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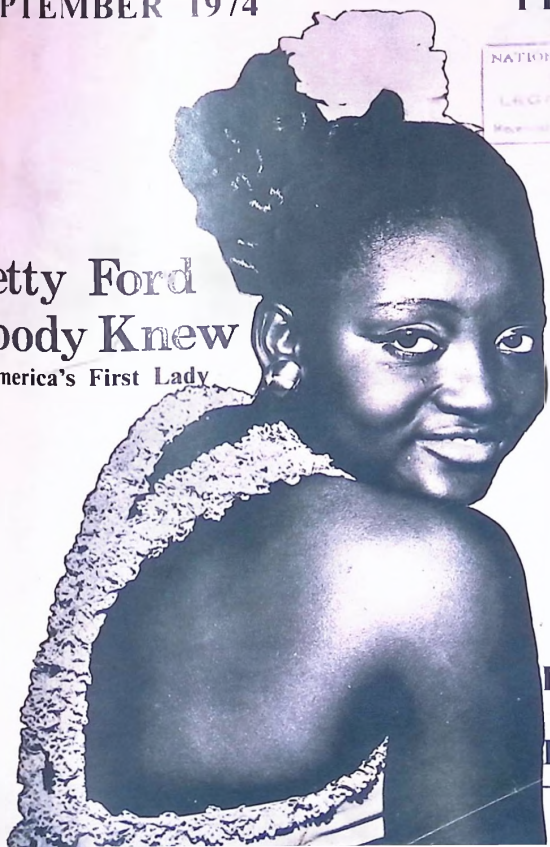
woman

SEPTEMBER 1974

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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF
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Betty Ford
Nobody Knew
—America's First Lady



Pork Chop
And
Retribution
—Imohimi Craig

For that
smooth fresh
look



Joy is the toilet soap with something special. Joy has a mild creamy lather which smooths and refreshes your skin.

Every time you use Joy, it's just like having a beauty treatment.

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JOY - your own special beauty treatment

modern woman

The Family Magazine



An elegant topless wrapper under an octopus-gold decorated hairstyle gives Betty the real Edo touch and makes her a winner anyway.
— See more of her on page 37.

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WORTH NOTHING

I have a friend who has two children. Because, they live in a very busy area, each time there is a shout, she runs out to see what is happening. According to her, the children are always too busy at their games to take note of vehicles that might swerve out of the road towards their direction.

Recently, one of her neighbours' children was run over by a fast moving car. Since then she has forced her children to play only inside their flat.

The children don't seem to like it but at least they are kept away from the danger.

Ibadan. Yomi,

DRIVEN CRAZY

Last week, I visited twelve of my friends to whose houses I stopped going a long time ago. At each of their houses, I offered to pay for all the drinks and they were very surprised.

At the end of each of the visits, I explained to them that I was on top of the world for having passed my driving test after the seventh attempt.

They all rejoiced with me and commended my courage.

Mushin. Bioye,

HOLIDAY BOREDOM

I wonder how many mothers feel the way I do about the long holidays.

The first two weeks were not so boring but beginning from the third month, I have almost been forced out of my senses.

I wish some schools will organise what is known as the "Summer School" abroad. I'm sure a lot of parents will gladly send their children there during the long holidays.

Lagos. Christy,

THE NAKED CORPSE

I am writing to congratulate "The Modern Woman" and Ralph Egbe for the thrilling detective serial



published over the last few months captioned: "The Naked Corpse." There are a lot to learn from such Stories. We need many more of such stories please. And we like to read about the trip to the New Moon Hotel, Enugu.

Thanks a lot.

Port-Harcourt. H.O. Fashola,

HEALTHY KIDS

Because my children would never keep their dolls in their room, my sitting room used to be in a mess all day. When I spoke to the oldest one aged 8 about their keeping the dolls in their room so the sitting room would look better, she simply told me they prefer for their room to be neat so they could stay healthy. I was surprised at the answer but I managed a smile.

Now, I have got them 2 shoe bags with twelve sections each and they are proud to display their toys where the bags are hanging against the walls.

Ikeja. Mrs. George,

OLD PALS

Since I was in school, I've had a pen-pal in America to whom I'm very much attached. Besides the fact that we exchange gifts on special occasions and anniversaries, we each discuss our families in our letters.

Recently, there came her daughter's letter addressed to my daughter - both of who are about the same age. In the letter, the girl expressed her wish for both of them to keep up the old tie that has existed for

more than twelve years between their mothers. I was so impressed and encouraged my girl to give a quick reply.

I think this is one sure way of strengthening international relationship.

Bodija, Ibadan. Kate.

PRIVATE COACHING

Almost everyday in our dailies, there is a column or more from parents who request the services of teachers to coach their children. What I can't understand is why so many children in private schools where exorbitant fees are charged still need to be privately coached by another teacher who also charges a rather high fees.

Must parents be so much taxed because their children are to be educated. After all said and done, some of these children are not better than those who go to public schools.

I do hope that when the Universal Free Education comes into full operation, all private schools will be taken over and be adequately equipped to raise the present standard of Education.

Ibadan. Bose.

VAIN GLORY

I once asked my rather expensive neighbour how much on the average she spends on clothes for her three little kids a year.

"As a matter of fact, she answered." It's very difficult to reckon, as you know they use only ready-made clothes and by that I mean imported ones. But surely,

the cost runs to a hundreds of naira.

Considering that she full-time housewife, suggested that she herself a good tailor/stress to make some of family dresses.

"Oh!" she said, "will not be in line their daddy's status director."

I was dumbfounded marvelled at the wide between such people vain-glory and their co-parts who can't boast three square meals a Apapa, Lagos.

LOVELY

When I went to see friend who recently gave birth to a baby girl, I could not help commenting how lovely she was.

Before I completed sentence, the four-year-old brother rushed at me and demanded to know my observation was different from all others.

"Everybody that came fore you thought I was lovely one and now just keep saying how lovely the baby is." Then burst into tears.

I quickly cuddled him told him that even though the baby is lovely he brother) is far love. That, with a packet of biscuits in his hands, he him feel much better.

Benin-City. Alere,

WISE LITTLE BOY

My little uncle aged 12 faced his mother one when there were about twenty guests in the sitting room.

He then asked: "Mum, I want you to tell event here now, what your doing - because whenever you want anything, you give send us to auntie. She the cooking, washing, cleaning, takes care of little baby and does other domestic while you sit down."

There was silence, when his nummy failed answer the question, the boy nodded and laughed. Ikate, Surulere. Mrs. B...



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We all need Pears.

BETTY FORD

nobody

knew

What happens to an intelligent, attractive, devoted mother of four, who was once a dancer, a model and a fashion coordinator, when her husband suddenly became Vice President of the United States—and just as suddenly became President? Ask Betty Ford, born Elizabeth Bloomer 55 years ago in Grand Rapids, Mich. She has reason to know.

Right after 60-year-old Gerald Rudolph Ford was sworn in as the 40th Vice President last December, the Secret Service swooped down on the family's four-bedroom, red brick and clapboard house in suburban Alexandria, Va., installed new high-security locks and kept the keys. Now when Betty Ford wants to enter her front or back door, a Secret Service agent jumps to unlock it for her.

The symbolism is inescapable. For in multiple ways, as America's Second Lady and facing from day to day the possibility of becoming its First Lady, Betty Ford found herself suddenly thrust into the public eye, in a role she'd never dream of choosing for herself—without keys to her own home.

But at least she kept that home. Betty, her husband, son Michael, 23 (a theology student in Massachusetts), John, 21 (studying forestry at Utah State University), Steven, 17 (a public high school senior), and Susan, 16 (at a nearby boarding school weekdays but home on weekends), voted unanimously to resist all pressures to move to grander quarters.

Never mind that the Ford house, built 19 years ago when there were only two small children, is now bursting at the seams. The then Vice President's study is a blue leather chair and ottoman in a corner of the pastel living room, positioned so that he could take occasional glimpses at the TV. The secretary Mrs Ford hired to look after her snowballing appointments and mail was perched in a corner of the master bedroom. The paneled dining area off the kitchen won't seat more than eight on a bet.

The swimming pool, Ford's chief source of relaxation, has preempted almost the entire backyard. The usual garage pile-up—garden equipment, bicycles, old lumber—has been dumped in a corner of the yard and the family's '67 Chrysler exited to the driveway so the garage entrance could be bricked over and a bay window installed to make a Secret Service command post. In addition, there were two Secret Service sentry boxes in the backyard. And sometimes it seemed there's an agent under every bush. Last January when young Bobby Hanback, picking up his friend Steve Ford for a day's quail hunting, marched up the front steps with a shotgun slung over his shoulder, the agents swarmed like angry hornets. But by now they recognize most of the young people, usually in jeans and flapping jackets, friends of Steve and Susan who casually drift in and out of the house at all hours. Keeping her children's friends and classmates underfoot the way they've always been keeping fame from spinning her family apart is one of Betty Ford's main jobs these days. "We've always been close as a family and we're going to stay that way," she said with quiet determination.

She is a very pretty woman—blue-gray eyes that change with the clothes she is wearing; reddish-blond hair waved softly back to show a smooth forehead and slight widow's peak; expressive eyebrows; understated makeup deftly applied with the skill she learned when she was a Joln Robert Howard model in New York three decades ago; a size-10 figure, requisited over this past year through rigid dieting after the scale registered an unwelcome 139 pounds. Her secret? Lots of lettuce, cottage cheese, crackers, tea. It's not so easy to manage now that she's been replaced in the kitchen by a pair of Navy stewards who are wizards at apple pie and dumplings.

The Fords are a beautiful family, no question about that. There's the football-hero father who worked his way through Yale Law School,

got elected to the House of Representatives 13 times with an overwhelming majority, became House Minority Leader nine years ago, collected more friends all over the country than he could entertain in an arm's length and was greeted by cheers from virtually all sides when the President named him to the sacagony left by the departing Spiro Agnew.

There's the lovely, accomplished mother who gracefully bowed to the starwart sons, all over six feet, outstanding athletes, serious students earnestly preparing for professional careers, the pretty, bubbly daughter who loves to cook and do needlepoint and shares her mother's passion for the dance; all the children eager to work summers for money, experience, all overtly fond of each other, all blissfully unaware that nowadays the generations are supposed to snarl at each other across a yawning gap.

Son Mike told one reporter recently he was sorry he'd caused mother so many problems when he was little. Susan said to another, "Dad's the perfect father." Jack shaved off his beard because he couldn't think it looked right on a Vice President's son. Steve said, "Our papa always let us use our own judgment and it's worked out pretty well. The President himself commented, 'We're just a family family—important thing is that we care for each other.'"

Are these people real? Is such perfection possible in this very imperfect world? With their good looks, good health, good fortune, their work, their devout prayers, the Gerald Fords do come miraculously to embodying our collective fantasy of the faultless folks next door. Maybe that's why they are.

But someone had to make them that way. Someone had to mold all that character, mold all that love. And the one who's taken the most and served as target for the tensions is Betty Ford. Her husband's children are quick to agree that she's carried the heaviest burden. In 15 years, despite the glamour of her position, behind the smiles, behind the calm facade, Betty Ford has fought—and for the most part won—good many lonely battles.

The first was the battle to achieve independence from her own mother, a strong woman who, in the manner of most mothers of her time, wanted her daughter to be happy on her terms. Young Betty grew up in Grand Rapids, Mich., much cherished by her father, William Stevenson Bloomer, a machinery salesman who died when she was 16, and by her mother, Hortense, active in civic affairs, president of the Crippled Children League.

Betty Bloomer hated her name. Children in school snickered and called her Betty Pants. She worried a lot about her two elder brothers, for the girls would every marry them and voluntarily take on the embarrassment of that name? (Two did, and gladly.) For herself, she knew marriage would ultimately solve the problem. At eight she started dancing lessons and fell so intensely in love with the dance that it became her whole life.

In her adolescent fantasies she was a great ballerina, pulled by the strings as she took courtless curtain calls before wildly cheering audiences. She worked hard and singlemindedly at the dance, practised for hours, but still in her mid-teens she taught dance and body rhythms to children and gave private lessons to adults, and once instructed a blind man in ballet dancing.

For two years during high school she attended dance summer sessions at Bennington College in Vermont. Those sessions have since become legendary in dance annals.

Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, Doris Humphrey and other

(Continued on page 6)



MRS. GERALD FORD poses in her living room. Photo from IPS.

BETTY FORD

(Continued from page 4)

immortals of the dance world attracted to Bennington a fanatic body of students, from seasoned performers to starry-eyed newcomers like little Betty Bloomer of Michigan. "That was a fantastic time," Betty Ford recalls, her face lighting up at the recollection. "We lived, breathed, ate, dance and would stay up all night to perfect a movement. I was so excited I hardly slept."

After high school Betty was ready to rush off to New York to make her way in the dance world, but her mother insisted on keeping her home for three years until she was 20. After 20, she fled to New York, signed up with Martha Graham, who was teaching there, and found an apartment in Greenwich Village. When her mother vetoed living in the Village, Betty and a roommate from Bennington rented a place in a less raffish neighborhood that met with her mother's grudging approval.

Those were heady days. The two girls held open house for dance students and members of various troupes. There were ballet slippers and toe shoes everywhere, leotards, practice costumes, music scores, dance notations, someone sleeping on the couch, someone late for rehearsals. Martha Graham was a hard taskmaster. "Did she ever slap you?" a man asked Mrs. Ford not long ago at a ballet performance in Washington. "Not in the face," she replied, "but I got many a knee in the back."

Martha Graham, with her electric personality, her passion for perfection, lit a fire in young Betty. "She was my idol," she says. "More than anyone else she shaped my life. I think that's what I first saw in my husband some years later—that same drive to perfection, only for him it was first football, then his work."

Betty was not with the main Martha Graham company that toured the country, but with an auxiliary group that sometimes appeared in Carnegie Hall. She danced furiously all week, managed a busy social life on weekends and still had energy to spare. One day she dropped into the waiting room of John Robert Powers, at that time operator of the country's leading model agency.

She'd done some modeling in high school and wanted to try her hand in the big league. The minute she saw the roomful of beautiful girls, she told herself, "This is a waste of time, I'm not going to make it."

A man entered, walked around, said "I'll see you," and unbelievably pointed at her. It was Powers. With her knees shaking she stepped into his office. He took a close look at her legs with their highly developed dancer's muscles. "They're not very good," he commented. Nevertheless, he signed her on. "She began appearing in fashion shows and flaunting her black patent-leather hotbox, then the model's trademark."

All this time her mother was both subtly and not so subtly pressuring her to come home, get married, settle down. Betty resisted. On visits to New York, Horiense Bloomer described the weddings of Betty's classmates, the beautiful houses their new husbands were buying them. Betty closed her ears.

Finally her mother offered a deal. If Betty would come home for months, give the social whirl of Grand Rapids a fair chance and still want to return to New York, there would be no more objection. Betty refused at first. Martha Graham told her, "Stay, you've got the makings." Her mother begged. Finally Betty gave in.

Back in Grand Rapids there was an endless round of parties, and also an exciting job. She became fashion coordinator for a leading department store, which meant putting on fashion shows, training models, doing commentaries, coordinating window displays and ads, and—best of all—going to New York several times a year on buying trips.

Evenings, she ran a dance group, taught black and handicapped children, choreographed new dances, staged performances. Once she set tongues wagging by putting on a dance called *Three Parabolas* in a Baptist church. (Scantly clad dancers were then a shocking sight in church.)

Her mother wisely said never a word as the seasons slipped by and Betty stayed on in Grand Rapids. In 1947 a friend phoned and asked Betty whether she'd be willing to go out with Jerry Ford. Betty said she'd love to. She'd heard about Jerry—everyone in town had. He'd been the All-American center on the University of Michigan's undefeated championship football team.

At the time, Ford had finished Yale Law School, where he had paid his own way by working as an assistant varsity football coach and freshman boxing coach, completed his law service in the Navy and was practicing law in Grand Rapids. He was one of the busiest men in town, active in civic affairs, running to committee meetings, heading every campaign in sight, even fund appeals for the animal shelter. Betty immediately admired his strength his warmth, his drive to get things done and done right.

Gerald proposed to her in the spring of 1948 but told her they couldn't get married until the fall. He gave no reason, but it soon became apparent that the first item on his agenda was entering the Republican primary to run for Congress.

He won the primary, campaigned strenuously, found time to get married in October, was elected in November and Betty, who had expected to begin married life as the successful, career-woman wife of a leader lawyer in Grand Rapids, started instead as the unknown and somewhat apprehen-

sive bride of a freshman congressman in Washington, D.C. She was 30 then, he 35.

Mrs. Leslie Arends of Illinois, wife of the House Minority Whip, remembers the Fords when they first hit Washington as shiny, bright, all-American and bandbox fresh. "Now there's a couple that will go far," she predicted.

The wife of one of Jerry's younger brothers proved an equally good prophet when she told her new sister-in-law, "With Jerry you will have to worry about other women. Your cross will be his work."

Her mother-in-law advised her, "Betty, travel now, when you're older you won't be able to go." Before between and after many babies were to see a good deal of the world with her husband, and meet many of the world's leaders. But the babies came fast and most of the time they left her home. (Home was Washington, although half of a two-family house maintained an apartment in Grand Rapids, half of a two-family house the other half of which they rented out.)

Mike was born in March 1950. Jack in '52, Steve in '56 and Susan the much wanted girl in '57. A devoted maid, Clara Powell, who was childless and loved the Ford children as her own, eased the work. Mrs. Hubert Humphrey, whose husband is also a veteran of the Congress, remembers Betty Ford from those days as pretty, poised and willing to take on any job. "All of us were always rushing away from meetings," Muriel Humphrey recalls, "to pick up children at school or get home in time to start dinner."

Gerald Ford, in love with the House of Representatives, soon formulated a new ambition: to become Speaker of the House. For that to happen, the House would need a Republican Majority. Ford dedicated himself to that goal. He travelled all over the country, pleading the Republican cause, trying to get Republicans elected, and meeting like-minded friends. For years on end, he averaged 200 speeches a year.

This meant 200 evenings a year when Betty Ford was alone with children. "I was needed as ballast here at home," she says. Drew Pearson once mentioned in a column that the Gerald Fords were in the East. "Gerald Ford was in the Far East," Betty remembers, just on the slightest edge in her voice, "but I was right here, chauffeuring and cooking. She filled her days with... but I was right here, chauffeuring and cooking, teaching at Emmanuel on the Hill Episcopal Church in Alexandria, Va., was constantly on the run."

But when the boys got out into a squeaky and needed a strong hand in the middle, it had to be her hand. Their father was away. When he started playing football in high school, it was she who had to handle the trips to the emergency room to repair the damage. "It always happened at dinnertime and when Jerry was out of town," she said indignantly.

Betty loved to go to the ballet, but hated to go alone and leaving the children. The really great time for the family was Christmas vacation at the condominium they bought in Vail, Colo.

All year they looked forward to the two weeks the entire family spent together—out on the ski slopes in jeans, relaxing, unwinding, all of them giving each other their fullest attention, cooking huge meals together, cleaning up together. "Just try me at doing dishes," Gerald Ford quipped. "That's how I worked in the Navy through college and marriage. Vail was as still as the family's Sherrill-Val." But it's just once a year.

Nine years ago still is the family's Sherrill-Val. Betty Ford became Minority Leader of the House overnight to Gerald Ford because of his already overcrowded time. "There's no one as neglected as an ambitious politician's wife," syndicated Washington columnist Betty Beale points out. "It happens to all of them even Jackie Kennedy when her husband was in the Senate."

It hardly seems a coincidence, then, that at this particular point in her life, Betty Ford awoke one morning with a numbness in her arm and hand. Later that day the hand became swollen. At National Orthopedic Hospital she was put into traction for two weeks. The orthopedist put a nerve in her neck. It was the eve of a planned vacation to the shore. He insisted that Jerry take the children—they'd looked forward to it so eagerly. She stayed in traction—alone.

The neck remained excruciatingly painful even after she returned home. There were hot towels, massage sessions, braces and collars to wear, medication constantly changed, and new neurosurgeons to see, or surgery to consider and reject, pain-killers, cortisone shots, yippee!

After five years, Betty began consulting a psychiatrist. That was in 1970. He confirmed what she already knew: that her pain in the neck was real. But he also told her why she had it.

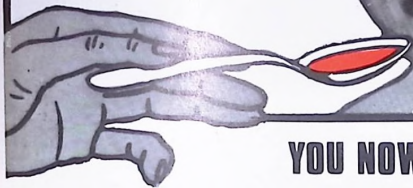
It was, in his view, a psychosomatic pain. And she had earned it hard way. Here she was in her menopausal years, her own professional career abandoned, her adolescent children soon to leave home, her husband totally wedded to his work—work that took him away from home more as she needed him more. All the long years she'd been the daughter, the good wife, the loving mother, meeting the physical, emotional, psychological and even political needs of those around her.

Betty continued to see her psychiatrist for six months. He helped her realize that no one, not even the most dedicated workaholic mother, can live her life entirely for others. She must make her own self, express her own feelings, get her frustrations out into the world.

During Betty's psychotherapy, Ford discovered the doctor explained tension and emotional factors are often translated into bodily symptoms in his wife's case, a severely pinched nerve. "No, nobody here had your breakdown," Betty Ford says, denying the rumour that was spread about. "If anything broke down, it was that nerve in my neck."

(Continued on page 33)

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ETIQUETTE IN PUBLIC LIFE

Taking the chair at a meeting, making a short speech, opening a bazaar or other function, sitting on a committee—these duties may fall to anyone with a sense of service. Here, consideration and naturalness, plus a little common sense, can solve most problems.

In making a speech of any kind there are three golden rules:

1. Prepare it well beforehand, so that full details of all the points one wishes to make are fixed firmly in mind. Keep it short; make the points and then sit down.
2. Avoid irrelevant humour. It is better to speak from notes than to risk getting muddled, omitting some vital point or forgetting to thank someone to whom thanks are due. But if read, a speech should be interpolated with plenty of pauses for a smile or pleasant glance at the audience.

OPENING A BAZAAR OR OTHER FUNCTIONS

The lady who is to open the event must be careful to arrive very punctually and she will have taken pains with her appearance as a graceful compliment to the organizers and to create the chairman and then will make a speech including some references to the importance and usefulness of the good work in hand, bearing in mind that many of her listeners may have been brought along by friends and may not know much about what it is all "in aid of." She will exhort her hearers to give generously to this good cause and express her belief that they will all enjoy themselves. She should include a few words of thanks to the people who have toiled so hard behind the scenes, and then, declaring the fete or exhibition open, conclude.

But her duties do not end here. She must give a lead to others by touring the bazaar and spending a little at each stall, by going round the exhibition and expressing her enjoyment of it all, or, if the occasion is a concert or similar performance, by listening attentively and appreciatively.

COMMITTEE WORK AND MEETINGS

This is less public but no less valuable than speaking on platforms.

If one is elected or co-opted to a committee, regular attendance and punctuality are important. The committee member has a duty to the organization as a whole and also to the individual members who look to committee personnel to represent their views which otherwise could not be aired except at the annual general meeting. Committee membership entails considerable work, and unless one is prepared for this it is better not to accept nomination.

Taking the chair at meetings is less formidable than it sounds. The chairman must see that the meeting begins on time and that enough members are present to form a quorum (usually a majority of the committee, or enough to make a reliable and responsible decision on the various matters). The chairman first asks the secretary to read the minutes (i.e. the report of the previous meeting) and then, if the meeting approves, he signs them; he must sign each page and initial any amendment that has been made.

He then takes the agenda, or programme of the present meeting, point by point. He must see that any proposal, before being thrown open for discussion, is properly

proposed and seconded. After a suitable time for discussion (the chairman should see this is not unduly prolonged, while at the same time seeing that everyone has a chance to make his or her views known) the question is put to the vote and the chairman announces the result.

Sometimes the chairman himself proposes a motion—usually something formal such as a vote of thanks to a retiring committee member or welcome to some guest, and it is always taken for granted that such a motion will be carried unanimously.

The chairman of a committee should always be friendly, courteous and accessible to members, bearing in mind that while part of his or her duties is to see that the organization runs efficiently, another part is to encourage and to some extent train the younger people who will be shouldering more and more of the responsibility as time goes on.

DINNERS, DANCES AND RECEPTIONS

The invitation will usually give some clue as to the appropriate clothes to wear. "Morning dress" or "dress informal" on an invitation would imply either morning clothes or lounge suits for the men, and the women would wear any becoming outfit they pleased. If, however, doubt arises as to what is the right thing to wear, it is quite in order to telephone the hostess or her secretary or the secretary to the organizers, and inquire.

The hostess—or in the case of a business or official function, the chairman's wife—will usually be standing to receive her guests as they arrive. At a big affair where names are being announced, one gives one's name to the announcer (the husband giving his own and his wife's if they are arriving together) before greeting the hostess. Then one moves on and mingles with other guests.

At a well-organized function someone—sons and daughters of the family, or junior executives of a business firm will be seeing that guests are introduced, provided with refreshments, and helped to enjoy themselves. If no one seems to be doing this, it is permissible for a guest to introduce herself to fellow-guests, usually with some friendly remark or offer of a cigarette, followed by "I'm Betsy Kehinde, Joke's cousin. Have I seen you before at her parties?" which gives the others a chance to introduce themselves. This informal type of greeting is what is meant by the old saying, "The roof is an introduction," meaning that two people in the same private house can be presumed to be both couched for by the hostess and therefore formalities can be dispensed with.

When dinner is announced, the host leads the way to the dining-room with the most distinguished woman guest, the rest following and the hostess and her partner bringing up the rear. At a large public function, the chief guests go in first and the rest follow in any convenient order. At royal or civic functions the guests go in first and royalty enter, only when all other guests are in position. If places are not marked with a name card (at big functions there is often a place chart in the ante-room also) the hostess will indicate where guests should sit.

If the number of knives, forks and glasses should be confusing the invariable rule to remember is: cutlery is

(Continued on page 16)

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Silks and velvets may be used with luxurious results, but they are more difficult to handle.

DESIGN

Decide what you are going to make and work out a balanced plan — DIAGRAM 1 shows a basic arrangement that can be used for many items. Choose your fabrics, making sure that you have enough of each of the required number of patches to complete the work.

The hexagonal patch is the easiest shape for the beginner to use. Diamonds and squares are very attractive but the sharper corners are more difficult to deal with. In using the hexagon, you can try out many arrangements, and produce some wonderful designs and patterns.

TEMPLATES

Templates are the patterns of the patch shape. They should be cut from very firm card, two being required for each different shape or size of patch.

Old Fabric

One of these is used for cutting the paper linings, and determines the size of the finished patch (see diagram 2). The other should be at least $\frac{1}{4}$ in. larger all round, and is used for cutting the fabric. It is a good idea to cut the larger template in the form of a frame so that, when you place it on the fabric for

same colour throughout when stitching the patches together.



DIAGRAM 1

marking, you can easily choose the area required in the actual patch (see diagram 3).

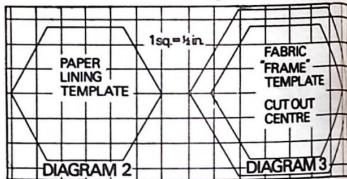
Ready-made templates may be bought from needlework shops or handicraft shops, but it is of course much cheaper to make your own.

PAPER LININGS

A paper lining is required for every patch. Use a firm, crisp paper such as wall-paper scraps or brown parcel paper, but avoid glossy paper as it slips about too easily. The paper linings must be very accurately cut; they are the base for the finished patches, which have to fit together exactly when stitched. If they are not exact, the finished work will not lie flat and even.

THREADS

Any ordinary sewing thread may be used. Oddments of threads can be used for tacking the patches over the paper linings, but be sure to keep to the



TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT REQUIRED

Oddments of materials for paper for patch lining; 1 in. squared small sharp scissors; fine paper or brown paper, ruled into 1 in. squares; firm steel pins; fine sharp sewing needles; sewing thread; cardboard for templates; pencil for marking.

BASIC METHOD OF WORKING

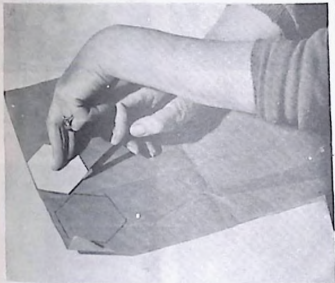
For any patchwork item



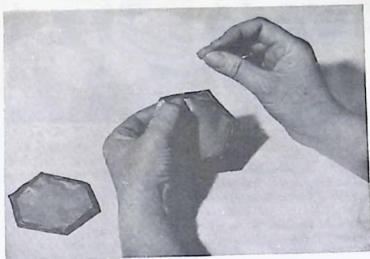
STEP 1—diagrams 2 and 3 show the hexagonal shape for paper lining template and fabric frame template that we used for our patchwork cushion. Work out the template shapes on 1 in. squared paper, or brown paper, ruled into 1 in. squares. Cut out, then trace these shapes on firm cardboard and cut out. Your templates are now ready for use. If you decide to make your own patches a different shape you will need to cut out card templates of required shape

PATCHWORK (Continued from page 10)

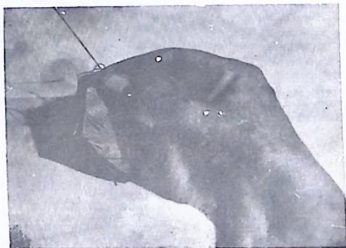
STEP 2—place the lining out very accurately as many template on brown paper paper linings as are required for the total number and draw round it (see picture 2). Mark and cut of patches (see picture 3).



STEP 3—place the fabric required from each piece of frame template centrally on material. The patches should be cut on the fabric, mark and cut out the number of patches straight of the fabric.



STEP 4—place a paper lining on the wrong side of a fabric patch. Making a small tuck at each corner, fold edge of fabric over on to paper and tack down all round (see picture 4). Repeat this process for every patch required



STEP 5—arrange prepared patches in the design you have planned, keeping the straight of the fabric running in the same direction throughout the article you are making. To join, with right sides facing, hold two patches together, and over sew edges together (see pictures 5, 6 and 7). Use small neat stitches, and try to avoid sewing through the paper. Keeping to your plan, continue until all the patches are joined together. Ensure that all corners match each other. See Pic 19.

HOME MADE BREAD

By Bunmi Johnson

There is a wonderful personal satisfaction in baking bread. You feel the magic in your hands as you knead the simple ingredients to a bouncy round of dough.

The ability to bake fine yeast bread at home has always been the mark of a good economical housewife, especially during this time when the prices go sky high. Also when bakers are on strike you will appreciate it more that you can bake delicious and quick breads for your family's delight.

The aroma of home baked bread says welcome to a family Treat — your family as well as your guests. Serving your own bread will be a rewarding experience. Try it and you'll be glad you did.

PERFECT YEAST BREAD TIPS

Active dry yeast or compressed yeast may be used in bread recipes. Active dry yeast is the best to use as it is the easiest yeast you can get to buy in Nigeria. Soften active dry yeast in warm water and compressed yeast yeast in lukewarm water.

Sugar is the raw material from which yeast manufactures the leavening gas; it also adds flavour and aids browning.

Salt is added to dough for flavour, but it also helps to control fermentation. Salt retards the rising of dough if mixed with yeast so it is advisable to sift salt and flour together.

Flour forms the basic structure of dough. All flour necessary to keep dough from sticking to hands should be added at time of mixing. Adding after rising causes dark streaks and coarse texture

STAGES IN MAKING BREAD

Whatever kind of bread you are making the method is always the same and the following processes will give the correct results if strictly followed.

MIXING:

Rub dried yeast which has been dissolved in some of the liquid to the dry ingredients. Remember to add the given amount of salt to the flour, and if there is any fat in the recipe, it is often rubbed in before the yeast is added. Work the mixture to a firm dough, until it leaves the sides of the bowl clean. It is easiest to use one hand for mixing.

KNEADING:

This is vital for a good rise, although be careful not to over-handle the dough at this stage. Turn the dough on to a lightly-floured board; pull and pummel it until it is firm and springy to the touch.

Shape the dough into a round ball, and place it in a large greased or oiled polythene bag, loosely tied,

leaving enough space in it for the dough to double in size.



1. Put dried yeast in water and leave in a warm place for 10 minutes.



2. Shape into round ball and leave in a greased polythene bag to rise, until double in size (45 minutes in a warm place or 2 hours at room temperature).



3. Add prepared yeast to dry ingredients with oil and remaining water.



4. Turn dough on to floured surface again and pull with knuckles to knock out air bubbles. Knead until firm, and then shape.



5. Work to a firm dough, until mixture leaves the bowl clean.



6. Place moulded dough in greased tins, no more than 2/3 full. Place each tin in greased polythene bag, leave to prove for 30 minutes, until dough risen to top of tins.



7. Knead on a lightly floured surface until firm and elastic.

Yeast 1 Teaspoon
Water 8 ozs.

Flour 1 lb. (or 1/5 of Golden Penny Flour)
Salt 2 Teaspoons
Butter or Margarine 1/2
or 1 Level Tablespoon
Sugar 3 level Tablespoons

All yeast dough must be left to rise before baking. Warmth will hasten the process, but it is not always essential. The airy cupboard, the wanning drawer of a cooker, or the plate rack (above a pan of gently simmering water) are all suitable places.

Don't get the dough too hot or the yeast will be killed before it had a chance to rise. If you are not in a hurry, average room-temperature rising can give best results because it controls the yeast and strengthens the dough, giving a loaf that rises and bakes better and does not go stale so quickly.

If leaving the dough in a warm place, allow 45-50 minutes for rising, give it 2 hours at room temperature, or 12 hours in a cold room or larder. It will also rise in the refrigerator if you leave it there for 24 hours. Refrigerated dough should be allowed to return to room temperature before continuing with the making process. The dough is sufficiently risen when it had doubled its size and feels springy to the touch.

KNOCKING BACK

Turn the risen dough on to the board again, and divide it into rolls, loaves or whatever you are making (it is usual to make more than one loaf). Flatten each piece of dough with the knuckles to knock out any air bubbles, and knead to a firm dough gently but firmly until it regains its original size.

Do not use too much flour for dusting during the kneading process as it might spoil the colour and texture of the bread.

SHAPING

To make a tin loaf, shape the dough either by folding it in three, or roll it up like a Swiss roll and tuck the ends in so that the moulded piece of dough fits the tin exactly.

To make rolls, divide the dough into equal-sized pieces and shape them into rounds, kneading well. When putting a yeast mixture into a tin, half fill it only, as it needs space to expand during proving.

PROVING

Put the shaped dough which is ready to bake in its tin, or on a baking sheet, into a greased polythene bag (or cover the baking sheet with greased polythene). Leave it for 30-40 minutes, or until it has doubled its size and springs back when lightly pressed with a flour-dusted finger.

BAKING

Most yeast doughs need a hot oven at the beginning, so back in the centre of a hot oven, between 400° F (204° C), gas mark 6, and 450° F (232° C), gas mark 8, depending on the recipe.

The time, too, will depend on the size of the loaf of buns being made. To test whether bread is cooked, knock sharply on the bottom with your knuckles. The bread should have a hollow sound; if it hasn't, it needs further cooking.

The loaves or rolls should be a good brown colour, and should have started to shrink slightly from the tins. Take out of the oven and cool on a wire rack.

If you don't have scales, buy your measuring cup for water in any departmental store and your set of measuring spoons consisting of 1 Teaspoon, 1 Teaspoon, ½ teaspoon and ¼ teaspoon.

Put the flour and salt into a basin and rub in the sides of the bowl clean.

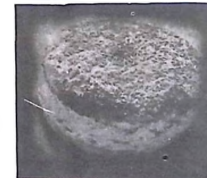
Add the yeast liquid and floured board and knead the dough until it is well.



8. Remove from bag and brush dough with salted water or beaten egg.



9. Bake at Mark 8, 450 deg. for 30-40 minutes. Remove from tins and cool on a wire rack.



10. For crustier bread you can turn loaves on to a baking sheet and bake for another 5 minutes.

Put it into a greased polythene bag and leave to rise until it doubles its size.

Take out of the bag, knock back, then shape into four loaves and put each piece of dough into a greased 1 lb (½ kg) loaf tin.

Cover with a greased polythene bag and leave until the bread has doubled its size and is well risen in the tin.

Remove the polythene, and bake the loaves in the centre of a hot oven (450°F,

232° C, gas mark 8) for 30-40 minutes until the loaves start to shrink slightly from the sides of the tins and the crust is golden brown.

Test if the loaves sound hollow when tapped on the bottom.

Cool on a wire rack or, for a crustier loaf, take the loaves out of the tins, and bake them for a further 5-10 minutes. This recipe gives you 6 (4 oz) loaves of bread.

Useful Hints for those who have no measuring cup or set of measuring spoons-

SOFT BREAD ROLLS

Flour 1 lb. or 1/5 of 5 lbs.

Golden Penny Flour

Salt 2 level teaspoons

Milk ½ tin (3 ozs.)

Cooking Oil 2 Tablespoons

Warm Water 7 ozs.

Sugar 3 Tablespoons

Yeast 1 level tablespoon

Soak the yeast into the warm water and leave for 10 minutes until frothy.

Mix the dry ingredients with the milk, oil and yeast.

Work to a firm but soft dough, adding a little extra flour if necessary, until it leaves the sides of the bowl clean.

Knead well, leave to rise, then divide into 12 equal-sized pieces, shape into round rolls and place in a greased 8-inch (20 cm) square tin.

Brush the tops with oil and put the rolls inside a greased polythene bag.

When they have doubled in size, bake on the middle shelf of a hot oven, (325°F, 218° C, gas mark 7) for about 40 minutes.

Brush with melted butter, then turn out of the tin and cool on a wire tray.

3 Teaspoons - 1 Teaspoon

1 desert spoon - 1 teaspoon

1 Teaspoon

- 1 Teaspoon

2 Tablespoons of water - 1 oz.

2 Table Level of Butter - 1 oz.

2 Table Level of Sugar - 1 oz.

(Quick bread that needs no fermentation.)

(Continued on page 16)

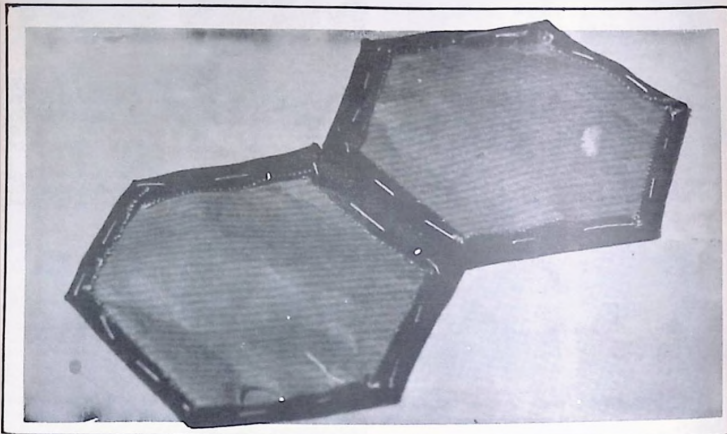
PATCHWORK (Continued from page 11)

IDEAS FOR RE-USING

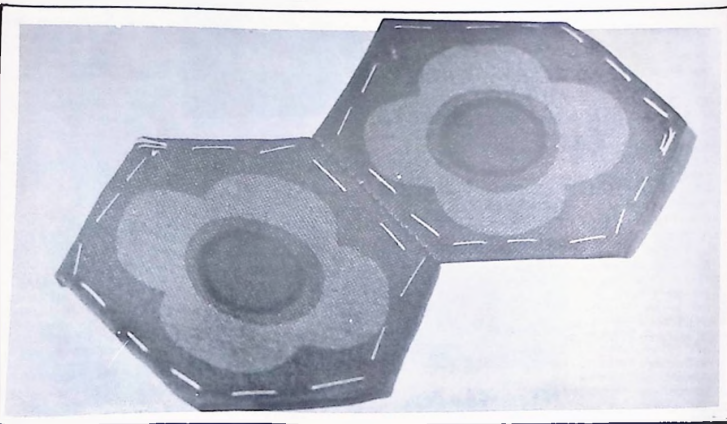
A tea cosy, bedspread or skirt are easily made from the same templates.

LINING

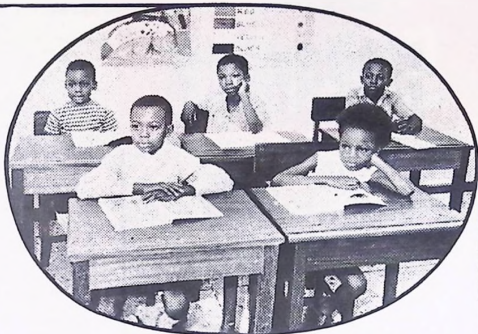
All patchwork must be backed or lined, depending on the article you are making. Sheeting, curtain lining, or medium weight plain fabric are all suitable but washable fabrics should be used.



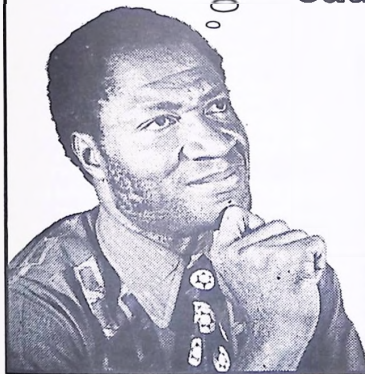
STEP 6—carefully remove all tacking stitches. Remove all paper linings (these may be re-used). Press the completed work.



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ETIQUETTE

(Continued from page 9)

used taking the outside things first and working in glasses in the reverse order.

If one has arrived with a group, either at a dance, dinner or other occasion, it is sometimes difficult to know if and when one should leave the group to dance or speak with someone else. Much depends on the occasion. If it is a friendly gathering where most people know a good many others, as, say, at a sports club dinner, one need not feel so much responsibility towards the group one arrived with. But if one goes with a small party to a big public dance, and purely by chance encounters an acquaintance, it could be bad manners to leave the group and join the outsider even briefly. The main thing is to see that none of one's own party is left unattended by one's going, and if there is a hostess, to excuse oneself to her before leaving her party for a while. It is, of course, an absolute rule that one leaves a function in the same group of company with which one arrived.

Where there is dancing, the men guests have a particular responsibility as they take the initiative in seeking partners. It is also courteous, but not an absolute rule for a man to seek dances from the two women between whom he sat at dinner, also with any other woman who seem to lack partners. At the end of such a "duty dance" a man simply returns his partner to the place where he found her and either excuses himself politely or, if he wishes and she seems agreeable, stays in conversation till her next partner arrives.

Apart from "duty dances" a man must not leave a woman of his party sitting alone, but should either sit with her or invite her to dance. If young folk and older people are in the same party, even if the older ones do not wish to dance, it is polite for the young people to excuse themselves before going to dance and leaving an older person sitting alone.

If a woman does not wish to dance when invited she replies pleasantly "Thank you, but I'm a little tired" and she can suggest sitting out, or just let the man go, as she pleases. It would, of course, be pointedly rude to dance with someone else too soon after.

On leaving a dinner, dance, or reception, one seeks out the hostess and thanks her. "Hostess" also means committee chairman, organizing secretary, or whoever has been mainly responsible for the evening's enjoyment.

COOKERY

Continued from page 11

Flour 1½ lb.
 Salt 1½ teaspoon
 Baking Powder 1½ teaspoon
 Butter 1½ oz.
 1 desert spoon cream of tartar
 Milk 6 ozs.
 Water 9 ozs.
 Sugar 3 ozs.

Set the oven at 400°F or Gas mark 6.

Sift the flour with salt, sugar and baking powder into a mixing bowl.

Rub in the butter and mix with the milk and water to a soft dough.

Turn the dough on to a floured board and shape into a large round dough about 2 inches thick or mould into round rolls and bake in the pre-set oven for about 25-30 minutes until the bread sounds hollow when tapped on the bottom.

PORK CHOP AND

NEMESIS

—Imohimi Craig

Behind every caught crook shall be an uncaring woman. And there shall be no weeping but plenty of gnashing of teeth.

You must be wondering what that favourite of many a visitor to restaurants has to do with retribution. And thinking of contamination and that sort of thing. Let me say straight from the beginning that it has something to do with contamination. Let me say also that the end-result is also retribution.

When I say pork chop, I am referring to the juiciest portion of 'chop-chop' the favourite diet of Nigerians who get into high places. I don't mean small chop. I mean rather the don't-care-a-dam throwing-caution-to-the-wind type resulting in self-delusion and assumption of divine postures.

And it is easy to know when the Nigerian man has 'seen for chop'. When you see a girl without any qualification, without any special gift (bar bottom-power!) or business acumen riding a Mercedes or the Porche or any of those ordinary cars round town and whooping it up, some man somewhere must be having his pork chop.

Ajaji, when a highly-placed husband goes out on duty in the morning and a nice air-conditioned car with all accessories pops up already licensed in the name of the wife about late afternoon someone must be having his pork chop.

What I mean is that cars don't materialise just like that even in the desert of Arabia that's virtually flowing with black gold.

What I mean is that the neighbours have eyes and can sniff with their noses.

What I mean is that the ordinary Nigerian may be poor at doubling figures (for which, mercifully, some end up in jail) but he is a genius at balancing the public — or private — servant's account for him and pointing out where his expenditure exceeds his income.

Now you ask what this has got to do with the Modern Woman and nemesis and I laugh at your naivete.

In the past, when the man of the house came home with lace material — an obvious gift from someone — the wife usually saw red. Everyone know such a gift could only come from a mistress. Or at the best, a prospective concubine.

These days, husbands come home with turkeys and bottles of schnapps and other such things and the wife never worries. Her only concern being the fact that providence is helping her in her fight against inflation and the rising cost of living.

But let me warn you women. I am not a prophet. But the day of reckoning is at hand. And behind any big man that shall get into trouble over chop-chop is a woman who never warned her man.

Behind every caught crook shall be an uncaring woman. And there shall be no weeping but plenty of gnashing of teeth.

If you wonder how this is possible, let me tell you that between a life of constant obscurity and that of calling into public service and an opportunity to sample pork chop is a very little thing called luck. Or chance.

Chop-chop people get into trouble when there are disagreements over sharing of booties. Or when the principal decides to cut off a girlfriend from the pork chop.

Chop-chop people get into trouble when their friends desert them and refuse to give them protection. And there lies the tale of uncaring wives. Imagine two friends who grew up in the same -isms, the same -ologies and dabbled in the same -ilities over beer and goat meat suddenly finding themselves separated — one continuing as before and the other being called to serve in 'higher' capacity.

Imagine your husband losing his old friends on account of his growing wings and thinking he is equal only to God. Forgetting that no condition is really permanent — especially in Nigeria.

You can now see the connection between pork chop and retribution, between chop-chop and woman palaver.

You become the wife of 'Di V.I.P.' and things begin to get into your head to the extent that you and your husband on account of the new influence you are able to wield begin to 'take eye to commonise' your erstwhile solid friends.

Because people 'Yessir' him all the time, you let him forget that it is difficult for his former close friends to do so and forget to warn your husband to watch it when he begins to feel giddy with power and behave in an over-bearing manner to his friends.

Good things always come to an end and then ... And then what?

Let's again take another case in point. A man earns perhaps N6,000 a year and manages two girlfriends and his family of six on it. And yet fishes out enough cash to give you a fantastic birthday party.

You are aware of his income — the known one, that is — and the fact that it is not enough to raise such a hullabaloo in addition to his other headaches. You don't try to help him but sink back living big.....

Or again, your man is not that affluent but is a chief clerk in his office. Or works in the accounts section of his department. And yet he comes home with bottles of hot drinks and bundles of lace far beyond his month's salary in cost. And you sit back enjoying everything without any prickle of the conscience....

I am not a prophet. But things are bound to warm up very soon in this land. And only husbands of good, caring wives will escape.

Every day is for the eater of pork chop but one day belongs to the bone that will stick in the neck. Will your husband escape?

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First Aid In ACCIDENTS Is And Limb Says Our Medical Correspondent

Accidents can happen any time, anywhere. First aid in accidents is therefore crucial to life and limb. In Nigeria, every year now thousands of people are injured in accidents, and thousands killed.

Faced with an accident victim, keep cool. Go yourself or send someone else immediately to call for professional help. Call a doctor, an ambulance, or the police department.

Lock first to the three "B'S" - breathing, bleeding and broken bones.

If the victim is not breathing, give ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION I

1. Kneel above patient's head.



2. Place hands this way on back.

3. Roll forward, pressing down.



4. Grasp patient's elbows.



6. Put arms back down on ground.



5. Pull elbows firmly forward and upward.

Artificial respiration for amateurs:

1. Lay the victim face down, the head turned slightly to the side.
2. Pull the tongue forward. See that the mouth is not clogged. Clear it out with your finger if necessary.
3. Cover the victim with a coat or blanket. At any rate, keep him warm.
4. Straddle the patient; your buttocks against his.

5. Put your hands, fingers and thumbs extended, on his back and sides, just above the last rib.
6. Lean forward and press down gently but firmly. Keep up the pressure for three to five seconds.
7. Release your hands quickly. Slide them off to the sides.
8. Repeat the pressure gesture. Put your hands back on the victim's back. Wait about two or three seconds and press down again; then, after three to five seconds, slide your hands off again.
9. Keep this up until more professional help arrives or until the patient revives.
10. Don't give up. Victims of asphyxia have been revived after hours of manual artificial resuscitation. Get yourself into a rhythm of breathing. When you are tired, let someone else, if present, take you. Try to give the asphyxiated victim from 12 to 15 good artificial breaths a minute.

II If he is bleeding, apply

First-aid for external bleeding:

Most bleeding can be stopped by simple direct pressure continued on the bleeding area until the blood stops. This pressure is preferably applied by a sterile gauze bandage (pressure bandage), padded as thickly as necessary to soak up the blood.

In an emergency, pressure may be exerted directly with the fingers or the whole hand. Elevating the limb also helps. An antiseptic, such as menthylated spirit, may be applied to the area after bleeding stops.

When spurts of bright red blood indicate that a major artery has been severed, and control of bleeding is difficult, it may be necessary to apply a tourniquet to the limb. This is a piece of cloth or tubing tied together and twisted with a stick just tightly enough to stop the bleeding. The tourniquet must be released every 20 minutes or gangrene will result.

III Look carefully for broken bones. If any is noticed, cautiously follow these steps to keep the victim comfortable and from further trouble;

Is not simple. The most important thing is not to meddle in any way that might make matters worse. For example, to keep a simple fracture from becoming compound and to avoid damaging the spinal cord. Severe bleeding, of course, must be controlled. The patient should be kept warm and quiet, lying down, until professional help arrives.

Do not transport a fracture victim unless absolutely necessary. Do not move a person with broken limbs until splints are applied. "Splint 'em where they lie." A long enough rigid object - broom handle, board, stick can be used as an emergency splint. The splint should be padded and tied loosely so that it does not interfere with blood circulation. Do not attempt to set a broken bone.

The victim of a broken back must be transported face downward. The victim of a broken neck must be carried face upward. Never tilt his head forward or sideways.

IV Handle accident victim gently at all times. Do not move him, or let him move. Don't pull at him or try to get him to sit up or stand up. Don't give an unconscious patient anything to drink.

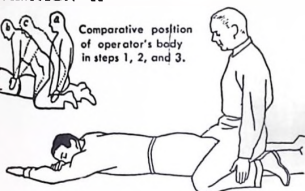
Keep the victim quiet, warm, and as comfortable

Crucial To Life

METHOD OF ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION II



Comparative position of operator's body in steps 1, 2, and 3.



1. Kneel astride patient lying face-down (prone).



2. Rock forward, pressing hands down against rib-cage.



3. Rock backward to semi-sitting position, releasing pressure.

possible to minimize shock. Loosen tight clothing, especially the collar and belt.

Cover BURNS and wounds as soon as possible with sterile gauze.

If the victim vomits, turn his head to one side so the vomit will not go into his lungs.

Remove victims of gas poisoning (CARBON MONOXIDE) to fresh air.

OFFICE HOURS



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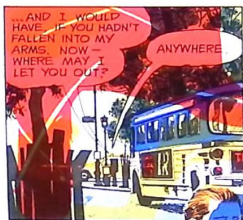
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JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake





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THE DREAM

Lolade woke up suddenly, her body oozing with sweat. She has had a terrible dream, a frightening dream. She was, in fact, still frightened and for a few seconds wondered where she was till familiar objects around her brought her back to reality and the awareness that she was in her own bedroom, sleeping on her own bed.

What was the dream? While the terror of it still vividly impressed itself on her mind, she could only muster a vague recollection of what actually happened. What has stuck, however, was the fact that her son, her only child, was stolen from her and in her efforts to get him back something was thrown at her which turned out to be the son of her boy. She yelled with alarm and woke up.

Then, at last, she became fully conscious she jumped out of bed and rushed to see her son, Adeolu. He was there alright, laying in his cot playing and chatting away to himself. She gave a deep sigh of relief and thanked God, then picked up the child hugging him tightly and uttering words expressing his feelings, reflecting her fears and at the same time supplicating for guidance.

After a while she put the child back in his cot to continue the household chores which she stopped when overcome by a wave of tiredness that sent her to that terrible sleep. While she worked she came from time to time to look at Adeolu so as to make sure all was well for she was profoundly disturbed by the dream. It was something that could not be lightly dismissed.

What is the purpose of the dream? What misfortune lay ahead? What ought she to do? Being by nature superstitious she was determined to find out the significance of the dream. She wished her husband Kola was around. Should she not go and tell him? She decided against that and tried to dismiss the dream from her mind as she came on with her chores.

However, as the hours ticked by, the dream, instead of receding to the background began to worry and taunt her. Details of it in wrong sequences kept coming to her till she became so frightened that she decided she must go and tell Kola at his office — a thing she had been warned time and again never to do. On this occasion, she felt and quite rightly too, that the implications of the dream justified her breaking the ban even if it meant facing the consequences.

And she was afraid of Kola, a photographer in the establishment of an influential Nigerian Magazine, who was apt to resort to violence on the slightest provocation. In fact, she noticed that of late he has been very bad-tempered and irritable so much so that she has had to be very careful when he was around. Little did she realise that he was heavily in debt.

A skilled photographer who showed promise, Kola for some unknown reason allowed his weakness for women to kill his prospects for earning more by private work and progress. Consequently, he could not live on the salary he got and lacked the strength of character to fight his weakness. Undeterred by the fact that Kola may beat her at his office, Lolade made up her mind to go as soon as she finished her chores.

With Adeolu on her back, she hailed a taxi. After haggling the taxi driver agreed to take thirty kobo. Kola was not pleased to see her at his office, especially because he had to pay her fare. This was what Lolade

intended by purposely starting an argument with the Taxi driver as to what she should pay. Kola settled the matter for them. The Taxi driver got ten kobo more than he should and Lolade the satisfaction of getting the money out of Kola. Since Kola has refused to allow her to take a job she has sworn to use any means to get money off him.

"What the hell are you doing here?" demanded Kola after pushing her into his office, "Haven't I told you not to come?" "Forgive me O, forgive me O my precious husband" she replied submissively and knelt down, "I had to come.....I had to come. I could not say what had happened on the phone." "Alright you're here. Say what you've come for quickly. I'm very busy. Have no time to waste."

"It's about Adeolu."

"Yes....yes" Kola replied impatiently, "what about him? Anything wrong with him?"

There was a trace of anxiety in his voice for Adeolu was the apple of his eye and he was proud of him too. Indeed, he had every reason to be because so far he has had two girls by two wives and his friends were beginning to tease him about not being able to produce a boy when, Lolade, his third wife, produced Adeolu, much to his triumph. He was then able to boast to his friends that he was a true African man in that he had reproduced himself. The last thing that he wished to happen was for anything to happen to his son. Lolade replied:

"There's nothing wrong with Adeolu."

"Then why in God's name are you here?" he yelled.

"Because I believe he is in danger."

"In danger? What sort of danger?"

"From your other wives and his friends who want to kill him" came the reply rather bitterly.

"Look woman, don't talk nonsense. I haven't time for this kind of talk" fumed Kola. "Don't waste my time. I'm busy and the boss wants the work I'm doing finished today."

"Your son is in danger Kola" Lolade repeated. "He is in danger. Do you hear me. Your enemies are after him to spite you and to spite me, Kola. What are you going to do about it — eh?"

"What do you want me to do, Lolade. How do I know he is in danger? You've told me nothing."

"I had a terrible dream about him....it's terrible. Do you want to hear it?"

"Not if it's going to be a long one. I told you I'm busy."

"Is your work more to you than the life of your son, Kola?" Lolade retorted scornfully then began to recount the dream which Kola helped her to curtail by cutting our irrelevancies.

"Look, Lolade" Kola said at the end of the account, "I'm too busy to think now. We'll talk about it when we get home."

"Is that all you have to say? Did you hear right, Kola..."

"Yes....Yes" he replied pushing her towards the door.

"I don't think you did, Kola. I dreamt that Adeolu was stolen away by your wives and in trying to get him back they threw something at me which turned out to be the arm of Adeolu, tom from the rest of his body...."

"That will never be. Please God" cut in Kola. "I'll do something about the dream. Pity you didn't tell me this before I left for work."

"I didn't dream it last night. I dreamt it this morning after you left for work" confessed Lolade.

"Look, woman, you've wasted enough of my time. You shouldn't be sleeping when you're supposed to be working. Before I lose my temper. Go away you and your nonsense dream." "It's not a nonsense dream O. God...God" she cried, "save me from this man and my enemies O."

And then she gave a detailed account of how she fell asleep implying that there was more in it than meets

(Continued on page 32)

THE CASE OF THE FAMILY ARSONIST

A True Crime and Mystery Story

By William T. Brannon

The alarm was called in to the fire department in Bradenton, Florida, at 4:53 a.m. Monday, October 21, 1968, by a woman who identified herself as a neighbour. She reported excitedly that there was a fire in the back bedroom of the house where the family of James C. Lovett lived.

Minutes later, when firemen arrived, the flames were roaring out of control not only in the back room, but apparently throughout the house.

While firemen quickly connected hoses, Chief C. A. Peurifoy motioned to one of the men, "We're going to need a lot of help here", he said, "Tell the dispatcher to get in touch with the off-duty men and contact as many of the auxiliaries as he can find".

Peurifoy joined others who were tugging at hoses trying to get into the house. But the doors were locked. A couple of the firemen put their shoulders against the door and pushed it open.

"Look!" cried one of the firemen as he attacked the inferno with a stream of water, "Somebody's in those rooms".

The rooms were occupied, all right, but the people in them were not moving. Apparently, they had already been overcome by smoke inhalation. The firemen tried to reach them but were driven back by the seething flames.

Chief Peurifoy immediately recognized the signs of arson, the manifestations of a fire urged on by some sort of accelerant. The chief could detect the odour of kerosene, which is in fairly common use in heaters in this area where heat is needed only occasionally. It can be purchased at most filling stations.

The flames soon yielded to the onslaught of the hoses and, within a few minutes, the worst of the fire was under control.

As some of the smoke cleared away, the acrid stench of burning human flesh was even stronger than the odour of kerosene fumes. Chief Peurifoy and another fireman donned gas masks so they could make their way through the still smoldering rooms.

In the back bedroom in the southwest corner of the house, they found what probably was the worst damage. Beds, tables and chairs were badly charred and now soaked with water. On the floor, in a pool of blood, was the severely burned body of a woman.

"That's too much blood to have been caused just by the fire", Chief Peurifoy said as he studied the body. "We'd better get the police".

Bradenton Police Chief Harry Wilkinson was notified at home, as were Detective Lieutenant Larry Diehl and Detective Jim Merritt. Also notified was Dr. George W. Dame, the Manatee County medical examiner.

Continuing their grisly work inside the house, Chief Peurifoy and the fireman heard moaning coming from the direction of the corridor. At a spot between the kitchen

and bathroom doors, they discovered a man, writhing on the floor, unconscious, and moaning softly.

"Call an ambulance!" Chief Peurifoy shouted.

Realizing they could do nothing for the injured man who had suffered severe burns and was gasping for breath, the firemen continued their search of the house. In the hall near the back door, they found another body, apparently that of a small boy.

"He must have been trying to get out when the smoke overcame him", said a fireman.

Chief Peurifoy nodded grimly, "He's beyond help now".

They went back into the rear bedroom, where they found another body, that of a teenage boy. This corpse was charred worse than any of the others.

Chief Peurifoy and his men crossed the hall to the living room, where they found two more bodies. One was that of an infant, who had been in a crib that now had been reduced to ashes and metal framework. In a fecal-popper single bed whose coverings were blackened ash was the sprawled body of a woman so badly burned she was unrecognizable.

The ambulance arrived and attendants picked up the injured man. Neighbours identified him as James C. Lovett, 41, the owner of the house and head of the family. He was rushed to Manatee Memorial Hospital, where emergency room doctors quickly examined him.

They said he had been burned over about 40 per cent of his body and his condition was critical. Doctors said that Lovett apparently had breathed fire; both his lungs and his windpipe were badly burned.

Chief Wilkinson, Lieutenant Diehl and Detective Merritt arrived and searched through the still smoking, fire-gutted house. Colour pictures of the five victims were taken before they did anything else.

They checked the positions of the victims and concluded, from their appearance, that at least three of them had attempted to get away. But how account for the large pool of blood in the center of the floor in the back bedroom?

Relatives of the family who lived in Bradenton had been notified by some of the neighbours. They arrived before the bodies had been moved and made tentative identification of the five victims.

The woman found in a pool of blood on the bedroom floor was Mrs. Katherine Lovett, 40, the wife of James C. Lovett. The teenage boy found in the back bedroom near her body was her son, Karey Donald, 16. The boy found near where Lovett lay was their son, Todd, eight years old.

The woman in the living room was their daughter, Sandra, 17. The baby whose badly burned body was in the crib was Sandra's infant son, Scott, about a year old.

After the bodies had been removed, the officers and

The Family Arsonist

(Continued from page 26)

found evidence of a close-knit family unit. Next to the living room with its comfortable chairs and tables was a small dining room, with a table and several chairs. Beyond that was the small kitchen.

The smell of kerosene, the odour of burned human flesh, the ashes didn't fit into this picture of normal American house life. What had gone wrong?

Lieutenant Diehl and Detective Merritt began a methodical search of the house for some sort of evidence that might provide a clue as to where the blaze had started, and how and why it had been set. Because of the unmistakable odour of kerosene in every room in the house, and even in the hallway, there could be little doubt that it was a case of arson.

But several questions puzzled the investigators: Why hadn't any of the six people in the house managed to escape? One was an infant, so he surely, but all the others should have been able to make a good effort to get out.

Had they been sleeping so soundly that they had been incensed by the flames and awoken by the time they awakened?

Pending word from the medical examiner, the detectives plodded through the house. Their speculation that kerosene had been used was soon borne out. They found a fuel can which still contained a small amount of liquid.

In the kitchen, they found a safety match box. Several of the matches had been struck and the heads were burned. Several others, still intact, were scattered about the kitchen floor.

From all this evidence, the detectives concluded that the killer had not bothered to be careful with the evidence, either because he expected the entire house to burn and destroy all the evidence, or he didn't care.

As the detectives continued their investigation, they were joined by other probes: Bradenton Fire Inspector Glenn Lively, Joe Ludika, an investigator for the state fire marshal's office in Tampa, and State Attorney Frank Schaub.

As the other officials arrived, word was received from Dr. Dame, the medical examiner, that he had completed his preliminary examinations of the bodies: He said it appeared that four of the six victims had been shot. The only ones to escape the bullets were the survivor, James Lovett, and his 16-year-old son, Karey Donald.

The search of the ashes yielded some 38 caliber bullets, but the detectives declined to say how many. While firemen and patrolmen assigned to the case sifted through the ashes, Lieutenant Diehl and Detective Merritt began a canvass of the immediate vicinity.

A next-door neighbour told the detectives that she had been awakened about 4:30 that morning by the barking of her dog. She said, she heard what sounded like "four or five shots" coming from the direction of the Lovett home.

She didn't know what to make of it, however, and didn't do anything about it at the time. But about 20 minutes later, she said she saw that the house was on fire and she called the fire department.

Another neighbour, who lived on the other side of the burned house, said she had been awakened by the sound of three shots, "bang, bang, bang." She, too, was at a loss as to what the sounds meant. But then, about 20 minutes later, she said, she looked out her window and saw that the back of the Lovett house was on fire.

From the neighbours and relatives, the police learned

the backgrounds of the victims. Mrs. Katherine Lovett was a housewife and mother and spent her time looking out for the family. She helped to care for Scott, Sandra's infant son, while Sandra worked for the Neighbourhood Youth Corps. Sandra also had been attending night school. Two other Lovett children attended regular classes.

James Lovett had a regular job as a construction worker and he had made regular payments on the house, in which he took great pride. He also had bought the 1966 Chevrolet which was parked outside.

The Chevy had been towed to the Bradenton police headquarters, where it was held for laboratory examination. In the back of the car was a tool box and in this the officers found seven envelopes, each addressed to a different individual. Prosecutor Schaub was notified.

Under the direction of Lieutenant Diehl, searchers began scooping up ashes and sifting them, disposing of the ashes when they had made sure that nothing had been overlooked. When it appeared that the murder gun would not be found in the interior of the burned-out house, some of the men were sent outside to cover every inch of ground. This still did not produce the weapon.

Lieutenant Diehl and Detective Merritt continued to question neighbours and relatives who had come to the burned house. Among other points of information they gathered, the detectives were told that Katherine and James Lovett had been in the process of getting a divorce, although nobody was quite sure just how far the action had gone.

A check of the records showed that the suit for divorce had been filed in Circuit Court by Mrs. Lovett, who had charged her husband with adultery and cruelty. The name of at least one girl friend with whom Mrs. Lovett charged her husband with committing adultery had been entered in the court record.

Lovett had opposed the divorce and one of the main reasons for this, the records indicated, was that he did not want to lose the house.

"I will not give Katherine the house," he was alleged to have said.

In addition to his attachment to the house, he also seemed to have a great love for his children.

While the officers continued to sift through the rubble inside the house and to search the ground outside, Lieutenant Diehl went to the hospital, where James Lovett was still in critical condition in the intensive care unit. Dr. Dame was there.

The medical examiner said that the doctors who were trying to keep Lovett alive were waging a terrific fight. "It's a battle between heart failure and supplying enough fluids to his body without drowning him," Dr. Dame explained.

Late Monday afternoon, about 12 hours after he had been admitted to the hospital, Lovett regained consciousness for a short time. Lieutenant Diehl was at his bedside and attempted to question him about the tragedy, but because of the raw throat and singed lungs, he was unable to utter an intelligible sound. Then he lapsed again into a coma and all efforts to question him were abandoned for the time being.

Meanwhile, Assistant State Attorney Schaub had examined seven letters found in a tool box of Lovett's car. They were addressed to the pastor of his church to his employer, to his mother, to Judge Willis, and other relatives.

Although Prosecutor Schaub declined to make the letters public, Dr. Dame said that they contained a detailed plan to kill all the members of the Lovett family including James Lovett, and to burn the house down.

(Continued from page 28)

WHEN BEAUTY GOES TO THE HEAD

A short story complete in this issue by Allan West

Even at 26, Kemi was very charming and was always conscious of her enticing beauty. After her secondary education at a famous secondary school at Ijebu-Ode, she worked as a clerical officer in a Ministry at the Government Secretariat in Ibadan. Three years later, she was offered admission to undertake general nursing course at the highly rated Government Hospital, in Ibadan. It was not long on admission before her loveliness began to attract the young doctors and other male workers in the hospital.

On week-ends or whenever she was off-duty those cassanovas who wanted to talk to her struggled frantically to win the favour of driving her to town. Before long, she was becoming so popular among her colleagues that her glaring characteristic stalking gait, her alluring mannerisms and her outstanding choice of cars and their owners won the applause of her mates. In short, her charm was the talk of many in the campus.

Soon, her parents began to wonder where and how Kemi was getting those lovely expensive lace and damask materials, those rubby-coloured trinkets, those pairs of orthopaedic and limson shoes. But they did not ask since, for quite a long time they were worried about her single-ness.

Every evening, after the rigours of lectures, she would put aside her books, dress in a way that can distort the thinking of a die-hearted misogynist, take a lovely position by the verandah to wait for any of her boy-friends, to take her out. That has been her daily practice until one day when Joe Lancton came her way while she was standing by the verandah waiting for Kola whose turn it was to take her out.

At about 6.30 p.m., Kola was no where in sight and Kemi was worried, more so when he was expected to bring the promised N100 for a new velvet lace she wanted to buy. Within five minutes of her thought a white mercedes pulled up in front of her. To her surprise, it was not Kola who came out of it but a be-spectacled tall, handsome youngman. "Hello! Good evening!"

"Good evening, and how are you?" replied Kemi.

"Could you please show me one Kemi, a student Nurse."

"What about her?" Kemi asked.

"Nothing, except that I am here to see her for something very important that concerns her life and mine!" replied Joe Lancton.

Kemi's heart had already gone all out for him even before he spoke. His slim well-built figure gave rise to some feelings she could not understand. She had become a victim of "love at first sight."

"Yes, I am Kemi, can I help you?" She managed to say.

"Ehm.....excuse me, will you mind just coming in for a few minutes drive while I pour out my heart on this very important matter?" Joe ventured.

Kemi pretended stubbornness, reluctantly, but passionately accepted the offer. Taking her seat in front, beside Joe, the coziness of the warm apartment made her heart real a hundred times. The car left the campus and headed towards the lonely secretariat road enroute to the famous international hotel in town. After a few minutes, Joe broke the silence:

"I have heard much of you. A friend, an engineer, told me a few days ago that you are the only lady that can soothe my pains. In fact, on seeing you for the first time I knew that I have found a round peg to fix into a round hole. I doubt if there can be any like you. You see, I have just returned from Oklahoma in the United States of America after a seven-year course in automobile engineering. I am Joe Lancton, I am an uncommitted, in no way to any lady except the ONE besides me" (touching Kemi gently). His choice of words, the way he delivered the coupled with his own enchanting personality moved Kemi to submission.

No-one had ever won her heart for real love-making. Those who won the favour of being her boy-friends were owners of the latest models and the costliest types of cars. After a while, she realised: "I am Kemi Shosode, I hail from Ijebu Waterside, I belong to the profession, your friend told you of. Though, our course is residential, but we are given freedom to entertain and occasionally go out with loved ones."

"I promise" said Joe, "to prove worthy of your love if you can be mine."

"Hmm.....many have spoken like you," reproached Kemi, apparently tired of hearing much sweet words. "wish you can say exactly what you want me for."

As they pulled off in front of the prestigious hotel, they parked the luxurious car and walked hand in hand to one of the reserved apartments for such occasion.

"I'm honestly saying the truth, I need you, sincerely, I love you" he countered, pressing his cheek to hers and giving her a romance that sent her heart rolling in a whirlpool of love fantasies. Then their lips met in a prolonged kiss that sent a sensation into their heads.

"I loved you the first minute I saw you. I've loved others before, but there is none like you. The very deep passionate love of my heart has gone out to you and if you leave me, that may mean the end of my life." He held her once more looking searchingly into her deep-welled and glistening tear-drop eyes. They held themselves passionately for about fifteen minutes. The current of love ran through their bodies. They hung on to themselves whispering inaudibly as they found themselves in the dream world of love.

When it was midnight, Joe drove her home. Two weeks later, she and Joe Lancton were at her parents home where she introduced him to them as her would-be husband. Their joy knew no bounds as the introduction was

to them, the fulfillment of a long expected dream. Every one eagerly awaited what promised to be a society wedding and elaborate preparations were on to ensure the success of the ceremony. Barely a month after their meeting, their mutual hearts understanding had been attained, Joe approached Kemi, in a usual cassanova-like manner with a heart-throbbing problem.

"Darling" he said, "I am ruined, I've been thrown into darkness, all my belongings are gone, including these expensive articles I brought from Oklahoma. They were all stolen and I'm now left with only this pyjamas as the whole world. All my hopes about our marriage are dashed to pieces. Oh dear! what shall I do to avoid this cataclysm?"

As he began to fume, wait and act about like one in a tragic play, Kemi felt deeply for him and held his face to hers. "Don't worry, love! Your loss is my loss too. I shall see what I can do to prevent the evil doers' planned cataclysm. I shall surely do everything to fix things up. Please take it easy. But just give me a fine kiss to show that you are not worried any longer."

She tried to win his heart by using every art to make his emotion rise but Joe was as dead as a door nail. Kemi was afraid though she didn't want to show it. She rushed home and told her parents about her boy-friend's dilemma. "Tomorrow I shall give him N100 and if my money could fulfil her promise of N40, the total amount will enable Joe to restore most of his stolen property. After all, he has just returned from the States and I am confident he will repay me, in greater measures, in kind and cash." Kemi thought to herself.

Oh how blind women could be! They never could arrive at reasonable conclusions. Joe Lantson was by no means better than most men who had on several occasions proved their true love to Kemi, but she had equally denied them all after duping some of them. She had never known Joe for more than a month and their love had reached such a height. Was it infatuation? Was it the case of a drowning man clenching unto anything in sight? Was the plight of Kemi all that hopeless that she just had to grab at any opportunity? Those who watched them could not help asking.

Joe Lantson was like those other sugar-quoted boys who had never before stepped outside their own soil. In fact, he was only a Modern III drop-out. Having worked for some years as a messenger, he moved on to salesmanship after obtaining a diploma through correspondence. As a salesman in a motor company, he could drive well. As a salesman, he could also convince and convert like a religious preacher. But recently, his uncle's car was brought down for servicing. After that he was requested to take care of the car until it was sold. To keep the engine in good order and to attract the attention of prospective customers he used to drive the car all over the town. It was during this period he decided to play on the intelligence of Kemi among other girls.

Little did Kemi know it was all to be a flop.....that her dream boy was only conceived by her castle which she built in the air.....in the mere enchanted city of her mind.

Without hesitation, Kemi handed the money to him. "This is all my life's savings, and it is to prove that I am ready to sacrifice everything for your sake. Lest I forget, my mother has also promised to give you N40 tomorrow."

"This gesture of yours has really turned my mind from all other tokens given to me in the past. How can I repay you? How can I prove my love to you?" He took her tenderly in his arms murmuring soothing words.

Before the memorable parting, Joe promised to see her the following day after which both of them would go about their wedding arrangements.

He spoke sweetly and promised Kemi heaven and earth—even the very celestial objects. All the while, she did not realise that it was all a sham..... a mere illusion.....

a dream castle. The following day, he called as promised not to fulfil the promise as such but to collect the money promised by Kemi's mother.

Before leaving her, a date was fixed for their wedding. On the eve of their D-day, Kemi could not get herself to sleep. She turned here and there in her cosy bed. Her imagination took her to Ikogosi Tourist Centre, nights out with Joe at various entertainment centres where she would have endless laughter with her loved one. Dawn came and the bloating of the goat and the crowing of the cock compelled her out of bed. She took her bath hurriedly, dressed in her specially sewn attire..... the type that has thrilled millions of viewers all made by her parents.

Together with her friend — Tola — who was to be her best-lady she headed to the Marriage Registry where her parents and other relatives were already waiting. There, at the Registry, Kemi waited and waited and her entourage waited for a would-be-bridgroom that neither showed up nor sent any word. The Magistrate was becoming impatient as he had other things to attend to.

Those present could see Kemi's ghost going to and fro like a mournful shade by Aecheron the lover of sorrows.

The confused situation became more confounded when Kemi said that Joe had never taken her to his house. "He had always cleverly avoided the question of going to his house. Rather he was more interested in taking me to friends' houses and clubs." Kemi said sobbingly.

Having exhausted his patience the Magistrate called off the marriage as he could no longer afford to wait for a fleeing husband, Kemi wept bitterly as she waited in vain for Joe who never came.

While the relatives were still talking on the delicate job of mollifying the jilted lover, one of Joe's supposed friends showed up to give them a true picture of Joe Lantson and hinted that he was arrested and detained by the police that morning for collecting money under false pretences and for illegally converting into private use a car brought to his company for sale.

At this stage, Kemi collapsed and fainted. She was revived after strenuous efforts by a team of doctors. Barely a week later Kemi left a note on her table before she took an over dose of poisonous tablets.

"Dear mother the path of honour for a jilted lover is suicide. Mine shall never be an exception.

"Good bye to you all....."

THE FAMILY ARSONIST

(Continued from page 27)

With Lovett now a prime suspect in the case, members of his family engaged an attorney, who served notice on the police that he wanted to be present at any time Lovett was questioned.

James Lovett's condition showed an unexpected change for the better and he began to improve rapidly. Lovett had not been charged with any crime, but a 24-hour guard was posted at his bedside.

Despite their lack of success, the police continued to hunt for the gun. State Attorney Schaub said he believed the gun had been thrown outside after the victims had been shot and that some passerby, or perhaps some spectator at the fire, had picked it up.

By Thursday, November 7th, the condition of James Lovett had improved enough that he could be moved from the hospital. State Attorney Schabu obtained a warrant charging Lovett with first-degree murder, and he was moved to the Manatee County jail.

James C. Lovett was convicted of murder by a jury in Manatee County Circuit Court in Bradenton and on June 17, 1969, Circuit Judge Robert Henley sentenced him to live in the state penitentiary for the death of his grandson, Scott.

Then he was arraigned before Court of Record Judge Robert Schultz and pleaded no contest to the four other murder charges. Judge Schultz sentenced him to four life sentences to run concurrently with the life term imposed by Judge Henley.

THE END OF THE ROAD

A complete short story
—Uche Nwani

Bolts and locks clicked and the door was opened. Janet opened the door to my knock. I took a step forward and slapped her suddenly and fiercely. Then I planted my left fist on her stomach. As she doubled over, released a powerful uppercut that caught her on the chin and sent her sprawling on the floor.

I grabbed a handful of her gown and lifted her up, then my right hand came up viciously towards her face, she blinked her eyes repeatedly just before my hand crashed onto her cheek. She tried to pull back timidly, her teeth tightly clenched and her eyes wide open.

"You double-crossing vampire, I vomited. There is just one thing I want to know right now; Is David my son?"

She tried to open her mouth to talk but something seemed wrong with it. She tried again but no words came out. I was shaking all over with anger and I shook her vehemently before I spoke again.

"Janet, answer that question now and tell the truth or else I'll beat the shit out of you. I may even kill you." I finished fiercely.

"Hon— ho— nest —ly, I— I don't know," she blurted out.

"This is not good enough." I retorted and pushed her away. I put all my force behind that push and she fell with a heavy thud in the centre of the parlour. Her head hit the arm of one of the cushioned chairs and her scream was cut off abruptly giving way to jerky sobbing. "You and your son will leave this house and stay out of it until you are sure who his father is." I told her as I walked across the parlour.

I was very angry and so tired that I didn't want to think about it anymore. I didn't want to think about anybody that night. The next day would be soon enough. But I couldn't push the thoughts out of my mind. So I found my thoughts wondering back into the past — eighteen months ago when I met Janet for the first time.

If somebody had told me a few years ago I would ever eat up my wife, I would have told him to go to hell and say there. But I did it without a second thought; I will explain.

Somehow everything on the night in question, I that

was on the 14th of March, 1974) smelt different. You see, it was like those other nights during the civil war when the sense of smell had greater implications. You could smell a danger that hovered in the air like a live thing. I could smell something although it was too nebulous to define, but it was there alright.

So when I ran into Martin Chika at Zana Stores, I made a logical connection, I recognised him instantly. Well, he wasn't a chap to ferret that easily. But seeing him generated a wild and crazy feeling I couldn't understand. All kinds of fantastic possibilities went through my mind in the space of a second or two.

It may interest you to know that when I met Janet two years ago, Martin was her boy-friend and he was then a second year H.S.C. student. She knew too well that this chap would not be ripe for marriage for another five years, so when I pictured to her, she accepted the offer.

It added up fine and it made me feel sour. I mean, the idea that she probably had an ulterior motive for accepting to marry me other than love was not only repugnant but also very exasperating. Before then I hadn't allowed myself much time to speculate about Janet and Martin and David, because I discovered it was a pleasure to be able to reassure myself. But whatever it was that overtook me that night is still a mystery.

Everybody told me how lucky I was to get Janet to marry me; not that she was a virgin but because she had such nice christian parents that gave her a good home training, it was difficult to refer to her as bad or wayward. Christ knows how true.

No, I may not have been an angel but I certainly led a good life. This will explain why I got so mad over the raw deal I got from Janet, especially if you know my views about marriages.

Marriage didn't particularly attract me; no, I didn't like the idea of adding someone else's problems to mine because I had enough of my own to worry about. But something in me kept telling me I was getting old at thirty-eight. I agree children could be got outside marriage, but I didn't feel that was the right thing to do. Well, it didn't portray you as a responsible man.

Please don't misunderstand me; my idea of marriage is not because I can't join the crowd or that "togetherness" is a failure, but we all don't have to live in a heap. Infact I am so much happier when I am alone. I have always felt that way.

I didn't sleep much that night. I started at the darkness wondering what would become of Janet and David and me. I mean if it turned out David wasn't my son, I didn't really see how I would ever forget the incidence of all my life.

I still remembered clearly how she felt on the day David was born. She was very uncomfortable. Immediately I pushed the covers aside to see the baby's face properly Janet started crying. Honestly, her tears embarrassed me. I felt dreadfully uneasy caught in the middle of something I didn't understand.

Sister Maureen later explained to me that most women reacted that way as a result of the strain of labour. I didn't understand but I refrained from asking any questions because medical terms don't mean much to me. I mean, they are too grandiloquent. But I did my best to stop worrying.

But on that fateful night, things began to fall into place. Trust, enough, she was pregnant when we wedded. Well, she said it was two months pregnancy and she gave birth to a handsome black boy six months after. We are both light in complexion but Martin is black.

Just then I heard a pleading voice outside the bedroom door. I knew it was the crying voice of Janet but that was all there was to it. We no longer belonged to each other.

(Continued on page 32)

A LOVE LIKE THEIRS

BY SESAN OGUNRO

Pamela was a black American who had met and fell in love with Femi in London when Femi was the Chief Sub-editor of a popular London newspaper. He also edited three other monthly magazines. He had to his credit, four novels. Six months after they met, they got married and decided to come back home to Nigeria. They were given a befitting send-off by the Newspaper association of London.

Pamela and Femi were reckoned by their friends to be the perfect example of married happiness. Some of them thought it was because they had had few ups and downs of normal married couple. They were wrong. Pamela and Femi had known what it was to be completely broke, they had had to cope with illness, separation, bereavement, trials and all the usual trials of domestic life.

They were perfectly frank with each other. They always waited to discuss grievances in cold blood, rather than in the heat of temper. They never discussed their troubles with others and they enjoyed doing things together. They both trusted each other absolutely, and whatever the day brought forth they always looked forward to peace and harmony at the end of it, and every day they thanked God for another human being to love and serve. He knew Pamela and they were as happy together as two people really in love can be happy. That was why a love like theirs would never have died.

Married life agreed with Femi. He had become Director of the Writers Workshop in Lagos. He never drank nor smoked, but Pamela was taking the best life could offer. But this didn't interfere with their happiness together. Femi thought it was because of the society in which she grew up, and this was true.

At the time, Femi could not only write brilliantly but he was also a class photographer and that made a very lucrative combination. He was also a poet, thinker, an essayist and an abstract artist.

Then came that night. They were coming back from a rather wild party. Pamela, not exactly drunk, but certainly fuddled, was at the wheel, while Femi — completely exhausted, slept by her. They drove back home in Pamela's massive sports car. She knew she was a little high, and she had driven the twelve miles with extreme care. She was carrying with her, her most precious possession, and she wasn't going to put him in the slightest danger just because she had had one whisky too many and was a little dizzy in the head.

They arrived home without incident, and Femi got out of the car, after being woken up, to open the garage doors while Pamela slid the automatic gear into reverse and had her foot on the brakes pedal.

As Femi was about to open the garage doors, Pamela's foot slipped off the pedal and the car began to move backwards. Fuddled, and realizing that Femi was directly behind the car, she stamped down hard on the brake pedal, missed it and her foot descended on the accelerator. The massive 3.5 litre car swept back at a speed that made it impossible for sleepy Femi to jump clear.

He was smashed against the garage doors and, with the splintered and broken doors, hurled into the garage and crushed against the back brick wall. The booze cleared from her head instantly and from the moment she got out of the car and ran to the lifeless body of her husband, she knew she would never live to see another day in her life. Femi had been pinned between the rear bumper and the garage wall. The red tail lights of the car lit up his crushed, bleeding body.

Pamela wanted to scream but she was tongue-tied. She couldn't believe what she was looking at. She ran back to the car, slid under the wheel and moved the car forward. Then she got out, ran blindly into the house and started screaming. She knew that would not help her at all. She knew she had to face a test. A test of courage and wit because she could never live to say the words with her mouth that she had killed her husband. She looked at the time it was 2 a.m. She had at least four more hours to do something with herself. Although she knew the way out, she was thinking of how to carry it out. After three minutes of hard confused thinking, she got the answer to her problem. During those three minutes, Pamela had undergone serious mental torture. She reviewed her married life. Her colourful wedding ceremony which she had appeared in every newspaper in London. She was proud to be his wife and the mere thought of him as a man of the past strengthened her courage. She got up, went to her room and brought out a bottle containing twenty sleeping tablets. She looked at the bottle and smiled at herself. She looked round the room, her nerves starting a little at her image in the wall mirror. Her eyes fell on a bottle of scotch and she went over and took the bottle in her hand. She splashed the whisky into a tumbler and tossed the fiery stuff down her throat. She stood there coughing and spluttering, trying to get her breath.

The whisky did things to her. She felt a sudden rush of courage and her jumping nerves relaxed. She filled the glass again and took a long pull at the scotch. She held the liquor in her mouth, emptied the contents of the small bottle of twenty tablets into the liquor in her mouth then swallowed everything. She was satisfied at the thought of having twenty sleeping tablets in her stomach and her head began to fill a little light. She leant down and took off her shoes. Took a slow step forward and then another. Out of the bungalow, the early morning air hit her in the face as she swiftly moved towards the garage.

Pamela arranged the lifeless body of Femi into a sitting position and sat herself beside it. She sat there letting the minutes crawl past, the small glowing ember of horror of what would soon happen to her slowly dying in her mind. The hot darkness of the garage lay heavily on her. She was beginning to feel a sudden tightness in her stomach. Then she remembered one of Femi's poems. In fact, the poem was Femi's favourite out of his two hundred poems. She recited the lines with interest.

Life is like medicine.....

We have to take so many doses;

A dose of love, a dose of sorrow,

(Continued on page 34)

THE DREAM (Continued from page 25)

the eye. She ignored all Kola's efforts to cut her short. When she finished he tried to push her out. After restraining him, she walked into the middle of the room and limply planted herself on a chair.

"I'm not leaving till my child is saved. Do what you like with me, Beat me or even kill me O. It's all the same to me" Lolade said with such venom that Kola decided to change his tactics.

"Look Lolade, I don't want trouble so go jejele O."

She gave him a nasty look and hissed contemptuously and Adolu on her back suddenly burst into tears. She promptly got up, took the child from her back and handed him to Kola saying in a decisive tone of voice:

"Take your child and look after him, I'm going O."

Kola completely taken by surprise had to take the child, but barred her way out.

"Ah! ha! You can't leave Adolu with me. I've no time to look after him and do my work. Do you want me to get the sack?" Kola, said restraining his temper for he knew full well that Lolade was on the warpath and there was no telling what she would do if he provoked her and the last thing he wanted was a scene. "Take the child, please, when I come home we'll talk things over."

"That's what you always say. What's wrong with talking it now. After all that's why I've come."

"I can't talk now, I'm too busy. I can't leave what I'm doing now. It's for the boss and I don't want the sack or do you want to get me out of my job?"

"No...no...O. God forbid" replied Lolade flicking her fingers over her head.

"Then take the child and go, please I beg you in the name of God, Lolade, I'll come home early."

"Alright O Give me Adolu."

But the child refused to go back to his mother and began to yell so much so that Kola had to take and pacify him. Lolade sat down watching with malicious delight. Eventually Adolu quietened down and Kola handed him to Lolade who put him on her back. Kola gave a deep sigh of relief as he watched from the window in his office mother and child disappear into the distance.

On her way home Lolade ran into her cousin, Bisi and in the course of conversation told her about the dream. Bisi listened with increasing alarm. "Better consult a diviner, Lolade" Bisi said at the end of the account. "You should not take the dream lying down at all. Believe me, your enemies are at work. Kola's other wives are jealous of you. That's what you get being one of many wives. So take care O. Get your husband to do something if not for your sake, then for your child's."

"I will...I will, thank you" replied Lolade resolutely.

Nevertheless, she was so disturbed by what Bisi had said that she decided to call on her friend, Aduke, to brighten her. Far from cheering her up, Aduke painted a more gloomy picture which really frightened Lolade and she remarked:

"How could people be so wicked in Lagos? After all I don't wish any of Kola's other wives anything bad. Why won't they leave my child alone?"

"I wish I can give you an answer" came the gloomy reply from Aduke, "I don't know what has come over us. Since we got our independence we've done nothing else but dislike each other."

Lolade sighed and shook her head, completely at a loss for what to say. When she left Aduke she was very depressed and as she was about to hail a taxi she remembered she once knew a diviner who helped her once before. But that was a long time ago and she doubted whether he would still be living at the same house. After a momentary hesitation she decided to go there. Luck was with her. The Diviner was just leaving the house when Lolade arrived. He recognised her and after listening to

her problem, told her to come and see him with her husband.

"Can you help us?" asked Lolade with some concern.

"Bring your husband and we'll see what you can do. But don't delay. Your enemies are at work."

"Can I bring him tonight?"

"Bring him."

"I will" Lolade promised more in hope than in truth.

For Kola was a difficult person to persuade to do anything once his mind was made up. Anyway she prayed for God's help which she believed was forthcoming when Kola got home earlier than she expected him. She had a fuss of him, despite the fact that he gave her a severe reprimand for coming to his office. As the evening wore on and he did not mention anything about what she was going to do about the dream, she very very gently broached the topic. He ignored her and being quick-tempered and impatient, flared up. This was what Kola had been waiting for, because, quite frankly, he did not take her seriously and thought the dream was a ruse to get some money out of him. He exchanged a few hot words with her and stormed out of the house.

Lolade alone called on the Diviner that night and got what she thought a good excuse for Kola not turning up. This convinced the Diviner and he told her that he was prepared to do the necessary rites but that it would cost forty naira. When Lolade heard the amount she gladly promised she would bring it as soon as she could.

"Very well" said the Diviner, "The sooner the better. Your enemies are at work and don't let delay cost you the life of your son."

When Lolade reached home Kola had not returned. He came in very late sure Lolade would be fast asleep. As he crept up bed Lolade greeted him. He pretended not to hear, so she slipped.

"Look woman, if you know what's good for you, you'll leave me alone. I'm tired and want some sleep."

"Alright O, alright O. All I want to tell you is that I've been to see a diviner about the dream." The diviner said in a very bad and that they are after our son."

"Who are the 'they'?" Kola asked unconcernedly.

"Your enemies and mine."

"I see, and how much will it cost to do what has to be done?"

"Forty naira, Kola, I tried and tried to get it for less but the diviner said it was serious" Lolade replied.

"I know it, I know it. Forty naira indeed! Look, if you want money for sake and gold to wear tell me. But never again do such a foolish trick on me. I don't want to hear about your dream anymore. You hear me" said Kola. He then turned his back on her, covered himself with his cover cloth and went soon asleep.

Lolade cried with disappointment and on the following morning raised the matter again. Kola forbade her to mention it again. She disobeyed and got a resounding slap which split her volumes. On her own she tried to borrow the money without success. She hadn't enough to give as security.

When three months passed and nothing happened Lolade felt that, after all, there was nothing to her dream. Then she was chanced to run into the diviner and had he not seen her first, she would have avoided him.

"When are you coming?" asked the Diviner.

"We're still trying to find the money" Lolade lied.

"Find it soon, Don't leave it too late for something might happen soon. Be warned" replied the Diviner gravely.

Lolade very wisely did not mention anything to Kola, but again tried to borrow the money without success. Five days after the diviner spoke to Lolade, she was playing with Adolu and for a moment left the room to see about the food she was cooking. As she came in she heard a thud on the floor and rushed to Adolu's cot to find the child on the floor, his mouth frothy and in a convulsive state. Frantically she grabbed him and rushed out shouting for help. Help came and so did confusion in its ugliest form. Many suggestions were made to them and demanded the sum of six naira and thirty kobo before giving the child an injection. Kola paid, the nurse

(Continued on page 34)

BETTY FORD

(Continued from page 6)

Before the end of 1971 Betty and Jerry had talked over their situation at great length come to a decision: Ford would run for Congress in 1972, but that term would be his last. When it came time to campaign again in 1974, he would announce his retirement.

"In six years, the political pressure would be off, the long absence at the end. The Fords would go back to Michigan, take it easy, travel a lot, but time for each other."

Betty immediately began feeling much better, although she still needed just a bit of tranquilizing medication and she continued to move her neck cautiously, as if it might shatter at any minute. They had been to China on an official trip shortly after the history-making Nixon visit ("It's funny," she said, "but my neck never gave me a bit of trouble during the two weeks in China") and were eager to go on their own, as private citizens for a much longer stay.

"Last October," she said, "we were just talking about our next China trip when the roof caved in," adding hastily, "that is to say, as far as our travel plans were concerned."

During the period when ex-President was considering his Vice Presidential choice, Susan bet her mother \$5 that her father would be named. Gladfully, Susan collected. "I just never thought the President would select Jerry," Mrs. Ford said. "But, of course, I'm proud and happy that he did and I like the challenge of being the Vice President's wife."

Then, Betty Ford seemed revitalized by her new job as Second Lady. She had definitely not sought promotion to First Lady. "I'd hate to lose our country come to the point of impeachment or resignation," she insisted with great seriousness. "To me, it would be a terrible blow to the whole world. You can say I'm looking forward to serving three years as the wife of the Vice President, to helping him and our country."

But what if the White House falls vacant? "Then, of course, we'd accept the responsibility. But I'm not thinking about it. I'm taking each day as it comes and I tell the children that tomorrow is another day."

She did feel about her husband's running for President in 1976, especially in light of this writing, public-opinion polls show him as both the leading contender among possible Republican candidates and a winner over the Democrat's front-running Teddy Kennedy? Betty Ford just refused to go beyond her husband's statement that he would not be a candidate. The Ford children were equally determined to avoid moving into the White House. Susan worked there last summer selling guidebooks to tourists and she dismissed the place in a sentence. "It's not me."

Right now Betty Ford's days are busier than ever before. She hardly has time to get her hair done, read the paper, read the Bible at night with her husband, a ritual they've conducted together through the years.

Now there are hours to be spent on correspondence and interviews. It never fridges in and out of the house. Recently installed as the presiding officer of the Red Cross Senate Wives, she must prepare speeches and programs. This spring she goes to Georgia to launch the southeastern part of Art Tram, a project that fascinates her because it brings great art and working artists to the smallest communities, where children board a train to visit pottery and silversmiths at their craft. Art and the dance will be the focus of the special projects she will undertake.

Significantly, the Fords attended the Symphony Ball this year, a Washington fund-raising event rarely patronized by Vice Presidents. Not only did they boost the cause of good music, they also had a marvelous time, both of them dancing nearly every dance from low-tops to rock.

For the extra appearances and trips, Betty Ford's wardrobe must be expanded, to dresses and outfits, tailored wools and pratts for daytime. And, to be sure, beautifully colored and long-hemmed gowns (for at home) are constantly arriving from Frankie Welch, a gifted designer who runs a dress shop in Alexandria.

The most surprising thing about the Fords' new life is that, up to the point of writing at least, the Vice Presidency had kept Gerald Ford in the Washington area a great deal more than did his congressional job. "I'm seeing more of my family these days and that's certainly a good thing," Ford said on a recent Sunday morning when he, his wife, Susan and Steve were relaxing in their living room, passing the sections of the Sunday paper around to each other.

"Yeah, Dad, you've been home every day this week," Steve said, looking up with a grin from the sports section he'd just wrested from his father. "We're getting kind of tired of seeing you."

The aroma of baking apple pie wafted out from the kitchen, and Susan, on her way upstairs to change from the blue wool dress she'd worn to church to more comfortable jeans, went through the kitchen to inspect the steward's handiwork.

"Watch it," her father called after her, "you've got to lose a few pounds."

"You, too, sweets," she replied.

A little later, when a photographer arrived, the Fords obligingly

posed, changed clothes on request, bantered with each other. Ford sat down in the leather chair where he works in a corner of the living room.

"Be writing something, Mr. Ford," the photographer suggested.

"A cheque I hope," Betty puffed.

"For me, please," Susan urged.

Ford held the pen in his left hand.

"Yeah, Dad's a southpaw when he eats and writes," Steve explained.

"but he's right-handed for sports."

Suddenly picture-taking time and playtime were over—at least for the adults. Susan and Steve scattered with a group of friends. Gerald Ford, brief-case under his arm, headed for a Sunday afternoon meeting at the Capitol. Betty Ford then settled down with her secretary, Nancy Howe, to line up appointments for the week. The Vice Presidency of the United States is a seven-day-a-week job—for both husband and wife. In the excitement of the new routine, in the exhilaration of give-and-take with new people, in the shaping of a fresh career for herself, the Second Lady, Betty Ford found a new blessing. Her skin glows, her eyes sparkle, her manner is warm and open. The ailing neck is often forgotten.

Betty looks over a sheaf of letters that arrived in response to her statement that she approves of abortion when it is done to preserve the mother's health and life and in extraordinary circumstances such as rape and incest.

"There's been a lot of mail on that," she says, "nearly all of it favourable. I'm glad abortion has been taken out of the back rooms and put into the hospital, where it belongs."

This kind of forthright talk is not so usual among Washington wives. But Betty Ford intends to have her say and to speak out on issues that interest her. Her husband and children applaud her independence. So does the Washington press corps. "She's down to earth and very approachable," says Helen Thomas of United Press International, "and she always looks so lovely."

"She brings with her the easy, straight-forward manner of small-town living," says columnist Betty Beale. "Up until he became Vice President, the Fords were listed in the phone book, just like anyone else."

As Vice President, it was different. All telephone calls to the Fords, after passing through the White House switchboard, were screened by a Secret Service agent. There were 18 buttons on the main phone in the family room.

How can a family maintain any semblance of normal life with 18 buttons on its home telephone? That's part of the challenge that Betty Ford faces today in balancing her new public responsibilities and her on-going private obligations.

One thing is sure—her children will never be shortchanged. "We're so fortunate," Betty Ford says, knocking wood. "We've never had any serious problems with the children. They know what we expect and they think so much of their father and me I don't believe they'd ever let us down."

Rack when she was a girl of 16, Betty Ford went to a gypsy tea-leaf reader with a group of classmates from high school. The friends all go standard on the future: tall, dark strangers, long trips, many children. But when the seer looked into Betty's cup, she made a great pronouncement: "You will be meeting kings and queens and people of great prominence. You will have an extraordinary life."

Betty's friends were awed. She herself related the prophecy to the dance—no doubt these would be command performances at Buckingham Palace and other such glories coming her way.

"I've often thought of that old gypsy in recent weeks," Betty said, looking out the window of her living room, past the swimming pool and the Secret Service sentry posts, past the flowering shrubs, into the unknowable days ahead. "Do you suppose she was right?"

This interview was conducted for Good Housekeeping in May 1974 when Betty Ford was America's "Second Lady" (wife of the Vice President). You will notice that some of the speeches have been overtaken by events, hence the slight alterations. Gerald Ford has recently assumed the Presidency of the United States and the family has moved to the White House where Betty Ford of course faces the challenges posed by her new post as America's First Lady.

There is a lot waiting for you in the next issue of Modern Woman. Why not book your copy in advance?

MOTHER MERITS IT ALL

BY 'KOYE SORETIRE-SORUNKE

Browsing through the children's section of a popular magazine some time ago, I came across the lamentation of a famous psychologist that legal experts had not found it necessary to make provisions for parental divorce for children even in the glaring instances of such children passing through frightful childhood in the hands of wrong parents.

In the context of the child and the parent, it is obvious that his assertion is that a child needs no qualifications; so the idea of wrong or right, bad or good is out of the question and it is presumed that it is the parent that is seldom right and often wrong. His conclusion is presumably that it is either a child or not. And according to him, a good or bad child is made by the parent. Moreover, parent as an all-embracing term could be foster or natural. Perhaps, the expert referred to above is more aware of the implications of such legal provisions than his readers are hence his only redress is to lament.

For the purpose of this article, I should like to offer a supposition that in the face of such a law at children's disposal, as high as ninety per cent of men will fall victim to it through both genuine causes from their supposed children on one hand and by collusion between such children and their mother. A satirist once said that he has regarded as his father the man his mother had the sympathy to so point out to him.

The purpose of this exercise is to probe the question of the mother/child attachment and to generate a lively discussion on the three-sided affair between the father, mother and the child and try to advance reasons why the mother/child attachment exists at the expense of the otherwise equally important child/father attachment.

Ante-Natal Care:

The long battle for parenthood starts in what could be variously described as love-making, pregnancy and the never-to-be-forgotten 'labour' moments which all culminate in the birth of the child. A few human anatomical details reveal that some women are leathery to love-making as they would be to any imaginable painful experience. Pregnancy on the other hand is not an easy burden to bear with all the attendant physical and psychological exertions. Some moving human figures ponderously tilting sideways or backwards like the tower of Pisa are common sights of pregnant women. It connotes a rather uneasy situation and perhaps it is not out of place to recall the goings-on in the labour-room where what was swallowed with relish is vomited with hysterical curses topped with vows never to move near a man — the cause of her present anguish. Yes, the labour-room is an admixture of little bits of human experiences.

And yet all these bizarre experiences must be accommodated so as to give another little one the chance of life. Let me warn that these will be a tendency to dismiss the above description as peculiar and so abnormal with the argument that women are innately adaptable to the processes involved. Such excuses have been proved to be far from being true. (Continued on page 39)

THE DREAM

(Continued from page 32)

seized the child from Lolade and refusing to allow her to accompany them, took the child into the injection room.

Restless and in the worst state of distraction Lolade waited for her child. At last, the nurse appeared and callously announced that the child was too far gone for the injection to have any effect.

"Your child is dead" she said thrusting the child at Lolade. With a heart-rending yell of anguish Lolade ran out of the room, kola went limp.

The dream was, after all, a warning, ignored at their peril.

—Kunle Akinsemoyin

A Love Like Theirs

(Continued from page 31)

A dose of success, a dose of disappointment.

If we persevere with the mixture

The result will be good...before we finally take a dose of death.

Pamela smiled, at least she wanted to smile but her muscles were already tightening up and herself packing up.

Pamela had only a few seconds of pain before life went away from her.

END OF THE ROAD

(Continued from page 30)

I heard her say, "Greg, please don't shut me out. I needed you so much I couldn't bear to lose you, that was why I did what I did. Greg, dear, we can find a solution to this. Couldn't you forgive and forget the past? Greg...Greg, open the door, Greg...Greg...Greg" and her voice trailed off in low sob.

I didn't need to hear more. I couldn't speak either, because of the choked feeling in my throat. In any case, what was I to say to her. My thoughts were tearing me to shreds: thoughts that brought tears to my eyes; the tears which blurred my eyes and numbed my feelings.

I felt peculiar. There was that hard tight knot of tangled emotions making me want to burst. My whole life seemed to disintegrate. I had the feeling I was alone. All alone! I was no longer a part of that family.

But why was I so shocked, so afraid? What happened was not different from what I anticipated, only I have been too scared to discuss it. Now I dreaded the whispers of friends and the people around us; even if they didn't whisper, they would stare — which would be just as bad.

I had to get away! Yes, get away, that was the answer. Go to a place where no one knew my past; at least move out of that house and try to gather fragments of my broken life and begin a new life.

That was what I did. I mean I moved out of the house and stayed out of it. I am still waiting, waiting for her to sue for divorce. I will happily not contest the suit. Christ knows when the paper will come.

**Your favourite
recipes start with
eagle refined
granulated sugar.**



Make delicious lemon pancakes

Beat 3 eggs till thick and lemon coloured. Sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of milk, 1 tablespoon Eagle Refined Granulated Sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add to egg mixture, mixing till smooth. Grease the bottom of a medium sized frying pan, drop in the batter and spread out evenly to make thin cakes. Turn when it is golden brown and fry on other side. Fold over and put on a plate, use all the batter up in this way piling up pancakes. Sprinkle with Eagle Refined Granulated Sugar and garnish with Lemon Slices.



The Sugar People

TATE & LYLE (NIGERIA) LIMITED

A WINNER ANY DAY



The long-look presented by this dress is the result of the good combination of multi-coloured 'aso oke' made into a long skirt and embroidered white at the hem, topped with a love-bug blouse in red crepe. The straps and of course the bustline are decorated with red fluffy lace.



This dress has been named after the model who serves every bit of the honour - Joke is in red crepe. The white lace at the collar and down the skirt adds the elegance of the dress. You'll agree with us that Joke is nothing short of elegance herself.

Selections from Esther Ladies' Park Itire
Road, Surulere.



*It's Betty in Edo Style
made from blue velveteen
with white fan-like design.
Note the gold-beaded neck-
lace.*



*Octopus hairstyle adorned with gold ornaments to
complete the Edo fashion.*

DEAR REMI



Letters of love

FORBIDDEN

My parents who forbids me a lover at the age of 20, for they could trust no man. But as nature would have it, when the time came, my love found it's way to the heart of a young-man. I accepted him with open arms, not only as a lover but as a brother of 21. Throughout the period of our courtship, he never lived below expectation.

The past two years of our courtship was like paradise on earth. Two months ago I received a photostat copy of a letter from my boy. The writer who was trying to make him clear his stand as to whether he is marrying me or not.

What disturbs my heart was that my boy admits that I am the writer. This allegation has destroyed my feelings for him.

What do you think I should do, especially as he is saying that my friends and I connived to write the letter whereas we discussed nothing like that. Should I forget him? I am still too young to beg a man for marriage.

Osha. N. K.,

Since you are not the writer explain to your Loy friend when you think he can listen to your words.

MOTHER DISAPPROVES

I am a native of Ijebu-Ode and married to an Ekiti lady, with three female children. Right from the beginning my mother-in-law disagreed with her daughter being in love with an Ijebu-man.

Early this year, I gave my wife Twelve Naira to buy foodstuff for the week, but to my surprise she asked for more money the third day. This resulted

into a quarrel which gave her mother the chance to interfere and she eventually advised her daughter to pack her belongings and my three female children to her house.

There have been attempts from other members of both families towards amicable settlement but my mother-in-law refused bluntly. She later told me to come and be sleeping with my wife in her house, if I still love my wife and children. This I think is quite indecent for a gentleman to do.

Sha! I do away with this wife and marry another one.

Ibadan. Babs,

You'll be wise to seek advise from the Social Welfare Office. There's one of such offices along Oniyarin Street.

MAN IN NEED

I am a handsome boy of 23 in need of an averagely educated girl from a good Christian home. Besides, she must be either from Egba or Egbado and must be really loving rather than being money minded - I'm not rich by any standard. Furthermore, she must like the limelight and be light complexioned like myself.

All letters should be directed through the Modern Woman Editor to: Man in Need.

Apapa, Lagos. Man In Need,

I WANT HER

Since I read about the girl who sent in the letter requesting a boyfriend which appeared in your July issue, I have developed a sort of feeling that gives me the conviction that I really want her.

Could you therefore do me the favour of sending

me her address so I can enter into direct negotiation with her? I feel so eager about her.

Illaha. Bob,

Just write to "Bola" c/o Modern Woman, P. O. Box 2533, Marina, Lagos.

HE LOVES A BABY

I can rightly say that the first 10 years of my marriage has been very happy and successful by any standard.

This I think has been possible because of the love and mutual understanding that existed between my husband and myself.

Very recently though, things are changing rather fast and I have traced the cause to a very young girl of about 16. Considering that my husband is about 40 years old, I consider the girl a baby and cannot easily guess what has attracted him to such a young girl.

Is there any advice you can give to ease the tension of my present state of mind?

Enugu. Christy,

Well, I think your husband is undergoing one of these phases that most men undergo during this period. On the other hand, you might have become a bit less careful about yourself and probably about your husband and family.

A good check of what you are like in shape and in character compared with what you used to be will do you a world of good.

Talk things over with your husband when he is in the mood and give yourself the necessary shake-up.

CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH

I am 23 soon to be

married. I'm very much in love with my fiance but have a secret that continues to hunt me. My fiance does not believe in sex before marriage and I had had one or two affairs with men before I met him. He can't discuss frankly because of my secret. How do I overcome this feeling?

Ibadan. Jaiye,

You must either accept reality and discuss things openly together or go on living in pretence. But truly happy and secure marriage is based on the ability to love someone imperfect as he/she is. Who knows how since your fiance is as it's much easier for a man to love his sex experiences.

WHAT SHOULD HE PAY?

My wife and my brother are at loggerheads about the boy's contribution towards housekeeping. My wife would like for him to give about a third of his salary but the boy is really unwilling to enter into any such regular agreement. He says he will buy some provisions or pay the gas bill now and again. Do you think he should pay towards the housekeeping?

Lagos. Paul,

Your brother's plan is nothing to reckon with as it is not very practical - but then I suspect he and your wife are now battling. It is clearly up to you to step in with a bit of neutral wisdom by calculating the real cost of running the house with your wife. If you discover that the cost is far more than what you give, in which case your wife will be dipping far into her salary, then go a bit higher to compensate for the cost of maintaining your brother. Truly, housewives aren't finding things too easy these days.