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WOMAN

February 1974

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**BANKER
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Thrilling
Short Story



For that
smooth fresh
look

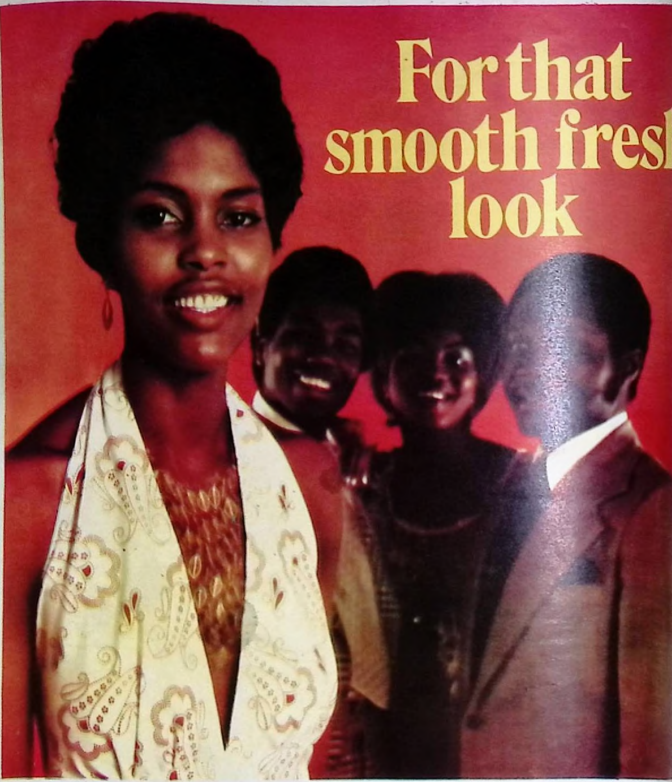


Joy is the toilet soap with something special. Joy has a mild creamy lather which softens and refreshes your skin.

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

Joy has a delicate perfume which softens your skin longer.

JOY - your own special beauty treatment



For that
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look



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woman



Bernice Idigbe: "The fact that a spinster recognises a man as 'married' rules out any serious intention or genuine motive on the girl's part. The married man should take this as a note of warning and pay greater attention to the well-being of his home."

Read more on the spinster—married man affair on page 4

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LETTERS TO

modern
woman

LOVING PARENTS

I think I have the most loving parents in the world. While I stay in Lagos my parents who stay in Benin are always sending me food money and sometimes clothes. I so much appreciate their kind gesture as I can spend my salary just as I please.

Ibi-Araba. Jonathan,

STRICT FATHER

Even though we are all grown up, my father has refused to relax his grips on me and my sisters. This last Christmas though, our old man got the shock of his life when my ten-year old sister asked for permission to attend a party with her boyfriend. The scene that followed is better imagined than expressed.

Ijebu-Ode, Rasaki,

FUNNY BOY

One early morning I asked my son to go and buy sugar from a nearby store. He came back with a packet of Smarties. Before I could say anything he said, "mummy won't this be enough for everybody?"

Ijora. Mrs. Majolote,

FLYING FEATHERS

The other day, I was in the sitting room with my nephew aged 5. He asked of his friend, Segun and I told him that Segun had flown to London to join his parents. He then left me, came back with feathers stuck to his sides and said to me, "Aunty, I am ready." I asked him what he was ready for and he replied, "I want to fly to London with these feathers on my sides to see my friend."

Ekiti. Eburn Akinyele,

BASKET OF FRUITS

FOR two years I saw an old lady sitting in

bed by a window as I passed on the bus each day on my way to work. Then one day I decided to get off at her stop and take her some fruits. She was almost overcome with joy. You see, I was her first visitor for six months.

Jebba. Miss Smith.

TRAFFIC LIGHTS

The other day I bought a bottle of fabulous green eyeliner and decided to wear it when I went out with my boy-friend that night. During the evening I asked him what he thought of it. "Beautiful" he said romantically "just like traffic lights"

Abeokuta. Miss Somade,

KEEPING DOGS DRY

Waiting in heavy rain at the Tinubu bus stop, we were joined by a white lady with no raincoat. She did however, have an umbrella which she held over her small poodle dog.

Lagos. Yalunda Spencer,

UNHEALTHY

WHY do people when they come out of hospital, do nothing but moan about the poor food and discomfort? Aren't they grateful for their restored health?

Benin Mrs. Abalde

NO BLUE ANGELS

My friend's little girl was explaining to her younger brother that it was wrong to work on Sundays.

"Well police men work on Sundays," the boy said, "Don't they go to heaven?" "No," replied his mother,

"they don't need them up there!"

Costain. Sikiru,

IF ONLY.....

Why is it now that I have given up work, I am bored? When I had a job I used to think, "If only I didn't go out to work, I could do so many things at home." Now I've got no inclination to do any of them.

Ilesha. Busola,

Perhaps it's because they don't seem important anymore.

SIMPLE REMEDY

On a visit to my parents, my five year old daughter helped Grandma to wash the dishes. My mother said: "I wish I had a little girl to help me wash up." Replied my daughter, "Well, Grandma, why don't you get married and have a baby?"

Abeokuta. Mrs. Ireti.

STUCK UP

Why do shops use sticky-backed price labels on goods? It took a good week for the sticky mess to be removed from a new washing-up bowl; on my daughter's shoe the tag came just where her heel went and made a nasty mess of her socks, and after pulling off a container of cooking thyme the sticky mess remained up the sprinkler holes. Surely there's a better method they could use?

Benin. Dorah,

FLY AWAY HAIR DO

I suppose everyone's done something strange sometime - I sprayed my hair with

fly killer instead of spray. My husband's comment was: "Why don't you stop spraying your hair like insects?" I could find a ready answer.

Oshogbo.

TOO OLD AT SEVEN

"You are going to be the flower girl at wedding," said my mother to my seven year old daughter.

"No, auntie," she replied. "This time going to be one of the bridesmaid because I've been a flower girl at many weddings already. I'm rather too old for that anyway."

Everybody had a laugh and she looked ruffled by the serious comments that followed.

Lagos.

PERFECT PATTERN

I felt I must tell you of some of the marvellous some of the published dress patterns I have. I've already made a full wardrobe from simple ones. Recently I took one of the latest to my seamstress to make. It came out perfect every way and I have many people stop at where I bought it to tell me I saw it in Modern Woman magazine and took it to my tailor to design. Now, my neighbours have their subscription for supply of Modern Woman.

Ibadan. Miss K...

Keep it up, lady. We are pleased to be of service to our readers.

BREAD

FOR EVERYONE



BREAD the energy food,
power-packed
with protein and
vitamins!

HANDY HINTS FOR BUSY HOUSEWIVES

3-DELICIOUS
WAYS OF
SERVING UP
BREAD.



BREAD AND MILK

An economical and tempting dish for young, old and invalids. Heat milk to almost boiling point.

Cut slices of bread into chunks and place into bowl. Sprinkle with sugar and pour on milk. Sprinkle a little cinnamon on top - it's delicious!



BREAD AND BACON FRY

When the stock cupboard is low, this provides a quick, filling and nourishing meal. Fry bacon slices and remove from pan.

Cut slices of bread and fry in the hot bacon fat until brown and crispy. Put bacon slices on top and serve.



TOASTED CHEESE AND TOMATO

A quick savoury snack for all the family. Cut thick slices of fresh bread and toast lightly - both sides. Add thin slices of tomato and top with slices of cheese. Put under grille until cheese bubbles. Remove, add salt and pepper - and enjoy them!



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FLOUR MILLS OF NIGERIA LIMITED APAPA

FORUM

WHY SPINSTERS PREFER MARRIED MEN

Conducted by Bayo Adebowale & B

The successful rich married man appears to have got almost everything an average spinster is looking for in the man of her dream. The fact that he has got a woman he calls his wife at home does not seem to hinder the intentions of the spinsters for him. The married man on the other hand, is always quick to seize every available opportunity to promote the affairs and achieve his aims. Now, why won't our spinsters leave alone the successful married man to his wife and children? Or, why won't the successful married man leave the spinsters alone for the bachelors? A cold war had been raging, for a long time, between the married man and the bachelor over the issue—and the spinsters who should have been able to solve the problem are themselves in a great dilemma. Well, "to be or not to be"—that is the question. And this is what the people interviewed have to say:

MISS STELLA AKINRODEMI: "Materialistic tendency is a force to be reckoned with in our spinsters. It appears that the need for security, money-wise, makes many young girls go in recklessly for married men who have got plenty of cash to disseminate."

Miss Akinrode mi, an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan is of the opinion that married men can be set "off balance" by the "provocative and tantalizing ways" spinsters dress themselves; but she also blames the married man who makes "an ostentatious show of his wealth to win spinsters." She has a divided opinion about monogamy by recognizing that "many spinsters prefer monogamy... it is the dream of many a woman to have the exclusive ownership of their men. However, some spinsters don't bother at all about monogamy. "You see, they want economic security, therefore, they won't mind to be kept outside the matrimonial home of the married man. They stay in the luxurious flats hired for them by the man

and they don't see anything really wrong."

She further observes, however, that it is the man who suffers more... "The moment a married man has a girl friend, then he is in for a bundle of psychological conflicts. He has to divide his affection and, in some men are not even capable of sharing it, such shift their whole attention and affection to the new love. This is a great injustice to the legal wife."

Later on, Miss Akinrode mi defends the accusations our spinsters are too mercenary in motives... "Is the whole society materialistic?" she asks, "that our spinsters give undue priority to mundane things is a reflection of the society in which we are".

Do you think that our spinsters have any serious intention when they flirt with married men? I ask.

"In a good number of cases the spinsters may not have any serious intention. In actual fact, she may not desire involvement other than mere friendship."

What if the legal wife at home gets to know of the affair, can you imagine what her reaction would be?

"It is a difficult thing to get a woman to agree to share her husband. If the woman at home agrees to something forced on her which she accepts with reluctance because she too would not like to lose her place at home. Therefore, in many cases, if the illicit relationship happens to leak out, the legal wife takes it for her own sake and the children's."

Miss Akinrode mi ended the interview with a warning to our spinsters: "The spinsters should be careful about associating with married men who may ruin their chances with aspiring young bachelors."

TO MR. YEMI ALOBA, a young Lagos executive, there seems to be nothing wrong with the idea of a young girl giving herself to a married man.

He says: "Before an older man who is married is running after a very young girl, he must have been out by somebody something. I hope people will be probing into other people's affairs and let every man live his life as he chooses. Tell me, what stops a man from getting a divorce and starting a new marriage is on the rocks from finding solace in a

loving and warm blooded 'sweet-sixteen.' Do you think every married man is happy with his wife? I must say that a lot of our men die young as a result of many unpleasant situations they have to keep up with in their homes. What of the increasing cases of hypertension?"

Now to come to your question; I think married men who have managed to be successful desire young girls to test whether or not they are socially acceptable. The girls on their part know that the married man is more experienced and can readily pump plenty of cash into their account besides taking them out for shopping and other pleasure trips.

Let's face it, all women like money and the present psychadelic trend in fashion coupled with high cost of living demands that a girl should be financially strong to be accepted in the society. Don't you know that these young men who complain also admire trendy and up-to-date girls? How else can the girls live up to the accepted standard without the generosity of the successful man even though he is married. The girls want money, the men want fun what stops the man who has plenty of loose cash to throw around from giving part of it to the young girl who can give him the fun he wants.

I will not advocate that young girls should seize to be associated with successful married men. All I can say is that women who are lucky enough to be hooked should endeavour to make their husbands happy. The fact that a man decides to take a wife does not mean he has seized to admire good things - fashionable women not exempted. Married women should therefore strive to make their husbands happy, keep up with the fashion and be really understanding.

Young girls who know what they want should search for same in the right quarters. Bachelors should work harder instead of moping at the success of the older men.

Next I spoke to MRS. BOLATITO ADEOTI, a staff nurse at St. Mary's Catholic Hospital, Eleta, Ibadan. Here she goes:

"Majority of our spinsters come from poor homes and a good number of them have no jobs to give them enough financial security. They seem to have got all the answers to their problems in the married men who own cars, television sets and a lot of money to throw around. You



Stella Akinrodemi:

"Materialistic tendency is a force to be reckoned with in our spinsters."



Bolatito Adeoti:

"Married men treat spinsters more tenderly because they are more experienced than bachelors."

• A cold war has been raging between the married men and the bachelors and the spinsters who should have been able to solve the problem are themselves in a great dilemma - to be or not

to be... see many of the spinsters loitering around the family planning section of the hospitals under the guise that they are married women... and once they secure what they want there, they move about the town freely without any fear of pregnancy."

I cut in and reminded Mrs. Adeoti that there are some eligible bachelors around too who own cars and television sets and who would provide ready cash to entice the spinsters. She disagreed, however, telling me that "The average Nigerian bachelor can be stingy with what he has. He appears to be too diplomatic for the spinster's liking... he talks too much and does nothing substantial for the spinster... this is where the married man has an edge... he treats the spinsters tenderly because he has got greater experience of life than the bachelor. But one thing married men seem not to realise is that majority of these spinsters are out to dupe them and if possible, leave them in penury. I have seen cases where desperate spinsters collect money from married men (sugar daddies) to finance their boy friends in schools.

Only God knows when married men would learn. Some of them even have the audacity of bringing their girl friends to the matrimonial home and then ask their legitimate wives to go to blazes or to pack and go! How about that?

I advise our spinsters to only associate with bachelors - there are many eligible ones around yet. It is morally wrong of them to want to break other peoples' homes. They should learn to suffer with their boyfriends who presently can't provide them with all they need. They should recognize the fact that with their support, the future can be bright for the young bachelors whom they will later marry".

FEMI YEROKUN, a bachelor, and an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan comes up next.

FEMI YEROKUN:- "Our spinsters in the first case look for money to keep them going. They place premium on material wealth. True love has no meaning to them. They fall easily for the married man who appears generous enough to satisfy virtually all their material needs.

The married man too wants a change of hand and is quick to reciprocate the love of a spinster who can offer him nice time. He at times initiates it."

He continues: "Spinsters have no moral justification to meddle in the affairs of the matrimonial home. But love (love of money and wealth) appears to know no bounds. It doesn't recognize "morals."

When things go wrong in the matrimonial home as a result of the married man's illicit association with spinsters, one finds it convenient to blame the parties involved separately. In case of the man, he may not have been able to exercise enough maturity and restraint. The

(Continued on page 7)

Lotus body cream — the face cream that's made for your body!

..... a cream made to be used lavishly, all over your body, everyday because it comes in a jar as large as a tea-cup at only 25 kobo. Open a jar of new Lotus and you'll find it's light and non-greasy; as white and fragrant as any of the costly face creams. What's more, Lotus doesn't lighten, but freshens your complexion.



wife may be the careless type who doesn't know how to make her man happy. The spinsters could be blamed for lack of moral sense, forgetting that they too would, in future, find eligible bachelors who love them. When that time came, they too would not like to be disturbed. What God has joined together, spinsters should not try to put asunder.

"The fact that a spinster recognizes a man as 'married' rules out any serious intention or genuine motive. The married man should be aware of this and pay greater attention to the well being of his home."

"Love is not a one way affair," so says BERNICE IDIGBE a spinster and an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan. "For this reason," continues Bernice, "People should stop carrying the erroneous impression that it is the spinsters who go about seducing married men all the time. When a spinster associates with a married man however,

three factors can be responsible. First let us note that most married men are highly placed in the society, they have good jobs, elegant cars and plenty of money - all these seem to pull spinsters closer to them; our society is a materialistic one so, why blame the girls? The second point is the sadistic pleasure which spinsters get from things they know is quite wrong; and the third thing is the personal appearance of the man. But in most cases, it is the married man who first makes the move.

"Many spinsters associate with married men with no serious intention. They do it merely for the fun of it as no spinster would cherish the idea of becoming wife number two at home.

"Genuine love can be possible, however, in rare cases because there comes a stage in the life of human beings when the sense of togetherness and belonging over-ride the selfish motives, and the spinsters truly fall in love. "It is advisable that spinsters repel all the advances of married men. As a spinster I don't associate with married men. These married men too should change their nonchalant attitude to their marriage and always remember their marriage vows."

As a Public Relations assistant in a Lagos based firm, AYO meets a lot of men most of whom are married and in the executive grade. This is Ayo's view of it all:



Bernice Idigbe: "Most successful married men are in good jobs, they ride posh cars and have plenty of money to throw around."

"As a Public Relations girl, I am supposed to keep a very good disposition and try to be good to people with whom I come in contact. But I must tell the readers that a spinster is not the luckiest girl in Lagos. When I go out to meet these men, instead of discussing business they seem to be more interested in my private life. Sometimes, I get on the verge of loosing my temper but then I have to play it cool for fear of loosing my reputation/job. I must also say that these men can be really tempting by their act of blowing their trumpet of wealth. I do agree that to be tempted does not imply that one has to yield. But I shall say out of experience that temptation could be relative. For instance, with a man who knows he can be instrumental in deciding your professional fate there is little you can do against the wish of such a man. Or, have you never heard of men who will only negotiate business in the hotel or during a night out with you? I shall rather say that our men are fast demoralising the girls with the influence of their money.

I will not completely dissociate myself from the fact that some girls are money mad but I will also quickly add that in most cases, the first move of this illicit love comes from the men who are always parading their title and wealth. On the other hand, part of the fault lies with the wives of these men who think that once they have the ring they have the license to be dirty, carefree, nagging and unrepresentable. They must realise that a man never grows old when it comes to admiring 'God's handiwork.' They should therefore try to keep up those qualities which their husbands admired in them before marriage.

The men should also use the excess of their wealth to give more security to their wives and children.

Finally, spinsters should move with struggling young-men with the hope of rising with such men. Then they can stand free from the condemnation of a 'Holier than thou' society.

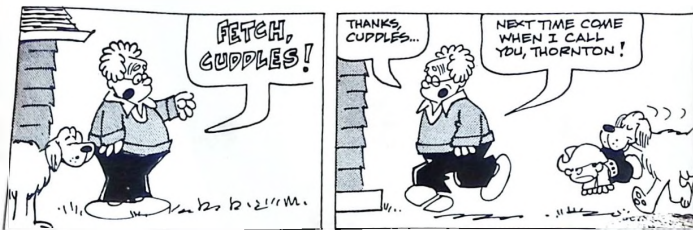
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Shola Adekanmbi: "Although our spinsters admire bachelors, they prefer to fish where they are sure to get plenty of fish." "Although our spinsters admire bachelors, they prefer to fish where they are sure to get plenty of fish."

Professor Phumble

By Bill Yates





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Proof that New Pepsodent actually
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HOUSEWIFERY:

Cleaning Around The House

I hope you all had a go at the simple cleaning agents and home-made detergents introduced on the housewifery pages of the January issue. If you have not, please get hold of your copy of January Modern Woman rightaway and try making them. They are cheap, easy to make and very effective.

For those who already have their's prepared and stored in jars, this month's cleaning will be quite easy and different. Have a try at some of the cleaning agents you have made and write to tell us about your experience.

TO CLEAN METALS

TO CLEAN BRASS:

Lemon and wood ash or sand:

1. Cut the lemon, dip it into the sand and rub on the brass.
2. Wash off with water and leave in the sun to dry.
3. Polish with a duster.

"Brasso"

Rub on with a little soft cloth. Leave on for a few minutes. Rub off and polish with a soft duster.

Use "Brasso" for plain brass as sand would scratch the surface.

Finely sieved wood ash may also be used for plain brass, locks, door handles, hinges, etc.

TO WASH GLASS

Wash in warm soapy water. If cut glass, scrub with a soft brush.

Rinse in warm water and dry.

Polish with a linen cloth or turn upside down in a clean tray to dry.

Stains may be removed with wet tea-leaves or chips of potato or yam and water.

TO CLEAN WINDOWS:

1. Remove curtains
2. Dust frame and ledges. Window sills - If dirty, can be washed as painted wood, plain wood or cement.
3. Wash panes with crushed paper dipped into water to which a little kerosene has been added. Use a chamois leather instead of crushed paper if you can get one.
4. Dry and polish with a soft duster (a silk duster is better).

TO CLEAN MIRRORS:

Dust everyday.

1. Wash with hot water and soap.

2. Rinse and dry in the sun. A frying pan - wipe out grease with a piece of paper before washing.

An enamel pan - wash with hot water and soap. Use salt or wood to remove stains.

Never scrape enamel with a knife.

Aluminium Pan - Wash with hot water and soap.

Never use soda. Roasting Tin - Wipe out grease with a piece of paper before washing. Wash with hot water and soap. A burnt pan - Put water into the pan and a little washing soda (if any) and put on the fire to boil. Let it soak till the burnt part is soft.

CARE OF FURNITURE

POLISHED WOOD - Dust underneath as well as on top. Polish once a week.

PLAIN WOOD: scrub.

UPHOLSTERED CLOTH:

Beat the cushions, dust and polish the frame.

LEATHER:

Dust and polish.

CANE:

1. Scrub with soap and water.

2. Rinse.

3. Rinse again in salted water.

4. Put in the sun to dry. To whiten the cane - Rub with lemon juice, rinse and dry.

CUSHIONS:

Should be beaten into shape with hands every day.

Beat thoroughly once a week. Covers should be made to come off so that they can be washed.

TO POLISH FURNITURE:

1. Rub on a small quantity of furniture polish with a cloth.

2. Leave to dry and rub up with a duster.

CARE OF SINKS:

Wash with hot water and soap. If cement, scrub with a scrubbing brush, hot water and soap. If stained, use lemon or lime and sand to remove the stains. If a pipe is attached to carry away dirty water, pour down a little disinfectant with boiling water once a week.

(Continued on page 12)

HOUSE.. WIFERY:

(Continued from page 11)

CARE OF TABLE SILVER:

1. Wash in hot water and soap.
2. Dry and polish.
3. Once a week, clean with plate powder as follows:-
Dip a damp cloth into the powder and rub on.
Leave for a few minutes till dry.
Polish with a clean cloth.

Egg shell crushed and finely sieved may be used instead of plate powder. Table silver should be kept in a drawer or box lined with green baize. Arrange in separate lots - forks, tablespoons, desert spoons etc.

POLISHED WOOD:

- To get hot plate marks off polished table: use olive oil and a little salt.
1. Mix well and apply with a soft cloth.
 2. Leave to soak in for several hours.
 3. Rub off and polish with

furniture polish. Several applications may be necessary.

CARE OF POTS AND PANS:

- Wash as soon as possible after use. If you cannot wash immediately, put water into the pan and let it stand. Pots, pans, etc. must be cleaned outside as well as inside.
1. If stained, rub glass with a little kerosene.
 2. Polish with a duster.
 3. Polish wooden frames with furniture polish.

CARE OF PICTURES:

1. Dust everyday, but as well as front.
2. Clean glass with crushed newspaper dipped and squeezed in water to which a little kerosene has been added or use kerosene.
3. Dry and polish.
4. Polish wooden frames with furniture polish. Wash gilt frame occasionally with warm water - rub lightly.



Beginning this month

GUIDE TO EASY SEWING

Last month, I did promise that with our February 1974 issue, Modern Woman will start a new series on needlecraft.

As we all know, making new dresses or even mending old ones really claim a sizable amount of our income. This is especially true of the fashion conscious women. With our step by step guide to needlework therefore, not only will you be able to mend your family clothes but you can also train yourself to become an expert in dressmaking.

Remember that the dress patterns published in this magazine have very simple instructions that can be easily understood. Buy them and save some mair for other items in your housekeeping.

This month, we shall try our hands on simple stitches that we use in everyday sewing - to join two pieces of materials together or for mending torn clothes. Follow the steps and you will discover they are quite simple.

RUNNING STITCH

This is a horizontal stitch, worked on the right or wrong side of the material, from right to left. The stitches and spaces are equal.

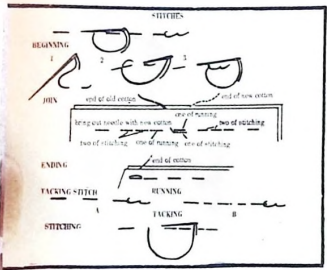
HOW TO BEGIN 1. Make a stitch not quite horizontal but with the needle slightly slanting upwards. 2. Make second stitch, over this, putting the needle in just above where it was put in before, and taking it out under that point where it came out in the first stitch. 3. The cotton must be under the needle in the second stitch.

HOW TO JOIN The following method prevents bulk and makes the join less conspicuous. When about to join make two stitches of stitching and one half stitch of running with the old thread. Slip the needle in the folds of material along the line to be worked for 1/2 inch and cut the thread. Insert the needle with new thread between the folds, bringing it out at the end of the last running stitch and leaving an end of 1/2 inch. Make one stitch of stitching over the old thread and then one stitch of running. Make two stitches of stitching and proceed with the running stitch. Both ends of thread may be caught with the stitches.

HOW TO END Make a double stitch, two if necessary and for an extra strong ending, run back the needle over the last stitches for a short distance.

TACKING STITCH

This is done on the right or wrong side of the material and the process is similar to running stitch. There are two kinds: (a) long equal stitches, and (b) long and short stitches alternately. The latter is used for thick material. Usually the beginning, join, and end are the same as running.



WISE CHOICE OF TASTY DISHES

6 Try something new each week, it's a good way to grow in home Management.

During the last end of year public holidays, I had my fridge loaded with all sorts of edibles, mostly meat and fish. Right at the middle of the festivities there was power failure in my area. In fact, I had a feeling it would last just a few hours but to my utter disappointment, the lights were off for three whole days - almighty NEPA.

On the second day when all the ice in my fridge was almost melted, I sat down to think of ways of preserving my meat and fish. At last, I grabbed my cookbook and started on as many recipes on meat and fishes as I could try. Even though it was not planned, my family could not help appreciating what one of them called: "a wonderful holiday treat".

Situations like this do arise and a lot of housewives just fry up the meat plain. This ought not to be so. Variety, they say, is the spice of life, so vary your dishes to the delight of your family. Next time NEPA comes to power in your area, make a blessing of what would otherwise have been a disappointment by trying your hands at new appetising dishes. On the other hand, make your organised parties such that your guests will long remember by giving them some special treats.

Try some of these and keep the recipes in your cookbook.

Curried Lamb

500 g stewing lamb	1 lb. 4 ozs.
1 clove garlic	
10 g curry powder	½ oz.
10 g tomato puree	½ oz.
½ litre stock or water	1 pt.
25 g chopped chutney	1 oz.
salt	
25 g dripping	1 oz.
200 g onions	8 ozs.
10 g flour	½ oz.
	½ oz.
5 g desiccated coconut	½ oz.
10 g sultanas	½ oz.
50 g chopped apple	2 ozs.
100 g rice (patna)	4 ozs.
1½ litres water	at least 3 pts.

Trim the meat and cut into even pieces.

Season and quickly colour in hot fat.

Add the chopped onion and chopped garlic, cover with a lid and sweat for a few minutes.

Drain off the surplus fat.

Add the curry powder and flour, mix in and cook out.

Mix in the tomato puree, gradually add the hot stock, thoroughly stir, bring to the boil, season and skim.

Allow to simmer and add the rest of the ingredients. Cover with a lid and simmer in the oven or on top of the stove till cooked.

Correct the seasoning and consistency, skim off the fat. At this stage a little cream may be added for finish class service.

Serve in an entree dish accompanied with rice which may be plain boiled.

Shepherds Pie or Cottage Pie

400 g cooked lamb or mutton	1 lb.
35 g fat	1½ ozs.
salt	
400 g cooked potato	1 lb.
25-50 g margarine	1-2 ozs.
100 g chopped onion	4 ozs.
125-250 ml justie or demi-glacé	¼-½ pt.
pepper	
milk	

Cook the onion in the fat without colouring.

Add the minced cooked meat from which all fat and gristle has been removed.

Season and add sufficient sauce to bind.

Bring to the boil, simmer 10-15 minutes.

Place in a pie or earthenware dish.

Prepare the mashed potatoes and arrange neatly on top.

Brush with milk or eggwash.

Colour lightly in a hot oven.

Serve on an oval silver flat dish. (If in a pie dish - a pie trill), accompanied with a sauceboat of jus.

NOTE: This dish may be prepared with cooked beef. When reheated meats care must be taken to heat thoroughly.

Minced Lamb or Mutton

Prepared the meat as for Shepherds Pie.

This is placed on a dish which has been previously piped with a border of duchess potatoes which have been dried for a few minutes in the oven, egg-washed and lightly browned.

Continued on page

Let not thy table exceed the fourth part of thy revenue: Let provision be solid, and not far fetched, fuller of substance than art: be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and free cheerful in thy entertainment: if thy guests be right, it is enough; if not, it is too much: too much is a vanity; enough is a feast.

Quarles

COOKERY: (Continued from page 3)

Cornish Pasties

- 200 g short paste $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
- 100 g finely diced potato (raw) 4 ozs.
- 100 g raw meat (cut small) 4 ozs.
- 50 g chopped onion 2 ozs.
- salt, pepper

Roll out the short paste 2 mm (1/8 in.) thick and cut into rounds 10 cm (5 in.) diameter.

Mix the filling together, moisten with a little water and place in the rounds in piles. Eggwash the edges.

Fold in half and seal, flute the edge and brush with eggwash.

Cook in a moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 hour. (150° - 200° C).
Serve on a dish paper with a suitable sauce separately, e. g. demi-glace.

Braised Lamb's Tongue

- 8-12 tongues (depending on size)
- 100 g carrot 4 ozs.
- 10 g tomato puree $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
- 500 ml brown stock 1 pt.
- salt
- 25 g dripping 1 oz.
- 100 g onion 4 ozs.
- bouquet garni
- 250 ml espagnole $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
- pepper

Fry off the roughly cut carrot and onion, place in a braising pan.

Add the washed, trimmed, blanched, refreshed tongues and the remainder of the ingredients.

Bring to the boil, skim.

Cover with a tight-fitting lid and simmer in a moderate oven, approx. 1 1/2 hours.

Remove the tongues, skin them and serve whole in an entree dish.

Correct the sauce and strain over the tongues.

Roast Lamb with stuffing Stuffing for Lamb

This is used for stuffing joints, e.g. Loin, Shoulder, Breast.

- 50 g chopped suet 2 ozs.
- 50 g chopped onions 2 ozs.
- cooked in a little fat without colour.
- 1 egg yolk or small egg
- 100 g white breadcrumbs 4 ozs.
- pinch powdered thyme
- pinch chopped parsley
- salt, pepper.

Combine all the ingredients together.

Lamb Cutlets Reform

Pass the prepared cutlets through seasoned flour, eggwash and breadcrumbs containing chopped ham and chopped parsley.

Cook as for crumbed cutlet.

Serve on an oval silver flat dish, garnish with reform sauce and a sauceboat of reform sauce separately.

STARS

ARIES

(Mar. 21 to Apr. 20)

Occupational and business matters should gain momentum, but be careful to avoid losses through haste, illogical thinking. Some "super" hours in which to advance.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 to May 21)

You will have less opposition in some areas than you expect. Take the bit by the teeth; put beliefs, intuitive ideas actively to work.

GEMINI

(May 22 to June 21)

Avoid emotionalism now. You will be opposed, but you have been before and succeeded where you had to. Seek wise counsel when stymied.

CANCER

(June 22 to July 23)

Use all of your innate judiciousness in putting forth unusual ideas, in trying to remedy unsatisfactory conditions. Don't let discussions become disputes.

LEO

July 24 to Aug. 23)

Don't mix pleasure with business to the detriment of either - or both. In conferences, listen BEFORE you speak. A time for caution.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 to Sept. 23)

Administrative and home duties need extra care. Some adverse influences prevail, so steer clear of antagonism and heated discussion.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 to Oct. 23)

Tread watchfully - to avoid needless errors and rubbings others the wrong way. Tenacity and understanding will be most to keep matters going smoothly. Gains possible.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 to Nov. 22)

There will be many avenues to success open now. With diligence and good judgment you should be able to rack up sizable results and build an even firmer foundation for the future.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 to Dec. 21)

This month will liken itself to a game of chess. First moves will count heavily, and it will be important to figure out the strategy of your opponent.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 22 to Jan. 20)

Harmony and self-control are needed now. Don't antagonize those in a position to help you - or anyone else for that matter. Aim to improve methods known.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 to Feb. 19)

Your affairs and the way you are expected of you should proceed smoothly if you aim for consistency. Unusual and original ideas should go over well.

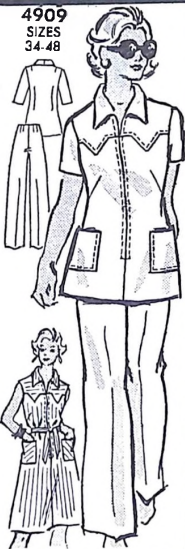
PISCES

(Feb. 20 to Mar. 20)

Precision and perceptiveness are needed now. Curb a tendency to wander from prescribed course; aim to understand both sides of controversial issues.

PATTERN SERVICE

4909
SIZES
34-48



3 Quick Parts

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PRINTED PATTERN

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Printed Pattern 4909: Women's Sizes are 34 (38-inch bust with 40-inch hip); 36 (40 bust, 42 hip); 38 (42 bust, 44 hip); 40 (44 bust, 46 hip); 42 (46 bust, 48 hip); 44 (48 bust, 50 hip); 46 (50 bust, 52 hip); 48 (52 bust, 54 hip). Size 36 (40 bust with 42 hip) takes 2 3/4 yards 60-inch fabric.

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Each pattern is 45k

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Continuing our series on the women who did us proud:

ETHEL ABIMBOLA GIBSON

'Kunle Akinsemoyin

Determination may on its own be an admirable trait, but fed with kindness, strengthened by faith and nurtured by an abiding love of humanity it could make life one of fulfilment to oneself and joy to others. That this is no figment of imagination but a fact of reality is borne by the life of Ethel Abimbola Gibson.

She was not only a pioneer in her own right, the first Nigerian midwife in whose wake came Ore Green, but also endeared herself to the community so much so that she was affectionately called 'Auntie'. And indeed those privileged to know her either as a pupil, a ward, a goodchild or as a friend, contemporary and adviser could, with little effort, recall the indelible radiance of her presence. She was a perfect complement to her sister, Charlotte Obasa, 'Sissie' as she was known. They were deeply attached to each other.

Born in Lagos on May 28th 1882, she was the second surviving daughter of the printing pioneer and wealthy merchant, Richard Beale Blaize. Her first school was the Female Institution as the Anglican Girls' School was then known. Here she showed more interest in the needs of other children than in her work.

On leaving school she was, according to the custom prevalent among the rich of those days, sent abroad, to England in fact, to broaden her education. The idea being to make her an enlightened wife and a good mother in keeping with the belief then current that women's place was the home which should be their career. It was a belief that had the strength of a religious conviction and the force of law. Consequently, when she was in England she visited the continent in company of a chaperon, an elderly lady, usually a spinster or a widow, whose role was that of friend, companion, adviser and guardian all rolled in one.

In the society of that era wealth and its social graces not only brought an abundance of money enjoyed a privileged status and women of this class were referred to as 'ladies' as a mark of respect and dignity. Much, perhaps too much was expected of them in the way of behaviour and they were expected to conform to a pattern of life. Indeed, a convention strictly observed with the solemnity of a sacred ritual, was it that young ladies at the dawn of womanhood must not show her face at a function except accompanied by both or one of her parents, a governess, chaperon or an approved escort. To break this was a social crime punished by subjecting the errant soul to social persecution aimed at destroying her reputation and self-respect. In other young ladies of her time, Ethel had a rigorous training that was not allowed to study for a profession which was exclusively for men.

Soon after she finished her education she fell in love and subsequently married a brilliant Gambian lawyer who was also a gifted pianist, Gibson. This was not surprising for from her nursery days she had shown a deep interest in all things for children not to mention a flair for cookery, baking, millinery and such feminine pursuits. For a while they lived in Gambia but such were the outstanding merits of Gibson that it soon became obvious that he would have to go to wider and more challenging horizons. This was no difficulty in those days for the four West African settlements as Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast (now Ghana) were called, were home to any West African. Nigeria offered the best prospects and the Gibson went taking his young wife with him. He stopped first at Lagos but later decided to go to Calabar where he eventually settled and died.

Unfortunately, the marriage was not a happy one and was further saddened by the fact that they had no children. In those days life at Calabar was rough going lacking the amenities that compensates the absence of luxury. Nevertheless she gave of her very best and faced her problems with courage and determination. Indeed it was the latter coupled with the kindness that gave her a foster daughter. From the moment she met the girl, the daughter of a powerful chief, she was taken to her. But as she was the only daughter of the mother Ethel did not underestimate the difficulties of coaxing her parents to part with her. Fortunately, the girl too liked her and thus began an association which ended happily for both of them. When Ethel finally asked for the girl, the mother realised the deep attachment between her daughter and the would-be foster mother, did not let her love for her daughter influence her decision. She did a wise and noble thing in letting her daughter make the choice and abiding to what she wanted. No one except herself knew what that sacrifice meant. How many mothers could in such circumstances show such compassion and respect? Ethel's gratitude reflected in the love she bestowed on the girl during her lifetime.

Time did not improve relations between herself and her husband and worse still her health suffered to such an extent that she became seriously ill and had to return to Lagos. Her recovery she returned to Calabar but only for a short while after which she left for good. Her reaction to her misfortune was not that of a helpless woman begging the supernatural.

"Her reaction to her misfortune was not that of a helpless woman begging the supernatural to effect impossible but that of a rational being who has accepted her unhappy lot with a sense of mission and a determination to serve humanity."

PATTERN SERVICE

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PRINTED PATTERN

4774
SIZES
8-20

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Printed Pattern 4774:

Misses Sizes are 8 (31½-inch bust with 33½-inch hip); 10 (32½ bust, 34½ hip); 12 (34 bust, 36 hip); 14 (36 bust, 38 hip); 16 (38 bust, 40 hip); 18 (40 bust, 42 hip); 20 (42 bust, 44 hip). Size 12 (34 bust, 36 hip) dress 2½ yards 45-inch fabric, yoke ¼ yard.



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Pattern Nos.	Size

Name

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Don't forget to check your size before ordering.

"Fate brought tragedy to her from the most unexpected quarter—Her senior brother managed to persuade his junior brother to institute proceedings that landed their sister in a Debtor's prison for money owed to him which could have been easily settled."

to affect the impossible but that of a rational being who has accepted her unhappy lot with a sense of mission and a determination to serve humanity.

Back in Lagos she lived in the family house and she threw her heart and soul into social work and the welfare of children. She took boarders and soon her boarding house became so famous that parents besieged her and young men flocked there hoping to win the hand of one of the girls in marriage. Such being the sound training, domestic and otherwise, she gave to the girls. But girls' education was her main concern and to this end she was one of a committee of ladies, including her sister Charlotte, who appalled by the lack of interest shown by the authorities in girls' education decided to do something about it and founded the Lagos High School for Girls. The object of which was to give girls a broad and liberal education that would fit them into society. To this end three sisters were brought from Sierra Leone. They were very talented and took it in turns to be Principal. Subjects such as music, department french, needle-work and confectionery were taught together with the usual ones. Ethel too took her turn in being principal of the school. Later the school was taken over by one of the missionary organisations and became the Wesleyan Girls High School and the very first pupil was her foster daughter.

Like her sister, Charlotte, she was moved by the appalling conditions of pregnant women and the high rate of infant mortality. So when she was free from the responsibilities of running a school she went to England and trained as a midwife at Brownlow Hill Maternity Hospital in Liverpool. On her return she went into private practice working with all the medical practitioners in Lagos at that time - Dr. Sappara, Dr. Caulcrick, Dr. Macauley and Dr. Faderin to mention a few and soon built up an extensive practice. But her attitude to work was essentially humanitarian and such was her kindness that she adopted all the children she delivered whose mother died on giving birth to them. It was her sense of dedication and mission in life rather than her religious outlook that made her deliver all the children of a lifelong friend who was a confirmed polygamist. She denied none rich or poor her services.

Despite a busy life she helped her sister, Charlotte in carrying out innumerable private missions of a friendly but confidential nature and found time for establishing her own school, Caxton House School where her father used to live and which at one time had a printing press that prompted her father to call his stately home Caxton House. During its short life the school achieved such a fame that all the elite of the community sent their children there and to be accepted at Caxton House School was a social honour to those not in society. She ran the school on generous and charitable rather than on business lines and she was devoted to her boarders. Indeed she found full expression to her love of children and on her birthdays she gave a party to all her 'godchildren' which were many.

Fate is a curious influence which brought tragedy to her from the most unexpected quarter - her two brothers. The eldest of them prompted by a quarrel - serious enough to leave Ethel with a permanent affliction to her throat - which he generated by an ungentlemanly behaviour on his part, he managed to persuade his junior brother to institute proceedings that landed their sister in a Debtor's prison for money owed to him which could have been easily settled. The news of her committal was a shock to the community and to her a blow from which she never quite recovered. She was broken-hearted and spent her days in jail in object misery refusing to eat. This affected her heart hastening her death which occurred within a short time.

From then on she was in poor health and one May day in 1935 despite her ailing condition and ignoring good advice went to deliver her favourite daughter. It was a difficult case but all went well. She bathed the baby boy did all that was necessary and left. Three steps from the ground she tripped and fell. By the time help came Ethel Abimbola Gibson was passed away.

But on her face was a radiant smile - that of a midwife who had done her duty and of a soul who had had a life of fulfilment.

Lola writes on:

THE ERA OF THE INTRUDERS

When a well made-up lady stops you for what begins like a chat along a busy street, does it ever strike you that you must recent her? Even after the discussion, does it ever occur to you that within the short span of time, she has delved into the most private areas in your life by asking a few serious questions in a light-hearted manner. Have you ever wondered thereafter what she is doing with all your answers so cleverly recorded by her? What is this generation of busybody up to?

What really upsets one is that a lot of these intruders ask a lot of personal questions. Sometimes you find yourself answering the questions before it dawns on you that your private life is being probed. The situation is sometimes more complicated when the interview is being conducted by a lady. Or how easy does a man shake off the disarming smile of a pretty psychadelic lady who really knows what she is out for? If you tell her you have only two minutes, she'll assure you the interview will last just a minute.

Then before you find enough courage to take your eyes off her to look at your watch you'll discover you've been spell bound for nothing short of twenty precious minutes. Even then you wish the interview could continue so you can have some more time with the wizard of words - for that is what some of them really are when it comes to the manipulation of the English language.

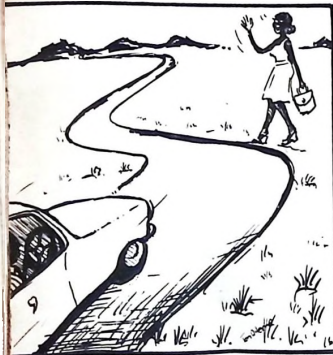
The worst of it all comes with the realisation, after she might have left, that whereas she has written down everything about you, you have been so charmed that you did not bother to ask about her identity. Even when they tell you something you've forgotten everything before the interview is over. Then the great expectations begin. You want to listen to all radio Broadcasts, watch the television from 6.00 p.m. to 11.30 p.m., read magazines published in the country and there is nothing forthcoming about the road-side interview. Then you begin to wonder what happened to all those answers.

What I'm trying to say is that these days it seems everybody has his nose in other people's business and that the circle of intruders is fast expanding. Sometimes some of these 'busybody' whose where-about you do not know have gathered so much information about your private life that you feel you have been such a big fool for nothing.

The other day, I was exchanging views with some of my friends on the same topic. While some of them agree that some of these intruders have genuine research purposes, some were really furious about the idea of an interview that has no evident result. One of them even suggested that these might be another clever device by the girls to research into the psychology of men - is this an act of the Women's Liberation Movement? If the answer is yes, then let them continue with their research and see how soon they can really acquire all the male traits which they so much covet in order to be able to justify their popular slogan: "What a man can do a woman can do." I hope we shall soon see some of the women becoming palm-wine tappers, miners, survey pilots, and such like without asking for preferential treatments.

Meanwhile, let them accept the undisputable fact that men are born to lead women and that originally, woman was created as a helpmate for man.

These days, it seems one's freedom is so often infringed upon that one often wonders what life is fast becoming. Come to think of the traffic situation in Lagos. Even in one's own private vehicle, one can't readily time one's self in anything. Say for instance there is to be a meeting in Lagos at 9.00 a.m. and because you are the seasoned time keeper you leave your residence in Palmgrove at 7.30 a.m. Can you imagine that even with a whole 90 minutes stretched in front of you, you can not be too sure you'll be at the meeting before it's due to begin? As if that is not enough, recently, a group of intruders are fast evading our streets. Sometimes when you are hurrying to keep an important appointment one of these intruders emerges from nowhere. What in the name of goodness could he/she want. And before he/she has time to call John, he/she has already asked ten questions. Today it's the market researcher, tomorrow it's the radio man followed by the TV star and then at another time it's the representative of one magazine or the other.



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Learning To Be Yourself

When Jade is chairman, the bazaar makes a profit. If she gives a party, it's a success. And when things go wrong, she has a knack for converting misfortune into advantage. (She loses one job, gets a more interesting, higher-paid one the very next week.) But she's not beautiful or brilliant or unusually gifted. "Jade?" her friends say. "Oh, she's lucky."

This easy explanation doesn't touch the central truth about Jade and others like her. The fact is, people make their own luck. One woman seems to have a talent for failure, casting gloom over the bazaar committee ("I'm afraid we're going to have a bad year....."), blighting any party with her apologies and nervous anxiety. Another can create, with a smile or a word, an atmosphere of happy expectation in which things naturally go well. The source of this magic is the "lucky" woman's picture of herself. How we respond to the world around us, and how it reacts to us, is largely a matter of self-image.

HOW YOU SEE YOURSELF

And individual's self-concept is the core of his personality. It affects every aspect of human behaviour: the ability to learn, the capacity to grow and change,

the choice of friends, mates and careers. It's no exaggeration to say that a strong positive self-image is the best possible preparation for success in life.

In the first place, self-esteem determines one's expectations - and so, often, one's actual performance. The person who expects to succeed will very likely succeed; the person who expects to fail will almost certainly fail. So a self-perpetuating pattern develops. Someone with low self-esteem does poorly - and his poor performance further lowers his self-esteem. It's hard to break out of this trap (common among underachieving school-children.)

Another effect of low self-esteem is that it inhibits a person from expressing himself freely, entering new situations, taking risks. A man who feels himself inferior keeps his career sights low - and, indeed, if offered a promotion, may find reasons to refuse it. He's afraid to risk failure. A woman reacts the same way. When it comes to dating and mating, too, she takes no chances. Just as water seeks its own level, she confines friendly overtures to those she feels are no better off than she is. It's not just coincidence that the wallflower and the perennial blind-dater so

often end up together (and the handsomest man with the prettiest girl.)

IDENTITY BEGINS AT HOME

Since self-esteem is so essential to happiness, it's important to understand how it develops (and why it sometimes fails to develop properly.) Unlike intelligence or special talent, self-esteem has nothing to do with hereditary endowment. An individual's self-concept is entirely the product of experience, interaction with others. A newborn baby has no self-concept, no sense of identity. Very soon, however, the child begins to differentiate between himself and the rest of the world: he becomes aware of how he influences others, how they react to him. A child who is treated coldly acquires a negative image of himself: a child who gets lots of warmth and love comes to perceive himself as lovable.

Experience at the mother's breast, according to a psychologist Harry Stack Sullivan, is critical. If an infant can suck without difficulty, if he feels secure and loved in his mother's arms, he feels: "Good me." If, however, the mother is anxious or rejecting, so that her milk does not flow and her embrace is not

Everything you do, everyone you meet, is affected by your self-image, so it's well worth improving'

says our Special Correspondent.

tender, the infant interprets this discomfort to mean "Bad me." Bottle-fed babies get the same idea from the way the feeding is given.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

The experiences of early childhood are especially important because they form a basis upon which further experiences are built. It's at home, with his family, that the child develops ways of looking at himself and the world that will influence what he sees as he grows older. Does mother snatch the glass from his hand when he tries to help set the table? ("Give it to me before you break it!") Then he sees himself as clumsy inept. Does father say, asperated, "Is that crying again?" He gets a message loud and clear: "I'm a nuisance."

If, on the other hand, parents trust him with challenging but not impossibly difficult tasks, if praise him for work done and refrain from destructive criticism, he comes to feel: "I am competent, am trustworthy, I am a person."

OTHER INFLUENCE

Parents are not the only important influences. What happens to a child in school greatly affects his self-esteem. Good-looking, healthy, sociable chil-

are likely to have their cheerfulness reinforced; children enjoy having them around. Children handicapped in one way or another—by shyness, timidity, awkwardness or some physical infirmity—often have their precarious self-esteem further weakened by experiences with unsympathetic teachers. (Lately a good deal of attention has been paid to the plight of minority-group students who are looked down upon by some school authorities. Condescending treatment is particularly damaging to the self-esteem.) And even when teachers are understanding of "difference," other children usually are not.

The youngster who's chosen last in every team game, who wanders alone on the playground while his age-mates run laughing past, suffers more than loneliness: The greatest harm is to his sense of himself. (Robert Burns longed for the gift "to see ourselves as others see us.") The truth is, that's all too easy. We do see ourselves as others see us. We use other people as mirrors, and our self-esteem is largely the sum of reflections of ourselves that we see in others' eyes.)

Another way the self-concept develops is through the process called identification, forming oneself after a model. For example, normally a little boy identifies with his father and wants to be just like Dad when he grows up. If, over the years, he comes to see Dad as inadequate (unreliable, baneful, parasitic or whatever), then his own sense of adequacy suffers. A similar sense of diminution occurs when an individual falls far short of his own ideal self-image (as when the girl who wanted to be a doctor ends up a dental receptionist).

Finally, self-esteem al-

ways depends to some extent on real accomplishment. Other things being equal, a person who has achieved valued goals likes himself better than one who seldom gets beyond the planning stages. Such diverse programs as Outward Bound (which offers rigorous survival programs in the wilderness) and programmed instruction (with teaching machines) are based on the same belief—that success breeds more success and ultimately self-esteem.

YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

Can you improve your self-concept? The answer is definitely yes. The level of self-esteem is not permanently fixed from age five. Early experiences are important, true. An individual with a particularly damaging childhood may require professional help to restructure his sense of self. Most people, however, can accomplish a good deal by themselves. If you want to feel better about yourself, here are some suggestions: —Try to discover why you feel inadequate. Is it, for instance, because your father never recognized or praised anything you did as a child? If you can understand why he behaved so severely, you may realize the problem was his, not yours. Is it because you always felt less attractive than your sister? Then perhaps it's time to think hard about the importance of good looks. Don't you possess other qualities that are humanly valuable?

—Make a list of all the nice things about yourself. Don't be shy. Imagine, if this helps, that you have to defend your character before an imaginary court. What could you say for yourself? ("I work hard, I try not to hurt people, I forgive easily...") If you have a hard time drawing up a general good-points-about-me

list, begin with little daily lists: Nice Things I Did Today. These can include negative items, too, ("I didn't lose my temper when Joke left her bed unmade again.") Read your list over at night. Think about adding a new item next day. —Don't disparage yourself to others. Eliminate forever statements beginning, "I know I'm not the smartest person" and "I just can't seem to do anything right." —Don't blot yourself out, either by disappearing into the woodwork when an interesting opportunity comes up ("Oh, I couldn't chaperone the class on the Midwest trip, I'm too scatter-brained") or by making yourself a doormat ("Why don't you all run off to the movie? I'll stay home and do the cooking").

—Take a good look at your friends and associates. Are they mostly unassertive, insecure? Then make a deliberate effort to cultivate at least one new friend who's just the opposite.

—Stand up for yourself. Next time a cab driver or a salesperson treats you rudely, don't just take it.

Letting off steam occasionally is healthy. (That goes for others in the family, too.)

—Identify your greatest skills and work on that to make it even better. If you can say, "I'm a pretty good cook," buy some new cookbooks, take a course in Domestic Science... Set out to be a great cook.

—Consider a personal-growth group, either a woman's charity organization or one of the women's Improvement Leagues. (But before signing up for any, make sure it's aim and ideals are genuine—there are unscrupulous promoters in this field. Such groups have as their aim helping people to "get in touch with themselves" so that they grow in self-esteem.

Of course, you can't just decide to improve your self-esteem and wake up the next morning with a changed personality. But every small effort you make can produce a gradual change, and also make you more aware of yourself. As you grow to know yourself better, you're bound to like yourself better, too.

“A strong positive self-image is the best possible preparation for success in life.”

OFFICE HOURS



“Mr. Winters isn't with us any more. He did one of his impersonations of the boss while he THOUGHT the boss was out for coffee.”



HOCUS-FOCUS



CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES? There are at least six differences in drawing details between top and bottom panels. How quickly can you find them?

December SOLUTION

- 1. Man's hand is repositioned.
- 2. Boy's hand is repositioned.
- 3. Spigot is missing.
- 4. Light is missing.
- 5. Apron is different.
- 6. Bike Tender is different.

WINNERS OF December TRUST YOUR EYES

- 1st. Mrs. E. Jeseme, Yero Street, Sokoto. N40.00
- 2nd. Mr. Tunde Ajadi, c/o Mr. Ajadi, Box 111, Ajilete, via Ota. N20.00

CONSOLATION PRIZES

- Sunday James, 44, A.M.F. Hospital Ward 11 Bed 6 Kaduna. N2.10
- Titus Omatoso, M.A.N.R., Forestry Division, Abeokuta. N2.10
- Francis Ikem Iloenyosi, Fisher High School, Umahia. N2.10
- Augustine O. Amolemen, P. M. B. 1070, Benin-city. N2.10
- Mrs. B.N. Okwor, c/o C.A.C. Okwor, Box 40, Oshodi. N2.10
- 6. Chukwemeka Oji, C.F.A.O. Aquitex, 27, New Market Road, Onitsha, E.C.S. N2.10
- 7. Mrs. Shola D. Otuofunrin, P. O. Box 1543, Lagos. N2.10
- 8. Miss Ngozi Amattah, P. O. Box 30 Abatte Ogidi. N2.10
- 9. Mr. Olutayo Ojo, Unife Postal Agency, Ile-ife. N2.10

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES?

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN ₦ 102

1st Prize	N40	(₦20)
2nd "	N20	(₦10)
20 Consolation Prizes	N2.10	(₦1 : 1/4) each

CAN YOU REALLY TRUST YOUR EYES ?

February Entry Form

Read through, cut out the coupon and send it with an entry fee of 10k (1/-) Postal Order (crossed) addressed to:- Editor, Modern Woman, P. O. Box 2583, Lagos.

You are free to send in not more than three entries but each entry must be accompanied by an entry form. These are the differences.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Name
Write in block letters

Address

I enclose postal order No..... for 10k

We regret that the editor will not entertain any correspondence about the results of this exercise.

- 10. Bike Awosika, 20, Yakubu Gowon Way, Ilorin. N2.10
- 11. Mrs. Veronica N. Abah, Nigeria Police, Lokoja. N2.10
- 12. Mr. Jacob Adeoye Are-egbe, Standard Bank (Nig.) Ltd., Ogbomoso. N2.10
- 13. Olu Borishade, Common Wealth College, Box 103, Ilesha. N2.10
- 14. Mrs. E. A. Ofili, A. C. B. Ltd., Aba, E. C. S. N2.10
- 15. Kingsley Sam Ohikwure, P. O. Box 2016, Ibadan. N2.10
- 16. Henry O. Ebulu, Box 293, Wunti Street, Bauchi. N2.10
- 17. Bayo Akintoye, Bed 11 'C' Ward, Military Hospital, Ibadan. N2.10
- 18. Kaimu Animashaun, Daily Times Office, P. O. Box 7, Sokoto. N2.10
- 19. Mr. Benjamin E. Ometie, c/o Mr. W. Okeh, G. P. C. C., Agbalokpe. N2.10
- 20. Bolanle T. Olalaye, P. O. Box 42, Shaki. N2.10



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Wellco

"I killed her because I was mad about her. Because I've been mad about her for the past five years. Though she was my wife's best friend we were secretly seeing each other. I knew it was breaking up my home but I couldn't stop it."

1970. The description of the man startled Sergeant Matthews' it fitted the description furnished by the cabbie, the postman and the pawnbroker.

The police now began to see a possible motive for the murder of Mrs. Cope. A triangle ... two women and a man ... divorce proceedings, then murder!

At six o'clock that evening a squad of detectives surrounded the downtown hotel where Underwood was stopping, but when Matthews got to the desk he found they were too late. Their man had checked out half an hour before. But a guest who knew Underwood told of seeing him take a bus.

Soon scores of detectives were racing to cover every bus terminus in the city just in case the wanted man might back-track by changing buses. Underwood's description was flashed to radio patrol cars who in turn stopped buses, scrutinized passengers and questioned drivers.

Detectives White, O'Hara and Connor, assigned to the terminus of the Gravos, the direction Underwood had taken, were keenly disappointed when here could get no trace of him here. The bus starter, however, remarked that many patrons use the park across the way as an outdoor waiting room before making out-of-town connections. The police fanned through the

park until they converged on the far side there a solitary figure sat on a bench.

"Hello, Underwood," Detective White addressed the sitter easily. The man looked up and was silent for a moment; then he answered.

"Guess you're mistaking me for somebody else, Mister?"

"Maybe. But if your name isn't Underwood you'll have to identify yourself. We're the police". The bony figure seemed to rise from the bench in sections, when he finally stood up he snarled "All right, I'm Underwood. What about it?"

"Murder! You're wanted for murder!"

Underwood then adopted a silence that could not be broken even after he was brought before Chief Carroll. The latter ordered the suspect held in another room while he sent for the three eyewitnesses. When the pawnbroker, taxi driver and postman were gathered in the chief's office, a deputy was ordered to bring Underwood in.

Whatever had been the intent of the suspect before he saw Carroll's guests, he must have realized the helplessness of the case when the officer asked each one in turn to identify him. As they did so, with apparent certainty, Underwood halted the tableau with

"Never mind any more wit-

nesses. I killed her!"

"Why, did you kill Theresa Cope?" asked Chief Carroll.

"Because I was mad about her. Because I've been mad about her for the past five years. Though she was my wife's best friend we were secretly seeing each other. I knew it was breaking up my home but I couldn't stop it".

"Then Theresa said we couldn't go on that way any longer, that I would have to divorce my wife or she wouldn't see me any more. But somehow I couldn't bring myself to divorce my wife, because ... well, you see ... I loved her."

"What?" Carroll interjected. "You loved your wife and Theresa Cope, too?"

"Yes," the slayer admitted. "I loved them both. Wacky as it sounds, I needed both of them to make me happy. When I was with Theresa I'd be thinking of my wife. When I was with my wife I'd be thinking about Theresa."

"Then finally my wife entered suit for divorce and I left home thinking this might solve my problem for me, and now I could give all my attention to Theresa. But what happened? Theresa

turned me down, cold. I asked her what changed her attitude toward me all of a sudden and she told me she was going to marry some one else, though she wouldn't tell me his name. "From then on I started to brood. I lost both the women I

loved and it was too much for me. I sought forgetfulness in drink, but instead I changed my love for Theresa to hate. How I hated her!"

The killer paused in his confession his eyes narrow with venom and his long hair clenched with suppressed emotion.

"I couldn't stand it any longer and went to East St. Louis where I bought a gun. Then I went to the office where she worked. She met me at the door when I rang and when she saw who it was she tried to slam the door in my face. I was too quick for her. I accused her of two-timeing me, without waiting for her to do it. I pulled the gun from my pocket and fired two shots at her body."

The slayer hung his head contritely as he waited for his confession to be witnessed, then, with hesitation, he signed the document.

On June 21st, Underwood was indicted for first degree murder but he did not go to trial until December 11th, 1938. On that stand he made no attempt to deny his guilt but he pleaded that he was temporarily insane at the time of the crime. The jury, however, did not concur in his contention, because after only two hours of deliberation they found him guilty of murder in the first degree.

The convicted slayer was immediately sentenced to imprisonment.

"The police began to see a possible motive for the murder. A triangle---two women and a man---divorce proceedings, the murder."

THE FORTUNE

BY OLA OLADIP

'If thou desire to raise thy fortunes by the casts of fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late.—What thou winnest, is prodigally spent.—What thou lovest, is prodigally lost.—It is an evil trade that prodigality drives, and a bad voyage where the pilot is blind.'

—Quarles

At seven o'clock one Saturday evening Ade jumped up from his bed. He had been sleeping for the past four hours. He even dreamed that he would win a big dividend in the Zettlers Pool which he had staked during the week. He tuned his radio to the BBC, laid his duplicate football coupon on the table, and lay his pen on the table nearby, all ready to check the coupon at ten past seven.

He became restless, the news getting too long for him, and he was panting as he awaited the football results. Of course, Ade had cause to pant—he had used almost all of his salary

for that month to stake a coupon. The news ended, Ade was dumb. He tuned his radio louder. He closed the door, wanted no disturbance. He did not want to take chances.

"This is the BBC, Association Football Results," said the announcer, "Manchester United 1, Blackpool nil, Fulham Arsenal 3, Derby 2, Leeds. Ade kept nodding and saying:

"Yes! This is a draw. Yes this is another!" He continued to mark his draws and when football results ended, he had eight draws and four goals. The eight draws would give nothing less than one-hundred

If by any stroke of misfortune, I meet my boss who queried me for playing this pool last Tuesday, I shall ask my driver to smash his car and damn the consequence!

and fifty-thousand naira, while the four ways would give him a handsome win of sixty-four thousand naira! He would receive over two hundred thousand naira!

Ade was sweating profusely. He first asked himself, "Is it a dream?" He stood, lifted his hands, jumped up, cried aloud... to make sure he was quite awake. He was fully awake.

"The expected fortune is come at last! And this is Ade! By the time next week I shall be riding in an American Pontiac Independence model. If by any stroke of misfortune, I meet my boss who queried me for playing this pool last Tuesday, I shall ask my driver to smash his car and damn the consequence!"

Ade began to think of many things. He remembered the girl he saw at the Post Office on Wednesday when he went to the printing press. The printing press was in a snow-white blouse, the navy blue belt with a wide, light blue skirt around her waist. She was fair complexioned, and her slim body was crowned with a round face. Her eyes had reflected all the wonders of hope. Her hairdo, her earrings and necklace, shimmering elegance, all indicated a fashionable girl—around-the-town. She walked along the street like a princess, mindful of every step. She was everything that a goddess could be. And now that the fortune was come, he would do everything to win her even if it cost him half the fortune.

On Monday morning he would withdraw his one hundred naira savings from the bank, pay his employers a month's salary, and resign forthwith. He would do this and that.

He remained quiet in his room. He wanted to make sure he had won. He was expecting the Sunday papers. No matter for Ade, his mind was filled with too many plans. No sleep, either. He kept expecting the Sunday papers.

At midnight he estimated what it would cost him to spend his honeymoon in Switzerland with that girl. Yes, that girl he saw at the post office when he went to post the coupon that had now changed his life and brought him fortune. "That tough girl," he said to himself. He imagined the girl with him and said, "Soon she will be sitting on

this lap". (Of course he had not yet proposed to the girl) Ade needed two drivers, two cooks, two stewards, two lady secretaries, and two houseboys. He drafted an advertisement for the above and he added: Minimum qualification, G.C.E. (A.L), salary attractive, call here for interview on Wednesday, 5th February. He would give this advert to the Daily Times agent on Sunday for priority service.

By dawn the next day, Ade became more restless. He left his "budget" and went outside the house, expecting the vendor. He took a one naira note with him for he had no coins. He sat in the cold, waiting for the vendor. At last the boy came. He grabbed a copy of the Sunday Times, Sunday Express, and Sunday Post, threw the one naira at the vendor and went away without asking for change. Ade hurriedly checked his coupon and found it correct. He jumped and found covered by "Football Fortune" at last! His co-tenants rushed to his room to share the good news.

Ade ran to the nearest money-lender. He explained the situation to the money-lender that he would repay the money before the following Sunday. The money-lender made sure by checking the coupon and the counterfoil of the money sent with the coupon. Ade got N4,000 and came home to entertain his friends and co-tenants throughout the Sunday. In the evening after getting drunk, he recited: "Football pool is my shepherd, I shall not be poor. He maketh me to win on Zettlers and made me rich. I will now live in palatial mansions, eat delicious food and many beautiful wives."

On Monday morning Ade chartered a taxicab to his office. The boss was just about to ask him why he was late when Ade handed him a letter of resignation, with a month's salary, at him. He left immediately and went to the Leventis Motors. In no time, he emerged with a long immaculate white Mercedes, valued paid half the cost. The manager had allowed him to pay the remaining later during the week after checking Ade's coupon. He wanted the manager to get ready a Fiat for his wife (and Ade dreamed of the delight in her eyes).

About half a mile from the Leventis Motors, Ade saw Miss

Toye..... that charming beauty he had seen at the post office last Wednesday. His heart started to beat faster. "Thank goodness, here is this girl at last. As if heavens too know I was looking for her. I know Cupid is arranged that she should meet. Well.....but how shall I approach this tough city girl?" He stopped the car beside her.

"Do you care for a lift?" Toye gave him a handsome smile and nodded to show her approval. "Thank you" she said.

"Wonderful! Your smile is worth ten thousand naira!" said Ade.

"Is it?" Toye smiled again. "I have been thinking of you, and how to see you for about....."

"Please, I hope I have done nothing wrong?" Toye said, not at all. Not in the least. You have only done something noble."

"And what is that, please?" "You have impressed me as no lady ever did."

"What!" "I have never seen a lady so charming and elegant as you."

"True?" "Let me tell you that I had several sleepless nights since I met you and....."

"Please pardon me. I am one of those who know when they are being flattered. Thank you. I'll have none of your false praises any longer. And when did I meet you, and who introduced me to you?" Toye asked without the least shyness.

"Oh, heavens! I am sincere in all that I have said. I am not used to braining girls and I am not used to pretending not to be interested when I'm really interested. Hence I say what I feel about someone."

"Hm! Thank you." Toye nodded. "And, to come back to your question, in fact it was at three p. m. on Wednesday when you were going along Gbagi Street near the main post office. There I was in introduction, really, but immediately I saw you my heart began to beat fast."

"For what?" "I was charmed, I was impressed, I was in love. I....."

"With whom?" "Allow me to finish now."

"All right," said Toye. "I was really worried. At that

time I was near the post box at the post office posting a letter and....."

"And what has that to do with me?"

"And it was that letter that Oh, lest I forget, I am Ade. I know you, please?"

"It isn't all that necessary. Toye replied, shocked.

"It is, please." Ade said.

"All right, call me Toye." "And what has that letter to do with me?" she demanded.

"Was it posted to me? No, did you come about my name and address?"

"No, no, don't get me wrong. Toye, it was coupon and it was a coupon and it brought me a fortune. It changed my....."

"How do you mean thousands of naira....."

"Do you mean it?" "Yes, thousands of naira, do you mean it?"

"Yes, two hundred thousand naira....."

"Wonderful, wonderful! Congratulations!"

The driver had heard the first time; besides, the noise was enough to draw anyone's attention. He turned back, and Ade thought he was asking directions, so he turned to him. "Please, near the Garden, please." Ade turned to his servant. "Ade, I care for that fortune. I only care for that love.....please, I love you....."

"Pardon, please," Toye said. "I love you in all that word implies."

"Hm! No so you de say men," Toye said in pidgin English, trying to suppress excitement.

"I am very frank, please. I want you to take me in your arms. I really need a wife to be in custody of my great fortune. I have ordered a passage for our moon in Switzerland, and you any man. You will trust me. But you can't trust me. Just at least for a moment."

"What is your opinion?" Toye worked it over in his mind. There was an opportunity here. It was an opportunity.

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"I am an opportunity."

"Football pool is my shepherd. I shall not be poor. He maketh me to win on Zettlers and made me rich. I will now live in palatial mansions, eat delicious food and marry beautiful wives!"



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means more value for your money. So stay stronger longer. Take Kepler Blood Tonic . . . it's good for the whole family.

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Wel


An unusually hot sun beat down upon Officer Otto Lehr as he directed traffic in the late forenoon of June 15, 1938, in St. Louis, Missouri. A taxi separated itself from the heavy stream of cars, inched its way to the side of the traffic policeman and the driver stuck his head out from the window.....

"Say, officer! I've been waiting ten minutes for a fare that skipped into the Arcade building....the guy's got a gun, I saw it!"

Lehr wanted to hear no more. In the lobby the policeman was stumped for a moment; then he saw the elevator starter, pale with excitement, hurrying toward him.....

"Somebody's been shot on the ninth floor, officer! Take this car, it'll take you right up!"

On the ninth floor a group of excited people indicated an office that bore the name "Dr. George Rendelman". The officer opened the door and entered a reception room in which a half dozen men in white were huddled in serious consultation. Then the door of a private office opened and another white clad figure appeared, followed by a clergyman; they identified themselves to the officer as Dr. George Rendelman and Monsignor Peter Dunne.

"What is the purpose of this attack?" Mrs. Theresa Cope", explained the physician. "She's the nurse of Dr. Wilson whose office is right across the hall. Nurse Cope has been seriously hurt, shot in the neck and the left breast; and because we have no equipment for a major operation here, I've phoned for an ambulance from the City Hospital.....it should be here any minute now. Nurse Cope was conscious and calling for a priest when we got to her; and quite by chance the Monsignor happened to be on this floor so he was able to give her absolute comfort."

Lehr thanked his informant; picked up a phone and was soon talking to the local district police sergeant who ordered him to guard the premises until he was relieved by members of the detective bureau.

Chief of Detectives John H. Carroll and a dozen of his co-operatives, including Detective Sergeants Joseph L. Matthews, Robert Shea and Albert Bean, soon arrived on the scene. They received Traffic Officer Lehr's report and learned that the victim.....a comely 34-year-old widow.....was already on her way to the hospital.

The detective chief spread his men throughout the building to pick up what information they could while he arranged

HE LOST TWO LOVES

A True Crime Detective Story

BY JONATHAN DAVID

to question the shocked group of doctors and nurses.

"Did anyone here witness the shooting?" he began.

All shook their heads, but after a few seconds a trimly starched figure stepped forward hesitantly and identified himself as S. D. R. Rendelman's nurse.....

"About 11:30 I was working at my desk when I heard what seemed to be the shot. Before I could get out of my chair to investigate, the door opened and Nurse Cope staggered into the office. Her smock was stained, and before I could reach her she collapsed on the floor crying: 'Call a priest.....I'm shot!' Those, I think, were her last words."

At this point the hospital phoned that Mrs. Cope had succumbed to her wounds while en route and was reported dead on arrival.

When none of the others was able to add anything of value to the statement by Dr. Rendelman's nurse, the detective chief frowned. But his disappointment was somewhat mitigated when Sergeant Matthews burst in with a bulky object wrapped in a handkerchief.....it proved to be a Harrington and Richards .38 revolver.

"Found it on the fourth floor stair landing, Chief. And I've got a man here who saw the guy that dropped it." The Sergeant turned to a letter carrier who had timidly followed him into the room.

The postman explained: "I was walking up from the fourth to the fifth floor when a fellow comes rushing down toward me yelling 'Stop that man! Stop that man!' I thought he was chasing somebody, although I didn't see anyone else....." "Probably a stall," broke in the sergeant. "Could you describe him for us?"

"Yes, he was tall and slim —

I'd say about six feet tall — his complexion was very red. He wore light gray slacks and a light blue shirt. Now that I think of it he wore a stiff straw hat but he didn't have a coat."

"Would you be able to recognize him again if you saw him?" asked the chief.

The postman answered with assurance: "Yes — I'm sure I would!"

Chief Carroll dispatched his plainclothesmen to scour the streets around with the postman's graphic description; Sergeant Matthews was assigned to interrogate relatives and friends; Bean was given the taxi-cab angle, while Shea was ordered to trace the gun.

The weapon, it proved had not been issued in St. Louis and no permit had been issued for it; this eliminated what might have been a direct lead to the killer. And the sweaty hand of the gunman had left nothing but smudges on the weapon.

Sergeant Bean had no trouble in locating the taxi driver who concurred with the postman in his description of the wanted man; in addition he was able to furnish the police with a pretty good line on the man's character:

"I picked up this fare at about 10:30. He was quite a tall guy, thin, dressed in light pants, blue shirt and a straw hat. He ordered me to drive to East St. Louis, where he got out and went into a pawnshop."

"He came out in a little while carrying a package and told me to wait while he got himself a drink in a nearby bar. He was there for 15 minutes, and when he got back into the cab, he told me to return to St. Louis.

On the way I heard a clicking noise coming from the back and turned around to find that the guy had a gun in his hand and was snapping the trigger. I got scared and asked him to put it away because it made me nervous. He said he wasn't going to hurt me, and I saw him put the gun in his pocket.

"The Arcade has two entrances: so after this guy went in I

waited ten minutes and when he didn't come out I figured he was a gyp and sneaked out the other entrance. Anyway I decided to tell the traffic cop about it.

When this new lead on the gun angle was checked with the pawnbroker, the police learned that the purchaser had given the name of "Robert Simmons" and an address in Cahokia that did not exist.

In the meantime Sergeant Matthews visited the victim's home where he learned that the dead nurse had been widowed for some years and kept house for two young daughters of school age. The children told the officers that their mother rarely went out, and when she did it usually was to visit her cousin, Mrs. Raymond Underwood. Asked if they knew anyone who might wish to harm their mother the children replied with emphatic negatives.

Then the older girl, aged 13, remembered that one night, about three weeks before, her mother came home nervous and frightened. As soon as she entered she pulled down the shades, an action that aroused curiosity in the child. Unknown to her mother she peeked out from behind the lawn shade and saw a tall thin man enter a car standing outside.

Mrs. Raymond Underwood, an attractive woman of about 35, was profoundly shocked at the news of her cousin's untimely and cruel end. She knew of no enemy of the quiet, hardworking widow; and when she heard of the children's story about their mother being frightened, Mrs. Underwood professed surprise that she hadn't been told of it. Matthews expressed a desire to question her husband but Mrs. Underwood told the detective she was separated from him and he was living at a down-town hotel.

It was after he left that the sergeant began to mull over the name Underwood..... somehow it had a familiar ring. Upon reaching headquarters he went through the police files for more than an hour when finally he came to a folder that freshened his recollection.

The record showed that after Mrs. Underwood had applied for a divorce she and her husband were involved in a fight in which her husband was locked up and subsequently fined

"I needed both of them to make me happy. When I was with Theresa I'd be thinking of my wife. When I was with my wife I'd be thinking about Theresa."

"I killed her because I was mad about her. Because I've been mad about her for the past five years. Though she was my wife's best friend we were secretly seeing each other. I knew it was breaking up my home but I couldn't stop it."

The description of the man startled Sergeant Matthews. He fitted the description furnished by the cabbie, the postman and the pawnbroker!

The police now began to see a possible motive for the murder of Mrs. Cope. A triangle ... two women and a man ... divorce proceedings, then murder!

At six o'clock that evening a squad of detectives surrounded the downtown hotel where Underwood was stopping, but when Matthews got to the desk he found they were too late. Their man had checked out half an hour before. But a guest who knew Underwood told of seeing him take a bus.

Soon scores of detectives were racing to cover every bus terminus in the city just in case the wanted man might jackknack by changing buses. Underwood's description was flashed to radio patrol cars who in turn stopped buses, questioned passengers and questioned drivers.

Detectives White, O'Hara and Connor, assigned to the terminus of the Gravois, the direction Underwood had taken, were keenly disappointed when they could get no trace of him there. The bus starter, however, remarked that many patrons use the park around the way as an outdoor waiting room before making out-of-town connections. The police fanned through the

park until they converged on the far side there a solitary figure sat on a bench.

"Hello, Underwood," Detective White addressed the sitter easily. The man looked up and was silent for a moment, then he answered.

"Guess you're mistaking me for somebody else, Mister."

"Maybe. But if your name isn't Underwood you'll have to identify yourself. We're the police." The bony figure seemed to rise from the bench in sections, when he finally stood up he snarled. "All right, I'm Underwood. What about it?"

"Murder! You're wanted for murder!"

Underwood then adopted a silence that could not be broken even after he was brought before Chief Carroll. The latter ordered the suspect held in another room while he sent for the three eyewitnesses. When the pawnbroker, taxi driver and postman were gathered in the chief's office, a deputy was ordered to bring Underwood in.

Whatever had been the intent of the suspect before he saw Carroll's guests, he must have realized the helplessness of the case when the officer asked each one in turn to identify him. As they did so, with apparent certainty, Underwood halted the tableau with

"Never mind any more wit-

nesses. I killed her!"

"Why, did you kill Theresa Cope?" asked Chief Carroll.

"Because I was mad about her. Because I've been mad about her for the past five years though she was my wife's best friend we were secretly seeing each other. I knew it was breaking up my home but I couldn't stop it."

"Then Theresa said we couldn't go on that way any longer, that I would have to divorce my wife or she wouldn't see me any more. But somehow I couldn't bring myself to divorce my wife, because ... well, you see ... I loved her."

"What?" Carroll interjected. "You loved your wife and Theresa Cope, too?"

"Yes," the slayer admitted. "I loved them both. Wacky as it sounds, I needed both of them to make me happy. When I was with Theresa I'd be thinking of my wife. When I was with my wife I'd be thinking about Theresa."

"Then finally my wife entered suit for divorce and I left home thinking this might solve my problem for me, and now I could give all my attention to Theresa. But what happened? Theresa

turned me down, cold. I asked her what changed her attitude toward me—all of a sudden and she told me she was going to marry some one else, though she wouldn't tell me his name."

"From then on I started to brood. I lost both the women I

loved and it was too much for me. I sought forgetfulness in drink, but instead it changed my love for Theresa to hate. ... How I hated her!"

The killer paused in his confession, his eyes narrowed with venom and his long hair clenched with suppressed emotion.

"I couldn't stand it any longer and went to East St. Louis where I bought a gun. Then I went to the office where she worked. She met me at the door when I rang and when I saw who it was she tried to slam the door in my face. I was too quick for her. I caught her off two-fifteen without waiting for her to do it. I pulled the gun from my pocket and fired two shots into her body."

The slayer hung his head completely as he waited for his confession to be heard and witnessed, then, with hesitation, he signed the document.

On June 21st, Underwood was indicted for first degree murder but he did not go to trial until December 11th, 1938. On that date he made no attempt to deny his guilt but he pleaded that he was temporarily insane at the time of the crime. The jury, however, did not concur in his contention, because after only two hours of deliberation the found him guilty of murder in the first degree.

The convicted slayer was immediately sentenced to imprisonment.

"The police began to see a possible motive for the murder. A triangle---two women and a man---divorce proceedings, the murder."

THE FORTUNE

BY OLA OLADIF

‘ If thou desire to raise thy fortunes by the casts of fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late.—What thou winnest, is prodigally spent.—What thou losest, is prodigally lost.—It is an evil trade that prodigality drives, and a bad voyage where the pilot is blind. ’

—Quarles

At seven o'clock one Saturday evening Ade jumped up from his bed. He had been sleeping for the past-four hours. He even dreamed that he would win a big dividend in the Zettlers Pool which he had staked during the week. He tuned his radio to the BBC, laid his duplicate football coupon on the table, and lay his pen on the table nearby, all ready to check the coupon at ten past seven.

He became restless, the news getting too long for him, and he was panting as he awaited the football results. Of course, Ade had cause to pant—he had used almost all of his salary

for that month to stake a coupon. The news ended, and he was dumb. He tuned his radio louder. He closed the door, wanted no disturbance. He not want to take chance.

"This is the BBC, Association Football Results," said the announcer. "Manchester United 1, Blackpool nil, Fulham Arsenal 3, Derby 2, Leeds. Ade kept nodding and saying "Yes! This is a draw. Yes! This is another!" He continued to mark his draws and, when the football results ended, he had eight draws and four awns. The eight draws would give him nothing less than one-hundred

If by any stroke of misfortune, I meet my boss who queried me for playing this pool last Tuesday, I shall ask my driver to smash his car and damn the consequence!"

and fifty-thousand naira, while the four always would give him a handsome win of sixty-four thousand naira! He would receive over two hundred thousand naira!

Ade was sweating profusely. He first asked himself, "Is it a dream?" He stood, lifted his hands, jumped up, cried aloud... all to make sure he was quite awake. He was fully awake.

"The expected fortune is come at last! And this is Ade! By this time next week I shall be riding in an American Pontiac Independence model. If by any stroke of misfortune, I meet my boss who queried me for playing this pool last Tuesday, I shall ask my driver to smash his car and damn the consequence!"

Ade began to think of many things. He remembered the girl he saw at the Post Office on Wednesday when he went to pick his coupon: the pointing breasts in a snow-white blouse, the navy blue skirt with a wide, light blue belt around her waist. She was fair complexioned, and her slim body was crowned with a round face. Her eyes had reflected all the wonders of hope. Her hands, her earrings and necklace, shimmering elegance, all indicated a fashionable girl—around-the-town. She walked along the street like a princess, mindful of every step. She was everything that a goddess could be. And now that fortune was come, he would do everything to win her even if it cost him half the fortune.

On Monday morning he would withdraw his savings from the bank, pay his expenses for a month's salary, and resign forthwith. He would do this and that.

He remained quiet in his room. He wanted to make sure he had won. He was expecting the Sunday papers. No supper for Ade... his mind was filled with too many plans. No sleep, either. He kept expecting the Sunday papers.

At midnight he estimated what it would cost him to spend his honeymoon in Switzerland with that girl. Yes, that girl he saw at the post office when he went to post the coupon that had now changed his life and brought him fortune. "That tough girl!" he said to himself. He imagined the girl with him and said, "Soon she will be sitting on

this lap". (Of course he had not yet proposed to the girl.)

Ade needed two drivers, two cooks, two stewards, two lady secretaries, and two houseboys. He drafted an advertisement for the above and he added: Minimum qualification, G.C.E. (A.L.), salary attractive, call here for interview on Wednesday, 5th February. He would give this advert to the Daily Times agent on Sunday for priority service.

By dawn the next day, Ade became more restless. He left his "budget" and went outside the house, expecting the vendor. He took a one naira note with him for he had no coins. He sat in the cold, waiting for the vendor. At last the boy came. He grabbed a copy of the Sunday Times, Sunday Express, and Sunday Post, threw the one naira at the vendor and went away without asking for change. Ade hurriedly checked his coupon and found it correct. He jumped up and cried, "Fortune! Fortune! Fortune at last! His co-tenants rushed to his room to share the good news.

Ade ran to the nearest money-lender. He explained the situation to the money-lender that he would repay the money before the following Sunday. The money-lender made sure by checking the coupon and the counterfoil of the money sent with the coupon. Ade got N4,000 and came home to entertain his friends and co-tenants throughout the Sunday, in the evening after getting drunk, he recited: "Football pool is my shepherd, I shall not be poor. He maketh me to win on Zettlers and made me rich. I will now live in palatial mansions, eat delicious food and many beautiful wives."

On Monday morning Ade chartered a taxicab to his office. The boss was just about to ask him why he was late when Ade flung his letter of resignation, with a month's salary, at him. He left immediately and went to the Leventis Motors. In no time, he emerged with a long immaculate white Mercedes, which he said half the cost. The manager had allowed him to pay the remaining later during the week after checking Ade's coupon. He wanted the manager to get ready a Fiat for his wife (and Ade dreamed of the delight in her eyes).

About half a mile from the Leventis Motors, Ade saw Miss

Toye.... that charming beauty he had seen at the post office last Wednesday. His heart started to beat faster. "Thank goodness, here is this girl at last. As if heavens too know I was looking for her. I know Cupid has arranged that we should meet. Well....but how shall I approach this tough city girl?" He stopped the car beside her.

"Do you care for a lift?" Toye gave him a handsome smile and nodded to show her approval. "Thank you," she said. "Wonderful! Your smile is worth ten thousand naira!" said Ade.

"Is it?" Toye smiled again. "I have been thinking of you, and how to see you for about...."

"Please, I hope I have done nothing wrong?"

"No, no, not at all. Not in the least. You have only done something noble...."

"And what is that, please?"

"You have impressed me as no lady ever did...."

"What!"

"I have never seen a lady so charming and elegant as you...."

"True?"

"Let me tell you that I had several sleepless nights since I met you...."

"Please pardon me. I am one of those who know when they are being flattered. Thank you, I'll have none of your false praises any longer. And when did I meet you, and who introduced me to you?" Toye asked without the least shyness.

"Oh, heavens! I am sincere in all that I have said. I am not used to braining girls and I am not used to pretending not to be interested when I'm really interested. Hence I say what I feel about someone."

"Hm! Thank you," Toye nodded.

"And, to come back to your question, in fact it was at three p.m. on Wednesday when you were going along Gbagi Street near the main post office. There was no introduction, really, but immediately I saw you my heart began to beat fast."

"For what?"

"I was charmed. I was impressed. I was in love. I...."

"With whom?"

"Allow me to finish now."

"All right," said Toye.

"I was really worried. At that

time I was near the post box, the post office posting on letter and....."

"And what has that to do with me?"

"And it was that letter that. Oh, lest I forget, I am Ade. M. I know you, please?"

"It isn't all that necessary?" Toye replied, shocked.

"It is, please". Ade said.

"All right, call me Toye."

"And what has that letter got to do with me?" She demurred.

"Was it posted to me? How did you come about my name and address?"

"No, no, don't get me wrong. Toye, it was not posted to you. It was a coupon and it had brought me a fortune. It had changed my....."

"How do you mean?"

"I have won thousands naira....."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, thousands of naira....."

"Thousands of naira, did you say?"

"Yes, two hundred thousand naira!"

"Wonderful, wonderful! What fortune! Congrats!"

The driver had heard this the first time; besides, the noise was enough to distract anyone's attention. He looked back, and Ade thought he was asking directions, so he said to him, "Lovers Garden, Lovers Garden, please, near Link Park reservation." Ade turned back. Toye and said, "I care less that that fortune, I only care for you I love.....please, I love you."

"Pardon, please". Toye said.

"I love you in all that I word implies."

"Hm! Na so you de say, y men", Toye said in pidgin English, trying to suppress his excitement.

"I am very frank, please, I want you to take me for words, I really need you a wife to be in custody of great fortune. I have ordered Fiat car for you. I have booked a passage for our honeymoon in Switzerland. I hope...."

"I have learnt not to tell any man. You wolest!"

"But you can trust me, least for a moment. Just try. What is your opinion?"

There was a long silence. Toye worked it over in her mind.

Here is an opportunity to

"Football pool is my shepherd I shall not be poor. He maketh me to win on Zettlers and made me rich. I will now live in palatial mansions, eat delicious food and marry beautiful wives!"

come the wife of a rich man, to be in custody of a great fortune.....a ready-made one, for that matter. No sweat, no nothing, I think I will have to forget my little civil servant; love has its roots in security. I must ensure my love with this man who has the cash. After all, money is love and love is money..... they coexist. I must not miss this opportunity.

Toye however burst out at last. "Heaven knows if you are sincere, but as far as I am sincere I now love you".

There was a warm embrace followed by a sweet kiss. They separated, looked into each other's eyes, and embraced again. They separated and embraced again. By this time they'd reached the Lovers Garden. The driver pulled off and, looking back, saw the two as they embraced like dogs pressing one another. That was love, the day daughter of fortune.

Ade sighed. Things were working well, and he would get the cablegram from Zettlers at any time. Now, unable to live in a single room, he and Toye moved to the Green Spring Hotel, and Toye agreed to resign immediately from her office. Monday came and there was no news from Zettlers for Ade. The

money-lender did not fail to come and check up whether he had received the cablegram. "Maybe it's late", Ade said. Nor was there any news on Tuesday. Ade continued to entertain friends, but each time the money-lender came to see him, his heart missed a beat. All the same, Ade did not forget to book a passage to Switzerland for their honeymoon. He negotiated for a house in the Bodija Housing Estate.

On Wednesday, when there was no cablegram by noon, Ade decided to book a trunk call to Zettlers main office in London. He felt a cablegram would take too long. Ade, Toye, and other friends went in the car to the post office. A priority call was booked to Zettlers Pool, Ltd., London. Toye paid the cost with the last bit of money she had, and the trunk call came through: "This is Zettlers Pool, Limited, London. Can we help you?"

"Yes, this is Ade of 132 Eyo, Ibadan, I staked a coupon No. 21214 last week and I enclosed a money order No. 144520 covering N50. I have discovered that I have won at least N200,000. Up till now, I have not seen your cablegram. Will you please explain?" The voice from Zettlers asked for permission to check up on the list.

"Are you there?" said the voice, after some time, "Your name is not on our list here and your coupon is not here

"No, your coupon is not here. Something must be wrong somewhere. We shall not entertain any other enquiry from you. Wish you better luck next time."

either. You are not one of our clients this time".

"Will you please check again and stop fooling", Ade cried.

A few minutes later the voice said, "No, your coupon is not here. Something must be wrong somewhere. We shall not entertain any other enquiry from you. Wish you better luck next time."

Ade dropped the telephone. He was sweating profusely. He was as pale as death. Toye asked him what was the result. Ade said that the one who replied was fooling in that he was sure he posted the letter last Wednesday.

Sluggishly and quietly, every one of the group walked out of the telephone room to the post-box, glancing at each other as they went along.

"I am sure I posted it after office hours last Wednesday," Ade said slowly and confidently. "Yes, I saw you here last Wednesday in this same dress looking at me as I went along". Toye confirmed.

"Thank you", said Ade. "I kept it in this pocket and as I dropped my hand into the pocket, I saw you but I did not forget to post the letter."

As Ade brought out his hand from the pocket, he brought out an envelope, addressed to ZETTERS POOLS Ltd., 321 Bello, London, and the sender was "Ade, 132 Eyo, Ibadan, Nigeria".

Ade dropped the letter immediately as if he had an electric

shock. He looked again. It was his coupon meant for the prize. He could not believe his eyes. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was his coupon. There was complete silence. Toye looked and asked.

"What? Am I dead or alive?" "What is this? A disaster," he said, turning to Toye. "You naughty girl, you scared, never-do-well, you, you caused it. It was what saw you that I made this mistake! Oh, how I wish I had saved you!"

"Are you sane? Am I to blame? Toye shouted furiously. "After deceiving me and making me lose my job and making you still blame me? You let me, Ade, you must learn to control your emotions and possess yourself when innocent people are passing by! Imagine! I have been so deceived!"

Ade fainted. The shock was too much for him. He was taken to the hospital. He became the talk of the town. When he gained consciousness, policemen kept interviewing him. He continually said, "Oh, I wish I never have seen girl!"

"Football pool is my shepherd, I shall not be poor. He maketh me to win on Zettlers and made me rich. I will now live in palatial mansions, eat delicious food and marry beautiful wives!"

THE NAKED CORPSE

The Story So Far:

The discovery of yet another corpse by Paul of the operatives made the work of the detector more complicated. With a second murder, the danger seemed to be further removed from the hands of the law—all living evidences appeared to be destroyed.

But is this enough to paralyse the activity of crime busters? Not in the least. They are busily uncovering the riddle and so the job continues with new zeal.

"It's through boss. Somebody is answering it. What do I say?"

"Say you want to speak to Mr. Sylvester Olu Miss Dele said so. "Not at home?.... Where is he I see But who is speaking please? Alriehi

Thank you No, no message. I will phono again. Okay, bye" She hung up.

The Inspector asked: "Whose number is that?" Dike answered, "A Sylvester Otuli. I will give details later."

"I learnt he has been away for two days, boss. A houseboy answered the call." Miss Dele explained.

"Fine. We are starting for a break - through," Dike commented and lit another stick of cigar.

The month of September was thinning out, gradually. For people like Davey Dike, it had been a month of active business. Clad in his striped pyjamas, he sat up in bed, opened the back window of his flat and looked out. The morning was gay and bright in contrast to the cold, cloudy weather of the previous night. He glanced at his wrist watch and saw it was only 5.45 a.m. He quickly stood up, stretched his sprained joints and slipped his feet into his slippers. He went to the bathroom to have a cold bath in readiness for the morning's business.

"Master, tea don ready," Dick, his houseboy announced minutes later. Dike nodded and dressed up. As he sat at the breakfast table, the detective called his houseboy. The short, intelligent and quick-witted boy came promptly. Dike ignored his presence and slipped his tea in silence.

"You de call me, master?" Dick asked.

"Yes. Listen very carefully. I will be away for a day or two. Depending on the nature of the business, I may be back tomorrow evening. This means that you are temporarily the master of this flat. But you must keep your mouth shut. My car will remain in the garage. I can't alter the arrangements of the furniture. Switch on the television in the evening and keep the radio on for the early part of tomorrow morning. If I fail to come back by 8 p.m. tomorrow night, ring Paul. Simply say T.C.T.C.A. and he knows what to do. Jot down these letters: T.C.T.C.A. And keep close to the phone. You may be required to do one thing or the other. If you receive a strange phone call, tell the caller to hold on. Dash into my bedroom and ring Paul on the other phone. Say M.M.H.2. Jot that down also. M.M.H. 2. and leave the rest to Paul. You should imagine the importance of those instructions and adhere strictly to them. You got all that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well then, I hope you act your part really intelligently. A careless mistake may upset the whole plan. So be very careful."

"I will do my best, Sir".

Dike got up and walked to his bedroom. He got all he needed for his trip and walked out. He rushed to the office to put finishing touches to the preparation. As he anticipated, Paul and Miss Dele were already there.

"Boss, you insist on going alone?" Miss Dele asked, apparently feeling disturbed.

"And you insist on being my companion?" Dike asked with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, I insist! It's absolutely necessary, boss, isn't it?"

"It is, but I had thought that....."

"There is no 'but', Davey. She ought to go with you. You will undoubtedly need her help. Remember she's a genius," Paul put in. Dike turned to Miss Dele with a smile.

"Ready to take the plunge?"

"Ready!" the girl said resolutely.

"Get your weapons then, let's be on the move."

Dike gave Paul instructions and rang police headquarters.

"Hello? Yes, Dike speaking. Good morning, Inspector."

"Good morning, Mr. Dike. Ready now?"

"I'm on the move now."

"Well, remember to keep in touch with us here in case there is an interesting or extraordinary development!"

"I know my duty," Dike told him.

"Okay, goodbye and goodluck to you," Kadiri said and hung up.

Dike looked elegant in his dark suit, black hat and pair of dark glasses. Bidding Paul farewell, he took Miss Dele's hand and led her out into the street. He hailed a taxi, got in and slammed the door. His secretary was beside him at the back seat. He glanced at his watch, it was a minute after eight. Now, the journey had begun.

A shower of rain was falling at Enugu when Dike and his secretary arrived in the coal city. It indicated the last series of rainfall for the year which would herald the stepping in of the harmattan. The streets were wet and it was really cold. The tyres of the passing vehicle hissed over the wet surface of the coaltar. The private detective and his secretary had boarded a taxi and were heading for Uwani.

It was Miss Dele's first visit to Enugu. As the taxied through the streets and avenues, she peered hard through the misty door glasses to have a glimpse of the city. The buildings were mainly bungalows built closely together, many of them old and outmoded. In many streets however, many new buildings and mansions were springing up. As far as she could see, Enugu was indeed a beautiful city - beautiful green hills, several commercial houses, well-planned broad avenues and streets, hotels, night clubs and cafes. They drove most of the journey in silence. But at last, Miss Dele turned to Dike.

"I like Enugu indeed. Traffic is not heavy and life here seems less hectic than in Lagos."

Dike smiled. "Don't be too sure of that, my dear girl. You've not quite seen Enugu in its gay mood yet. Remember it's not quite an hour we arrived."

"I will see what it looks like."

Five minutes later, the taxi pulled to a stop in front of the New Moon Hotel, Uwani. It was a two storey building, gaily decorated. There were beautiful flowers surrounding it. Dike studied the surrounding for a moment, pushed a red note into the taxi driver's palms and grabbed his leather bag.

"Take your change, Sir," the taxi driver said gently. Dike faced him.

"You keep that," he told him. The driver's face beamed with a hearty smile.

"It's very kind of you. Thank you very much. It's rare getting passengers like you. But, Oga, it seems I've seen you before."

"Really? Where have you seen me?"

The taxi driver thought hard. Later he said, "I think it must have been in the papers. Are you Mr. Davey Dike, Sir?"

The detective bent down and peered through the door

"You are right but will you promise to keep your mouth shut?"

"Anything you ask. May be you are here to investigate a case?"

"Yes, I'm here on a job. But remember, keep your mouth shut. Okay?"

"Alright, If you need my help, call for me at the taxi park or at my residence - No. 26, Niho Street."

"Twenty-six Niho Street?"

"That's right."

"Well, thank you very much."

The taxi driver threw an admiring glance at Miss Dele, swallowed a lump of saliva and turned the ignition on. Miss Dele waved at him with her usual winning smile. The taxi was geared to action.

Dike and his secretary were nearly drenched. Just then, the little weightless showers suddenly developed into a colder, more driving rain. The detective and his secretary went straight to the hotel lobby.

"You've kept me long in the rain, boss. I'm now really very cold," Miss Dele said accusingly. Dike looked at her.

"I'm sorry for that. But you have got that thick sweater to protect you."

"With a weather like this, this is hardly enough to give effective protection," she said.

"Alright, you'll soon be feeling fine."

Dike went to the registration office. "By the way boss, how many rooms did you book?" Miss Dele asked.

A group of eyes regarded them curiously as they entered the office. A girl in tight jeans and woolen pullover removed her plain glasses, wiped them with her handkerchief and put them on again before she studied the new arrivals. Beside her sat an equally slim-looking young man. Dike surveyed the large room. Then he went straight to the desk marked 'REGISTRATION', greeted the clerk and gave his name. The clerk smiled.

"Your room is ready, I think," she said. She checked through the file and smiled, looking up. "Yes it's ready. Room 31."

The detective and his secretary were later led up to the first floor and shown into a room marked 'Room 31.' The door was unlocked and Dike inspected it critically. The room was neat. It showed signs of recent renovation. There was a wide steel bed comfortably arranged, a writing table, two chairs and other forms of furniture. Dike drew the window curtains and looked outside. The streets and several other houses came to view. There was a door leading to an adjoining room. He carefully peeped through the key hole and faintly saw the bed poles and a chair but no sign of human occupation. He brought his wide handkerchief and hung it on the door knob. The keyhole was totally closed. He looked around the room once more but found nothing of spectacular interest. Then he proceeded to undress.

Miss Dele had already sat on one of the cushioned chairs, apparently feeling a little warmer.

"Boss," she began, "I'm worried, you know. Only one room for two of us? People must gossip. And it's going to be scandalous in the press, considering your position in this country. What do we do?"

"That's a problem indeed. But it is not an insoluble problem. I booked a room in advance for myself. What I'll do now is to make arrangements for this adjoining

room here which I think is vacant. But in case it has been booked, then we must accept the inevitability of things. To most people here, you are my 'wife'. So, behave just like that. If we are lucky, we shall avoid the embarrassment of being recognised widely. The hotel authorities know that a Mr. Dike is here. That's the more reason why I told the taxi driver to keep his mouth shut."

"But can't the officials here start asking why you are accompanied without previous information? For instance, this will alter the arrangements regarding food and drink."

A knock sounded at the door. Dike quickly got up and briskly went to the door to open it. A man in a grey suit stood there with an exercise book and ball-point pen.

"Sorry to disturb you, Sir, This is room 31?"

"You're right," Dike answered.

The man entered the room and surveyed it, finally throwing a side glance at Miss Dele.

"Your name please?" he directed the question to the detective. Dike's eyes narrowed.

"What are you here?" he asked.

The man smiled. "I'm the roll clerk," he said simply, still holding his pen ready against the paper with a 'you're wasting-my-time' attitude.

Dike could not take it like that. "And your identity card?" he asked. "It's necessary if you want me to take you seriously. But if you are not here on business, you'd better have the grace of quitting this room honourably."

The man eyed Dike and transferred his gaze to Miss Dele whose eyes were staring at him rather contemptuously.

"Anyway," he began, "I am the roll clerk of this hotel. I'm not kidding. I'm here to enter you and your wife on the list against our food schedule. And your coffee is soon to be served. We can't do that without first ascertaining the number of guests we have. It is the routine here. To demand my identity card is entirely out of question. So, I'm begging you to operate with me. You can check the list I have to convince yourself. So, you'd better take me seriously."

Dike lit another wrap of cigar. "Okay, thank you for that. This room is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Dike," he said at Miss Dele's face with an uncertain smile and the girl smiled her consent. "And Mrs. Dike."

The roll clerk wrote that down against one of the names and Dike's agile eyes were watching him.

"You booked in today?"

"Yes."

"From where?"

"From Lagos."

"How many days do you intend to stay?"

"Two days."

"That's all," the clerk said appreciatively. He turned to the detective and left the room.

Dike looked at his secretary.

"Well, how's that?" he asked.

"He is an official of the hotel. I could tell that from his appearance. But he was sounding important and pompous at first until you brought him down to earth. He belongs."

"Exactly and I did not want to take chances. I suppose we're going to remain simply as 'Mr. and Mrs. Dike' so-and-so. We're already committed. Or, do I still have to make efforts to find you a room."

"It's unnecessary now. We've been recorded."

couple in a room, so we will manage it. But no"

"I know," Dike cut in. "We just behave ourselves that's all."

After they had had coffee, Dike gave Miss Dele a piece of paper on which a telephone number was scribbled.

"Go to the telephone booth downstairs and ring this number. See whether anybody answers."

The girl took the paper, studied the number on it and left the room. Dike waited patiently, smoking in silence while going through some papers in his file. Minutes later, Miss Dele came back.

"Done?" he asked.

The secretary re-arranged the wig on her head before she said, "Yes, done."

"Was the call answered?"

"It was answered almost immediately, by a man."

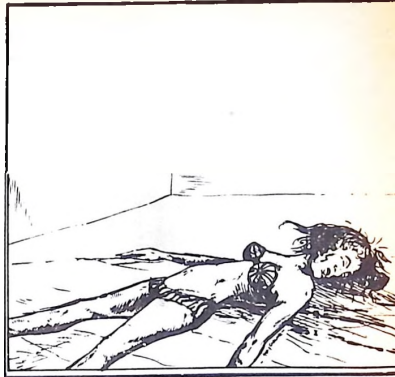
"And what did you say?"

"I said 'sorry, wrong number, and hung up. I hope that's right'."

"Good work, indeed, my dear girl." Dike looked at his wrist watch. It was just twenty-two minutes after six. The room was becoming dark now.

"We have only a few minutes to the kick-off," he said.

"I only hope we shall be lucky," Miss Dele put in.



A MOTHER'S FAREWELL

—A Special Correspondent

‘She wondered why young men of Lagos often forgot their humble villages and their ageing, feeble parents in mud houses. It seemed to her that Lagos was in the power of some terrible spirit of the air who held great sway over the memory of people—especially young men?’

Old Monica moaned and turned painfully on her bed. The effort cost her all the energy in her fast ebbing life. Her body was already withered and wrinkled and it seemed that the blood in it had been sucked dry by some dreadful invisible vampire. Every part of her body had been reduced to mere skeleton with the exception of her left arm which was swollen out of all proportion. Infact, the arm was decaying and letting out an odour that was not too pleasant to inhale.

But still, Monica did not die. She clung on to life tenaciously and awaited the arrival of her son from Lagos. Each morning rumours went round the little village of Orita that Monica had died during the night. So, for the past three days, women sympathisers had come at

first cock-crow with ready tears to shed on her behalf. But each morning they had to postpone the tears. They went about their business since Monica refused to die.

Monica's deteriorating condition was the talk of the whole village. They knew she was dying because of lack of care from her two children — specially her Lagos son Freddie. It was believed that Freddie was a busy tycoon in Lagos dealing in smuggled goods, others thought he was the manager of a big and successful firm, while quite a few village people insisted that he was Chairman of an oil company. Rumours of his wealth and influence in Lagos were rampant, reports also reached them in the village that Freddie was using one of the most "prestigious" cars; controlling the most sophisticated girls in the city, and frequenting the most expensive hotels. He had indulged in all these wasteful expenditures and neglected his aged mother. It was over a week since a telegram had been dispatched to him about his mother's poor condition of health, yet, Freddie had not shown his face. Infact, for the past three years he had not cared to visit his mother inspite of persistent messages to him. The whole village viewed this act of negligence with grave concern. Everyone condemned, abused and cursed him.

As Monica turned on her bed that eventful morning, the bamboo creaked. She groaned and opened her eyes for the first time in many days. They were blood-shot and had sunk deep into the sockets. She turned her pallid face to her second child, Irene, who had left her husband's village a couple of weeks ago to look after her

"Has your brother arrived from Lagos?" She asked Irene. Her voice was husky and wierd but still audible enough.

"No, mother, but his friend who passed through the village told us brother may probably arrive today."

"Let me know when he's here", Monica demanded and then shut her blood-shot eyes once more.

Soft and tender-hearted Irene broke into a sob. She could not control her feelings. Intuitively, she knew that their mother was going to say her last words on earth when Freddie arrived. Tears trickled down her cheeks in beads. She knew that it was shameful to allow their beloved mother to die through their own negligence and care-free attitude. The thought of taking her to the hospital crossed her mind for a moment, but she later dismissed the idea because of her own ignorance and poor financial position. Irene's husband could ill-afford money for three square meals a day for his family not to mention cooking any hospital bill. Before she left for Orita, Irene and her husband had a big quarrel over her transport fare. She had the misfortune of marrying a poverty-stricken village wood-cutter of Kutayi - thirty miles from her mother's village.

Irene's grief for their mother descended with two-fold strength when she remembered Freddie's callous and indifferent attitude to the old woman's suffering. She wondered why young men of Lagos often forgot their humble villages and their ageing, feeble parents in mud houses. It seemed to her that Lagos was in the power of some terrible spirit of the air who held great sway over the memory of people - especially young men. She concluded that Freddie was not a man of conscience - like, Monica was not the type of mother to be so easily forgotten. She had laboured hard after the death of their father to give Freddie a good school education. There were times when she went about without food in order to give to Freddie's comfort and in order to save enough money to buy his books and uniforms. Now, Freddie had deserted her in the hour of need. Irene resumed her body racking sob as she beheld the wasted remain of her mother on her death bed. Her breathing had become laboured now - but she still clung to life. Irene covered her face with a huge handkerchief and wept bitterly.

Later on, a gentle tap on the shoulder recalled Irene back to life and when she lifted her head up, she saw the face of her brother, Freddie, who had just arrived from Lagos at the nick of time. At that particular time, Monica accidentally opened her blood-shot eyes to have a last look at her children.

"Irene, my beloved Irene", she began, "please keep back those tears. There isn't much time for that now. My time is limited. Listen to me first, later you will have enough time to cry when no one will check you Is Freddie just coming?"

"Yes mother, it is me, how do you feel,"

"You came in too late my son," she began, "you have neglected me at a crucial time and it will be very difficult for heaven to forgive you. You have bitten the finger that has pricked you and trifled with the life of your mother. As I take my leave, I subject you to the prick of conscience. But remember that with my death, you have lost everything that you can be proud of in life....."

Irene looked terrified and moaned each time their mother finished every sentence of that terrible utterance. Freddie looked away unruffled and unconcerned. He was of the opinion that their mother was in a state of delirium and was therefore prone to unintelligible state-

"You can't mean that mother", he answered by shrugging his shoulders.

A chilly gust of wind punctuated the cold stillness of the room. Monica's breathing came in quick succession. Evidently she had exerted herself much by the speech she needed a little rest. Her whole body was now quivering and her jaws wide open; she looked devilish. Her eyes and her jaws were wide open; she looked devilish. The two children only gaped at her as if magnetised. The silence in the room was as tense as that between lightning flash and crash in a thunderstorm. At length, Monica tried to speak again.

"Irene, my dear Ireneyou have my blessing..... God direct your waysmay" Her breath suddenly stopped and her body stiffened - death had come. Irene threw herself down and wept aloud ...in a minute, the whole village had gathered round to witness and partake of the calamity of Monica's children.

That same day, Freddie travelled back to Lagos without making any arrangement for his mother's burial. He said not even a word of thanks to the village mourners. The village people were almost convinced that he had meant them trouble - there was no other way of interpreting his indifferent and callous attitude.

Freddie drove madly on. As his car sped furiously to Lagos, he was anger personified and promised himself not to return to the village of Orita again. The dead should be allowed to bury their own dead. He was so busy to make a business trip, on behalf of his firm, to Dahomey and Togo and had no time to spare for any funeral ceremony. He wondered why those villagers delighted in shedding crocodile tears over his mother's death. Was she not old enough to die? In Lagos, people die hundreds everyday - and imagine what a great noise would be if all the affected people cry their hearts out like the "ignorant" villagers of Orita. He concluded that he would not mention anything about the incident to his friends in Lagos.

His car engine roared fiercely on and as he negotiated the sharp corner of mile fifty, he met with the first instalment of his misfortune. His car ran into a head-on collision with a big train-long truck. It was a very violent clash which left him unconscious for some time. He had a miraculous escape but got his head and neck badly injured. His car was damaged beyond repair and he was picked up to Lagos in another vehicle. After receiving treatment for the injury in the hospital, Freddie returned to his house to meet the greatest shock of his life.

There was a large crowd of people outside his house. The fire brigade men were busy battling with a big fire. At first, Freddie stood stupefied watching it all with almost wonder and incredulity. Fire in his own house! He remembered his radiogram; television set; the refrigerator; his wardrobe and clothes; the gas cooker; the furniture; the two alarm wall-clocks, his passbook, certificate and the four hundred pounds he kept inside the suitcase, everything now gone with the fire!

He was ready to weep. He made terrible faces, prevent it, swallowing his sobs as children do, but his tears came and glistened in the corner of his eyes. A flash, his mother's farewell message came to his mind and he groaned aloud exactly like somebody who has lost everything he could be proud of in life.

THE PROBLEM OF BED WETTING

OUR MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

"Bed-wetting is not a serious problem for a child unless he is made to feel embarrassed or is ridiculed because of it."

Children normally are completely toilet trained by age three. A child is considered a bed wetter (a problem medically known as enuresis) if the habit continues after this age. The problem most often solves itself by the time the child enters school, although some children do not outgrow it until the age of 12 to 14. Only a few carry the habit into adulthood.

Little is known for certain about the cause of this problem. Some physicians say it has an emotional or psychological basis. Others think a tendency to enuresis may be inherited. In rare instances, the condition is caused by an organic disturbance in the child's body, such as a small bladder. (If a bed-wetting child also dribbles urine during the day, has a great urgency to urinate frequently or experiences pain or burning when urinating, it is likely that the enuresis is caused by an organic malfunction. This can be confirmed by a series of diagnostic tests.) In all instances, you should take any bedwetting child to a physician for analysis and treatment.

IN THE VAST MAJORITY OF CASES, THERE IS NO ORGANIC

reason for enuresis and treatment is directed at training the child in one or a combination of ways. These include controlling his bladder, increasing his bladder capacity or decreasing the quantity of urine the bladder has to hold at night. Usually the habit can be broken within a few weeks, but physicians agree that no single measure is likely to be effective for all children.

The exact treatment method chosen will depend on the child and his habits. For example, some children are "heavy" sleepers and just do not feel the pressure on the bladder. Other bed-wetting children are known to drink a great deal of liquid during the day. But in general, efforts directed at training the child fall into one of the following categories.

GENERAL CARE.

By keeping a child with enuresis warm

at night with many coverings and blankets, the amount of water lost through the skin is increased even when there is no visible sweat. A child who is cold loses less water through the skin and more through urination. Other techniques you can try include getting the child up to urinate when you go to bed or setting an alarm clock for a early morning hour. It is also important to try to help wit any emotional adjustment or stress that you think may be adding to the problem. For example, enuresis sometime coincides with the child's starting school or with the arrival of a new baby in the family.

DIET.

The quantity of urine at night can be reduced by not giving the child fluids after four or five o'clock in the afternoon. If he is thirsty, give him a little cracked ice to suck. Encourage him to eat some salty foods, even saline crackers or sardines. Salt holds the water in the tissues for some time, reducing the amount of night urine.

TRAINING.

Children can be taught to "stretch" their bladder capacity by holding urine for longer periods of time during the day. Ask the child to drink as much fluid as possible and hold it for as long as possible. Another way of approaching this stretching technique is to encourage the child to increase the quantity voided at one time. Repeating this exercise for several weeks will improve the muscle tone of the bladder. Be sure to congratulate and praise your child as he improves. In addition to pleasing the child, the praise will tend to reinforce the progress he has already made.

DRUGS.

Imipramine, a drug used for adult depression, has been used for enuresis. But a pediatrician says that enuresis treated with this drug tends to recur. It should be tried only if all training and conditioning methods have failed. Because recent evidence has linked toxicity to this drug, it should be used only if the emotional or social situation caused by enuresis is disturbing the child.

In general, physicians say that bed-wetting is not a serious problem for a child unless he is made to feel embarrassed or is ridiculed because of it. They emphasize that parents must be reassuring and patient with a child who has enuresis.

A parent should never scold or punish a child with enuresis. After all, we do not punish children for not beginning to talk at a designated time, so why punish them for a delay in proper toileting?

AFRICAN TOP FASHION

It appears the wig is on its way out of Nigeria. About two years ago, about 80% of our women in cities went about in wigs. Recently though, there is the revival of our culture and our women have also come to accept that ours is a very rich culture. Recently, a group of women were interviewed on what they feel about the use of wigs in Africa. While some of them thought wigs are too hot for our continent, some were of the opinion that they are inconvenient and artificial. Another group maintained that the use of wigs encourages laziness as some women neglect the care of their natural hair. The last set argued that the use of wigs is not African. According to them, our mothers were proud of the African plaits so why can't we.

That's why we are delighted to bring you these African beauties.



Guess what this is called - 'No 1' woman.
It looks ever so cute on Keji.

Here is 'Beriberi'. It looks so simple and
so adorning. Who says black is not beautiful.



Fashion

Fowotade here models a combination of 'Ojonpeti and Suku'.



It's lyabo with the 'Scalloping'.

Our Medical Correspondent Writes on:

WOMEN'S MISTAKES ABOUT FAMILY HEALTH

Women are the first line of defence in protecting family health. Not only must they shield their families from illness but must also recognize the warning signals when serious health problems do occur.

Unfortunately, though, all of us can, and do, make mistakes. Some may seem to obvious to need pointing out. But too often, it is the obvious that is ignored - with serious consequences. Among the most common mistakes are these:

FAILURE TO FOLLOW DOCTOR'S INSTRUCTIONS:

It is because the doctor is supposed to know better than you that you consult him for expert advice on health problems. If for any reason you do not agree that his recommendations will help you or your family, tell him so right away. In any case, do not ignore your doctor's orders but make sure that they are always followed and particularly in these areas:

REST AND QUIET

Although these measures are better for minor ailments than drugs, very few people regard them seriously enough. However, if recommendations for rest are not followed, the health problems may linger indefinitely or may reoccur within a few days.

Every woman should therefore help the doctor by making sure family members follow his instructions as exactly as possible.

Taking Prescribed Medication

It is not unusual for someone to stop taking a drug as soon as he feels better. However, even if all the symptoms have disappeared, it is wise to continue taking medication for the time specified by the doctor. He has his reasons for both prescribing the dosage of medication and the length of time it should be continued. An infection, for instance, often will re-appear within a few days if the prescribed

antibiotic is not taken according to directions.

Seeking Medical Help Too Late:

Although some patients go to a doctor for any sore or bruise, many others hesitate to call at their doctor's when a real problem does arise. You and your family should never neglect seeing a doctor under the following conditions:

- * If temperature does not respond to aspirin or has longer than 24 hours.
- * If a new baby is sick.
- * If the physical symptoms are severe, such as a sudden and intensely painful headache that lasts more than an hour or sharp pains in the chest or abdomen.

OFFICE HOURS



"I can tolerate the skimpy diet my wife has me on. I stop for a plate of spaghetti on my way home."

- * If symptoms return with regularity.
 - * If minor symptoms persist for more than a few days.
- Many people even hide signs of illness from their doctors because they hope the symptoms will disappear. This is a dangerous mistake. The early diagnosis of some physical illnesses can be the difference between successful and unsuccessful treatment. You should therefore see your doctor if there are such problems as:
- * Recurring indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
 - * A persistent cough.
 - * Unusual bleeding or discharge.
 - * An unhealed sore.
 - * A lump in the breast or elsewhere.

Inadequate Attention To Family's Diet.

Good nutrition is essential to good health. This lack of it can lead to these problems:

OBESITY

Most people know excessive weight gain by any adult is unhealthy, but it can also be harmful for infants and children. It was once thought that fat babies were healthy babies but a fat baby is likely to grow up to be a fat adult. Medical research has shown that eating habits established in infancy often are continued throughout a person's life. Women should therefore make an effort to control excessive weight gain by any member of their family.

DISEASE

An improper diet can contribute to such problems as heart disease and diabetes. There is an increasing evidence that diets high in animal fats make the risk of heart attack much greater.

Another way of making sure your family diet gets the proper nutrient is to keep skimmed milk and fruit juices handy for snacks and discourage such non-nutritious foods as soda and sweets. Remember, too, that children may not always want or need a big meal.

INADEQUATE HOME PRECAUTIONS

The common cause of death among young children is accidental poisoning. It is therefore advisable to keep all medicines locked up. In addition, old prescribed medicines should be thrown away. The medicine box should also not be stocked beyond necessary. As much as possible, choose bottles/containers that cannot be easily opened by children.

Especially with working mothers, there should be a list of people your house-helps can contact in emergency. Better still, if you have a telephone at home, leave a list containing your doctors' telephone number, that of your husband and your own official telephone number for use in emergency too.

It is also wise to teach the older members of the family including, of course, your house-helps first aid techniques. They should at least know the essentials of treating fresh wounds, treating poison victims etc.

"Diets High in animal fats make the risks of heart attack much greater."

"Excessive weight gain by any adult is unhealthy, but it can also be harmful for infants and children".

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TCP medicated toilet soap is different to other soaps. First of all it does what all good soaps should do — it cleans you thoroughly from top to toe in its rich, creamy lather. The special ingredients in TCP Soap penetrate the surface of your skin, flushing out and destroying dangerous germs which cause body odour. TCP Soap soothes and heals unruly skin blemishes and clears away pimples — makes you feel good, makes you look good. Gives you a brighter, lighter outlook on life!

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Alreld

Mother's Information Bureau

DISTURBED REST

My baby was born ten months ago and has settled down to a regular routine of feeding and sleeping. A friend of mine who visits me regularly is fond of waking him just to hold him. Is this congenital to good growth in children?

You are very smart indeed to have worked out such a good routine in such a short time. As you know, you need a bit extra rest until you are stronger and the best time to do it is while your baby is resting. I think your friend will understand if you ask her not to disturb your sleeping baby since he needs the rest to keep him healthy and happy. The aim surely needs the sleep for good growth.

CAESAREAN

Can you tell me something more about Caesarean deliveries; why it is necessary and how long the mother needs be confined?

A Caesarean section is the delivery of a baby through an incision in the abdominal and uterine walls. It is a safe and fairly common operation. This method is used when some complications of the mother's condition occurs or due to the smallness of her organs she cannot deliver from below. Once a mother has had one Caesarean, she will probably have subsequent deliveries the same way. After the operation the mother is usually fit and ready to leave the hospital in about 10 days.

B. C. G.

My baby was given an injection while I was in the hospital and I was told it was a B.C.G. shot. What is the purpose of this injection?

The B.C.G. is given shortly after birth to prevent serious coughs. At three-months of age, the child can be given triple vaccine which will be repeated twice at four-week intervals. This will protect him from Tuberculosis and whooping cough.

WITHDRAWN CHILD

For the past six months my three-and-a-half-year old child has been staying with my mother while I was away with my husband. Now that I am back, my son appears very withdrawn and has little to say to me. Do you think he is feeling resentful towards me?

This may be just a temporary reach which will soon pass now that you are back together. Your son may not have had much change to play with children of his own age during the absence.

Also, children who have been over protected will appear very timid and shy.

Just be patient and understanding. I am sure he will soon come out of his shell.

COLD

My 11 month old son came down with a cold a few days ago. He is very fretful and will not eat properly. His nose is blocked and he is coughing. What worries me is the fact that he won't eat. What should I do in case he has a similar trouble any other time.

His refusal to eat may be due to loss of appetite the stuffiness and blockage which would disturb his breathing when feeding. You could clean his nostrils with cotton tips and ask your doctor about nasal drops and soothing cough mixtures for your little son. The cold will probably be over in a few days and he will be taking his food normally. You should keep him warm and dry especially at night. If he develops fever at night, take him to the doctor.

SPINSTERS AND MARRIED MEN

Continued from page 7

workers and endless telephone calls. Over to him:

"The spinster may have seen the man's wife appear decent and figure well in the society - so she becomes jealous and makes a desperate move to secure this married man who has all the paraphernalia of a successful life about him. Many of the successful married men are public figures and the spinsters associate themselves with them because of the glamour attached to the association.

You see, our spinsters delight in "sucking life" as soon as they can make it. Instead of growing up together with their struggling partners they start gazing selfishly at what the successful married man has acquired through the sweat of his labour. Many of the spinsters can be very materialistic. And although they admire bachelors, yet they prefer to fish for where they can get the best things of life. This is why some of them would not care to marry a man of say eighty years of age! They do not do this out of genuine love but out of the selfish motive to inherit the old man's property!

Some married men too can initiate illicit love with spinsters and they do it by displaying their affluence and by spending lavishly. By doing this, however, they do not realize that they are demolishing the happiness of their homes. The good husband is committed to his home - after this comes his job. He won't want another wife if he is happily married. He would recognize marriage as a contract - not only social contract but also economic contract. He would maintain a sort of equilibrium between these two things and never allow one to tamper with the other.

Spinsters should leave married men alone and recognize that it is degrading to choose to become a second-rate type of wife. Wives should look after the home and be help-mates to their husbands."

MR. AYO FAGBEMIRO is an Ibadan successful businessman. He is the owner of 'Ni Faji' Medicine and Provision Shop with branches in many parts of the town. He also owns a good number of textile shops at Gbagi in Ibadan. He has this to say:

"The successful married man is an experienced man in all aspects of life. He has position, he has extra cash - in one word he is an established person. All these serve as the magnet with which he draws spinsters close to himself. Our spinsters prefer somebody who has made it to somebody who is yet to make it. They want security which most married men can give. The fact that these men have legal wives does not deter them.

The wife at home has a major role to play in order to arrest the deteriorating situation. She must understand the psychology of the man and endeavour to please him. In addition, she must look after her own appearance, so as not to encourage the man to look for another avenue to satisfy his desire. I think that the married man himself should have self control and discipline. The spinsters should get their priorities right and plan their own future with up-starts if possible."

The End.

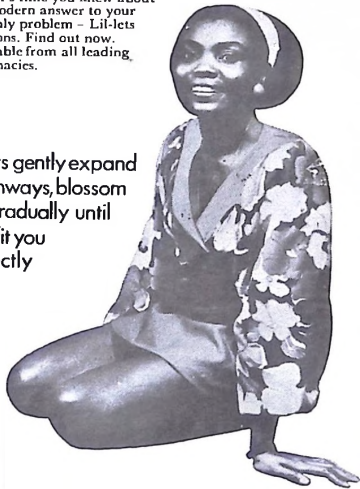
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About tampons. You should know some are different, one is best for you. They're called Lil-lets.

Lil-lets tampons are specially made to gently blossom out until they fit you safely, softly, naturally. It's almost as if Lil-lets were made for you personally, with your very own shape, your very own needs in mind.

And with Lil-lets you can forget about bulky applicators too. Because Lil-lets are used in the modern, natural way. More feminine, more you. There are three absorbencies for you to choose from. Regular, Super and Super Plus, all in small discreet packs of ten or twenty. One is just right for you. It's time you knew about the modern answer to your monthly problem - Lil-lets tampons. Find out now. Available from all leading pharmacies.

Lil-lets gently expand
widthways, blossom
out gradually until
they fit you
perfectly



Lil-lets

MARRIED LOVE

I am a native of Ekiti division but stay mostly in Lagos. I'm 23 I met a handsome man at a party about a year ago. My mother -o much loves this man that anytime he comes to visit me, -he would be running up and down to entertain him. About three weeks ago he told me that he's married but getting a divorce -so he can marry me. If my mother knew -she'd throw me out but I don't want to give him up, what can I do.

Ikire. Ibilola,

Do not trust this man even if he gets divorce, how are you sure he'll not treat you in the same way as he wants to treat his present wife.

MY BIG MAN

When we went swimming together I couldn't help noticing that my fiance seemed physically much bigger than all the other men there. As I'm quite small I am afraid that we won't be able to enjoy love making if we marry.

Ikire. Miss Francis.

The size of a man has nothing to do with his power of love making. If there is love, you will both relax and enjoy each other.

SECRET MARRIAGE

I am 27 and I have been prepared to marry since I left school in 1972, but my father keep telling me that I must not marry from any other place except from our home town Benin.

In November last year I made up my mind and got married to a Yoruba girl from Ikare. Since then I have not made it known to my parents. Please how do

I inform them about it since they have warned me before.

Abule-Oja. Goodluck,

Now that you are married, there's nothing they can do. Take your wife to them and above all, try to prove to them that in love there is no east or west by making the best out of your marriage. Best of luck.

LOVER IN DOUBT

I was engaged to a man three years younger than myself and of different religion. Suddenly my fiance broke up over our engagement telling me that there may be trouble about religion in future. He also asked if I was marrying him for love or because I was afraid of being left on the shelf. I learnt he was going out with another girl but he later came back to beg me and said he would marry me that he really cared a lot about me. I had been very confused since he left me and I'm not sure he'll not break up with me just before the wedding.

Oshogbo. Miss Oluranti,

I think by going out with

DEAR REMI



the new girl, he has now come to know your worth. He realises you are a better choice and has been wise enough to stage a come back.

COPY CAT

I'm totally sick of the way in which a woman in my area copies everything I buy. When ever I buy a new article she must appear the following week wearing or using the same thing. To be honest I'm very annoyed about this. Do I have to accuse her to stop copying me?

Ikare. Miss Tinuke,

Take it easy, Madam. There's nothing bad in healthy jealousy. Rather, you should be proud that your choice is good enough for others to want to copy you.

SUGAR DADDY'

I am a girl of 18 years doing my H.S.C. course at Ijebu-Ode. I have a sugar daddy who has promised to marry me after his course at the University of Lagos. But I'm afraid because he has five children by his

legal wife who will be go for a course immediately her husband is out of University. Are you sure will fulfil his promise

Ijebu-Ode.

I'm afraid the man has you enough to make you fast and face your situation squarely. Why don't choose an aspiring man with whom you proudly go up the ladder a bright promising future

REMI'S PICTURE

I am a boy of 21 with the National Marina. I am a great fan of your magazine and like seeing you each I bought your magazine. There was a time I you to send me your picture but you did not. I dear Remi, will you me into consideration send me your picture always dream of you. my dream shall come

Shagamu. O. O.

Remi appreciates you ring but prefers to behind the scene from she can help many readers out of their problems