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NUHU MOHAMMADU BAYERO



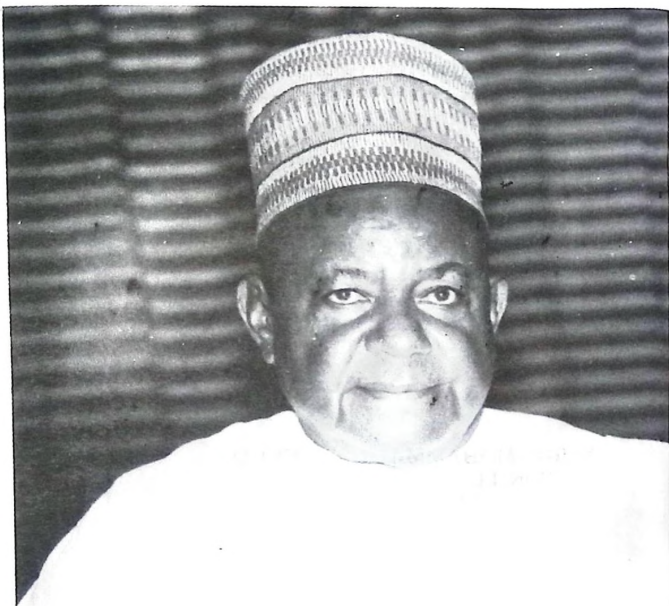
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Dr. Nuhu Mohammadu Bayero
(1916 – 1989)

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Nuhu Bayero

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Dedication

*Dedicated to the
honoured memory of my
father and mother
Late Mallam Nuhu and Mallama Hannatu.*



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Foreword

AN autobiography is essentially a mirror held out by the author to reflect what he would like the reader to regard as his true image. Most such mirrors are contrived and are either bloated or are designed to serve one purpose or another. Only a few, like Dr. Nuhu Bayero's *My Life* are very candid in all they portray.

I have known Nuhu Bayero since 1962 and have since then admired his candour and uprightness. Inside the confines of university premises, he has distinguished himself not only for the brevity of his words and humble ways but also his wisdom. Never does he take undue advantage of anyone. This does not mean that he does not take a firm stand on the side of what he believes to be the truth of any particular matter or the correct assessment of any agonising situation. Far from it. Unlike many of the elite of his generation Nuhu Bayero is happily not plagued by tribalism or regionalism. Honour is always his watchword.

All these qualities are evident in *My Life* which tells the story of Nuhu Bayero's childhood, his education under a Christian missionary, his married life and the birth of his only child, Abdurrahman, and finally his contributions to the development of Nigeria mainly in the fields of Education and Local Government.

In narrating his story, Nuhu Bayero does not mince words. Nor does he hold back anything. Thus the reader gains an insight into the life of the rising generation of Hausa elite during the last phase of British colonialism in Nigeria. In particular, the young reader learns from him that hard work, a burning

determination, and a guiding principle in life are desirable if one is to achieve greatness.

I believe this book will find a fitting and permanent place among the good autobiographical works written by Nigerians.

CHIEF A. Y. EKE

August 1, 1989.

Preface

IT is the desire of every individual born into this life to live a happy, prosperous and healthy life. Some of us have achieved greatness, some have not quite made it and others have been total failures. Shakespeare, puts it graphically when he says "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thwist upon them", I personally believe that I belong to the second lot, which to my mind is better than the other two. I started from humble beginnings and went through a hard life but I can claim to have achieved a measure of happiness later in my life.

My outlook on life is that one should be of service to humanity. One should serve other people, help the needy ones, and be generous and kind to everyone. One should develop a sense of friendship, and unity with all mankind. I believe I have achieved such an objective to a greater extent. It is said, "love your enemies and do good to them that hate you". I am trying to live up to that Biblical injunction.

I am using my knowledge and experience for the service of others through teaching, counselling and helping people of all strata of our society.

I always advise people to be honest, hardworking and reliable; to forget and forgive when they are offended; to embrace their religion tenaciously and serve their God with faith and devotion and live peacefully and harmoniously with all fellow-human beings.

It is to show how I have measured to this self-imposed standard that I have undertaken the writing of my Reminiscences. I shall feel amply rewarded for

my labours if the youths of my country draw some inspiration from this biographical account which has been written with humility and candour.

I wish to thank Professor A. R. Tyagi of the University of Jos, Plateau State, for finding time to read this manuscript and also for his encouragement.

I am grateful to the University of Lagos for research and financial assistance: I also want to thank Professor E. U. Emovon, the former Vice-Chancellor of Jos University for his interest in this book; my sincere thanks go to the Vice-Chancellor's Secretary who did most of the typing of the original manuscript with speed and accuracy. Finally, I want to thank Professor Akinjide Oshuntokun of the University of Lagos who, in spite of his many commitments, had a final editorial reappraisal of the manuscript before going to press. Any factual error or misrepresentations are my responsibility.

**Institute of Administration,
Ahmadu Bello University,
Zaria, Nigeria.**

**Dr. Nuhu Mohammadu
Bayero**

CHAPTER ONE

Early Childhood

IN THE beginning, there was a warm room with drab mud walls without any furniture except a straw mattress spread over a mud platform made like a bed against a side-wall. Under the bed there was a fireplace where a low fire was burning which warmed up the bed and gave the child a feeling of happiness and fulfilment. Sitting by the side of the child was his mother who was humming, in the small quavering voice, the lulling non-sensical words of a Fulani lullaby. The song was meant to be gay and soothing but the child somehow was touched by the melancholy song. It was later in years that the child realised that the song of his early recollection was indeed a sad song.

However, there was no such realisation at the time when my mind flicks back to that earliest memory I have of my early childhood. It must have been a month of January or early February, for it is only during these months that Zaria experiences the cold weather, the harmattan. I might have been three years of age at that time. Actually my date of birth, according to my father's rough-and-tumble calculations, fell on 19th August 1916 and according to my mother, I was born in the darkness of a horrible evening when lightening, thunder and heavy rain were threatening the people all around. The time was at half past four. On the seventh day of my birth according to Fulani custom, a simple naming ceremony was performed

and I was formally named Muhammadu. However, my father always called me Bayero, a common Fulani name which became my better-known name. Later on, I added according to our custom, my father's name, "Nuhu", as a prefix to my own, and that is how I got the name Nuhu Muhammadu Bayero.

On both my parental side, I had royal blood in my veins. My father, Nuhu, was the grandson of the Emir Abdullahi who ruled over Zaria from 1863 to 1873 and again from 1876 to 1881. My mother, Hannatu was the daughter of Mallam Shantali who was the eldest son of Magaji Kari who, in turn, was grandson of Yamusa, the founder of Bornawa dynasty in Zaria and was also the grandfather of Emir Abdullahi. In other words, both my parents came from the Bornawa dynasty. Probably the lineage relationship need some explanation.

There are four Fulani families which are eligible for producing candidates for Emirship throne of Zaria, whose ancient name is Zazzau. Three of these families were the original standard bearers who were given the sacred command and flag by Dan Fodio, the founder of the Sokoto heathen Habe rule and to reclaim Zaria Kingdom for the pure Islamic rule. These families were Mallawas, Bornawa and Katsinawa. The Emirship rotated among these three royal families. As time went on a fourth one was added to these three dynasties and that was Suleibawa. This happened when Audusalami belonging to an ordinary Kano Family which had some agnatic link with the Kano Royal Family, was appointed Emir of Zaria by the Sultan of Sokoto after the dethronement of Abdullahi in 1873. Thus was laid the foundation of Suleibawa dynasty.

However, it is very seldom that an Emir is actually selected from the Sulejbawa family. In a large majority of cases, the Emir came either from the Bornawa or the Mallawa families although in recent years, the Katsinawa family has gained more importance. My own lineage belonging to the Bornawa family is in Fig. 1.1

This is a very simplified map of the Bornawa lineage. Actually the number of members in this lineage is very large, going into a thousand at least. This family is important not only due to its size but also due to its influence in the government, both under the emirate system as well as now under the Republican regimes, more especially the First Republic. Most of the members of the old Northern House of Assembly and of the Ministries and other important public officials both in the Regional and the Federal Governments belonging to the Zaria Province came from Bornawa family. Even out of the eighteen Emirs who have so far ascended the throne of Zaria, as many as nine have come from this family. The previous Emir, Muhammadu Aminu and the present one Alhaji Shehu Idris both came from Katsinawa dynasty. Please see Fig. 1.2. However, my royal blood did not gurranty me or my family a decent living.

Life was very hard and painful when I was a small kid. I shudder to think of those early childhood days and in fact, I envy those people who write or say: "O! Childhood give me back those wonderful days when there was all play and no responsibility". Not only did I grow in poverty and squalor, but being a sensitive boy and realising my royal ancestry, I was easily hurt. I spent more time brooding over all sorts

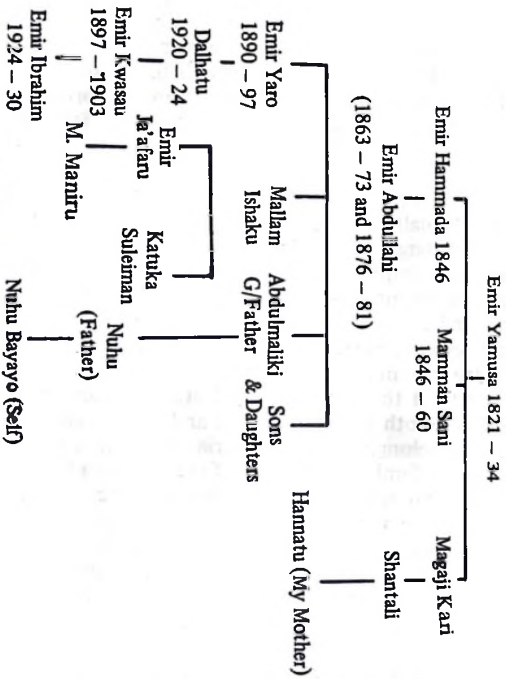


Figure 1.1 Bornawa dynasty

of things, rather than playing. My father had no regular job and there was no ready money to buy things. All the time and efforts of my parents were spent in earning money to buy the bare necessities of life which in themselves, were not many in those early days of the British rule when the First World War had just ended and its after – effects were still being felt even in this remote corner of West Africa.

Later, when I was barely five years of age, I had to fend for myself if I was not to go hungry. But while my parents worked in the house embroidering clothes for the royalty, I had to go out in the fields cutting grass for horses of the royalty. It looks so funny now when I imagine myself going out early in the morning with a *lauje* in hand looking for the greenest and luxuriant patches of grass in the fields and bringing back a donkey's load on my shoulders. Just imagine how humiliating it was at the time when I used to pass through the streets of Zaria City rushing home like a thief in order to escape the jeers and insulting gazes of my age mates who were all my cousins, born of the same royal family but living in prosperous surroundings!

You never forget that kind of poverty. It leaves scars that stay with you for life. But the worst thing of all was the utter frustration, the feeling that you were trapped and that this was all that life would ever have to offer. However, when I count my blessings, I offer thanks to God Almighty for having given me that experience, because it taught me not only fortitude but also injected in me a sense of honour, hard work and honesty which I cherish more than any material wealth or comfort of life.

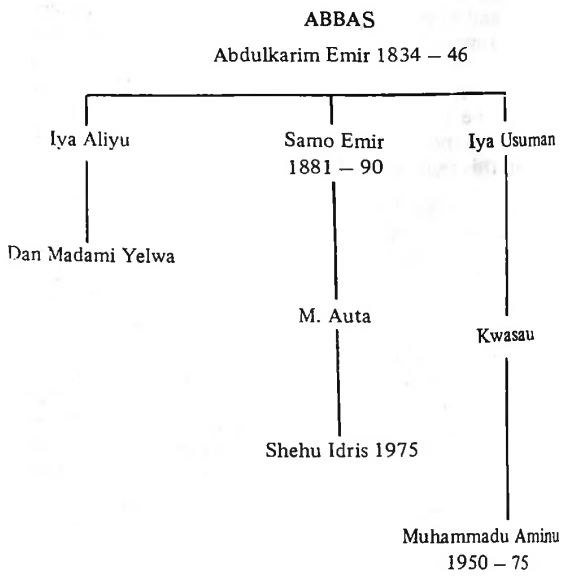


Figure 1.2 Katsinawa dynasty

The Mission School

I do not know whether it was out of parental concern for a small, lovely son on whose face despondency and misery were written large, or my father had plans of his own for my future life. One evening while eating my dinner in the inner premises of our large compound he told my mother that she should bathe me and clothe me properly next morning for he would be taking me to the school. "Which school?" my mother inquired in her usual quiet pathetic voice. "Which other school? Dr. Miller's school", snapped my father. My mother was taken aback by this reply and for a few minutes she was so tight-tongued that she could not even utter a single word but was gazing with wide open eyes on the face of my father. Seeing her amazement and defiant mood, my father repeated, "Yes, I will take him to the English school. What other school is there? My son will not go to the Mallam's hole where grass-cutting is the only form of education imparted to the children". There was again silence for a long time. And then a flood of foul words and gushing tears burst out from the eyes of my mother. But my father was quietly listening to all her outbursts without uttering any word. He listened and listened until my mother's reservoir of words and tears was completely exhausted. Then my father got up and said, "Well, I have told you. Bayero will go to the school tomorrow. You get him ready in the morning". At this my mother waved and said in loud anger, "He will go to that infidels' school over my dead body and not earlier". That was in the month of February in the year 1924; and it was prophetic!

My Father's Early Life

My father, Mallam Nuhu, and mother Hannatu's only means of livelihood was embroidery which they made for gowns, bedsheets and other cloths for decoration which they sold in the market to buy food.

Mallam Nuhu, my father, was a man of noble character who inspite of his poverty had the learning and behaviour of a prince. He was honest and hard-working and was greatly respected among the community. His royal blood earned him deep respect and obedience from the public.

In embroidery work, he was a genius, especially in producing patterns of drawing that no one had produced before. His patterns were original and attractive. Some of his embroidery were exported to England by the missionaries living in Zaria. When on the headmaster's request he started teaching embroidery to the students in a school, they could only copy his patterns and not innovate as he did.

His aim in life was to make me the Emir of Zaria as his grandfather was. He was the only son to his father, Abdulmaliki. Eight of Abdulmaliki's children were females. He was the ninth and the only male child. His father had four wives and more than thirty concubines, and he had promised that if any of them bore him a son, she would be differently treated from the rest of the wives and concubines; he would build her a separate apartment, and she would have an entirely different treatment.

My grandfather died when my father was still very young. My grandmother also died soon after,

thus leaving Mallam Nuhu in the care of his mother's co-wife who was friendly to Nuhu's dead mother and who had no child of her own. Her name was Kumatu.

Since the death of his parents, Mallam Nuhu's life became unbearably hard that at the age of eight his father's sister, Gugo, undertook to look after him. However, Gugo proved to be the most dishonest person because she arranged with one Mallam Dauda, who was her brother of the same father, to dupe my father of his wealth by giving to him in marriage Mallam Dauda's daughter, and by so doing deprived him fraudulently of all he inherited from his parents: horses, gowns and slaves. They took away from him all he had as dowry. The marriage took place but the girl stayed with my father for only six months when her father took her away from him and married her to some-one else.

My father was cruelly impoverished by that marriage, so much so that when he came of age and wanted to marry again, nobody was prepared to give him a girl to marry. He had a friend, by name of Mallam Jumare, who was a son to Shantali, the oldest son of Magaji Kari who was a brother to Hammada, son of Yamusa, the founder of Bornawa dynasty in Zaria. My father, then, approached his friend, Mallam Jumare, and begged him for help and to speak to Shantali, Jumare's father, to give him Hannatu, i.e., Jumare's sister, to marry.

Jumare agreed and he spoke to his father, but his father vehemently refused to listen to his son's request on the ground that Mallam Nuhu was poor. They then decided to approach one Audu Bodi who was a friend of Shantali and begged him to speak to Shan-

My Life

tali about Mallam Nuhu's marriage to his daughter, Hannatu. Audu Bodi agreed to do so because after my grandfather's death he married my father's mother and thus, he was really my father's stepfather.

Audu Bodi spoke to Shantali who agreed to give his daughter in marriage to my father on his request. This was how Hannatu got married to my father.

My mother, Hannatu, was the daughter of Shantali the eldest son of Magaji Kari who was the brother of the Emir Hamada. My father and mother were thus from the same dynasty, namely the Bornawa which, infact, is the leading ruling dynasty in Zaria since the dynasty has produced nine Emirs to date, two of the remaining dynasties have four each while the fourth has had only one Emir.

My Mother

Let us look upon my genealogy more closely. Emir Yamusa begat Emir Hammada, and Magaji Kari; Hamada begat Emir Abdullahi, Abdullahi begat Abdulmalik, and Abdulmalik begat Nuhu who was my father. On the other side, Magaji Kari begat Shantali, Shantali begat my mother Hannatu.

Hannatu my mother, was a short woman and I apparently inherited my stature from her. She was very fair in complexion, quite beautiful and a perfect housewife. I consider her perfect simply on the grounds that she possessed four qualities which are rare among married women.

The Emirs of Zazzau Emirate

Mallam Musa	—	1st Emir 1804
Yamusa	—	2nd Emir 1821 - 34
Abdulkarim	—	3rd Emir
Hammadu	—	52 days only, died 1846
Mamman Sani	—	1846 — 1860
Sidi Abdulkadiri	—	Mallawa 1860
Abdulsallami	—	Sulaibawa 1860 - 1863
Abdullahi	—	1863 — 73
Abubakar of Mallawa	—	1873 - 76
Dynasty		
Abdullahi again	— —	1876 — 81
Sambo of Katsinawa	—	1881 — 90
Yaro	—	1890 — 97
Kwassau	—	1897 — 1903
Aliyu of Mallawa	—	1903 — 20
Dalhatu of Yaro	—	1920 — 24
Ibrahim	—	1924 — 37
Ja' afaru	—	1937 — 59
Muhammadu Aminu of Katsinawa	—	1959 — 75
Shehu Idris of Katzinawa	—	1975

Summary of The Dynasties

MALLAWA	BORNAWA	KATSINAWA	SULLUBAWA
!	!	!	!
Four Emirs	Nine Emirs	Four Emirs	One Emir

In Hausa there is a word 'Yaji' which literally means ground pepper but figuratively it means: when a wife and husband quarrel, the wife runs away to her parental home to lodge complaint against her husband and stayed there until the husband goes to pacify her and beg her to come back or send his friend to do so on his behalf. During the eighteen years my mother lived her married life, she did not run away on 'yaji' even once.

Secondly, knowing how poor the family was, she worked hard to help my father in supporting his effort to obtain means of livelihood.

Thirdly, although they quarrelled from time to time, yet before they started, they made sure that the children were sent out of sight. When I grew a bit older and we were told to go out, I knew they would start quarrelling and I would come back and eavesdrop in order to hear what they were quarrelling about. My father had never beaten my mother although they exchanged hot words and accused each other of one thing or the other. They always closed the door when quarrelling. Thus, their quarrels remained entirely the private affairs of husband and wife which never flared up into an open fight.

Fourthly, although my father beat me a lot when I misbehaved yet my mother never beat me. Infact, whenever she saw that my father was beating me excessively, she would intervene and stop him. In all cases, when she did that, he turned against her and the quarrel would be between them and I would escape. A day after her death in 1924 while on my way to school, I came across some people talking

about her sterling qualities, and that made me weep over and over again.

She died while giving birth to a son when the placenta would not come out. In those days, there was no hospital to go to and the only native remedy was to get a donkey's placenta, soak it in water and give the water to the woman to drink. That was done but it had no effect and she died after about three hours of agony!

By the time she died, she had given birth to eight children. However, only four of us lived and I was the eldest of the four. The fourth was the one whose birth caused her death. But after a month he died and thus, only three of us were left, one of whom was a sister. At that time I was seven years of age, my sister Kande, was five years old and my brother Shehu was three. All three of us are alive today. I am a carbon copy of my mother. My sister Kande is fairer and resembles our mother in many respects.

My brother, Shehu, continued to grow and when he was seven years old, he was brought to the school where I was. He did not do well at school and could only pass his standard six examination. He subsequently left and became a motor driver and later, he changed to Dispensary Attendant under the Church Missionary Society. He is now working in Zaria Local Government as a storekeeper. My sister was later brought back home from Kumatu who had become her guardian after the death of my mother. She grew up and got married to Alhaji Yamusa Buhari. Yamusa Buhari was the son of Jumare Buhari, the same Jumare who helped my father to get my mother, Hannatu, in marriage. He thus became my sister's father-in-law.

My Life

My sister begot eight children, five of whom are still alive – Shehu Yamusa, Sabo Yamusa Inuwa Yamusa, Uwa and Ahmed Yamusa. Shehu Yamusa was born on 25th October, 1935. But he was not the first to be born to Kande. There were others. Shehu had his primary and secondary education in Zaria and went to Bagdad, Iraq, for his Bachelor of Arts in Arabic. He obtained his Master's Degree from Ahmadu Bello University.

Alhaji Sabo had only primary education. Inuwa the third son, however, obtained his Arts Degree from A.B.U., Zaria and Advanced Diploma in Public Administration from Ife University. Ahmadu Yamusa went to Soba Primary School and School of Agriculture, Samaru. He went to Bulgaria on six months course in Agriculture. Their sister, Hauwa, was married in 1955 and she has six children of her own.

Before closing this Chapter of my childhood, let me reminisce a little about the times.

Zaria at the time of My Birth

In 1916 the British had been in Zaria just for thirteen years, since they had occupied it in 1903. They had come on the explicit invitation of the Emir Kwassau who was being harrassed by the Emir of Kontagora on the instigation of the Waziri of Sokoto ever since he had forced his way into the Emirship against the desire of the Sultan of Sokoto. At that time, the Sultunate was passing through a period of decay and political instability.

The Impact of British Rule upon the Royal Families and the Commoners

When the British arrived in Northern Nigeria, the Fulani Empire was in an unusually unstable condition. There was some rebellion against Sokoto by Kano, Zaria, Bauchi, and other places. Within Zaria the political order had deteriorated rapidly. By their support of Kwasau's accession the Fulanis of Zaria had indirectly repudiated the authority of Sokoto and because of that, the Sultan of Sokoto had instigated the Emir of Kontagora, Nagwama, to harass the Emir of Zaria by constant raids of the property and slaves of the Sarauta (i.e. the nobles) of Zaria Emirate. Zaria had been indirectly involved in the struggle against the British but she was not an active participant. The British garrison at Zaria overran Kwasau's forces. In March 1902 the British had established a Provincial Administration in Zaria with Captain Abadie as Resident in charge. The Provincial boundaries of Zaria in 1902 were much wider than what they now are; and initially the Province contained two divisions, the smaller one had its headquarters at Wushishi, while the larger one was based in Zaria City. Although the British had not conquered Zaria militarily, they had overpowered its suzerian by establishing a garrison in Zaria City on the invitation of Emir Kwasau who was being threatened by the Emirs of Kontagora and Sokoto. Gradually the British incorporated the Kingdom into their colonial system of Provincial Administration and deposed Kwasau from Emirship on the pretext that he had aided the Emir of Kano against them.

The impact of British rule upon the Fulani system in Zaria started with Aliyu Dan Sidi who became the

Emir of Zaria in 1903. Although Aliyu owed his nomination to Sokoto, his confirmation and appointment emphasised his subordination to the British Administration; he was asked to put an end to war raids, the sale of slaves and slavery. Aliyu was charged with the preservation of law and order and he was empowered to enforce obedience to his orders through the Native (Sharia) Courts. By this Ordinance dismissal from office was brought under the jurisdiction of the Sharia Courts; and administrative offence was regarded as a ground for dismissal from office. This was the first step towards linking the arbitrary use of the Emir's power to hire and fire.

The Emir could not at that time, foresee the full implications of the British measure. But after the first year of reign he found that freedom to dismiss officials or to keep them in office was limited by this new judicial regulation. In effect, officials supported by the King could be dismissed from office only if they were found guilty of maladministration which was defined as disobedience to British instructions. At the same time officials, whom the Emir wished to get rid of, could now retain their position if they were not found guilty of any such offences whether by commission or omission. Thus, the authority of the Emir was defined and limited by the Law of the British administration which had appointed him. This was an innovation in the existing system. Previously the Emir's power was only limited by the revolts of the long suffering people and/or officials.

From the above it can clearly be seen that a new order had come into existence in the whole sphere of native administration. The British had a very clear-cut aim, namely that law and order had to

be maintained, and that peace and stability was to be secured at all cost. The Fulani rulers had to accept the reality of things since they had no other option but to join hands with the British for successful implementation of the new rules and regulations of Government. The British administration did not throw the existing pattern of the Fulani's administration overboard but tried to improve it for the benefit of the British rule in Nigeria. The already established system of judiciary, education, police, prison administration, taxation, village and district administration etc., were kept intact but they were now required to follow modern ways of doing things.

Commoners' welcome to British Rule

The impact of these on the common men the *tala-kawa*, was great indeed. The advent of the British had been heralded by a great rumour, and the commoners were eager and anxious for them to come. The women used to sing a song that *Nisara Kun dade ba bu zoba* "YOU white men have taken too long to come". The reason for that was that common men were made to suffer under the Fulani rule and justice was not properly administered. There were extortions, wrongful dismissals, imprisonment without trial, too much control over people's properties, and attempts of illegal confiscation of land and property and the worst of all, the practice of slavery, raids and all evils of slave dealing, like selling of human beings in markets and conveying them to the South to be sold abroad.

All kinds of misery were rampant under the ni rule and hence the coming of British Rule blessing to commoners. When the British came, not even born and so I have no personal memory of those days. However, even if I was there, having come from a ruling Fulani family, my own attitude to the British might have been as was that of the S class.

The first Englishman to arrive in Zaria City was Dr. Walter Richard Samuel Miller, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in 1900, just before Lugard, The Conquistador, came with his Army to Zaria. He came as a trader and he used to spread his wares for sale in the market place. He came from North Africa, probably Egypt or Sudan and then pretended to be an Arab; he used to dress like an Arab and he spoke Arabic very fluently. Before his real identity was discovered by the Emir's men and he was arrested and imprisoned in Sarkin Idris's house in the city. But soon after and before the Zaria native authority could decide his fate, the British Army entered into Zaria and liberated

As soon as the British Army entered the City they established themselves at Dala, to the West of the City about two to three miles away from the Emir's Palace. Captain Abodie and others, stayed on and turned the place into army headquarters for the North-Western Provinces. Kwassau who was, then, the ruling Emir did not like them. Infact, he at first accepted them on friendly terms but later on secretly sent a letter to Sokoto asking the Sultan to send his army to fight them. The letter was intercepted by the British Army and Kwassau was deposed.

Zaria City at the time of British Administration

Zaria City has a radius of twenty miles and at the time I was born had a population of more than twenty thousand inhabitants. It was surrounded by a thick mud wall to prevent attack from outside. It had eight gates, viz., Kona, Gayan, Kuyanbana, Jutau, Doka, Tukur, Kofar Bai and Galadima gates. Each gate was well guarded with a sentry under Sarkin Kofa. There was a six feet deep and nine feet wide moat around the city wall which provided the city a double protection. The inhabitants were mostly farmers, although there were craftsmen and others in the Birnin.

First World War

The First World War was more of an enigma to the people than any meaningful event. For they could not understand how white men could fight white men. In fact, most of the people were not very aware of the happening in Europe and the Middle East. I myself was too young to remember anything of the period, I remember only what my mother used to tell me when I grew older. She said that there was, during the war, an epidemic of small pox and in fact, I was a victim of it at that tender age. In order to fight the epidemic the Government organised mass vaccination and those vaccinators went from house to house vaccinating people and children. It was rumoured that the medicine injected into people at that time contained something that would make anybody vaccinated an infidel (*Kafiri*). For that reason, people avoided vaccination and ran away from the vaccinators. One day my mother saw from a far people in white uniform coming towards our house. She ran back to the

house and hid me under the fire place, *Tsari*, so that I might not be vaccinated and turned into an infidel.

People only heard that war was going on in the Cameroons. Some young men joined the army and when they returned home, they related many unbelievable tales of distant lands. However, one unhappy consequence of this War on Zaria was the scarcity of goods which made food and other commodities very expensive. Otherwise, apart from that, nobody in Zaria bothered about the World War I.

CHAPTER TWO

My Adolescence and Early Education

AROUND February, 1923, my father, Mallam Nuhu, decided to send me to a Mission School known as Dr. Millers School (CMS). As stated earlier my mother Hannatu who was then living, asked him about the school. My father informed her that it was a mission school. And as I related in the previous chapter, a very hot argument developed between them. Since I was sent to bed immediately after meals, I did not know how the issue was resolved. But I do remember that next day, my father asked me to accompany him to the school, which I did obediently. I arrived at Dr. Miller's school early in the morning and Dr. Walter Richard Samuel, himself a famous pioneer missionary of Church Missionary Society, received me with open arms and handed me over to one prefect to look after me and to settle me in one of the dormitories in the school.

First Day in the School

I was washed and given a jumper and short trousers made of native cloth to wear. I was then given food in the kitchen, and then I was taken outside to do manual labour such as cutting the grass in the school field. At about five o' clock in the evening, my father appeared rather worried and asked to be taken to Dr. Miller. He told Dr. Miller that my mother insisted that I must be brought back home and therefore, he came to fetch me. Dr. Miller did

not object to my going back and indeed, I myself was pleased to go back.

I went back home into the normal routine of supplementing my parents' meagre resources by cutting grass for horses and other animals to feed or selling it in the market to buy food with the money earned. Incidentally, before my father agreed to send me to school, Dr. Miller asked him whether he had a child and he said, "Yes, I have a son". At this, Dr. Miller asked him what would he like his son to be; a native policeman (*dogari*)? My father replied "No". Then Dr. Miller asked, "a soldier?" My father again said, "No". Dr. Miller, then asked, "well, then a prison warden?" But my father again replied in the negative. "A labourer then"? My father again said "No". When the Missionary had exhausted all his list, then he asked him in exasperation, "Then what else do you want your son to be". At this, my father said with raised voice, "What his grand parents were, that is, to be a traditional ruler". At this, Dr. Miller said, "If that is what you want him to be, then send him to school". He went on to say, "If you don't send him to school now, he will surely do one of the things I said above". That was what made my father determined to send me to school.

Life went on as usual until in April, 1924, my mother came to deliver a baby boy. But she died at childbirth. At that time, there were no medical facilities and she suffered great pain before her demise (May her soul rest in peace, Amen). After the death of my mother and after all the mourning rituals had been completed, then one day my father called me and asked me to go to school again. Before sending me out, he called me and warned me that I was not to be a rascal and that if I was a truant the white man

Dr. Miller would see me through his glasses and he would punish me severely. That warning was very effective because I behaved much better for fear of being seen and punished by the white man.

On arrival at the school, I was again washed, fed and sent to work among a group of students working under the charge of Mallam P. O. Ishaku. As soon as the work was over, Mr. Ishaku called me to his room and gave me *tuwo* and *fura* which his mother brought for him from home. He then took me as a friend and I was always in his company. From that date which was in October, 1925, he and I became close friends and today he is one of my very intimate friends. The most interesting thing about our friendship is that all these years, fifty-three, to be exact, we have never had an argument, and we have never quarrelled. During those good old days, there were times when we got separated only when we went to bed.

Dr. Miller's school was tough. Out of a hundred boys that went to that school, only half stayed. The rest ran away because they could not take the very hard discipline. Every evening at eight o'clock, each and every one of us had to draw a bucket of water from the well which we then left outside by the door of our rooms until 6.00 a.m. the following morning. Each boy would then come out with only a towel around his waist, attend to the roll call, which was arranged to make sure that all the boys woke up, then we would go round the compound picking up pieces of paper and other rubbish, and when all this was finished, we would come and bath outside with that cold water. This routine regularly took place without fail, irrespective of whether it

was the harmattan, the rainy or the hot season. After washing, the boys would come out with hoes and cutlasses and would go to the garden to cultivate vegetables or cut grass in the fields.

Life in Dr. Miller's School

Life in Dr. Miller's school followed a set routine. After working in the garden, there came what was called *Kewaye*. *Kewaye* was a sort of punishment inflicted upon boys who would line up in two rows with enough space in the middle for a boy to run through. All the boys would get a stick of any kind in his hand, either of raw wood or dry. Then each boy, who urinated in bed would be told, one by one, to run between the lines of boys and while he ran other boys would give him a stroke of their stick as he passed by them. These boys would undergo such severe punishment one by one until all had their share. Then, Dr. Miller who had been watching, would administer a stern warning to the boys not to bed-wet again.

There was a day when I urinated. But God was on my side because before my turn to run in - between the two lines, Dr. Miller told me to go to his room and wait for him. I went there very worried thinking that I would be given a much severe punishment. When he dismissed the boys and came to his room, he saw me, and forgetting that it was he who had asked me to go and wait for him, asked me: "What do you want", I answered that I came to greet him. Then he said, "Oh! thank you very much". I then quickly ran out of his room.

After washing, picking up pieces of paper and "Kewaye" we all went to the chapel to pray. After that, we had our breakfast consisting of *tuwo* and *kuka* leaves soup every morning continually, without any change. We then went to the farm and the school garden to work for one hour. We went into the classrooms at 9.00 a.m. and came out at 12.00 noon. We went and did outside work which was made up of hoeing, cutting grass, washing clothes etc. At 1.30 p.m., we went into the dining hall for lunch which was made up of *fura and nono* every day of the week except Sunday. Sunday was the only day we got cooked rice with palm oil; meat was of course a luxury. And thus, the menu every day was *tuwo* in the morning, *fura* in the afternoon and *tuwo* in the evening again. If anybody wanted meat or fried butter, he would buy that with his own money. At 2.30, we would go back to classroom for afternoon lessons and come out at 4.00 p.m. After that we had a siesta for one hour and when the bell rang at 5.00 p.m., we would all go to the playing ground for a football or hockey game. That would go on until 6.30 p.m. when we would go in, wash ourselves and get ready for dinner. The dinner was served at 7.00 o'clock. By 8.00 o'clock, we had to be ready for home work which was done in the dining room after cleaning the tables. At 9.00 o'clock, everybody would go to sleep. On Sundays, boys had church service at 9.00 a.m. and in the afternoons they were allowed to go out but in groups and had to come back before dinner time at 7.00 p.m. There were three or four boys to a room and each boy slept on a mat and had a *gwado* (native woven cloth) for blanket. There were no mattresses, no pillows, just mats and cloths for covering the body. There were sleeping gowns and trousers, usually sent from Eng-

land as alms. We were supplied with pieces of soap that was supposed to last one week for bathing and another piece for washing clothes. Our pocket money was two pence a week and our clothes consisted of short trousers and jumper made of *gwado* (native cloth) and we called them *bagimiya*, because the school started in Gimi Village and the school uniform had its origin in that village.

On arrival at school, my first teacher was Mr. Edward Osman Audu. He taught me letters of the alphabet, writing and arithmetic. One important aspect of his teaching was discipline. One day when I could not learn the clock he stopped me from having food for one week. It was only when my friends ate that they always gave me the remnant of their food to eat and even that had to be done very secretly. I was so hungry, tired and lean but in spite of the punishment, I could not learn the clock. However, after a week he let me have my share of the food.

When I arrived at school in October 1925, a cousin of mine, by name John Tafida, was already a teacher there. Before I was sent to school, a man in Zaria market gave me his kolanuts to hawk for him. I sold the kolanuts for 5 pence and spent the money. When the man did not see me again, he enquired about me, then he came to know that I was at school. He went to my father and told him what happened. My father directed him to me at the school. When he came to the school, he first met my cousin, John Tafida, and told him all about the kola nuts money. John Tafida instead of calling me to ask me about it went straight to Dr. Miller and told him that I had stolen someone else's money and run away to the school. Hearing this, Dr. Miller sent for me and called.

me a thief. I was very annoyed and was embarrassed too; he did not even let me explain to him the whole truth. So when I came to the man and asked him to explain, he apologised for putting me into trouble and said that he did not expect Tafida to take the matter wrongly. He said that he was returning home and whenever I got the money, I could pay him. Saying this, he went away. That was my first bitter experience with cousin Tafida.

The second incident occurred when a Yoruba man came to the school dispensary and got treated for his wound. I was then working as a Dispensary Attendant. Soon after he left the dispensary, he came back to tell Dr. Miller that his four pence had been stolen in the dispensary. Dr. Miller sent for the teacher, John Tafida, and told him about it. John Tafida then told Dr. Miller that I had been accused of stealing again and that he saw me behaving strangely in the class. Dr. Miller sent for me and for another boy, called Adamu Pasashe, and asked us whether we had seen the money, four pence. We replied in the negative. Then he told me to go to Tafida. When I went there, he said to me, "Mr. Bayero, you know I am your cousin. If you know that you have stolen the money, tell me and I will see that you are not punished". I was so sad and annoyed that I said to him, "God will judge between me and any one who puts this theft on me". *Allah ya isa*. When he heard that, he told Dr. Miller that I was the thief. Dr. Miller then ordered me and Adamu to be locked up in a room without food until 4.00 p.m. At about 4.00 p.m. the Yoruba man came back again and told Dr. Miller that he had found his four pence in his room at home. Dr. Miller then slapped him and ordered our release from the room where we had been locked in.

There was another teacher who in 1926 gave me ten good lashes on a very cold early morning for an offence which I did not commit. That punishment became indelible in my mind for two reasons: first, the punishment was given during a severely cold morning and as such, it caused so much pain I could not forget it; the other reason was that I did not commit the offence. The teacher was called Amfani Yusufu, the present Chief of Wusasa. Later on, he became so fond of me that he made me his errand boy to his girl friend, Kande, who was the fiancée to my friend Adamu. Amfani's messages to her were conveyed by me and whenever I took a message to her, she would give me a shilling. Eventually he married her. They had many children and she died towards the end of 1979 through a motor accident. May her soul rest in perfect peace, Amen.

On the very day that I arrived at Dr. Miller's school in 1925, I was given a bag and a uniform made of Bagimiya, a Hausa white cloth made into a knicker and a jumper. After that, I was told to go and join a group of boys who were cutting grass under the leadership of P. O. Ishaku. After cutting the grass, P. O. Ishaku called me into his room. When I went in, he gave me food consisting of *tuwo* and *fura*. From that day up till today, 1925 to 1981, we have been the best of friends. I was the best man at his wedding in 1933. His children from his wife, Laraba Ibrahim, are Dr. Benjamin Ishaku, Richard Ishaku and Margaret Ishaku.

During this period of more than 55 years, we never had a single argument or disagreement. Ishaku is the most honest, reliable and hard working man that I have ever come across. He has, on two

occasions, been without a wife and I can say with confidence that he had never been seen going after any woman that was not his wife. He is a very brilliant man.

In about March 1928 a man arrived from England to be a teacher, by name Max A. C. Warren. When he came, he said he wanted a house boy. At that time the missionaries used to obtain house boys from among the school pupils. We were then lined up, forty-eight of us and he went looking at us one by one. When he set his eyes on me, we both smiled simultaneously. He then told Dr. Miller that he would have me and he took me. I had to leave the boys' room for his parlour where I took my wooden box with me. My work was as follows: sweep the floors, make up the beds, boil bathing water, bring morning and afternoon tea, dust every place in his house and in a way, keep his house neat and clean.

When I moved from the boys' dormitory to his house upstairs to work for him as a steward, I carried up with me a lot of bed bugs, and his parlour was infested with them I became worried. One day he said to me, "If I could kill the bed bugs, he would give me a quarter of a penny for each one killed". I made up my mind to kill as many as I could; and very soon I might have killed a thousand. Incidentally, I could not at that time, count more than a hundred at a time. Nevertheless, when he came I told him that I had killed them and I showed him the blood. He agreed with what I said and he promised to pay; he paid me a quarter of a penny times a thousand. That came to a total of four hundred pennies, that is thirty three shillings and seven pence. He gave that to me and I became rich! So I ordered a pair of shoes, a hat, trousers,

a shirt, and a tie. He asked me to order what I wanted by correspondence from England. Within a short time, they arrived and it was the first time in my life that I wore English dress.

One morning, when I was sweeping the room, I saw two shilling pieces under the bed, I picked them up and kept them for him. When he came, I gave them to him and I told him where I found it. After that I saw a shilling under a table and I gave it to him. After two weeks, I saw a ten shilling note under a mat and I gave it to him. I did not know until long time later that he was putting the money to test my honesty. Unfortunately one day, I did not maintain the honesty. In his tea, he used to take condensed sweetened milk. When I came to collect the tea cups and saucers, I wanted to keep the tin of the milk aside and some of it that dropped along the tin touched my fingers, I straight away put the forefinger into my mouth to clean it, I felt it was very sweet. I had never tasted such a thing before. So I tasted the sweetness of it again and then dropped few drops in my hand and licked it with my tongue. To make the story short, before long I had drunk the remaining milk in the tin. I did not throw the tin away or hide it, I put it on the tray. When I brought the afternoon tea, I put the tin of the condensed milk on the tray. When Mr. Warren came to drink the tea there was no milk; he did not say anything to me at the time. When he was taking his bath, he called me and asked me again to go and bring milk to him. I stood still, I did not go. He asked me again to go and bring the milk to him and I still stood there dumb and mute. Then he said to me, "whenever you want anything, you should ask me, would you"? I said, "Yes sir. He did not show any sign of anger in his face. He smiled.

I was about nine years old at that time and had just been to school and was coming in contact with such thing for the first time. After that I never took anything without first asking for his permission. In 1928 Mr. Warren being a historian, arranged to visit the cities in the far North to see things for himself and things he had learnt. For that reason, he and the late Bishop, H.G. Bullen arranged to go to Katsina, Daura, Hadeja and Kano by road. Among the house boys were myself, Samaila and one Dauda. We went in the morning to Funtua on our way to Katsina and after Giwa, my baggage fell off the kit car. I could see it falling because I was sitting at the back. When I saw my baggage falling off, I jumped down when the car was running with my face to the road and my back to the car. I knocked by head down hard and when the driver heard the bang of my face and head on the road, he stopped and found out that I was the one who fell down. Fortunately, I was not wounded. But all the same, I felt dizzy and they gave me some medicine. We reached Katsina at 5.00 p.m. and looked every where for food to buy. But there was none and we had to sleep the night without food. On the next day, we went into Katsina Town where we bought food and the two visitors looked for whatever they mostly wanted to see. On the second day, we were off to Daura where we arrived at about 7.00 p.m. We were served with *tuwo* for food but we could not eat it. It was so hard that knife had to be used to cut it into pieces. We left the *tuwo* to itself, drank fresh milk and had a sound sleep.

On the next day, we were on our way to Hadeja; we travelled sixty miles. It was impossible to go forward and so we had to push back. We arrived at Kano

in the evening and stayed there for three days before going back to Zaria.

At the end of 1928, Mr. Warren became ill and had to be rushed home. He was in hospital for six months before he recovered. He had one of his eyes plucked off and could see only with the other eye. He lived for forty-four more years before he died in 1978. His last words to me when he was leaving in 1928 were "Bayero, I am not dead yet". We were indeed quite close to one another, meanwhile, I had served Dr. Walter S. Miller as a steward.

During Mr. Warren's leave period, I was called by Dr. Miller to serve him as his steward. I did it but not with the same zeal as I did for Mr. Warren. When I was working for Dr. Miller as a house boy, there occurred an incident which I could not forget; when Mr. Warren returned from leave, he wanted me back to work for him, so he said that I had to leave Dr. Miller's house and join him as his steward. When Dr. Miller came to know of it, he became angry because he did not want me to leave his house or his work. He became so annoyed that he took away the singlet he had given me as a present and said that since I was not going to work for him, he would not allow me to have the singlet. His taking away of that singlet made me feel that Dr. Miller was a mean fellow and I was sad and unhappy for losing the singlet. Dr. Miller was a very stubborn man. He was a type of man who would never forget or forgive anything that someone else had done to him. Since that day, he marked me down as an enemy. He had forgotten that it was Mr. Warren whom I served first and that I had joined his service only after Mr. Warren had left for home on leave. Naturally when Mr. Warren was back from

leave, it was normal that I should go back to him. But Dr. Miller did not want it that way. And of course, he could not stop it. That was how my work with him ended and when I went to work for Mr. Warren I was very happy and he too was very happy. I enjoyed it very much although I was a very reckless boy. I broke most of his plates and cups and saucers, but he did not mind very much. He was so fond of me that whatever I did to him, he would not get angry and I enjoyed staying with him.

That was not the last time that I served as a steward. In 1935, Dr. Albert Cook and his brother came to Wusasa to work as missionaries. Dr. Cook was a teacher and a doctor. I was attached to him as a steward. Dr. Albert Cook was a very nice man. He was active and full of zeal for missionary work. He was a person who had come to serve the country with all his heart, mind and soul; but as we all know, missionaries used to get very meagre salaries, and even at that early age I could guess that he was not a rich man. So he bought sugar and other foodstuff, and locked them up in the cupboard. He also used to lock the boxes in his room when he would be going out to work. As a school boy, I was very worried as to why he had no trust in me. He would not leave his foodstuff open. One day as I walked along, I picked up a key and went and tried it on the lockers where the sugar was kept. Fortunately, for me, the key unlocked the locker and I opened the box, took some of his sugar and put it in my fura that was the only food we had during the day time. I ate it and locked up the box again and hid the key somewhere. When he came back, he opened the lock. I was standing by because I was then serving him with the food, then he looked at the sugar and I thought he would say to me

that it had been reduced. But he could not say anything to me because the box was still locked when he came back. So I saw him getting worried as I was watching him very closely.

Then on the second day, I did the same and went on to distribute the sugar to some other boys. He was disturbed again more than the previous day. On the third day, I did it again and the sugar was almost finished. When he realised that, he went and bought another packet of sugar, put it in the box but did not lock up the box. When I saw that, I did not touch the sugar and from that day on he kept all his foodstuff open and none was touched or taken away. So that taught him a lesson that it was good to give somebody a trial, that one should trust one another.

There was another missionary that came into my life and he was H. G. Rameshow. He came to Wusasa in 1935 on transfer from Ilorin. He was a born teacher. He had inherited the art; his grand parents and parents were teachers. He was a brilliant teacher, a man of great personality, though short in stature. When he came, he changed the whole educational system of Wusasa for the better. He was good at games and Wusasa school became best in sports in the whole Province of Zaria. The first Preliminary Cambridge examination was taken during his time and the result was hundred per cent pass. He was very fond of me, so much so that he promised that he would help me to become an Emir. The other Missionaries became jealous of him because the African Christian Community liked him. So the white turned against him and reported him to the British Church Missionary Society saying falsely that he was hated by Africans and that he spent a lot of Church money. Hundreds of us

wrote petition to England and stated that there was no one we liked better than Mr. Rameshow. When he went home on leave, the Missionary Society did not allow him to come back. It was assumed that if a University was to be built in Zaria, he would be sent to Wusasa again. He was very fond of Hausa and Fulani tribes. And as I said earlier, he was an all-round teacher and students liked him very much. Among the other Missionaries that I stayed with and worked for in Wusasa were the following: Bishop A.W. Smith, Bishop Bullen, Mr. L. Hukin, Miss D.M. Saunders, Miss A.M. Locks, Mr. & Mrs. T.D.S. Broadbent, Rev. C.L. Yvonne, Miss A.M. Jefferys, Mr. & Mrs. Kelsy and several others like Mrs. Valley Roberts etc.

Location of the school

The school was in the beginning located in the middle of Zaria City and there was a mud wall surrounding the school area. Inside the school compound, there were students' rooms, Dr. Miller's double story house and two other two storey houses which were occupied by other Missionaries who came here to teach. They were Mr. M.A.C. Warren and Rev. H.G. Bullen who had come here in 1928. There were also other buildings for the Church, the kitchen for the staff, classrooms under the storey house and a pantry for the expatriate staff; there was also a porch and a garage outside. The football and hockey pitches were just outside the porch. There was, in the school compound, a well which never dried up. At the western corner of the Mission House was a dispensary where patients from the city came for treatment. Dr. Miller was a Medical Doctor as well

as a SchoolMaster and an Evangelist. He used to treat freely the patients.

I was at one time appointed to be a nurse at the dispensary and I served in that capacity for about a year. I learnt quite a lot about the nursing work in the dispensary and also learnt how to treat patients and I made a good job of it. There was one old woman who came to the dispensary with a kind of a skin disease on her legs. I pitied the woman because she could hardly walk. I told her to stay at home and that I would go there every day to treat her. That I did until she completely recovered from the illness. I am still proud of that achievement. I left the dispensary after one year of hard work because an English nursing sister, Miss D.M. Saunders, came from England to work in the dispensary and it so happened that we did not like each other very much and so she asked Dr. Miller for my removal from the place. I was sad to leave because I enjoyed treating sick people and to look after their health. But God had ordained it otherwise!

The School Moves to Wusasa

Around 1927-28, there was pressure from Government on the Mission to leave the city for a Village five miles away. It was discovered that the Government was doing so due to pressure coming from the Zaria Native Authority. The Emir was agitated. Dr. Miller fought tooth and nail against Government order, because he had been there since 1902 and was very much attached to the place. He took the matter to the Colonial Office in London. But Mr. Lang, the Resident of Zaria, was firm and adamant

and he succeeded in spite of the fact that the Colonial Office backed Dr. Miller's claim. The fact of the matter was that every child who was admitted to the school was converted by Dr. Miller and this action was intolerable to the Muslim conscience. And it was because of this that Zaria Native Authority asked the Resident to remove the Mission from within the city walls of Zaria. When the tussle between Dr. Miller and the Zaria Native Authority was going on, it so happened that two young missionaries, Bishop H.G. Bullen and Mr. M.A.C. Warren, came to Zaria. They impressed upon Dr. Miller the necessity to go out because of lack of space for expansion. In the city they had only the walled compound and a football pitch, but outside they were given land five miles in radius to build schools, Church and hospital. In the end Dr. Walter Richard Samuel Miller gave way. The new site was surveyed by Mr. Max Warren and maps of the area were drawn up and signed. The Government paid compensation for the walled compound and more money came through donations and Church collections in England. Labour was very cheap at that time; it was three pence per labourer a day. A thousand labourers were employed to work on the new site and within a year, accommodation for staff, students' classrooms and hospital were ready for occupation and on 12th April, 1929, before the rains set in, the school moved bag and baggage to Wusasa.

It was a very difficult task moving from the city to Birnin Bishop, as Wusasa was then called. The word, *Wusasa*, came from the rock on which the church bell was hung and from where it rings even to this day whenever church services are to be conducted.

The rains came soon after the School moved to its new site. And with the advent of the rains some of the mud buildings began to crumble. Amongst these were the primary school building, the residential quarters for the expatriate masters, a rest house where Dr. Miller lived, and a few others. Repairing them was an arduous task. Some of the buildings had to be rebuilt. Later on, a mud Church was built, then some rooms were converted into a clinic. Gradually Wusasa developed into a full-fledged village community. Wusasa, soon after became a self-administering community.

Administration of the entire area was running so smoothly that the Native Authority gave to the Mission Society power to administer themselves and to refer matters to the Local Authority only when things went out of hand or when Moslems were involved. Wusasa was empowered to collect taxes for the Local Authority. For this purpose, an acting Village Head was appointed. The first person to be so appointed was Mallam John Tafida. However, Tafida had been on the post hardly for a year when he had to leave to take up appointment with the Literature Bureau at Kafor Tukur Tukur. After he left in 1930-31, Ibrahim Stephen was appointed as acting Village Head of Wusasa. He, subsequently, became Sarkin Ayuka in - charge of Native Authority Crafts work in the city and found it difficult to cope with two jobs simultaneously. So he delegated the Village Head's work to one Yakubu Sadauki. But after some time, Yakubu Sadauki was posted to Bakori to take charge of the dispensary there. So he delegated the duty of the Village Head to me. Thus, I started acting as a village head some time in 1933.

In 1935 a thief was caught and we had to go to the Native Court in the City. But this case had to go to the Emir's Court first. When I appeared before the Emir, Ibrahim, he asked me whether I was the chief of the Village. To that I replied that I was only acting for the acting Head, Yakubu Sadauki. The Emir then remarked that he did not want *Wakilin Wakili*, which means acting for the acting. So Yakubu Sadauki was asked to relinquish his acting appointment and I was made an acting Head of the Village in my own right. In January, 1937 the Emir Ibrahim went to Kachiya on tour. When he was passing through Wusasa, I received him; he stopped at my house and asked for me. When I came out I noticed that he was very ill and he looked very dark and downcast. A week after it was reported that he was dead.

My Marriage

When I joined Dr. Miller's School at Durmin Maigarke in Zaria City in 1925, I was at the age of nine years. Two weeks after my arrival, I was standing outside and when I turned round, a girl jumped out of a window and on looking at her, my heart throbbed. I did not know why but there it was. I looked at the girl and it was Mariyamu Bala, daughter of Malam Bala and Ladi who lived adjacent to the school. One day Dr. Miller asked me whether I had a girlfriend and I told him that I had none but told him of what I felt when I saw Mariyamu jumping out of the window. He then predicted that I would surely marry her. However, that was to come much later; meanwhile, I became busy with my studies.

The school had primary and also middle school classes. It also has kindergarten classes.

In 1930 I passed my Government Standard Six and in December of that year, my Preliminary Cambridge. Immediately after that, I was made a pupil teacher. I was then fourteen years of age. I studied poetry in my new school. There was a girl by name Miriam Petandre, a Tiv girl from Katsina Ala. She was in my class and I fell in love with her. During the class period, I wrote her as follows. "Do you love me?" and she replied, "I love you, dear, with all my heart". From then on I fell for her and after sometime I informed her parents and warden, Miss K.N. Bryant, that we were in love with each other and as such wanted to be married. That gave me the chance of taking her out for walk on Sundays or Saturdays and to speaking to her whenever I wanted. That went on until I discovered that she was not suitable.

She was going after men in order to get money, especially school boys. She was highly temperamental and quarrelsome. In fact she was not a one man's girlfriend. I decided to break away from her but that brought enmity between me and Miss Bryant.

When I broke away from Mariam, I fell for another girl, named Binta Yusufu, when James Jegede drew my attention to her. I was not very successful because a boy by name Samila Miller (Kiti) had fallen for her and she loved him more. Moreover, when I wrote to her elder brother Paul Amfani Yusufu, that I was in love with her, he wrote to say that I should leave her alone to let her go on with her studies. On the other side, her sister, Duma, wife to John Tafida, went and told Miss Bryant that she would not let me marry Binta. Her husband, John Tafida, even threatened me and said that

I wanted to marry her because he was married to her sister. My only friend whom I consulted on this matter was H.O. Mohammed (Umaru Kuba). He was the one I sent on errands to her and even gave him money and other presents to take to her. On asking for his advice, he told me to give her up and when I agreed he dictated the letter that I sent to her to say that I was no longer interested in her. In fact, it was he who told me that she was saying that she would not marry me because I was trying to charm her by using native medicine. He incited me to anger and I fell in all together. What he dictated to me in the letter was as follows:

Nna ji kin ce na yi Maki magani don in aure ki, to ki sani ni bana magani, kuma in shaida maki bana sonki kuma in har Nuhu ne ya haifeni ba zan aureki ba har abada”.

When James Jegede, a pupil teacher, at first asked me to go for her, I told him that I would not because Samaila Miller with whom I shared a room and ate out of the same dish was in love with her. James insisted and I wrote to her. But before I did that, I went and asked Samaila Miller whether he was in love with her and he emphatically said, “No, I have nothing to do with her”. I asked him three times and he denied all the times. I then, went to her mother and told her that I wanted to marry her. But then, the mother said, that Samaila was in love with her but, that she would not allow him to marry her daughter, because she would prefer me to him.

I then went and told my father to go and speak to the mother. When her mother saw my father, she became more determined to marry her to me.

My Life

One early morning, when I was coming from the Railway Station where I spent the night in escorting Bello who was going to Bakori, I met Binta going home and I said to her that I would come to her house to take her for a walk. So I passed in order to go and have a bath and get ready to go to her home. When I came to my room, Samaila was lying in his bed and he welcomed me. I took my towel and went to the bathroom. Within that interval, Binta came passing by to her house and Samaila happened to be standing outside and he saw her; then he went to her. When I came out of the bathroom, Samaila was there talking to Binta on the road. Then to my surprise the wind blew these words out of their conversation into my ears 'gaskiya, kuwa bana sonshi, which means "Truely I don't love him". I realised that by him she meant me. Undaunted, I went and dressed, came out and followed the road to her house thinking that by so doing she would come with me, but she did not. She was still talking to Samaila. I went on and on looking back all the time to see whether she was coming, yet she never parted from him. I reached her house and saw her mother and I told her that Binta and I agreed to go for a walk but Kiti held her by the road. The mother then told me that they had planned to go to Kano together but that she would stop her from going. At that instant, I was highly annoyed with her for not coming to me for the promised walk. After waiting for half an hour, I turned back and when I reached the place where they were standing, I stood and waited looking at them and yet she did not come. Then I walked towards them. And when I was at a distance of ten yards from them, she turned and went away, while Samaila went to our room. I became very furious and despondent but I did not know what to do.

I then went to my friend, Salihu, the cook, and told him the whole story. He suggested that we should go and see the mother. The mother assured us that as long as she lived no one but myself would marry Binta. I felt a bit pacified by this assurance. But she repeated the arrangement that Binta had made with (Kiti) Samaila to go to Kano with John Tafida. She also told us that they had been in love for quite a long time, but that the mother never gave her consent to it. A day before the arranged day for journey to Kano, Samaila went out and I followed him up to Kano. I met him in J.B. Ibrahim's house in Kano and he asked what brought me there? I said I was there on holiday. On the day when Binta and Tafida were supposed to arrive, Samaila said to me that he was going to the Railway Station to meet Tafida. I said, "Alright, Safe journey". I sat at home and waited. Later on, he came back with wrinkled face, and I asked him, "Did Tafida come"? He said "yes". "Then where is he"? I asked and he told me the name of the house where he had put up. I then went there and saw him alone. I asked whether he was alone and he said, "yes". I felt very happy and on the next day I returned to Zaria. My trust in Binta was thus restored and I continued to be partly in love with her until finally we broke away. This was how it happened.

One evening, Umaru Mohammed and I were sitting on a stone in the boys' compound in Wusasa when we saw Binta and her sister, Hauwa Yusufu, passing at a distance from us. Then I asked Umaru Mohammed, "Do you see that girl Binta"? He said, "yes". Then I said, "Whoever would separate Binta from (Kiti) Samaila would be my best friend and I don't care who marries her as long as it is not Kiti. A dog may marry her

and I would not care a bit". Then he said that I should give him six months within which to prepare and he promised me two things; one was that whoever would write or have written Binta love letters asking for her hand in marriage, he would bring the letters to me. Somehow miraculously he showed me a native medicine in powdered form which he had prepared. He called a boy by name Ali Kilaki who lived in the same house with Binta at Kofan Tukur Tukur and who was a relation of Binta, when the boy came, he asked him whether Binta had her meals alone or in company of other people. Ali said that she had it alone.

Mohammed then produced the stuff and told him that when she was about to eat, he should say to her that someone was calling her and when she went to answer the call, he should put the medicine in her soup and stir it until it was completely dissolved. He then gave him five shillings and said he would give him another five shillings when he had done the job. On the next day Ali Kilaki came and told him that he had put the medicine in her soup and she ate it up!

After a week on a Saturday, Ali Kilaki brought a box to my room. By then I had separated my room from Samaila. Then H. Umaru Mohammed called me and said that he was going to fulfil his first promise and that all love letters written to Binta were in my room and we should go and see them. I jumped up with joy and went to my room. The box was opened and there in were all the letters that had ever been written to Binta by all the boys who had been in love with her, including my own letters.

I picked up those written by Samaila. They were more than half of the total lot contained in the box. I

told Mohammed to put them back into the box and carry them to Samaila and to tell him that they were sent to him by Binta with a message that he was never to write to her again because she was not in love with him.

Mohammed took the box with Kiti's letter to his room. He found him on a table writing and then he opened the box and brought out his letters and told him Binta's message, his pen dropped from his hand and he said, "please do not let Mallam Bayero, (that is me) know this".

Mohammed told him that the message was sent through me to him. He felt much worried and sad. So much so that at about 2.00 a.m. the following morning, he had a terrible nightmare and shouted *Wayyo Allah. Wayyo Allah* : which means: Oh my God, Oh my God. All the students in the dormitories nearby woke up and went to him to see what had happened. He told them that he was dreaming and that a huge black snake was after him. Then I laughed and said *ni ne* meaning "it is I". From then on, I realised that Mohammed had charmed Binta to love him. So they subsequently got married and had a son and three daughters from that marriage. However, after a prolonged illness she died in 1977. May her soul rest in peace, Amin.

One day I went from the school at Wusasa to see my father at our residence in Zaria City. When I got there, I met with him an old woman who was a soothsayer and who could talk to the spirits. This woman after she had told my father what he wanted to know from her, turned to me and said that I was in love with a girl, but that the boy I sent to her was not.

honest with me because he too was in love with the same girl; that whatever message I sent to the girl was not delivered by him. She further told us that there was another girl who was black in complexion, whose parents lived in the city of Zaria; that was the girl that I would marry. After she had said that, I realised that the boy I used to send to the former girl, Binta Yusufu, was not a faithful messenger. I listened to her attentively and so it came to be true because I was separated from Binta Yusufu by the boy's machinations when he told me that Binta Yusufu said that I was charming her with native medicine in order to marry her. He invoked my anger in that respect. Finally, I decided to write to her to tell her that if I was a son of my father, Mallam Nuhu, I would never marry her. In fact, he was so cunning and so clever that he dictated the letter to me and I wrote it to her. That was the end of my engagement with Binta Yusufu. But the girl mentioned by the old woman was the same girl whom I had seen when I had first arrived at the school in 1925, and for whom I had felt a heart throb. That girl's name was Maryamu Bala. I still remember that when the late Dr. Miller had asked me whether I had a girl-friend and I had said that I had none but that I had a certain feeling for a girl, called Maryamu Bala, then he had told me that I had marry that girl one day. That girl still continued to be in my life.

One day she came from the City market and we found her and her sister quarreling with other girls. We came down from our bicycles and went to separate them. I went to separate her sister. When I touched her, I felt the same throbbing of my heart as I had done long time ago. After we separated them we rode

our bicycles and were on our way to Wusasa. I told my friend how I felt about her when I arrived at the school in 1925, and I told him again that I felt the same thing that day; that my heart throbbed when I touched her. But my friend went shy and he did not know what it was all about.

After I had lost Binta Yusufu, one day my friend, Umaru Mohammed, suggested to me that I should approach this girl, Maryamu Bala, and ask her to marry me. I agreed and I sent him to speak to her. He spoke to her and she too was in agreement. So we arranged to have a meeting on top of Wusasa rock. When we met, I told her how I felt about her and she said that she too had similar feelings about me. We agreed that we should go on loving each other until it was time for us to approach our parents. That being done, she went and told her senior sister who was the Head Nurse of Wusasa Hospital. The sister at once called us to tea in an afternoon and said that she was very happy that we were in love. After that, I approached her parents for their consent and they agreed. It was not long after that we got married. That is how my first marriage came about.

How I became Chief of Wusasa

As I said before, I was to be made to act as Chief of Wusasa by the late Yakubu Sadauki who himself was acting for someone else who had been transferred to Bakori to look after a dispensary there. I have also related how Emir Ibrahim made me the acting Chief of Wusasa. Soon after that it was in February 1937, the Emir died in Kachia after a short illness and the new Emir was appointed in March 1937 and that was Mallam Jafaru Ishaku. I was still acting when Jafaru

ame to the throne of Zaria. When Yakubu Sadauki returned from Bakori, the Emir told him that either he should stay in Wusasa and work as village Head or he was to give it up. Yakubu, of course, could not stay because being the Head Nurse, he was transferred to Bakori to look after the dispensary and so when he gave it up, the Emir Jafaru asked me to take it over from him which I did.

It was arranged that I was to be installed as the Chief of Wusasa in May 1937. Elaborate arrangements were made and I was to be installed on a Friday after the Friday prayers. I did buy gowns to be distributed to the beggars and I bought a lot of kolanuts and sent them to friends and relatives inviting them to come to the installation ceremony. On the very day of the installation, I got a horse. I rode on that horse and went to the city and waited until people came out of the mosque and then we were called into the Emir's Palace. The Emir told my subjects, that is, people from Wusasa village, who went with me, that I was from that day their Village Head and that they were to respect me, pay taxes to me and pay obeisance and homage to me. He also preached to me to look after them as my own people and to see that there was peace, happiness and tranquility in that Village. After the pronouncements, he got me installed. There was a gathering of horses outside waiting to accompany me and my people back to Wusasa. I was accompanied there in the midst of trumpeting, drumming and singing. It was really a very grand occasion. When we got outside the city, it began to rain and people began to move as fast as they could so as to avoid being soaked by rain. However, I did not move faster because the singers reminded me in a song that a Chief never runs from rain even in it was the rain of arrow in war time.

I thoroughly enjoyed that grand procession, even though it was marred by rain. I ruled in Wusasa for three years. Throughout that period there was peace and progress in that Village. In fact, it was Miss Locke, the Manager of CMS Wusasa, who had said "that the fact that Wusasa was peaceful and happy under his regime speaks for itself".

However, let us not digress from the main theme, which is my loves and marriages, and of course, my education. The girls that came into my life in my youth were Raula Hassan, Binta Yusufu, Salima and Hajara, Lami Barnaba and many others. Raula was significant in the fact that I had never loved a girl as I loved her but I had never mentioned it to her. She knew I loved her and I knew she loved me; but we never mentioned it to each other. Many a time I would call my friend, Adamu Audu, who was in love with her elder sister, Kande and ask him to escort me to Zaria City from Wusasa when I knew Raula had gone just to meet her by the road side and perhaps be bold enough to tell her that I loved her. And many a time we went there. But I could never pick up courage to speak to her. I was so terribly shy that my body would begin to tremble and I could only say

Sannu (that is greeting) to which she would reply in the same words. She too wanted to see me and be with me all the time. Very often she would ask me to go and tell stories to her class in school which I enjoyed very much because I too wanted to be near her all the time. It was enough for me to be with her the whole day looking at her and I would never feel hungry. She was so captivating and attractive to me that I felt her presence in my mind every minute of my life. Her first lover was Jacob who knew that we have been in love with each other. In fact, he had

threatened me, on several occasions, that he would beat me up if I did get away with her. But she eventually got married to Jacob in 1936.

But her love for me did not die out with that marriage. She never wavered in her devotion to me. She would send for me from time to time; she would prepare food for me, and would send kolanuts to me for old times sake. In fact, she is a very generous woman. Jacob died after she had born to him a daughter and a son. This son of hers is David Sadauki. I trained him at Kuru. Later on, this Sadauki rose to the position of Director of Audit in the Kaduna State Government. After the death of Jacob, Raula married Adamu Audu who used to love her senior sister, Kande. It was he and I that had met hundreds of times and talked about the two sisters; he about Kande and I about Raula. And as God would have it, he married Raula; while Kande got married to Paul Amfani Yusufu, the Sarkin Wusasa.

Then, Binta Yusufu came into my life when I was a lad. A teacher colleague, James Jegede by name, had come to me and asked me to marry this girl. I told him that I would not, because I was not in love with her. All that story about my affair with her I have already related. After that, I married some other girls. But that was in my later life and I entered into those marriages in order to have a child.

CHAPTER THREE

My Son, Abdurrahman

AFTER twelve years of marriage without an issue, I approached a mallam by name Mallam Safiyanu who came to Pankshin from Bashar in Wase Division of the Plateau Province. As Mallam Safiyanu was a seer, I asked him to tell me whether my wife Maryamu would have children? Mallam Safiyanu who was a friend to my friend Mallam Adamu Kyana wanted to take time to study the matter carefully and he told me to come back the next day. When I came together with Mallam Adamu Kyana, he told me that unfortunately my wife would not live long and would die without an issue. She died in February, 1949.

Mallam Safiyanu told me that East of the house he was living in, there was a fair complexioned girl whom I would marry and she would deliver me a male child. He told me what name to call him depending on the day of his birth. It was not until February 1951 when one day as I stood by the door of the Central School, I saw a girl running away from school after classes. I asked Magajin Aska Musa who was also the school's teacher in charge of weaving, who that girl was and he said she was Bunu's daughter. I asked him whether he could arrange for me to meet her in his house in the afternoon? He agreed and at 5.00 p.m. I went to his house and he sent for her. She came and met me while she was selling *nakiya*. I asked her whether she had lovers and she said yes. I ask-

ed whether she would like me to marry her and she said yes. I gave her one pound as present and asked her to come again the following day.

The following day I went and she came again. We talked and I asked her again whether she really would like me to marry her and said she did. I asked her again to come on the third day which she did. I told her that we would be moving out of Pankshin for Kuru in Jos Division bag and baggage. I asked whether she would stand by her promise to marry me even though I might be out of sight? She affirmed her promise that she would stand by me although she had twelve suitors.

On 21st February, 1951 we left for Kuru. I asked my friend Mallam Adam Kyana to continue courting the girl Larai on my behalf. I visited Pankshin infrequently but Mallam Adamu was seeing Larai on my behalf and impressing upon her the importance of marrying me. The first of Larai's lovers was one Maimako. He loved her first, then there was one Maiman by name Istifanus who, when he saw that Larai was more inclined to me, tried to get rid of me, by a special Moslem prayer called *Yasin*. For three months he got mallams to pray against me. The effect the prayer had on me were three. One, I fainted when I came to make a speech on a prize giving day of the Plateau Middle School where I was the Principal; the second was when I fell into a bridge when I was on a motor cycle; the third was when I missed the road at Barakin Ladi and ran into a farm instead of following the correct road. Those were the three bad things that happened to me because of the *Yasin*: but fortunately for me all that he wanted to happen to me turn-

ed and happened to him; his house boy died, his two lorries fell into pits and crashed, his brother died and eventually his house was on fire. He ran away from the village Pankshin for Shendam.

We went on courting each other, Larai and I continued to love each other inspite of being separated by distance. On February 22nd 1952 Larai's uncle with whom she lived and grew up agreed to give her in marriage to me. The marriage took place that day with Mallam Adamu Kyana deputising on my behalf.

I did say that the marriage was to take place on a Thursday but because there was a very big trouble due to the fact that her other lovers demanded to have their dowry paid back to them before she could be married to me, it had to be done on a Tuesday to forestall their causing trouble. All the same they learnt of it and gathered together ready to cause trouble and disturb the peace. The situation was so tense that police had to arm themselves and came to stop the disturbances.

As I was sitting alone in the house reading, I heard Kalangu drum beating and a lorry approaching the house. When I peeped out, it was the bride alighting from the car. It happened that one of the women who escorted her was a relative of mine by name Maimuna who came in and arranged everything. Food was cooked and the festivity started. My senior wife was away to Sura Pamyam where her mother lived to prepare for the wedding; incidentally, for one good year she and her mother's co-wife had worked hard and spent a lot of money on mallams and *Babalawo* in order to stop the marriage from taking place.

On her return she saw that the bride had already
wed with her contingent. She wept bitterly for her
chance to stop it. As the ceremony was progressing
people were spotted from a distance coming on
bicycles, every body stopped and watched them
come. When they came, it was her own father and his
cousin. They alighted from their bicycles and greeted
her. They then said that they were there for one of
two things; either their daughter the bride be given
to them to take her back home or they be beaten
and My friend Alhaji Adamu Kyana begged them earnestly
to drop the idea and return home but the father
said that he heard of his daughter's marriage only
that day; his cousin with whom she grew up and who
married her to me never told him about the marriage
or send him a single kolanut for invitation. He then
said that she was his daughter and if I wanted her,
I should come to him to seek her hand in marriage
again. He was not against my marrying her but he was
against the way the marriage was conducted without
any of the family, not even her mother and himself
being told. We saw with him but certainly not to the
extent of allowing him to take my wife away from
me.

His cousin Bello then approached the door of the
house and called Larai out; she came out and he started
to go away with her. When I saw that, my eyes
were red with anger and as the Headmaster of the
School, I asked for ten hefty boys to come to me
at once. It happened that they were all there and
within a minute they gathered in front of me. I then
said to them; I want my wife back into the room.
They then got hold of Bello the father's cousin and
knocked him down, took my wife on their shoulders

back to the room. Her father tried to stop them but they pushed him aside into the farm and he fell. Then they said that they would go to where they would get redress since they were overpowered. They rode on their bicycles to go but it was getting dark and so they came back after going two hundred yards to say that the Local Authority police who were stationed at Kuru Middle School should give them shelter for the night. I told the police to take care of them. At night they were given food which they refused to eat; they were given beds and they refused to lie down in them, they slept on bare floor.

In the morning, we went to greet them and the father said again that he was not angry with me but with his senior cousin who gave his daughter to me but he was going to the Native Law Court at Mongu Hausawa to report his cousin for giving her daughter to me without even informing him and the relatives.

In the evening at 7.00 p.m. Bunu the senior cousin came and asked to take my wife to the Court at Mongu on the next day as he was directed by the *Alkali*, the judge.

I told him that we were in Jos Division and the Court was in Pankshin Division, and that if any one wanted a case against us he should come to Jos Division court and not anywhere else. Then Bunu said, it was I who gave her to you in marriage and I will see that she comes back. I have been accused of marrying her to you without her consent and the judge will ask her and if she says she marries you with her consent because she loves you, then the judge will send her back." I agreed and on the next day my wife, my

female servant Jakadiya and my boy left for Mon at 7.00 a.m. At 5.00 p.m. in the evening, the car and my servants came back without my wife.

Without wasting time, I went into the car and turned back to Mongu. I went straight to the judge's house and asked for my wife Larai. He laughed, and said, "I know you would come" I said to him, "Where is my wife"? He said that he kept her in his house with a family until the next day when court would assemble at 7.00 a.m. He would then ask her whether she was married to me with her consent? If she said yes, then he would give her back to me but if she said no, then he would dissolve the marriage. I went to the house and saw her. I asked her what happened and she told me everything. On the next day at 7.00 a.m. I was at Mongu. The others also came and my wife was there. The case started at 7.00 a.m. promptly. It went on non-stop until 4.00 p.m. when the judge asked me to allow them to go and pray and also eat food. I agreed and said that we were to go for one hour only as it was getting dark towards evening. I was able to hold the court for a ransom because it was obvious that the judge was heavily bribed; he said that if my wife said she was married to me with her consent he would let her come to me. He asked her whether she was married to me with her consent and she said, yes. But in spite of that he did not say that she was to come to me. My father and uncle insisted that the marriage be dissolved because they wanted to give her to a man of their tribe. I stood firm and would not let them have their way; nor did I allow any of them to leave the court. When we went to eat and pray, the judge sent food to me in an obscure corner of the village and immediately we left the court, he sent for the fat.

of my wife and asked him whether the mother of my wife was in town; when he said yes, then he told him to tell the mother to run away with my wife through the back bush home. When we came back at 5.00 p.m. someone told me that my wife was taken away by her mother and they went through the bush.

I was waiting to hear what the judge would say. He then asked "Where is the girl"? The father and her uncle replied and said, "We have taken her home to marry her again to someone else because we are not aware of this marriage." Then he said, "If you marry her while she is already married, that is on top of the present marriage, I will deal with you", Then he turned to me and said, "Have you heard that Mallam Bayero"? I said to him, "heard what"? I got up and left the court angrily. He followed me trying to pacify me. I asked my driver Sahabi whether there was enough fuel in the car to take us to my wife's village and he said, no. I realised that he too had been bribed. I went home and from that day onwards for a period of five months I went to Gindiri every day trying to fetch her back to me but I was not successful.

You have to cross a river before you get to her village and every day the father posted someone to keep watch over my coming and when he saw me, he would run and inform the father that I had come and the father would then send for her and lock her up until I left the village. I used to go in the afternoon after working hours and so it was easy to post someone to keep watch. At the expiration of five months, I met my friend Alhaji Adamu Kyana in Jos and he told me that my wife had been married to Bappa Gindiri, a school boy of mine at Pankshin and as he

...ding a course at the School of Agriculture
...Zaria, they sneaked out at night and went
...an to the judge, Alkali, and asked him what
...knew about the marriage. Apparently,
...I all he could say was that when he heard
...e sneaking away in a lorry at night, he
...n to check up all the lorries to find the
...hid under the luggage and escaped. It was
...urse. I then returned home to Kuru and
...ree letters; one to the judge at Tudun Wada
...se jurisdiction extended to Samaru; one to
...ct head Iya Aminu at Sabongari who was in
...Samaru District and one to a friend of mine
...who was a messenger in Tudun Wada Court. I
...three letters were to be given to him and he
...ad his own and distribute the others. I told
...I was coming the following week Wednesday.

...riend Husaini betrayed me, he read his letter
...ed to hand over the other two to the judge
...ct head. He also went to Samaru and met the
...a Gindiri and told him to prepare because I
...g to challenge him. When I arrived, he then
...e that he did not give the judge his letter
...e judge was a queer man and that he would
...thing, I asked him whether he gave that of
...head to him? Seeing that I became angry,
...he did. But on the next day early in the
...went and told the district head who was
...that he was not to interfere with the
...hen came and said to me that the district
...see me at 10.00 a.m.

He and I went together and the district head said to me, "You Chief of Wusasa," "That's me", I said "we district heads have been barred from interfering with court cases". He said to me, "Well, I see". Then he said, "you can come on Saturday and I would send for the two of them and hear from them".

Meanwhile the Emir of Zaria Mallam Jafaru who happened to be away at the Chiefs' conference in Kaduna, came back but to return the same day. I went and told him everything about the marriage. He then advised me to go to the Chief Judge, Alkali, and tell him all about it and to tell him that he the Emir recommended that the boy be kept in prison custody and that my wife be brought to the palace to be looked after until he returned. I went to the Chief Judge Mallam Lawal and told him what the Emir had said. He then called my name Chief of Wusasa, and said because the Emir is your uncle you took the matter to him and you two now want me to send the boy to prison and your wife to the palace to enjoy herself, I will not do that". He added;" I judge cases according to God's Law and not on relation basis". I said, "alright" Then he said "I shall advise you to go back to where you started, to Mongu and take your case to the judge there. I agreed and left on the next day.

I went to Jos and went straight to the Resident Mr. Wilson and reported, the case. Mr. Wilson then sent for the District Officer, D. O. Pankshin in whose Division the case took place and demanded from him an explanation as to why a marriage could be solemnised on top of another marriage? The Resident was angry. The D. O. then said he was going to investigate. He drove straight to the judge in Mongu

and he too spoke angrily to the judge. The judge then wrote to the Chief Judge at Zaria and asked them to send the couple back to him.

But the boy Bappa told the judge at Zaria after he had bribed the scribe to the court to say that the girl was ill and could not travel. I then wrote to the Emir and told him the tricks they were playing so as not to travel to Mongu. Fortunately for me a new judge had been appointed for Zaria Native Authority by name Mallam Sule. The Emir then told the new Chief Judge to have the couple extradicted to Mongu at once. The judge called the boy and told him that if he and my wife were not in Mongu in three days he would have them arrested and sent there. The boy and the girl went and on the day they arrived their marriage was dissolved and she was returned to me. In fact she hated him so much that she had never slept in the same room with him.

When she came back to me, the whole family rejected her and for one good year not even a single person from her village came to visit her. Then the eldest in the family brought the cousin and the father together and made peace in the family. So I took her to her father's house although he was still very angry to see her, but all the same, there was nothing he could do and before another month, we were transferred to Zaria. That was all about the marriage of the girl promised by Mallam Sefianu. We lived very happily together for six years and when there was no issue, she became frustrated and worried and decided to leave me. So she left, went back to Pankshin and married the boy who loved her first and they got two children.

After another six years, she divorced him and the father who subsequently came to like me asked me to take her back. I did when I was in Lagos and we lived for two years and a half. When there was trouble between Ibos and Hausas however, I had to send the family home to Zaria. Before she left, she was five months pregnant but I did not know that. When one of her mates discovered that she was pregnant, she made charm and got me to divorce her without any reason at all. When later on I discovered what I did was wrong and without reason, I wrote and apologised and promised that whenever she was not married and I had a vacancy, I would bring her back, that was in 1966. She married a driver in Pankshin and in six years she delivered two daughters for him.

One day, in 1972, Mr. P. O. Ishaku, my best friend came at 8.00 p.m. and said that she came from Kano and wanted to see me. I sent my driver Alhaji Sabo to go and fetch her. When she came, she said to me, "You promised to bring me back when I am not married" and I said to her "Yes". Then she said, "My *idda* is finishing tomorrow". I had at that time divorced Hajara the Higher Area Court Judge's daughter a week previously and so I had a vacancy. I told her that I would send my boy Lamido in two days time and the marriage would be restored. I did send him with money for everything and the marriage was restored on June 26, 1972. She came to the house a week after.

In 1973 a day before I left for the United Kingdom she said to me she was pregnant, I sent her to a doctor to confirm and the doctor said she was three months pregnant. Then she asked me to let her go

home and stay there until she delivered, I agreed and told her to leave for home a day after I left for U.K. The other wives did not know that she was pregnant until a week before she delivered. She delivered a son on 13th February, 1974 and I named him Abdurrahman. Safiyanu's prediction came true.

CHAPTER FOUR

My Role in Educational Development of the North

IN February, 1930, I was in Primary Class Five when students from Class Six were going to the Government School to sit for their Government Standard Six Examination. That examination was recognised by Government at that time as final primary education and anybody who passed it could be employed as a clerk or an uncertificated teacher.

I approached the Headmaster, Rev. L. Hilkin and pleaded with him to allow me to follow those who were going to take the Examination. At first, he refused and said how could I, a Class Five student, sit for Standard Six Examination? I persisted in my request and promised that if I was allowed to sit for the examination, I would pass. He said that if I did not pass, he would deal with me severely. I agreed to that and he allowed me to go.

When we went, I was the only one who passed the Standard Six Examination; all others failed. The Headmaster was very pleased with me, and I was immediately made a pupil teacher and I became a Mallam. I was appointed a pupil teacher for primary one and two classes. That was the beginning of my teaching carrier which started on 1st April, 1930.

My schedule of work for the next few years was
I would teach in the morning from 7.30 a.m. to
1.30 p.m. to 4.00 p.m. That year I took another
examination; I sat for my Preliminary Cambridge
examination in December, 1930 and passed it. C.M.S.
School, Wusasa, was the only school in the North that
taught up to Class Four Primary and studied at the
same time.

In 1933, I sat for Junior Cambridge Examination
and passed it. I was then appointed a Deputy Head-
master of Wusasa Middle School with Mr. H. G. Ran-
dall as Headmaster. I continued to teach and at the
same time, study for Grade Two Teachers Examina-
tion. It was difficult to pass the Grade Two Teachers
examination at that time because there were eleven
subjects for the Examination and if one failed even in
one subject, one had to sit for all the subjects again
the following year. For that reason, I attempted the
examination three successive years, but could not
pass because I always failed in Mathematics. I would
obtain credits in many subjects each of the three
years but my failure in one would compel me to sit
for the whole examination the following year. Mean-
while, God had other plans for me.

In December 1939, the Provincial Education
Officer Jos, wrote to the Provincial Education Officer
Moria and asked for a good and qualified teacher to
start a Senior Primary School in Pankshin
Plateau. Miss Locke asked me whether I was interested
and I said, "Yes, I was". She then highly recom-
mended me to the Provincial Education Officer, Zaria

who called me for an interview. At the time, I was earning three pounds a month in Wusasa. That was the highest, any primary school teacher could earn; it was equivalent to a District Head's salary under the Local Government. When I went for the interview, I told the Provincial Education Officer that I could only accept the job if there was a high salary for it. Later on, I received a letter from Jos telling me that I was offered the appointment on a salary of Forty-Eight Pounds per annum. That was four pounds a month. I accepted the offer.

In April, 1940 a send-off party was arranged for me by Miss M. A. Jefferys who was in-charge of the Kindergarten, a pre-primary class for children below the age of five. Miss Jefferys was a missionary from England and she joined us in 1938. I had the privilege of teaching her Hausa and for that reason she was very fond of me. At the send-off party, speeches of praises were made by a lot of people. When I stood up to reply, I was so much overwhelmed by emotions that I burst into tears, and I was deeply moved by the friendly attitude of everybody there. I had lived amongst them for a period of fifteen years, since I came to the school in October 1925, a week before the arrival of Prince of Wales to Kano on 25th October, 1925.

Before the date of my departure on 15th April, 1940, I decided to go to Minna to see my sister-in-law, Lydia Zakari, whom I gave in marriage to Mr. Husaini Bala Zakari while deputising for her father, Mallam Bala, who was away at Kudu.

After many farewell meetings and send parties, I finally left Zaria by the small train which used to be called *Dan-Zaria* since it was a shuttle running between Zaria and Jos. My best friend, Mr. P. Ishaku (late) escorted me as far as Kudaru, where he returned home. By the time the train reached the border between Jos and Zaria it started raining and I felt that was a good omen for me for it was not raining season yet. I stretched out my hand into the rain and thanked God for the good sign.

I arrived at Jos in the evening and was taken to Jos Primary School where Mallam Jimada was the Headmaster. Early in the morning, the following day I went to see the Provincial Education Officer, Mr. F. D. Hibert (late). The Headmaster in charge of the Primary School took me to him. On entering his office, the Headmaster fell on the ground and addressed Mr. Hibert as "*Ranka shi dade*", which is the usual greetings with which one addresses traditional rulers in the country. As I was brought up by the Mission, I never fell down for any white man, much more to say "*ranka shi dade*" which means "may your life be long". Instead of humiliating myself as the Headmaster did, I greeted him with good morning and took my seat on a chair facing the Education Officer. I could sense that Mr. Hibert did not like my way of greeting him but he did not show his resentment in words.

On the other hand, he expressed his happiness on my agreeing to join his Department and he explained to me in detail as to what was expected of me at Pankshin. After the briefing, I went back to my lodging to get ready to travel to Pankshin by a hired lorry. The journey was not quite pleasant; the road

was bad and the lorry was not in good condition. We reached Pankshin at about 5.00 p.m. and I was taken to Mallam Umaru Mai Neman Riba's house, who was a Zaria man and had come to live in Pankshin several years previously.

On the following day Mallam John Amos Kwashi, the Headmaster of Primary School Pankshin, came to take me to greet the Sarkin Hausawa Pankshin, Mallam Umaru. On arrival, Mallam John A. Kwashi fell down on the ground and greeted the Sarkin in the traditional way of paying homage to a ruler. But I greeted him while standing because I was also a village head like himself. I had left my domain of Wusasa for which I was officially turbaned by the Emir of Zaria in March, 1937. Sarkin Pankshin did not show any sign of annoyance. Probably he was aware of my traditional status.

From there Mallam Kwashi took me to the Pankshin Central School that is the school which I had been posted to as the headmaster and where I was to make my residence. The Provincial Education Officer, Mr. F.D. Hibert, had already arrived from Jos. But the buildings of the school, my house, boys dormitories, kitchen and dining hall were not yet ready for occupation.

Boys from Shendam Division and Langtang had already arrived and were living in the few completed huts. They were looked after by Mallam Kwashi, the Headmaster of the Primary School and were attending the primary school classes so as not to waste time. Thus, I could see at the very first glance that I had to start the school from the scratch.

as only in April, 1941, that is, one year
terminating the service with the Pankshin
School, that the school was finally ready for
I moved into my house; Mallam Kwashi
was, in the same area with us. Mallam
Sani from Wusasa, Zaria, was the only
teacher employed for the Central School. He
taught the school for that year. The school then
had one class called the Remove Class. I taught
English subjects, while Mallam Sani taught his
Physics and rural science. We had two craft
teachers: the Magajin Aska, Mallam Musa Magaji,
taught weaving and he was also the school barber
and Mamuda taught pottery.

Football pitch was constructed by the students
staff and some school farms were also started.
Football and hockey were played everyday and farm
work was done during the rainy season in the evening.
Discipline was established and enforced in the
school. Children were taught to greet and respect their
teachers in every way; they had to bend down to
touch their feet to the feet of their teachers and they were not to argue with them
as was the tradition at the time.

In 1942 another teacher, Mallam Garba Ojo from
Zaria, was employed by the Central School.
Another teacher, by the name of Mallam Ibi
Ibiuta from Garkawa was later on added to the
staff. There was an additional class
called the Remove Class, that was the Secondary One. This
class was formed as a result of the promotion of the
students of the Remove Class of 1941 session. The
work of the school went very smoothly and
the school progressed steadily. It was a boarding

school and students came from the five divisions of the Plateau Province, that is, Pankshin, Jos, Jemara Southern or Wamba Division and Shendam Division.

In 1943, we added another class as students of Secondary One got their promotion to Secondary Two. At the end of the third year, the Secondary Two class sat for Secondary School Entrance Examination and only one student, Washi Do, from Jos passed the examination. He joined the Kaduna College but later on went to Katsina Grade Two Teachers College. After passing the Grade II Teachers Examination, he came back and became one of the teachers. Since it was only a middle school, we could not go beyond Secondary Two; this means, there were three classes in the School; the Remove, Secondary One and Secondary Two classes.

On 1st April, 1944 the school was redesignated as Plateau Central School. That was done because the students came from all over the Plateau Province.

In the meantime, after I had attempted Grade Two Teachers Certificate Examination three times and failed, I was awarded an honorary Grade Two Teachers' Certificate. In 1945, Mr. J. B. Gott, the Director of Education from Kaduna came and inspected the School. He gave me a very high recommendation and praised me for my work. But the Divisional Officer, Mr. L. G. Logan, thought that the Director had exaggerated. So he called me to his office and asked me a few questions. After the question and answer session he agreed in his report that the Director's report was quite correct.

In 1945, my name appeared in the newspaper that I was nominated by the Regional Government of Kaduna to go to England on British Council Study Tour. However, the Resident Plateau and the Provincial Education Officer, Mr. E.E. Thomas took serious objection to my nomination on the ground that they were not consulted before the Director nominated me.

The Resident came to my school and watched me teach Nigerian geography. He asked me if I knew rain forest by sight, to which I replied in the negative. He then arranged for me to go to Lagos in 1945 to see the southern geographical features, especially the rain forest. In January, 1945, the Information Department headed by Mr. C. R. Niven, made arrangements for my visit to Lagos. That was the first time of my visiting Lagos. I stayed there for ten days and saw not only the ever green forests but also the hustle and bustle of a metropolis. That is what came out of my educational study tour.

In 1946, I applied for a scholarship to go to England to study for Professional Certificate in Education at the Institute of Education, at Mallet Street, London. Fortunately, after an interview held in Lagos, I was granted the scholarship. There were about six candidates from the North but only three of us got through; myself, Alhaji Isa Kolo and Adi Byewi from Benue.

Thus in 1947, I left Pankshin for Lagos. From there we flew to London. We arrived England on 31st August, 1947. The arrival was in the middle of the night and it was on a very cold night. Ours was the last flight along the West Coast of Africa. From then on the flights followed the trans-saharan route. From

Lagos we went to Accra, then to Gambia; we spent the night in Gambia and at 7.00 a.m. the following day, we took off for Casablanca in Morocco and from there to London. On arrival at London Airport, we got stranded for hours at the airport. The Airport Officer kept on phoning the Colonial Officer and it was not until 4.00 a.m. that a car came to fetch us to Earls Court House. We stayed at the Earls Court House for a few days and then we were transferred to Nuffield House.

At Nuffield House I met friends like Mallam Aminu Kano, Late Zakariya Dimka, Mallam Salahu Fulani and few other northerners, and that made me feel quite at home.

Mallam Adi Byewi and I were given one room on the 2nd floor, Isa Koto was on the 3rd floor. Adi and I were very friendly, but we could not stay together for long. Adi drank beer, and very often, he would get visitors who came at night to drink and disturb us. We then agreed to have separate rooms by writing to the Colonial Officer that we had been quarrelling and they should put us up in separate rooms. Because it was I who wrote the letter, I was sent to the 5th floor and there was no lift in the building. So I had to climb five floors everytime. This arrangement enabled me to study properly and to pass my examination.

The course was the Professional Certificate of Education of the London University and it was made up of Teaching Practice for six months and attending lectures on Theory of Education, school visits and school survey. After completing the course I returned to Nigeria in August 1948. On my return I had two weeks holidays which I spent with my family in Zaria.

At the end of the two weeks I took my wife with me and went back to Pankshin.

Mr. T.N. Redford acted as Headmaster while I was away to U.K. He was a very nice man and had not by then been indoctrinated into the behaviour of a colonial master. After I took over from him, he was transferred to the Headquarters in Kaduna. Then a temporary Education Officer, by name John Flockhart, was sent to the school in Pankshin. Not only was Mr. Flockhart hardworking but he was a very sociable man. He behaved like a Missionary. He worked hard all round, especially in teaching Mathematics. Although there was no electricity in the town yet we had electricity in the school, but electricity supply was limited to only few hours. Mr. Flockhart got one little hurricane lamp and with it he taught the students up to eleven o'clock in the night. It was due to his hard working and devotion to duty that when in 1953 the class four students took Middle Four Examination at Kuru, they all passed. My school's result was 100 per cent.

About that time the school was upgraded to Plateau Middle School on 1st April, 1959. My salary then was £18.00 p.a. After the upgrading, the school was shifted from Pankshin to Kuru. So, on 13th February, 1951 the Plateau Middle School shifted from Pankshin to Kuru. My party left Pankshin at 2.30 p.m. and arrived at Kuru by 6 p.m. Mr. Flockhart accompanied us to Kuru where he continued his dedicated work for some years. When the Northern Regional Education Department saw how dedicated a teacher he was, they thought that the progress of the school was too rapid and that it was due to him, so they transferred him to Bida. But after a short while

he had to leave the country for good because the Ministry of Education caused him many worries; and in frustration he resigned and returned home. After he left Kuru, one Mr. R. Roy was brought from Bida as temporary education officer. Mr. R. Roy was not as qualified and experienced a teacher as Mr. Flockhart and therefore, with his coming the academic progress slowed down. Moreover, Mr. Roy spent most of his time trying to take over headmastership of the school and that created unnecessary friction between him and myself as the incumbent headmaster. We kept on reporting each other to the headquarters on trivial matters. He got the backing of the Provincial Education Officer, one Mr. Rigby Smith, but in spite of all that he did not succeed in his machinations.

Apart from doing my administrative duties and other responsibilities as the Headmaster, I taught a certain number of periods in the Remove Class and Middle Four Class. The school made steady progress in all directions. But it acquired a reputation more especially in good behaviour, good character and discipline.

On 8th October, 1954. I was transferred to Zaria Middle School on a salary of £360.00 p.a. Actually, I started at Zaria with £400.00 p.a. under Zaria Native Authority. In 1955, the Regional Government, at Kaduna, re-organised the system of the Middle Schools in the North. All Middle Schools in the North were upgraded into secondary schools and the post of Headmasters of the defunct Middle Schools were converted into that of Bursars with the following responsibilities: Finance, Administration, Liaison with Native Authority, responsibility for all Junior and Intermediate Staff and for Catering.

After this upgrading of the Middle School Secondary Schools, all academic activities and were placed in the hands of the temporary Education Officer. But this arrangement did not work because the temporary education officers being men felt that they should have been made principal in charge of finances as well as administration. that was not quite practicable, because the schools were still under the Native Authorities. Since the Regional Government provided the money for the running of the schools even though the major part of it was given as grant the Regional Government, the Native Authorities controlled the schools and therefore, I, as Headmaster was the administrator at Zaria.

When I left Kuru, the students organised a send-off party for me with the Staff. But my friend, Mr. Roy petitioned to the Education Ministry at Kaduna about my transfer because he thought that I would be happier at home.

I knew of his activities against me through an expatriate friend, Captain Bowler. All Mr. Roy's writing against me to Kaduna were revealed to me because Captain Bowler happened to be a good friend of the Director of Education in Kaduna, Mr. A. A. Shillingford. One of the things presented to me at the send-off party was a citation by the students which ran as follows:-

Mallam M.N. Bayero, came to the Plateau and took up the post as headmaster of this school in 1940 when it was in its infancy and was known as Central School at Pankshin. The official upgrading of the School to the Central School was in 1943 which came due to the

hard and honest work discharged by Mallam M. N. Bayero.

Mallam M. N. Bayero got hard at work and in 1944 began serving Kaduna College with intelligent pupils. Due still to his discharge of honest duty, the school reached the standard of promotion to Middle School. And this time being awarded by the Education Department, the School was promoted to Middle School in 1950. Then the new buildings at Kuru were not ready and thus it was in the Central School Buildings that this great honour was bestowed.

In 1950, the School moved from Pankshin to the New Buildings at Kuru which were then ready to accept the anxious intelligent pupils under the leadership of the tireless headmaster Mallam M. N. Bayero. Ever since, Mallam Bayero has been sober, sympathetic, kind and social to all. He is greatly concerned for the welfare of boys and the Staff which he has maintained throughout his 14-year good service to his province. Really Mallam Bayero's transfer from this school is a great loss and this loss is undoubtedly Zaria Middle School's gain.

Mallam Bayero will go with the honour of creating a record in the school, for in 1953 the school had the greatest number of passes in Examination and in the same year won the Urling Smith Shield.

This school will probably be promoted to a Junior Secondary School next year 1955 and although he will not be present

to see it being upgraded, the honour remains with him for preparing the ground for such a high promotion.

In view of all the above listed good things done by Mallam Bayero, there is nothing whatever that could be given to him to compensate for what he has done. Payment to him for such serious deeds will only be done by Almighty God and we will all wish Mallam Bayero all the success he deserves in his native town. We present to him our picture for him to know although we shall not be with him in Zaria in body form, but yet our invisible rays of esteem to be constantly reflected from these pictures when on the wall in his room directly penetrating to his heart, will recall to him that we are with him always and spiritually.

We end by saying:—

GOOD BYE, SAFE JOURNEY TO
MALLAM M. N. BAYERO
AND HIS FAMILY, AND SAFE
LANDING IN ZARIA AND OUR
GREATEST WISH IS: MAY GOOD
LUCK BE AWAITING HIM"

An account of the indigenous system of education and its limitations

Before closing this chapter, I would like to draw a comparison between the traditional system of education that prevailed in the North before the advent of British Rule and what came into effect after their arrival. This will give, I hope, a clearer picture of my work at the Middle Schools in Pankshin, Kuru and Zaria.

When we say indigenous system of education in my early days and to some extent now, we refer to the Koranic Schools, one of which I attended from the age of two to seven. A Koranic school could be started without any formal approval from the Government. All that was needed was for a Koranic Mallam to have a small room in his house which he would turn into a class. When that was available he would make it known to all his neighbours that he was starting a school for their children.

The parents would then approach the Koranic teacher for final arrangements; they would agree to pay him a certain amount of money from time to time not regularly; the children after afternoon lesson would normally fetch firewood and water for the teacher's domestic purposes. The session would be morning and afternoon; from eight to ten in the morning and two to five in the evening.

The method of teaching was that all students would be in one class, and they would be made to recite the assigned portion of the Koran orally. Those who learn to recite the assigned portion of the Koran

faster would be promoted. Others who cannot
not be promoted until they can do it thoroughly
A boy who is able to recite the whole of six chapters
of the Koran by heart, will have reached the end
the school education. At that time his parents in con-
junction with the teacher will arrange a ceremony
which learned Koranic Teachers will be invited to
the Assessors in the boy's passing out.

There will be food, kolanut and money to
brought by neighbours as alms. The boy will be se-
ed in the middle of the teachers and some chapters
the Koran will be desired to be recited by the boy.
he does that without failing, he will be declared
having passed by the assessors and from that day on
he will be regarded as *Mahaddaci*, that is learned a-
may even be called *Mallam* (Teacher).

These kind of schools existed throughout
Moslem North long before the British advent. With
advent of Western Education, there has been s-
changes in the system of the religious or Koranic
cation; the method of modern classroom is ad-
students sit on benches instead of the floor as be-
there are black boards on the wall and koranic tea-
use modern methods of teaching. There are
variety of subjects apart from Arabic and learn
the Koran, Arabic/Arithmetic, Reading, Writing
English. This kind of school attracts Govern-
Local Government grant if they satisfy all the r-
ments of the Education Ministry of the State
numbers are quite large now.

This change in the system and method of
tion came about because of the new politico-e-
set up in the country since the advent of West
cation.

As I said previously, I attended the Church Missionary Society School in Zaria City. There were problems to start with due to the fear of my parents; my mother especially, that I could become a Christian, hence my father warned me on the day I was leaving for the school that he was sending me there to get good education and not adopt their religion. I was a Christian while at the CMS School, and until 1954 when Sarkin Ruwa Adamu Dikko and Ibrahim, an Arabic teacher converted me back to Islam.

Dr. Miller and few other ardent and diligent Missionaries started the Primary School with the children of the first converts into christianity. Later on, Moslems began to send their children with the aim of getting help from Dr. Miller to obtain employment with the Native Administration; prominent among these were those who came from the four royal dynasties. I was one of those sent there for the same reason but more importantly for the fact that Dr. Miller had told my father that if he wanted me to inherit my royal family heritage, I should be sent to his school.

When I arrived at the school, in October 1925, the school had grown beyond primary stage and by 1926, Preliminary Cambridge Examination was taken with hundred per cent pass. Later on, it developed into a combined primary and secondary education where teachers Grade III and II examinations were taken along with Cambridge School Certificate.

In course of time when the Mission moved out of the City to Wusasa Village in 1929, Dr. Miller retired and went to Kano to settle as a Missionary. The school then had other expatriates who were real educatio-

nists and it became a multiple school with Kindergarten, Primary School, Middle School and Secondary School which was called Mallams Training School which became the nucleus of the Saint Paul's Secondary School which after the Government took over from the Mission was renamed Kufena College.

The European system of education, therefore, only produced the requisite numbers of clerks and teachers for the fast expanding Government offices, also brought about desirable reforms in the traditional system of Koranic education which was, until based on the principle of learning by heart. That system of education blunted the mind of the child, since it put sole emphasis on memory building. There was no place in that system, for reasoning and the cultivation of critical faculty. This is the biggest contribution the Western education, provided by our present-day schools. However, it must be said for Mallam's schools that they laid foundation of learned and written culture in a society which was essentially based only on oral traditions and rustic life. It is my conviction that Government should pay more attention to those Arabic schools and if University Faculties of Education make genuine efforts to inject modern educational psychology into those traditional systems of education then the reformed Arabic Schools can produce more disciplined, morally sound and intellectually agile citizens than what the Westernised schools are producing today.

CHAPTER FIVE

My Life as a Political Activist

WHEN I was in England in 1947, I had the opportunity of meeting many Northern Nigerian students pursuing various academic disciplines. I met people like Adi Byewi, a headmaster from Katsina Ala who was upgrading his knowledge in education. There were also others in education such as Isa Koto from Okene and myself. Audu Gusau from Sokoto and Muhammadu Boyi from Yola were studying engineering and health technology respectively. There were other Northerners who were in London before us and one of them by the name of Mallam D.A. Rafih suggested we should form a Union of Northern Nigerian Students in London. I remember he was probably studying transportation and was sent there by the Nigerian Railways, however what is important is that he succeeded in persuading all of us to form such an organisation that would fight for the eradication of illiteracy, laziness and extortion in Northern Nigeria.

There were the evils of the Beit-et-mal system which we left at home and which we felt very strongly about reforming. We never felt like abolishing it as our Southern Nigerian compatriots wanted. We knew our society was married to the traditional system of government. This traditional system was also closely related to Islam our religion and way of life and because of this we always wished there was a way in which we could reduce the abuse characteristic of our traditional system of government without removing

the entire system root and branch. Many of us came home with this reformist zeal and belief, and it should have surprised anyone that the seeds planted in London in 1948 germinated into the Northern Nigerian Teachers Union and eventually into the Northern Nigerian Peoples Congress which initially was a cultural organisation before it later metamorphosed into the Northern Nationalist Movement in the 1950s.

Immediately Malam Rafih arrived in Nigeria from Britain he established the Northern Nigerian Teachers and Civil Service Union. This union attracted all the intelligentsia in the North, namely Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Aminu Kano, Salahu Fulani, myself and others. After it had been established Dr. Russell Aliyu Barau Dikko, then the only medical officer in the North, became its Chairman. The Association was concerned with economic and political development of Northern Nigeria.

The North did not become part of the British Empire until 1900 and by that time some parts of the South had been incorporated into the Empire as far back as the 1860s. Even before that time the coastal areas of the South had been in regular contact with Europe since the 15th Century. The south was therefore more attuned to Western civilization than the North. Our face was directed towards North Africa and the Middle-East where our own civilization was enriched. The force of the Islamic religion made it obligatory for Northern Nigerians to have more interest in the Middle-East than in Europe. The result of this was that economically and educationally the South was more advanced than the North. Most of the British commercial houses had agencies or facto-

ries in the South. The effect of this European economic penetration of the south on the socio-political development there was considerable. The traditional institutions where available were being eroded by this foreign culture. Western education which was invariably christian education had taken more roots there than in the North. Most of our parents were opposed to European type education because it was confused with christian proselytisation and the missionaries did not make it easy because they insisted that one had to convert to the religion of the christian teachers. That was the experience in my own case. It was not until the Katsina Teachers College opened in the 1920s that Muslims in Northern Nigeria had access to secondary school education which was not tied to any particular religion but was founded specifically to open up educational opportunities to Muslims in Northern Nigeria. There was, of course, Wusasa where the Missionaries had a school and where myself and others had the fortune of having access to Western education.

The main reason why the British had kept the Christian Missionaries out of the Islamic Emirates of Northern Nigeria was because Sir Fredrick Lugard, the conquering Governor of the then Northern Nigeria had made a solemn pledge to the surrendering emirs that he would not allow Christian proselytisation in their Emirates. Lugard and successive governors of Northern Nigeria kept this promise. It was not until Sir Governor Clifford a civil as distinct from a military open up the Northern Nigeria, decided that he was going to Teachers College was foreign education that Katsina mic part of Northern Nigeria was ever, the non-Islamic Christian

evangelisation and therefore Western education. That was how Wusasa became a mecca of educational opportunities even for Muslim Northerners at the initial stages of British Administration of the Islamic Emirates of Northern Nigeria. The result of this was that the non-Islamic areas of Northern Nigeria such as the Bauchi and Plateau areas received the attention of educators, both missionary and official, and that was how Bauchi area in particular was to become the educational centre of Northern Nigeria.

Thus in a twist of fortune the more backward areas of the Fulani Empire was under the British and became more advanced educationally speaking. I had the fortune of serving in both Zaria and Bauchi - Plateau areas as a teacher in the Northern administration. This was the situation in the North when I became a teacher and when I returned from the United Kingdom. The South was not only more advanced materially, politically; it was also more astute but also more divided. The Southerners considered us inferior because we did not have Western Education. Some of them even came up North to work as teachers, traders or artisans in the Railway Departments as well as in the Posts and Telegraphs Department. They did not mingle with us: the British ensured that they lived apart in the *Sabon garis* which were new towns outside the traditional gates of the *Birnin*. In essence there was little or no contact between us and southerners and the feeling of mutual suspicion was very thickly brewed. Legally the North and the South were ruled as one country.

Legislative Council in Lagos whose jurisdiction only covered the South while the North

was ruled by the British lieutenant governor and his officials. Even when in the 1940s Northerners were appointed into the Executive Council in Lagos, the feeling of one Nigeria was still very rudimentary and in an embryonic stage. Many of us had never visited Lagos or any part of the South before and the British officials nurtured us in their own prejudice against educated Southerners. Added to the different outlook and life style and world view was the factor of religion. Most Southerners who came up North were Christians while our people were Muslims.

There was also the language divide. It was under these circumstances that Southern political leaders, particularly those in the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons (NCNC) began to agitate for independence and national sovereignty. We Northerners were shocked about this strident call for independence. This was because we were not ready and we did not want to replace British rule with Southern hegemony. We also did not believe in a unitary system of government. We knew that it was useful keeping the country together but we did not want the entire country run from one centre. We thought we and the Southerners should be left in our own and their own areas to run local and regional affairs while skeletal and common-service affairs should come under an umbrella in a federal set-up. Although these ideas took some time to crystallise, we however knew that there were fundamental differences between the North and South which could not easily be papered over. The British apparently agreed with our views because when the Richards Constitution came into being it took account of the regional disputes in Nigeria.

When the Richards Constitution of 1946 came into operation in Nigeria, the North was relatively backward in modern and Western political organisation in relation to Southern Nigeria. Political parties were already operating in Southern Nigeria at that time and we in the North were still very much unoccupied with ourselves with little concern and interest in what was happening in the rest of Nigeria. In fact the concept of One Nigeria had not really developed in our minds. But by 1946 with the Richards Constitution and with the political awakening after the cessation of hostilities after the Second World War we began to think that if we were not to play second fiddle to the South we in the North must begin to organise ourselves. It was under these circumstances that our embryonic association formed in London in 1948 began to flourish in Nigeria. With Dr. Russel at the helm of affairs other educated Northerners began to gravitate towards our association. It was later on that Alhaji Ahmadu Bello, the Sarduna of Sokoto joined the association.

During the period 1949-50, this Association changed into a political party called the Northern Peoples Congress. This led to the resignation of Alhaji Russel Dikko because as a civil servant he could not take part in politics. Other members of the association who were teachers broke away to form the Northern Teachers Association (NTA) for the benefit of their profession. This teachers union was then headed by Shehu Ajiram who became the first President and I was on the executive and he was very instrumental in recruiting many people into the Northern Teachers Union of which I was a proud member. In 1949

ring the annual conference in Zaira I was appointed the auditor of the association. Shortly afterwards people like Alhaji Abdurahman Mora and Aliyu Mai Borno joined the association. The association became such an important medium of reaching our illiterate compatriots and through it the colonial authorities were able to gauge the intensity of our political consciousness and awakening. Even though we did not advocate for the dismantling of the colonial system we knew the British had defeated our forefathers and that we could only claim our heritage back when we were ready. We were not prepared for any hasty action that could cause us dear; and we also did not want to replace British hegemony with Southern Nigerian political domination. Thus we were prepared to accept the British for a while especially since they did not interfere with our religion.

Our acceptance of the British presence in our country was not always understood by our compatriots in the South who because of a longer exposure to Western ways were eager to be rid of the incubus of western domination than ourselves. The Northern Teachers Association (NTA) provided a bridge between those of us who were civil servants and teachers and those of our colleagues who had been hired into politics and had formed the Northern Peoples Congress in order to protect the interest of the North against those of the South and to ensure that our way of life was not endangered in the scheme of things. In other words the Northern Peoples Congress was formed by the same people who formed the Northern Teachers Association, even though we remained behind the throne, our views and those of our colleagues who could come out of the closet were usually identical.

Between 1949 and 1952 we were busy establishing branches of the Northern Teachers Association over Northern Nigeria and naturally Bauchi and Plateau branches: the educational centres of the Northern were the most important branches. I was appointed chairman of the Plateau branch in 1949.

I was very happy when, in 1952 during the December Annual Conference of the Northern Teachers Association in Zaria, I was appointed the President of the Northern Teachers Association. I held this position until 1962. Even though I was not very active in the NPC, it was known to the leadership the role I played in the founding of the organisation and I was therefore given my own due. I was twice asked to contest election from Zaria either to Kaduna House of Assembly or the Federal House of Representatives. For personal reason I refused to take active part in politics either to concede to traditional title holders who were more interested or more forthcoming than myself or because of personal reasons. In spite of my non-direct participation I used my influence whenever it was necessary to ensure easy passage of whoever was asked to represent my constituency either in Lagos or in Kaduna. Service of course had its rewards and soon even the Sarduna Sir Ahmadu Bello himself without my lobbying for it appointed me a board member of the Broadcasting Corporation of Northern Nigeria.

During my time as an activist I suffered persecution naturally in the hands of those in authority: this was somehow perceived as a radical by the British Plateau Province. The fact of the considerable British presence on the Plateau, particularly in the mi-

industry, made them susceptible of any action of an African who manifested nationalist feelings: Even though all I was interested in was fairness and justice and good pay, I was most of the time regarded as an agitator and all kinds of means were devised to get rid of me. My association with 'radical' and the fact that I knew the ways of the whiteman brought considerable ire on me. My strict and principled stand on all issues also brought me into conflict not only with the British who denied me once or twice promotion but also with fellow Africans who were in positions to advance my career as a teacher. This was before I got into administration where my problems were to be compounded by my royal pedigree which made everybody suspect me for ambition. The British in their deference for traditional authorities in Northern Nigeria were not always good umpires when the 'big' man and the 'small' man had a dispute. This was my experience as a teacher and later as an administrator.

CHAPTER SIX

Role in Local Government

life as a Local Government Councillor was an act of providence. It began in 1955. This is how it all started. When the former councillor and Minister for Education, Alhaji Ahmadu Palika left for London to be the Parliamentary Secretary to the Registrar of Government, I was, on the recommendation of the Provincial Education Officer, Alhaji A.R. Nuhu, appointed by the Ministry of Education and recommended to the Zaria Local Authority for appointment as Councillor for Education and Manager of Local Authority Schools. The Emir did not like me because he had no choice, because there was nobody else in the Local Authority with so much knowledge and experience as myself. Therefore, he had no other alternative but to appoint me to this vacancy.

On November 1, 1957, I was turbaned as Dan-Iyan Zazzau, that is a traditional title, a title of district which is conferred on councillors who come from aristocratic families of the Northern Region. When the Emir consulted me on the name of the title, I chose the title of Dan-Iyan Zazzau because it is an important title given to princes in Kano but which we did not have in Zaria and so I borrowed it from Kano and the Emir agreed to my proposal. So I was turbaned as an Zazzau by the Emir and I was given the responsibility of being the Councillor for Education in the Emir's Provincial Council. I was also made

the Manager of Local Authority Schools. This latter assignment gave me authority over all the Local Authority schools in Zaria Province. I left the service of the Zaria Secondary School on my new appointment and a send-off party was organised for me by a friend, Mr. S. M. Young, who was very happy at my appointment by the Local Authority. He made a very grand preparation for the send-off party. I was very happy that day and they presented me a copy of the holy Koran and some other gifts at the send-off party. I too was very happy to leave the school because I had been an actual classroom teacher for almost twenty-seven years. I was really tired of teaching I wanted to be in administration. I was also happy to move to my own house in the city and get it repaired. Since my father died on August 15, 1950, the house had been left without care since my brother was staying at Wusasa and I was in Plateau. I was happy to go and repair my house and live there.

On the very first day in office as the Local Authority Councillor, there was an attempt to sabotage my work by certain persons who were not happy with my appointment. Among these people, there was one Muazu who wanted my job and he was desperate about it but he could not get it. He was a senior visiting teacher. He was also in the same office with the Schools' Manager. The office of the Councillor was different from that of Schools Manager, but as I was holding the two offices together, I first of all went to the office of the School Manager. There was quite a lot of work pending in that office. The clerk and the visiting teacher, Muazu, and all those in the office had already made up their minds not to explain the routine of work to me. They piled up about eighty files on my table and sat down watching me. They were determi-

my question that I was
did reply to my ques
answer. Their intention
might be found ineffic
ernment. But they were
le and saw the files heap
ughed. I did not at that
n against me. I did not kn
on the files. I started from
ntil the whole lot of files
And I did it without asking
on. Those who were watch
I dealt with the files, ans
as in the file for typing a
ay, there was not a single f
ot dealt with by me, and I ha
ng any of them a single que
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ow hardworking I was, they
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e schools manager, I was
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i to look after schools in
years, another portfolio
at was that I had to be in
So Mallam Yusufu who

was the Adult Education Supervisor came under me. I was henceforth doing four jobs at the same time. I was really over-worked at that time.

Later on, Local Authority Finance was also added on to my portfolio, because the Emir could not trust any of the other Councillors in money matters. But as far as I was concerned, he knew very well that everything would be all right. He therefore, transferred the portfolio of Finance to me. That was additional portfolio and that further increased my work load. I was so much over-worked that I went home everyday very sick and tired. That was the routine in which I fell and in which I continued up to 1958, when I said to the Emir; "How can I continue with this work without promotion"? At this, the Emir said, "Well, the salary is for a Councillor, and it is fixed. As such there is no room for promotion". To this I replied that I did not want to be paid as a Councillor. I wanted to be paid according to my educational qualification. I was a teacher and I had my Teacher's Certificates and I wanted to be paid as a teacher and only allowance as Councillor and Manager of Schools. So the Emir agreed and took the matter up to the Council and the Council approved this. Then after a short time, I said to the Emir that I wanted promotion. I wanted to be promoted to the post of Local Authority Education Officer. The Emir accepted my request and he promised to write to the Premier of the Regional Government in Kaduna and recommend me for promotion. And he did write to the Premier. But the Premier and I were not on very good terms. That was, of course, due to political reasons. There was nothing personal in it. It was not my fault and it was not his fault either; it was the fault of the executive

of the Northern Teachers Association was the President. Anyway, I will continue.

The recommendation for my promotion, the Premier put it aside and did not. By 1959, the Emir died and a new one was appointed. His name was Alhaji Aminu, the Emir of Sabon Gari. The Emir was very friendly to me.

After the death of my uncle, the previous Emir, in August 1959, Alhaji Aminu became Emir. I reminded him about the letter I wrote to the Premier about my promotion to the post of Local Authority Education Officer. He did nothing. He turned out to be a good ruler, although not being fit for the office. The princes criticised him and said that he was irreligious. All sorts of things were said against him. I was loyal to him. For that reason he became more friendly to me than to any of the other princes. He asked me to remind the Premier, Alhaji Bello, the Sarkin Sokoto, about my promotion to the post of Local Authority Education Officer. He did it willingly and impressed on the Premier that I deserved the promotion. He told me that when I was a member of the Northern Nigeria People's Congress (NPC), and when I was nominated to stand in the National House of Assembly, I was pushed down for his son-in-law. Actually, I was not even his son-in-law at all. But that is the way it went. What I really did was that when I was asked by the party branch to stand for

election into the House of Assembly in Lagos, I sought the advice of my uncle, the late Emir and he told me that he did not want me to stand for election. He wanted me to get out of it; and that as far as he was concerned, I should not stand for election and so I got out. I wrote the party leaders a letter to say that I was not interested and that they could nominate any other person in my place. And so they nominated Iyan Gari who was son-in-law to the District Head of Sabon Gari, Alhaji Aminu. Alhaji Aminu had the impression that I stepped down for his son-in-law and when he said that to the Premier, the Premier was quite willing to agree to promote me. This is how I got my promotion.

But the District Officer Mr Rowland, was very angry at my promotion, for reasons best known to him. Although he and I had worked in Jos together when I was the Headmaster of Kuru Secondary School and he was the district officer at Jos, during which time, we did not agree on a lot of things and due to that he did not like me. So he also arranged that since I got that promotion, the allowances that I was getting for councillorship should be cancelled; that I should work as a councillor free of charge, I did not mind, I accepted the challenge and went on with the work. I worked as Councillor for Education for Zaria Province without earning a penny. I combined this with being schools manager for Zaria Province and Local Authority Education Office for which I was paid £900 per annum. That pleased me, I did not mind because my salary was higher than that of any of the councillors at that time. The Councillors were on a salary of £600 per annum. As I said earlier, I had a very difficult work to do, so many portfolios under

Finance, Adult Education and
teacher. The job was really very tiring
on and on for years.

relationship between the Emir and myself
first two years. We were very friendly
when people saw that, they started to
wanted to succeed him. It is a very
the rulers in the country that they do
know who may succeed them; and in
now they try to kill him or do any-
out of the way. So when the Emir
hears that I was aspiring to succeed
that was between myself and himself
against me. The hatred increased when
Lami of Wusasa. I did not then
also her suitor. After our marriage
annoyed about it because he could
by him even though he had spent a
year. He did not want to show it but
I had told him that I wanted to
animosity came to a peak and he tum-
did not want to see me at all. But I
was doing the right thing; I was always
I was sincere, hardworking and I
fear him at all. In fact, I have never fear-
ed. I went on with my work as usual
for me which became so obvious
that he did not like me. Well, I
all went on well as far as I was

he said to me, "Dan-Iyan, you are a
generous person, you give presents to anybody". To this
I said, "What have I got to give to
you? You have plenty of money", And I

said, honestly I haven't; I am a very poor man. I haven't got a penny with me; all that I earn is for food and clothing of my family and myself'. But he did not believe me, he thought that I had plenty of money and that I did not give him presents due to my dislike for him. I even swore to him that I had no money. After about two weeks, he again said to me that I did not give him something. I said, "please Your Highness, I told you I have nothing, I have no money, I have nothing, I am a poor man; I just live from hand to mouth". Then he kept quiet, but after another two weeks, he said to me, "You are a miser, you do not give anybody anything". Then I asked him, "If you really, want something from me, you should first tell me what you see as my source of money" to this he replied: "well, you hold the account of the primary education, senior primary education, adult education and yet you say that you have no money?" Then I told him "Well, Your Highness, actually all that money is yours. If you want anything out of it, you just write, send me the note and I will attach it to the back of the voucher, get the money out and I will give it to you". Then he said, "No, that was not the way he wanted it". To that I replied, "If that was not the way you wanted it, I cannot help you. I am sorry, there is no other way I can get money to give to you". So the enmity became more intense and our relationship went from bad to worse. He hated me the more and, of course, I did not care. I went about my business knowing fully well that all the time I was doing the right thing.

One day there was trouble in the Council. A District Head, by name Sai Bello, came and complained against the Local Council Secretary to the Emir say-

ing that there had been a quarrel in the Local Council Office and that the Secretary had abused him, so happened that Sai Bello and the Emir were not on good terms. So the Emir thought that he had an opportunity to do what he liked to Sai Bello. After Sai Bello had complained about the abusive words poured on him by the Secretary, Alhaji Yahaya Pate Sarkin Yaki, the Emir did not say a word. When Sai Bello saw that the Emir kept quiet, he knew he was not going to get any support from him. So he got up to leave, and then the Waziri Sanusi called him back and said, "How could you go without hearing what the Emir was going to say on your complaint". The Emir turned and said, "Well I was watching to see where he would go; he is a District Head under me; he quarrelled with my Secretary and instead of telling me what really happened, he poured abuses on me. You two, Waziri and Dan-Iyan, are witnesses".

That astounded me; it made me very unhappy because of all Sai Bello had said, there was not a single word of abuse against the Emir. The Emir said that Sai Bello abused him. That was the beginning of a very big trouble for me. So Sai Bello said to him, "Your Highness, if you are angry, I ask for forgiveness". But the Emir did not reply, he got up and went away. After he had left, Yahaya Pate, the Secretary, came in soon after the Emir returned to his chair and told the Secretary, "Now, all the abuses you poured on Sai, he came and poured them back on me. The Waziri and Dan-Iyan are my witnesses". At this Sarkin Yaki said "Well we have to call the Council together to a meeting to decide what to do with Sai Bello. Of course, no one should abuse the Emir and get away with it". The telephones started to ring and all the councillors were asked to come to the palace for a meeting with the

Emir. They all gathered together. Then the Emir explained how Sai and Sarkin Yaki quarrelled in the office and Sai came to complain but instead of complaining, poured abusive words on him. He would like the Council to discuss the matter and to tell him what to do with Sai Bello. He left the Council Chamber and went inside the house. Everybody kept quiet and then somebody said to Waziri Sanusi to set the ball rolling since he was the senior councillor. The Waziri said, "Well, he abused the Emir, therefore he should be dismissed from his job". Next to Waziri, Ciroma was sitting. So Ciroma spoke next and he supported the Waziri. After him there was Arkin Ruwa, a brother to Sai Bello who said he could not say anything because it affected his brother. When it came to my turn, I said, "Well, I am still thinking about it and that they should go ahead". So it passed on to Dallatu Samaila who said he was young in the Council and had nothing to say yet. It went on to the other side where Sarkin Yaki was sitting and he said that Sai should be dismissed. In that row all of them said the same thing. Then Waziri turned to me and said, "Now, it is your turn". I said, "I am sorry, my opinion is different from yours. I know the majority carries the vote. If Sai actually abused the Emir, then we could discuss what punishment to give to him. But then that had to be proved: it had to be proved that he actually did abuse the Emir". When I said that, Waziri Sanusi was angry with me and said, "It was a matter of administrative concern and not opinion and not anything else." At this I also got angry and told him, "If it is a matter of administrative opinion, then do what you like." They all said that Sai should be dismissed and so I was the only one that really objected to the dismissal of Sai because as far as I was concerned, Sai did not, under any circumstances, abuse

the Emir. It was just put on him and so the Emir was called back and the Waziri told him the decision of the Council that Sai should be dismissed.

The Emir agreed. Of course, it couldn't be carried out without informing the Resident who was the representative of the Regional Government and so the Emir asked Waziri to go to the Resident and inform him of the Council's decision.

Waziri and Ciroma went to the Resident's Office, while the rest of us sat down and waited for them. When they came back, the Waziri said that the Resident was in agreement. But two things had to be done: first, everything that was done had to be put into writing and submitted to him for forwarding to the Premier in Kaduna and, secondly, the Council was to look at the Local Authority Staff Regulations to find out the correct portion that applied to that kind of offence and to quote it in writing and submit to him. The Emir was angry. He thought that all this was not necessary, the Resident should not have said that at all. Anyway, he told us to go home until the next day. So on the next day, we got to the Palace very early in the morning. Sarkin Ruwa, brother to Sai, came to me and begged me to implore the Emir to forgive Sai. I said I would, so when we got to the Council, Sarkin Yaki started to say, "According to Local Authority Staff Regulation No. 3 . . ." I cut him in and said, "Your Highness, I have something to say," I came in front of him, and said, "I have looked into the Staff Regulations from beginning to the end. To be honest and truthful, there is nothing in the Regulations that could apply to what happened yesterday here. To put that aside, Your Highness, I do beg in

the name of God, in the name of your father and all the rest of it, to forgive Sai if he has offended you” Then Sarkin Ruwa also came by my side and started to beg. The Emir said, it was too late, “You should have done that yesterday, but since you did not, there is nothing to do now but the punishment which is to be carried out”. So we went and sat down.

Then the Emir, all of a sudden got angry and shouted, “Look, Councillors, what you decided yesterday, Dan-Iyan has departed from it. So I leave you to make another decision again”. All the councillors were in a sort of confusion and were saying, “It is Dan-Iyan, it is Dan-Iyan, it is Dan-Iyan”. Anyway, I kept quiet, I did not lose my temper and I did not say a word. They said that they stood on their words that Sai must be dismissed.

After a week, on a Sunday, a messenger came to tell me that there was a Council meeting on that day; that the Resident, the District Officer and everybody, were to assemble in the Council Hall in order to discuss the matter of Sai Bello and Sarkin Yaki. When we arrived and the Council meeting started, the Emir explained that the Council had taken a decision on how to deal with Sai Bello the District Head of Kujama but I had disagreed with the decision and according to Staff Regulations, if the Council agreed on a matter and one of the councillors refused to agree before the end of six months, there was a kind of punishment that could be meted out to him and that was why they wanted the Council to discuss the matter and come out with a decision on what to do.

After he had spoken, I said, “Well, Your Highness, can I speak?” and he said, “Of course, you can”. So I

started to tell the Council what happened from beginning to end. From the very time Sai Bello came to lodge his complaint to the Emir, what the Emir said, what I said, what Waziri said, what the Emir then said I recalled everything word for word. I said everything up to the time when Waziri and Ciroma came back from the Resident and explained to the Council what the Resident had said and all that and what the Emir said, and so on.

Then the Resident said, "Well, I want to ask you some questions. First of all how many years has Sai served in the Local Authority?" To this, the Emir replied that he had served the Local Authority for forty-five years. Then he asked whether during the last forty-five years, he had done anything like that before, and the Emir replied that the former Emir was his son-in-law and he could not do such a thing to him. Then the Resident asked whether he did any such thing to any previous Emirs. The Emir said, "No". And the Resident asked again whether during this forty-five years of service Sai had committed any offence worthy of punishment. To this also the Emir replied, "No". There was nothing of the sort in his file, or his records he had never committed any offence before. Then he said, "I understand the situation. What are you going to do with Sai now?" The Emir replied that he wanted to dismiss him. The Councillors stood firmly on that point and there was no going back. Then the Resident asked whether anybody wanted to say anything else? He asked that question three times and after the third time, I said I had something to say.

I spoke to the Emir, "Your Highness, Sai is not my brother, he is not my friend. I am here to protect the honesty and integrity of the high office of the Council, I am here not to protect Sai but to see that

what we do here does not become a laughing stock among other people outside. You have the Resident's questions, how many years did Sai serve you and you said, "forty-five years" and he asked if he had committed any offence and what was the punishment meted out and you said "none". Now, you insist that Sai must be dismissed, in which case, this is his first offence. The Emir has right to dismiss Sai, the Emir has right to do what he likes in this respect. But Sai also has one right that nobody can take away from him. Since he has never committed any offence against the Local Authority, he has a right to full pension". Continuing I said, "He should be given pension and gratuity since he has reached the age of retirement. So if you send him away, let him have his pension and gratuity". Then Sarkin Yaki said, "Well, if it was in the olden days and Sai did that this house, his wives and his property would be confiscated by the Emir. How could one abuse the Emir and then be given pension and gratuity? Meanwhile, I kept quiet, I did not say any thing again. But at the end of the deliberations I told them plainly that if he took them to court, I was sure, the court would take the matter seriously and Sai would have his pension and gratuity. They were just going to sack him, to dismiss him. The Resident did not like it at all and he said to them, all right, they should do what they like but make sure that all that had taken place that day from the beginning to the end was put into writing and submitted to him for forwarding to the Premier in Kaduna. But the Emir thought that the Resident had supported my position and that too made him very angry!

Anyway, the Council dispersed and we all went home. Then the Emir went to the Premier in Kaduna