adapted from the General Proceedings of the Agricultural Education Workshop, conducted in Yaounde, Cameroons, July 23-27, 1984.)

The apparent enthusiasm of the Africans for the basic concept was very high. The agency claimed that it planned to incorporate many of the conclusions from the workshop into an Africa Bureau Agricultural Education Assistance Strategy which was currently being developed. A year later at the last check I made to see if this had happened, it had not.

Our Post Foreign Service Family

It has been nearly eighteen years since the last of us returned from overseas to live in U.S. The time period between the oldest daughter's, (Burnetta) return from New Delhi, India, to that of the last, Loretta Jr. who came from Nairobi, Kenya, was fourteen years. Carlotta was one year old when we entered the foreign service. She had the longest continuous time of sixteen years abroad. Loretta Jr, born in India, had not lived in the U. S. until she was fourteen years old as junior in high school. All returned to U.S to attend college. Each successfully finished college, except Burnetta, who opted to marry and have a family just before her college year. It took some bottom-of-the-barrel scraping to get them through, but thanks to their dedication, scholarships, student loans, the federal credit union, and Mama's home school, they made it. Vassar gave some reductions to the three girls who followed Chris. The Foreign Service Women's Association contributed some scholarship money to the twins. Student loans and our own finances made up the remainder.

Christina is the only one who stuck with academia, about ten years without a break, before joining the working world. Four of the seven had work breaks before attending graduate school. We had visualized very little of their lives beyond attending college. Consciously or unconsciously, we identified fully with the ideal that is so deeply entrenched in the American society of the value of college education. Certainly we hoped they would enjoy a fuller and more gratifying life than our own generation in terms of their thinking, attitudes, choices, and willingness to live a useful life of concern for others. To provide them with educational opportunity was nearly all consuming for Ma and Pa. Whatever the price for having been reared as international nomads, none of them would exchange anything for having had the opportunity to travel and live in other cultures and appreciate the common threads between peoples worldwide. But it all comes down to settling in back home, and dealing with the nitty-gritty of living in the U.S., that has undergone drastic changes in how it views women and minorities. The girls represent both. They have all, in their own inimitable ways, dealt with the hassle of the ever-changing patterns of life, and the growing difficulties of getting a job commensurate with their academic accomplishments or abilities. More and more, it seems that a college degree is not a ticket to gainful employment. The growing surplus of college graduates and scarcity of jobs suggests that what is needed is for education is to be more in tune with a changing world and how to get a job on the basis of other than merit.

Following is a limited review of their academic accomplishments and the unfolding aftermath. Burnetta, the oldest, born at Manassas, Virginia, had a segregated school experience up to junior high, followed by four years of home school in central India, which took her to senior high. From a final year of senior high at the American International School in New Delhi, she attended Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee, with a major in music. Married in her junior year, she became a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, which resulted in two daughters, Bianca and Monica, born eleven months apart. Other than time out for children and some caring for her invalid mother-in-law, she has been employed by a manufacturer of roofing materials. She has never changed jobs. Her first marriage ended in divorce, and she found solace and composure in the church, where she has been director of the junior choir since. Her second marriage, which also ended in divorce, resulted in another girl, Ariana, born March 11, 1932, extending the Jones clan to ten females. The two oldest granddaughters seemed to grow up faster than pine trees. Loretta and I traveled to Cleveland in 1982 to attend a cotillion, when the girls were presented as debutantes. Their father not being available, I performed the only double presentation. Burnetta is now a grandmother with a grandson, birthed by Monica, her second oldest, breaking the “girl spell,” and a granddaughter and grandson by Bianca. Eventually, they both married the fathers. Bianca married in May 28, 1993. Monica married in mid 1993.

Christina, often referred to as our “professional student,” was born in Ithaca, New York, while I was on a G.I. Grant studying entomology and agricultural engineering. Priding herself as the only “Yankee” born in the family, she began school at Fisk University’s, integrated children’s school through the third grade. As a fourth grader, she attended a segregated community public school in our neighborhood. By the time she finished the fourth grade, she decided she wanted to study law. Her desire to learn a foreign language

came early, when her Haitian third grade teacher taught the class some French. The foreign language quest was sharpened when I returned from military duty in Germany, during the Korea War, speaking a few German phrases. She requested her school principal to find a teacher of German. Her next four years were under the Calvert School correspondence of Baltimore Maryland at our home school in Bhopal, India, where Mother/Loretta was supervisor-teacher. From 1960-63 she was a student at the American International School in New Delhi, India, where a straight-A average was a tribute to the Calvert/Home school. In Northern Nigeria, our next post, she completed her senior year at our home school through the University of Nebraska Extension by correspondence, and selected Vassar's offer over Wellesley and Sarah Lawrence. In 1968, she graduated from Vassar with an A.B. in political science and economics. From Vassar, graduate studies took her to the University of London where she successfully earned a Ph.D. in comparative and Islamic laws with distinction in 1975. Her doctoral dissertation was about law and development, the Law of Bequests and Land Reform in Tunisia. In addition to sons, she attended a British spy school in Lebanon and Hebrew University in Israel to study Arabic. To balance out Arabic laws with western law, she attended Harvard University Law School, where she earned a juris doctor in international and commercial laws in 1976.

When Loretta and I returned to Washington, Christina was winding down her assignment as law clerk for the Honorable W. H. Young, Judge of Federal U.S. District Court, U.S. Virgin Islands. She was intensely interested, the only one of the girls, in joining the U.S. foreign service. To that end she had successfully completed the written portion of the foreign service examination. From the Virgin Islands, she was called to Louisiana for the oral examination. She related to me her experience, a team of three, all males, two younger men and one older man, administered the oral examination. During the interview one of the young men said she seemed a bit too professorial for the foreign service. The other said she had a very analytical mind. To which she responded, "Could not the Department of State use an analytical mind?" At the end, the two younger men voted against her, making it impossible for the older member of the team to overrule them. This meant that she had failed the exam. In addition to her academic accomplishments cited above, she spoke Arabic and French fluently, spent fourteen years overseas, and had served one year and a summer as a specialist in comparative law at the University of Nairobi, Kenya. Her competitor was a young Caucasian male who had an undergraduate degree from a southern university and whose work experience was five years on a Mississippi river boat. He was successful in passing the oral examination. Following the examination, the older members of the team invited Christina out to dinner, and told her he was sure they were missing a good candidate for the foreign service, but he was not able to override the decision of the other two members of the team. Any semblance of enthusiasm on the part of the other girls for the foreign service was totally squelched when they heard Chris' story.

After her return from the Virgin Islands, she went to the Legal Section of the Department of State to seek out the possibility of joining them. The head of the section was absent and she talked with the deputy, who was reluctant to offer her a position. In the meantime, she pursued employment with the legal section of Ford Motor Company in

Dearborn, Michigan. After they had talked to Chris for a few minutes, she inquired about submitting an application for the job, to which they replied, "Fill in the application when you come to work next week." In the meantime, the head of the legal section at the Department of State had returned, and when told by his deputy about Chris seeking employment, he responded with, "What on earth were you thinking about, not taking her on?" Immediately he despatched his deputy to our home to contact Christina, who had already accepted the job with Ford Motor Company, as attorney in international affairs. Being a double minority, a black female, in those days simply meant double rejection, particularly without a political push. We had none. Her great desire to join the foreign service can be summed up in her own words. "I have always been impressed by the men and women who have served the United States abroad. The occasions when I have observed them have been many. I mention only a few during my adulthood: In Jerusalem the American consul was extraordinarily helpful in verifying to the British consulate my assertion that my father resides in Nairobi at the time for the purpose of obtaining my visa. In London, an officer at the American Embassy while pursuing my absentee voters' application, was unforgettably humorous in summarizing my studies in London: 'Jones the name? Studying Islamic Laws? That's the most Jewish sounding name I have ever heard.' In Tunisia, where I arrived with many trepidations, yet determination, about the government's officials welcoming in their legal archives, I was, when I called upon them, warmly welcomed by the Cultural Affairs Officer and an AID officer, both of whom never failed to continue to inquire about my well-being and wonder how I survived despite my eating horse meat in the government's cafeteria for university students. In Nairobi, I met a woman officer who had traversed Africa in earlier years in a private capacity. Her spiritual presence, her frank, yet concerned manner evoked great love from Kenyans. I shall always be grateful to her for her advice about the personalities of the people who invited me to take the lecture strip at the University of Nairobi.

"I am convinced that what sustain such impressive service is these officers' reverence for the awesome task which they have undertaken. They know what their actions are saying, in effect, to another as well as to their fellow American citizens: 'I am an American. I admit that we have faults and mediocrities, like any others in the world, but I can and will show you that we are capable of the very best too.' These challenges are of the kind which I have grown up with as a member of a struggling minority in the United States and as daughter of a foreign technical assistance advisor.

"I look forward at the end of my year with the court to a new chapter- in my life, if I have the honor of being appointed a Foreign Service Officer. It would be the beginning of a career to which I believe I bring a rich background and a dedication to being a perceptive and serving American."

Chris's work experience has been varied and spread over a sizable geographic area of nearly a quarter of a century, with the greatest portion outside of the U.S. It includes: research intern, United Nations Development Program, New York City and Legal Services, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Researcher British International Social Service, International Conflict of Laws; Tutor of Islamic Laws, London Council Bar Exams; Lecturer of laws, University of Nairobi, Kenya; Research Assistant in African Laws,

Harvard University Law School; Law Clerk, Federal U.S. District Court, U.S. Virgin Islands (3rd Circuit); Attorney, International Affairs, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan; and free-lance lecturer, mostly in Germany for the past thirteen years. She realized her early childhood goals of being a lawyer and linguist. She is currently employed as a researcher at Goettingen University, Germany.

Chris has a daughter, Hildegard, twelve years old who is just beginning to speak English. She is our fourth granddaughter, extending the female condition. Her father was a German Catholic priest. We were not informed of her birth until she was nearly four years old. We got the news via our other daughters. Chris had undergone trials almost to the point of inhumane in order to protect that priest.

Carol left the family in 1968, after graduating from high school at the U.S. Airbase School, Torrejon, Spain. Loretta and the girls had moved to Spain for nearly a year, as a safe haven from the civil war in Nigeria. During her summer vacations she returned to Kenya, where she took a keen interest in the work carried on by the family of the British archaeologist/ anthropologist, Louis Leakey. She worked closely with the Leakeys classifying and labeling dig finds for the country's museum, and made visits to dig areas in both Kenya and Tanzania, including the famous Olduvai gorge. In 1972 she became our second Vassar graduate and returned to Nairobi to live with us, where she taught in primary school, became extremely popular, and was sought after by many parents who wished to enroll their children in her class. Her next move was to attend Smith college where she successfully completed a M.S. Degree in Special Education. Resisting our efforts to help her procure a teaching position in the District of Columbia, she declared she never wished to teach again. Back home with us, she was employed with an education consultancy in Washington and the Smithsonian Institute. In 1989, after a long on-and-off courtship extending over thirteen years, she married the son of a foreign service family, Dr. and Mrs. John Withers, a fifteen year acquaintance. He is a chemist with a pharmaceuticals company. She took the unusual step of having a marriage contract made, something that horrified her parents but was pronounced by her lawyer sister as something every sensible Muslim woman does. They lived in the Bahamas for several years and are now residing in Boulder, Colorado. Despite her mother-in-law's strong urging to give her a grandchild, Carol seems to have mixed feelings on becoming a mother. She has held several part-time publishing jobs in Boulder, and has contributed to editing part of this book.

In 1969, the twins, Anita and Estrellita left the family for the first time and headed their separate ways, after having all of their schooling overseas. Anita went to Vassar College and Estrellita to Smith College. They both returned to Nairobi during the summer months and engaged in useful volunteer activities, centered mostly around the Nairobi museum. Estrellita spent her junior year in Geneva, Switzerland, where all instruction was given in French. She had spent six weeks living with a family in France to prepare for the Switzerland experience. She successfully completed her A.B. in political science, and is fluent in French.

Anita pursued the sociological side of anthropology at Vassar. She diverted her study for

one year, when she enrolled in sociology at the University of Nairobi, gaining enough points to successfully finish her degree at Vassar in 1973. Her diversion to the University of Nairobi extended her involvement in the Nairobi museum activities, overseen by the Leakeys. Her drawings of artifacts for the museum's journal attested to her artistic talent.

After completing their undergraduate degrees, the twins returned to Washington to seek employment. They could not count on us for much support, since we were still in East Africa. They were pretty much at the mercy of friends. Carol Thompson, a classmate of Estrellita at Smith and later the administrative officer for the District's Barry administration, was kind enough to keep them for a few days. My niece, Ethel, a resident of Columbia, Maryland, pitched in to help them. They later rented a place, small and tight, just off Georgia Avenue. Estrellita found a short term job during the summer with the Office of Budget Priorities, which lobbies to transfer defense funds to domestic funds. During the fall she joined the National League of Cities/ U.S. Conference of Mayors in their Office of Policy Analysis, as assistant to the director. This office closed down, and she did a short stint with another lobbying office that lost their grant from Health Education and Human Welfare (H.E.W.). She became an intern, no pay, at the congressional office for Congressman Don Fraser (D-Minn). Later she joined the Subcommittee for International Organizations, which focused on human rights around the world, at the House Foreign Affairs Committee, as a paid staff member. After about eighteen months, when Frazier lost the election in his bid for the U.S. Senate, she applied for a position as legislative assistant for Foreign Affairs to Senator Edmund Muskie (D-Maine). When Senator Muskie was appointed by President Jimmy Carter as Secretary of State, Estrellita moved with him to the International Organizations Bureau. After about one year, President Reagan won the election, and being a political appointee by the Democrats, she decided to attend graduate school. We thought she could have stayed on with the Department of State, but in spite of our advice, she decided to leave and enrolled at Johns Hopkins University, School for Advanced International Studies, where she earned her M.A. degree. She thanks President Reagan for that accomplishment. She then joined Amnesty International, which provided her with more international travel, where she worked until 1990, when she decided to take a year off leave to try out for her first love, theater. She returned to Amnesty. After an on-off stormy courtship, she finally married an artist-architect Richard Fitshugh, who announced on his fiftieth birthday it was time to succumb to Lee's charms. She is currently employed by the World Wildlife Fund, as congressional liaison.

Anita was employed at the National Commission for Financing Post-Secondary Education, a congressional commission. This was followed by three years employment at the Museum of African Art. The National Association of Trade and Technical Schools was her next workplace. Here she was able to travel around U.S., and learned much about the country. Her decision to take some courses, and then enroll at George Washington University in Museum Studies, led to a M.S. degree with emphasis on museum management. This was followed by various jobs at the Smithsonian Institute. She took her employment to arbitration under a charge of racist discrimination because she was not being promoted according to her qualifications. Her writing skills are phenomenal, as attested to by the chapter on her visit to the Maasai. Her ambition is to find a job with a

museum.

The twins in the interim found an apartment on 15th Street where they lived until we returned to Washington. We later pitched in to help them with the downpayment to purchase it. In 1990, they decided to live apart and sold the apartment, Estrellita moved to an apartment in Maryland and Anita has on New Hampshire Avenue, within easy walking distance of our residence.

Carlotta was our fourth Vassar graduate in 1978, with a B.S. degree in bio-psychology. She joined us in Washington with a strong ambition to become professional golfer. I had taught her the fundamentals in Nigeria and Kenya, and she was the only one who took seriously to my favorite hobby. We provided her with the support by way of equipment, professional lessons and a week at a special golfing school in Indiana. After some ups and downs with herself about the progress she was making and the demanding perseverance required to make the grade, she changed direction and found employment at the Washington Hospital Center. There she pursued extended training and successfully completed the requirements to become a respiratory therapist. Her golfing gradually became a recreational outlet. She continued with the hospitals where she gained an excellent reputation and was put in charge of the emergency unit. Later, a much more lucrative administrative offer came her way, but she turned it down. "I don't need the extra pressure, plus I'm proceeding to earn a degree in computers." She attended the University of Maryland nights, weekends, and summers, where she earned a second under-graduate degree in computer. This led to a position as computer programmer for a defense contractor where she is currently employed. Her golf has strengthened to the extent that, had she stuck with the game and conquered the finer points, she would now be playing on the professional women's circuit.

Loretta, the "caboose" of the seven, had her first schooling at home in Spain, when Loretta Sr. read to her often. She was enrolled in public school in Kenya, then transferred to a secondary schools run by the Mennonites in Nairobi for her first two years of junior high. Here she excelled in track and field activities. In 1976, we sent her to North Field Mount Herman, in Northfield Mass. This was her first experience living in the U.S., having been born in New Delhi, India. Her interest in field and track continued and she became a record holder of the women's regional scholastic miles. She felt strongly about breaking the tradition of attending a predominantly women's school, as most of her sisters had done, and decided to attend Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, which took a huge pile of money. But with six behind us, and the prospect of the last one finishing college in sight, we scrambled to make the payments. Something we had become toughened to after sixteen years.

Early to her schooling, she wrote me a letter saying the boy she was going around with had his head screwed on wrong. 'He wants me to have sex with him. What should I do?' I responded with a letter saying neither yes nor no, but advised her on the potential consequences for such action and the extended implications. Interruption of her college career, morality, family disappointment, and the resulting effect on her future were discussed. When we met later, I asked her what she thought of my letter.

“It was a good letter. I showed it to my boyfriend,” she responded.

“What was his reaction?” I inquired.

“He also thought it was an excellent letter, and we agreed that we should keep the letter, and if we marry and have a daughter who goes to college, we should let her read the letter.”

We attended her graduation in June, 1982. She had earned her A.B. degree in psychology and design. Our anxiety about her finding a job with only an undergraduate degree was soon dispelled when she found employment in a series of large department stores; of all the places, in their finance section. From Washington, she moved to Neuman Marcus in Boston. Having a boyfriend who was strong in computer science, she was soon on the payroll of Lotus Computer Company. She is currently employed by a software company in California. Travel linked with training missions in U.S. and overseas has provided her with an opportunity to see some of America for the first time. Teamed up with a second boyfriend, they decided to open an Art Shop in Boston. After a good start, they plowed some capital back into it, rented facility, but soon found themselves up against the recession with gross income down by more than fifty percent, causing a close down. This left them saddled the loan we had helped them procure to start the business. Seemingly happy, caring for three aging cocker spaniels, her inclinations have yet to lean towards marriage or providing grandchildren.

I take that back. She recently sent us a video stating it was one of her ballet classes she had been attending. Each day for two weeks she called, requesting we hurry and see the video. Eventually, we got the family together to view it. To our total surprise, it was all about a quick Las Vegas marriage at one of their marriage chapels. She married Brian Debusitas, a native of Boston, of Lithuanian/Italian parentage. We have no feeling how strong the maternal instincts or inclinations towards parenthood are. Our attendance of the wedding reception in October 1993, revealed no expression on the matters.

Multicultural Impact

“You’ll never be all American from now on,” the orienteers were told at Department of State 1956 as we were being readied for assignment in India. This couldn’t possibly have the same significance for us “cullud” folks as for other Americans. Having been part of a culture that made African-Americans feel somewhat less than all-American, in spite of having served six years up to the rank of captain in the U.S. Army during WWII and the Korean War, I wondered how the impact on us might be different. Only time could answer that. For me and family it was a matter of moving from domestic nomads in the States to the international scene. I was already committed to serve as Farm Machinery Advisor to the government of India, with my family of six offspring. Any racial concerns I had were swallowed up and replaced with the more practical nitty-gritty things it takes to deal with the nomadic vicissitudes of living with other cultures. Things like: keeping healthy; providing basic human needs of food, clothing, and shelter; keeping their

education in ascendency for U.S. college entry; maintaining a good rapport with locals and making some positive contributions to improving their lot. The title “advisor” had me bothered. I wasn’t sure of its implications. I had never advised anybody but my family. I would have preferred assistant, co-worker, colleague, partner or something of a more cooperative meaning. But with Grandma Jane’s motto “Every Devil must figure out his own salvation,” flashing constantly on the big screen of my conscience, I was determined to figure out mine. Being on the technical side of the U.S. foreign service effort, I realized we would have put up with things the diplomatic folks would never experience. I knew too that the wrong advice put to practice could show up overnight wherein certain diplomatic actions may never come to fruition.

We were into it. We wondered constantly what would be the impact on individual members of the family depending on the length of exposure to other cultures. Impacts would no doubt vary with age at the time of entry and the nature of experiences. Our tight, interdependent family tended to shield the family members from major cultural influences. A big part of the daytime hours were spent in school, trips, and visits. This made the family mostly subject to parental cultural influences.

We had suddenly become free from the racial prejudices of our own society and were being treated with full human regard and respect. Living a privileged life amid the local people with the highest area standing on the local palace grounds, riding in the best vehicle, buying at the most prestigious stores and being well-dressed set us aside. An out-of-the-reach upbringing put us out of the stratified caste and other social systems. But the linguistic sensitivity was invading the family unconsciously. A broader global vision was gradually emerging, inter-cultural communication and the ability to manage diversity seem to be unavoidable collections of our international nomads regardless of the dominating parental cultural influences.

“Daddy, I think of myself as a citizen of the world. Why isn’t there a world government instead of hundreds of country governments?” Christina commented during our stay in India.

“People have wrestled since the beginning of time with some system to govern themselves, long before they knew so much about the world and what was beyond them. So as the Earth was delineated into various territories in which they lived their systems of government have stayed in place and changed as time and condition required. Not many people want to give up their government to be under a worldwide government. This will never happen during our time or our children’s time. So think of yourself as being a citizen of USA and not a citizen of the world.”

Loretta, An Escort

Loretta was employed as an escort for international visitors, under the International Visitors Program, carried out by the U.S. Information Agency. USIA is responsible for educational and cultural exchange programs, including the IVP, under the authority of the Fulbright-Hays Act. The visitors included foreign leaders, potential leaders, and those

people active in the arts and culture, science and technology, education, economics, the media, and government. The programs were geared to the participants' professional interests so as to obtain a deeper appreciation of U.S. and its people. Americans could learn about the intellectual and cultural life of other nations and people. This assignment gave Loretta a wonderful opportunity to gain a broader perspective, on our own country. Her trips covered much of the U.S. and she continued to meet people from other cultures, some of whom we still exchange greeting cards with.

Parent-Daughter Relationships

Loretta taught them, then we sent them to college, sent them out; and still she told them what to do. Time, self-reliance, age, maturity, and individual choice gradually raised the level of confrontation between the girls and Loretta, and me to a lesser extent. For the most part, we missed the period of teen-age rebellion, due to our close-knit family, norms of the foreign societies in which we lived, being away in college, and probably Loretta's mother-teacher role. This set of circumstances, we think, might have delayed the parental-children confrontation. But nothing tells the story better than when someone asked one of the twins "Do you live with your mother?"

"Live with my mother! I don't think this city is big enough for the both of us," she replied.

I have been blamed more times than the hairs on my head by Loretta for not siding with her when she talks to the girls, and for not being dogmatic enough to advise the girls the way she did. "Just try it, they'll listen to you," she often replied.

"I want them to listen to themselves, their own conscience, their own judgment, their own choice, their ability to come to an opinion about things and hopefully make the right choice. I don't mind discussing things with them if they need my opinion or ask for my advice. Most people, including one's children, don't want another's advice, even when they ask for it," I often replied.

There was a tendency on the part of the girls to communicate with each other rather than with their parents. Consequently, none of the girls has come to either parent to discuss their problems. We have had only two instances, brought to our attention by other people, that one of the girls had a problem. Our family doctor and close friend said he received a letter from one of the girls, and mentioned to us in passing that he thought she needed some help. Her aunt and uncle said the same thing after she had spent a Christmas holiday with them. Again nothing specific. What little we got from discussing the situation, left us with the impression that it was more about her philosophy of the world rather than personal problems. Her ideas about improving the world, as a citizen of the world rather than a particular country, gave the impression of being far out, nonconformist or avant-garde. We had heard her ideas many times and didn't see them as a problem. I thought I saw early in her behavior pattern her steadfastness for holding on to a principle to the point of ignoring reality. In any case, whatever problem any of them may have had, there has been a deep reluctance to talk to us about it. I am not sure why. I

suppose it may be that they perceive most problems as something they could solve without our intervention. Maybe I like to think that.

“You never told us how to do things, what to do and how to do,” is about as close as we got to any of the girls suggesting our shortcomings as parents.

“We had hoped that your formal training, family upbringing, and how we lived as parents would provide you with the know-how to deal with problems. And you know we’re always at your disposal to discuss any problem or decision you wish to make,” we reminded them. A few accusations have been hurled at mother for telling other people about “their business,” meaning about their boyfriends, what they have done or plan to do. They have all had boyfriends, some with a dubious reputation and intent. One was the most persuasive impostor I have ever met. When the relationship which lasted for a year or two, hit the skids, I said to him, “You really cut a swath with the women.”

“I cut a swath wherever I go,” he replied.

In another case, a seemingly fine, promising young man was not able to beat his drug problem, we discovered. Our repeated appeal and his reiterated promises to beat the problem were to no avail. In another case a young promising lawyer was most serious about marrying, and we thought a very worthwhile catch, but our daughter’s thoughts didn’t match ours.

The mother/daughter rating of their boyfriends never matched, in spite of mother giving her approval in subtle ways of some of the young men. Her deftness was even extended to arranging occasions when they could be together, without either knowing what had happened. Racially, two of the girls have dated only Caucasians; two, African-Americans only; and the others, both.

Mama’s talk invariably centered on getting married, and I was expected to be ever on the look out for potential boyfriends, a normal fatherly function, I suppose.

“Mama, you never talked about marriage before. All you had to say was to study, finish college, and get a job. Why now all the talk about getting married?” the girls asked. Usually Mama gave no definite response. All have had marriage proposals. Only three accepted. Loretta seems stuck with the notion that the girls tend to seek a husband similar to their father. This idea has caused some of the worst of brouhahas between her and the girls. Not that they are anti-paternal, they simply want unfettered freedom to select their steady boyfriends with whatever features that interest them. Part of the problem is finding a match with their education, experience, and their perspective of the world. Plus three of the girls have been up against the well-known difficulty of finding a good match in the Washington area, particularly for African-Americans. Hence, there is a reluctance on their part to tell people about their travel and the schools they attended. While we were proud that they had successfully completed their degrees at some of the country’s best schools, they generally perceive it as boasting when we mention it to other people. We had experienced the phenomenon of parental concern and action for marrying their

daughters and sons in several different societies across the world, none more pronounced than in India, where it's a big business in all castes. Some interest, by local men at times, was shown in our older girls. However, we felt one must be on guard in these cases, since the motivation can be more slanted towards getting to America than genuine interest in the person. The great tendencies for divorce, and the growing acceptance of any imaginable form of men/women relationships, single-parent families, have dulled our rabid concern and worry about their getting married.

Hair preparation and styles have been the source of contention between Loretta and the girls over the years. Their hair has ranged from loose fluffy curls, to very tight curls. Loretta has spent a lifetime combing, brushing, heating, curling, relaxing, and braiding hair. Until the girls were large enough to do their own, she kept their hair neat and looking its best by her own standards. What to do to keep their hair looking good and in proper style has been a point of motherly interference well into their mature years. Of the many hair styles the girls have tried, and Mama has tried to influence, none have been more disturbing than Estrellita's when she returned from her first year in college: an Afro-hairdo. Mama went straight up the wall and her blood pressure shot up to stroke proportions. They finally came to a compromise, but the thought of it, even today, sets off a lusty, wrenching adrenaline flow in Mama. As already mentioned, I do not aim to convince or chastise or manipulate any of my daughters, but I do indulge in observing them and sizing up their character. Maybe I believe that I know them well, and I can help them to know themselves better.

I am not sure, what shapes behavior patterns. I leave that to the professionals, while I simply state some of our observations as a parent. In the case of our unidentical twins, there was clearly a one-way concern. The younger, smaller one showed deep concerns for what happened to her larger sister, but the reverse was not true until the girls reached adulthood. Now, the larger is more concerned than the smaller. The girls showed extremes in the capacity for curiosity early in their life, from intense to near minus. There were modest to exaggerated tendencies towards independence. The two youngest were clearly the most independent early on. Number six looked up one day, sized up the number of older sisters she had to compete with, and immediately began to exert herself competitively. The youngest showed the earliest signs of wanting to be free of being governed by the rule of others. She seemed programmed from day one, almost like a partridge out of an ego, and hit the ground running. We got the impression that the gene for independence in her case was laid down at conception. However, since being in the working world, her life style has rendered her less independent, but recently reversed.

We are proud that none has been on the opposite side of the law other than a few speeding and parking tickets. All followed the parental pattern of not indulging in alcohol, drugs, or tobacco. They have refrained from hurting themselves and others. All have been fortunate to find employment, not always to their liking, but are willing to work and make an honest living. "As is the mother so is the daughter," (Ezekiel 16-44). A point that could absorb a lot of debate. But like dreams, daughters can be mother's and father's second chance at happiness. Ours are.

They have said to us at different times, “You have done so much for us. How can we ever repay you?”

“Start paying your own bus fare and we can call it all square,” is my usual response.

Our Marriage

... and they two shall become one. - Ephesians 5:31

Becoming one is a lot easier than staying one. We pledged our love and ourselves on January 2, 1942. Reverend D.J. White, a Presbyterian minister, did the officiating in Loretta’s family living room. He and Mrs. White had made the fifty-mile journey from Selma, Alabama, to Wilcox County Training School campus, where Loretta’s father was principal, deep in Alabama’s black belt. On that day we pledged our love and ourselves to each other for a lifetime. The reverend in an unhurried, simple and solid manner, said, “I now pronounce you man and wife.” Loretta’s father, N. D. Williams and Mrs. M.B. White were the official witnesses. The first three items we purchased for our matrimonial home were a piano, a sewing machine, and a bed. That says a lot about priorities.

Love alone is not enough to keep a marriage together. However, the common thread that has continued to weave through the fabric of our merger is the bond of love. Love is the oldest of phenomena but needs constant renewal. Each day brings new dimensions for each of us. Both persons must be willing to work at keeping a marriage intact and not take each other for granted. They must be willing to compromise, overlook differences, be forgiving, tolerant, kind and trust-worthy. Marriage is a bumpy road even with these qualities liberally shared between couples. Anything worth keeping is worth working for. There have been rough spots in our relationship, but the pledge has weathered the vicissitudes of our time. Our time added up to fifty years on January 2, 1992. We celebrated with a family gathering six of the seven girls, two granddaughters, and a great grandson were present. We took moments out to give everyone present a chance to express themselves. My comments: “It has been a fifty fifty, but not thrifty Fifty years of unfolding, fifty years of growing, fifty years of living together and sharing. Loretta often agitates for renewing our vows, but I hold out stubbornly against the idea. I truly feel that the first vow is strong and meaningful. A bit frayed in spots maybe, but still good, solid, and lasting.

Our marriage has weathered some severe storms by the very nature of our experience, locations, and duty. The ratio of my absenteeism to being at home has been high. Loretta has often been left behind to wind up things and accompany the children to join me. She has been my confidante, wife, the children’s mother, their teacher, housekeeper, doctor, and behind-the-scene supporter. We were forced into a simple way of life by a fastly growing family and a slowly-growing income, which dictated the need for resourcefulness and efficiency. We have gone to bed angry, slept in separate beds, but there is nothing more soul searching than to overhear the prayer of one of the children asking the Lord to bring us back together. We managed to survive such negatives as economic adversity, disagreements, frustrations, and breeches of trust by keeping the lines of communication open. For it all, Loretta deserves most of the credit. Our marriage

survived two wars, WWII and The Korean War, a total of six years and nine years of being at home only on weekends during our foreign service.

True love is fulfilling but requires an awareness of what each partner must contribute, physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

Engaging hobbies can also help keep relationships in good stead. Since my retirement, I have added poetry and song lyrics to my list. My verses dealt mostly with current events, including Mandelas' release from prison in South Africa, the Panama invasion, the first elected black Governor Wilder, Mayor Marion Barry, and Desert Storm, among others. Bridge and solitaire have been Loretta's lasting hobbies. Piano and sewing rank close behind. Since retirement she has been a steady dependable volunteer for the American Association of Foreign Service Women, especially in the housing office and the book fair. We support each others hobbies rather than complain or criticize them.

Every marriage needs a bit of humor, light stuff and banter. Even a little sarcasm has a place when it is not destructive. Having a talent for describing situations in light verse, I have used this to add some spice. I have also posed as someone else when returning home from work. Following is a sample: "Good evening, madam I hope I'm at the right place. I was told the Joneses live here."

"That's right," Loretta replied.

"My name is Joe Smith. I'm a shoe polish salesman. I sell some of the best shoe polish made, high quality, good stuff. It's cheap. Only fifty cents a box, two boxes for a dollar. Those shoes you're wearing sure do need polishing.

"They sure do but I don't have any money to buy polish for them." Loretta stated.

"You mean you can't squeeze out two fifty-cent pieces for a couple of cans of this world's best polish? This polish would give those shoes you're wearing such a glitter, people looking at them would need sunglasses. Furthermore, this polish tends to keep people from wearing their shoes over to one side, what we call "walked-over shoes." Those shoes you are wearing could surely use a hefty dose of this anti-walk-over stuff. If they turn over any more, I'm going to be looking at the soles. Better get some of this polish. It's cheap, and you'll never buy better for the best shine and to stop walk-over. Your shoes really need a good shine and some straightening up. Still can't buy any?"

"I sure can't."

"Anyway, how about letting me in?"

"I'll have to think about letting a stranger into my house."

Following are some light verses for different situations:

Our First Baked Rabbit

Burnt Food

With pride she placed it before me.

Burnt offerings she gives me

Cooked pleasingly brown.

Time and time again

When I cut it with my knife.

I think she worships me

Blood oozed out all around.

How else can I explain?

Weight And Wigs

Dinner

How much of you is you?

Loretta, no dinner on the table

How much of you has gone?

The time is almost eight

How much is there you started with?

If this goes on much longer

How much have you added on?

I can't tell my friends what I ate

Lunch

Can't Find It

The clock says it two

Nothing here is easy to find

I have come to beg of you,

It drives me out of my mind

I hope there is some stew.

Should I curse or sing?

Or something on which to chew.

When under something else is

everything

The following resulted from Loretta leaving a pair of old shoes in the middle of the living room floor.

OLD SHOES

You walk all over us.

You always put us down.

But we still go with you.

We are always under pressure to change.

With each stride we die a little.

Stride die stride die stride die.

We once covered blood flesh and bones.

Then we had locomotion.

When you walk all over us.

Locomotion is restored some.

But we cover less.

Now only extremities.

Each day a little worn and stretched.

A little less heel and sole.

Slowly life ebbs.

Turned over and out of shape.

Utility near gone.

We are but an expression.

“As comfortable as an old shoe”.

We lose our body and soul.

But we still go with you.

Rot and decay stand close by.

We are ready to give rise to new life.

Everything is tied to something else.

CHAPTER SEVEN

St. Vincent And The Grenadines

The tall, handsome, well-built, fashionably-dressed man entered the meeting late: this was his style, I learned later. He seemed to bring with him a presence that the participants were waiting for to give the workshop a boost. The workshop was sponsored by the Pan American Development Foundation, (PADF), involving people from Central America and the Caribbean. I had come primarily to meet Jethro Green, coordinator of St. Vincent's Organization for Rural Development (ORD). Demands on Jethro's time and his frequent comments led me to believe I would hardly be able to say hello. During a break I caught his eye long enough to introduce myself and to tell him I had been contacted by PADF about coming to St. Vincent as agricultural extension advisor to his organization. "Very good, and let's see if it works out," he replied as he spotted someone he knew and dashed over to talk to him.

I knew about Jethro from Jack Cornelius, PADF's agriculture officer, who had earlier approached me about being involved in an AID sponsored project designed to provide assistance to ORD through PADS, a Washington-based organization. Later, Phoebe Landsdale of PADF called and asked me to come by for a discussion about the St. Vincent position. I was impressed by the enthusiasm, cordiality, and eagerness of the PADF's staff: Executive Vice President Edward Marasciulo, Executive Officer Louis Townscend, and Phoebe Landsdale, the program officer. Administrative Assistant Amy Gillman seemed to be the get-it-done person. Loretta and I decided I should accept the position, after consulting Reader's Digest Wide World Atlas to find out where St. Vincent and the Grenadines are. We found it in the Antilles, Caribbean, near the end of small islands in the shrimp-shaped chain of islands that extend from Puerto Rico to Venezuela, separating the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic Ocean. The dominant feature that caught our interest was Soufriere, a live volcano in the northern end of the island which rises over 4000 feet. It had a big eruption in 1979.

In mid-1985, I signed an agreement with PADF to serve as extension advisor to ORD for two years. David Collins, a British specialist in finance, management, and administration, also signed for the same period. Our two-man team was the technical assistance component of an AID supported project in Integrated Management Production and Marketing (IMPM), designed to strengthen ORD. We were to be based in Kingstown, the capital of St. Vincent, which was the largest island of this independent group of islands.

In August, Loretta and I packed up and headed to Kingstown, via Miami and Barbados, accompanied by David Collins of the UK and his wife Wakiko. A young lady returning to her Barbados home for a vacation from her nursing duties in the U.S. sat across from us. We chatted, and upon discovering our destination, she declared that we were headed for one of the most backward islands in the Caribbean. "The people are poor, lethargic, non-progressive, and with little ambition. But I'm sure there's a lot you can do to help improve their agriculture, so badly needed I wish you all the best." Loretta and I stayed the night in Barbados and spent most of the following day at the AID headquarters in Bridgetown, to meet the relevant AID staff and discuss the project. Then we boarded a

twin-engine propeller plane for a thirty-minute flight to Kingstown. We were met by Jethro Green, the coordinator of ORD, his wife Allison, a native of Miami, and Norville Abraham, ORD's deputy, who was cordial but seemed to have some concerns about my being older than he expected.

Our first impression of the land, sea, and skylines was in keeping with St. Vincent's reputation as the "gem of the Antilles." But it took only a short ride to the hotel to recognize the prevalence of poverty and unemployment. The Collins and we had adjoining apartments, each with a bedroom, kitchen-dining room, bath, and a small veranda above and facing the main road. A rented car was at our disposal for official purposes. We were assigned offices at ORD, located on the main street. Soon we both had assigned project vehicles, David an Isuzu Jeep and I a pickup truck, both made in Japan. Japanese ships made regular stops to off-load vehicles of various kinds, adding to the congested streets. David and I soon learned to drive defensively on the left-side of the winding, narrow, pot-holed roads. Reminders of unhappy vehicle encounters lay in deep ravines with wheels pointed to the sky, sometimes charred black. St. Vincent has no public transportation. Passenger mini-vans, taxis, trucks and automobiles maneuvering to negotiate long steep hills, overlooking escarpments, drop-offs, and precipitous ravines that demanded the ultimate in driver-attention. Vehicles that drop off stay dropped off and often the driver is not around to tell what happened. Few stretches of road were straight for as much a quarter of a mile and never on level ground. My previous twenty-four years of driving on the left was literally a lifesaver.

Loretta did a two-week familiarization stay. We were shown several prospective houses for rent, and she decided she wanted the one with the piano. When I asked her what she liked about the kitchen and rest of the house, she couldn't remember. The piano was the decisive item. After a few days, she headed back to Washington to make wedding dresses and to help with the preparation of Carol's October wedding. I made three moves in the Kingstown vicinity, from hotel to residence and back to a hotel while Loretta was away. David Collins also joined me in the bachelor status when his wife went to Japan to have a baby.

During the first month I learned about the role of ORD, its staff, its objective, and its target populace on the ten by twenty mile, tropical island. ORD had evolved out of a 1976 grassroots convention of the Rural Youth Council, in search of ways to alleviate poverty and unemployment. By 1978, it had drafted and adopted a constitution and was granted the status of an incorporated, non-profit, statutory body. At that time, its membership had extended to ten communities, which had rural sub-committees. Built on the spirit of volunteerism and self-help, ORD's objectives were aimed at self-sufficiency, improved living standards, and import replacement services, by applying a coordinated subsistence farming approach to development. The organization claimed a core membership of 1200 farmers, village leaders, and housewives, and was estimated to be in contact with over 1500 farm families. Thus, approximately 5000 active farmers would benefit from its services, about a third of the country's population. ORD was governed by the General Assembly of Delegates (GAD) and managed by a Central Committee of eleven elected officers, and four farmer representatives. Rural sub-committees were

formed after a village demonstrated the self-direction and togetherness required to manage its activities. A half dozen farm input supply outlets were operated by ORD, making supplies conveniently available for its clients, supplemented by an agricultural credit Program Its advisory staff was made up of representatives from PRDF, IVS (International Voluntary Services), and Peace Corps. The management and support staff numbered thirty to forty persons over fifty percent women, none with college training, except Allison the coordinator's wife. Later ORD had Peace Corp Worker assistance Charles Le Duc was a business advisor and his wife Norma was a home economist working with farm families Joe Vorsas, a young Texan, served as a small business advisor. Titles and the purpose for which they were recruited had little relation to what they did at ORD. Everybody shared in doing what was necessary CODA, Canada's International Development Agency, provided Catherine Orban and Lloyd Visser, Calgary University graduate students, to assist with the soil-testing program various agencies had contributed generously to ORD., since it was perceived as being one of the more progressive agricultural efforts in the Caribbean. David Collins of our two-man team got off to a rocky start, but persisted and contributed greatly to putting in place better systems of management.

Jethro Green was the moving spirit behind ORD. In his early thirties, he bubbled over with self-confidence, which seemed to rub off and motivate those around him. There was never any doubt about who was in charge. His powers of persuasion had brought both outside and local support to his organization. He espoused ORD's independence from any political party. which never seemed to completely convince the local politicians Jethro's strong inclination to get ORD known seemed to outstrip his effort to assure its quality. His personable, strong, college-trained wife was a major asset to the organization and contributed enormously to all operations, especially to publishing the ORD periodic bulletin. She was living proof of the saying, "Behind every good man is a good woman, and a surprised mother-in-law."

I was eager for Loretta's return so we could settle down to serious housekeeping. We had accepted the rental terms for the piano house. The owner, Mrs Bonadie, seemed in a state of lingering indecision. Messages about the status of the lease, via telephone and letters, were a daily occurrence between Loretta and me. A month or more passed with no confirmation about the house.

Since rehabilitation of old cocoa trees and the establishment of new trees was a project objective, with the Hershey Company cooperating, I had made a one-day trip to the Hershey Company, in Hershey Pennsylvania, located on Chocolate Street. The location says it all. Truly, it was a sweet delight to share in the many courtesy samples spread around for visitors, and I was interested in observing the process of converting cocoa beans into such a variety of treats. Someone once said, "It's mind over matter," I add, "If the matter is not chocolate coated."

To learn more about cocoa production, two of ORD's staff members and I made a trip to Belize, bordered on the north by Mexico and on the west by Guatemala. Our destination was the 500-acre cocoa farm operated by the Hershey Company. We were met in Belize

City by a PADF employee and transported by road to Belmopan, Belize's new capital, fifty or more miles in the interior and surrounded by dense forests. Limited government facilities, a few new residences, and shops had been constructed. Boundaries had been established for streets, manufacturing and business areas mostly grown over with weeds. A new state capitol building had been constructed. A ring-road had been laid out and surfaced. The town's people were gearing up for a visit from Queen Elizabeth II.

We were housed in a very modest facility called the Green Frog Inn, which had a bar and a dining room. Each day for one week we took the road through heavy jungle to the Hershey cocoa farm. The farm staff demonstrated every phase of cocoa production, from establishing a nursery, transplanting, fertilizing, disease and pest control, harvesting, fermenting, drying, and bagging the beans.

Late one afternoon in Belmopan, I walked a quarter of a mile across an open field to the capitol building where a crowd had gathered to await the appearance of Queen Elizabeth II. I walked towards the steps, near the head of the crowd where the Queen and her entourage were headed. A small opening in the crowd allowed me to move to within arm's length of her royal highness as she passed through the crowd to the steps of the building from where she was to speak. Flags and colorful banners danced about in the gentle breeze for the gala affair. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since our family had encountered her at close-up on the other side of the world, in India.

At the week's ends I headed in the direction of Washington D.C., via Miami, for Carol's wedding. I arrived early in the evening the day before the wedding, just in time to proceed to the St. Andrew Presbyterian Church on H street, N.W., to participate in the practice round for giving the bride away. On Saturday, October 12 1985, Carol was married to Dr. Gregory Withers, a chemist and foreign service brat, and the son of Dr. John and Mrs. (Daisy) Withers, AID, retired. The newlyweds had met in Kenya and decided to marry after a fifteen year relationship. Loretta's hand-sew, pink gowns were worn by the bride's three attendants, and Daisy wore the fourth. Carol's best girlfriend, Brenda, had planned and organized the wedding. Each detail was near perfect. The pictures were no exception. The reception took place at the Foreign Service Association Club, with eating, dancing, and merrymaking filling the agenda. When I got my part of the bill, I was reminded of what they say in India, with reference to dowries: "A family of five girls can even break a king." Suggesting that the rest elope gracefully came to mind.

At the beginning of the following week I headed back to St. Vincent, and worked mostly on helping with the establishment a cocoa nursery of 10,000 plants, for distribution to small farmers. A shaded nursery was quickly constructed of bamboo and palm fronds by male and female crew workers. Ten thousand small, black plastic bags had to be filled with fine rich soil for the cocoa seed, ordered from Costa Rica. At first, bag filling was slow and tedious as the ladies were paid by the day and had only their hands as scoops. To speed things along I had a local man fabricate scoops from green bamboo, and switched the workers to piece-rate payment. This tripled the daily output. Many of the women brought their children to help fill bags, and set up a competition to outdo one other.

Then came the cocoa seed debacle. Local talk had it that an on-going feud existed between the ORD coordinator and the Minister of Agriculture, and negative comments were often directed towards the minister. When cocoa seed arrived from Costa Rica, the conflict surfaced in its worst form. The custom officials under the direction of the Ministry of Agriculture refused to release them, and the only plant quarantine officer was never available when needed. They claimed potential disease transmission, in spite of an accompanying phyto-sanitary certificate. The cocoa beans were being held without proper refrigeration. The ministry, well aware that the cocoa seed would lose their viability within ten days if not properly stored, seemed intent on destroying the seed. Appeal after appeal, through meetings and phone calls to the ministry, were to no avail. I went to the governor to see if he could intervene. He was sympathetic and helpful. His action simply brought forth bursts of resentment from the agriculture officer saying: "If you want to play politics with this matter, we can play with you." The only refrigeration available was a nearby grocery market. The seeds were stored there, but the temperature was higher than recommended. After an exhausting week of trying, the seeds were released, but it was too late. ORD planted the seed and only one of 10,000 germinated. So much for island politics and personal animosities blocking our way. It had been a discouraging start.

In the meantime, Loretta had called Mrs. Bonadie from Washington about the house, and got a positive response. I called her shortly thereafter and she told me she had promised the house to Loretta. I later found out that her decision was somewhat influenced by a letter I had written her saying we were responsible family people and would treat her property as if it were ours. Shortly thereafter she went to live with her daughter in Canada, due to health problems. She left the four-bedroom, two-bath house complete just as she had lived in it. Dozens of potted tropical plants decorated the veranda that extended along two sides of the house. From it, one could see across the bay to the island of Bequia.

Loretta arrived just prior to Thanksgiving of 1985, and we moved in. Our good friend Anne Mitchell, a Vincentian who had recently retired to St. Vincent from Brooklyn, invited us for Thanksgiving dinner. We hired Josephine, the young lady who had helped Mrs. Bonadie ready the house, as our household-maintenance lady. She had a five-year-old daughter and was pregnant with a second. Our house was on Government Road, which dead-ended at the governor's mansion, a couple hundred yards away. Up the slope a few hundred yards, our neighbor, an elderly British lady, names Doreen Thomas, lived alone in a rambling, two story wood house. She owned another modern stone house on a lot that joined ours, plus a small island in the Grenadines. We visited her several times and attended her annual bash for the local well-to-do. Across the road lay the Botanical Gardens, possibly the oldest in the eastern Caribbean. We could view it from our verandas or take quiet pleasant strolls to enjoy the muted tones of the ocean breezes through one of the island's largest trees, a giant eucalyptus filled with songs of its resident tropical birds. Women and children picked up fallen nutmegs from a small grove of trees near the garden boundary. A row of botanical specimen were on display, including a breadfruit tree labeled as a contribution from Captain Bligh, the notorious British seaman.

There was also a small museum, fish ponds, and a large cage which housed pairs of the rare St. Vincent parrots (*Amazona Guildingii*) with their distinctive coloring of yellow gray, and soft mauves.

Within days of settling in the house, I went to work to improve the condition of the fruit trees on our property. There were custard apples, limes, oranges, grapefruit, breadfruit, three varieties of mangoes, bananas and papaya. The trees responded well to pruning, watering, and doses of plant food, and supplied us with tasty, delicious fruits. People would sneak in to take fruit, particularly mangoes but with a little diligence and timing we enjoyed much of it. I once caught a young man up a mango tree and asked, "Why do you come to take fruit without asking?"

He said, "I've been doing it for five years, he calmly walked away, his shirt-tail bulging with mangoes. I never saw him again, but that doesn't mean he did not return. My fifty-five gallon steel drum which held water for the plants was soon missing and probably became an instrument in one of the island's steel bands.

No time was lost digging up a corner of the yard to establish a vegetable garden. The warm tropical sun and adequate rainfall speeded the plants to maturity. Seed for turnip greens, mustard, cucumbers, string and lima beans, tomatoes, Jamaica scotch bonnet hot peppers, peanuts, and white potatoes were procured. Yellow sweet potatoes were given to us by the Baptist Missionaries on the island. The fruit and vegetables were good supplements to the many processed food items, available in the small supermarkets, imported from U.S., Canada and Europe. The farmer's market and women street vendors were additional sources of fruits, vegetables, and eggs, but conditions were crowded and unsanitary. Fish of several kinds were available from the roadside and in the market. Beef, pork, and goat meat was for sale at the terribly filthy, smelly slaughterhouse market.

As a backyard demonstration I set up a small solar dryer, to dry sliced mangoes, bananas, sorrel (reddish blossoms for making drinks), and hot peppers. The results were excellent, and the dried items were displayed at ORD'S agriculture exhibits. The demonstration led to a greater effort by ORD to build and introduce solar dryers to more small farmers. We enjoyed dried mango pie two years after being back in Washington, made from those I dried.

Two senior Peace Corps ladies lived next door. Rose Shine from Iowa was a nurse at the city hospital, and Verona Thomas of Columbia, South Carolina, was a librarian at one of the high schools in Kingstown. I often reminded Rose that she wasn't satisfied just to be a rose she had to shine. They were both special people and there was a constant traffic through the barbed wire fence separating our properties. Door jams, bad locks, and other household nuisances often became my task to repair. We shared our garden produce with one another. They had a good supply of guavas, which I gathered and turned into delicious spiced guava sauce. We often had them over for conversation and receptions. Contact with them continues. Both are grandmothers. We learned that Verona was a Peace Corps volunteer in Hungary teaching English. She has now returned to Columbia.

ORD was determined to forge ahead with the cocoa project. The Ministry of Agriculture officials had become interested in procuring same crop-producing plant material from Jamaica to help foster its crop diversification program. Sam Scott, a Jamaican member of the ORD advisory staff, agreed that he could accommodate them, if they would allow the second batch of 10,000 cocoa seed from the Dominican Republic to be released from customs when they arrived. The ministry promised they would. The plant material was received and when the cocoa seed arrived they kept their promise. Over 9000 picture-perfect seedlings resulted and were distributed to small farmers all over the island.

Near the end of the distribution the vision in my left eye began to blur. I visited the local eye doctor who displayed with pride his U.K. acquired academic certificates. After an examination he assured me that the problem was not serious and he was happy to report it was not a detached retina. His treatment did not slow down the deterioration. I then visited a Barbadian eye specialist, who occasionally made professional visits to St. Vincent. She thought it was serious, probably a detached retina and suggested I go the U.S. for an examination. I immediately phoned Carlotta, who was employed as a respiratory specialist at the Washington Hospital Center, to arrange for an examination. A quick diagnosis by the doctor on September 19, 1986, revealed a detached retina. A second opinion confirmed it, and the operation was done the next day. After two days in the hospital, I went home and stayed in our house. Anita was temporarily my nurse attendant. Loretta immediately flew home to make sure I followed the doctor's orders religiously, and my eye recovered about seventy percent of its vision within two weeks. After a final examination and a new pair of glasses, we returned to St. Vincent.

Thinking that the way had been cleared to get cocoa seed through customs, ORD ordered a third batch of 10,000. When they arrived, the custom officials again failed to release them, using the now familiar tactics. When radio St. Vincent broadcast the problem across the region, it caught the attention of Prime Minister James Mitchell. He requested that ORD and Ministry of Agriculture officials meet in his office the next day. ORD's deputy, Norville Abraham and I attended the meeting. Jethro was out of town. We were the first to arrive. When the agriculture officer arrived, I attempted to be friendly by saying.

“Good morning, how are you?”

He shot back, “No comment,” a response he often gave when being questioned about the release of the cocoa seed.

The prime minister's first question was “Who was responsible for the news about the cocoa seed getting on radio?” There was complete silence. He immediately summoned his secretary, and requested that she find out from the station who was responsible. She returned saying, “ORD was the culprit.”

The PM spoken “Why can't we better communicate with each other on matters as these and come to a reasonable solution without broadcasting our problems across the region?”

he demanded.

Norville spoke up, explaining, “We have tried so many times to work out the cocoa seed problem, but we have not been able to do so.”

The PM looked at me as if he expected some comment.

“Mr. Prime Minister, during my forty years as an agriculturist in the U.S. and foreign countries, I have not found a group of people more difficult to communicate with than the relevant top officials of your Ministry of Agriculture. We have had meetings and have met one-on-one but have made no progress in bringing about amenable solutions. I am at my wit's end.”

The PM looked at his Minister of Agriculture and asked. “What do you have to say?”

The minister mumbled an inaudible statement, then fell silent.

“You’ll get your seed by tomorrow,” the PM said to us, breaking the silence.

“Mr Prime Minister, I examined the seed yesterday at customs and I believe they have lost their viability due to mold and fungus. However, we appreciate your intervention and thanks for your decision.” I stated.

The seed were released as promised, but had too badly deteriorated to have any chance of germination, and had to be destroyed. Out of the 30,000 seeds ordered only 10,000 were released in time to germinate and to grow out as seedlings. Rumors persisted that ORD had brought into the country the dreaded cocoa “Witches Broom” disease. Suspicious that this was another reason for not allowing the import of cocoa seed, ORD brought in a plant pathologist from the Cocoa Research Unit of the University of West Indies in Trinidad to authenticate the presence of the disease in St. Vincent. There was conclusive evidence that the disease had been there years before ORD imported cocoa seed. Strong indications existed that the Ministry of Agriculture knew this. The ORD coordinator decided to concentrate on working with and training farmers to care for the hybrid plants that had been distributed to them. Ashley Latchman, the cocoa Officer at ORD and I held a number of training meetings with the farmers. Patrick Scott, farm manager of the Hershey farm in Belize, came as a consultant to St. Vincent to give assistance in the management of new seedlings and rehabilitation at old plots, as a part of the Hershey's Corporation pledge of technical support.

Later on, I joined a group to visit Costa Rica to observe cocoa production and to visit the international cocoa gene bank. This was in connection with another PADF regional cocoa project centered in Grenada, and headed by Oleen Hess. St. Vincent was one of the four countries listed as a participant in the project proposal. Hess made several visits and sent bundles of communications over a one-year period, but failed to get a commitment from the government of St. Vincent. The project went ahead without them.

Loretta and I had gradually worked our way into the island society. Loretta held some bridge sessions with the ladies and played regularly for a while on Wednesday nights with three men at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Alvin Gatherer, a dentist and Howard University graduate. I had to deliver her there by 8:00 P.M. over narrow, curved roads which climbed high into the hills, with precipitous formations all around. Having to turn around in the limited yard space without slipping over the escarpment was a dread. One mistake, and I would still be falling. One of the distinguishing and laudatory democratic features of St. Vincent is that so many of its people were in high places. We made many friends, exchanged visits, attended social functions to raise money, contributed to the Red Cross Campaign, and amended the Anglican, Catholic, and Methodist churches. While we viewed the new Mormon temple, the island's latest religious incursion, we did not attend a service. The well-dressed young men in pairs, with their familiar dark blue suits, white shirts, and black ties, quickly became a familiar sight on the streets. We made a series of social calls on Sir Lambert Eustace, the governor, and his wife. We exchanged visits with David and Wakiko Collins and their new son Steven. We were regular visitors to Peace Corps functions.

Three of our offspring over a period of a year came to visit us. Loretta, our youngest, visited us for a week with her college boyfriend, Hamilton Lord. A girlfriend, Marg Lau, accompanied them. We took a number of swings around the island, including the cocoa nurseries and some older stands where they could see the beginning of chocolate, the object of Loretta's highest life craving. When we took them to Young Island for lunch, they preferred to swim the 200 yards in the private island resort.

Carlotta and her friend David Irving came. They visited the botanical gardens, lounged on the beaches, and took the two-hundred-yard trip to Young Island for lunch, swimming and relaxing on the sand.

Estrellita came and brought two of her friends, Karen Saint Rossy and her friend Steve Hagedorn. They made a private boat trip to Bequia, where they enjoyed the beaches and ate pizzas with lobster meat. The rest of their week was spent touring the island. Their bus and hiking trip in the hills caused us some consternation when they didn't return on time. I took off on a one-man hunt for them, locating them along the road. They gave up their hot trek and welcomed the ride home. Another road trip took them north to Georgetown, on the windward side of the island where the shores are constantly lashed by crashing waves. The once flourishing town showed considerable decay, partially due to the defunct sugar industry there. We visited the ghost of a factory. Looking around the 3000 acre coconut farm, we passed the road to the volcano which revved up our guests' desire to walk up. Loretta talked them out of the notion because their shoes were not fit for the rocky hike.

Loretta's sister Faustina and her husband Johnny Jones, no blood relation, paid us a visit and enjoyed the restaurants sun and sand, and came away with a great number of photographs. Vernon and Johnny Baily, Washington D.C. friends, came to see us. Vernon was so interested in mixing with and seeing what the people were like whenever he visited a place, that it was hard to catch up with him. Wilma Muirhead, the widow of

Benjamin Muirhead, University of Illinois, came for a visit. Our friendship goes back to India days when the Muirhead family came from Kotah, Rajasthan, to visit us in Bhopal. Their children's ages matched with some of ours. But they had two boys. Loretta and I attended Ben's funeral, whose urn is stored at the National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia. In addition to our friends and family, all of PADF's top staff visited the project in a support capacity. Loretta and I were involved with their visit both officially and socially.

Loretta and I joined Jethro and Allison Green for a nine-mile, forty-five-minute boat journey across the channel to Bequia Island, the home of the prime minister to share in the Easter Festival. The ride were steep, narrow, and curved, and the taxi resembled one of the first ever automobiles. Our hotel was located on the west coast of this seven-square-mile island, on a lovely slope by the sea. The beaches, sun, water, and gentle breezes were marvelously relaxing and made up for any other shortfalls. From the hotel we could observe a portion of the Bequia Easter Regatta, which attracts an international crowd of spectators and sailors. On Easter Monday, after watching the maypole dance, we dined at the prime minister's restaurant run by his wife, a Canadian. The international clientele provided an interesting atmosphere. There seemed to be someone always standing close enough to eavesdrop on Jethro. As if it made any difference.

Whaling is still done by the islanders the old-fashioned way, with small boats, spears, and harpoons during the migratory season. A mother whale and her baby are more likely to become the victims because the whalers find it fairly easy to attack the baby, whose mother stays close and becomes a second target. Our only taste of whale meat came from one of the annual kills in Bequia waters.

Our reading and observations told us that over the years a number of ethnic groups had come and left St. Vincent. The Caribs, French, and English had lived there, fought and claimed sovereignty at various times. Portuguese laborers came as voluntary immigrants and Africans as involuntary slaves. East Indian laborers also came, but most went back to India. Those left are still referred to as coolies. Today the island population shows a predominance of African heritage, but the potpourri of earlier influences remains. Skin colors range from white, referred to locally as "clear skinned," to very dark. There is a group with strong Carib features. One of the most Carib-appearing ladies on the island told me she thought the best "mix" was African and Carib. A few French names are still around and we knew a few families carrying Portuguese names. Lots of babies are born and survive in St. Vincent. Pushing up the population growth rate substantially. Migration over the years to U.S., Canada, U.K., and Trinidad has tended to keep the increase in balance. However, much of the talent and leadership required for development initiatives go with the migration. The Younger people move from the rural areas to Kingston seeking employment, but few are successful and end up overseas.

English is the main language, and though some French patois is used, we never ran into it. St. Vincent English is distinctly of two types: good English and self-imposed English. Good English is taught in school, used in government, businesses, and to a lesser extent in homes. However, when the children leave school and hit the streets, the all pervasive

self-imposed English takes over. It's a language of three pronouns: me, he and she, with me being number one. My first impression was that it was a distinct local language. After being on the island for several months, I asked a Vincentian, "What is the name of the language you speak here?"

He grinned and replied. "It is English. It maybe bad English, but it is English." I couldn't believe it.

I credit myself with the ability to handle most any kind of English dialect, having tested it in many locations in the world. But the kind spoken in St. Vincent was beyond my capacity and remained so throughout the more than three years we were there. Even adults seemed to delight in engaging in the dialect, especially when foreigners were present, though most have an equal command of formal English.

The biggest event on St. Vincent is the annual carnival, held in July. The preparation seems to be year round, and the islanders come up with some of the most creative displays of intricate detail and color. It is homecoming time for many Vincentians who reside in other countries. Events in the week leading up to the parade include the beauty contest, and stage and musical performances which are telecast over the islands. The crowds are loose and participatory in many of pleasurable actions associated with the human condition. A story was circulated that after one carnival, a visitor lady sent a Vincentian man \$1000.00 with a note that said, "Buy yourself a coffin, I have AIDS."

We observed two of the carnival parades. At one, I struck up a conversation with a young man and talked to him about school, and what he planned to be in life. His response was "Now that I've proved I'm a man, I must figure what's the next thing I want to do."

"What did you do to prove that you are a man?"

"I'm the father of two girls." He proudly answered "and I'm only fourteen years old."

"So that's the way you prove that you're a man?" I queried.

"That's the only way," he replied. Pity! The business of adding babies or doing what it takes to make babies is very popular in St. Vincent as it is in most places in the world. A co-worker announced to me one day that his fifty-five year old uncle was finally getting married after he had fathered sixty children. In another case I asked a young lady in ORD's office how many brothers and sisters she had. She started counting on both hands saying on the left hand "out" and on the right hand "in." When she finished she said, "I have three brothers and three sisters in our family and four sisters and three brothers outside the family."

Turmeric

ORD was approached by Mr. Peyton Woodson, a business man, and Dr. J.C. Wells, a plant breeder, Professor Emeritus, North Carolina State University, both from Raleigh.

They wanted us to grow turmeric, an East Indian plant whose roots are powdered and used as a dye or seasoning, to be marketed in U.S. and Europe. ORD agreed to give it a try by planting a special variety developed by Dr. Wells, known for its high volume of production and curcumin content. Production in Costa Rica was already underway and they made funds available to ORD to cover the initial costs. Seed material for about five acres was supplied to ORD, with the idea that it would produce enough seed material to plant approximately fifty acres the following year, 1988. The first crop would be large enough to determine any production and marketing problems. The initial planting literally exploded, producing enough material to plant eighty-eight acres involving 314 farmers and a surplus of about 60,000 pounds, which was shipped to the company in Raleigh for drying and marketing. Production of turmeric in St. Vincent seemed to be the least of its problems.

From the initial experience it was concluded that the shipping cost of fresh tumeric roots was prohibitive, and it was decided that a drying plant should be established in St. Vincent. The material should be dried at the point of origin. I took much of the responsibility to get it started, beginning by a search for a consultant. I recalled an article that I had read in The Washington Post two years earlier about a young business couple, Carey and Linda Lokey, who were having great success with drying apples and tomatoes at a plant in Winchester, Virginia. I couldn't remember the details, so I set upon the task of searching through two years worth of The Washington Post at the Library of Congress in Washington. After two hours, I found the article. A phone call to Carey and Linda Lakey yielded positive results. Later, Dr. Wells and I spent a day at their plant, and PADF was willing to bring Mr. Lokey on as a consultant. He and I made a trip to St. Vincent to determine how best to start the operation, with the idea of using existing abandoned facilities and locally available fuel. After discussing options, we roughed out some potential sketches, and eventually chose an abandoned building that was once used for drying pepper and other products at Belvue, located next door was an abandoned arrowroot processing facility. Fuel for the wood- burning furnaces was to be coconut waste, limbs, logs, and undeveloped nuts taken from a 3000- acre state owned coconut farm a few miles up the road from the drying plant. Equipment was selected and ordered, including woodburning furnaces ducts, big blow-fans, tray trollies, trays, chain saws, and shredders. Local artisans constructed two concrete block drying tunnels. The process included washing the roots at the old arrowroot facility and chopping the roots with small gasoline run shredders. The chopped material was spread over plastic trays and stacked on castered racks which wee placed inside the closed tunnel, exposing them to the heated air circulated by electric fans. A maximum of eleven tons of green material could be stacked in the tunnels for a twenty-four to thirty-six-hour drying period to reduce the moisture content to eight to ten percent. One problem was keeping the furnace evenly fired at night. Uneven air temperatures tended tolengthen the drying time and reduce the quality of the product. The source of the problem turned out to be that the fireman was sleeping on the job. We heard complaints from one resident that the smoke from the furnaces drifted into his house down the valley, interrupting his and his son's sleep and breathing.

Miraculous was the speed at which the bureaucrats moved the project. The idea emerged

in January and was operational by June. Several thousand pounds of dried turmeric were produced and bagged for export. Additionally, ORD was building a warehouse for receiving, cleaning, sorting, and packing various kinds of farm produce for export. I mailed several sample packets of the dried turmeric to Dr. Wells for laboratory moisture and curcumin tests. He informed me that the results were very good and well within marketing standards.

My two-year contract was extended to three years, ending August, 1988. We moved back to Washington, but I continued to be consulted, making several trips for another year. David Collins departed in August 1987, after two years. Jim Heizen joined the PADF as a roving support person, giving periodic assistance to ORD in management, finance and budget. Marvin Weisman had replaced Ed Marasciulo as PADF's executive director.

Several months later, I called ORD to check on the operation and was informed that the drying facility was no longer operational. I called Mr. Woodson of the Development Assistance Company to inform him of the situation. The essence of his comments was that the company had advanced funding to ORD for producing, drying, and shipping the dried product to North Carolina, but ORD had failed to deliver, and had run out of money. They had decided not to advance ORD additional funds.

While ORD realized a number of worthwhile gains in its quest to improve small farmer conditions, it was still faced with the formidable task of reaching its drafted goals with limited resources. St. Vincent is said to be second only to Haiti as the poorest nation in the new world. Unemployment is high and the future could be bleak with above fifty percent of the population Under the age of fifteen, and a birth rate as high as any in the Caribbean. The larger portion of the population are subsistence farmers. Bananas are by far the largest export earner. The banana boat comes weakly and the trucks choke the main roads with loads trying to reach the port. Many of the farm plots are steep, tiny parcels, too small for efficient cultivation and the farmers have little more than a machete, rake, and hoe to do the backbreaking work. St. Vincent farms are often on slopes so steep that a farmer risks the danger of falling out of his field. The danger of crop failure is high. Hurricanes and high winds can wipe out twelve months of work in a few hours. Reminders of the 1979 volcano eruption and the constant threat it poses is ever present.

ORD needs improvement in both technical and management skills at both headquarters and field stations. Financial mis-management is the biggest culprit, in spite of systems designed to improve the problem. Improvement in relations with the government, particularly the Ministry of Agriculture, must be constantly pursued. A number of people complain about the coordinator's flamboyant lifestyle being out of sync with the serious problems of the small farmers his organization aims to ease.

After four years of hard, earnest work involving staff training, workshops, seminars, and technological innovations, St. Vincent brought an end to our nearly quarter of century involvement in overseas development. On our last trip to the Caribbean, Loretta and I enjoyed several days of sand, sun, and sea in Barbados, then returned to Washington in

early August, 1989.

For those who care for a spot warmed by the sun, caressed by the gentle breezes, with beaches lapped by blue, warm tropical waters and simple life choices, eastern Caribbean is the place.

CHAPTER EIGHT

India: Passages Revisited

For about a year since 1995, I had been hounded by an urge to visit the place I had first laid eyes on some thirty-five years ago — India. I was beginning to show signs of an anxious restlessness, a condition I feared might not be cured short of pursuing the path that would take me back to the place in which I had invested almost a worthy decade of my career. For years I had taken afternoon walks around the area close to our Washington condominium. Now the sound of jets in and out of National Airport in the evenings as I strolled along the Potomac River just west of us evoked the now familiar shudder, the dry mouth, vacant eye, hot palms, and churning of stomach. An itching virus had taken possession of me. My illness might not be cured until I had faced the object of my obsession.

Somehow I had to give a sense of logic to my departure, a legitimate reason for the trip. Yet for me the reason was as simple as recognizing my stabs of nostalgia. I had become totally flushed with nostalgic memories for India. Had the retrospection of writing my memoirs released these feelings? Whatever the case, I knew that memory at best is a faulty, warped storehouse. I wanted a renewal of memory, a refresher stimulated by a comparison of the differences that had occurred over time since my last experiences, however difficult, but memorable and cherished.

Over the years, the media — books, newspapers, special reports and TV — had been informing me of great changes, like the awakening of the sleeping tiger or the growing giant. But more than the curiosity to witness the change of which I had been a part, I yearned to have a couple of weeks to steal back lost images, to recover and rediscover the old memories, however distorted after thirty-five years. My mind was jumping and surging at the thought of a renewal! A renewal!

The logistics of planning the trip was straightforward enough. I simply determined to spend two weeks in India, thirty-five years and 10,000 miles away. I did not seek out a travel agency, but went about to equip myself and arrange the trip on my own. I thought I could control much of the trip without dashing myself to a wreck on details and personality of the trip. I knew that in a sense the trip was like a marriage, and presuming I could really have control was a certain way to be wrong. And in this case I was willing to accept being wrong. Although I had heard that the older one gets, the greater the tendency to disregard the importance of random coincidence, I did not yet feel that way. I had too many of my share of coincidences over the past seventy-seven years, many in India. Hence, I did not place much importance on detailed planning. Rather I believed in the saying about the best-laid plans, was willing to take my chances. After browsing through a few tourist pamphlets, I made a minimum number of arrangements. I sent out my first fax ever to obtain hotel reservations; dispatched a letter to the director of the institute I helped establish forty years ago in Budni; for permission to visit the project; purchased the cheapest available air ticket; received several recommended inoculations; and easily procured a visa.

Instead, my major complications were created by those relatives most immediately surrounding me. “You have more spunk than you have common sense,” Loretta, my wife now of fifty-four years, admonished me when I told her of my wish to return to India. Given your age, I don’t think you can hold up under the stress of such a trip. I had acquired diabetes over the past year, and Loretta became overcome with concern for my welfare. She had been of tremendous assistance in keeping my condition under control, although I had become skilled and independent in measuring my own symptoms with the medical apparatus advised by the hospital. Yet her desire for my welfare was as determined as her lack of interest in taking the trip herself. She was full of caution and bent on discouraging me.

“Don’t leave me alone here and go to India,” she lamented. “Why on Earth would you like to go back? I don’t do anything at this stage of my life unless it enhances my life. A visit to India would do nothing at this point to enhance my or our lives.”

“True, it is a rough trip, but I think I can hold up,” I responded. “I’m in pretty good shape. My spunk may have an edge over my common sense, but health hazards must be greatly reduced in India after thirty-five years, in spite of the great population increase. Anyway I already have my visa, inoculations, air reservations, and expect to leave around the ninth of February.”

I continued, “A deep urge keeps haunting me to go back to see what changes have taken place in general and more specifically what has happened with the central government tractor/training testing center project I helped to develop 1956-60, at Budni in Madhya Pradesh state (central province). I also want to visit our former homes in Bhopal and New Delhi and see the changes around them. I want to talk to the people who now live there. I want to meet the my former Indian co-workers with whom we have kept in touch for the past thirty-five years: P. John Zachariah, the second director at Budni; and Mohan Taneja, chief instructor, as well as their families. I want to see what happened to my old driver and friend, Rafiq. I want to see P.N. Baijal, agricultural engineer at Bhopal, and meet the new staff at the Budni station. I hope we can visit Captain Singh and his family, our landlord in New Delhi.”

Loreta was not easily swayed. She chided any of the girls who expressed what she thought might be sympathy or encouragement toward my aims. She argued, “A trip back to a place you once lived and enjoyed is never the same. You expect the same but changes are often out of sync with your expectation or imagination, often disappointingly so. Furthermore, you were in an official capacity and had all kinds of U.S. government support services available to you in emergencies. People even say having a strong desire to go back to where you once thought of as home years ago, could be a sign that you are not long for this world.”

“Is this prophesy? Some of my friends have suggested the same. Well, if the time for me to depart this world is approaching, at least I’ll be doing something I want to do.”

You really need to take someone with you. If you must go, why not take one of the girls

along just in case.

I had made inquiries to a few of my former foreign services colleagues, even one that had been stationed in India, but all had excused themselves out of such a trip. The trip would have been a burden on any of the girls' purses, but I had proposed that I cover the full cost of a ticket, and upon return, the traveler would repay in affordable installments without interest. Still I had no takers. And still, Loretta was insistent on her position. We kept scrambling for some solution to our differences. Chris actually was agreeable to the arrangement, but given her resources, we parents thought we may not live long enough to collect on her air fare. In addition, her finding a sitter for her eleven-year-old daughter during her absence from home was difficult. The girls were appalled when they learned Chris might consider leaving their niece Hildegard at home, especially at night, with a woman down the street periodically looking on her. Chris had a way of granting more independence to children than we thought was advisable. So the debates and the battle for resolutions raged on. Chris suggested I delay the trip until school was out for Hildegard. But I decided I would not take chances with my health and India beyond the month of February when the heat turned fierce. Delay was out.

We figured having one of the girls sit with Hildegard in Germany would be the best tact, but sealing on which daughter was the rocky issue. Having the most free time, Estrellita would have been the logical choice, but she was reluctant to delay her job search. Her guilt at not having helped Richard earn money since they were married increasingly taxed her conscience. Anyway, Chris was not convinced that Lela would work out from a personality point of view. However, inquiries with Carol and Anita did not pan out. Both had other pressing demands on their time. Loretta was convinced that Estrellita was the best choice under the circumstances. We worked on this angle, revisiting with Estrellita to the tune of a ridiculously high telephone bill between Germany and the U.S. I am not convinced of the savings to be gained by an AT&T subscription, despite the company advertising.

To complicate matters, a state to which we were growing accustomed, Estrellita started expressing second thoughts about traveling to India herself. She was too late, however; we would hear nothing more on the subject. Estrellita arrived in Germany a few hours after Chris left during Hildegard's school hours. Chris no doubt left detailed instructions for her daughter's temporary caretaker, but if I know my offspring, Estrellita turned to her own instincts to handle her niece. If I know my granddaughter, Hildegard probably took a lot of command over her own situation.

The flight from Dulles Airport in Virginia to Heathrow in London had reasonable tourist comforts albeit with some crowding. The plane landed of course in the early morning at the same time as everyone else in the world. Thus customs lines extended almost the distance of the passengers' ports of origins. But the Brits were alert and efficient, busily clearing the lines in a timely fashion. A followed the tunnel leading from the airport to the hotel where I spent a few hours resting before my flight out that afternoon.

Portentously, the flight to New Delhi was tight with passengers, mostly Indians returning

home for short or extended stays. Again we arrived in the early morning, Saturday. The first major change that struck me was the spacious Indira Ghandi Airport. A little shy of some of the fixtures and services making for convenience in some of the finest international airports, the facility nevertheless handled passengers with remarkable dispatch, in a manner far more efficient and hospitable than the one we had left over thirty years ago in 1963. A major welcome and surprise was customs. The officials there did not bother to pry into every crack and crevice of my baggage and pose a lot of questions, a routine I had grown to anticipate during my earlier residence. My special dietary snacks, a supply of zip-locked, unsalted peanuts, raisins, prunes, and chocolate coated peanuts, went untouched. I recalled the occasion when I was allowed to bring in guns and ammunition, but a box of dried spaghetti stopped me dead in my tracks. This item raised such a peppery curiosity among the customs officials that I was obliged to open the box and chew on a few pieces before they believed the object was edible. I offered them some of the thin noodles to try themselves. They refused, but finally let me pass through the line.

I seemed totally surrounded by change now. However, I harbored a suspicion that the people had not changed so much on other personal levels. Some practices and behavior had basic, human qualities, if you will, that would not seem to bow to change universality. My theories found support in short order in the form of taxi cab drivers. I had been advised before leaving the U.S. of a prepaid taxi fare at the airport. This system avoided any arguments with a driver that might want to illegitimately increase your fare at your destination. Out of customs, several hustlers directed passengers to the prepaid taxi services. I paid the fee where I was directed. I discovered I chose the wrong assistance when I was told to pay another fee of forty rupees when I arrived in a taxi parking lot. Still too fuzzy and tired from the all-night flight to argue, I paid. Off we careened.

But immediately for the few miles to the hotel I was confronted with Change with a capital C. I didn't recognize one single square inch of the landscape that I had passed over dozens of times decades before. The jammed four-lane highway into town was completely void of bullock carts, the old means of hauling almost everything, even jet fuel. The oxen had been completely replaced by motorized vehicles. All that moved was motorized except a few bicycles and rickshaws. Hundreds of drivers vied for the same piece of road wherever they found it. They took aim at each other and swerved away in the nick of time, missing each other by a coat of paint, if that much. New Delhi had turned into the capital of offensive and defensive driving. I thought, Rome has been outdone, relegated to number two.

We finally arrived at my accommodations, the Ashok Hotel, dressed in imposing splendor. When the family first stayed there in the late fifties during our trips to New Delhi, the newly constructed hotel was touted as the premier hotel of all of southeast Asia. But now in 1996, the place showed a five-star quality with more glitter and style than I ever remembered. I checked in and caught the lift to the fourth floor where Chris had been assigned. Chris was nowhere to be seen. In a few minutes, however, she appeared. She had tried to meet me unannounced at the airport but had missed seeing me.

So after a year of having last seen each other, we found ourselves in India, in pursuit of memories of the past, testing them against the present. Our recollections were poignant, but a bit blurred. The character and content of our memories were also different, probably due more to the difference of our ages during our life here. Chris probably would have been more of a servant to impressionable youth in her formative years, trying to satisfy a ballooning curiosity and sizing up the meaning from a young perspective. I was an experienced adult, a father, a man with a job to do, and a traveler who had seen a bit more of the world's cultures.

We had never discussed our impressions of India; the opportunity never quite presented itself. Chris had left home for college in the States about a year after we left India and later bounced around other parts of the globe in academic pursuits. When we had a chance to visit, other concerns overwhelmed the moments. But now we were face to face with questions from each of our vantage points. What had India shed? And what had replaced the displaced?

Clearly the largest industry was still procreation. A population exploding from over three hundred million in 1956 to nearly a billion in 1996 clearly substantiates this assertion. When I first arrived in January of 1956, I thought I was witnessing an apex in the population referred to as India's teeming millions. I had thought Indians had defied the laws of physics and found a way for two people to occupy the same space. At least during Independence Day parades, two people seemed to stand on the same spot at the same time. Nowadays, I imagine four people are able to coexist in the same space. But seriously, the population explosion had lent a sense of the extreme, or quality of vastness to everything. Urban area, service systems, transportation, production, and industry systems had expanded tremendously, accommodating the growth. The dramatic change had nearly obliterated all the details of my memory of the countryside, the cities, towns, and village communities. All the minute images indelibly imprinted on my mind had shattered. All the details that had grown to be second nature to me swept my memory clean. Every nook, every corner, once so familiar, had been transformed. Only the monuments seemed to withstand the test of time. But their surroundings as well as the ways and means of reaching them were drastically different.

Our former home and neighborhood in New Delhi also appeared as strange re-creations of their previous states. Our first notion after a few hours of rest that first Saturday afternoon in New Delhi was to look up the old domicile in Defense Colony. I should not have been surprised that the cab driver had no problem finding Defense Colony, but I guess old experiences or memories die hard. Chris' memories came very much alive as she provided the house number, C-505, the main feature that seemed unchanged. The thick growth of trees and shrubbery and the crowded buildings all but drowned out the memory of the wide spaces and thin, dry vegetation of a community that was just undergoing construction during our residence. On the west side at that time, we had no neighbors for blocks, only barren lots with scattered piles of building material. Across the street leaned the low walls and straw roofs of the temporary quarters of construction workers in the corner of a large grassy field stretching for more blocks to the north and west. The creamy exterior walls at C-505 of thirty-five years ago were now painted a

shrill white. One of the balconies off of the bedrooms had been closed in with more lattice work. What we did recognize as the same was the driveway and garage on the west side. We had no idea if our former landlord, Captain Singh still lived within, but we resolved to find out.

The taxi driver agreed to wait while we went to investigate. We walked down the driveway to the side door we always used after parking our station wagon and knocked. Almost immediately the door opened and a stern, unsmiling, young face stared at us.

“Is this the residence of Captain Singh?” I inquired. The young man’s silence and stare did not relent. Totally unresponsiveness greeted us.

I thought perhaps he did not understand, although most urban people frequently had basic command of English, for a long time the official language in addition to Hindi. “Is there anyone here that speaks English?” The silence and stare never wavered. Then the door closed. Literally in our face. We retreated slowly to the taxi.

We had traveled thousands of miles and two days for this? I turned to Chris and said, “India used to require some insistence before one got what they thought to be the right answer.” I’m going to try again.”

We walked slowly back to the door. This time after we knocked, a lady appeared.

Is this the home of Captain Singh?” I inquired again.

“Yes, this is the home of Admiral Singh,” she replied. Our imaginations, of course, hadn’t considered promotions in the Navy.

“We are from America and visiting India after thirty-five years. We lived in this house from 1960 to 1963 and rented from Admiral Singh,” I explained. “Out of curiosity we came by to see what had happened to our old home place and Captain Singh since then.”

“I am Admiral Singh’s daughter,” she revealed. “He has since passed. His wife, my mother, and I now live here. My brother is also visiting. Come in.”

“It’s very kind of you. I hope we’re not intruding.”

“Welcome have a seat,” she gestured. “My mother is a bit feeble, but I’ll have her and my brother come and meet you. What a pleasant surprise! Thirty-five years ago! Much has happened since that time. You were the first to live in this house?”

“Yes, it was brand new. We were a family of seven girls, no sons, my wife Loretta and I. We moved out in 1963. Our youngest was born in Holy Family hospital in 1962. Prior, we had lived four years in Bhopal. We had a very high regard for your father and strongly desired to followup to see what had happened to him and his family. We’re sorry to hear he has passed.”

“There are four of us. I have a sister in Bombay. The pictures on the walls were done by her. And this picture is my youngest brother, a naval officer.” A young man with a striking resemblance to Admiral Singh looked out of the photograph.

“It’s a great pleasure to meet all of you. We feel fortunate to know the extended family of such a man. He was a fine person, indeed.”

Our ensuing conversation covered why we had come to India initially in 1956; our life in Bhopal while I served at the farm machinery testing and training center in Budni. We were invited to share tea with our hosts as that time of the afternoon had arrived. Indian teas are as good as tea comes. As we sipped from our steaming cups, we felt fortunate that we had managed a comfortable start on our return trip. I got permission to take several photos of the family, including a couple of photographs of Admiral Singh, one hanging on the wall, another propped on a side table.

“We must take leave now,” I finally announced. “But we can’t thank you enough for receiving us with such kindness and hospitality.”

Colonel Perminder Randhawa, Singh’s son, responded enthusiastically.” This has truly been a delightful surprise, and we are so happy to know you and to have spent a few minutes with you. Before you leave, let me give you the names and addresses of my three sons living in your country.”

“That’s great,” I responded. “We would be more than happy to contact all of them, at least by phone.” So now we knew of at least three generations of Singh, maybe four soon to come. That knowledge was a real marker. A lot of time had passed.

“Could we call a taxi to take us over to Neeti Bagh? We know a Mr. Mohan Taneja who lives there. We worked together in Madhya Pradesh in Budni and have kept in touch for forty years. He also served about twelve years in Africa and the Middle East with FAO. He and his wife Padma visited us once in the States.”

“Calling for a cab is not necessary. Neeti Bagh is nearby. I can take you over with no problem,” Colonel Singh offered.

“That’s very kind of you, but we don’t want to impose.”

“No imposition. I’m delighted to accommodate you.”

We took a short ride through heavy traffic, impossible to escape in India these days, and arrived at C-29 Neeti Bagh on the west side. All three of us walked to the door. A knock brought Mohan to the door. Surprise and delight lit his face. “Am I dreaming, or is this a flight into eternity, and I have run into you?” he exclaimed as we vigorously embraced. “I received your letter saying you may come in February but nothing after that. Why didn’t you tell me of your arrival? I could have made complete preparations for your stay.”

I waved away the idea. “That’s especially kind of you, but things will turn out okay for us. I introduced Chris. The lives in Germany and says she remembers you and Padma. She refers to Padma as the good looking lady with the pretty eyes.” Padma’s eyes were gentle and unusually light in color. Chris and Mohan embraced. “We are delighted to see you as a grown lady after thirty-six years. So much can happen after thirty-six years,” he smiled.

Padma later joined us in the living room. We went through another round of welcoming embraces and introduced Colonel Singh. Singh and Taneja proceeded to become better acquainted. Mohan’s only remaining son, Anmol, and Anmol’s daughter, about seven years old, joined us. Shortly thereafter Anmol’s young son appeared on the scene. He looked to be about three or four, around the same age that I remembered Anmol, a stout-legged rugged boy decades before. The grandson was especially vibrant and energetic. He made us elderly feel like statues. When he first spoke, he asked, “Are you the man that wetted his pants when a tiger chased you up a tree?”

“No, I’m not that man, but I have hunted tigers.”

“Oh!”

Mohan explained he had previously related the story of a man he knew in Bhopal who had an unfortunate accident during a tiger hunt.

The Taneja’s offered us tea, but with our systems still working on the recent refreshment at the Singhs, we apologetically begged off. Taneja’s house was a very adequate place of two stories, furnished in a modern style. At the end of his sofa stood two of the largest elephant tusks I had seen in the fifteen years I lived In Africa. He said he had obtained them while stationed in Tanzania. He told us he had been fortunate to procure the house through his father whose association with an organization of advocates had paved the way.

I learned also that Mohan attended school in the States, obtained a degree in business administration, and worked in the U.S. as an aeronautical engineer. He subsequently returned to India and set up office as a financial consultant. At the close of our visit, Mohan took charge as host and said he would be delighted to drive us back to our hotel. On the way, we stopped at a small fruit stand not far from his house. Fresh, healthy varieties were displayed. Taneja recommended we try an orange-looking fruit which was actually a cross between an orange and tangerine. He was right. The sample was delicious. During that time a relatively young, attractive woman walked up. Mohan introduced her as Anmol’s wife. So in one afternoon we became acquainted with three generations in two families. I was reminded that the close-knit, extended family yet lived on in India. After wrestling, and I mean wrestling, with New Delhi traffic for some minutes, we made it back to the Ashok.

Mohan had invited us to accompany him to an annual art and crafts show outside of New

Delhi that Monday. We accepted. He showed up at the hotel as planned and drove us to the location. Located in a relatively arid area of low brush and thorn trees among rolling hills were artfully arranged displays. Colorful and fascinating, the exhibits held a wide range of articles from jewelry cases of delicate rings and bracelets to large decorative carvings weighing several hundred pounds. Furniture, brightly colored rugs, and various textiles were included in the variety of goods. Items were not cheap. We purchased a few shawls, but mainly observed.

A food center sold all types of Indian dishes. We helped ourselves to fresh coconut milk straight out of a straw inserted in each opening of three green coconuts skillfully cut by a specialist with a machete. This drink was refreshing and safe, unlike water we might have tried, and gave us the boost we needed to carry on. On the return trip, Taneja took us to lunch at a deer park, where the food was typically Indian and superb in preparation and taste. The tasty chapatis and nan provided just the right accent. I ate more than my fill. Afterward we explored some of the grounds to view some of the wild life. At the time, the grass and other vegetation was rather scrawny as were the few spotted deer and scrounging rabbits and peacocks we encountered.

Back on the edge of New Delhi we stopped at a supermarket with a large parking lot, a reasonable facsimile of the versions in the U.S. We eventually found a parking gap in the lot and roamed a store new to our Indian experience. We had not witnessed this kind of display, quantity or quality of the goods during our previous residence. Modern stores at that time comprised a few shops carrying imported Dutch powdered milk, cornflakes or a few other boxed cereals and limited varieties and amounts of canned goods. That day we purchased a few canned foods, sweets and bread to supplement our room service breakfasts at the Ashok. Our day was interesting and delightful in spite of that traffic that makes moving around difficult. How you can watch so many things coming at you at the same time and escape being crushed is amazing,” I marveled at Taneja.

“You could get used to it,” he assured me. Nevertheless, in the midst of this modern rat race, Chris and I felt were making good headway in establishing a connection with the past.

Sunday afternoon, the next day, we decided to catch a view of the American Embassy, only a few blocks from the hotel. Since our last stay, security fences and high shrubbery shielded the view so well, that we could scarcely see what we might have remembered. The adjoining compound housing staff and families appeared twice as large as I remembered. I was prompted to observe to Chris, “It looks like the Americans are the people here who won independence from the British— the Indians are incidental.” Once cows in the streets were not an uncommon sight. But on this second visit, the only cows we saw in New Delhi were huddled under a bush in a corner in the Embassy compound.

That following Monday, I visited the U.S. Embassy to give notice of our presence in the country and submit our itinerary. To my surprise, an American face was not to be seen. Indians were managing the operations. The only signs indicating that I was in American

territory were the portraits of President Clinton and Vice President Gore on the walls. I finally found the right desk, completed the right form and left.

Through a travel agency at the Ashok, one of the scores of services provided at this luxury hotel, I arranged to fly to Bhopal on Tuesday, a key location for gathering our memories and savoring our nostalgia. I had planned to contact people we had known; obtain more information to find my old driver, Rafiq; browse around the palace grounds where we had once lived; visit my base of work in Budni, the main reason for my return.

The taxi ride to the airport and check in moved with precision and dispatch. However, just before departure, a funny thing happened on the way to Bhopal. An announcement blasted over the PA system, requesting all passengers to proceed outside to the air field where the baggage had been assembled. A sure way, I assumed, to guarantee that each passenger's baggage also made the flight. With baggage stubs in hand, each passenger identified his or her baggage. I had heard that this practice was common with some airlines, but I had never witnessed it. Chris had this experience before.

Finally loaded and ready to ascend, the plane positioned for take off. We went roaring down the runway, and in a few seconds full-throttle sent us into a nearly vertical lift. We had taken off like a fly barely missing the deadly slam of a swatter. That take-off was the closest experience I've had to the "Hawker Harrier" designed for a rocket-style launch. "Wow! These guys handle airplanes like Texas cowboys," I exclaimed to Chris. Neither did the cowboy pilot hold back during the landing forty minutes later in Gwalior. He seemed to be testing the sturdiness of the undercarriage. I wondered how long the airplane might last under these incredible impacts. I had stayed several times overnight in Gwalior, a stopover on the road travel from Bhopal to New Delhi. The city was noted for its fine, colorful and highly finished pottery. Another forty minutes and the plane was circling overhead Bhopal. Gazing down on the land, I immediately knew from the astounding spread of the city in all directions that we would recognize little during our visit. But from the air I did recognize the old hangar that used to house the Nawab's five planes, flown by Mac, the British pilot, who lived for several months in our pavilion after we first arrived in 1956.

We hustled expeditiously with our baggage out of the modern, spacious airport although we were among the last passengers to grab a cab. I had learned from a travel guide in a Washington bookstore that our pavilions had been converted into a commercial lodging. I asked the cab to take us to the Hotel Sabre Imperial on the Nawab's old palace grounds.

"That hotel is no longer there. It's gone. Finished, burned." He fired back definitively. That news deadened us momentarily. Would we miss one of our key interests?

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," he clipped. "It's gone. I'll take you to another good hotel."

He drove us toward the direction of the old palace grounds. We were moving past the

entrance of the grounds, now barely familiar to me, when I asked the driver to turn off into the premises so we might view the remains of our old home. “I want to see the burned out spot where we lived four years from 1956-1960,” I explained. He abided by my instructions. We found ourselves on the road leading to the entrance on the west past the home of our former neighbors, the Renshaws. We soon arrived at a large shiny sign reading, “Entrance: Hotel Sabre Imperial.” Chris and I were baffled. No sign of a past fire existed anywhere. The grounds appeared neat, fresh, ready for business. The cab waited as we investigated at the registration desk. We identified ourselves, explained why we had come and our hope of staying a few days.

“We are not yet open,” came the first reply.

We persisted. “But isn’t there some way you could accommodate us for several days? Our greatest hope for coming here was to be in or around the quarters we occupied as a family from 1956 to 1960.”

“Yes, well, we will open officially in two or three days. But there is one suite that is complete, and we could provide you meals for 2750 rupees.” That charge translated into about \$75.00 per day.

“That’s great! We’ll be delighted to stay here and catch up on memories, collect some new ones including changes, and enjoy being your first customers.” We also told them about our episode with the cab driver. They laughed off the incident as if they knew that this strategy was part of the local competition game.

I returned to the cab to pay the bill. “So it burned down,” I repeated as I laid rupees into his palm.

With downcast eyes he sheepishly muttered, “I was told this was so. I had not seen it for myself.”

I was so elated that we could stay at the Sabre Imperial that I had no room in my heart for scolding him. What good would reproach have done anyway? None, I decided. That he knew we discovered his deception was enough.

Almost immediately, we launched our explorations. We started off by spending the evening on the refurbished catwalk overlooking the lake. The wrought ironwork was now painted a sparkling white. The marble floor floors were cleaned and polished. The bridge was set up for dining with a row of small bistro tables running the length of the rail. We had a chicken dish with Indian accents including chapatis, nan, and tea. As we watched the sun settle, electric lights strung along the rail on poles flickered on. The setting was totally serene, comfortable and an enhancement for our old memories.

The manager appeared and made us feel welcome after we told him our story. I needed to make some long distance calls but the hotel only had a walkie talkie to accomplish this task, and the instrument was not functioning well enough for long distance contact. The

manager suggested taking us to a public phone in that area, places managed by others who made the calls for a small charge. But no such services or coin operated machines were to be found near by.

At one point, I inquired about Rafiq, my old driver. "His father worked for the Nawab's hunting party and was crippled from a tiger attack on his leg. He lived downtown."

Surprisingly enough, the manager replied, "My father worked for the Nawab, and he may know of Rafiq. I'll ask him tonight. I have been away from Bhopal for eight years in Saudi Arabia."

The next morning he informed me that Rafiq had left the area some years ago and probably migrated to Bombay or Calcutta. But he was nowhere around Bhopal. Possibilities of contacting Rafiq seemed dimmer. I wondered if we were running out of coincidence. I was beginning to believe we needed a little more of this kind of chance luck if our trip was to work out the way we wanted.

That morning I set out to explore the palace grounds with my camera to record scenes within my memory or else capture the changes on film. At the time, my walk netted little. I could not find the old palace. In its place stood a brand new, white building, a college (or so I thought at the time — later I found the palace behind the school!). On my way back to our quarters, I pursued a diversion and ran into a large metal gate, slightly open. A sign on the gate read, "Major Iqtidar." Behind the gate stood a small, slightly worn, monsoon-stained bungalow. No signs of life stirred, however. I ventured through the gate and walked around to one side. There I found an older, white-haired man sitting on a ragged couch. He was dressed in a gray Moslem-type gauzy gown and trousers. He was attending to a large brown partridge in a wire cage, dropping morsels of food through the wire. We were in the season of Ramadan, but the bird was obviously not observing a fast.

"Good morning," I greeted the man. "I'm Harold Jones, visiting India from the United States, after thirty-five years. My family and I lived here on the palace grounds in one of the pavilions from 1956 to 1960. This was during the days the Nawab lived here, and Marshiq Ali was his administrative officer. My daughter and I have returned to India for a visit to meet friends and to revisit some of the places with which we were very familiar, and to see changes that have taken place. I was assigned to Budni by the U.S. government to assist the Indian Ministry of Agriculture with the establishment of a farm machinery training and testing center."

"Welcome! It is indeed a pleasure to meet you and to have you visit us after such a long time. The Nawab has since passed, as well as Marshiq Ali."

"Yes, we were still here when the Nawab passed, but Marshiq Ali was still carrying on. Sir, I am looking for a young man who once lived in Bhopal who was my driver. His father had been on the Nawab's hunting team, and he had been crippled by a tiger bite on his leg. His son, my driver, was named Abdul Rafiq Khan."

“You have come to the right place. I know Rafiq and can tell you how to get in touch with him. He worked a while for the U.S. Embassy, bought and ran two taxis in Nanital, and is now the grounds keeper for the Nawab of Patudi, who is the son of our Nawab’s daughter, who married the Nawab of Patudi. Write down these two telephone numbers in New Delhi and they will put you in touch with Rafiq.” He referred to a notebook by his side. “In fact the rest house you see behind the fence there belongs to the Nawab of Patudi, who was here for a few days last week. Otherwise, things have so much changed about the palace area here, it would be hard for you to recognize them after thirty-five years.”

“Wonderful! What you have told me will go a long way, rounding out our contacts and making our stay here feel more complete. Rafiq, one of my best friends, was a bright young man, and we always wished him well.”

“It’s been a delight to meet you, and let me wish you and your daughter all the best for the rest of your stay in our country.”

“Thanks. I’ll leave you with your partridge.”

I had two more contacts and visits that would fulfill our purposes at Bhopal. The first was a visit to Budni and the second was to contact P.N. Baijal, an agricultural engineer with the state of Madhya Pradesh during our initial stay.

My conversation with Mr. R.S. Dass, the director of the Central Government Farm Machinery Training and Testing Institute, resulted in his sending a car sixty kilometers to give Chris and I a lift to the institute the next day. We would be able to spend the night in their guest house. The road was now black top all the way compared to the partial black top ending abruptly at narrow dirt road, almost a trail, during my day when small streams also passed over the road in cupped-out concrete waterways. Bridges have now replaced those junctures. But I recalled how the monsoon rains often swelled those small streams so that they became the bane of my travel home on the weekends. A hour’s delay was not unusual in these conditions. Sometimes the wait was so unbearable to me that I would take a long cross-country walk over muddy fields to reach the nearest railroad station to Bhopal. Rafiq often followed up later with the Jeep at two or three a.m.

We took the main thoroughfare heading south out of Bhopal to Budni. On our way, a little of the old India appeared in the form of migrating camels and sheep waddling down the center of the road. They were being herded by nomads from the drier desert regions in pursuit of more grass and water. The nomads transported their limited worldly possessions of worn clothes, dusty bed covers, wooden cots, pots and pans on the backs of camels. This procession backed up road traffic a mile or two in each direction. But the herders paid no mind to us drivers of mechanized vehicles. Their attitudes seemed to say, “You will just have to allow us our ancient ways. We see no need to change.”

On either side of the road, small industries and crops of mustard and grain flourished, aided by irrigation from deep-drilled wells. These conditions were a far cry from the fate

of the grim, brownish crops of my day feeding all season off a meager supply of moisture lingering in the heavy black cotton soil after the monsoon.

The road took us right to the entrance of the institute. The entire facility was a complete surprise. Virtually all construction was new since my day. Now the grounds were dominated by a different set of buildings, including an office, dormitory buildings, six deep irrigation wells, a library, training and testing wings on three hundred acres surrounded by a sturdy barb wire fence. A couple of buildings similar to the one I lived in still stood, but were used as commissaries. My photographs of these small brick shelters with corrugated tin roofs provided vivid contrast to the surrounding modern edifices. I had an opportunity to capture then and now in juxtaposition. Over 23,000 trainees had passed through the center, hundreds of tractors and other machinery had been tested, and the center had served as a model for three replications established strategically across the country. I was brimming with elation to witness the fruits of our efforts of forty years prior blossom so dynamically to become one of the key factors in India's overcoming dependency on imported food grains. The application of chemical, biological, and mechanical technology played the key role in increased production. The Budni Institute had contributed significantly to this application of mechanical technology through training and testing to standardize farming equipment suitable to Indian conditions. Needless to say, I feel good about having played a small role of advising and assisting in the establishment of that institute.

After a tour of the place, I was asked to speak to the staff on how the institute was started. Two garlands of flowers were draped around my neck when I entered the room. Happily, this tradition of honor and celebration hadn't changed. Chris was given a bouquet of flowers. I told of the rigors and difficulties we faced under harsh conditions of no electricity, no running water, no construction contractors; instead, kerosene lanterns and water lugged from a well, and felling trees with farm equipment. Working with state governments posed another challenge. I addressed the problems of convincing the governments of their role before and after the opening to maintain movement towards a reputable, quality training. I explained the tough task of notifying these governments to supply students and how we developed a selection process. One class particularly welcomed the chance to meet one of the individuals instrumental in the inception of the operations. I was impressed by their behavior and apparently sincere appreciation for the opportunity for training. I displayed photographs of these early days. The students and staff found these images incredulous, particularly the one of a tractor pushing over the first tree to clear the farm area. We literally built the center from the ground up. If the center was to become a reality, we had to execute the job ourselves.

The guesthouse afforded us cleanliness, comfort, excellent food and no expense. Mr. R.S. Dass, the sixteenth director, and his staff were perfect hosts. Dass gave us a tour of the area of Budni and Hoshangabad, the only places during my teaching days where I could procure basic food stuff, such as a few fresh vegetables, kerosene, rice and sugar. Now the development and prosperity of these places were beyond my belief. In my day, one courted a degree of danger in crossing the Narbada River to reach Hoshangabad. At that time six to eight men moved two vehicles at a time in a cumbersome two-vehicle flat-

bottom boat poled across the river. This risk has been almost entirely dispelled with the construction of a heavily traveled concrete bridge offering a speedy link up with southern regions of the subcontinent. I recognized nothing in Hoshangabad save the railroad and the flowing river. The town had expanded in all directions, bustling with crowds of people and a gamut of support services. Gone were the handful of structures and shop stalls worn and torn by monsoons, and with them, my memories.

Even Budni had donned a new face also. One of the first clerks at the institute, Abrahams, with whom I had associated, retired there. He had come from the south to work there. Forty years ago anyone conceiving an idea of remaining in this forsaken spot would have been labeled a crackpot. Someone had evidently passed him word of our arrival. When he came to the institute to visit with us I easily recognized him; change doesn't always bring drastic difference. Yet all in all, the once remote bush of Budni showed the flourish of prosperity.

Our last night found us deep in discussions with key staff and Director Dass focused on additional program they were planning, including a tractor exhaust analysis, research on tractor driver safety structures, and resurfacing the tractor test track. I promised to look into what was being done in other places in these matters when I returned home. There I was, back in the business of technical assistance, only this time on my own.

The next morning we readied for our return journey after some early morning photography shoots and a hefty breakfast. Mr. Dass proposed that the driver and a staff member take us by the Central Institute of Agricultural Engineering (CIAE), a completely new development since our time in Bhopal. We followed his suggestion and en route found ourselves passing the remains of the infamous Union Carbide plant that had exploded in the mid-eighties, killing and maiming thousands of the local residents. Had any plans been laid to reuse the idle facility? I inquired. Mr. C.R. Rai replied that much thought had been given that matter, hopefully, not to manufacturing dangerous agents.

The CIAE, a national institute under the Indian Council of Agricultural Research (ICAR), New Delhi, conducts research and development, coordination, from line demonstration, training and agro industrial extension on agricultural machinery for crop production, post-harvest operation and efficient utilization of conventional and non-conventional energy sources to agriculture. The institute and its staff of 589 were conducting fascinating and useful projects to promote the production and processing of agricultural produce. Dr. Gyaendra Singh, the director, welcomed us to his office in spite of his speech scheduled before another group at the same time. Just as we were leaving, M.M. Metha, vice-president of Escorts, one of the leading tractor manufacturers, arrived. We were introduced and extended an invitation to a dinner being given by his company for institute staff. Metha was very familiar with my name and the work I had performed in the country. We agreed to attend the dinner and Dr. Singh arranged to collect us later that evening.

The dinner was presented on quite a grand scale in a swanky mid-town hotel in Bhopal.

This elegant establishment made a poor fit in the needy environs of this section of the city. As if entering an oasis in a bleak desert, we were treated to a prodigious buffet of appetizers, followed by an even more sumptuous spread of dishes for the main course. But here was the India of contrasts so frequently touted in literature. In spite of, or because of, the incongruities of the situation, I was mainly impressed with how the nationals organized and professionalized agricultural engineers to become so instrumental to India's success in closing the great gap between meal time and meals for many citizens, while reducing the specter of famine. In my day, the term agricultural engineering was seldom heard. About twenty land grant colleges, the initial five models established with the help of USAID, have contributed significantly to this development.

On our last night in Bhopal, we were invited to dinner at the home of Mr. and P.N. Baijal, an engineer friend and employee of the State of Madhya Pradesh during my day. I had received one letter from him during the past thirty-six years. He had agreed to pick us up from the hotel. An hour after the designated time, however, he still had not shown. We decided to go by taxi with hardly a semblance of directions to his house. When I had left India, his housing settlement stood out in the middle of a field and could be seen miles away. The taxi driver knew the area but not the street and house number. We stumbled around and came to what might be the area, but the number I had found no match. But then coincidence arrived. I decided to knock on a door to make inquiries about Baijel to residents. The woman who opened the door welcomed us with open arms. She was Baijel's wife and recognized me on sight, although I admit I did not remember her.

"What a stroke of luck!" I marveled and explained to her how we had lost our way. Baijal appeared and related how he had run all over the city for over an hour looking for a hotel with Palace in its name, and had given up. I had asked him to pick us up at the hotel on the Nawab's palace grounds!

We had both changed a lot in thirty-six years, but enough original features remained intact for us to recognize each other. We were introduced to another guest, a friend still with the state government. We looked over a collection of family photos showing his daughter's family, husband and three children, all living in California with no intention of returning to Bhopal to live. They visit from time to time. Baijal had been adversely affected from inhalation of some of the poisonous gas released by the famous Union Carbide plant explosion and was collecting disability. After our late start exchanges of our activities over the years followed by a highly delicious dinner, we found time running out. He and his friend had driven us halfway home when I realized my camera was missing. The return to his home to search was for naught. My only hope was that I had left the camera in the taxi and might be recoverable. My inquiry at the hotel desk the next morning brought quick results. The cab driver had returned the camera. Nothing like an honest taxi driver. India could be the one of the few remaining places where this good fortune could still happen.

Saturday morning found us hustling to rise early to board our Indian Airlines plane for another cowboy ride back to New Delhi via Indore. All went well and we could hardly wait to try out our information for locating Rafiq. The first call to the begum of Petaudi,

who was also a well-known movie star and Moslem converted from Hinduism, gave us his number without hesitation. Our first call to him went through, but he was at the mosque for prayer. Still the Islamic devotee, as from the first day I met him forty years ago, I thought.

After an hour, we made a second attempt to contact Rafiq. When he picked up the phone, I explained who I was and informed him Chris had accompanied me. He was stunned and speechless. Then he found his first words: “How’s Memsahib?” he asked, referring to Loretta, the Mrs.

“She’s fine and sends you her best regards. When and how can we see you?”

“Tomorrow would be fine; most of my family will be here, and you can meet them and have dinner with us. I could pick you up at 10:30 and drive you out here.”

“That would be just perfect, and we’ll be waiting. We’re staying at the Ashok Hotel.”

“That’s near where our Nawab and Begum stay in New Delhi. See you then.”

You have to be a master at timing to know when you will arrive at any place in India these days. But he was on time, driving his little red van. I recognized his short form advancing up the walk, in spite of his graying hair and thicker waist. Chris wasn’t sure. He recognized me, but could not have recognized Chris who he had seen last in her early adolescence. He had brought his son, barely into adolescence, but already sprouting above his father’s height. After tight embraces and greetings all around, we headed for Patudi, over sixty kilometers away.

The Sunday morning traffic had eased somewhat but was still sufficiently congested to make driving a hassle. As we anticipated, the palace grounds turned out to be grandiose, neat, well-manicured, and spacious. The grand, glorious spreads of royalty always provided the ultimate contrast to the excessive crowding in so many other locations in the country.

Rafiq momentarily led us by his own modest abode on the grounds, formerly used by the Nawab and his friends as a place to shower and dress after a game of cricket on the adjacent practice fields. Ironically, we learned that Bhopal was hosting the international cricket tournament in India during our visit, and Rafiq had been in Bhopal at the same time as we.

Then we were treated to the palace tour. Grand, splendid, brilliant and magnificent are only a few applicable adjectives that still not do full justice to the place. The flower gardens and shrubs were immaculate. Rafiq told us that one or both members of the royal couple might visit one or two nights a month. Occasionally, corporate or company conferences were held on the grounds. Otherwise, the estate existed to fill a description and represent a haven of broad, unused space in a land otherwise squeezed for unfettered movement. This property was probably also one of the most vivid reminders of the period

when much of the country was ruled by numerous princely kingdoms, or principalities. This estate contrasted with the palace grounds in Bhopal where Rafiq's grandfather worked. These latter grounds were last in the hands of the mother of the Nawab of Pataudi and those sites not taken over by modern state and private developments lay in a state of deterioration. However, the current Nawab of Pataudi did maintain a resthouse there, used only during infrequent visits. That land is just one of the pieces of his wide-ranging collections.

We returned to Rafiq's quarters to catch up on personal news, eat, and reminisce over photographs. We learned Rafiq was quite enthusiastic about educating his children as a result of watching Memsahib Loretta run her home school in Bhopal. Rafiq professed that his Muslim religion had much respect for Christianity and felt many Christian practices were acceptable. His own wife never attended formal school, not an unusual occurrence for Muslim women in our day. After some prompting, I remembered I had met her as a child in Bhopal through Rafiq's introduction.

He had directed his wife on how to prepare food for us, down to serving us only boiled or bottled water. We were provided with a very tasty meal of meat curry and chapatis. She offered us a fruit drink mixed with water, probably squash, or a similar juice concentrate one needed to dilute. "Has the water in it been boiled?" Rafiq wanted to know. When the reply came back negative, Rafiq immediately instructed his wife to prepare more drink with boiled water for us. We were spared some of the awkwardness and squeamishness about accepting drinks when we dined out during our earlier residency. Rafiq had understood and remembered the details of our habits. This thoughtfulness added a fine touch to great hospitality.

He had also retained my lessons in the fine points of driving and car care from his day in my employ. He thanked me for my instruction. His life and what he was able to provide his family centered for a long time on these skills. Outside the official assistance we provided under the auspices of USAID, we attempted to teach our personal employees the finer points of their work in hopes that they could improve their chances for employment after our departure. Rafiq had shown to be an outstanding beneficiary of our advice.

"But why did you get out of the taxi business?" I wanted to know.

"It was beginning to be dangerous in the isolated places like Nanital. Several drivers had been robbed and murdered. Now I feel blessed, lucky, and more safe for my family working for the Nawab and the Begum."

Our drive back to Delhi on Sunday afternoon found us competing for road space with thousands out on family rides. Travel was even slower than usual. "I don't know where the Indians are getting so much money," Rafiq remarked. "Since the 1970s, so many seem so much better off with new cars, furnished homes, and going places they have never been before. Money seems to be flowing." Yes, I could have added, flowing out into the streets, clogging the highways, and ironically cramping freedom of movement.

Our farewell at the hotel evoked mixed sadness and gladness — gladness for the chance, for the god of serendipity and fate, who allowed us to spend some time together, but sadness for the separation.

That night at the hotel, Chris reminded me of her discussion with Rafiq's daughter about her interest in obtaining a teacher certificate. However, the cost, 5000 rupees, was prohibitive at the time, and she did not believe her father could afford to pay for certification. I slept on the issue that night, and the next morning informed Chris I had decided to cover the cost of the certification. Translated into American denominations, the money was rather meager for me: \$140. I would arrange to get the money to Rafiq through Taneja. The next day I phoned Rafiq to let him know my intentions. I thought he and his family deserved this gesture for all he had done in the past and present.

Taneja invited us back to his home for a reception a couple of days before Christina's departure. All of the food was spicy and flavored the way we remembered so well. I had developed a taste for the spicy food of India, and some of it still lingered. Our hosts automatically honored my choice of lemon or lime with tea instead of the usual milk. My minor propensities must have been pronounced in their oddness. From forty years ago when we first started working together and umpteen times thereafter, I remembered your taste for sour things, n Taneja observed.

"I appreciate your hospitality and regard for my taste preferences," I replied. "May our friendship continue and strengthen for the rest of our years. This reception is just perfect and we both thank you and your family very much. Let's hope our extended families keep the relationship going over the years ahead," I toasted the occasion.

"To make sure your taste for hot things survives, I would like you to take home and try this jar of garlic and pepper sauce, a product my sister and her husband make in their food processing business," said Anmol's wife.

Once again, Taneja drove us back to our hotel.

Shortly before I made this trip, I had seen in the States a PBS documentary, Great Indian Railways, a story of their history and development and how they efficiently haul eleven million passengers a day. We decided to raise the number to eleven million and two by taking a one-day round trip to Chandigarh, Punjab's capital, at the invitation of Colonel Randhawa. The day before our trip, Chris and I purchased tickets at the station where one could witness first hand that India was a nation of travelers. We had other appointments, so after waiting half an hour in a line that meandered interminably, we gave up our positions to return during what we hoped might be a more opportune time. We did not realize until late in the day that the ticket counter closed around 6:00 p.m., and rushed over to the depot. We thought we had beat the deadline and were beginning to exhale and relax when I requested the tickets at the window. To our bafflement, the clerk asked for our number, something we did not possess. He gestured to a nearby window which dispensed the numbers passengers needed to submit when purchasing a ticket. We had no

choice but to fidget in another line. The minutes ticked on steadily, untouched by our plight. We made it to the number window where we were each rewarded with a slip of printed numbers. We quickly shifted to the ticket window line and waited. In about twenty minutes the ordeal was over and we triumphantly exited the station with our trophies, having just passed under the wire.

A very early morning rise was necessary to depart by six a.m. We arrived on time. The daybreak traffic was tolerable. But another sight gripped me on our walk from the cab to the station. A man wrapped in a blanket slept tranquilly in the middle of the pedestrian traffic. The moving feet were thicker than ants at a holiday picnic, but none touched a square inch of the man's body. How he could sleep so deeply as well as avoid trampling was truly fantastic to me. If he were dead, no one was interested in investigating that possibility. If he were alive, the agent or factor responsible for his peace, might show great potential in relieving insomnia. Around a few curves, up and down several stairs, moving en masse with the other travelers, we reached the platform for boarding the Northern Express, promising to deliver us to Chandigarh in four and a half hours.

We found our seats and had settled in when another couple approached with the assertion that they were assigned the seats instead. "So were we," we persisted.

"Let me see your ticket," they replied. "You are traveling on the wrong day. Your tickets are for tomorrow."

We checked our tickets. They were correct. We had not noticed this mistake made by the reservation office where we had been so distracted in a harrowing rush to secure tickets. A young official in a neat blue suit, black tie, and white shirt who had been listening to our conversation advanced and offered to resolve the problem. "You pay me your fare in cash," he proposed, "and I'll issue new tickets for today. When you reach your destination, you can get a refund for the ticket you have already paid for."

We happened to have enough rupees to settle with him. He issued us new tickets. In my day, such a case would probably have to go before a committee who would reach a decision on the refund in a month. But now the whistle blew, and we were moving in the train out of the station five minutes ahead of schedule. Life had changed.

The sunrise brought good clear daylight, exposing us to the familiar and the unfamiliar in the countryside. Early morning views used to include lines of bare bottoms in large fields or along roadsides where villagers emptied their systems of waste accumulated from the previous evening. Pot-bellied pigs filled the role of sanitation engineers. That day we only saw one lonely person attending to the morning toilet.

The earthen walls of villages houses plastered with cow dung paddies drying in the sun for domestic fire fuel had largely disappeared. Instead, collection centers for dung cakes and wood seemed to exist. I guessed these points had been set up by dealers in domestic fuel. In our day dried, dung cakes represented sixty percent of the domestic fuel. House walls were now brick or concrete block painted mainly white but also a variety of other

colors. These house were neat, orderly, and electrified, with lights glowing in all directions.

I saw only one moving bullock cart. In my day, sixty million pairs of oxen hauled almost everything in the country. Many cattle and buffalo must still exist to provide a market for the commerce in dung fuel, however. Wherever or for whatever function these draft animals exist, not one bullock-drawn plow could be seen in the fields on the way to Chandigarh. Instead tractors and other varieties of modern farm equipment worked green fields of grain showing great promise for a bountiful harvest just a month or two away.

The train made several stops to hurriedly unload and acquire passengers and resume rattling on the rails. Our arrival in Chandigarh was dead on the schedule by the minute, 10:30 a.m. Colonel Randawa met us and accompanied us to the window for a fare refund. His presence expedited the process, I'm sure. I looked around for another friend who failed to show in the end. Chandigarh was newly established, practically brand new by Indian historical standards. The broad streets eased the strain of dodging traffic on our ride to the Colonel's home.

We drove through his gates at about the same time that a man with two dancing monkeys was passing. The Colonel invited in the performers to give us a display of entertainment as old as India itself. Charmed cobra snakes and dancing monkeys go way back. The trainer exercised remarkable control over the small female monkey in a dingy dress and the large male with prominent red testicles. These two provided an intriguing show and displayed more obedience than any of our own small ones in tow. Next we relaxed with refreshment, tea, of course, followed by Indian beer. The colonel wanted to solicit my opinion on the taste of the beer. He said every state now has a brewery. I am probably the worse when it comes to beer connoisseurship, but I knew I was not taken to the drink I was offered. I was reminded of dung smoke and some other awful combination. Generally, there aren't many things I dislike more in life than the taste of beer, although I will break down for a cold one during extremely hot weather. I found myself faking a reaction, telling the Colonel the beer tasted pretty good in my understated way.

The rest of the day was spent sight-seeing and shopping in a city of clean, broad, tree-lined avenues and orderly commercial districts. In an ancient civilization founded on layer upon layer of evolved cultures and historical happenstance, Chandigarh is distinguished as a new city planned by the eminent architect, Courbousier. Our boost to the retail economy was no more than a few pieces of jewelry and shawls for gifts to carry home. We then drove through the city to view the office buildings and snap photographs, the Supreme Court caught Chris' eye. Although an impressive building, any court or structure related to the law is sure to turn her attention. We also visited the mogul gardens, designed by Shah Jehan hundreds of years ago on the road to Simla. At the gardens we snapped good views and had a genuine Indian lunch at the cafeteria. Being in the foothills of the mountains cradling Simla evoked pleasant memories of a family vacation we had thirty years previously in Simla. During our stay at a quaint mountain retreat our seventh daughter, Loretta, got started in the world. We returned from the gardens in time to make our late evening train back to Delhi. P.N. Panhotra, the friend

who was to meet us at the station that morning, materialized, seemingly a bit confused. He approached me saying, “It’s a pleasure to see you again Mr. Balis.” John Balis happens to be a mutual friend, now living in Washington.

“No, I’m Harold Jones. Remember we worked together in Alligarth?”

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes! I guess I got Mr. Taneja’s letter about your coming a little confused.”

“I would say so.” After a few exchanges and reminiscences, we were back on the rattling rails to Delhi with night falling. Other than a fifteen- to twenty- minute delay on the outskirts of Delhi, the trip was comfortable.

The following night we invited Colonel Randhawa, Mrs. Jacqueline Singh, and her husband to have dinner at the Ashok Hotel. Mrs. Singh, formerly from California and married to an Indian Sikh, had been Christina’s English teacher from 1960-1963 at the American School in Delhi. They had kept in contact for a while but not in the past fifteen years. I had made a trip earlier in our visit to the American School to discover if the school could help us find her. She was still serving as a substitute teacher, but had not been present on the day I visited. In the meantime, Chris found a copy of her recent book, *Seasons*, a fictionalized account of the adjustments she made after leaving California and living a Sikh and Indian lifestyle. We had called on the couple’s home for tea on a cool February evening and found each wrapped in a woolen blanket. Just a few weeks from the snow and ice in the States, I also felt a bit cool. The homemade chocolate cake, the nuts and other snacks Mrs. Singh served with hot lemon tea were downright delicious. Only one slice of cake remained on the plate when the four of us finished tea. We discussed Mrs. Singh’s book and Chris’ life over the past thirty-six years. Mr. Singh had had a career in horticulture, a subject I could feel comfortable discussing.

At dinner at the hotel, however, Mr. Singh and the colonel turned the conversation to philosophical arguments mainly on the Sikh religion, resulting in a wide range of disagreements. I was out of my academic or intellectual reach and participated little. At one point they raised the issue of the low percentage of eligible citizens who exercise the right to vote in the United States, although I cannot remember how the point fit their contemplations. “To me this would mean if it is not of the people, how can it be by and for the people?” Colonel Randhawa challenged.

Mr. Singh responded, “Whatever you wish to say about the system, it seems to have worked for many years and is still working.”

All in all, I thought the evening turned out to be a very pleasant way to say good-bye to India.

Chris departed the country at midnight. I stayed almost another twenty-four hours. On my final day, Taneja and I toured the agricultural engineering section of the national research station in New Delhi, observing a great variety of interesting research and displays of many concocted and modified farm equipment models. My old days in India had taken

me there a number of times. I recalled many of the scientists doing research under the assistance of Rockefeller and Ford Foundation, who made substantial contributions to getting Indian agriculture geared up for increased production.

Later, we found our way to Connaught Place, the heart of New Delhi's shopping district. The area seemed better organized and much more tidy, however concentrated. Every square inch was taken up by retail businesses. The place was almost completely enclosed by bigger-than-ever advertising signs. I snapped the camera a few times and headed back to the hotel. Taneji finally accepted my offer to buy his lunch, something I had insisted on many times. His reply always was, "You are in my country, I am your host. Keep your money in your pocket." Shortly after lunch, we strolled back to his car. I thanked him and wished him all the best, followed by a long embrace. We both did well in holding back the tears. I departed at midnight for London and then Washington, almost a straight route home.

I had done it, fulfilled a dream, and felt better physically and mentally for the achievement. How much was my life enhanced? I would leave that question to Loretta to figure.

Back at home, I sampled some of the contents of my souvenir jar pepper paste, and believe me, the taste packed a hot wallop! Just wave it over the food and the heat is practically on! The capsicum content (that substance that makes pepper hot) is as hot, if not hotter than Jamaica's scotch bonnet pepper, which I had thought was a record setter.

My technical assistance promise to Budni still had to be executed. I contacted several manufacturers of exhaust analysis equipment, then called our tractor testing station in Nebraska to learn what they had done in the areas of the Institute's new interests. As good fortune would have it, I was put in touch with Dr. Leviticus who gave me a good rundown on the subjects about which I was inquiring. Coincidentally, I had seen his name in the guest book at Budni. He verified his visit there a couple of years before and spoke highly of Mr. Dass. Some of the information I was to receive was in possession of a firm in Germany. I had Chris make the contact there. She mailed the information to Mr. Dass, and I sent him a package with the information they sought, my resume, and some photographs he requested showing the beginnings of the institute, with the hope of starting a museum some day. Fini, the technical assistance, a fait accompli. Probably my last effort in this field.

Chris's Report — Collecting Memories

February 1, 1996: Click, click. The turquoise plastic camera that my daughter gave me to take pictures in substitute of her coming was eating up the film I was feeding it insatiably. I was taking photos of the white washed pavilion we had lived in in Bhopal, and of the gardens. I finished up a roll of thirty-six, came jauntily up the marble steps of the pavilion where the Pucketts used to live opposite ours, with the sun shining in my back and met Ms. Ali, the young woman from Naintal. She had with dark brown hair cut short, always looking a bit worried as to whether she liked her job or not. She twisted in

her slender brown hands the many keys of the rooms over which she reigned as housekeeper of the hotel into which the two pavilions had been converted. I stared at the diamond in her nose, and she asked me with a half smile, "Getting down all your memories? You've come back to collect your memories."

I looked down at my camera. Without raising my eyes up to her, I said, "Yes, you're right. We've come back to get memories." I went on past her to the room. What she had said had struck me deeply. Coming back to collect memories seemed such a luxury. I had not really thought about it in those terms. She was right. And I recited the kind of memory searching I went through when I landed in New Delhi. I went through customs waiting in the passport line, and I immediately noticed the floors were marble, like the floors we had in the pavilion in Bhopal and like the floors the Pucketts had too, over which their little black Inky, the dachshund went trotting. I felt reassured. Yes, I thought to myself, marble is still important.

Once through customs and out into the masses waiting for arrivals, I started searching for the Ashok Hotel info desk where they had said — in a fax — that I could ask about transportation and for pre-paid taxis. The arrivals hallway looked relatively well organized with the yellow information signs in English and Hindi above dark wood booths telling you where to go for the different things you wanted. I immediately saw the prepaid taxi stand run by the Delhi police and thought immediately I had seen on another Swiss Air flight in which the taxi driver had taken their foreign customer for a ride, robbed him, slugged him, and left him there. Now at least, I thought, the Delhi Police are protecting people, especially tourists who are coming in. I paid them 138 rupees as demanded. Later at the hotel I looked at the blue chit and discovered it was only for 128 rupees. Always check, as ever, I thought. I put my luggage on the trolley, and wheeled it through the exit door.

Once outside the confines of the arrivals hall, I began to smell my memories. First was the whiff of the acrid bidi cigarettes. They are still there, I made a note mentally. Later my Dad made the remark, one does not seem many people smoking here. It was true. Somehow the sale of cigarettes and bidies seemed to have gone down; even the sale of pan, the red chewing stuff had dropped off. I did not see as many people spitting the red juice out as when I was a child. Life seemed busier and a little more efficient in India. So many voices seemed to compete for money. "Taxi, Madame! Taxi, Madame!" I made a mental note that I was now Madame and not Memsahib. The old British history, at least a part of it had gone by the wayside. Later at the hotel in Bhopal, I was very often called ma'am by the young man in charge of food and catering who had spent several years in Dubai. "Taxi, Madame! This way! This way, come over to our stand." That was a stand without any indication that it was official.

"No, thank you." I set my face grimly in the direction of a place where I thought I would be safer. And there was another stand on the side further away from the exit door with the sign, "Prepaid Taxis." I turned in my blue chit to one of the two policemen sitting there with computers. Computers have come to India, I said to myself. But then, of course, Indians are known for their abilities with computers. The policeman wrote down a

number on a small piece of paper, his colleague looking over his shoulder. They were very friendly. I gave the paper then to the taxi driver standing next to me. The driver said, "There's no number like 00444!" I was getting annoyed at this point. I handed the paper back to the civilly clad policeman and repeated what I had heard. "There's no number like 00444." Even the taxi drivers were annoyed who had crowded around me. People whom I had been fighting against because they were fighting to get my attention and distract me were suddenly my allies. The police without saying a word admitted the mistake by simply writing another number, the correct number. One of the drivers who had the number said, "That's my number. Madame, come this way, come this way."

My eyes started searching again for memories, looking at the taxi driver. He looked like a young chap, his head wrapped in a piece of red, and dark-brown, fuzzled wool or rayon material that could double as a neck shawl. Of course, I said to myself, the old sign of winter is in Delhi. People always put something around their heads in wintertime. That is still going on. My eyes then fell on the taxi itself. Still black on the bottom half and yellow in the upper half. That was a welcoming sign, too. The meter was no more. That was why one had prepaid chits now.

It was already one o'clock in the morning as we drove through the dark streets to the hotel. On the way I noticed there were many traffic lights, many more of them than when I was a child. But at this hour of the morning there was less traffic. Despite this, I was very surprised as the driver went through a red light. I checked to the right and saw the lights of a lorry bearing down on us, the taxi driver looking straight ahead. He looked grimly confident that he had properly judged the distance of the lorry from us. I was the one who was not so sure he had properly judged. I felt relieved as I saw the front of the lorry just pass by the back bumper of the car. An ordered chaos, I thought. One's store of good dharma - mine or the taxi drivers or both of ours, I am not sure - was still enough to take one through danger. Good old India. The saving up of good dharma was still of value. But being called Madame again gave me back my memories of feeling a little bit of being in a privileged position. What taxi driver in Germany would ever dare to address me as "Gnadige Frau," or in Washington D.C. as "Madame?" But because one felt more privileged in those old days when I was a child, one felt equally a certain amount of responsibility towards people who were letting you know that you were privileged — not like nowadays, where the feeling of being privileged simply feeds on greed for more privilege.

Once arriving at the Ashoka Hotel, I did not recognize it at first as the hotel we used to go to when we drove up to Delhi for the annual USAID conferences in the 1960s. It seemed much bigger now. Scanning it up and down with my eyes I saw suddenly on the corner of the building a turret with an arched canopy. This was it. I went through the lobby to register my name. The chaps at the registration desk seemed very pleased to have someone like me. They whispered among themselves as I asked whether it was a quiet nice room they were going to give me and my father. With a smile on their faces, they said, "We are going to give you a nice double room." I went upstairs, joined by the bell captain, and noticed the red-grey checkered rug as we moved silently down the corridor. Rather tattered at the moment, I noted. But I remembered it from the old days, and the

big, dark wood doors with the carving of an archway on them. They were still there. The locks on the door had obviously been opened and reopened many times, maybe even broken into, rattling with the touch of the hand or key. But the brass handles were still there, the brass of old India. In the bat of an eyelash I drew mentally a picture from my childhood of the small brass pots that women in saris pulled up between the legs and men with white dhotis carried in the left hand filled with water weaving their way in the bush to find a place to do their toiletries. And I saw once again the large brass pots being washed with expert hands black from ashes that polished the pots before they were set on a woman's head for carrying water. The brass handle of our hotel room opened up more than just a door.

My bags were deposited in a very lovely room with a sitting room in front, a small kitchenette with fridge, and a room with two separate beds. The size and roominess of the Ashoka was always impressive and pleasant. It reminded me of the size and roominess of the house we had lived in Bhopal. Roominess despite crowdedness was still there in India. Maybe they had given us such a nice place because I had faxed them from Germany with my doctor title in the letterhead, maybe also because my father had faxed them. So they knew they were getting somebody who wanted some service. My bags were placed by the bell captain on the luggage rack. I had only a hundred rupees bill plus fifteen rupees. I gave the fifteen rupees to the rather tall bell captain dressed in his black, buttoned-up suit. He gave me that look in his eyes as if to say, thank you, but no thank you. There was again the old eye contact that I had known as a child in India. You could tell through the eyes exactly what a person wanted or did not want, but was not allowed to put it in words. I very quickly lowered my eyes and said, "Oh, my father is still coming." I never saw him again in the hotel. But I made sure that the cleaning team leader on our floor was well tipped.

I was anxious for the morning to start. It was already half past two in the morning. I slept, but I made up my mind before falling asleep that I wanted to recall and remember the sounds of the dawn I knew in India more than thirty years ago. I woke up just at sunrise. The same colours in the sky, dusty pink, red and oranges were coming. I knew it was going to be a strong day. I jumped out of bed. I listened. It was there! Swish, swish, swish. Somebody was sweeping the street and the sidewalk with an old branch broom. For a split second I saw the apparition of the young man thirty years ago swathed in a beige shawl, hunched on his thighs sweeping with a brush broom the veranda of the guesthouse we slept in on our stop-over in Karachi. It was going on seven o'clock in the morning and I quickly got dressed. I wanted to get out to the airport to meet my father. For upon my arrival there had been such a rush and competition for taxi drivers, I was not sure he would know that after he had gotten his prepaid chit that he still had to get a number for a taxi driver. I took another taxi to the airport and stood in the crowd with everyone else waiting for arrivals. This time there were many less people, but people were still wrapped up in woolen shawls, just as it was thirty years ago. This time I began to see how things had changed. People coming out of the arrivals were coming from England and the USA, all originally Indian but this time with a difference. I stood there riveted by the changes I saw, or rather the contrast these changes made with my memories. I saw a young man wearing a blue business blazer and an open blue shirt. The

grandfather, the grandmother, the aunt, the wife, the little son were all waiting for him. He immediately picked up his son. The son was not sure how to greet father. So everyone started saying, this is papa, this is baba. He seemed to have been away a long time. They were trying to get the little boy to say baba. The little boy was refusing. But they really did not want to embarrass the father. All eyes were riveted on this little boy for a full five minutes, until this little boy finally came out with the words baba, baba. And suddenly I felt the beauty of the warmth of the big family, the warmth of the extended family. It was still there. I turned around and saw an older Sikh woman dressed in her Punjabi Suit with grey strands in her hair. She was pushing her trolley along with luggage purposely. She had spotted a Sardarji who was waiting for her just around the column where I was standing. He had not seen her. She wanted to surprise him. She pushed her trolley with full force and let it go and shouted to him with a smile as he was startled to see the trolley running at him. They all broke into smiles. She fell into his arms and then the arms of an even older aunt, and she began to cry. I asked myself, "Was she a widow coming from England back home?" The emotions were as strong as the sun coming up, as strong as the sun that sets. The feeling were still strong. They were still there, even stronger than I had remembered. Then the cleaning began. Four sweepers came, this time with buckets of soapy wear and brushes to clean the place where we were all standing waiting for arrivals. And there it was again. A bit like Dettol — the smell of disinfection. It was still there. There ran through my hand the still pictures of us returning from the middle of town from the Bhopal talkies where we had seen a film. Taking off our shoes at the front door, taking them in hand to the bathroom where the soles were dipped in a disinfectant solution to kill the germs we had picked up from going off to the squat toilette that seemed never to have been cleaned. Now cleanliness had come thirty years later. I felt very proud that people were keeping public areas clean.

I was at that airport for another hour. Still I did not see my dad, and I got worried. I went up the steps, two flights. They were a bit dirty, the walls were dirty, and in the corners I kept seeing old computers and old office chairs, marked with government numbers in white paint. The vestiges of old colonial British practices were still there. The people were kind and helpful. They asked spontaneously, "What are you looking for?"

"Oh," I answered. "I've found it." I stood in front of the British Airways office. "It's going to open at 9:30," a man standing against the wall volunteered to inform me. I looked at my watch. It was already 9:30. They stood before the locked door with a big brass lock. A Gurkha stood guard with his Australian khaki cap. I thought, oh, the tradition of keeping up their military security was still in their hands. Fifteen minutes later the British Airways representative came, invited me in, sat at his desk, checked his computer and found, yes, my father had been on the last incoming flight. Somehow I had missed him trying to recall all my memories.

I went back to my hotel, and there he was waiting for me. Too absorbed in recapturing these memories and the changes made in my remembrances I had missed him. But all during the trip for the next weeks to come remembering through smells and sights never stopped. I kept searching for the memory of the sewage smells, of the nullah (open drains) smells. I conjured up the images of the dimming day near sunset in New Delhi

when I in a white party dress with my younger sister in tow returning home from a birthday party had to negotiate crossing the mullah. My legs were wide enough to cross over, but my little sister's legs were not, and she got a dip in the sewage. These smells seem to have disappeared. But as we were taking the train from Chandigarh back to New Delhi, not too far from the main station in New Delhi — about twenty minutes away — I got a whiff of memory: the smell of sewage.

When we went through the bazaar in Hoshangabad near Budni, I kept trying to smell the mixture of charcoal smoke of kerosene lamps, dried cowdung smoke, which was India's main domestic fuel in my days, and simply dirt. Also gone. Electrical lights made a difference in smells. One does not need the charcoal heaters any more, the sigkrees, or the kerosene lamps. And the vegetables. They were looking so bright and big, and washed. It was beginning to be sanitized. Those memories were gone.

Speaking of the traffic, I noticed, even when there was a red light reinforced by a white line behind which vehicles had to stop, all the traffic always inched up closer and closer as though they were ready to go through the red light. And the policeman in some instances simply stood there passively, realizing that he could not possibly control the mobbing cars or the honking. On one occasion, however, a policeman, dressed in his white uniform topped with a replica of the old British colonial military police helmet, actually pulled back a driver who had gone over the stop line, maybe because he had seen me, and I was obviously a foreigner. Very often I was taken for a Japanese, partly because of my short stature and the roller hat I always wore on my head. Behind my glasses, my eyes looked especially Asian.

Despite the modernization, there were still some signs of the old ways. Once I sped along in a taxi in Delhi on the way to the Urdu Bazaar near the large mosque, Jamid Masjid, I was astonished to see a large grey Indian elephant with a red spot on his forehead lifting up logs at a railway depot.

One did not hear on the streets any more the loud shoutings. One still heard the comforting sounds of the motorized rickshaw, putt-putt, and its warning, high-pitched horn sounds, squeak-squeak. The taxis in contrast had low-pitched horns, and as we rode along in the traffic of Bhopal at an inched pace — no longer behind a bullock cart as in earlier days. This time it was behind another taxi, another lambretta. Suddenly it struck me that we were still talking to one another through our horns. We were still communicating. India had not gone to the point of one simply sitting in one's own car, oblivious to all the other cars and its passengers silently swizzing past without saying anything. We could still communicate with others through horns. The trusty sign on the back of all lorries was still there to read: "Horn Please!" some painted fancier than others. In the West we communicated with one another at best only visually, with bumper-sticker sayings. They, along with the horns, were also in India. Rafiq, my Dad's former driver had a great bumper sticker on his van: "Reckless drivers: they rest in piece(s)." In Chandigarh I shared these thoughts of horn communication with the army colonel, son of Admiral Singh in whose house we had lived in New Delhi, as he drove us around in his old but neatly kept black Fiat car. "It is as if we're still talking with one another with

horns.” He laughed.

As for bicycles, they were gone. In my day there were droves of bicycles, each rider communicating with his (there were no hers) neighbour on the road through tinkling bells. The droves of bicycles were replaced by droves of lambrettas, with the helmeted man steering in front, his wife holding on behind him with her shawl streaming back in the wind, almost falling on the ground. If you saw this from behind you hoped dearly that it would not get caught in a wheel. One child stood in front between papa and the speedometer, another child squeezed in between mama and papa. Children and mama did not have any helmets. One was going of course faster on these motor cycles, but the patterns had not changed. Mama was still sitting on the back as had been the case with the bicycles and the bullock carts for that matter. The man usually was up front driving the bullocks, and women and children sat in the cart behind. In the old days when we whizzed by in our motorized vehicle, greeting and warning simultaneously with our horn on the trunk roads, I did not like the fact that we had sped past. I often dreamed of improved bullock-drawn carts as alternatives to motor cars. I had plans for how one could modernize a bullock cart, make it sturdier and safer, and get it to roll faster.

Although many women still sat behind their men on the lambrettas, a new pattern was clearly emerging though. Women were driving alone or as twosomes. They were a delight to the eye. One saw whizzing by on a lambretta rainbows of pink, bright yellow, green. That was unheard of in my day. Now the women were on the move. This phenomenon met with scepticism in my father. He feared that the young ladies exhilarated by fast moving freedom might turn out to be like the young women drivers in Washington D.C. Having been twice almost run over by two fair young ladies gunning their cars in the city, he saw in almost every young woman driver a potential danger to life.

Cycles, however, had not completely disappeared. Once I got out of the posh motorized centres of New Delhi around the Ashok Hotel and into the area of Khan Market, I still saw the cycle rickshaws powered only by strong legs. They were cheaper to take than the motorized rickshaws and taxis. Once I watched two ladies riding in a hired cycle rickshaw. Their shawls were dirty, wrapped around their heads and shoulders, but on their faces I could see that they were pleased to be able to afford a cycle rickshaw.

Smells had also not disappeared once one left the posh areas. One taxi driver ventured to take me over to the Jamid Masjid, the biggest mosque in New Delhi. There we had to leave the taxi in a dusty parking lot guarded by the brown clad policemen, then weave our way on foot through the bazaar that started at the base of the steps leading up to the mosque and surrounded it on all sides to get to a book shop specializing in law books. This bazaar reminded me of a lot of the past. There I saw many more beggars, but even they were now more mobile than before, supporting themselves with stout walking sticks as they moved about half-blind with eyes popping out of their sockets and shouting in loud voices with hands out, “Allah, Allah.” There were few people sitting on the street begging like the young boy I recalled who used to sit with outstretched hand on the stoop in front of the Bombay Stores in Bhopal. But the old bazaar smells were still there of red

pan mixed with accumulated dirt. And it was crowded. One began to smell people who had not washed. Most could afford to care and think about expensive perfumed soaps. I also had to watch where I stepped. And I thought to myself: As soon as I am back at the hotel I am going to do exactly what we used to do when we returned home from the Bhopal Talkies cinema: make a solution of disinfectant in a bowl and dip the soles of the shoes in it to get rid of the germs picked up from having gone to the arable-style squat toilet during the break at the cinema.

Another smell I went looking for in India was the smell of the orange blossoms in Bhopal. Planted in rows in front of the date palms on the left side of our pavilion in Bhopal next to the wall of our kitchen were many small orange trees. I loved the smell of their white blossoms. I went searching for them, but did not find them. They were gone. In place of them were bougainvillea bushes planted in the row where the orange trees had been. I spoke to the new owner of the hotel, the Imperial Sabre, and told him: "Everything is here exactly as it was, except the orange bushes." The somewhat elderly gentleman with Mecca pilgrimage, red-dyed hair looked at me a little apologetically and sympathetically with his deep brown eyes. "Yes, you know it is so dry here and it costs so much to keep orange trees watered. So we had to let them go. I am sorry."

Just as the kindly gentleman explained this to me, I heard something. Suddenly I looked up into the large old mango tree that stood to the left in front of the pavilion. Yes, it was what I thought I heard. It was what we had caught as children thirty years ago: the green parrot we had found on the roof in the summer when we would sleep out in the open. It had eventually gotten away from us and fled off into the mango tree that never failed to give up children bushels of juicy small mangoes that we could suck — better than lolly pops. Then I turned my gaze to the date palms and listened for familiar sounds. Nothing came except the old images of deep green bunches of hard dates and the memories of the sounds of the black crows — caw, caw, caw — coming to eat them. This was not there anymore. While in my head these crows were black, they were not in fact black. They had grey heads and black bodies. As my father remarked, the crow in Europe and the United States is black; in Africa, it is black and white, and in India, it is black and grey.

One other sound, one other sight I kept searching for was that of bats, the fruit bats. When we came down into the city to go over to the other side of the lake, there was a bit of a bridge across the water. At this point one was half way between one side of the lake and the other side. There was a wall on which people used to sit in the evenings as the sun went down. The bats would suddenly start coming out of the fruit trees. Thirty years later we passed by there several times during the day, but I did not see the bats in the droves I used to. They remained simply a memory.

Instead of the bats, nearby there was now the tomb of an obviously rather pious Muslim, man or woman, I do not know. There were always fresh garlands laid out and three or four people — three men, or two women and a man — all paying homage, even at night when it was lighted up. Religious feelings seemed to be much more prevalent and obvious than in the past. Brightly coloured, freshly painted shrines were on every corner, especially in the colours of blue and orange, the elephant-human image of Ganesh, the

luck-bringer, being in particular favour. An orange shrine was my last most vivid impression of colour in Bhopal that I saw on the way to the airport. In Delhi, one did not see such shrines on the streets. Instead, as at the money changer in the Ashok Hotel, a Broadway-type of alternating current lit up a plastic, godly statute. The only large religious work of art I saw was on the way from Pataudi to New Delhi. I saw from Rafiq's car the imposing statute of Shiva, the largest in Asia.

The first night in the hotel in Bhopal was especially quiet. Then I began to hear them — clirr, clirr. The black crickets, but not many as in the old days. The population of crickets seemed to have decreased in India for some reason. Then I remembered the village below, where often in summer the drums would beat all night and rob us of sleep as we lay on the flat roof to get relief from the heat. In the middle of the night I would get up and look down at the village. I could see the kerosene lamps burning. There had been a wedding and people were celebrating. This time the village was completely electrified, part of the successful seventy percent rural electrification programme of India. There were no drums, no music. The thatched huts were replaced by sturdy white-washed houses. And no one needed to come up to the water pipe that had been installed at an octagonal concrete basin under the catwalk for washing the laundry. Later Rafiq told us that Lal now lived in that village. I was terribly sorry that we had not been able to find that out at the time we were in the Imperial Sabre. Dear Lal, the man with the beautiful wife and two lovely daughters whom I my mother gave lessons to once and a while, Lal, who had kept house for us, accompanied us to New Delhi when my father got a transfer, and whose life my father had once saved by giving him an electric shock from the Jeep's battery as a scorpion had bitten him.

I also kept trying to find the memories of the deep poverty. I recalled that when we arrived as children many years ago in Bombay, it was on the way from the airport to the Taj in the bus that I saw families literally living on the street. That touched me very very deeply. I never said anything to my parents about it. I knew what it meant to be privileged and how one has to use these privileges for those not privileged. There were others above me with more privileges too and they could use them towards me, but I had too privileges and sat above others who do not have these and had to use them for others. This was how India had touched and formed the soul of my life. I found this memory only once. I was speeding along in a taxi in one of the better off areas of Delhi where the Communist Party and the Roman Catholic Diocese had built new headquarters. There on the sidewalk tucked in between buildings were a few families in neat houses with roofs of burlap sacks and walls of a few bricks and corrugated iron sheets. There a boy with scraggly dusty hair — one could not tell any more whether it was brown or black — actually going to the toilet directly on the sidewalk simply letting his stool pass out. A little smile quivered on my face. It was still there, not in great quantities, or it had become more hidden as in the west (where the dogs had taken over using the sidewalks for toilets), I thought. When we revisited C-505 in Defence Colony I instinctively looked across the street to see whether the big field was still there, the big field where I had seen a child born to parents who had come and then moved on. Now there was a large, high, green corrugated wall. Behind it, the colonel told us, was a park. Somehow I felt relieved that there were no houses on this place, a place that was almost sacred to me. It was still

an open area where people could come and go and observe, just I had seen people come and go and observe too.

As for the beggars, many had already left the streets of New Delhi. That was because of the motorized traffic. Where the traffic lights and traffic control police stopped cars temporarily beggars would come around either selling old newspapers or hopping around on a stout stick as a kind of crutch. I decided to give money only to those who were really crippled. Once I saw a driver in an Ambassador car, made in India (the government seemed to have purchased only Ambassadors), hitting on his window shield with a coin trying to catch the attention of a young beggar on a stick. I had given the beggar some money, and the driver was trying to get him to come over to his car. My taxi driver too joined in, trying to direct the beggar towards his donor. I kept thinking, well, one was being a good Muslim, giving a beggar a coin now and again. It was part of the obligatory zakat tax that the privileged had to pay directly to the poor, and it was Ramadan season. When I rode in a motorized rickshaw open on both sides, sometimes at the stop light children would come and touch their foreheads, on my foot or pull on my dress, and I would try to stare in the opposite direction, the driver looking impassively forward at the lights to make sure he was going to get in place for the next lurch toward. Whenever I would not pay attention to the children, they would get disgusted and go away leaving parting words ringing in your ears. I often wondered whether they simply were saying as they departed, "Well, a pox on you."

A couple of beggars in Bhopal where I grew up I especially remembered. They sat, as I mentioned before, in front of the Bombay Stores, the only shop where imported foreign foods could be bought, such as cornflakes. They were sitting cripples, their legs bound up behind them and begging for money. We children were told by the adults not to have great sympathy because these were probably victims of beggar gangs. They deliberately broke the legs of young people so that they could attract the attention of people to give them money. So it would be simply feeding these gangs if we paid them. This time, thirty years later, coming by car past the Shell petrol station where my parents used to fill up the car next to the bullock carts fetching large tins of kerosene or water, we passed also the Bombay Stores. The porches were still there, the sign Bombay Stores there, but there were no beggars to be seen. Prosperity had come to India. The son of the owner of the Bombay Stores we heard had inherited millions and was building a new hotel out of the old house of the Begum next to the Nawab's run-down palace.

One more memory I went searching for was the strong beautiful sunset over the lake in Bhopal. We arrived in the afternoon on a Tuesday in Bhopal. By the time we got to the Imperial Sabre Hotel it was sunset. I rushed up to the catwalk to see the sun sinking, a full red fiery ball that recalled the days of my sitting there watching the seasons change the sky and the lake — in the monsoon when the lake filled up to meet the grey skies, the buffalo wallowing in the deep water holes; in the summer hot season, the lake receding before brown mud, the sky a white blue; in the winter, the lake with just the right amount of water. And the sun always went peacefully away, regardless of the season. Whenever I wore my bright red sweater, whether in winter for warmth or in summer to avoid sunburn, I always felt a strong affinity with the warmth and colour of the sun

disappearing as a thin wafer into the other side of the world, only to reappear the next morning on our side of the world, seeming to be so glad to see us again with all its warm vibrancy. There flashed through my mind the picture of our riding in the green Mercury car from Bhopal to New Delhi: One morning before sunrise we started out very early in the cool morning air and on the way we stopped for breakfast just as the sun was rising. My father took a photo of it. No wonder red became the colour of the monkey god to show strength.

As for the color red, I had remarked to the son of Admiral Singh at the Chandigarh train station as we waited for our train back to Delhi, "Well, the -coolies have not changed their colour." There were not so many coolies as in earlier days on the platform, but there were some wearing their brass badges with their number engraved on it, and their red shirts pulled over their brown khakis.

The Colonel laughed: "Yes, that shall never change. That uniform has always been there." I countered: "Well, not always, only since the British introduced railways to India."

He answered: "Oh, yes, there is an old story about a British colonial who introduced the colour red because it had a connection with luck. He had painted a milestone red and remarked on the next day that people were bringing flowers and laying garlands on it because anything that is painted red is a sign of strength and is to be treated as holy."

Another colour I liked was the strong yellow orange of the marigolds. When we arrived at the hotel in Bhopal I kept looking for the antique stone head of a Buddha that used to stand on the Pucketts' end of the circle. I had stood in front of it for one of my birthday photo portraits full of garlands around my neck. For that birthday Mrs. Puckett's cook had made me a birthday cake, made out of spun caramelized sugar in the shape of a basket. I preserved it for one whole year. The Buddha head was gone now. In its place was a neat little filigree gate and whitewashed steps. I shall never forget the colour of the garlands I got on my birthday. When we went to Budni I was so pleased when the Budni people garlanded my father with two orange and yellow garlands and gave me a bouquet of marigolds held together with heavy green fern.

The garlands of Budni immediately took me back to the memory of Moti, the bow-legged dark, rather short gardener. He always wore a turban on his head. And every Christmas without saying any words, but with a smile and a deep look of expectation and gratitude in his black eyes, he would present us with the evergreen wreath he had fashioned for us, unsolicited, for the holiday season. I could still see him squatting with bare feet picking out the weeds in the circular lawn. And I wondered where he could be now. The dear Miss Ali, when we returned from Budni back to the hotel, jolted me back to reality. I had ceremoniously hung the marigold garlands of my father on the lamps in the hotel room. We went out for the day. We came back. I noticed that my bouquet was gone, as well as the two garlands. I spoke apologetically to the housekeeper Miss Ali, saying, "Oh, actually we were intending to keep the garland as a remembrance."

She was equally embarrassed and said, “Wait a minute.” She disappeared. We went again into town. By the time we returned in the afternoon a bit of a withered orange yellow garland, retrieved from the dust bin, was hanging again on the lamp post. Memories cannot be let go of very easily. They wither, they dry out, but the sharp pungent smell, and the colour, would remain engraved in our memory.

Another display of colour I liked as a child was the multi-coloured blossoms of a weed bush. These bushes grew in abundance on the small hill sloping down from the catwalk. One flower contained about eight budlets, each of a different colour - orange, pink, yellow, lilac. When full grown, the bushes were rounded and were not only beautiful but also functional. For they served as props for drying clothes. Many of the villagers would come to the hill to do their washing in the concrete, octagonal, knee-deep basin in which a water pipe had been run. Next to the basin was a piece of smooth flat concrete with a small, cupped-out depression for holding soap bars. I recalled seeing many a woman roll up a piece of cloth longitudinally and deftly beat it several times against the flat concrete to knock out the dirt. Then the clothes were spread out on the bushes to dry within an hour in the hot sun. I did not know who paid for the water. It seemed to be a courtesy of the Nawab or his mother. One old very, dark man I remembered especially. He came alone when all the women were gone, stripped himself of his dhoti, washed it by thoroughly beating it, dried it on the bushes, then put it on again. When I think of all the loads of clothes I have had to put into a washing machine for just one or two persons, I feel quite frustrated and ashamed. Why could we not just have one piece of clothing that we could wash and dry within at most one and a half hours? But this memory of the public washing basin shall pass away with us. For it was not included in the restoration of the pavilions and the surrounding grounds including the old tennis court with the purple curtains, which we children thought were “purdah curtains” for the Nawab when playing tennis. The son of the new owner of the Imperial Sabre asked us what that “concrete octagonal structure” with the water pipe down there could possibly have been used for. I felt very old as I explained to him what had been very much a part of our daily life thirty years ago.

The colour, the flair, the music, the lights, the noise of the weddings were still going on, especially in Bhopal. At night driving through Bhopal in a taxi or in the Ambassador car of the Director of the Institute of Agriculture, Dr. Singh, we must have seen at least five wedding shames, or tents, set up and several bridegrooms on white horses being led through the streets by a crowd of people on foot. I once saw four men on the busy streets of Delhi oblivious to the heavy traffic, carrying on their shoulders a dead body wrapped in white. But back to the weddings. The bridegroom was dressed in a turban with a gold feather, garlanded with orange marigolds, gold garlands, tinsel of silver and gold dropping from his neck, just as in the old days.

Tastes were still there too. Whenever we went through the bazaar in Bhopal — it took even in a motor car two hours to go from one side of the lake to the other — I searched with my eyes keenly among the stacks of sweets in the bazaars for the silver-covered almond paste with bits of pistachio nuts. It was there but not in such great quantities as when I was a child. But when we were invited to a reception by the escorts manager in

the exclusive Residency Hotel in the new part of Bhopal (that evening I was the only woman present) they presented us a sweet dessert of shredded carrots which had been boiled for hours with milk and sweet syrup and a few nuts. It was very tasty. It was considered to be a favorite winter dessert. Its warm orange colour reminded me of the sun. When I had finished eating that, the two men responsible for the catering decided for some reason to give me as the only woman a second sweet, this time brown balls dripping in sweet syrup. I recalled vividly how we as children would have to eat them when we were invited out. However many times we refused what was offered us, the hostess badgered us out of our shyness, “no, you must eat it, you must eat it.” But that was now gone. When I said this time, no thank you, I was offered it again. I repeated, no thank you, and that was the end of the affair. But I still had in mind the persistence of the Indian hostesses of my childhood. So when I wanted Mr. Taneja, my father’s friend and colleague, to stay at the hotel Ashok for lunch despite his protests, I kept on insisting and insisting as in the old days until I got a yes. In Pataudi at Rafiq’s place, his wife served us the famous Idd dessert: thin spaghetti, sweetened with a bit of coconut. In the bazaar in New Delhi I saw stacks of the thin, dried-out spaghetti. That took me back to the time when Usha Parekh came over from Sehore to visit us. She brought with her a little gadget out of metal with different parts for making different sizes of noodles. One size made the dough look just like shredded wheat.

Speaking of the Parekhs, we hired a car to go out to Sehore. The young driver reminded me somehow of Rafiq, but a little more silent and quiet, certainly not as much a part of our family as Rafiq had become, but nice, cautious, and polite. Once we got to Sehore, the old smell was there again — of boiling, cooked sugar, and raw cooked sugar. Not much had changed around the Sehore sugar factory. There were a lot of people milling around. The one change I noticed was that the Government Revenue office now stood on the estate right next to the sugar factory. I suppose this was to make sure that the workers being paid rendered their taxes and of course the sugar mill also paid up its due. The office of the manager was still furnished in the style of the 1950s— a dusty desk with two chairs in front of it with chrome arm rests and plastic seats. On the wall a framed, yellowed paper caught my eye. It was from the 1940s. It was authority for the incorporation of the sugar mill. The manager had been there nineteen years, he said. Later Rafiq told us that he had seen the Parekhs in New Delhi’s Friends Colony district six or seven years ago.

I was glad to learn when we visited Rafiq in Pataudi that I was not the only one who had stored up memories. As we walked into his stone, high ceiling, whitewashed house (he emphasized that he now lived in a pavilion on the palace grounds, as his employer, my father, had in Bhopal) he drew our attention to a faceted glass full of dried flowers on his bookcase. It had been a farewell gift from my mother as we left. She had given him a blanket and this glass. I thought it was the attractive glass in which peanut butter once came as a sales gimmick. But my sisters swear that it had been bought with the green stamps mother saved. But that’s not important. What was important was that Rafiq too had not let go of his memories any more than I had. Even the colonel showed me at his home in Chandigarh the memories he had stored up. In his sitting room, in addition to the large black and white portrait of his dignified admiral father, were also dark wooden

chairs with unusual backrests. Built into the backrests were beautiful flowered tiles. "These are from the bed in which I and all my siblings were born," he proudly said.

My father made the remark, "India has changed a lot, but Indians do not change." I tried this out on Dr. Singh, the Director of the Agricultural Institute in Bhopal, as he drove us in his cream-coloured Ambassador car to the reception given by the escorts manager.

He said, "Oh, of course. I think this is right. For example, I noticed that the Indians I met in England or America are really the same as the Indians here. One still keeps that tribal feeling." As I pressed him to explain what he understood by that, he said, "For example, I don't dare buy a car on a Saturday. We have a feeling, a suspicion that if we buy something metal on a Saturday, it will bring bad luck."

And I answered, "Even in the West you continue to say you pick up an old horseshoe because you think it brings you luck. Yes, one picks up a four leaf clover for good luck." At first my father thought that Dr. Singh had meant by tribalism the kind of tribalism he had experienced in Africa. But it quickly became clear to us that Dr. Singh was speaking actually about superstitions that are deeply ingrained in each of us regardless of how much the material or financial world changes around us.

Another Indian had also his own version of how Indians stay the same. He was standing behind me in line to change money at the bank in the Ashoka Hotel. He was fourth in line. He was accompanied by an English wife. He had emigrated to England, and as I found out later, operated a tourist bus in Delhi. It was a busy day for the bank. Moving back and forth between the teller and a table on the side were three men with Arabic passports who were changing large sums of monies. The night guard with his trusty old musket and belt of bullets on his chest was standing passively by. The emigrated Indian got impatient, but upon exiting he explained to all within earshot why he had gotten fed up with waiting: "The trouble with Indians is that we deal with two things at once instead of finishing with one customer at a time!" I, on the other hand, had not noticed that I had had to wait any longer than in a bank in Europe.

The best example that confirmed my father's view that India had changed, but not Indians, concerned the Moghul Gardens behind the president's house. We were very lucky to come in February, for the Moghul Gardens were opened only two to three weeks in the entire year. I was especially keen to see them, for I had read years ago in some book that the patterned gardens of Europe, especially those in Versailles were actually inspired from the Indian Moghul gardens, which travelers had encountered and raved over in the seventeenth century. The Moghul Gardens in New Delhi were those which the British Raj had laid out on the resident grounds, almost forty acres, of the palatial house in which the governor general lived and worked, now the house of the President of India. I had checked with the lobby desk at the Ashok Hotel about the opening times for the Moghul Gardens. They had not been printed in the newspaper, nor in the Around Delhi booklets left in our hotel room. The lobby manager dressed, in her lovely, paisley green sari, very neatly folded, responded quickly to my question by ringing up another part of the hotel. Laying then the receiver down, she said to me, "They are open up until three

o'clock." I double-checked at the travel desk. "Open until three o'clock every day only for a fortnight." It was Monday. I looked at my watch. We had hardly an hour. I then rushed dad into a taxi over to the Moghul Gardens only to discover that they were closed on Mondays and open otherwise only until 2:30. A little hand-written sign in red and black informed us of this. I was very upset. As we returned to the hotel I immediately told the travel agent that he had given me the wrong information and that was not good. There was a pause. The young man with his black moustache and the older man with his colored black moustache looked at me serenely, eyes down, then suddenly eyes up as though they had gotten an idea. They did not really want to be chastised. They really did not want to get angry with me or enter into any argument with me as an angry person. The young man broke the short silence: "Oh, how nice that you have gone directly and gotten the exact information that we need. It is always good to get it direct from the horse's mouth, isn't it?"

A similar experience occurred when I tried to buy film in the Ashok Hotel. I was looking for ISO 200 film, which was very difficult to find in Bhopal. Only ISO 100 was available. In a small candy and cigarette shop in the Ashok I found the 200 film. "How much?" I asked.

"300 rupees," the cashier said.

"300?" I answered. "I was buying film in Bhopal for Rs 102."

"Oh, but you see, madame, the 100 speed film is made in India and this is imported." He showed me on the yellow Kodak package the print that proved his point. Well, I was desperate for 200 film because that was the best for the kind of camera which I had gotten from my daughter. So I paid the cashier the Rs 300. Later when I went off to the Khan Market at the recommendation of Mrs. Singh, my former English literature teacher, to find books, I came across a film shop where I asked again about ISO 200. "How much?" I enquired.

The lady behind the counter dressed in a yellow sari smiled: "Rs 180."

"Oh, I'll take two," I said. And thus I got two for the price of that one that I paid at the Ashok, I thought to myself.

Two days later as I wandered around the Ashok one evening about ten P.M. I told the chap at the candy/cigarette shop: "You overcharged me."

He really did not want to get into any kind of conflict with me, and he said, "Oh, how nice that you got it more cheaply." As I began to ask about some little souvenirs then in his shop, such as the sandalwood owl — a baby owl cut into a hollowed mother or father owl — and some bangles, he said to me, "Oh, I'll give it to you a Rs 100 less in order to make up for the cost of the film." It was sweet of him. You can't get angry at such people. It turned out that his film price was cheap by Ashok Hotel standards. I went the next day to another shop in the Ashok and simply for curiosity's sake to compare the

prices I asked how much an ISO 200 film was.

“Rs 400.”

“No, thank you,” I said decisively. “I can get it for Rs 180 somewhere else. Thanks.” The shopman put away the film very quietly into the drawer from where it came, without any argument.

Another encounter with this kind of situation was at the women’s conference to which I had been invited to. Over 1000 women from all of India came to attend. On the second day before the start of the session, I was standing near a group who had traveled from afar and had been put up in a hotel chosen by the conference organizers. The women complained that the hotel had no hot water and that even the rose patterned cups in which they had been served their morning tea were cracked. The president of the association listened patiently, paused, then smiled warmly, “We want your stay here to be memorable.” How could one stay angry?

One place I searched for changes in social habits was in the newspapers. As I read the Sunday copy of the Hindustan Times, I was delighted to see the familiar marriage advertisements. The first six to eight pages were full of descriptions of potential marriage candidates. The announcements were, as was usual in my day, categorized according to caste and profession or geographical origin. But there were some very glaring changes. At the very beginning were placed the advertisements from foreign men who wanted any Indian lady they could find. There were no bars on caste, no bars on profession or skin colour. The chaps seemed desperate. Then followed all the advertisements from Indians. Every other advertisement was heralding the advantages he or she could offer. One such advantage was now a green card from America, or United States citizenship. The other remarkable change I noticed was that caste was no bar, and not even skin color was specified. I thought to myself, Gandhi’s dream of a casteless society, even though industrialized, is not yet dead. India is gradually opening up. Some days later I read in the Hindustan Times, New Delhi, Monday, twelfth of February, 1996, p.9: The Haryana Government had raised the incentive money for inter-caste marriage from Rs 10 000 to Rs 25 000 with effect from April 1st next.

But not even the experience of getting the green card in America or citizenship seemed to have affected the fundamental basis of marriage in India, namely the traditional custom of arranged or semi-arranged marriages. The term semi-arranged marriage I got from a newspaper article on the International Book Fair in India in which various Indian woman writers were interviewed. Of course they were highly educated, urbanized women who were writing a lot on so-called semi-arranged marriages. I tried the term out on Mr. Taneja, my father’s former colleague and a world traveler, having worked with FAO. He countered: “Oh, no. India is still seventy percent village and there’s no such thing as a semi-arranged marriage there. They’re all arranged.”

I spoke about this to the colonel in Chandigarh as he told us that he had gotten letters from his three sons who were all in America asking him about marriage. Should he

choose for them a woman from India? Or should they choose an American, but an American “white” woman, he emphasized. Then he said to me, “I told them, very philosophically, I leave the choice up to them.”

I responded jokingly, “Very wise, because if you had said no, they would have done what they wanted to.”

He responded sharply, “No, they would not do what they wanted to.” Then he went on to explain that the choice to be made would be very deliberate and rational, not a matter of free love or free of arrangement. The point of marrying a local American woman was to be able to stay in the USA because the immigration laws were getting tougher. And it would not make much sense to try to come back to India and marry a local Indian woman because it would be difficult getting back into the United States.

I then added very practically. “Well, I suppose it’s all a matter of time. If they manage to get good jobs, then apply for a green card, then they can decide that you find the woman for them.”

“That’s just it,” he said.

Then I revealed to the colonel my bias towards the Indian system. For when I was growing up in Bhopal I used to be very impressed with the system of arranged marriages. So when I went off to university in England I sometimes regretted that my parents had not adopted the Indian custom. Arranging marriages seemed to take so much time, bother, and emotional strength away from my intellectual pursuits. There was a certain rational scientific way of going about looking for marriage partners in India which actually had appealed to me. Further I recalled as a child overhearing so many of our family friends telling my parents, “Oh, you’re really going to become a poor man, Mr. Jones, if your daughters decide to get married in India. You’ll have many dowries to pay.” It seemed only right that somehow I should get an education as a way to avoid having my parents pay so much dowry for a marriage.” These were the contradictory feelings of myself growing up in India, wanting to have on one hand a marriage arranged knowing that it would cost a dowry, and on the other hand wanting to avoid having to pay dowry by getting a full education that could in itself be a dowry. It did not seem that I was the only one of my sisters who was affected by the Indian system. For I have noticed that of all of us who spent the most time in India., we have seen fit always to bring a potential marriage candidate home, who might then be raked over the coals at the dinner table, but then all princes in all fairy tales have had to prove their courage.

As for the immigration problems facing the colonel’s sons, and probably many other middle-class Indian parents worrying who would take care of them in their very old age with all the children gone to America, I recalled a slender book I had read while in college. It was by former U.S. Ambassador Galbraith to India, written in the mid-1960s. He pleaded for a world of no boundaries. Labour should be able to move freely about. People, he argued, were not dumb. Once economic disadvantages in the country of immigration proved overwhelming, people would move on. I have always agreed with

this position. Capital knew no boundaries. Why should labour be pitted against bars? Why shouldn't the trade unions be as globally active and effective as the corporations?

The colonel addressed family value again when he came to dinner at the Ashoka Hotel to which we had invited him along with Mrs. Singh (my former English teacher and authoress of the novel *Seasons* and her Brahmin Punjabi landowner professor of agriculture husband. The colonel arrived with a pink plastic bag filled with two peacock feather fans he had brought from Chandigarh. We had not had time to get them after having eaten at the gardens just outside Chandigarh and after having bought up Kashmiri shawls at the house of a vendor whom he knew. He had graciously promised to find one for me. He said, "I have brought you not just one, but two. One is for your mother. Remember the punka." We had seen in the Punjabi Government Emporium in Chandigarh the big cloth punkas which people used in the very old days. They had servants who could wave them to keep their employers cool. I had remarked that one was particularly beautiful with little glass mirrors in it. He had commented, "Oh, those were the good old days." When he handed me the two peacock fans, he repeated, "And one is for your mother. And feel honoured to wave it for her to keep her cool." Feelings of family were still strong in India, I thought. I supposed that he felt very much the pain of having three sons all getting their education away from home in the United States (he had a bumper sticker that told all the world that he was losing all his money to Houston University). They had all gone. Even the four children of Mrs. Jacquelin Singh and her husband had all gone to live in California, from where she originally had emigrated to India.

It seemed to me that practically every middle class Indian family was sending their children to America. Often I heard middle-class parents with grown children and grandchildren in America blame the slowness of India's development (compared I supposed to other Asian "tiger" economies) on the emigration of Indian brains abroad where the salaries were higher: "Oh, Americans. They are taking all our very best brains." Or, sighing over the cartoon films that held their grandchildren enthralled, they noted: "This society in India is getting too Americanized." The latter comment I could only confirm, upon seeing the Pepsi stand at the railway station in Chandigarh, the "Looney Toon" cartoons on television, and the sale of Ruffles potato chips, peppery pudding flavour, sold on the trains (but the consumer information sounded especially Indian to me: "In the unlikely event of any complaints, do write The Marketing Manager," et cetera). The Americanization of the Indians who decided to live in the USA and only visit India also seemed to pose problems for the older generation. Older friends of my father's told us that they had insisted that their children in America marry either an Indian direct out of India or an American, but not an Indian-American, for they had constructed in their minds the latter as persons who had identity problems, not knowing whether they were American or Indian.

But the practice of more than one generation living in the same house had not changed drastically in the cities. Mr. Taneja lived in the large, split-level house where his only son and daughter-in-law also lived. Now the third generation of grandchildren were also there. This practice manifested itself in the architecture. The rows of houses that had been

only one story in my day in Defence Colony and Friends Colony now had two or three stories built onto them. The father of the young manager of the Imperial Sabre Hotel in Bhopal was also planning to build upwards. He had restored the octagonal office of the German Paul Hagar, who had been overseer of the gardens of the late Nawab (whether he had jumped ship during World War II, or had emigrated because of prosecution or had been a prisoner of war we never knew), but was planning with the expansion of the family to build another story. At our old house in Defence Colony, no such additions had been made. Only the daughter and mother were living in it most of the time. It had been an architectural masterpiece when originally built in the 1960s by a German architect, Karl van Heinz, living in India.

India's enlarged middle class was much more visible than in my day. My most vivid picture of the middle class was at the Moghul Gardens. When we arrived for the tour of the gardens, the queue was already three blocks long. Dad joked that when asked once by a military officer to go back to the end of the queue he remarked that someone else was already there. With sinking hearts we placed ourselves at the end of the queue. To our amazement it moved quickly along under the careful watch of the olive-brown clad army personnel with black berets. When we reached the gate of entry a large sign said we had to take any cameras back to the car or taxi. Our hearts sank then rose again. Fortunately, military efficiency had resulted in a tent being set up where the cameras could be given up and held safely. Once through the metal detectors and body searches, we poured out into red sandstone walks of the breath-taking gardens, so large that one forgot that one was part of a huge crowd. As we exited from the lower rounded garden lined with pansies and margaritas of every possible color and combination, we found ourselves on an open ground. We walked past the ice cream and chips and sweets vendors selling to families seated peacefully and munching in picnic fashion. It struck me then that I was seeing India's middle class — decently dressed, having enough spare change in the pocket to spend on an afternoon treat and having an office job that allowed one to take the afternoon off. This was a change from the masses of poor I had been accustomed to seeing and who would pop up from the bushes whenever we went out as a family for a picnic.

Rafiq, dad's former driver, embodied the rise of the middle class. When I had asked him about his family origins in Bhopal, he answered that his family was as old as the elephant grass, meaning they were there long before modern civilization came. He came from a lowly caste, and told my father that now as assistant overseer of the estate of the Nawab in Pataudi, many of the old staff of the deceased Nawab of Bhopal were surprised that he had arisen above his origins. How could a lowly driver achieve so much, they wondered. His answer was that he had stayed honest. Too many of the old cronies of the late Nawab had seized the royal possessions and land, selling them for a song. The famous vintage cars had all disappeared. When Indira Gandhi abolished the princely purse paid by the Indian Government in compensation for the princely kingdoms giving up their autonomy, the Nawab's staff suddenly found themselves without anything. They had not thought it necessary to educate themselves— a general attitude among Muslims in India, Rafiq complained, — and thus had no way to earn a living. So several turned to smuggling. Rafiq wanted no part of that for himself or his children. He put all his savings and

retirement monies from USAID where he had worked as a driver into the education of his children. What also had nudged him in this direction of the middle-class attitude that education would be the passport to success, he confessed, was the example my mother had set in our home school in India. As he drove us back to Delhi from Pataudi, he told Dad that he had his own wife to thank that the children had finished school. He used to bring her when she was a small girl on his bicycle to visit us on his days off. He showed her our class room and had told her of how Mrs. Jones had disciplined her children to go to school. His wife had developed also a disciplined routine for the children and had her own punishment for violation.

She withheld lunch from the children if they had failed to complete their homework. Even the United States, once Rafiq's dream destination, proved to be less middle class than he wanted. He had considered moving his family to the States during the 1970s, but he decided against it because he had read much about the hippie culture that had infiltrated the middle class there. He did not want his children to become undisciplined and disrespectful of religious belief. Nor had Rafiq returned to his larger family (a mother and two sisters) in Bhopal after he retired. He stayed in the north of the country, running a taxi service in Nanital until the robber bands got so brazen as to murder several taxi drivers, especially older ones and take their taxis for transport.

"Why did you not want to return to Bhopal?" I asked him.

"Fernandez, another driver, and I did not want to go back to our homes. We decided to get away from the larger family and friends who suck all your money," he openly answered. "I have no money now. I have put it all in them," he said as he pointed to his grown children.

This simple gesture reminded me immediately of the story we used to read in Bhopal about the children of Cornelia, the Roman lady who bragged to her neighbour about her material possessions and authentic jewels but her "jewels" were her children. One of Rafiq's jewels was his eldest daughter of twenty-five years, still unmarried. He said that many advised him to have her married, but he felt no rush. She had to finish her educational qualifications to become a teacher of physics. She knew computers and could paint and draw magnificently. Thus, so far as I could judge, Rafiq had adopted middle-class educational values while preserving the essence of Muslim religious devotion (honesty, hard work, family responsibility). He felt no affinity to the men who came later after my father into the USAID programme. He said that men of my dad's generation worked hard and honestly without betraying their wives and therefore had no family problems that interfered with the work. But the next generation could hardly work for worry about family problems. He also had no kind words for German husbands. He had come to know but a few Germans living in India, but they all had left their spouses. But the trust that Rafiq felt in our family was still there. Assured that I would not have participated in the "hippie" culture, he was prepared to confine his daughter to my trust to take back to the USA for further computer education. Alas, I was not residing in the USA.

The insistence of the middle class on education for the children, as in the case of Rafiq,

was certainly by the fact of 100% electrification in the urban areas. In my day, I felt so sorry for the young boys (no girls at that time) I used to see sitting under the city lamp posts to do their homework. The light was always dim, but better than no lights at all at home. Such scenes were no more, but perfection had not yet been reached. The newspapers in Delhi were filled with complaints from anxious parents about the power shortages. The resulting frequent blackouts especially at night prevented the children from completing homework.

Although the extended family seemed to be under strain, the role of women as keepers of the purse still appeared alive and healthy. Rafiq had asked me whether I remembered Jimmy, the dhobi (washerman) who came with his family to boil and wash and iron the mounds of wash in our household. I think it was twice a week he came. And it was my duty to put away carefully in the cupboards the very finely ironed clothes (I also used that time to act out mentally the Bible stories I had heard on Sundays). Yes, I remembered Jimmy well. I could still see him sitting on the high porch behind the kitchen. Jimmy worked very professionally with a heavy iron filled with glowing charcoal. I do not recall him ever burning anything. The money that my mother paid to him he always handed over to the grandmother, who tucked it away in the folds of her white sari (the entire family wore only white when coming to us on wash days). She handled the finances, Jimmy explained. So thirty years later as I handed Mr. Taneja the Rs 5000 dad gave for the educational fees of Rafiq's daughter for one year for her teaching certificate, I smiled inwardly as Mr. Taneja took it graciously then turned the stapled bundle of notes over to his wife standing next to him. I could not help laughing heartily and commenting, "Oh, we women are still handling the finances of the families."

This impression was confirmed on several other occasions. Whenever dad and I had to negotiate a price 'either with a taxi driver or with Kashmiri shawls wallahs, I noticed that the driver or vendor always negotiated with me, the woman. Even the monkeys negotiated only with me. That was when the wandering wallah with the dancing monkey pair coincidentally passed by just as we entered the colonel's house in Chandigarh. The colonel invited them into the compound to give us a treat in reliving the old days, when wallahs were much more frequent bringing dancing cobras or monkeys. I was promptly seated on the verandah in a chair to watch the show. Towards the end, Dad and I conferred on how much to pay. I held out a fifty rupee piece. The male monkey came towards me to fetch the money, so I thought. He sneered at it. His master wanted a hundred rupees. I offered the fifty piece again. Instead of sneering at my father, the source of the money, the one who got the frightful frown again. It was an unspoken rule that I as the woman had the power to set the price, and the man would pay it. Even at the hotel in Bhopal, all arrangements had to be approved by "madame," I felt confirmed in my longheld belief that my feminism stemmed from being brought up in Bhopal where women ruled for three generations. They had been popular I was told because they used purdah to their advantage by going among the people in the bazaars to hear what the people wanted and thought.

Women still had a special place not tolerated in the west. This was evident in the special women's queues. I experienced this twice and was grateful for it. First, at the Moghul

Gardens, as we passed through the entry gates for inspection of handbags, we were divided into men's and women's queues. Our women's queue was shorter, so that I finished earlier than my father. I waited along with other women and young children for the menfolk to complete going through security before entering the gardens. The second time was at the railway ticket office. Although advised to go to an office set up exclusively for foreign tourists farther away from the hotel, I decided to go to a nearer office for "normal" people. The experience proved to be unique. As an avid train traveler, having once taken the Orient Express from London to Istanbul before it became a luxury, I have bought many a train ticket in various countries. Buying a train ticket in Delhi, however, surpassed all expectations of a seasoned train traveler. The office stayed open until eight P.M. Thinking I had plenty of time, I arrived at seven P.M. I queued up for the train to Chandigarh. Once at the window I was told to fetch a form to apply for buying a train ticket. Fortunately, there was no queue there. I got a form, filled in name, age, address, sex, date, and hour of departure. I searched again for a queue to join. This time I noticed that I had stood in line with the men, and that there was a separate, much shorter queue for women, whose husbands or brothers or fathers stood on the side advising or handing money over to their womenfolk. I got in the queue of my sex. India has a way of making a woman sometimes feel grateful for being a woman. I quickly reached the window only to discover that I had not written down the number of the train on my application. Again the ticket bureaucrat sent me patiently back to the front of the building to find the numbers of the trains. When I had arrived initially, I had noticed several men in front of the building writing down numbers on small slips of paper they held in the palms of their hands, but I had not bothered to investigate more closely. I returned to the women's queue, feeling exasperated. I could not find the proper number. The clerk at the window remained unruffled, typed into his computer to find the number and wrote it down for me. To my query why he could not have had the computer write down the number of the train on the application, he gave no reply. I finally bought the two tickets for me and my father. Next morning we searched for the car with a number matching that on our reservation card. We found CE 1 in the "chair car," lighted up with fluorescent tubes marked "Made in Mysore." Once settled in the seats on the train it turned out that I had written down the wrong date. The date on the ticket was for the following day. We were sitting in the seat of a young man who had a properly dated ticket for it. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. I began shouting about the impossibly complicated purchase of a simple train ticket in India, wishing that the European Community would donate special computers for train tickets to the Indian Government. The young man settled down with his computer magazines in the smooth leather-like blue seat opposite us. "Relax," he advised me kindly. Fortunately I could, since this 6:10 A.M. train car never filled up. I wondered, if it had been filled up, whether a man would have offered his place to a woman. But when we arrived in Chandigarh, I got a lesson from a man, the colonel, our host, how best to buy a train ticket in the women's queue without complication. One simply had to take an unfilled form to the window and inform the clerk there that one could not understand the English in which the form was written. Thereupon, the more educated clerk would fill it in for one.

Judicially I was impressed with one of the decisions issued by the High Court of Allahabad during our stay that favoured women. It was widely reported on in the

newspapers, and the colonel in Chandigarh brought my attention to it. It concerned the military actions of the government against the hill peoples. Several had died and women had been raped. The court awarded an unprecedented one million Lakhs to the victims. It made judicial history by awarding to the rape victims the same amounts as to the survivors of murder victims, arguing that rape can be seen as heinous as murder. I had argued theoretically such a position in an article I had written on rape in Pakistan, and was glad to find an Indian court was in agreement. Curiously when I later told friends and colleagues in Europe and the USA about this decision, they reacted with disbelief. How could rape be equated to murder? I wonder whether we in the west are still more patriarchal in our attitudes than in the east.

Another privilege I had during our stay was experiencing part of India's women's movement. It was at a conference on women earning wages in "public," that is, as employees of a private corporation or the government apart from family or self-employment. Two of the issues debated at the conference were: Do male superiors discriminate and prefer men over women in promotions? And, should there be a quota for women in promotions? I had been asked to talk about discrimination of women in the European Community, especially since the European Court had recently issued a decision that prohibited measures whereby a woman equally qualified as her male applicants would be hired because of her sex. In other words, quotas for women employment were struck down. One way out of the morass of discrimination was *obita dicta* allowed, namely, there should be more quota openings for women to get advanced educational qualifications. But of course, the obstacles facing women who even had these qualifications in getting promotions was not considered. When it came to discrimination I reminded the representative from ILO — part Indian and with as much of a kaleidoscopic background as my own — who had lectured on programs for uplifting women, that the ILO should continue publishing the studies it started in the 1970s. The first part of these studies involved interviews with the bosses of several companies about their perceptions of their women workers. Most thought the women were less punctual than men, that the women were more often wanted sick leave than the men, that the women wasted more time gossiping than men. The second part of the study involved actual monitoring of the moments and men's working habits. The results were the very contrary to the bosses' perceptions. The women's performance was better than thought. I got a round of applause for this point.

I have attended many women's conferences in many countries, but I found this one especially exemplary. For the final session of the conference, the organizers had invited men to be on the podium, representing various sectors of the economy (coal, gold, government, etc.). This was the time when the men had to be confronted with demands from the women. The women conferees were very much divided on the question of whether there should be a quota for women at entry level or for promotions. Women of pro and con views were raising their hands and heatedly debating with the men. I took the microphone and pleaded for discrimination in favour of women to reach a fifty percent balance as the only practical way to stop the discrimination in favour of men that had been exercised for so long. One woman made what struck me as an excellent point. She basically wanted quotas, but had in the end decided against them. The reason was she

feared that policy makers would think that with quotas in place the problems that women had would be solved. If there were not enough qualified women to meet the quotas, then the women would be blamed. She felt that along with quotas there had to be programmes for solving the basic social hindrances that women had and men did not have, such as child- and housecare. I had never experienced this kind of confrontational debate between women and men in the West. In the West, women preferred to confine their debates, complaints, and commiseration among themselves. Confronting the male was regarded as a waste of energy. I suspect that the real reason was that the woman lacked the strength to confront the man directly. He was still not seen as her equal counterpart. He could still instil in the “fair sex” the fear of the “superior sex.” These observations stemmed of course only from my experience with a middle-class woman. The other difference between India and the West that I noted at the conference was the presence of women in male-dominated occupations. When I told the airforce pilot I met that women in Germany, for example, have been barred by law from being locomotive drivers, or have been exempted from conscription, she was shocked.

Daughters also had a special place in India that would probably consternate Westerners. Long after I had left India, I had propagated the thesis that the status as daughter was more important than the status of wife, as one way to explain the dowry and inheritance systems of Asian laws. Upon returning to India as a daughter with her father, I felt my thesis confirmed. My father was not the only one who kept up strong ties with his daughters. We were waiting in the comfortable lounge seats at the Air India office in Bhopal for the clerks to arrive at 9:30 A.M. Opposite us sat an elderly Sikh gentleman with a brown turban to match his brown suit and a carefully manicured beard. I have forgotten how it started, but the two fathers struck up a conversation. My father, always trying to put people at ease, asked about the gentleman’s origins. For most people do like to talk about themselves. He was a retired forestry man. He was Sikh. “We have to tread more softly these days since a Sikh killed Prime Minister Gandhi,” he revealed to us with sad but not tired eyes. “I have come to ask that my daughter be transferred. She works for Air India in Kashmir. Her husband is no more. She has two small children. It is too much for me to take the trip to Kashmir to help her out. We want her closer to home.” To satisfy my anthro-legal curiosity about whether such was the legal customs that a father take over the responsibility for a daughter, he answered, yes. Later I reflected on this. I took his answer to refer to custom in general applicable to all fathers. What he may have meant was that he regarded it as a customary duty for him because it was necessary under the circumstances.

I did not forget this Air India lounge conversation. As a tireless jurist, I posed the dilemma of this dignified grandfather to other Sikhs. The colonel, in response, explained that a daughter normally stays with her husband’s family upon his demise. That was why her family, like every good Hindu family, put out such a dowry for the daughter. It was given to the husband’s family to take care of her (the Muslims would insist that the husband’s family would give it to the wife to take care of herself in case of divorce). Of course, there would be exceptions. What if the widow did not get along with her in-laws? She could return as daughter to her father. This appeared to me at first as discriminatory. The woman had to have a protector, the man not. But on second thought, it occurred to

me that the son got to stay within the protection of the father in any case, guiding his bride into the family. He never left the fold of his father. So why shouldn't the daughter have an equal right to return to the fold of the father?

Later, when I posed the same situation to Mrs. Singh and her husband, the role of the dowry became clearer to me. She had written in the preface to her novel *Season* that before the Hindu Divorce Reform Act of 1954 a man could not divorce his wife. That meant that the dowry had been paid to the in-laws to maintain her, and that sealed her rupture from her father.

Even Rafiq demonstrated a different attitude towards his daughter than his wife. He wanted his daughter to finish her education before marrying and to earn her own money. This seemed to imply that he was not expecting her to have the same attitude as her mother, his wife, towards a man. He said about his wife: "She is good. She is satisfied with what she gets." Rafiq was not satisfied that their daughter, however, be as content with so little as his wife. I was glad, however, that Rafiq was maintaining the tradition of Bhopal that favoured educating women. The late Nawab of Bhopal, for whose grandson Rafiq now worked, was known for contributing large sums to the education of women at Aligarh University.

It was the warmth of Indians that I experienced on this trip that I especially cherished. This warmth countered all my old childhood memories of a rather arrogant people. Perhaps it is that my memory may not have seen India properly or that I was correct in sensing that the arrogance of the British Raj was still fresh in the mentality of Indians of the 1950s who had been humiliated by colonialism. Who had to deal with an arrogant ruling minority afraid of being overrun by a vast majority of people, believing that if they were not arrogant that they would drown in this vast majority. My first sign of this "new" warmth as I perceived it appeared at the airport in Delhi, as I had mentioned earlier, in the form of the Sikh woman who had arrived jauntily with a big smile and enjoyed immensely playing a joke on her receiving relatives, then started weeping the minute she fell into their arms. Then the very next day when we went to see C-505 in Defence Colony, my dad and I got a welcome that we had never expected. I rang the bell next to the familiar wood door. Admiral Singh's daughter appeared behind the small servant who had opened the door, and allowed him and to usher us into the hallway. I explained to her who we were and that we had come back after thirty years to see the house where we had lived in Delhi and into which Loretta had been brought as a new born baby.

"You've come back after thirty years?" she asked in hushed amazed tones.

"Yes," I answered almost in tears. She immediately put her arms around me in such warmth and welcome. And I really had the feeling that I had come home to my memories.

One experience jarred these feelings of warmth. That was when we were taking a taxi about eleven o'clock at night upon our arrival from Chandigarh by train (the train was already forty-five minutes late, for we had to sit for some unknown reason just outside

the Delhi station for so long). It was dark. Several taxi drivers descended on us asking for our favours. I was not prepared to accept anyone coming up to us, for I had decided that the only taxi drivers I was going to get would be the ones whom I chose; then, so I reasoned, they would not feel that they could charge any price they wanted. Furthermore, it should be a Sardarji because their taxis seemed always to have their meters in order. Dad was a bit tired and impatient after a long journey, and said, "Come we can take this taxi driver." The driver had been so insistent that we take him. I had initially waved him away, saying that I wanted to go to the Prepaid Taxi booth that stood in the parking lot of the railway station. "It's closed now, madame." I wanted to satisfy myself. I went up to the booth, and it was shut. "I told you so, madame," the driver said triumphantly. He waved his bronze cup of tea in the air to emphasize his point. I wondered whether he had some alcohol in it to make him so impudent, but I smelled nothing. Not sure that I would still take his services, he said repeatedly, "I have got a meter. I'll put up the meter." But once we sat in his taxi, he started up, but failed to put on the meter. "You are going to pay me Rs 250 to get to the Ashoka Hotel," he announced turning his head towards us in the back seat.

"No way," I said. "We're not going to pay you more than Rs 100 and that is already above normal."

Dad started with his maroon bag in hand to descend indignantly out of the taxi. "No, we're not going to pay more!"

Then I chimed in, "I know what taxis cost in Delhi."

The chap, still with his cup of tea in his right hand and his left hand on the steering wheel, said, "Well, Madame, you know everything. I can't tell you anything more. Okay, okay." Dad got back into the taxi. This was the first instance of an angry encounter arising between us as visitors and a local person. All the way on the drive back to the hotel, there was a very tense silence in the cab, which was new for me. Once at the hotel we paid the fare in exact bills. I was not going to take a chance. I had in the back of mind the memory of the New York taxi driver who once took my fifty dollar bill for a twenty dollar metered fare without returning change. "Scram now with your life while you can," he sneered at me as I protested to no avail. He had a companion equally hefty and mean looking in the front seat with him.

Until this incidence at the railway station, I had had the feeling that one could come to some agreement by negotiating, the feeling that, yes, drivers can go too far in overcharging passengers staying in an expensive hotel that a taxi driver could never pay in two lifetimes, but one could reach a compromise and one stuck to one's word. Even the taxi driver at the Bhopal airport had grinned as my father told him: "Rs 200 is too much and you know it too." And at the arts and crafts meela (fair) to which Mr. Taneja had taken us just outside Delhi, I had bargained for a shawl from 500 rupees down to 300 rupees. The seller's last offer was 320. I repeated 300. He put it in a plastic bag for me. I handed him, out of a bad conscience, 320 rupees. Mr. Taneja chastised me rightly: "He had already agreed to 300, so do not change." The haggle at the Delhi railway station, in

contrast, was different. As we drove along in the taxi I began to recall feelings I had had as a child. I remember feeling that there was a certain arrogance on the part of Indians particularly towards persons who had any African blood in them. I attributed this to the caste system, to the marriage advertisements asking for only “fair skinned” women, to the looking down upon dark South Indians, to the distanced greeting of Namaste, whereby one folded the hands in a bow but never touched the other physically. I could not recall seeing people hug one another warmly. Nehru, although I admired him socially and politically, seemed to embody this distanced arrogance.

In this regard, India seemed thirty years later, very different. It was as though the old British colonial arrogance that had rubbed off on the pre-independence generation had at last been shaken. A self-confident spontaneous graciousness combined with a wit equal to that of the British had replaced it. The finest example of this new feeling, as mentioned, was the warm embrace that Admiral Singh’s elderly daughter gave me within the first five minutes of our meeting for the very first time. And at dinner in the Frontier restaurant of the Ashoka Hotel with its decor of the colourful uniforms of the different regiments that had lost their lives in the frontier wars, the colonel took care to notice how little butter the cook had put in the dal I had ordered. “They always short change,” he commented and ordered more. Because of these new experiences in a new India, I was taken aback by what seemed to me arrogant abrasiveness on the part of the taxi driver at the railway station.

I came to appreciate the human bonding that bargaining can bring out in people. Although I had long become accustomed to fixed prices in the West where the art of bargaining has been lost, I quickly fell back into my old habit of bargaining, whether buying shawls or books or plates. At my first buying spree at the arts and crafts meela (fair) near Delhi, I began to bargain over the inlaid marble plates with the only man who had a stall with such wares. A blue one I especially liked was more expensive than another one of the same size and similar patterns. I was driving for half the price, keeping up a running commentary on the differences in colour and quality of the various plates. The seller was getting also more involved in my debate. At last he pointed out in exasperation that the less expensive blue plates did not have the real lapis because it was too hard to work with, rather they had sodalite. He suddenly looked at me aggrieved. He had let out a secret. He let me have the plate I wanted for the price I named.

After this and other experiences, I began to think about why I enjoyed this way of buying. We — the seller and I — were not just talking about a thing or a price. We were talking in our glances at each other, in our eye contact with each other, about our respective human condition. Do you earn? Are you rich? Are you poor? Do you trust me, do I trust you? How far do I take you into my intimate thoughts? I had the feeling that what bargaining was really all about when properly enjoyed was a warm curiosity about others. Bargaining did not allow one to ignore people. One could not go away from a purchase feeling triumphant over a good bargain. One took with one a piece of another person’s fate. The closest one would come to this in the West would be in the small specialty shops where the shopkeeper still would have to explain the virtues and defects of the wares.

As I experienced more and more the mass of India's humanity, I could not help feeling that one reacts either with arrogance or humbleness: arrogance out of fear that one could lose one's own distinctness, or humbleness out of the realization that we can never fathom the depths of the beauty of each and every person and that we are so dependent on one another's kindness to survive. Each time I had eye contact with a total stranger when I was in an exasperating situation, I felt the warmth of humbleness. Like when we were bidding farewell to the colonel in Chandigarh, who had postponed other plans just because of us. He brought our bags into the coach car after a stream of people had poured out. The train began to move. He hurried out, but I could not see whether he had jumped off safely for the many bodies standing in the way. I shouted, "Do be careful! See you tomorrow!" A middle-aged Sikh gentleman saw the worry in my face and shook comfortingly his head to signal that all was okay.

One other remarkable experience was at the Delhi train station. Dad and I were hurrying with droves of people along the platform to our early morning 6 o'clock train to Chandigarh. On the way up the steep iron steps I saw a very plump woman holding her sari tightly in one hand to avoid tripping on it and struggling with luggage and a water thermos in the other. I instinctively offered my help. "Oh, thank you," came the out of breath reply. We were going in the same direction. Suddenly my feet hesitated and I placed my right foot just in time to the side. I had barely missed stepping on a fully stretched out body still sleeping wrapped up in a gray-brown blanket. "Only in India can such wonders occur," I shouted to my father above the noise of the bustle. "The police have not removed him, as would occur in Europe, and he has not been trampled by the masses." Another lesson in humbleness.

Religious identity seemed to have taken on fresh forms in the shape of new or restored buildings. The socialist secularism and ascetism of the 1950s and 1960s appeared to have taken a back seat. Maybe it was due simply to the fact that more surplus money became available in the 1970s for such luxuries as religious contributions. Certainly Bhopal had benefited from the Saudi monies that restored the large mosque, the Taj ul Masajid, on the edge of the Chowk Bazaar. Its impressive minarets had lain in ruins in my day. Today the huge Qutab-like minarets with white domes can be seen miles around. It had been erected by the Nawab Shahjehan as India's largest mosque and the second largest in all of Asia. The smaller mosque on the Old Palace grounds with its green-tiled dome and a crystal spire, and its beautifully sleek lines, however, had remained in bad need of several coats of paint. I wondered whether a waqf fund that had been set up for its maintenance. Subsequent to our departing Bhopal, the tomb of a very holy person was placed in the middle of the lake. Rafiq told us that it was of special significance because the water in the lake, no matter how high it might get in the monsoon, never flooded that island.

Rafiq had always impressed me as a devout Muslim. It was he who inspired me to study Islam years later in London. He always fasted at Ramadan, and explained to me the laws of fasting that exempted certain categories of people, including children. Although still a child, I tried fasting for a week. It was heartening that Rafiq had not changed. During our

stay in February he drove the fifty kilometers (which takes twice as long as otherwise in the old days because of the increased number of motor vehicles) during Ramadan. He did not touch any food as we ate what his wife offered me and my father for lunch. After lunch he opened up his Urdu version of one of the books he had on the history of Bhopal, with some Arabic quotes, and we read them together. As we talked of the old days he reminded my father of the time when religious disrespect brought on misfortune. Always on the way between Budni and Bhopal my father had allowed Rafiq to halt their green Jeep (with the license plates DLI 371, Rafiq recalled) momentarily to say a quick prayer at the tomb of a very religious man. One day, however, my father was in a rush and insisted that there was no time for stopping at the shrine. Rafiq muttered under his breath that this would bring bad luck. His worst fears were confirmed. A sudden storm broke. They had to slush through mud. In the mud Rafiq lost his car keys. For some reason long forgotten Mafia had to climb a tree. The limb on which he hung broke. He never forgot that day when my father broke the bounds of religious respect.

I recalled that I had always through the years attributed my own sense of religious tolerance to my father's tolerance and interest in philosophy and religion (he would have studied philosophy had it not been in the Depression years that he went to university, where he settled for the much more practical discipline of agricultural engineering, and thank heavens for that). But when it came to Islam, we differed. He, like several other Hindu and Christian Indians, speculated that the notable absence of Indian Muslims in Western-style educational institutions could be attributed to the fatalism of Islamic theology. This attitude had still not died out thirty years later. One of our Hindu hosts in Bhopal repeated at dinner the same thoughts on Muslims I had heard my father utter when I was a child. Because people used to have the same stereotyped attitudes towards blacks and "fuzzie-wuzzies" (Rudyard Kipling again), I have long strived against the prejudices against Islam, or prejudices against any group for that matter.

In other conversations I learned that those religious traditions manifested in outward forms such as dress got lost in India's younger generation. The Sikh turban provided such an example. I had asked the colonel whether his sons in the USA wore the much-debated turban. It had become a matter of contention for middle-class Indians in the West. The Canadian Mounties like the bus drivers of London had reacted rather intolerantly towards Sikh immigrant colleagues who wanted to preserve wearing their turban, though adapted to the colour requirements of their local professions in the West. I supposed that they had reasoned that if the Indian Army had no problem with Sikhs wearing turbans and Christians caps, and the British Army no problem with Scots wearing kilts, why should it become the subject of legal dispute in the supposedly more liberal (though perhaps more uniform) West. The colonel answered that they were not wearing turbans. When I turned to Mrs. Singh's husband to ask about their sons in California, he answered that religious differences between him and his Californian wife had never been a problem. Indeed it was his wife who wanted all the children baptized, Sikh and herself too, so that no one in the family could say that she was to blame for any eventual loss of religion. But alas, the religious tradition of wearing the turban in his family had nevertheless lapsed. The reason was simple. His mother had tied his turban when he was young boy, but his wife had not learned to do that and he himself as father had no time to do it for his boys.

As for the religious character of Bhopal, it had been clearly a Muslim state as I grew up. Most signs were in Urdu. The great military cannon shot off to announce the start of the fasting in Ramadan at sunrise and the end of fasting at sunset was on the palace grounds next to the mosque where the last Begum and her son were buried. That had all changed. Bhopal's population had exploded from a few hundred thousand to over one million in thirty years. The fateful Union Carbide Company had joined the British Hydroelectricals as a significant employer and the Institute of Agriculture had added prestige to this once very provincial state capital. The famous cannon had been moved to a hill and saved for exploding only on Idd itself. The sunset and sunrise were announced now with fireworks, a rocket shot up at the mosque on the palace grounds. Hardly any Urdu signs were visible. All was in Hindi. The ruling political party was for the furtherance of culture for the majority, mainly Hindu.

Bhopali Muslim women wearing the black purdah veils and the tight Bhopali pants (also Nehru's favourite) with a dress over them had been common in my childhood. This had gone. Now in the middle of the bazaar was a prominent Hindu temple receiving a stream of visitors, including unveiled women, whether during the middle of the day or under the glare of bright lights at night. Even Christianity had won the privilege of having a bookshop not far from the major mosque in the city. These changes did not seem to stir up resentment among Muslims. An old military assistant of the late Nawab exhibited a rather matter-of-fact acceptance of the minority position of the Urdu culture. One was what one was and lived one's culture and religion out quietly.

One lecture we got in Delhi on the history of the Hindu religion I shall never forget. As my father and I descended from a taxi at the Ashoka hotel and were admiring once again at the entrance the replica of the wheel of the great sun chariot temple, a tall, turbaned porter sporting a long curved moustache volunteered to educate us about the temple. He pointed out especially the sexually erotic images carved on the wheel. To avoid any misunderstanding that Hinduism favoured lust, he carefully explained that the temple had been built after a long series of bloody wars that decimated the population. The temple had been built to symbolize reconciliation among the peoples of India. The seemingly erotic images were designed to give the people hope. "The king wanted to encourage the people to propagate children again to replace the population losses," our cultural guide concluded. We were very impressed with his professorial manner and pride in sharing the religious culture of India. I hoped that our genuine interest and patience in listening was a sufficient award for him.

The spontaneous lecture on the sun chariot temple made me feel once again that I was home. It evoked memories of the discussions that used to hold me spellbound when my parents and their guests got onto talking about religion. On one such occasion a colleague of my father who knew us children quite well gave us a lesson in reincarnation. I was especially proud that I was the most mature of the children, for I was according to him in my third reincarnation. My other sisters had not yet reached such a level of experience. Another lecture that has stuck in my mind over the years had to do with the diversity that existed in the Hindu religion alone. It was given in our sitting room by another colleague

of my dad's who expounded on how Hinduism offered something for everybody. On one hand it had replicas of gods for the superstitious and for those persons who wanted to see concrete signs of godly power. That seemed to appeal to one of my sisters, who after a visit to the famous temples of Sanchi, used to bow before a little, plastic blue Buddha. On the other hand, as my father's friend went on to explain, Hinduism also had the invisible god, the Almighty One, for those who wanted to philosophize in the abstract and distill out the essence of religious feelings without material trappings. The latter appealed to me. I still had images of holidays in my grandfather's country house reading a book I had brought along from India. It was about the abstract yoga philosophy of the duty to do virtue. I was fascinated by it and would look up from its pages only now and again to view from the sitting room window the corn ripening in the neighboring field. Later when I was at university, yoga became popular among Westerners as a way to relax. I got annoyed that this popularization of yoga emphasized only the physical exercises and not the moral philosophy.

India's multitude of religions like its poverty had affected me profoundly. The lessons I chose to learn from these home lectures on Hinduism was religious tolerance in particular, and a certain universal moral indignancy in general. Every religion had within itself something for each believer's own personal psyche. No one religion could claim to be the uniform truth for each and every soul of this earth. Yet every soul, regardless of religious profession, lay under the uniform, yes universal, force of a moral obligation to do good and be charitable. This was the opposite of what the generation of my dad's grandchildren learned in the religion classes. They studied only the doctrine of a particular religion rather than gaining knowledge of religions and universal spirituality.

Of course the ideal of religious and legal pluralism and tolerance that India inculcated in me was punctuated with another reality. At times we were forbidden to go into the city of Bhopal. That was when religious, or communitarian as they were called, riots raged in the bazaar. Such occurred especially at the time of Holi, the most child-friendly festival I have ever known. It was the ritual of heralding spring. It was ever more fun than colouring Easter eggs. We did not have to project our human creativity on eggs, we did it to one another. Coloured powder or watery paints would be thrown or sprayed on every one. With exceptions of course. It was a Hindu festival. Hindus and other fun makers wore old clothes on those days, but Muslims wore freshly laundered all-white apparel. That was a sign, a warning — Don't touch me. And for some, naturally, it was a provocation. When merriment breached this barrier as was inevitable, the city had to be barricaded.

I have often reflected upon intolerance among religions. Unfortunately we humans have not yet reached the stage of sufficient reincarnations to know that no one religion is better than another. We have reached the stage where slavery has been abolished, apartheid declared dead, caste broken down, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights declaring all humankind equal. Our next task would be to rid ourselves of an inner, unspoken belief that one particular religious confession is superior to that of another. This was why as I returned home after this trip to India I felt so provoked by Samuel Huntington propagating his notion of the cold war of cultures (and religions). He churned

up a problem that has been around much longer than the relatively young and relatively short-lived conflict between capitalism and communism. He has not articulated what is really at stake, a superiority complex. One religious culture is being forced to prove that it is superior to another. Just as India's Nehru wanted to steer between capitalism and communism, I can only hope that India again takes the lead in taking the edge off the war of culture.

Discussing politics in India in private was more difficult than I had thought or remembered. The newspapers were full of political scandals which, however, did not make up the stuff for private conversations. I had to ask three times about which was the ruling party in Bhopal. I got two different answers: one was the Congress Party, the other was the Cultural Party. When I learned that Mr. Taneja came originally from the famous Pathan country, made vivid to me by Rudyard Kipling's poems, I tried to ask about the politics of Partition as he had experienced it in his youth. But I was unsuccessful in drawing him out. Even when I turned the subject to Indian court judges, our Indian friends commented more on them personally than on their legal achievements. This caused me to reflect on the numerous newspaper articles I read in the Delhi papers on politicians. I noticed that the articles named specific persons involved in a scandal, like any other newspaper article around the world on politicians, but with a difference. They seemed to speak of each politician as someone whom the journalists had psychéd out personally. I began, typically, as my father would say, to ask why. India was proving to be as fertile a ground for someone like me as it was thirty years ago. It offered so many contrasts and in every contrast was embedded a comparison and in every comparison a question. That was the onion of philosophy as the Dalai Lama once said in a lecture I attended. My questioning led me to begin with the observation that all the proper democratic institutions had remained in place in India, infrastructure had improved vastly, and intellectual and training institutions had flourished for the last thirty years. But the politics was as corrupt as ever. Sometimes scholars in the West blamed the corruption in so-called transition societies on vestiges of a primitive political heritage rooted in the personality cult. But in the West such corruption was equally prevalent (such as reported in a newspaper article in Germany that at least thirty percent of all construction contracts were obtained through bribery), but blamed on a loophole in the system or the law, not vestiges of a personality cult. In other words, the West could be said to have overcome its primitive origins. Why the difference in explaining the same phenomenon, I would not know. It could be the subject of a research project in itself.

Despite its corruption, India's economic politics seemed to have paid in handsome dividends. My dad and his colleagues talked enthusiastically about how many millions of tractors were being manufactured now in India and India's self-sufficiency in automobile manufacture. I pointed out why: "India has a lot to thank for its earlier politicians who insisted that all foreign corporations had to be locally incorporated with an Indian majority of shareholders and strict conditions on making a technology transfer that stayed in India." My father and his colleagues would nod, but my comment had obviously not had the effect I had wanted. Maybe one reason was that at the time of our visit India had just recently liberalized, or opened up to foreign manufacturers without restrictions. So the old history of why India's industrialization got up to that point seemed irrelevant.

With other political memories, I did not get very far. No one showed interest in the history of Bhopal politics, as I articulated memories of the time the Communist Party was running candidates for the first time in Bhopal in the 1950s. As I retold the story in a circle of friends, I saw us all sitting at the large dinner table with our guests, the manager of the sugar mill in Sehore and his short, round, lively wife. She asked Lal, our houseman, which party he was going to vote for in the upcoming city elections. He answered communist. She reacted sharply by asking whether he was going to fall into the well just because everyone else was doing so. He remained silent. I have never forgotten this turn of phrase, and have used it to chastise my child when she justified a less than laudatory action of hers with, “Well, you do it too, or my friends do it too.” Not that I meant that voting for the Communist Party was less than laudatory.

My parents did not get excited about Lal’s politics, although the U.S. Government did. The Soviets had had an exhibition of their space achievements. The Americans immediately sent around an exhibition about their agricultural and industrial achievements. Later when we moved to Delhi I recall busying my brain feverishly about the conflict between capitalism and communism. My father had brought home once a few pamphlets published by the U.S. Embassy on the differences between the two ideologies. What struck me especially was the argument that communism ran against human nature. It was not natural, so read the pamphlet, that humans shared ownership, shared their possessions. Our human nature was competitive and achievement oriented. Taking pride in what one achieved by oneself was a natural instinct that was good and would be suppressed by communism. But I struggled to flesh out what the two ideologies had in common. Each claimed to increase the greater good of the larger society. In capitalism each individual did her/his best for her/himself and the social effect was a cumulative best or good. If one had to show this on a chart, one would draw shagged lines to show the ups and downs, but the trend of all the lines was upwards. In communism, whatever one did was motivated by what was beneficial for all concerned so that the accumulation of the common good was not haphazard. On a chart the line would be shown going smoothly upward for all.

I could not swallow wholeheartedly this propaganda literature. I asked myself, what did this mean for me, for my values? I did not really want to believe as a deeply spiritual person that I had a selfish nature. Nor did I believe in political repression. Nor did I like the ugly factories in the industrial zones we sometimes drove through. At that time, and thereafter, I firmly believed in most of what Gandhi wrote. He was my hero and I was ever so pleased that my parents had preserved through the years the stone bust of Gandhi which my dad’s Budni colleagues presented to us; the grand old man’s elfish smile remained eternally engraved despite the G carved by one of my sisters into the top of his bald head. Gandhi wrote once that he did not believe that human nature was selfish. If it were so we would be no better off than the orangutans.

I did not believe that one could guide one’s life with the philosophy of doing only that which furthered oneself alone. One had, as I have already mentioned, to use those privileges that fate conferred on one for the good of others less privileged. Even in the

name of cooperation with others, one could not ask, what's in it for me? One had to ask, what's in it for the sake of doing justice and fairness? That was why I reacted indignantly later in university where I learned in international affairs seminars about the "tying-in" policies of the donor aid countries, whereby equipment and parts supplied for development projects could not come from within the country being aided, or from the cheapest available source, but rather had to come from and therefore benefit the companies from the donor countries.

This philosophy of life of mine led later on to conflicts with my male friends in the West: I was, they complimented me, terribly intelligent and articulate and fair and principled, but in their eyes I lacked an essential virtue: I was not opportunistic enough. As a black woman who had been humiliated in the West because of skin colour and hair texture and was striving to do what I wanted as against being pushed into doing something that would show "them" what I already knew but they did not, namely that I was equal, I felt I did not want to become what they were. I did not want to become what they were because they had opportunistically repressed other social groups. I wanted to reform them. They wanted to make me over in their image, and I them in mine. But the real difference between them and me was that they were giving conflicting signals so that you never knew which one they were acting on. Years later, the Western catholic priest who was my cohort in the struggle against apartheid summed up my dilemma well: "Do not hold me to any one principle, for I might have to act on it against my own interests and desires." I was grateful that I could return after thirty years of acting out my philosophy of life in the world to my "philosophical home." I had a chance to rethink how India had nourished the roots of my life philosophy. I concluded that we had been defining ourselves in contrast to our neighbour and not in terms of justice and charity. We were not listening to the golden rule: Treat your neighbour as you want to be treated. Not compare yourself to your neighbour to see whether you are better or worse off.

The days of the Cold War between capitalism and communism were recalled during our visit back to India, not on a philosophical level, but in terms of how meaningless that war was in the end. This was at the Escorts managers reception we got invited to, thanks to the spur-of-the-moment graciousness of the Director of the Institute for Agriculture in Bhopal. We had called on the director, who introduced us to the Escorts Manager visiting him also that same day and quietly whispered to him to extend to us also the invitation to dinner. The manager was more than willing. He had heard of the legendary Jones, the man who built Budni. Once at the reception, the Escorts manager, in a jovial mood after a round of drinks and good food, told a story about a Soviet threshing machine and an agricultural colleague of my father called Mr. Minehardt. It was harvest time at an experimental station, and for some reason there was no USAID equipment available. The only thresher available was Soviet built. The Escorts manager duly informed Minehardt of the situation. Mr. Minehardt's reaction was one of panic: "You know that I cannot have anything to do with a Soviet machine." But he did not let his protest go beyond sheer words. Getting the wheat in and feeding hungry mouths proved more important than ideology. He pitched in for the round-the-clock forty-eight hour action, his wife and the wives of the others buttering loads of sandwiches and bringing them out to the fields. This attitude saved his life once. Mr. Minehardt lived in what was called dacoit (robbers)

country. Rafiq told us of the legend of Minehardt's encounter with the dacoits one night. He was stopped in his Jeep late at night. The dacoits seemed proud of their catch. But when their leader arrived on the scene and cast his flashlight on Minehardt's face, he chastised his band. "You fools, why stop him? He's the one helping our people feed themselves." He was let go.

Sikhs were an exception to my observation that politics was difficult to discuss in private. As mentioned in our encounter in the Air India office in Bhopal, the elderly father who had come to ask for a transfer for his daughter had noted that Sikhs now had to tread lightly ever since the assassination of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi, by a Sikh. Later we were treated to a more detailed explanation of Sikh politics during a tour of the ancient gardens near Chandigarh, built by Shah Jehan, architect of the Taj Mahal. The good colonel had invited us to take lunch there. We ordered dal and steak and my beloved chapatis that were so difficult to get at the Ashoka. When the chapatis came, one with hair attached to it on the back side, the Colonel kindly sent it back for another one. As we delved into the delicious meal, my father asked the colonel about the division of Punjab into two states. "Yes," was the answer, the Sikhs wanted their own province. Then I heard the most succinct lecture ever on the history of the political ambitions of the Sikhs. Certainly what I recount here cannot do justice to its depth, but I would hope that it is accurate and fair to the Colonel: The Sikh religion, as everyone knew, was a reaction to the repressive caste system of Hinduism. Sikh reformers did not come from any one ethnic group. They represented many different ethnicities, professions, and castes, but they had a territorial identity and affinity, in Sind, mostly in what became Pakistan after the Partition. When the Congress Party was negotiating with Jinnah and the British about independence, the Sikhs also put in a bid for independence. After the negotiations, Jinnah won independence at the expense of the Sikhs, who felt betrayed by Nehru. The Partition meant the loss of the Sikh homeland. At most the Sikhs got Punjab. Nehru again denied them independence in Punjab, for fear that if Punjab partitioned off, then Kashmir would also agitate for independence. As a Kashmiri, Nehru was not going to tolerate cutting off his homeland from mother India. Indira Gandhi inherited this ticking bomb. Reforms in the military also resulted in more agitation among the Sikhs. The military had been one of the major outlets for young Sikhs who did not have the luck to have been born into landowner families. Passing an examination had been the key to entry. The reforms initiated in the military set in addition to examination results, geographical quotas for military recruits, thus limiting the chances of Sikhs. The mounting frustration resulted in cries for a province exclusively run by Sikhs. After this conversation and lesson in Sikh history, I often wondered privately whether the assassination of Mrs. Gandhi was the price the Sikhs wished that Nehru had paid for his so-called betrayal of what the Sikhs saw as promises on his part. Since then Amritsar, the scene of the pre-independence tragic massacre of Sikhs by the Gurkhas under the command of a British officer (made so vivid in the film Gandhi) and the centre of the Golden Temple revolt after Independence, seemed to have become a word of insult. For at the Ashoka Hotel, as I complained to one of the shopkeepers of the high prices he was charging for lesser quality Kashmiri shawls, I told him that I had seen many good quality shawls in Chandigarh for more reasonable prices. He looked at me as though he wanted to spit. "They came from Amritsar and are not good," he responded.

The strong feelings of political separatism that were the heritage of pre-independence negotiations were new to me. I grew up in the immediate post-independence era when Nehru like all other post-colonial rulers, were beating the drums of national feeling and oneness and were just as prepared as the British colonials (and Abraham Lincoln in nineteenth century America) was to use military force to keep the country one nation. I had recalled that Nehru has been present at the funeral of the late Nawab of Bhopal, but the significance had escaped me. Thirty years later, I found a clue in a book in a Delhi bookshop on Separatism Among Indian Muslims (Oxford 1993). It told the story of how the Nawab of Bhopal had been one of the leaders of a movement for retaining the state of Bhopal as an independent kingdom. Later in conversations with Rafiq it became clearer to me why the Nawab continued to be watched carefully. His eldest daughter, who was popular among Bhopalis, had married into a Muslim Pakistani family. Her son had reached an important position in Pakistan's Foreign Office. Because of her Pakistani citizenship, the Indian Government denied her succession to the throne upon the demise of the Nawab. It went to the youngest daughter, who had married the Nawab of Pataudi, whose children we used to meet when they came on holidays from schools in Switzerland and staged masquerade balls at the palace. She was equally popular with the Bhopalis. Her son succeeded to both the rulership of both Pataudi through his father and to Bhopal through his mother. He has made himself very well known as the former captain of India's Cricket Team. Rafiq showed us in the game room of the Pataudi Ibrahim Palace with the large billiard table the old photos of him at Oxford on the cricket team. They attested to the value the family had long placed on education and international connections. The present Nawab kept the royal title in the hands of Indians. He married the granddaughter of Rabindrath Tagore, a Hindu who converted to Islam, a well-known Indian actress, with, according to Rafiq, an excellent head. She managed the revenues well (in the old tradition of the woman handling the finances), she had excellent taste in selecting original art works depicting scenes out of Bhopal, and she was charitable. Like her mother-in-law, she looked after the welfare of such faithful servants like Rafiq, who always had a place to stay in Delhi at their home.

On this trip I also learned much more about the politics of confiscation than I ever knew or learned in school. The subject especially interested me because I had written about confiscations in Muslim lands. The Punjabi land reforms just after independence resulted in the Nawab of Pataudi having lost a lot of his lands or fiefdom. The Government of India, lacking funds was not in a position to pay sufficient compensation. It was agreed that part of the compensation would be in kind; that is, the Nawab would receive the right to live in a large government bungalow in a posh part of Delhi. It seems that the Nawab of Pataudi was not so successful as the Begum of Bhopal in negotiating the keeping of lands. Perhaps it was the aggressiveness of Punjabi farmers eager to join the Green Revolution that made the difference. In any case, while the late Nawab of Bhopal had donated the tract of land on which the old British jungle warfare training camp had been located and on which the Tractor Testing Centre was erected at Budni, the Begum managed to keep intact the 1000-acre farm near the lake in Bhopal. "How was that possible?" I asked Rafiq, since the land reform law permitted individual holdings not exceeding eight acres. It seemed that she knew enough about the law that she had

medicinal plants grown on the land to keep it in one piece until today. Her legal thoroughness did not surprise me, for I once found quite accidentally in a provincial university library in Europe the slim blue volume (the same colour as her English biography that my parents keep in their library) that she had written in the 1930s on the Islamic law of marriage. While I owed my interest in Islam to Rafiq, I owed to my father's engagement for feeding the hungry and poor my keen interest in agricultural land reform that favoured equitable distribution. I combined the two topics later at university in my dissertation.

One of the most treasured rewards of this trip back home was getting to know my dad. When I was growing up or being brought up, I hardly had time to see my parents as people, as individuals with their own personality. They only stood for something. They were walking mouths, giving off commands that had to be fulfilled or rejected. They were also ears, ready to receive pleas or reject them. On this trip, my dad became a person, someone to observe and appreciate. What struck me most was his humour, maybe because I am so humourless. It seems that only one of my sisters inherited the capacity to be really witty. I was struck by his humour on our first meeting in Delhi. He had flown out of London and I out of Zurich. As we compared notes on our flights, I told him that the Swiss Air pilot complained bitterly of the bumpy runway: "I am sorry that we have such a long bumpy ride after a long smooth flight. This runway is in terrible shape."

My father answered serenely, probably thinking of the many times he had to drive his Jeep on washed-out roads, "He should have been thankful that it was not mud."

Even when he read the newspapers, he made quips. Upon seeing in the obituary pages the young photos of the elderly deceased, he noted: "They like dying young, or at least want to show that they really did live at one time."

My father also showed a great capacity to put people at ease. I do have traces of that (I used to worry a lot about the students at Vassar who sat alone in the cafeteria and steered myself always in their direction). We had been brought back to Bhopal in the car that the director at Budni had placed at our disposal. We insisted that the driver and the assistant who had accompanied us should stay for lunch (the driver, as in the old days, ate separately) at our hotel. By the time the lunch arrived, it was quite late. When we bid farewell, the assistant was impatient that the driver had not finished eating fretting about the late hour. It was already 3:30 PM and the trip back to Budni would require two hours. By that time all would have knocked off. My father put him at ease: "Well, you won't get there any faster." The assistant paused momentarily, puzzled at the hidden meaning of this remark, then burst into laughter. "You are right. You always have a piece of wisdom in your humour." Another time as Rafiq was mourning that he had hardly any time to do anything else outside the supervision of the estate at Pataudi, my Dad commented: "Now that you have a good permanent job, you have more to worry about than hard work." Laments about ageing he also did not accept. When he finally got through by phone after several attempts to the wife of his former colleague and director of the Budni Institute, he told her that they should visit their daughter in the USA. "No," she replied, "we are too old for that kind of trip." My father, certainly older than she, cheered her up: "Oh, no, we

grow older, but not old.”

He also had a way of bringing me back from my reverie of reflection. As I was thinking of the way car drivers, lambretta heroes and bicycles were all communicating with one another in a concert of cacophony, I pointed out to him that the lorries still have the old signs, “Horn Please!” and how each one was in itself an art work. He answered pithily: “But what’s the use?”. One blew the horn, but it made no difference in the traffic chaos. Or when it came to the politics of India, he told me what Mussolini had said about Italy. Mussolini was asked in an interview, “How is it governing Italians? Are they governable?” The answer: “Yes, but it’s not worth it.” He loved these sayings that told more than an analytical essay on the same subject.

My Dad loved making up his own sayings as much as recalling those from others. I had forgotten one such saying on one occasion as we were visiting the Tanejas. The daughter-in-law of Taneja who lived in the split level house of three stories to help her husband in his investment business was telling about how her son in the first class at school had refused to give a sentence in Hindi in class that day. His excuse was that he was an American (his parents had had a florist shop in California and acquired USA citizenship). In reality he could not think up an appropriate answer and used humour to get out of his dilemma. At this time my father recalled what my daughter had once said, namely, “Just remember, when you parents say that you do not have any time for us. Only those who are dead have no time.”

I also learned how much we had in common when it came to philosophizing about human nature. When we ate our improvised breakfast of lemon tea, rice crackers, cheese, honey and papaya (“Naturally, it is good, it was selected by my friend Taneja,” he was fond of saying), we talked often about human nature. We agreed that humans share a lot in common with animals. We have instincts, but try to deny and suppress them as part of our aversion to being related to animals. He noted that my mother disliked the analogies he drew between humans and animals. We were both convinced that unless humans see themselves as part of nature as much as animals are, our planet would be doomed.

The mental alacrity that my Dad still displayed after 30 years never ceased to amaze me. He could hold his own in the conversations with many a younger man in his 50’s and 60’s we held at Budni and at the Institute of Agriculture in Bhopal. The day’s tour of the centre at Budni was long. I was not sure how well he would hold up since he had been accustomed to having long naps at home. But by tea time when he was asked to give a talk before all the young staff assembled to do him honour as a founding father of Budni, he was as fresh and humorous as ever in relating about the early years.

While he sometimes complained about being patient with my insatiable curiosity as child, I discovered where I had gotten it from. On the tour of the latest testing equipment and the teaching tools at Budni, he showed his genuine interest by listening keenly, and always asked relevant questions. He had not just come back to relive memories and hear laudations. He also wanted to contribute to the furtherment of the institution. “The teaching equipment you have here surpassed anything we had or ever could think of

acquiring in the first years,” he remarked to the instructor who was showing him the models of tractor engines used to demonstrate engineering principles. “But I have a question. You are doing a great job of getting the principles of engineering across, but I want to know whether you are teaching how to solve problems. For what you learn today may be pass, tomorrow, but what you did learn should equip you to solve problems. For example, as a young graduate student at Cornell on the G.I. Bill scholarship after the War, I had a professor who tried me to the limits of problem solution. He dropped a small screw into the engine of a tractor. It was impossible to get it out per hand or with any instrument. I puzzled and puzzled. Finally, the solution came to me. I built a small magnet that got it out.” In the space of that five minutes the Budni instructor acknowledged learning a lot.

The patience that my father displayed to me on this trip proved equally memorable. I had memories rather of his impatience. When he felt he could not get any further in a heated argument at home, he stormed out of the house slamming the front door behind him. Only after a long walk he came back calmed down. He also used to sit sometimes with a long switch, cut from the bushes that separated our house from the neighbours, at the yellow chrome dining table in the yellow linoleum floor that my mother would clean now and again with buckets of hot soapy water. We children felt the sharp tip of that switch on our heads when we were too unmannerly. I always had insisted on sitting right next to him on his left side at the dining table. So the switch was a bit too long and unwieldy to come too often in my direction. Now as a great-grandfather he was a paragon of constructive patience. Our tour of Budni especially put it to test. On the morning we were to take the tour, my dad pulled out the used up roll of film from his camera in the room we were being put up in as guests of the Centre. He started to put in a roll of 24, but I suggested that he put in a roll of 36 so that we would not have to change so quickly. There would certainly be a lot to photograph. He agreed. We left the pleasant guest house with a lovely garden of hibiscus flowers whose nectar the many monkeys drank with pleasure, but quickly enough to escape my taking a photo of them, and crossed the barely two lane road busy with lorries transporting people, goods and foods to enter the gate to the Centre. The Director, Mr. Das, greeted us in his office, where we located his name written in Hindi script on the brown plank on the wall behind his desk listing all the men who had been directors of the Budni Centre. Then began the tour. My father immediately started taking photos of the newly acquired prized tractor testing computer equipment gotten from Japan on a turn-key project. A new red tractor had been set up for demonstration. Later as he was being shown some of the electro-magnet equipment, I took his camera from his shoulder to take a photo of him in conversation with an instructor. I pressed the wrong buttons, and the machine, not being self-correcting for technical illiterates like myself, refused to take any more photos. I felt mortified. My father remained calm and diplomatic, not interrupting the tour. Fortunately there was an official photographer of the centre also with a sophisticated camera. I had the automatic pocket camera from my daughter in reserve. Finally towards the end of the tour, I decided to try my luck with the pocket camera, and got a good scene of my Dad meeting about 16 army veterans who had been sent to the Centre as a part of preparation for their retirement. Having reached the age limits for employment in the army, they were expected to start a second career as farmers. And I was able to capture on film one of the

highlights of the trip, namely, the talk my Dad gave to the Budni staff. I got him standing at the lecture stand with his marigold garlands contrasting with his black rimmed glasses, and the staff attentively listening. I felt somewhat redeemed, but was still unhappy that I might have ruined his camera. At the end of the day after supper, I started examining the camera. My Dad was not angry at all. He was interested in whether the damage could be repaired. Between the two of us we finally got the roll of film that was in it rewound (and ruined of course), and were able to put in a new roll. To make up for the day's losses, I suggested that he get up early next morning and take an entire roll again of all the buildings and teaching areas and testing tractor equipment. He did so. But for me that experience taught me a lot about my Dad and made me appreciate something about me too. He never got upset if a thing was broken by accident, never raised his voice. He was more interested in seeing whether something could be made good again or the damage repaired. Now I knew why I usually broke out into a concentrated calmness when a crisis broke out or an accident occurred. Shouting, panicking, or getting angry would bring nothing. Better to concentrate on how to make the best of the worst. I noticed that I liked the way my Dad treated me with patience when I made a mistake. I had more of a guilty conscience because he did not get angry than if he had. This made me reflect on my relationship to my child. I recalled that as she was only 3 she had taken the most beautiful pattered cup I had had, a gift from a Paraguayan lawyer who had gotten it from the Indio community. She let it drop accidentally. I wanted to scream at her, but held my anger. "It was only a cup, something material, not a human life." But through the years, my patience would run thin and I would shout about recurring mistakes, and the shouting was making no difference. She stood on her right to be treated with respect. Since my return from India I have decided to follow the example of my father. My child has noticed the difference. "Since mother is back from India, she is different. I do not know what happened."

The two days in Budni also gave me a small chance to repay my father a bit for the help he used to give me as a schoolgirl. The day of our tour of Budni, the Secretary of the Centre handed my father the Centre's guest book, requesting my father to write his comments in it. That evening, my father sat down to compose a few words of thanks. He read them to me for approval. I reedited them, and gladly so. I remembered well the many times I would interrupt his nap to ask for his literary advice. I was writing many a 'term paper' in literature or history. Every phrase had to be perfect. I turned to my Dad for help if I had doubt about the correctness of a turn of phrase. Sometimes I would stay up until 2 AM or get up 5 AM to finish typing a paper on a typewriter he had borrowed from the office, and he was ready to ask my questions.

I knew that my Dad was a very consistent man who liked to see things through. I still had the images of him working faithfully every evening after teaching on laying the patio in our back garden until it was completed. In human relationships this consistency manifested it in his loyalty. He was loyal to friends and family, and expected loyalty in turn and knew how to show appreciation for it. When we ate the delicious papaya or special tangerine/orange cross in our room at the Ashoka at our own self-made breakfast, he always gave his friend Mr. Taneja credit: "It has to be good, my friend selected them out for us."

His own family my father never forgot and expected his daughters also never to forget their family ties. He complained that one of my married sisters seemed to want to forget her family. On the trip he often remarked that his grandmother was looking after him. She must have been indeed. She brought us coincidental luck throughout the trip. We were lucky, for example, that we had not arrived too early in Bhopal, or else the restorations of the hotel would not have been completed enough for us to stay there. She led him too to his loyal driver, Rafiq, who had a special place in my Dad's heart. He was almost like a son for him. I had gone on my own to see the dilapidating palace of the late Nawab, which had been given to Safiya College for law and commerce. The next day, Dad got up early to go to the palace. As he was dressing, I was still in bed, having stayed up editing a manuscript until 1 AM. I debated with myself whether I should get up and accompany him to make sure that nothing happened to him. I decided he was in good shape and would be safe. So he went out alone. His grandmother did well to keep me in bed. For my Dad took a wrong turn and ended up not at the old palace but at the house of one of the older Adjuncts of the late Nawab. He had risen early and greeted my Dad. From him my father learned that Rafiq had not emigrated to Bombay as some had told us, but was assistant overseer to the grandson of the late Nawab. Rafiq had been in Bhopal the day we had arrived, but had returned to Pataudi. My Dad was excited that he had found Rafiq. The trip was complete. And I had to ring several times to Pataudi in answer to Dad's constant questioning whether I had reached Rafiq. Dad was convinced that once Rafiq found out he was visiting, he would immediately come down to Delhi to fetch us. "I shall be disappointed if he does not come to fetch me." He had trusted his life to Rafiq on many a tiger hunt; and he had assured of Rafiq's faithfulness even during the trying monsoon season on their trips home to Bhopal from Budni for the week-end. For he left Rafiq sometimes on Fridays at the bank of the swollen river to wait with the Jeep until the waters went down, walked across the fields to the railway on high ground and took the next available train to Bhopal. Rafiq would bring the Jeep home about 3 or 4 AM. So when Rafiq showed my father the bumper sticker that Rafiq had thought out himself, "A reckless driver rests in piece(s)" (pronounced to rhyme with 'peace') on his van to show my Dad he was still concerned about safety, my father said with great self-assurance, "And add to it, sanctioned by Jones." After our visit in Pataudi with Rafiq, my Dad was equally convinced that Rafiq would come again to Delhi to say farewell. I was not so convinced since Rafiq had a lot of work. My Dad had telephoned with Rafiq to tell him that he was leaving 5000 Rupees for his daughter's education and my Dad had understood that Rafiq probably would come personally to fetch the monies and bid farewell too. But because this meant that Dad would be holding on his person 5000 rupees in cash for 24 hours when I would not be there, because my flight left a day earlier, I did not want him to wait until Rafiq came. I made arrangements for the monies to be deposited with Mr. Taneja from whom Rafiq could pick them up. When I telephoned Rafiq to inform him of this, I got the impression that he felt he did not have to come into Delhi. When I informed Dad of this, he was annoyed with me, "Do you want to come between Rafiq and me? Do you want to discourage him from coming to see me again?" I was taken aback, for that was not my intention. Upon reflection, I think that my Dad's expectations of Rafiq's loyalty were foremost.

Within the family, my Dad was not especially known for being modest. He bragged about his daughter's achievements, he was proud of his own too. For example, he never let me forget how I had doubted his ability. We once had a difference at the Ashoka Hotel over his attaching the electrical coil for boiling water he had brought with him to a new ending. He wanted to make it even easier to make hot tea. I was afraid that he would electrocute us both with his make-shift contraption. He insisted. It worked perfectly, and I swore that if I ever had a second chance at remarrying I would find me a technically scientifically minded and talented man. "Told you so," he reminded me once again when he attached my lap-top computer a couple months later to a 120 current outlet saving me from having to buy an extra ending for the cable.

And he complained that his daughters let him know that they felt embarrassed when he bragged. "Why should they be so modest?" Through one telephone conversation he had in India with his former colleague and director of the Budni Centre, Dr. Zachariah I learned where my sisters (and I to) had gotten their modesty. My father spoke glowingly of the welcome he had gotten at Budni: "It was a royal welcome, more than what I deserved." I could hardly believe my ears. "Are you not being too modest?" I asked him. "Your daughters have taken after you." Then I knew how I could answer a friend of mine who loved introducing me with all my decrees and titles and got exasperated because my introduction of myself was too modest for his taste. It was a Jones tradition, like noblesse oblige.

It was also part of a Jones/Williams (in fairness to my mother's maiden name and family) tradition not to shy away from, even welcome and take such opportunity, meeting with the leadership of any community. Maybe that came from the fact that the parents and grandparents of my parents had been in their own small communities leaders. I had personally reenforced this heritage with the poem "If" by Rudyard Kipling that I had had to memorize for school in my fifth year in Bhopal. A couple lines I took as a kind of life credo that I have repeated to myself many a time: "If you can walk with kings and queens without losing the common touch, . . . then you are a (hu)man, my son (daughter)." In Delhi at the end of our trip the chance did come for my father to meet with India's royalty, the Nawab of Pataudi, Rafiq's new employer. After I had flown out of Delhi my father got a phone call at the hotel early in the morning. It was the Nawab of Pataudi himself. He was responding to the two messages I had left on his wife's answering machine the day before which had been Idd. He invited my Dad over to his house. Then Dad could give him the 5000 rupees for Rafiq's daughter. Naturally my Dad had to confess that his own daughter had insisted on giving the monies to the safekeeping of Tanejas and Rafiq could fetch the money from them. So my Dad missed meeting the Nawab personally. After my father had flown back home and we were exchanging notes on the phones, he reminded me that I had deprived him of the chance to meet this royal personality face to face. I could only explain to Dad again that I had feared that the hotel room service personnel could have easily taken the monies from his jacket, even though I had made sure that we had handsomely tipped the head Stewart who came to me twice to say that he was knocking off to go home. I really felt sorry that my Dad had missed meeting the Nawab, but I had placed what I thought was the safety of my father first. He had kept the common touch well, but had not gotten the royal touch to round off his visit.

My father was no spendthrift by any means, and would save on expenses by using his own hands, such as the school desks fashioned from the wood container crates. His greatest expenditures related only to his hunting. But he knew how to combine a sense of social justice and generosity. We were having a light lunch (soup and bread, chapatis being pass,) in the Ashoka's Coffee Shop. I was relating my conversation with Rafiq's daughter. She had told me that she had to qualify for another year to get her teaching certificate. I asked her how much it would cost. 5000 Rupees was her answer. I added casually to my father, "What a world we live in. That is practically the cost of one night in this hotel. How well the world's wealth is distributed." Dad said nothing. I did not think it made any impression on him. But still waters run deep. Later that evening as he prepared for bed, he said to me, "I have an idea. What if I give the 5000 rupees to Rafiq's daughter to meet the costs for her year's education?" As for the education of his own daughters, that turned out to be a sore point for my Dad. "If I had to do it again, I would not have had so many children," he confided to me. That surprised me coming from someone like him who did not waste any time over spilt milk. But that was the conclusion he reached after having felt disappointment in what was in his eyes the less than exemplary end results of the years of education his daughters had spent at the very best of universities financed by his earnings. "Maybe he thinks of us as investments that did not pay enough dividends," one of my sisters remarked. I think he felt that we were not using the full potential we had. I tried to console him by saying, "But one thing your daughters do have is something that many of their more successful classmates do not have, and that is integrity. We are not willing to succeed at any price." And his daughters had upheld the tradition that many a minority family could not boast up, an university education for three generations now. Still the fact that none of his daughters have become well-known may well be an especially bitter pill for a minority. Minorities believe that the majority would automatically accept a member of a minority once equally qualified in terms of education. When this truism does not turn out to be true, one blames oneself. One does not realize the depths of emotion with which discrimination is rooted and which no amount of equal education could root out. Something more radical than education would be needed. One had to know how to fight and organize and recognize when discrimination was at the root of the trouble. In any case, my father challenged me to write out examples of the integrity of my siblings. In any case I returned home from India with a determination to see my own efforts to push my child into 'success' in a new light. For one, I knew that education was necessary, but something else too was necessary for having an infamous career. But my father remained the optimist and the doer. His book could still bring fame to his daughters.

I enjoyed the company of my father immensely. Only once did I feel a generation gap. We were boarding the bus that took us from the Air India plane that had arrived in Bhopal to the terminal. I stepped onto the bus ahead of my Dad. I noticed that the back seats were not as full as the front, and settled down in the back. My Dad followed me. He scolded: "Why you acting so coloured? Sitting in the back of the bus." Trying to rationalize away his annoyance, I answered: "That was an experience you and Rosa Parks have engraved on your hearts. I did not have to go through it, being forced to go the back of the bus because of the colour of my skin, thank heavens. And I would never want you

to forget it.” The trip to India brought me home not only to Mother India, but also to my father.

End of interview