



**Salikenni Scholarship Fund
Annual Report
December 2016**

A Year of Achievements

This academic year five SSF scholarship students were admitted to the University of The Gambia, the largest group we have ever newly enrolled there in one year. They join four other SSF students at the university, making a total of nine of our students currently studying there. All of these students have been in our program since grades 7 or 8. *(see page 5)*

We are pleased to report that this year, for the first time, one of our scholarship girls, Kassamanding Kanteh, who completed grade 9 in Salikenni last year, was admitted to Nusrat Senior Secondary School, a government school with very high admission standards. Previously only our boys were accepted. *(see page 6)*

Also this year, three recent graduates of our program found jobs, joining the trained Gambian workforce, which is the goal of our efforts. They join a growing list of SSF graduates who now are employed and pursuing careers. *(see pages 6 and 11)*

But Education Has a Rival

Salikenni is becoming a village of the elderly and the very young. Many of the young men are no longer here. In recent years, one or two at a time, they have departed on a dangerous journey, trying to get to Europe by what Gambians call the “back way.”

The most common route is overland through Senegal, Mali and Niger to the coast of Libya, and from there, across the Mediterranean Sea to Italy in overcrowded, unsafe boats provided by smugglers. The world is perhaps more familiar with the refugee migration—people fleeing wars in countries like Syria, Yemen, and Afghanistan, flooding into Europe and often meeting death on the way. The back way is a parallel migration—people from sub-Saharan Africa fleeing primarily poverty.

During a two-week stay in Salikenni in October I found that, for many village boys and young men, the lure of travel to Europe and the promise of riches there is indeed a powerful competitor to education.

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Sadly, we must report that Alison May, co-founder of the Salikenni Scholarship Fund, died in January 2016. Alison traveled to Salikenni with Don in 2007 and was loved by students, teachers and everyone she met there. Alison was a strong and wise guiding force in the evolution of the program. She knew the stories of most of our students and corresponded with many of them. After her passing we received a poem, signed by manager Ousman Jarju and 27 students. It called Alison “a symbol that unites two worlds,” and it ended with the lines:

*She has come to fulfill
The desires of the people of Salikenni
She did and now goes asleep
Resting after exhausting hours
But in peace and at ease*



What We Do

The Salikenni Scholarship Fund (SSF), established in 1996, is a non-profit organization dedicated to increasing opportunity for education in the village of Salikenni and several nearby villages in the rural North Bank region of The Gambia in West Africa.

We provide:

- Scholarships* Starting in seventh grade at the government school in Salikenni and continuing through high school and four years of higher education in The Gambia.
- Tutoring* For our students in the village and those attending high schools in the metropolitan area.
- Library* At the Salikenni school, designed to promote a culture of reading, with many books by African authors. We pay the salary of the librarian.
- Housing* We rent a large compound in Serrekunda in the metropolitan area where many of our high school students live in a supervised environment, with regular meals and access to computers and tutoring.

We currently sponsor:

72 students in grades 7-9 at the Salikenni school
6 repeating grade 9 at various locations
27 in urban high schools
14 in higher education
4 in remedial classes to apply for higher education

123 total

Selection: Each year we bring into the program an equal number of girls and boys, in seventh grade in Salikenni. We select them based on financial need and academic ability.

Management: SSF is managed within The Gambia by a volunteer board composed entirely of our higher education students and alumni, all of whom have been educated under the program. Dave May is U.S. manager; Anne May Hart, treasurer; Libby May, communications director; Stephen May, fundraiser. Don May, founder.

Contributions: The program is financed through contributions from individuals. SSF is a 501(c)3 organization, which means that contributions to it are tax deductible. Please see page 12 for contribution details.

For more information, please visit our website:

www.salikenni.org

(continued from page 1)

No one in Salikenni can say for sure how many young village men have set out on this journey. But they say that in recent years it has become a “contagion.”

The International Organization for Migration reported in November that since the first of the year, 164,822 migrants arrived in Italy by sea. Another 3,793 died on the way. Of those who made it to Italy and were checked in by immigration officials, 7,750 were Gambians, compared to 5,697 Gambians over the same period in 2015.

Lacking statistics on how many Salikenni youth have left for Europe by the back way, what I can report is this: Every evening for two weeks Ousman Jarju, SSF’s manager in The Gambia, and I went from compound to compound to interview our students in grades 7, 8 and 9 and their parents. In almost every compound we were told of a brother, sometimes more than one, who had set out on this journey.

Amadou Ceesay is one of our scholarship students in grade 12 at Kotou Senior Secondary School in the suburbs of Banjul. He had told us earlier that three of his brothers went the back way. Yankuba and Ousman went first. Both returned before reaching the Mediterranean coast. Then Omar tried his luck. He died in Sabbah, Libya, when two vehicles collided near where he was walking, and one tipped over onto him.

Yankuba, now 27, teaches English, math and social studies at an Arabic language school in Salikenni, and we asked him to tell us his story. “My father is a poor man,” Yankuba began. “He struggled to pay my school fees for many years. The family had many financial problems. I wanted to help. I had seen others who went to Europe and helped their families.”

Yankuba left on October 5, 2013. “I didn’t tell my father. I just go.” He had 5,000 Gambian dalasis in his pocket (a little over \$100), which a cousin had given him for the journey. He made his way to the border with Senegal where there are two checkpoints, one on the



A silk cotton tree on the road out of Salikenni.

Gambian side, the other in Senegal. He walked around both of them through the bush. Safely in Senegal, he boarded a commercial passenger vehicle to Kaolac, a medium-sized town. He took another commercial vehicle to Bamako in Mali. At that point he was completely out of money. He spent five days in Bamako, working at odd jobs. He went on to Agadiz in Niger, where he spent two months working, then to Sabbah, in Libya, where he met up with the “agents.” These were smugglers who charge large fees to transport migrants from one point to the next. There were many of them in the town, competing with each other. Yankuba slept in the compound of one of them and earned money by washing cars. Finally, he had enough to join an agent’s car going to Tripoli, Libya.

On the way to Tripoli, the car was stopped by one of the many armed militias operating in Libya. “They needed money, too,” he said. “They took everything we had including our ID cards. They told us to call our families and ask them to send money—which would go directly to them. Some called. I did not. I didn’t want to ask my father. They kept us there two weeks. Then they just let us go.” Yankuba headed back to Sabbah where he met a United Nations group that was evacuating refugees. They put him on a bus that drove across Lybia and Egypt to Turkey. The Turkish government put him on a plane back to The Gambia.

After his return in 2014 Yankuba landed his current job at the Arabic school. He married, and he and his wife have a little girl. “I have more responsibility now,” he said. “My older

brother recently died, leaving a wife and three children. I have taken over their care.”

How does he feel about the trip? “I am sad,” he said—particularly about the money from other people that he squandered, and the worry he caused his father. He advises other young men not to make the trip. “I advise them to learn,” he said, “because education is everything.”

Yet most of the migrants from Salikenni refuse to come home. As for their current circumstances, we have only the sketchy bits of news their families receive by telephone and social media messages. Several patterns emerge: Virtually all leave without telling their parents. Many leave right after finishing high school, often with poor grades, which means they have little chance for higher education. They leave with a little money—not nearly enough for the entire trip. They stop along the way, sometimes for months, working at small jobs. Some call home, asking their families to send money. Some who made it to Italy have spent months in camps there, awaiting work



The old and the very young are left to do the farming.

permits. In two weeks of interviews we didn’t hear of a single one who had found steady work and felt he had achieved at least some of the success he expected.

In 2014 and 2015 six current and former SSF scholarship students left at different times for Lybia. One of them, Yusupha Ceesay, who had finished high school and was struggling to make a career for himself in computers, died in a boat accident in the Mediterranean. We don’t know the whereabouts of the others. Most had

finished or nearly finished high school. One, Idrisa Kasama, was in the final year of the development studies program at Stratford College. None of our students have left in 2016.

What can we do?

The SSF board in The Gambia discussed the back way migration at its meeting on October 30, 2016, in the library of our Serrekunda campus. “What can we do to minimize this?” manager Ousman Jarju asked the group.

“We have to go and talk to them,” said Abdoulie Bah, from Dobo, a board member, educated under our program. Abdoulie earned a university degree in 2014 and is now a government internal auditor.

“Especially the younger ones, even in primary school,” said Amadou Njie, from Salikenni, our first university graduate, and now employed by an international bank in Banjul.

The board decided that, with nine students currently enrolled in university and an increasing number of alumni launched in careers (see pages 6 and 11), SSF can make a strong case to young people in Salikenni that we have a better way than the back way. Board members and other senior students plan to make periodic visits to the village to reinforce this point.

In response to the many reports from migrants who left because they could see no other opportunity, we have already begun to do what we can to offer our opportunity to more young people. For many years we admitted seven boys and seven girls to the program in grade 7. Last year we took in 15 boys and 15 girls, and we are admitting the same number again this year.

This increase doesn’t cost us much immediately, because tuition is free in Salikenni. But we will have to start right now raising more money, to be ready for the time when these students reach high school and university.

--- Don May

Five New University Students

Amadou G. Bah, 18, from Dobo, is studying accounting at the university. Amadou says the SSF campus in Serrekunda, where he lives, “provides a place to study, a library with computers for research, and senior students who can help the younger ones. So it’s a good place for me to be.”



Ba Alagie Conteh, 18, from Bani, is the first of our students ever to join the university’s law school. He thinks he might be interested in becoming a defense lawyer in criminal cases. He’s a member of SSF’s Gambian board, working on communications.

Alieu Darboe, 17, is the son of a former Islamic studies teacher (now deceased) at the Salikenni School. Alieu wants to be a doctor. But his one poor grade, a bare pass in math, made him ineligible for the medical school. He’s now majoring in Islamic studies, which does not require math. He’s studying math on the side and hopes later to transfer to medicine.



Pa Yorro Darboe, 21, is the son of a teacher (now deceased) who at one time was posted in Salikenni. Pa finished high school in 2014 with one weak subject: English. He studied accounting at a local business college, while at the same time taking a remedial course in English at our expense. He raised his grade in that subject and has been admitted to the university, majoring in economics.

Buba Njie, 22, is the son of a Salikenni farmer. Buba finished high school in 2013 and spent two years studying accounting at a business college. At the same time, he took a remedial course in his weak subject, math, re-sat the exam and qualified for the university, where he’s studying political science. He strongly argues the case that education is a better choice than the dangerous “back way” to Europe. “If you finish your education in The Gambia, you can fly all over Europe,” he says. “You can attend a conference. Going the back way is really pointless.”



Breaking a Ceiling

Kassamanding Kanteh is the first girl in our program to be accepted at Nusrat, one of the top government high schools in the urban area of The Gambia. Several of our boys have been educated there, and have then gone on to the university. Kassamanding is an excellent student and wants to attend the university and go into banking. Her mother, Mansalley Touray, grows vegetables in a small plot in a cooperative garden in Salikenni and sells them at a weekly market in another village. Growing up, Kassamanding often helped her mother with this strenuous work: hauling water buckets from a deep open well to irrigate the plot and loading bundles of produce into a van that takes women from the village to and from the market every Wednesday. Recently, as her mother weakened with age, Kassamanding took over more of the work. She said her mother has always been a source of direction for her life. (Her father is deceased.) “She always advised me to concentrate on my studies. She said that education is the key to success.” It’s a big step leaving the village and coming to live in the SSF campus in the teeming metropolis. I talked with Kassamanding a week after she arrived. She worried that her mother would be lonely. The day before our interview she had borrowed a mobile phone to call her mother. “She said, 'We all miss you so much.' I said I also miss her. She advised me to concentrate on learning. I said I will.”



Fatoumata Fatty earned a bachelor's degree in accounting from the university last year. She is now an accountant in the Gambian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Omar Jallow, from Dobo, last year completed a four-year bachelor's program in nursing at the university. He now is a nurse at the Jammeh Foundation Hospital at Bundung, in the suburbs of Banjul.



Haruna Jallow, 28, from a tiny village called Kerr Samba Nyado, has faced more obstacles to his education than perhaps anyone in our program. For part of his high schools years he lived, without family support, in an almost abandoned compound. He often skipped school to earn money for food. This year he completed a two-year course in nursing at the Batokunku Nursing and Community Health Center and is now a nurse at the Bafrow Hospital, outside Banjul.

A Medical Student Reflects on Changes in His Village

Wuyeh Keita is a third year medical student at the University of The Gambia. One day, when he had only one class, he showed me around the medical school and reflected on his life and on his home village, Dobo. Wuyeh (pronounced WEE) is 25. When he was a child, his father didn't bother to put him in school. His mother finally did, but not until he was 11. Then his father died. The family was destitute and he had to leave school temporarily. His mother enrolled him in the Salikenni primary school, where we met him and brought him into our program in grade 7 in 2008. His father's death—and the seemingly minimal care he had



Wuyeh Keita in the medical school library.

received in hospital—sparked Wuyeh's interest in medicine. "I began thinking I should try to become a doctor myself. I wanted to do something for my community." The medical school takes in students right after high school and lasts seven years. Wuyeh is winding up the pre-clinical stage, studying biochemistry, anatomy and other basic subjects. If he passes a key exam at the end of this year he will go on to the clinical phase, working with patients. The medical school is in downtown Banjul, in a modern building completed in 2014, next to the city's main hospital.

We talked about Dobo. Wuyeh said it still has only a primary school, so most children walk to Salikenni each day, starting in grade 7. There is no electricity in the village. But there is a strong education ethic there. Wuyeh estimates that about 10 people from Dobo are in or have graduated from the university. And education has brought cultural changes. Not so many years ago families wanted to have many children to work on the farms. Fathers dictated which children would be educated and which ones would not. Now, Wuyeh said, many parents want smaller families, and education is beginning to be seen as a right for every child.

Leave No Student Behind



Ousman Jarju in the SSF urban campus where many of our high school and university students live.

The achievements described on these pages would not have been possible without the dedication of Ousman Jarju, SSF's manager in The Gambia. The son of a Salikenni farmer, Mr. Jarju was educated under our program—from grade 8 through business college and finally the University of The Gambia. He's a full-time accountant for the Gambian government. He spends his weekends in Salkenni and knows each of our students and their families. He hates to leave any student behind. This year he arranged for three of our girls who failed grade 12 to take remedial courses at our expense for a year and re-sit their exams in hopes of qualifying for further education.

Mr. Jarju manages the program in The Gambia along with a recently reorganized 16-member board, composed entirely of senior students and graduates of SSF.

Looking Ahead: Toward Free Public Education

The Gambia is moving gradually toward free public education through high school for all children. But it's doing so without adequate financing, which means we still have a crucial role to play.

In Salikenni tuition now is free from pre-school through grade 12. Parents must provide uniforms, sneakers, exercise books and a few other items which may add up to 1,000 Gambian dalasis (about \$23.) In high schools in the metropolitan area the government has reduced



A grade 12 class at Salikenni high school.

the cost to parents and sponsors like us by about half compared to a couple of years ago. For each grade 10 student we now pay 1,850 dalasis (\$43) at Kotu, 1,650 (\$38) at Nusrat and 2,600 (\$60) at Massroor. These charges cover uniforms, exercise books and PTA fees. The government this year introduced a new system for textbooks: They are distributed free, to be returned at the end of the school year. If they are damaged or lost, parents must pay for them.

While these changes mean that we pay less for tuition, we are paying more for tutoring in Salikenni and the urban area, more for extra books, more for living expenses in the campus—often for fares to and from school—and most importantly more for our growing number of students at the university or in other higher education programs.

This year there is also, for the first time, a three-year government high school in Salikenni. It opened in 2014 with only a grade 10. Last year grade 11 was added, and this year grade 12. But the school has had great trouble recruiting and keeping students. In 2015-16 in grades 10 and 11 combined there were only 23 students. When I visited the school in October 2016, three weeks after opening day, there clearly were not even that many. I attended a grade 12 math class with five students and later a grade 12 English class with six. But Gambian schools always start a year slowly. Principal Sainey Fatajo expected more students to drift in. He went around the village and recruited five new ones for grade 10. At the end of my visit he still did not have a firm number for the whole high school.

The government provided no new classrooms for the new high school. It is squeezed into the existing middle school. It does not have a commerce track with separate courses in economics, accounting and business management. It does not have a science track with courses in physics, chemistry and biology. All these are standard in urban high schools. The new high school has only an “arts” track: liberal arts including government, geography, history and literature—except that, when we were there, there were no literature classes.

Because of these shortcomings, we have so far brought all of our grade 9 village graduates to the metropolitan area for high school. But we strongly support the idea of a village high school, and we hope it succeeds. Very possibly, if the Gambian government puts more resources into the school, and as the larger cohorts of students we have admitted in the last two years in grade 7 reach high-school age, we could in good conscience recommend that some of them do their high school in the village. We would give them full support.

Librarian of the Year

If there is a prize for World Librarian of the Year it should go to Fatou Darboe, who manages the SSF library at the Salikenni school.

When Fatou finished grade 2 her father told her that girls were not meant to be educated and she would have to drop out. She taught herself to read and write, by hanging around the schoolyard and borrowing story books. When she came across a new word she would write it on her palm and ask a teacher what it meant. She became an uncertified teacher at the Salikenni primary school, but in 2009 the government decided to get rid of its uncertified teachers, and so Fatou was out of a job. We hired her to run the library and have been very happy with her work.

We sent Fatou to a course in library management at the National Library of The Gambia. When she told them she had gone only as far as second grade, they sent her home. SSF persuaded them to reconsider. She graduated with honors, returned and catalogued the entire library according to the Dewey decimal system.

Fatou keeps the library in perfect order—so clean that, without being told, students always step out of their flip-flops as they enter, leaving them spread out on the front stoop. She reads stories to young children in Mandinka and English. She has coached a number of our girls who were poor readers.

We carried out another set of renovations and book purchases a year ago, with major financial help from a memorial fund in honor of an American woman, Carol Hammer.

With the salary we pay her, Fatou is the only steady source of income in her family. I am honored to have been invited to stay in her compound during recent visits to the village. She and her family make up in warmth and generosity what they lack in material possessions.

Fatou has a three-year-old daughter, Mariama, and she cares as well for her brother's daughter, also named Fatou, age 4. Fatou the librarian is a study in perpetual motion. I look



Fatou Darboe in the SSF library in Salikenni with two assistants: her daughter, Mariama, 3 (right) and niece, Fatou, 4(left).

out from my room and see her sweeping the sand courtyard at dawn. She goes to the public tap in the street and brings back basins of water on her head. If I leave clothing near the bed it mysteriously disappears and comes back in the evening, washed, dried, ironed and neatly folded. She pounds rice and does most of the cooking for the compound. Every morning she buys fresh milk from a Fula cattle herder and prepares a big bowl of rice porridge. She and the two girls and I eat it together in the courtyard.

Then she changes clothes, collects the girls and heads off to her job at the library. Mariama rides on her back in shawls. Little Fatou walks a few paces behind. The girls spend the day with her at the library.

Reflections from The Gambia

24 Oct 2016, Salikenni

Poverty is all around us. It's in every step we take in the soft, uneven sand of the narrow street. It's on each side of us—a compound fenced with jagged, rusty scraps of corrugated metal roofing, a cement block wall, once whitewashed but now splotchy gray. An abandoned house, partly rubble. Small children thrust out their hands to greet us. Children here have no toys. They play in the street kicking half inflated balls, rolling old bicycle rims.

Ousman Jarju and I are walking around the village as night descends to interview scholarship students and their parents. I am struck by the visible poverty of almost every home we enter. Families seem to have no possessions. Many of the front rooms have almost no furniture. People bring stools and benches or jerry cans from the back of the houses to sit on. In most houses there are no pictures or posters on the walls, and we never see a book.

Omar Jarju's compound is typical of the neighborhood. (Jarju is a frequent surname in the village.) Omar is in grade 9 at the village school. This is a critical year, because it will end with a nationwide exam to determine eligibility to attend a good high school. I asked Omar for his views on the poverty we were seeing on our walks. What is poverty? Could he define it? He was silent for a moment and then said, "We don't have enough food. We don't have enough shelter. When there is a heavy rain the water comes through those small holes (he pointed to the bare corrugated metal roof) and it lands on the bed. We don't have enough money to send our children to school. We don't even have enough clothes for them."



Omar Jarju outside his compound.

The World Bank defines extreme poverty as a population living on less than \$1.90 per person per day. That certainly applies to this neighborhood. But it is an abstraction. In recent years international agencies have been developing other ways to statistically measure poverty by focusing on the things people don't have— such as health care, education and clean water. That's much closer to Omar's definition.

We asked Omar to describe a typical school day. "When I wake up the first thing I do is pray," he said. Then he bathes from a bucket, has a quick breakfast, invariably rice left over from the previous night, and heads for school. No lunch is provided at school. He stays after school, until 3 or 4pm, for the English and math classes we provide for our scholarship students. Then he works for several hours on one of the family's farms. Sometimes, instead, he joins a soccer game.

The family has dinner after the 8 o'clock prayer. Then Omar goes to his own rooms to study. Because the compound is crowded, his rooms are in another compound across the street. He has a front room and a back room and a walled space out back in which to bathe. There is no furniture in the front room. His clothing hangs from a wire strung there. There is no bed in the back room. He sleeps on top of several sheets on the floor. There is no electricity here so he studies by the light of his mobile phone.

"I don't have time to read my books," Omar said. And it's not just the farm work. He is the only strong young man in his compound. So any heavy chore, like moving a load of firewood, falls to him.

Omar wants to attend a good high school in the urban area next year. He would like to take commerce courses, go on to the university and maybe become an accountant. The Salikenni high school has no commerce track. He wants to live in the SSF campus in Serrekunda where he would have both time and a good place to study.

A poignant moment near the end of my stay in The Gambia: Abdoulie Bah invited me out to dinner. Abdoulie joined the SSF program in 2008. He came from a Fula family in Dobo (the Fulas are cattle raisers). His father had just sold his last bull to pay Abdoulie's tuition for grade 10. He would have no way to pay for grade 11. I remember eating a meal of milk and millet with Abdoulie in a mud-brick hut with a thatched roof. I remember Abdoulie, after he completed high school under our program, volunteering to tutor a group of our students in geometry at night in the Salikenni school library. He used a bit of chalk tied to a string as a compass to draw arcs. I remember the photo of Abdoulie and others in our program wearing caps and gowns, smiling, at their graduation ceremony from the University of The Gambia in February 2016. Abdoulie's bachelor's degree was in accounting, and he is now an auditor in the Gambian government. On the side, he's developing a commercial farming business, based in Dobo. He's also a member of the SSF board in The Gambia.

We set the date for our dinner, and Abdoulie met me at the place I was staying in town. In the oncoming dusk, we walked a couple of blocks through the terrifying rush-hour traffic of Serrekunda, in the urban Gambia, to a small restaurant that featured an electric band. He had a cheeseburger, and I had a shrimp sandwich. We both had hot tea. Through the noise of the band, he told me he wanted to thank me for making it possible for him to reach his present position. He insisted on paying the bill.

---Don May



Abdoulie Bah.



Abdoulie (above, left) graduating from university along with SSF students Fatoumata Fatty (center) and Modou Lamin Darboe.

Abdoulie is one in a growing group of SSF graduates who have started careers. Like Abdoulie, all of these graduates are members of the SSF Gambian board. *From left to right:* Ansumana Fatty is a teacher at the Salikenni primary school; Ebrima Fatty teaches agriculture at an urban government school; Modou Lamin Darboe teaches economics at a private high school; Mustapha Darboe is a journalist; and Amadou Njie works for an international bank in Banjul.



The Salikenni Scholarship Fund
 Financial Statement
 November 1, 2015 through October 31, 2106

November 1, 2015 US Bank Balance	\$18,215
November 1, 2015 Gambian Bank Balance	5,697
November 1, 2015 Carol Hammer Fund ¹	<u>4,807</u>
Cash available November 1, 2015	\$28,719
Contributions	\$32,340
US Expenditures	(215)
Gambian Expenditures (<i>itemized below</i>)	(32,666)
Currency adjustment	(2,711)
October 31, 2016 US Bank Balance	\$17,854
October 31, 2016 Gambian Bank Balance	2,806
October 31, 2016 Carol Hammer Fund	4,807
Cash available October 31, 2016	\$25,467

Actual Gambian expenditures are converted from dalasis to US dollars for the purpose of this report. Due to decline of the dalasi against the dollar of approximately 8% over the year, Gambian expenditures are understated when expressed in US dollars. Assumes \$1 = 43 dalasis.

To meet increasing demand, both last year and this year, we have increased our annual intake of new students in grade seven to 30, from 14 in previous years.

Because tuition now is free in Salikenni, the initial cost of this increase, including more books and tutoring, will be relatively small. But when these students go to high school in the metropolitan area and then on to the university our expenses will rise. This means your support is more appreciated than ever.

Total Expenditures

Tuition ²	\$15,060
Tutoring ³	2,730
Gambian Salaries ⁴	2,744
Campus ⁵	9,979
Computers	1,735
Library	148
Administrative Costs ⁶	<u>445</u>
Total Expenditures	\$32,881

¹ A generous contribution "in honor of Carol Hammer, who loved kids and books."

² Includes tuition, books, exam fees

³ Tutoring in Salikenni; weekend classes on metropolitan campus

⁴ Salaries for Gambian manager, librarian, campus cook

⁵ Includes annual rent, electricity, food, fares, furniture, supplies

⁶ Includes \$215 for website hosting

Note: The costs of travel by Don or others to The Gambia, and of producing this report are not paid out of SSF funds.

We are grateful to our past supporters and welcome new ones! Your support will make it possible for SSF to continue giving financial aid to our students.

The Salikenni Scholarship Fund is a 501(c)3 organization. All contributions are tax deductible. The Tax ID number is 03-035-3911.

Checks should be made payable to: The Salikenni Scholarship Fund **or donate online at:**
(Note that this is a new address!) c/o Anne May Hart **www.salikenni.org**
7772 Waterview Lane
Chestertown, MD 21620

Again, thank you for your support!

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