

February 23, 1999 DRAFT

Safe, Accessible, and Acceptable:

The challenges of providing demand-driven water services in Kibaale

This collection of stories and photographs is the second of a series intended to document impacts of both Kibaale District and Irish Aid's efforts to support decentralisation in Uganda. The first set of stories focused on the impact on various people of opening a road. This second collection focuses on water and environmental sanitation activities in two sub-counties—Muhorro and Bwikara.

The method used for collecting the stories is different. This time the focus was on the water source—protected, not protected, and soon to be protected. The stories were collected by following those fetching water from the water source back to

their homes or businesses (see diagrams of Nyamarambo and Mabarengé villages). The stories are taken at random as we chose those people who came to the well during the time we were there. We tried to choose villages that offered different insights. For example, we choose one village considered a success (Maberenga), one that was not successful (Nyamarembo), and another in the process of planning and protecting its water sources.

There are several key observations and trends arising from the collection of stories. These observations are found at the end.

In addition to the storytellers found within the next few pages, the story gatherers would like to acknowledge and thank the following people for their contributions:

- Mugarura Charles "Karoli"—Nyakarongo Parish Chief
- Karuzarirwa Jack—Nyamasa Parish Chairman
- Ssenyonga Vincent—Muhorro Sub-county Chief
- ~~XXXXXX~~ (??) —Bwikara Sub-county Chief
- others??

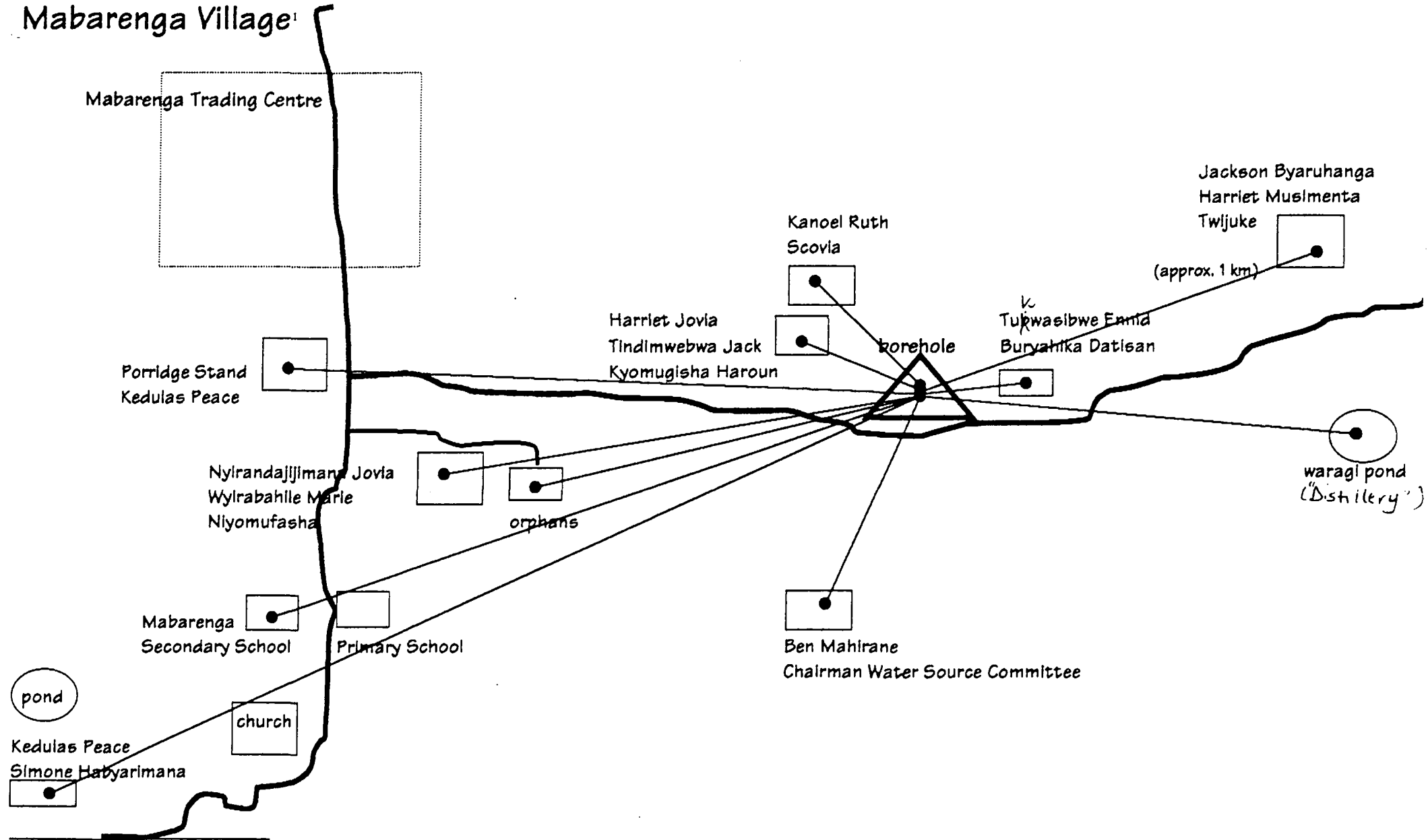
*Thomasine Benard
Tumwine Galasiano*

*Die
good thinking
no major mistake
Andrew 27/2*

LIBRARY IRC
PO Box 93190, 2509 AD THE HAGUE
Tel: +31 70 30 689 80
Fax: +31 70 35 899 64
BARCODE: 18623
LO: 824 4999

824-4999-18623

Mabarenga Village



¹ The map is not drawn to scale. It is meant as a guide for the reader.
Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

Tukwasibwe Ennid and Buryahika Datisan

Tukwasibwe Ennid

My husband, Buryahika Datisan, and I moved to Mabarenga from Kabale in 1997, August. In Kabale, we had only one 'kipande' (36 yards by 40 yards²) of land. It was too small to farm and get enough food for the family. My husband's brother-in-law, Kanyaihamba, tipped us of the presence of land in Kibaale so my husband came and looked at the land. He appreciated it and bought this land for 300,000/- from Serendo. It is a large piece of land (about five acres) and it borders the river.

Most of the time my husband carries water because I'm sickly. Normally, we collect one large jerrycan³ (20 litres) in the evening that will last until the morning. Later in the morning, we may go for another large jerry can. When we go, our son, Ainamani (who is four years old) goes with us. Ainamani carries a small, five litre jerrycan in the morning and in the evening. Since the borehole is close, he will go about two more times during the day with the other children. He likes going with them because he can play for a little while with the other kids. [average three jerrycans (20 litres) per day for domestic use⁴]

² 36 yards x 40 yards = 1440 square yards. A "kipende" is less than a third of an acre or about 1/8th of a hectare.

³ Throughout the stories, the reference to a *large jerrycan* means a 20-litre jerrycan.

⁴ For purposes of these stories, *domestic use* refers to water used for cooking, washing eating utensils, bathing, and drinking. People do not wash clothes everyday so they did not calculate this activity within daily use. Water used for "business" activities such as growing tobacco, making waragi, or collecting

If I'm washing clothes, then we collect another two large jerrycans. Now I'm collecting another four large jerrycans every day for my two tobacco beds. I used to grow tobacco in Kabale. I would sell it in the local market. With the stems and leftovers, we would roll cigars and sell each at US\$100/-. In Kabale, we could make about US\$300,000/- during the two one-month periods of time when we could harvest tobacco (we could get two harvests during a year)."

Buryahika Datisan

Before the borehole was built, we would collect water from the pond on the way to Katikengeye or from the market. The borehole is a good source for drinking water because it is protected. The first time we heard anything about the borehole was when we saw a *muzungu* come and survey the village. A boy (Nsenga Steven, Community-based Health Care Worker) from the centre told me what the *muzungu* was doing... he said he was looking for a good place to put a borehole for the village.

I didn't hear anything more until I saw a group of other villagers coming to clean the place where the borehole is now. I went to find out what was going to happen and ended up joining them in cleaning the bush. We gave money for the pump and for the workers' allowances (food, etc.). It took about two months (three weeks according to Tukwasibwe) before the

water for extended family or community interests (the one example is the extended family contribution to watering cattle).

drilling team came. They drilled the hole in about three days, then it took another week before they created the cement base for the pump. Installing the pump took another week.

The pump hasn't broken down yet... but if it breaks down, the villagers will need to collect some money from the users to repair it. Maybe we will find the repair mechanics at the district level, but we should elect a chairman to collect the money for the repairs or maybe the chief or village chairman can collect it. There was a committee for the borehole, but it was only there for the construction of the borehole.

"Safe water supply and hygiene sanitation facilities are necessary for health. The burden of water collection falls mainly on women and girls. However, because most women still have long distances to travel for water and their work load remains heavy, the average water consumption per person is far below the minimum required for drinking, cooking, and adequate hygiene."
WES Program Plan of Operation October 1995 to December 2000

Jovia Harriet

[We found Jovia and her newborn baby at their home after following Tindimwebwa, Scovia, and Kenoel back to their homes from the borehole.]

I'm a thirty year old mother of three children. I had four but one died. My husband, Mubanzi John, has gone to Muhorro for the day. My daughter, Kyomugisha Haroun, and my son, Tindimwebwa Jack, along with Kenoel Ruth

fetch water for me because I've not been strong before or after the delivery.

"I would like to start school so I can be with my friends. I want to go to school with Scovia (Jovia's mother-in-law's daughter)."

Kyomugishu Haroun

Kenoel is my mother-in-law's daughter who lives next door.

We fetch water depending on the need—when the jerrycan is empty, then I'll go to the borehole for more. Take today, for example, the children went mid-morning for water instead of early morning since we had enough leftover from last night.

During a normal day, I'll use about six litres to make tea in the morning and wash my face and the eating utensils. Then I'll go to the garden early in the morning and work until midday. When I'm working in the garden, one large jerrycan a day for the house is enough until I get back.

When I make porridge (pounded fermented maize and millet flour mixed with water until it is suspended in a thick liquid drink), then we will use two large jerrycans. I work with four other women in a communal work

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

system. We work in the garden of one woman for a week then we rotate until we've covered each member's garden. When it is my garden, then I make porridge for lunch for the entire work group. My husband helps to clear the bush, but other times he remains behind at the house. If there is water left in the morning, then he won't go to the borehole. If there isn't any water, then he'll fetch an additional jerrycan.

If I'm feeling tired, my husband will fetch water. When the children are ^{at} home, they'll take the small jerrycans (three litres) for more water when I'm washing clothes.

My oldest ^{child} who is eight years old, Tindimwebwa, goes to school, but Kyomugisha (seven years old) doesn't because she doesn't have a uniform. The girls (Kyomugisha and Scovia) are still young so they don't need to go to school yet. Tindimwebwa is home now because he has a cough.

A day in the life of K^anoel Ruth...

I'm twelve years old and living with my mother, my sister, and my brother. My father lives in Mpeefu with his other wife, though he visits sometimes. My brother is 14 years old and is in P3 (Primary Three). I'm in P2, and, although school started last week, I've not started yet because my uniform hasn't been sewn.

Yesterday morning I woke up and washed my face. I swept the house, inside and outside, then

I washed the eating utensils. Since my 'auntie' is weak (her mother's daughter-in-law), I went to get a large jerrycan of water for her. After finishing these chores, maybe around eight in the morning, I went to the gardens, normally I go with my mother. I work the land with a hoe (plowing). It is hard work. "Plowing" the garden is like cutting big pieces of the land but leaving it intact. We take a break mid-morning and eat leftovers from the night before (around 10am) that my brother has brought to the gardens.

At around one in the afternoon, I return to the house leaving mother in the gardens (when she goes). I prepare lunch by peeling bananas and adding them to the beans we left cooking when we left for the field. Since my brother is around, he was responsible for cooking the beans.

After lunch (around 2pm), I went to collect a large jerrycan of water. After that I'll collect firewood, then start preparing dinner by putting beans on the fire to boil and peeling irish potatoes. We eat around 7pm. After dinner, I'll have some time to play with my friends. I like "omupiira" (net ball) the best, but my friends are home now so I won't play tonight. After playing, I'll warm water for bathing then go to sleep.

"The achievement of intended health benefits are also curtailed by inadequate use of improved services. Often, for instance, unprotected sources are preferred to some improved sources because of their proximity and convenience for washing and bathing and their more familiar taste.

WES Program Plan of Operation, October 1995 to December 2000

Ben Mahirane—Chairman of the Water Source Committee

The committee's role is to look after the water source (borehole) so that it's not spoiled. If it is broken, then we will have to sit as a committee to decide how to get the funds to fix it. We don't have any funds now. Maybe we would have to go to the sub-county or the district to get the funds to repair it.

The committee was formed during the time they [Village (LC1) Chairman and the people] wanted a borehole. First, people (I don't know who they were exactly) came to give a seminar about water and health, then the village health committee continued the sensitisation.

The village health committee gave reports about the needs of the village to anyone coming to the area—sub-county officials, district officials, MPs (Members of Parliament), and so on. The people began to find out that they were getting a lot of diseases due to unsafe water.

The information about the need for safe water in Mabarenga went from the Chairman of the village health committee to the Sub-county Council Chairman. I'm not sure what the Sub-county Chairman did with the information, but eventually I saw people coming from the District. They brought a muzungu who surveyed the area. Later, ~~I~~ was the drilling team come (after about one month). After the muzungu left, we organised a water source committee. The CBHC trainer and Chairman LC1 presided over the election of the committee. The election was held at the ^{training} training centre.

The muzungu said that there were two viable points for the borehole—the place where it is now or up at the trading centre. I don't know how this one was chosen.

I came to this place in 1972, before there was a village. I came from North Kigezi (now Rukungiri District) because there was very little land in Kigezi. I first came worked as a mason (fundisi) to build Kagadi Hospital. I bought some land around the hospital and built a house for myself and my family. I heard that there was "free" land in this area (Mabarenga village). So I sold off my land near the hospital and settled on 15 acres given to me by the Parish Chief at the time. I don't have a land title and I don't know if it is important to have a title.

There have been many changes in the past 27 years. When I came (in 1972), there were no schools, no roads, no protected water. Now there are schools, roads, and protected water. The political system has changed—for the better.

I became involved in the community because I wanted to make history. I want to make a change in the place that I'm now living. Where I came from, things were better developed in that there were schools and water. When I came here, I wanted this place to be as developed as North Kigezi. That's why I was the first Chairman LC1 for Mabarenga, then the Chairman for the Village Health Committee and now the Chairman for the Water Source Committee. Now there is a trading centre and life is better.

Porridge Maker—Kedulas Peace

I charge US\$100/- per cup of porridge. Do you want some? I'll give you a taste to see if you like it.

I'm 15 years old. An orphan without parents since I was six years old. I live with my old auntie and her husband (Simone Habyarimana). My auntie taught me how to make porridge and I've been selling it like this (see photo) since I was around nine years of age—soon after I dropped out of school because I didn't have enough money for school fees (P4).

I sell porridge to people at the trading centre and the kids coming from school (secondary and primary schools up the road). I work in the gardens with my auntie and her husband, so I eat with them. The money I make selling porridge I use to buy things I need such as soap, clothing, medicine. I sometimes help out the family by buying them soap as well, but the money I make is mine. I can make about 3,000/- per day (not including the costs for making the porridge).

I get water from this borehole after I've sold my porridge to bring back to the house. I live out past the church on the other side of town.

There is nothing special that I see for the future. I guess I'll keep on selling porridge. I would like to go back to school, but the money I make is not enough.

*Byaruhanga Jackson, Musimenta
Harriet, and Twijuke*

“Twijuke’ means ‘let’s remember (the lord)’ in our language, Lukiga. He is our first child after three years of marriage. You see, we had many problems in getting a child. Twijuke is two years old now.” Byaruhanga, the child’s father, explains.

“We have just returned to the village. We came in November 1997 from Kandama village in Bufunjo Sub-county in Kabarole (District). We fled Kandama after the guerilla war started and our nearest neighbours were killed. There were fifteen people in the family murdered by the guerillas. When we left, we just left. We were not able to sell the land...

“We came back here because I’m originally from the Kagadi area and my parents live in Kagadi. I moved to Kabarole in 1995 because I had only a small piece of land near my parents and there were lots of baboons pestering me and my farming. So I sold the land and came to live with my uncle in Kibaale but the amount of money was too little to buy land near my uncle. I ended up ‘eating’ the money (spending it without gaining anything tangible from it). I worked for a while earning money by working on other people’s

land until I could buy land in Bufunjo. The land there was cheap and I had relatives there.

“When we came back to Kibaale District, we stayed with my godfather, Balibumpe Zaverio. My godfather sold me this piece of land, two and a half kipande for USh70,000/-. Musimenta and I earned the money by constructing someone’s house.”

Musimenta, who is about eight months pregnant, says that there are two other places to collect water other than the borehole. “There is a swamp close by, but it is seasonal and dries up during the dry season. There is a permanent pond about a half a kilometre away, but it is

“Kibaale District safe water supply service coverage by August 1994 was only 12% and the district average per capita water consumption is also extremely low being 12 litres per day, far below the minimum recommended 25 litres per capita for minimum hygiene.”

“The immediate goal of the program is to enable up to 50% of the people of the district to have *easy access to adequate amounts of safe, potable water of acceptable quality and reliability*. This should in turn result in improved public health and general socio-economic development by contributing to the reduction of water and sanitation-related diseases, reduction in workloads of women, adolescents, and children through improved access to safe water resources.”

Five-year Irish Aid Support to Kibaale District Development Programme (KDDP): Water and Environmental Sanitation Program Plan of Operations—October 1995 – December 2000

very bad water. You can see insects running around and there is a smell. During the dry season, the colour of the water changes. There is a green, stringy growth in the water and what looks like fat or oil on top of the water.”

“I normally go to get the water, but now that I’m weak, my husband will help by collecting water. Since he has a bicycle, he can ride to the borehole about a kilometre away. He will bring

back a large jerrycan when he goes to the trading centre, usually latter in the day.

“My husband and I use about two large jerrycans a day. If I am washing clothes, then I’ll use another large jerrycan. I usually wash clothes three times a week. The pond is smelly and has insects so we like using the borehole water for drinking and cooking. The pond water is good for cooking, bathing, and washing our ‘garden clothes,’ not our good clothes but the clothes we use to go dig. The borehole water is good for drinking and washing our good clothes, but it is very far away.

“Very early in the morning, I go with my mother-in-law to fetch a large jerrycan of water. My mother-in-law carries a large jerrycan for herself. Since I’m weak and the pond is closer, we go to the pond.”

Nyirandajjimana Jerolina

We came here from Kisoro District in 1986 to look for enough land to farm. There is limited land in Kisoro so my husband, Kwizera Cranima, came first for about two months to look for land.

We are twelve people total in these two houses—my husband, myself, and ten children. Five of the children are mine and the other five are orphans⁵. Of the ten children, five of them are going to school (Nyirandajjimana’s children).

Two of the orphans lost both their parents. Nyirabahile Marie and her brother are not related to me or my family, except by some distant link. I think that their grandmother and my sister-in-law were

⁵ In Uganda, children are considered orphans when they have lost one or both parents.

sisters or something like that. We took them in because they needed help.

Three of the orphans are my sister-in-law's children. She died a couple of years back. Their father is in Mpeefu opening up a new farming site. He used the profits from last year's crop to buy land in Mpeefu. He left some food for the children and will be back for them after he harvests.

"I like to collect water because I like to eat. I like porridge. It is easy to collect water."
Niyomufasha

They live in the house next door and collect their own water. They come here for porridge at

dinner. The two girls are 13 and 10 years old.

The boy, Niyomufasha, is three. We call him "Baby" or "Ben" for short though I'm not really sure what his name is, he hasn't been baptised yet so he doesn't have a second name. The father calls him Niyomufasha but we just call him Ben.

He collects water with the older girl, Nyirabahile Marie, because he knows that he gets porridge when he gets back.

All of the children fetch water—girls and boys included. I can't collect water after my operation. Since Nyirabahile isn't going to school and she's around, she collects most of the water. My two girls and the eldest boy collect water a medium jerrycan (10 litres) a piece in the morning before school.

About midday, after going to the garden, Nyirabahile goes to get another large jerrycan full of water. The small boy, Ben, brings another three litres. In the evening, my two sons and Nyirabahile collect another

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

20 litres each. My two girls and Nyirabahile's brother collect another 10 litres each.⁶ The two girl orphans from the other house collect a large jerrycan of water a piece for their use.

We use the water to make porridge—one large jerrycan per day. I've never missed a day. On market day, we sell porridge so we make three large jerrycans for two large jerrycans of porridge. We also use the water for cooking, washing clothes, and bathing. We don't drink the water, we only drink porridge. We don't have any animals, only a small goat so we don't need much water for animals.

Before the borehole, we collected water from very far. But with the borehole, it is much closer. At times we collected from ponds and rivers. The children would fall into ponds but now they've dried up. The taste of the water from the borehole is a bit sweet. It is good for drinking. The pond had green particles.

We used to get a lot of malaria from the ponds, because when we were collecting water from ponds we would get bitten by lots of mosquitos.

Nyirabahile Marie

My parents died a long time ago. My father died when I was about three years old in Toro, Kabarole. After my father died, my mother, my brother and I moved to Kibaale because we have many relatives here.

⁶ Total for both houses (12 people) is around 189 litres a day.

Then my mother died about four years ago. We were living in Katikengeye with my aunt and her husband, but we couldn't cope with the life there. During the six months my brother and I lived there, we were always naked and beaten. So I left with my brother and came here to Nyirandajijimana's house. I knew the place because we came here with my mother sometimes.

I used to go to school. I was in P3 when I had to leave. You see, I hurt my leg and it got very bad. So bad that I had to go to the hospital for an operation. After the operation, the people at the hospital recommended that I stay home until my leg healed. They said that if I went back to school that I would play with the other kids and hurt it again. They said that the bone was weak. That was over a year ago.

Since I don't go to school, I go to the garden at around seven in the morning. We come back around mid-morning to the house and eat lunch (porridge). Nyirandajijimana prepares the porridge. We rest a bit then I go to collect firewood for dinner when the sun is cooler.

After collecting firewood, I collect two large jerrycans of water, sometimes three if I am making banana juice. It is better now that there is a borehole because the water is closer and we collect good water. By the time I finish collecting water, it is time to look for and uproot cassava or irish potatoes for dinner. I help make dinner, which is ready about eight in the evening. We eat. The girls wash the utensils. And then we sleep.

On Wednesdays, I sell banana juice near the school. I buy a bunch of bananas at US\$300/- or I get bananas from Nyirandajijimana's garden. I can make

between 700 and 1,000 shillings. I use the money to buy clothes for myself.

What do I see for the future? Nothing, I guess. I'll keep on selling juice and digging in the garden. I think I'd like to go back to school because I don't know how to write yet. I want to be able to write my name.

Simone Habyarimana

I'm 66 years old with one wife, Festansi, and ten children—six children are mine and four are orphans. The four orphans were my neighbour's children, they are not related. Their father died earlier, then their mother came to Mabarenga following her uncle. When she died, the children came here to live.

All of my children and three of the four orphans are schooling. Museveni said that all children should go to school, until at least P7 (Primary Seven) so I just buy the uniforms, books, and things. What else can I do? Just sacrifice. Kedulas Peace is the only orphan not schooling. I set her up in business—making and selling porridge so she could make some money.

We all collect water—even myself. There is a borehole near the school, but it is very far away. Usually we go to the pond nearby because we get so tired. We don't want to go all the way to the borehole near the school. The water from the borehole looks good and tastes good. It even washes clothes better, but the pond is much closer.

We collect water from the other borehole near the trading centre. This is because Kedulas sells porridge near there so after she's sold her porridge she will get water from that borehole. Also when I am at the trading centre, I'll get a large jerrycan of water and bring it back. I have a bicycle so it is not as hard to bring it back. Last week I went to the trading centre on Thursday for

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

business and on Sunday for prayers, so I got a large jerrycan of water from that borehole.

I'm not afraid of being laughed at because I carry water for my family. In the early years of my marriage, I fetched water. So when my wife is tired or busy, I'll collect water on my bicycle. Kedulas, my wife, and the other children just carry the water back.

For this house of nine people, we will use four large jerrycans of water for drinking, cooking, and bathing. If my wife is washing clothes on Saturday, then we will use an additional three large jerrycans. On days that we make porridge—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday—we will collect another five large jerrycans⁷.

I don't know how it was decided to put in boreholes or why they chose the places they put them. I didn't get called for any meetings.

⁷ So the number of litres of water collected ranges from 80 litres on days like Monday or Friday to 240 litres on Saturdays. Only on Saturdays (when they collect 27 litres per person approximately) does the family come close to the recommended 25 litres per person in the home.

“Some of the successes and challenges that the district has seen are:

- There is a definite increase in the coverage for safe water in terms of the number of households having access to and using safe water.
- The expected household use hasn't increased at the same pace that we had expected. The biggest hindering factor is distance—it is another problem to look at.
- Also, the change in people's behaviour is not coming up as fast as we expected.”

Kibaale District Water Officer. Kajuma Edward

Nyamaremba Village

Local Defense Unit
Camp (approx. 15 HHs)

Two wives of Kabyanga



Ategeka Kevin
(Kyamanywa's first wife)



Kabyanga's son



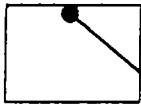
(Kyamanywa's third wife)



Stella Kyomuhemdo
(Kyamanywa's second wife)



Kabyanga Joseph
Kyalikunda Florence



steep slope



steep slope



Batamanya
Edward



Ntegerize
Jovia



Local Bar
(Ntegerize's business)



Ntegerize's
parents



Hakatoma Pond
(stagnant pond in
marshy area)



Hakabale Pond
(small flowing stream)



Kabyanga Joseph

I'm a 57 year-old farmer with five wives (used to have six but the first wife died)—four of them are here in Nyamarembo and one is in Mpeefu. I have 27 children and take care of another eight orphans. The orphans are my sister's and my daughter's kids. In this house right now there are twelve children, my wife and me.

I have a lot of land but I'm becoming weak so my children are farming it. I came here from Kabarole (district) in 1971. There was very little land there so I moved. I came to Bwikara Sub-county and first worked on the tea estate. I heard that there was land nearby and contacted the Parish Chief.

He gave me this land for free, but I don't have an official title for it. I've been getting from the radio that I should get a title to prove that it is my land. This is important because some wise man could come in and take my land away. Plus, with a land title I could get a mortgage from the bank if I wanted money.

Only four of my children are schooling. Until recently there wasn't any primary school nearby. The nearest primary school was on the other side of the tea estate. I couldn't let my children walk to that school because the tea estate has only recently been rehabilitated and there were wild animals in the fields. It was too dangerous for the children to walk there alone.

We opened up a primary school nearby (I used to be the Chairman of the PTA) but there were lots of problems with the school, mainly because there was little support given by the parents. We had to close it abruptly in 1996/97 when the rebels attacked the

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

village—July 23, 1997. The rebels came through and killed people on their way to Kabarole from ^{Kyanga} Lira and other districts over there. The guerilla attacks continued until December 1997 when the military finally came and set up a permanent camp at the top of the hill. The military was in Kagadi and when the rebels attacked they would come and clear them out of the village and the area. But after the military went back to Kagadi, they rebels would return again.

Nearly everyone in the village fled to the tea estate labour camp (Bugangama) across the valley (housing for permanent workers with Rwenzori Tea Company) or to Kamusegu Trading Centre. I sent my wives and children out of the village but stayed here with my cattle. I stayed around the house, but at night I slept in the bush, never in the house.

Some people have started coming back, slowly, one-by-one. They started coming back after the military was posted here permanently. Others were afraid of the floods and the mosquitoes/malaria that came during the time of El Nino, so they haven't returned yet. These days the mosquitos are less but there is now a disease that causes the whole body to swell. It hasn't killed anyone yet, but we suspect that the disease comes from the bite of a mosquito.

I don't collect water—my wife and children collect water.

Florence Kyalikunda

I guess I'm Joseph's first wife, now that the first wife has died. I was born in 1961 and my youngest child is three years old.

When I am feeling okay, I wake up around six in the morning, but I'm not well so this morning I woke up around seven. I made my bed, washed my face, swept the house and compound, then went to the gardens to dig. I don't take tea in the morning because if I waited for tea, then I'd delay getting out into the gardens until it is already hot. I have malaria and feeling weak so I don't want to spend the hottest part of the day in the garden.

Around mid-morning (11am), I come back to the house to prepare lunch for the children. After lunch, I take the goats out to pasture and tie them there until around six in the evening when the children will untie them and bring them back to the house. I go back later in the afternoon to check on them. After the children have brought back the goats, we will eat dinner, then bathe and sleep

Some days I take food out to the tea estate to sell. Sometimes it is raw foods like cassava, irish potatoes, sweet potatoes and othertimes it is cooked food such as matooke or irish potatoes mixed with groundnuts or beans.

The children (two boys and two girls) collect two large jerrycans of water in the morning for washing and taking to school. I'll go to collect another two large jerrycans of water during the day. Then in the evening, the children and I will collect another four

large jerrycans. So we use about eight jerrycans of water each day (160 litres = 13 litres per person per day). The path to the water sources is steep and the distance is far, so we use water wisely. We have four jerrycans and no other place to store the water.

What does the village need? What are its priorities? I'm on the Village Executive Committee but when we are called for meetings, we are not facilitated. We spend time and our own money to attend but we are not given anything to help us. That is why we are reluctant to attend meetings called by the sub-county. The 25% of the graduated tax we retained at the village went to building the school. It is a private school, but there isn't another primary school nearby. Parents pay 3,000/- shillings per term, but we decided to change that to getting 10,000/- per student per year for both the building and the teachers. The teachers are now paid by the parents, but we were told that the government would take over paying the teachers.

The village priorities are the school, improving the roads, and maybe some classes for adults in functional literacy.

Kyomuhembo Stella Stella

I've been married to Kabyanga's son, Kyamanywa Raphael, for eight years now. I was fifteen when we married. He is one of four children from Kabyanga's first wife—the one that died that is.

I am the second wife of three, and together my husband and I have two children, a third one died. I come from Katalemwa, about three miles from here. I'm related to Florence (Kabyanga's second now first wife) so I met Kyamanywa when I came to visit her and my other relatives.

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

The water source is too far. I think that it would be better if it was close, like right there (pointing to the path about 15 yards away). If it was that close, I'd collect four large jerrycans a day and I would boil the water too. I don't boil the water now because I'm too tired to do it.

If the water was closer, it would be easier to take care of the coffee and pineapples that we grow to sell. We spray "Round Up" (a herbicide) to kill the weeds around the coffee and pineapple. We collect a lot of water when we spray—20 jerrycans each time. During the dry season, we spray once a month. During the rainy season, we spray more often. "Round Up" is expensive. It costs 20,000 shillings for a three litre jerry can. We put one fourth of a litre into two large jerrycans to dilute it. We've sold one crop of coffee in Muhorro but I don't know who is buying it.

Normally, I collect about two large jerrycans a day (40 litres) for me, my two children, and my husband. when he is here (he splits his time equally between his three wives). I use about ten litres to clean the utensils, bathe myself and the children, and cook. The other ten litres is for drinking. When I wash clothes, usually about two times a week, I will use another two large jerrycans of water.

The water we get isn't good. It is dirty with green plants and dirt in the water. You can see particles floating around. I would like protected water because this water is dirty.

Ategeka Kevin

I'm 25 years old and I'm Kyamanywa's first wife. We've been married for thirteen years. Life is good. My husband handles me as a baby, and I vowed never to leave this place!

We have four children—two girls and two boys. My sister-in-law and her three children stay with us as well. She came back to Nyamarambo after leaving her husband. But she doesn't often bring water. She has a weak chest due to a bad case of measles she had when she was young.

We use four large jerrycans a day. Early in the morning, I will get one jerry can. Later in the morning after digging in the garden, I will go for another jerry can along with Kyomuhembo. In the afternoon, sometimes I go to collect another large jerry can or the children go. They will take the smaller jerrycans of five litres and bring back enough for one large jerry can. I go back for one more jerry can of water in the evening.

We use the water for cooking, washing (clothes and utensils), and bathing. When the cattle were here, the whole family (extended family of Kabyanga) would collect water for them. We have about 20 head of cattle. Some of the cattle were for us, some for Kabyanga, and others for his other son. We would bring 10 large jerrycans for them everyday. We used to take them down to the pond where we get the water, but we started to notice that when we did that there were insects in the water that were making people sick, so we started carrying water up to the houses for them. Now we've moved them to the shores at Lake Albert and a hired herdsman is watching them.

I have rabbits but they don't drink water. I also have a garden where I grow cassava, groundnuts, irish potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages, and maize. I sell some of these things and keep some for the family. All of the money I make is mine, though I may not hold it. I use the money I earn to buy clothes or to hire labour to help in the gardens. Twice a year for about two months each time, I will fetch another five jerrycans to water my cabbage and tomato beds. I don't do it every day, but maybe every other day. Sometimes I hire someone to fetch the water, but they charge 200 shillings per jerrycan (large)—that's 1,000 shillings for the day.

The land belongs to my father-in-law, but he has parceled it out to his children. We know what piece is ours. If it is my husband's land, then it is my land too. So we share what we make from the land.

Batamanya Edward

Yesterday I got up at 7am, washed my face, then went to the garden to dig. Around midday I returned and went to the pond to fetch water. My wife, Kinkuheire Fahu, was weak (pregnant) so I got a jerrycan of water.

I bathed and then had lunch. After that, I'm not sure exactly what happened at that—I took "leisure time" from around two to six in the afternoon when someone came to tell me that my wife was in labour. I searched for a vehicle to take my wife to Kagadi Hospital, but she delivered in the car just one mile outside of Muhorro Trading Centre. We pulled over to the side of the road and she delivered in the vehicle. Since she had already delivered, we turned back and now my wife and my baby boy is at my father's house in Kamusegu. My mother is looking after them. I spent the night there.

This was the first time that I carried water for the house. Normally we use about two large jerrycans a day. It is good to fetch water for my wife when she is weak. But if she is strong, then men shouldn't carry water. It is women's work—men are pre-occupied with many other things for the family like building a home, getting involved in business, and planning. Women are too busy for these things. This comes from our tradition, passed on to us by our fathers' fathers. It has become a taboo to fetch water for a woman who is at home and healthy as the other men would laugh at him. They would start saying that his wife bewitched him to carry water for the house. [There were several men in the surrounding circle encouraging and contributing to this discussion.] Men can carry water if it is for business such as making waragi.

Ntegerize Jovia

The water source we have is not good, it needs cleaning. It needs to be protected so that we can get good water that won't give us diseases. I heard on the radio that bad water can bring us diseases like cholera, typhoid, and malaria. It is not so far to the water so the distance is okay. I don't have a bike so if I can get to the water by foot, then it is okay. This water source is permanent—it doesn't dry up and the amount is constant (it doesn't go up or down regardless the time of year or the number of people who collect water).

The village is good right now. Maybe we could use a borehole and some roads, but usually we

have enough food, unless there is a drought or something like that when beans are not available. I don't know the Local Council/village system very well so I don't know how they go about planning.

The only thing that I know about the Local Councilors is that they listen to and decide on court cases in the village. If they can't come to a decision, then they send them "up."

I'm eighteen years old with a one and one half year old boy. I'm the second of

two wives and I've been married for three years now. I dig in the gardens in the mornings (we own six acres of land). I also sell sodas and beer at the little bar across the street. Plus, I make and sell porridge and kabalagala (banana pancakes) on Fridays to the workers at the tea estate. They get paid on Fridays so they have money to buy food like this.

I got started in business by trading in tomatoes. My husband, Kwitonda Daniel, gave me 5,000 shillings to start. From these profits, I started selling sodas and beer. Twice a month (or every two weeks or so) I ride my husband's bike to the Nyamarambo Kamus Trading Centre to buy a crate of soda (Pepsi, and Mirinda Fruitly, Lemon, and Orange) and a crate of beer (Chairman, Pilsner, Bell). It takes me two days as I can only take two crates to the trading centre at a time. I have four crates total, though.

I can make 4,000 shillings on a crate of beer and 3,000 on a crate of soda (approximately USh14,000/- every two weeks. In addition, I get 6,000 shilling from selling two large jerrycans of porridge at the market and another 5,000 shillings from the kabalagala. So in one month, I can make

"Beneficiaries are reluctant and do not voluntarily participate in planning and constructing and managing WES interventions."

WES Program Plan of Operations, Kibaale District

around 72,000 shillings from my trading. The money is for the family. My husband keeps the money but gives it back to me when I go shopping.

I grew up in a trading family. I used to trade in waragi, but I had to stop when my co-wife got very sick. When she became very ill, we went to a church to seek help. They prayed for her, but in return we had to get "saved," so I was forced to give up the waragi trade. I'm selling beer now, but it is kind of hidden.

I have only one large jerrycan for water. I have two large jerrycans that I only use for porridge. We use only two large jerrycans a day—I fetch water after going to the garden and another one later in the evening. My husband stays with me only part time so this is enough for us. When I make porridge and kabalagala, I will use three jerrycans of water, but this is only for market day.

Nyamiti Village

Irumba Raphael—LC1 Chair Nyamiti

I'm only 30 years and I've been the village chairman for the past nine years, since October 29, 1990. I was born here, and I think people elected me for my behaviour and how I have taken them [how well I've served].

Local Government Planning

Before the PRA [Participatory Rural Appraisal] planning in November of last year (1998), we would get plans from above. They may be plans for sanitation or graduated tax assessment (we didn't use to go to the villagers to assess the amount of g-tax that people owed. They were people coming from above—the sub-county or the district—but they didn't come down to sensitise them about anything.

If we did plan, we would call a meeting of the village council, which includes all adults in the village. The majority of the homes were represented, meaning that the male head of the household came to the meeting. Usually business men don't attend. They give excuses that they have to go to the market or to Kampala. They send their wives to attend the meeting in their place. As a Council, we feel that women represent fellow women not tax payers.

Although the entire house is assessed for g-tax (graduated tax—local government revenue), it is the man who pays this tax. To our understanding, a man's decision is easily followed by the wife but in a meeting like this (planning meeting), it is hard to a

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

man to follow a woman. If a man refuses to pay taxes, then the woman will not go and pay.

If a woman is the head of the household (because there isn't a man there), their opinions about issues concerning women are accepted. For example in the area of sanitation, we saw that women are the most affected by sanitation problems such as fetching water and caring for the family's hygiene so when electing the village health committee during the first PRA, we decided that there would be more women than on the committee.

"The community [was] much interested and there was no age discrimination rather than truly participatory."
Participatory Rural Planning: A Report for Nyamiti Village. Ssebugwano et al. January 1999

So, at this meeting we normally brainstormed and analysed our problems. The 25% that is returned to our village is then divided up amongst the priorities. The last time we received money, FY 96/97⁸, we distributed it as follows:

- 20,000/- to a local woman's group to promote handicrafts (buying items such as dye and thread);
- 40,000/- to the local youth group to buy a football;
- 5,000/- for stationery and things for the office; and

⁸ After discussions with the new Sub-county Chief, it seems that the allocation of local government revenue has been halted due to discrepancies in former allocations. The Sub-county is waiting for the end of this fiscal year in order to release the funds for FY 96/97 and FY97/98. The root cause of this problem was unclear.

what used to take place was that money was given to a few village representatives. The rest...

- 15,000/- leftover and held by the treasurer.

We had other problems but the money was too little to cover the projects. For example, we wanted to buy iron sheets for a community centre that we can use for meetings, especially during the raining season when there is no where to sit and not be disturbed by rain. There were other problems noted and they are in the village meeting minutes. At that time, though, the water was considered good, and since there are several water sources (wells) in the village it was not seen as a problem.

Now after sensitisation, we see that the water isn't good. The CDA (Community Development Assistant) has gone throughout the entire sub-county to sensitise people about hygiene. It was the CDA who wrote instructing me to mobilise people for a seminar. He has been back three times after the PRA.

PRA Planning

October 1998 was the first PRA. We did a lot of things in three days. It started with the CDA coming to me to inform me of a training where a bazingu would be coming. I was requested to mobilise people to come in big numbers.

The day came when the trainers came and started asking all the people to tell them what is happening in Nyamiti. The trainers then asked us to draw a map of Nyamiti. We were asked to show the communication lines (roads), rivers, village boundaries, wells, gardens, and so on. Once we finished with all of this, then they asked everyone to put their house on the map and those houses of people not present.

25% village reimbursements be made before the whole village. (ceremonial)

For each house, we were first asked to write on a piece of paper the number of children, women, and men in each house. These pieces of paper were put on the houses. After getting the number of people, we went through a list and identified those homes with things like a latrine or a kitchen and put a symbol next to their house. At this time, we realised that there was a problem of people without pit latrines or others with latrines but which were poor in quality. We found out that latrines were a very big problem.

At this time, we sat to elect a village health committee. Also, the Village Executive Committee was given the responsibility of visiting each household to make sure that each house had a pit latrine within a six month period of time or they would be arrested.

"Presentations were made of previous PRA activities. After the good presentations, the team want to know what the community would like to begin with in participatory planning. There came a lot of discussion from the community differing to each other. Then the team had to facilitate to reprioritise their problems and developed the following list: (1) bad water; (2) vermin; (3) human disease; and (4) poor methods of farming.

*Participatory Rural Planning in Nyamiti Village.
January 1999*

"Water wasn't the first problem we identified. The first problem was vermin, but we couldn't hunt vermin when the WES people had come to our sub-county. They will only work in the sub-county for a short period of time, then they will move out (to another sub-county). We couldn't miss the chance of them leaving so the thought of the vermin problem would have to wait."

Nyamiti Villlage Chairman

On day three, we did a transect walk and visited households and water sources, but I don't remember much of what happened. I'm not sure what we did.

We did an exercise called pairwise ranking where we decided our priorities. The first priority identified was vermin (~~baboons~~ ^{chimpanzees} attacking the crops). The second priority was land shortage. There was a three-way tie for the third priority: disease, water, and poor farming methods.

When they came back the second time, in November 1998, they asked us to tell them and show them what had been done since October. We planned afresh for the main part to be done. The second time we saw that water was a problem. By that time there were few people who didn't have a pit latrine.

We made a three-month plan for WES (water and environmental sanitation). Out of the seven wells to be protected, WES has offered to construct five. After three months, we will plan again based on the problems.

Kabanyoro Katie

I wake up very early on Friday morning, as early as four am, to make about 20,000 shillings work of mandazi, one large jerrycan of porridge, and 5,000 shillings work of kabalagala to sell at the market on Saturdays. In order to prepare all of this food, I

have to keep one of my children home on Thursday to help collect water and firewood while I pound cassava for the kabalagala and other things needed for Friday.

I do all this work because I'm the only parent who is caring for my five children. I have to provide uniforms, pens, exercise books, food, pencils, medical care and so on for my children. The father's don't care. I was married once but due to his bad behaviour, I returned to my parents home with two children. After I left, he remarried and now has seven kids. How can he care for these children and children not even in his own compound?

Since then, I had another two children with another man. Today's men don't care. Out of one hundred men you may find one good man. For example, the other children's father is nearby. If I were to ask for help for his children, he asks "But what about your business?"

I started this business by borrowing 33,000 shillings from my father. I haven't started paying him back yet. Everytime I make a little extra money a problem comes up like the children fall sick and need medicine. I would like to get a loan to try other things. For example, I've trained to be a tailor and I know someone who has a couple of sewing machines. I know that I could rent one of them and start making clothes to sell.

There are nine people living in my parents house—five children, my sister, parents and me. Since our mother is weak, my sister and I collect water. In a day, we will collect a large jerrycan apiece three times a day (120 litres). When the children are not

in school, they may come and collect a five-litre jerrycan of water. Four of my children are in school. The fifth one is too young to go. On Saturdays, though, the children will go with me to collect water before I go to the market.

The water is not good, it is dirty. There are little, thread-like insects in the water that I think bring disease. There are places where I've traveled that I've seen wells that are protected. If the villagers could mobilise themselves, they could pay for the water to be protected.

I rarely attend village meetings because in most cases I don't have time. Also, the village chairman generally calls meetings between 10am and 12 pm when I'm in the gardens. When I finish the gardens, I have to come back to prepare lunch and feed the children because my mother is weak. I didn't hear about any meetings recently, though

Risks:

"The women do not embrace the program components aimed at them."

WES Program Plan of Operations

Ruhweza John

Yes, I've collected water when my wives are sick and the children are at school. Also if my wives are busy then I'll help as well. It's an easy task.

The water is not up to standards because it isn't protected. I never had the "light" before. You see, there was a meeting called in Nyamiti village concerning water. They told us that there was a chance to get help to protect the wells. We've seen it in other areas that people protect their wells. The

Compiled by Deb Johnson and Barongo Julius

organisation (unclear what the organisation was) decided to protect the wells. This organisation first protected two wells in Nyanhomba village, Galiboleka parish.

We were told in the first planning meeting (October 1998) to organise ourselves and collect the materials (stones) needed to protect the well. They came back and dug the well. We collected the stones. They said that the rest would be brought by the organisers. We didn't give any money as we were told we were being assisted. I wasn't able to attend the next meeting (November 1998) as I was sick. No one from the house attended.

I know that the village retains some of the money raised from g-taxes, but it hasn't been used here. I don't know how they make decisions about how to use the money but I know that they receive instructions from the sub-county. If the village has a need, then they are told to come and collect the money from the sub-county. The village chairman is supposed to call a meeting to decide about the money, but it hasn't happened yet. I participate in local elections and I know my councilors.