

Funeral Programme for
Late S. N. Tita

Wednesday 28 December 2011

- 12.30 pm Removal of corpse from the Regional Hospital
Buea Mortuary
- 01.30 pm Departure to Limbe
- 03.00 pm Requiem Mass at the Holy Family Parish, New
Town – Limbe
- 05.00 pm Laying-in-state at the Tita Lumpsum Quarters
Residence
- 07.00 pm Wake Keeping
- 10.00 pm Departure for Njimafor, Mbatu – Bamenda

Thursday 29 December 2011

- 05.00 am Arrival in Njimafor, Mbatu and Laying in state
- 11.00 am Requiem Mass at the Queen of Peace Parish,
Njimafor - Mbatu
- 01.00 pm Burial at the Tita Family Residence, Njimafor,
Mbatu
Reception
- 05.00 pm Opening Traditional Rites and Dances

Friday 30 December 2011

- 07.00 am Gun Firing Ceremony
- 11.00 am Traditional Rites and Ceremony (Cry Die)



THANK YOU

Words cannot express how much we thank you for the expressions of sympathy, and all the help you provided us during our moment of sorrow. We are truly grateful for your friendship and support.

The Tita Family

Biography of S. N. Tita

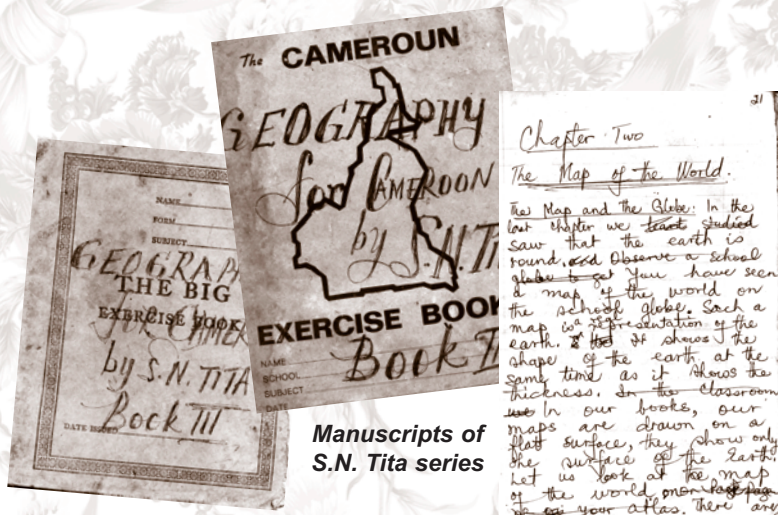
Teacher, Writer, Printer, Publisher, Bookseller, Journalist ...
a bookman par excellence



Born in 1929, in Mbatu village, to Dominic Tita Nkemnghe and Hostencia Malozeh, S.N. Tita started primary education in the Bamenda Government School in the 1930s but did most of his primary school in Government Primary School Bova as a result of being a house help for Pa Hans Njie Essame, teacher and headmaster in Bova in Buea town. He proceeded to the prestigious St Joseph's College, Sasse in the early 40's following the completion of standard four. In 1950, he was posted as a teacher to Catholic School Njinikom after which he had a spell at the Bishop Shanahan Higher Teacher Training School at Onitsha, Nigeria. He returned to Cameroon to teach in Catholic School Mankon and in 1954, he was hired as a teacher in Sasse College. From 1955, he engaged in teaching activities in various private evening schools in Lagos, Nigeria and that gave him time to prepare and acquire his ACCS certificate. S. N. Tita then opened first the Ansara Secondary Evening School and then the Benevolent Higher School, all in Mushin, Lagos.

His job as a teacher led him into authoring and producing notes and subsequently textbooks for students and also to setting up his own printing press, Cameroon Press in Mushin, Lagos in 1958. A name he later changed to Nooremac Press by inverting the name Cameroon to avoid the spite of Nigerians who were anxious to see Southern Cameroon be part of Nigeria. Nooremac Press was reopened in Nkwen, Bamenda, upon his return to Cameroon in 1966 and the head office was subsequently transferred to Limbe which harboured the main book distribution networks. Whilst running Nooremac Press, he also enjoyed a stint as General Manager of Cameroon Printing and Publishing Company (Cameroon Times).

Pa S.N. Tita made fame and fortune in the very popular and useful primary school series of textbooks for History, Geography and Rural Science for Cameroon. For close to 40 years, these manuals were uncontested as learning and teaching aids for a generation of Cameroon pupils and teachers. In the early



Manuscripts of S.N. Tita series

80's, Pa S.N. Tita began taking part in active politics and this saw him flirt first with the CNU, which was changed to the CPDM and then with the SDF, and subsequently with LDF and AFP. When he retired most of his political efforts was directed towards the struggles of SCNC and it was very customary to see him being led to detention during or around October, 1 periods.

Although living most of his life away from his birthplace, Pa S. N. Tita was very attached to his village. He hosted the Mbatu Family monthly meetings in Limbe for over 30 years and was one of the founding fathers of the Mbatu Cultural and Development Association (MBACUDA). Pa S. N. Tita has occupied various management positions in the administration of PNEU School Bota and has had kids in the school since its inception.

He was also a member and benefactor of the Holy Family Parish, New Town, who incidentally are neighbours to the Tita family residence in Lumpsum. He has been a life long member of Sasse Old Boys Association and two months ago hosted the SOBA Limbe chapter meeting at his residence. Until his death, he was a patron of the Halleluiah Choir of the Presbyterian Church in Limbe. Words used to describe Pa S. N. Tita include: generous, strong, energetic, visionary, fighter, witty, indefatigable, wisdom, humble, hero, giant, great, simple, multilingual. This list could go on forever because Pa S. N. Tita was filled with life and enjoyed sharing, his life, fortune, experiences and love with the many people he came across in his very eventful life.

In retirement, S.N. Tita became an avid farmer producing crops like cassava, plantains, and pepper but his farming fame was made by the gigantic yams yields from his farm in Moliwe. Pa S. N. Tita passed away on Thursday, December 1, 2011 at the Regional Hospital Limbe after 10 days in the hospital despite the utmost care, concern and attention from his family, the medical staff of the hospital and the region. S.N. Tita was married to a handful of wives and leaves behind several children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, friends, former students and well wishers to mourn him.



First premises of Nooremac Press in Cameroon at Nkwen, Bamenda

Biographical Tributes

A Tribute

Stephen Ngu Tita is no more
(1927 – 2011)

My dear friend and most inspiring mentor,
Why this sudden departure to eternity!
For barely four weeks ago, you hugged me warmly,
Recounting your brief hit by a motorcycle and a repose at Limbe Hospital,
And rejoicing for quick healing of lower members and recovery,
I thanked our God and showered on you best wishes
Of Health, Long Life, Vivacity and Witnessing!
And now you lie here still, in eternal slumber, most incredible!
Never to share with me a drink or a smile and laughter.

2. I have no need to question or contest your good Lord,
As I hold you warmly as mine and our Hero,
For Heroes are giants for their deeds to their Fellow men,
Their offer of life and talent to save their society at critical times,
From the plight of misery – natural or man-inflicted;
And this was your voluntary charge and life commitment,
To the Cameroon people, I dare say, and even neighbouring Nigerians,
As Teacher S. N. Tita, the Writer and publisher, Educator and Adviser,
For fifty years and more, through Sasse, Bamenda, Lagos and Victoria,
From the 1950s till our day in Two Thousand Eleven.

3. Very few are those great Cameroonian sons and daughters,
Who responded to the challenging calls of backwardness and under-development:
Ignorance, Poverty, Hunger, Mutual Hatred, Colonialism, and Neocolonialism;
Joblessness, jealousy, Tribalism, Laziness, Surrender and Fear –
With such effective enlightenment, Hard work, Productivity, generosity and hope;
Job-creativity, Love, Welcoming Spirit and Discussion, bravery and inspiration,
Determination, multilingualism, detribalization and commitment to Justice,
and more, great respect for Human Rights even under threats of annihilation;
Thanks to your solid Sasse education, spirit of nationalism, and profound understanding,
Which endowed you will the Wisdom to Adapt to changing times.

4. You, Stephen Ngu Tita, Born at Mbatu in 1927, and thoroughly Africanized,
Through, Bamenda Government school in the 1930s and early 40s,
Groomed in Sasse College from 1942 to 1950 as student No. 181,
Thanks to Papa Teacher Hans Njie Essame of Bova in Buea town,
Among the North-West pioneers you were with Boniface Vega, Nicolas Ngwa and Lucas Atang.
You taught in Sasse College and professionalized in Bishop Shanahan's Orlu, Nigeria,
As a Pivotal Teacher that made you a TUTOR in Sasse College,
Eventually at ADU-ABORE Mushin, Lagos where you taught and studied Accountancy;
Then founded an Evening School and a factory for production of Notes and Booklets,
To facilitate studies and rapid success in national examinations;
Yes, you then needed a press which NOOREMAC was the solution.

5. Time had come to return home to settle in Victoria,
From where by cooperation with Educational Authorities



With Prof. Lantum (right)



Biographical Tributes

You became the producer and printer of Elementary School Books – in wide range,
For History, Geography, Rural Science, and Civics
Revising and updating them, as the syllabus changed with development,
And reaching out to all Western Cameroon districts through S.N.Tita Bookshop,
The Ngu Tita Educational Revolution had started, and it lasted for decades,
As rivals took some item to develop and complete with success,
As you improved the Technology and diversified your economy,
And trained your sons as professional successors.

6. Tita, thanks for adopting Dan Lantum and Sam Awasum in 1949,
As your own brothers to share the secrets of life and survival,
In the Sasse inclemency where the Filaria gnats and Malaria mosquitoes ruled,
And survival hid in the bush Bananas, pear fruits and Cassava;
As we learned Grammar, Biology, Chemistry and Mathematics,
Thank you for printing my “Nso Marriage Customs” and “Folk Tales of Nso”
And making me the God Father of your child;
And more for choosing me as your special doctor, for years,
As we worked and studied the evolution of our dear society.

7. You were a dutiful husband to a harem by African culture,
And fathered an army of children male and female, thanks to your fertility,
Some of whom you trained to high positions of responsibility
Thanks to your profound paternal responsibility.
I now join you in wishing and praying, most sincerely,
That they inherit and share your paternal spirit of responsibility,
Of Hard work, Sharing, and Generosity and Family Love,
So that your departure should be witnessed and accepted by all,
As a Normal transition which all of us must follow in due season

8. Our Dear Brother, S.N.TITA, Go you well in Peace!
With eternal joy for the work and fulfillment, you achieved
For very few have trodden your path, as few were gifted
Salute for us the departed founding SOBANs of 1939 – 1943,
Cletus Tita, Michael Sabum, Joseph Bonga, Aloys Fomanka,
Willibrord Shasha, Maurice Dzekashu, John Vega, Victor Anomah Ngu,
Boniface Vega, Gabriel Bunga, Godfrey Layu, Alexander Lantum and Albert Fongo,
And please pray that we who still thread the paths of this Earth,
Should find equal success with PEACE, Progress and Development.

Requiescat in PACE! Amen

Sir/Prof/Dr. Daniel Noni LANTUM



TRIBUTE TO A FALLEN HERO

I first met Mr. Stephen Ngu Tita in January 1949 in Sasse College Buea. I was a first year student and he was a final year student. In those days the school year started in January and ended in December. Sasse College was the only college in the entire Cameroon and getting admitted was a herculean task. He entered Sasse college in 1943 being a member of the fifth batch. When he got to know that I was from Mbatu like himself he naturally took great interest in me and helped me make the integration process less tedious. He was the third Mbatu student to enter Sasse college, his predecessors were Mr. Lucas Ade Atang (now Rev. Monsignor Atang of Bota Parish and Mr. Nicolas Ade Ngwa (Retired Administrator – Bamenda).

Many of his kind from Bamenda trekked for seven days and those from Kumbo tricked for nine days to Sasse, because there were no motorable roads. He was very helpful to me and my friend and classmate Prof. Lantum Daniel. He taught us the basics of ravaging in order to survive. This led us to scout for dried palm nuts and naturally palm kernels from the CDC palms plantation at SAXONHOFF and hunt for avocado in the nearby forests. This exercise sometimes took us to the outskirts of Bonjongo via the railway line. Besides teaching us about ravaging, S. N. Tita also told us how to eat pepper and drink water to fill our hungry and empty stomachs. These briefings helped us especially when we spent one long vacation on campus abandoned to ourselves since we were virtually stranded and had nowhere to go to for holidays. During this trying period, Prof. Lantum and myself survived on ravaging. Thanks to S.N.Tita.

Mr. S. N. Tita sat for the Senior Cambridge School Certificate examination in December 1949 and passed. He was posted to teach at Njinikom. He studied at the Bishop Shanaham Higher Teachers Training College Onitsha, during which time he was very helpful to young Cameroonian students studying at Onitsha. He returned to Cameroon and was posted to teach at St. Joseph's School Mankon with Mr. John Ngu Foncha as the headmaster. They both founded the village school at Mbatu which was very useful to the community since the children were too young and could not walk the rather long distance to the then only school at Mankon, Bamenda town.

Providence will bring Mr. S.N. and myself together again in 1955 in Lagos Nigeria, as me and Prof.

Lantum at Ibadan in 1958. He was a full time teacher in one of the private schools in Mushin and I was a student at the school of Pathology (Broad Street Lagos). After teaching for many years, he founded his own evening school at a quarter called Mushin. The school was popular and had a teeming population of students. Many of his teachers at the school were former students who went to Ibadan University, graduated and returned to teach at the school. He later founded the Cameron Press (Nooremac Press) at Mushin and competed very successfully with the local printers. I visited his printing press regularly and we kept dreaming and scheming of to Cameroon some day in the distant future. His dreams came forth in the late sixties and after Nigeria got its independence he left everything and returned to Cameroon. He was very politically inclined especially when he attended the rallies of popular political parties like the NCNC of Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, the Action Group of Awolowo and the NPC of the Sadauna of Sokoto. These were budding and upcoming political parties that finally fought for full independence for Nigeria on 1st October 1960 at the race Course Lagos. We were there – eyewitnesses to a historic occasion.

S.N.Tita was a man of many parts, a visionary, an educationist, an author a publisher. He was very witty, a



TRIBUTE TO A FALLEN HERO



fighter and an indefatigable elite, whose educational books became a house hold word in the entire Anglophone Cameroon and beyond. He authored and printed the books himself. Some of his books were written while in detention for his political convictions and activities. If I remember rightly, he told me that some of his books were exhibited in Germany. For about 40 years S.N.Tita was the only cock to crow in the educational books produce for our children. Besides all these achievements, he remained true to himself, simple, humble, energetic, friendly and fatherly. God blessed him with an iron

constitution. He was hardly sick and spent all is days at his printing press situated at half Mile Limbe churning out books and many other educational and community tracts magazines, wedding bells, etc. Luckily for him he was strong, energetic, with exceptional stamina to cope with the rigors of the printing press and many other activities. He had a hung appetite and preferred to drink form a mug to sustain his frame and bulk. He was very versed in local languages; he spoke Yoruba and Bakweri very fluently. He was a founding member of MBACUDA (Mbatu Cultural and Development Association). Because of age, experience and exposure to countless strains, stressors, hazards and challenges S. N. Tita was a moving encyclopedia, Seat of Wisdom.

Finally to the people of Mbatu he was a Hero
To Sasse College he was a torchbearer
To Cameroon he was a Patriot
Those hard working hands finally came to rest on December 1st 2011, during the beginning of the Holy period of Advent. May the good Lord have mercy on his soul and grant him a final resting place in His Heavenly Kingdom.

AWASUM SOH SIMON
SENIOR SOBAN – NO 444
LABO LUMEN CHRISTI – YAOUNDE



Pioner staff of Nooremac Press

Tributes to S. N. Tita

WIVES

For one more time let me call you “S N” as I called you from our courtship days. Who can sing your praise but one who knew you so well? But how can I do that now with sore eyes and a clammy mouth clotted with sorrow, gagged dumb by your death. I know that now you stroll with dainty strides on the unrolled carpet which Tabang spreads, young Tabang our hopeful lawyer, who jumped up to heaven barely 31 years in 2004. She was one blessing of five children the good Lord smiled on us and gave – Debora, Julius, Sabina, Tabang (R.I.P.) and Andin.

Should I write here that all may know? Should I tell that for all your writing talent, for all your academic enterprise, though uneducated, you took me for a wife? Yes, and then you sent me to study the alphabet along with our son Che. With eagle eyes you picked out my key talent too. Then you scoured Cameroon for the best trainer and found her, Mrs Kilo. With me and others as pioneer trainees, she meticulously engrained in us the secrets of the trade which has since served as support for our family. This way I came through as a supportive wife, and in your successes I could actively share.

There were times when it hurt, when love was put to the test, but we came through always victorious; in the darkest moments you kept on loving and lovingly petted me with the soothing reference MA (my sister) and always and to the end indeed I remained your younger sister. Like a big brother, you inspired security by your presence and trust was never called to question.

When the storms were national in nature we stood by each other for better or for worse. That is how in the 1990s you gave you happy life and property for the sake of political stability and I bowed my head in approval and submission. That is how when for the same cause I was bundled by the police and thrashed for marching in political protest you remained supportive. I always felt secure because you were around, my darling S.N.

When you choose to leave your MA, your little sister now, what becomes of me? Where do I find support and security, now? It has been heavy for me since the 1st of December this year. Please implore solace from above for MA and the rest of your family and friends.

Your wife, Ma Beatrice Feh Tita

Pa Tita,
Thank you for being who you were. You were peculiar in your own way, but you made sure you did what was necessary to make your family grow. You were a husband and father. A job you took so seriously. Your home was like an embassy comprising children from all ages and tribes. You were an amazing person who never put himself before others. You were a very self-less person; who spent most of your life caring and educating children who were not your biological children.

I knew that one day, you will be gone. But one thing is sure; I did not know where, how or when it will happen. You illness took me by surprise; I wish I could turn back the clock. I lack words to express how I feel right now. I am grateful and thankful to God for your life. It was indeed exemplary. This world is a playground and you have played your part so well. As you exit this world you will be remembered for your

generosity and kindness. This is only a good bye to your body, but your lessons will continue to sustain me until we meet again. I love you, my dear husband. Rest in peace in God's bosom.

Your wife,

Your wife, Ma Bea Natuh Tita nee Galega



Beatrice Feh



Beatrice Natuh



Theresia Tita



Angela Tita

Tributes to S. N. Tita

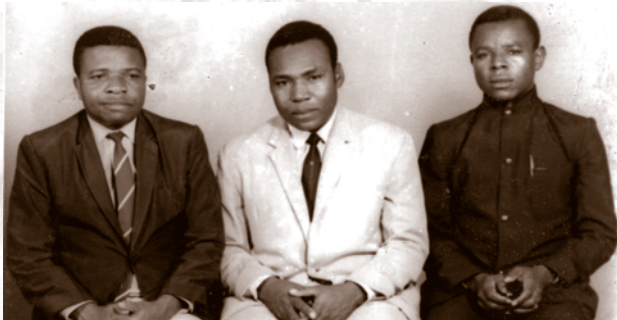
My dear husband it is really rather unfortunate that you did not wait to make 100 a few years to come ahead like you promised us last year. The cold hands of death snatched you away from me but there's one thing for sure, your footprints are well carved on the ground and you have left behind your legacy. I will do my best to continue from where you ended and still love you by taking proper care of your children.

Your wife, Theresia Tita.

Pa T, it is hard to believe you are no more in our midst after all the love and care you showed me. How could you just disappear at the twinkle of an eye. You have been a wonderful daring, you have always been

there when I needed you. You never left me stranded. Your death has left me completely shattered and in distress. I am heartbroken from the pain of losing you at this point in time. I can remember how you used to call me "An-ge, Ma come and sit beside me". I am sorry darling that I could not help you from your sick bed. You were the apple of my eyes. Darling although I need you here, the heavenly father needs you more by his side. Our children and I will miss you for the rest of our lives. I promise to take care of them and carry on with the plans we had. My dear, may you find rest and peace in the bosom of the Lord. Farewell darling.

Your wife, Angela Tita



**With Mr Gwellem (left),
colleague at Cameroon Times**



**Victoria Old Boys :
Chief Namme, Mr Akanegbu, Dr Fuoching**

CHILDREN

It is much pain in my heart that I say these words but the good Lord has answers to everything he does. Papa in my mind, I knew we still had a long time to be together despite your age, scores we had to settle this December 2011 and February 2012. Since you have gone, give me the courage to brave them all. Papa thank you most especially for the gene of intelligence you instilled in our children, our children's children and us. For the drive of never accepting defeat and always trying to move ahead. Physically you have gone but I know you are with me.

Bye Papa Bye

Your daughter, Mrs Ndifor Catherine

Papa, I don't know where to begin. It was such a big shock that you were gone so soon. Yours is such a long and complicated story to tell. I know that you never saw someone in need and did not help. The needs of others were always above your needs. You cared about education, not only for your children but also for every one through your books, newspapers, politics, you name it. You worked hard but most of all you were a very humble man. I learned to work hard because you did. I learned you can come from nothing and worked hard to be something. You were never arrogant; every body was important and commanded attention from you, rich or poor young or old. Rising early to listen to Voice of America and heading off to Nooremac Press sometimes as early as 4 am. Never for once did you say I am tired

of this for this I will always be grateful. Oh' papa you were humble, simple, complicated, cheerful, caring, a big jester, humble but most of all you were My Dad. I will not have it any other way. Thank you for all the life lessons. Greetings to Mama Malozeh, Mama Anasta, Ndia Mary, Nfor, Tabang, Grandma Tabang, Papa Chisirri and the rest of our family members. Heaven is rejoicing, we are crying. I will always LOVE YOU. Watch over us and protect us. Good bye Papa

*Your daughter, Susan Tita-Bakare
USA/Lagos*

FROM ME TO YOU

What an honor and privilege to look behind, deeper and closer, and celebrate goodness, gift of God and wisdom. When I was much younger, I tried to see reasons for all the struggles, triumph, love and indifference, but now that I am much older, I see that all these experiences taught me vital lessons.

I look back with pride, the lives you have touched, the people you have educated, generations born and unborn that you have and will impact.

Many memories fill my mind- what stands out is the courage with which you faced life and the generosity you exhibited to all who came your way. All of us have this to say. 'He was a good man.' Your life has pushed me into lessons. I welcome a new me tomorrow.

*Your daughter, Deborah Fonju.
Denmark*

S. N. TITA

A dedicated and conscientious teacher
An assiduous and diligent writer
A dynamic and resourceful printer
An ambitious and generous publisher
A timid but industrious bookseller
A daring and audacious journalist
A witty and engaging raconteur
Though you are gone
Your legacy will live forever
Your son, Dr Julius Che Tita

Papa you fought the last battle for your dignity
Waiting quietly for the liberation of death
You were brave and rash in your fight for the Right and the Good
You were rejected and tortured. You could be exasperating and endearing.
You were unwavering in your principles, impervious to the forces unleashed by political oppressors. You argued politics with the best of them.
Those who know you know you could see what many didn't and
You were usually right.
A man of many wives, a great failing of yours
Yet, you built a strong foundation no one can take away
Perhaps you thought I missed it all
I picked up everything
It's written on my heart
You are someone, I can't replace.
You will always remain in my heart
Your daughter, Sabina Tita
Sweden

It is really hard to write a tribute to you papa, but I will try. Not because I do not know what to say, but because I could keep writing; on and on and never stop. Its a few weeks since I last saw you on that sick bed. That day will never be forgotten; just as you will never be forgotten. You are in my heart, our minds, and our thoughts and yes even in our prayers. I miss you dearly papa, it is hard to accept, that you are no more. I will keep thanking God, for your life especially as you lived more than four score years. Papa you taught us to grow up and be strong and independent people. You wanted all of us to reach the highest levels of education according to our abilities, by sending us to the most prestigious schools in Cameroon. Rest assured that I am that lady you wanted me to be; standing tall all the time. I know the vacuum you have left cannot be filled, but your legacy shall live forever. I am so thankful to God for allowing you to give me away to marriage last November; and especially the opportunity to hold my little princess, even though you won't be there for her to call you grandpa. We have only memories of all the good times we shared together,



er, but your spirit will live on in our hearts. I prayed to my Father and My God to take away your pain, so I know in my heart that you are finally pain-free and happy.
God saw you getting tired and a cure was not to be. So he put his arms around you and called you to come to HIM. Despite the love that was shown to you, we could not make you stay. Your gentle heart stopped beating that day as God broke our hearts to prove to us He only takes the Best. ADIEU papa, God Bless you, Rest in Peace till we meet again in Heaven. Pray for us all here on earth. Leo, Yaya and I, send our love to you.
Your daughter, Tesa Tumenta née Tita
Bonaberi – Douala

Papa
You were a well-accomplished and simple man. You lived your life so simply to an extent that when people met you, they could hardly believe you were that household name back in the days. It is in that same simplicity that you left this world. You left with no hassle or pain. Today, we celebrate the life of my hero. The Great Baobab tree has fallen, but sure your legacy shall live forever. I will not let you down Papa. It is hard to say Goodbye. God has chosen to call you to his side, who am I - a mere mortal to say No. I will miss you dearly, ADIEU Papa, Rest in perfect peace.
Your son, Dobgima Tita

Tributes to S. N. Tita

I want to honor you my father, by holding on to memories at this point when you have gone ahead. It is truly an honor to be the one as a child to pay respect to my parents especially to you now. At this point we can choose which way we want to remember a parent.

I remember you as someone who was generous maybe to a fault. I am fortunate as a young adult to be able to look back at the decisions you made, the way you lived with the eyes of maturity.

You gave me courage to forge ahead, dream my own dreams, without fear of favor from any man. That is all about it because I don't know anyone who followed their heart as you did and that's why you were so attractive to the ladies, respected by others and even envied by some of your mates.

Whether it was teaching, writing, politics or family life, you lived generously without fear of what others would think just following your heart.

Thank you for the wonderful memories and the dramatic exciting life that I had with you as my father.

I could write a book and maybe one day I will... But for now...Bye

IT'S THE DAWNING OF A NEW DAY.

Your daughter, Andin Tita.

Emily Dickinson said and I quote: "Unable are the loved to die. For love is immortality." Even though you are not with us physically, you are very much alive in my heart. When someone you love becomes a memory, that memory becomes a treasure. I will forever treasure the memories of you with us. I will forever remember your bravery, your love and passion towards us. You have always made us have a home and I am confident that on this new venture you will make a comfortable home for us all when we meet again.

Your son, Bertrand Asongwe Tita.

If I were the arbiter of lives I would have granted you many more bonus years but the good Lord who gave has taken back. In moments of grief and pain as such, many questions are asked which go unanswered. Indeed this is not the time for questions but a time for reflections. There is every reason to mourn you forever but I am consoled by the fact that you met up with your divine assignments. A man who would help even when he couldn't.

Papa the life you lived will always serve as lamplights in the lives of your children. You were very courageous, hardworking, powerful, witty, cheerful, generous, decisive, and to conclude the most intelligent man I ever met. Safe journey and say hi to God for me.

Your son, Tita Aloysius.

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal. Before your accident, you told me that you had 50 more years to live. Just a few weeks after those words you said and I quote 'Malo, I have lived my life and every day for me now is borrowed.' It got me thinking. I will miss you and your stories. I will cherish your radical ideas and philosophies of life. This country will miss you. Your death is like a burning library because you still had a lot to offer this country and the world at large. I love you so much so that if tears could build a stairway, and memories a lane, I'd walk right up to Heaven and bring you home again. When it came to brains, you had the biggest of all, I never knew a wiser man. Adieu Papa.

Your loving daughter, Malozeh Joyce Tita.

What a great loss! Papa I don't even know how to start writing a tribute to you. This proves to me more or less the most difficult moment in my life. You were the most intelligent man I noticed throughout the time you spent with me. You were so eloquent, brilliant, brave and hardworking. I pray the good Lord grant you rest in His bosom. Adieu Papa.

Your daughter, Catherine Bih Tita.

Papa, life is so unpredictable. The most happens when we expect the least. The few times we spent with you revealed to us your great wisdom and ability to give powerful advice on life's undertakings. It is rather unfortunate that we did not maximally exploit this wisdom of yours, since death came knocking. We deplore the fact that you did not see our future but God knows why. We have no choice but to join and say with Job "The Lord has given, the Lord has taken." It is hard to say, but we lost a whole library, we don't know where to read, to take records, news or receive advice from anymore. We pray God fills the vacuum you have left in our hearts. May your soul rest in the bosom of the Almighty. Adieu!

Your daughters, Tita Angela, Manka & Irene Tita.

Oh what a world! Who would have thought by this time of the year we will be fatherless. What a pity to hear you are no more. You were such a loving, kind and caring father. Papa we are standing at the middle of nowhere shocked and bewildered by your death. We miss you Papa, most especially the sound of that gentle and soft voice calling on us on how to study in school. Only a few months ago, you were beaming with life; little did we know the cold hands of death would snatch you away from us. Papa although we need you here, the heavenly father needs you more by his side to exhibit these qualities in his kingdom. Farewell Papa and may you prepare a place for us. Rest in peace Papa, we will miss you.

Your children, Prince, Stephen, Malozeh & Dominic



GRAND CHILDREN

Cameroon has just lost an educational icon whose name shall always be mentioned in the history of Cameroon. For he was a great writer, a mentor and an inspiration that touched the lives of many successful Cameroonians. If wishes were horse that beggars could ride, I would love to turn back the hands of time even for a minute to have another moment with Pa T. It pains my heart to accept that God needed you the most the moment I was really trying to get closer to you with so much love, but then my eyes have tears of joy when I think of your glorious welcome to the gates of heaven by God's angels. Rest in peace Grand Pa.

Bianca Malozeh Karawa.

My grandpa was very loving and caring. He was also very nice. He used to bring me plums from his farm. I was so sad when I heard that he died. I will miss him. I hope he has a great time in Heaven.

Your granddaughter, CeCe Bih Che Tita

Gainesville, FL

I was very sad to hear that my grandpa died. It was very depressing. He was a good granddad, very loving and caring. Pity he was sick and died.

*Your grandson, Dylan Fru Che Tita
Gainesville, FL*



Grandpa I will always be inspired by your passion, courage and determination. I know we did not talk often but your were always in my heart. I know I was your dear grand daughter because you even dedicated one of your books to me; Stephanie. You will be remembered for ever Papa, rest in peace.

*Your grand daughter Stephanie
Mangwi Ndifor
Washington DC*

IN LAWS

Pa T, I have so much to write about, considering the privileged relationship I had with you but I know everyone who's known you has much to say about a baobab.

Recall when my Dad accompanied me to ask for Cathy's hand in marriage in 1986, you told us we'll go see the other family members; as for yourself, you'll not be requesting any bride price from us. When we expressed surprise, you explained that in your days as boys, my Dad assisted you materially when you gained admission into the prestigious Sasse College Soppo-Buea. He had already paid the bride price for his son to come.

The surprise did not end there. When I was roofing my house in Douala in 1998, you told me son "Son, I'm going to furnish you timber for your work". It looked like a joke but I later came to Limbe and returned with truckload of timber for the roof. I have many more exceptional acts of generosity from you but for space.....

You have been a father to me and I found it difficult calling you a father in-law. The bond between us might just have arisen from nature's coincidence; You are S.N. TITA (Stephen Ngu TITA) and I am P. N. TITA (Patrick Ndifor TITA). A father and a son.

I recall again when you moved to Nigeria in recent times leaving your entire family behind, you told me the decision was taken to handle national issues. I retorted that you can not leave your family un-fathered and talk of national issues because without the families you can neither talk of a nation nor allude to one. You expressed gratitude for this reasoning and returned home to shepherd your large family. Yes S N TITA has left behind a large family. As you returned from Nigeria to cater for us, your spirit should

guide all of us behind in oneness, harmony, unity and strength. May the lord grant you eternal rest Pa T.

Your son in-law and son, Patrick NDIFOR TITA

Received with great shock a few days ago, from my wife Grace, a message that my friend, Stephen Ngu Tita was seriously sick in the hospital. A day or two later, she again called me to say S. N. was dead, not actually dead, I would say. He is on his way home to meet Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. We love him so much, but the Lord loves him much better and has withdrawn him untimely from this sinful world for reasons best known to him. May He rest his soul at His bosom in perfect peace till we meet again. May the Tita family please accept my heartfelt condolence.

Joseph Igwacho

From the very first moment that we met you embraced me into your family and loved me as if I were your own daughter. I cannot even begin to express how truly blessed and proud I am to be the daughter-in-law of a great man like you. I love you and will miss you forever. Though I am tormented by grief and saddened by your death, I thank God you are finally resting in peace. Farewell, Papa.

*Your unique daughter-in-law, Valerie Nah Che Tita
"Ma'a" as you called me.*

Gainesville, FL

Pa Stephen, how wonderful you are, a true child and servant to God the father almighty. A few years behind, we saw you brilliantly saying farewell to Anastasia, again we saw you do the same to Pa Jerry with wisdom and also during these



occasions, you gave us some life histories in the family.. I also remember in the year 1964 when Tunde, Pa and myself left for Tiko to sell almanacs produced by you. I remember while at Tiko, in the street, a woman saw me holding some almanacs and some primary school textbooks (Rural Science, Geography, History, 2, 2, 3 by S. N. Tita) and the woman wanted to know who the author was. I then called for Pa Tita to come, the woman said to him "May the Lord almighty be with you". The Lord has truly been with Pa S.N. Tita in bringing up such a large and wonderful family. I together with Ndia Dan, Papa Joe, Cathy and your wives were beside you at the hospital in Limbe and despite how hard we tried, The Lord wanted you more. Extend our regards to our sister and your wife Anasta and may your soul rest in perfect peace.

Nji W. NDESO

My Loving Senior Brother/Father,
Oh H should I address you? Where and what should I have been if you were not born?
If there are at all any titles that any highly responsible man can get, I should give you.
You are my Gold and Silver.
Oh 'Father!!', what a man like you who works relentlessly and indefatigably, demanding no reward but serving only your God.
I pray that the Almighty and Eternal God have pity on you, forgetting all errors you must have made in your past life and give you a good resting place.
Papa S.N., you have done so much, not only to me but also to anyone who passed by you. What a bossom friend and brother!!!
Say "Hi" to Papa Dominic Nkemnghe, Mama Hostencia Malozeh and Mama Josepha Tabang wherever they may be.
Rest in perfect peace till we meet to part no more.
Joseph Asaba Chi

My Loving Senior Brother, I just can't believe I am writing this but this is me writing a farewell message. Death you are cruel, greedy and merciless.
You are cruel by snatching away our family mentor very untimely.
Pa Tita, your departure has left a vacuum in our lives. The challenges caused by your sudden death are enormous, but we only have to take refuge in Joshua Marine who has this to say "Challenges are what makes life interesting, overcoming them is what makes life meaningful".
Pa S.N. now where are you with your 6.00 a.m. calls "Dan, I am already in the house so meet me immediately". Your words of encouragement to me that take things easy.
You have not finished the family history you were always telling me and advising me on how to make life easy moving. You stood by me in everything that was going on.
Pa you lived a successful life in everything. As no one is an Angel, all of us have sinned but Jehovah being merciful and forgiving will see about that as he knows everything.
With full conviction and faith in the Bible's promise of resurrection and life without troubles in the future, (John 11:25; Revelation 21:3,4) we shall meet then.
PA may you rest in peace.
Che Daniel Kikah

Pa I miss you so much, though I had a very short time with you, I saw in you a real father not just a father-in-law. I had regards for you while in primary school through your books not knowing I'll become part of your family as a son in-law.

Papa you wished me all the good things in my marriage, you gave me all the blessing, you extended your love for me by going that far to my village to meet with my family.

Papa the advice you gave me is what I'm holding on to in my marital life.

Papa you gave me an undiluted love and this made you just wonderful in more than a million different ways, and these merit far more than loving compliments and accolade of praises.

Papa may your soul rest in the bosom of the ALMIGHTY.
Your son-in-law, BRANDA ENOACHUO

FAMILY

Pa S. N., it is hard to believe that you have left us behind. I still find it hard to believe that you are no longer with us. Pa, without you, things will no longer be the same again. Thank you for being a good father and also for all the advice you gave me. Though we feel empty, we will continue to remember you by reminding ourselves of the wonderful times we spent together during every end of year family meeting. May your soul rest in peace.

Ngwa Ignatius

Papa, death is really cruel. For death to take you away from us at this time when we need you most is rather unfortunate. Life without you now papa is like trying to reap meaning out of a meaningless situation. May your gentle soul rest in perfect peace, till we meet to part no more.

Your daughter, Lucienne Neh Asaba

PAPA,

When girlhood joys sprinted my steps and ignorance graced my face with innocence at twelve, I came in to your home, father dear. I saw you hard at work with a thoroughness that gave you a big name all over Cameroon. So week-ends took us to different farm plots of the Limbe neighbourhood. There the writer, publisher, turned agric technician, applying various inside know-how to the soil and plants. You opened my ignorance to the success trick of hands on. Thank you, Daddy. How could I be slow, how could I be lazy in school when course books were my family flag? Even if I wanted to, my friends teased me to sit up. 'S.N.Tita' shouted at me from the spines of course books, my father's name. Bearing Tita, I had to be true to that name and excellence. Thank you, daddy. When you struck eighty-two, the biblical bonus of eighty plus a token take-home of two years, you went home. December 1st, you chose to stroll heavenward. Did you do it on purpose? That day of your glory land trip is also the day and anniversary of my birth? Shall I each year celebrate your birth to heaven and mine to earth? Shall it be a joyful or a tear-filled annual reenactment? Or shall I choose the grounds of glory, and celebrate your life and mine, yours complete and mine in process? Papa, I await your heaven-wise response. In the mean time, I sign my duty to keep your name alight. It is a proud promise that with you above to pray for and influence us, I am duty bound to rise to that name (which because of you I will proudly wear as a title) - TITA. One job I am now taking on is one of continuity from where you ended - write books.

Tributes to S. N. Tita

Papa, thank you for the inspiration, the lessons of life, the fame that made Tita a title I now wear, and thank you that you will from heaven keep your eyes open over us all.

Mbongeh Lilian Tita épouse Arrey Ntui

Dearest Dad

What can I say about Papa? He was a teacher, and he embraced his profession even in his personal relationship with all his children. He did not only teach us about school, but most importantly, he taught us about life.

How do I express this kind of feeling? I have been beaten by a raging storm.

Only a few months ago we lost our dad Pa Jeremiah, your brother during his burial u your there strong and healthy wishing your brother farewell neither did I know you were just telling him in another language that you were to meet him just in 5 months.

We are all today in life, because of your hard work. We thank you for all the love, care you showed to us your children. You have been the best and great Dad anyone will dream of having...

The pains and sorrow of my father's death till remains in my mind, now your sudden death makes me weak... what a wonderful world....

You are gone but spiritually you gonna remain in our midst

Adieu PaPa

Your Son, Ngu Tita

Germany

Your sudden physical departure is the toughest pill I have had to swallow in my life. I will always remember those special

smiles, caring heart, warm embrace you gave me. You were always there for me through good and bad times, no matter what. Papa, you had a healthy breed of Daughters, Sons, Grand Children and Great Grand Children who loved and continue to love and practice the very grounds on which you walked. Dad, you gave me not only eminence and wealth, but also blood untainted with any vice, opulence of undiluted health and up bringing. You were honest and kind. You were so clean in heart, body and in mind. You made me heir to riches without price. Dad, I miss you physically.

Christy Kaya

This great man, this prolific historian cum writer, who always had a word for everyone who came across him is no more! This intellectual who wrote educative books in Geography, History and Rural Science etc. used in our schools, yesterday and today, was so simple to a fault. Even the books the books he wrote never carried his photograph – what a simple man!! Pa S. N. Tita was a generous as he was simple. The Mbatu Family meeting Limbe and of course the Mbatu Women's Convention (MBAWECO) has lost a great SON. They join me to say: Pa S. N. Tita, Rest in Peace!!!

Ma'ama Elizabeth Atang

National President Mbatu Women

Vice President Mbatu Fako Union

You are loved and known by many. Pa we will miss the beautiful information you gave us through your books. The Atang and Tekouh families say ADIEU.

Princess Tekouh Andrie Vanessa



FAMILY FRIENDS

Farewell Ba S.N. Tita

**S.N. Tita: Pioneer, Editor, Publisher & Manager
Communicator, Educator, Historian & Writer**

By Dr. Jerry Komia Domatob

Some folks touch lives
Like precious gloves
That guide and heal
As valuable pill

Amidst that rare terrain
S.N. Tita reigned
Like a resourceful captain
Who served as progress' fountain

Committed and dedicated educator
He excelled as a communicator
Masterminding progress
As he valiantly battled regress

Pioneer in sundry arenas
Charming as flower's aroma
Ba S.N. Tita motivated
Like engines that activated

Marvelous and respected editor
Many cherished him as an orator
Seasoned and ace publisher
He inspired as project manager

Man of sharp brains and foresight
Ba's wit, wisdom and insight
Translated into positive actions
That molded and unified factions

Respected patriot and nationalist
Ba S.N. shined as an activist
Strategist who valued justice
He exemplified fair practice

Revered and admired father
Ba S.N. cheered as a brother
Family engine and community leader
Business seer, political dynamite and intellectual feeder
Bye. Ba S.N. Tita

The name S.N Tita has always rung a bell in my mind as far back as my primary school years. Pa truly helped facilitated my early understanding of History, Geography and Rural Sciences. I am strongly convinced all these efforts cannot go in vain, for even the Almighty appreciates Pa's efforts and has definitely reserved him a comfortable place in his Kingdom.

Sama Ernest

We thank God for Papa's life and all he did for all of us. Most of us used the famous books that were written by S.N.Tita. Our God Almighty will grant that special grace for the family too.

Dr. Tina Fongod

Though he is gone, Pa Tita's legacy lives on in the minds of a whole generation of Anglophone Cameroonians whom he educated and mentored. Because he lived, our lives are enriched in many ways. For that, we remain grateful to God for his life and work. May his soul rest in peace.

Lilian Ndangam

My sympathy is with the Tita family. Some of us had the privilege of reading those famous textbooks by S N Tita. His contribution to our education will always remain fresh in our minds. May you find peace with the Lord. Pa, job well done. You did not just occupy the world; you contributed to make it a better place. Rest in perfect peace.

Roseline Takor

A colossus... gigantic educational monument of theirs and our times...lived a full multifaceted life. The library burnt, its readership remains immortal. Did the Man Die? That's the question...!

Cho Nji Stephen

May Pa S.N. Tita soul rest in perfect peace. He will always remain a great man and a legend in Anglophone Cameroon. Thank you Pa for educating us, our parents and all Anglophones. We will always remember you.

Baiye Frida

Pa S.N you were an icon and indeed your legacy will never be forgotten. You will ever remain in the hearts of the family members and friends, the educational community in Cameroon at large, the political parties you served, and the entire Mbatu clan. I can still paint a picture of the good times we had when celebrating the award given to you by UNESCO in 2009, adieu daddy.

Nde Justin Nji

Many are called but few succeed in making a difference. Pa Tita left a legacy for others to follow. For those of us who were born and raised in Lumpsum Quarters under the watchful eye of Pa Tita know what a legacy he left. I will never forget growing up and seeing hundred of students applying for summer jobs at Nooremac Press and those that were chosen counted themselves as being very fortunate. Nooremac Press operated for twenty hours with three shifts. Pa Tita gave summer holiday jobs to uncountable number of students thereby relieving many parents from the stress of paying for the education of their children. I complement him for realizing such a dream but unfortunately in Cameroon the government failed to encourage such great private ideas. What a lost opportunity for a nation that is still struggling to survive. Hope future generations of young Cameroonian entrepreneurs will follow the legacy of Pa Tita. I extend my heartfelt condolence to the entire Tita family. We grew together and his loss is also a loss for the entire Lumpsum family. Pa Tita deserves a twenty one gun salute for his vision, firmness and believe. May his soul Rest in Perfect Peace in the hands of the Lord.

Naka General