

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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CLIMA

The ultimate in pleasurable reading

ANOTHER NTA LOVE MATCH!

Continuity girl
Efun Merriman
Johnson

pregnant for
News anchorman
Cyril Stober

WILL THEY
MARRY?

SHINA PETERS ON CLARION'S LOVE CHILD



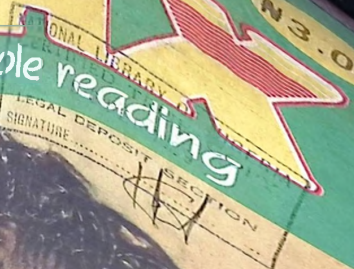
'I was never in love with Clarion Chukwura'



'Bad belle'
syndrome forced
me out of

Behind the Clouds

Zack Amata (Mr. Okonzua)



I
boy
before
Ka

WINS? WHO??
Xmas Special
20 Designer T-Shirts
to be won

STUCK ON ME

Love-struck
Richard quits
Contord, joins
MEE's magazine



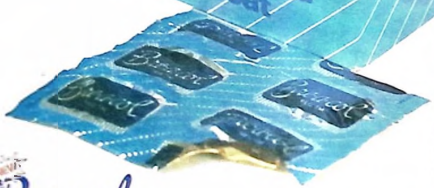
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TABLET

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THE UNIT

FROM THE EDITOR

ROMANCE. It makes the world go round. No doubt a lot of us read Barbara Cartland and Dennis Robbins at school. I used to imagine plain spunky me a heroine of these novels. You know, a never-too-educated young maid, falling in love and eventually marrying the lord of a big castle. It was even better when the Mills and Boon fever gripped us school girls. Know what they told you, you didn't need to be beautiful and beautiful to marry the 'Adonis' of your life. What confidence that gives me!

CLIMAX, in our usual style, has a little bit of everything. In the past ten editions, our Fiction and Books Editor, Chum Newton Okoro, in his flowing, descriptive style, has brought you two gripping romance stories. In this new-look *CLIMAX*, you too get a better relaxation. *CLIMAX True Romance* with its beautiful illustrations have been moved to pages 18 and 19. *CLIMAX* begins a new series of a man who falls in love with his own girlfriend. After all the celebrity stuff, (don't we get tired of them sometimes?), *True Romance* and our usual cartoon story on page 21 are sure to prepare you for wonderful romantic weekends.

It's all romance we seem to read Network newsmen

Cyril Stober, will marry lovely Efun Merriam-Johnson in December. *CLIMAX* brings you the story of these two lovebirds at the NTA.

As if that is not enough, Richard Mofe-Damijo at *Ripples* and May Ellen Ezekiel are hitting it out like fire crackers! Our new-look *CLIMAX* is only for you, our lovable readers. We know you'll love it.

CLIMAX Last week (as we all say in the business) our typesetting machine erroneously printed **Barister** S.O. Gwa - Amu as **Calligrapher** (Barister is a profession, not a profession). What the Barister said was a **NON-IDENTITY** to the Editor's Kingdom.

CLIMAX I have also been reliably informed that psychic women, Grace Ogburne (in *Married to Christopher Ogburne*) and not Richard Ogburne as we stated in our story. Ooops! Both errors are regretted!

CLIMAX DEPOSIT SECTION
Signature: *Mofe Damijo*

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□ Main Cover Photo: Ms. Bose Oni-Okpaku, PRO of Lagos Sheraton Hotel and wife of the late Shehu Kangiwa. Photo by Ajayi Oyebo

Straight from the Heart

- ♥ Teju - You're the only one with the key to my heart and if loving you is wrong then I don't want to be right. - Toyin
- ♥ Arabian - Pride goes before a fall. So they say! I wish you'll realise this before it's late. The ball is now in your court, so play it well. - Unical
- ♥ Charity - I can't stop loving you, you're all. I still love you despite the distance. - Nwokocha
- ♥ Kemisola - My love for you increases daily. There's no other person like you. I'll keep loving you always. - Dekunle
- ♥ Bola - My love for you has no bound. I wish you'll be mine forever. - Victor
- ♥ Richy - I'll always love you, anyway, anytime, any moment, and don't forget, please fulfil your promise. - Mary
- ♥ Christie - I love you so much that it becomes a criminal act. In that case let the world call me a criminal, your criminal. - Eugene Nwokediuko

If you have any message for your loved one, write to: Straight from the Heart, CLIMAX, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos

Their favourite sport

KIDDIES PLATFORM

By Doyin Lawal

► **KIDS** can't help keeping their bodies fit as they use part of their time playing games. At school, they normally spend their break time on the playground, and get to unwind at home with the facilities most parents provide for them, having realised the need for such games. To the kids of Ade Adesipite Nursery/Primary School, Obanikoro, along Ikorodu Road in Lagos, such moments are exciting.



Toyin Olohetayo - 6 yrs
I like skipping a lot. Mummy once bought a skipping rope for me but Daddy threw it away, because it was dirty, and since then mummy hasn't bought another one. I won't ask her to buy one now, for our neighbours have.



Funmilola Joseph - 8 yrs
I like running because it's a good exercise. I remember my very good teacher, Mr. Francis, talked me into this game. He always run with other teachers, and most of the time he comes first.



Dapo Dada - 8 yrs
I like football because of the dribbling part. I'm good at it and my friends know me for that. There was even a time my best friend, Seun, fell down and he was wounded. That day my teacher beat me up.



Titilope Onaanya - 7 yrs
Running is a good game that helps build up the body. Each time I run, it's like I've gained more energy and I sweat a lot.

Titilope Olohetayo - 8 yrs
Football is good, but there are times I get hurt playing it. Most of my friends are too rough and they like tackling me hard on the field. Most of the time I fall, giving myself bruises.



Oluwaseun Odukoya - 8 yrs
To me football is the best of all games. I'm not saying this because I'm a boy, for there are some girls in my class too that like playing it. I like them (these girls) because to me they are very strong. They are my very good friends.



Al Humphrey Onyanabo presents

CLIMAX PEOPLE

Zeb Ejiro celebrates excellence on rippled waters

FROM the onset, Zeb Ejiro had his eyes on target, he wanted to rewrite history to produce a technically qualitative soap opera with the obsolete equipments at his disposal. He wished to prove that he could do it.

This was one year ago. As fast as it has rolled by, Zeb, one of those young voices in television for whom the future belongs, owes no apologies for thumping his chest during the *Ripples* first anniversary party at NiteShift as he tells us.

"It's been wonderful but it's not been easy however, it's been wonderful being on the air for one year without repeating an episode we created history.

"It's not been easy like I've said, we don't have professional equipments and where you find them, they're too expensive to hire. Also, we don't have professional actors in this country because of the pay. We went through hell getting sponsors and I want to say a big thank you to A.J. Seward."

The entire *Ripples* cast watched Barbara Soky perform two tracks from her forthcoming album there for their fans to see Zeb

Ejiro, creator/producer; Andy Temitope, (director); Fred Amara (Associate producer/director), you're better off in Malibu with Omasan Buwa as dance partner - just watch your elbow, anything beyond dancing together... Maurice Ossai, ebony Ajibade (Ulie Dehinde-Phillips), retired before midnight; Abimbola Adekunle (Mimi); Yetunde Idowu (Bukola Dehinde-Phillips); Barbara Soky Daphne, sipping her usual Remy Martin; Richard Mofe-Damijo (A.S.P. Fashanu), came

and left with May Ellen Ezekiel, welcome back, lovebirds, both missed Sule Abiola's night cap. Edith Ifekwuna (Onome), low profile evening; Lovetta Okunzura (Amanda), you bet 'bobo right' was there; Sola Fosudo (Nnamdi), a lovely night with wifey-clipped your wings, didn't she? Jennifer Okara (Kenta), had to worry about going to work the next day; Bassy Ekpeyong (Hassan), Mr 'macho' of *Ripples*; Collette Uzor Ochoyogor (Zina), reigning Miss DEROOF, sweet-looking in a reigning Miss Adibusa (Peter glittery satin pink gown; Omasa Adibusa (Peter Idzaba); Alex Uwifo Omigba (Abasi), huddled himself into a corner - obviously not a night bird; super stud Segun Joseph (rare to see him alone on such occasions) and Uche - lively fellow (where's your 2-point knot?) NiteShift rippled for once.



JOE BEST CLOKS 34

Lagos fun-seekers know that when Joe-Best Okoye (Crown Prince of Lords) has a party, it's a celebrity razzmatazz. His birthday parties, something of a yearly ritual at Lords Club, Maryland, Lagos, is marked off on calendars a year in advance and the passion with which his 34th birthday party was being discussed, it was like if you didn't have a card 'you don't belong."

You only had to count the number of V-boots, BMWs and Honda Preldes in the Lords' car park to know what I'm talking about.

Joe Best appeared at the late Sunday Night Buffet Dinner/Birthday party in a white Mercedes Benz 500 coupe, all whites interior, white French suit, white-with-black spotted shoes and white wristwatch.

Electric Shock: Thought the electric dance step went with Michael Jackson's Thriller. Ain't it what Chris Mba is doing at a concert?



Not like the father: That popular saying can not hold between his royal punkness Charlia Boy and his father, Justice Oputa. This just proves it.

Today's people: Only those in the bank accounts in the blue like Jide Oshunubi and the Inegbong could clink glasses and not give a hoot. How many people can buy a Mercedes for N1.2 million?

Present were the cream-of-the-crop night lifers, like Willy Awumodu and his wife, Nkiri (Globe Motors), Vivi Oruche of Vibon Investments and Yagol Wine and Barrister Chika Chigbue. See you at Lords next year.

A HAND IN THE SKY

The car-pushing days are over for veteran NTA News-line co-anchorman, Pat Oke; he has joined the "show boys" to launch a new S05 2.0 Evolution. We sighted him at NiteShift with a pretty broad Tuesday. If anybody needs to be reminded it, not Patrick, that hard work has its rewards. Keep soaring, man. The moon is now possible.

HEAR ALL, SEE ALL...

Everything was up for sale at the recently concluded Automotivista Auto Fair at the Tables

Elvis doll cries tears of blood

Haunted figure weeps on anniversary of his death

of blood welling in his eyes.

"He had evidently been crying all night, since his whole leather jumpsuit was streaked."

Ever since then, every August 16, the doll weeps its strange tears. Gina's bedroom has come to resemble a shrine on the eve of the anniversary, as teary-eyed Elvis fans crowd in to witness the miracle.

Astonished experts in Blackpool, England who've tested the red drops from the doll's eyes confirm it's real human blood.

HEARTBROKEN

But after a detailed examination of the miniature Elvis, they are still baffled



□ Gina (above) bought the Elvis doll (right) which has a strange power on a trip to Graceland



"Secondly, he suffers that continue to fly because of the false rumors long after he's gone."

• Called from the Sun

• Nobody is harder on a woman's age than another woman guessing it.



Happy birthday Joe-Beat: Everybody at Lords said it to him that night at Lords club, Maryland — even the cake said happy birthday too.



Want some action?: Nobody wanted any action from Jullie Pip this afternoon — can she pose?

Balewa Complex, Lagos: autos and its accessories.

Dependable Niva 1600 jeep on real life rocky plains from C.A.R.S. (NIG) Ltd was ₦130,000.00; Skoda was priced at ₦55,000.00; a Honda CBX 750 F motorcycle was not a knob less ₦65,000. The Addis prototype three-wheeler was badly finished. Elf Nig. Ltd had a stand for lubricants as did Berger Paints Ltd. Garages (Nig) Ltd had a firm promise to "mend all you bend" with proof. The Federal Road Safety Corps stand was close by telling everybody, "slow down your speed."

Len Oil Holdings stand attracted the largest visitors. A custom built Mercedes Benz 300C with remote control door locks and refrigerator was up for grabs for only an unbelievable ₦1. million. Another sleek Benz 190 —2—3—16 from then too was ₦500,000.

The pass-word, as Oduka Ika echoed, was "have fun, look around but don't buy any cars. The garage is already full." It needed no telling.

ELVIS lives on — at least in a haunted doll that cries tears of blood on the anniversary of his death!

The plastic figurine of the King has sat on the nightstand by Gina Godden's bed ever since she bought it on a trip to Graceland in late 1977.

"Right after Elvis died, I made plans to visit his home in order to pay my last respects," says Gina, 41. "I was overcome with grief the entire time, until I spotted the doll at a souvenir stand.

GYRATING

"It seemed to have a strange power, as if a little bit of Elvis was still alive in it."

The feeling continued when Gina placed the doll in her bedroom. Elvis's presence radiated through the tiny apartment where she lives alone.

At night, when Gina returned home from her job as a secretary, she'd play record after record of Elvis while gazing adoringly at the doll.

"Maybe it's just the way the light shines on the plastic, but I could swear I'd see him gyrating his hips and moving his mouth," says Gina.

"Many times, I kissed that adorable tiny little face, which is very soft and fleshlike."

But if Gina needed any hard evidence that the doll was haunted, she got it on the morning of August 16, 1978 — the first anniversary of Elvis's death.

"When I woke up, I noticed a small puddle of red liquid at the feet of my little Elvis," recalls Gina. "When I looked closely at the doll, I saw tiny beads

THEIRS is a relationship that is no secret. Clarion Chukwura declares for all who care to listen that Clarence Peters, her seven-year-old son was fathered by juju maestro, film star, and very married Shina Peters.

But, Shina tells you that the affair was just a fling. "My relationship with Clarion was a platonic thing. Clarence is another thing."

For the first time, Shina Peters agreed to speak on the much publicized paternity issue.

"It was the aftermath of the box office film *Money Power* when I was in my early twenties and Clarion was a teenager and we found ourselves lead characters of the film."

Shina agreed that there was a relationship but states sternly, "Clarion knew there was no love between us. We just met on set of the film. She was the female lead cast and to make the film look real, 'coitus operandi' was the ultimate price."

Shina revealed that at that time, his fiancee, Sunmi, now his wife, did not feel threatened.

My wife is everything to me. She is a real woman

"We started our own affair a year before I met Clarion. Clarion meant nothing to her. She knew about it all along and she knew there was no love between us. Clarion even confirmed this herself, so we couldn't have ended up tying the nuptial knot after the *Money Power* thing," Peters adds.

"Clarion is obsessed with Michael Jackson. She is Michael Jackson wife," he said in broken English.

On Clarence, his son, the Afro-juju star declared: "As far as I am concerned, the mother is the owner of the child. She is the only one who can say who the father is, and what did she call the boy? Clarence Peters. 'Chikenai' he exclaimed. "Anytime Clarion asks me for anything concerning her Clarence, I oblige."

In an earlier interview with our reporter in *CLIMAX* Vol.1 No.21, Clarion declared: "The decision to have him (Clarence) was mine.

Clarion knew there was no love between us

SHINA PETERS SPEAKS ON CLARION'S

LOVE CHILD FOR HIM AND SAYS...



Shina Peters

By
Dayo
Asaju

That was because when my father died I had the belief that my first son will be the re-incarnation of my father. That is why I call him daddy. He came as a sort of impetus to make me proud."

Shina Peters, a Gemini, however, went to extraordinary lengths in praise singing his wife, Sunmi. "A good wife is the joy of her husband, the comforter, the shield of the family, and such wife never fails to receive encomium from her husband." He proudly called his wife, "Ayo mi (my joy)"

He continued: "A good wife is the

She called the boy Clarence Peters Chikena. Any time she comes to ask for anything for Clarence, oblige.



Clarion Chukwura

She be Michael Jackson wife'

tonic all young men pray for, a woman who will stand by you, come rain or shine, and this is why I love and respect my wife. She is everything to me. She stood by me during the depressed moments of my life."

He met Sunmi in 1981 and they married in 1983.

Shina, who has been in the cooler for sometime, will soon hit the market, but it will be a clear difference from the traditional Afro-juju system. He will also embark on tour of European countries soon.



THE match-makers are at it again and soon another NTA love-match will be in the open. This marriage will be the NTA talk of the year. It is between Network New-caster, Cyril Stober, and NTA 2 Channel 5 Continuity girl, Efun Merriman — Johnson.

They met early this year in Lagos at the NTA.

"Our meeting was nothing extraordinary," he told a source.

Those who have seen them closely, reveal that he "thinks the world of her."

Cyril told another friend: "We met and we took a look at each other and we knew it was not anything to be toyed with."

Usually reserved Cyril was overheard telling somebody else about his love for Efun. "She's everything I've always wanted in a woman. I thought it was a dream but I guess I'm lucky to run into somebody who was my dream and more."

According to close associates, Cyril doesn't like talking about the affair which is now the biggest news at the NTA. Said a close buddy: "It's not speculation but there are certain things he'd rather not talk about, because he thinks they're rather personal."

Cyril, we hear, has kept colleagues on the Network News desk at the NTA, Victoria Island, guessing. He'd once told one old time news reader: "People's curiosity will be satisfied

CYRIL STOBER to marry Channel 5 girl Efun Merriman — Johnson!



Cyril Stober — rumoured on Efun's love

with time: that is if the speculations were correct or if they were figments of people's imagination."

He'd also once told another source: "I take the relationship

By Al Humphrey Onyanabo

very seriously and I take exception to anyone making it sound like a joke because it is not."

Cyril is described as a very quiet individual. Once he told a friend who enquired about his life style. "I'm a very private person. That is why you won't see me everywhere: I'm only in a few places and it helps me keep the image I want."

Cyril Stober was posted to Lagos nine months ago from NTA Minna and he has since been stonewalling at one of the State Liaison Offices in Victoria Island. A source says, "he has doubled efforts to get his own apartment" before the wedding day, which very close sources say will be sometime in December.

They plan to have as many children as the Lord will provide

Some weeks ago they were both at the 90th birthday party of Madam Ashikun, as our source put it, "dressed to kill." Those who saw them said it was definite that they are heading for the altar soon.

"They looked like any happily married couple together."

Efun is pregnant and Cyril is responsible. Those who know him say his policy about children is to have as many as the Lord provides.

FOREVER WITH MEE!

May Ellen Ezekiel's (MEE) live-in-lover, Richard Mofe-Damijo, has resigned his appointment with Concord Press where he worked on the Feature Desk to join MEE's new magazine, *Classic*.

Richard, who has been on vacation, maintained a weekly column in National Concord on Thursdays. He travelled with MEE to America last month for a brief working visit preparatory to the birth of *Classic*.

When Richard handed in his letter of resignation through his Editor October 12, 1989, she didn't believe her eyes. Says Richard: "When she saw my column in the paper on that day which was a Thursday, she was happy and said, 'Oh you're back from vacation. It's good to know you're back.'"

"But she didn't know why I had come into her office. Actually, I had my letter of resignation with me where I gave the company a month's notice which will expire November 12, 1989."

"When I eventually mentioned to her that I was quitting, she expressed her surprise. She even said, 'If I say don't go now, I know you'll still go. So, I wish you all the best.'"

Richard is ASP Fashanu in the Friday soap-opera, *Ripples*, the police officer. He is a Theatre Arts graduate of the University of Benin and lives with MEE in her Takibi Street residence, Ikeja. WHEN May Ellen Ezekiel resigned her appointment as editor of *Quality* magazine in May, it naturally came to a lot of her admirers as a surprise. To some, a rude shock. Others, simply unbelievable!



LOVEBIRDS — May Ellen Ezekiel (MEE) and Richard Mofe-Damijo... *Classic* is it!

"Oh, MEE will come up with a magazine," some of the admirers speculated.

Considering the circumstances under which she quit *Quality*, there was no doubt that MEE would float a magazine. It was only a question of time.

Interviews MEE granted at the time she resigned indicated that she was rounding up work on her second novel, *Critic's Spread*. The reports also revealed that MEE was hot on the heels of some money bags to put pen on paper. It is a cold fact that no magazine can be run successfully

today without adequate resources covering escalating production costs... newsprint, overhead costs, et al.

MEE has really taken her time and now plans are in top gear to bring forth her new baby, *Classic*.

Without taking, *Classic* will be a general, human-interest magazine. As editor of *Quality*, MEE was able to reach out to a lot of readers through her popular and scintillating column MEE. She transferred the column to *Weekend Concierge*, the high-flying Saturday paper

Love-struck Richard Mofe-Damijo quits Concord, joins MEE's Magazine

edited by Mike Awoyinfa.

We can now disclose authoritatively that *Classic* will hit the newsstands in December. Already, orders for a large engagement of newspaper has been received. The magazine's office will be in Ikeja. Staff recruitment is also going on. It even got to a point when Olu Abiodun and Dahir Ogunwole, the graphic designers working for *Quality*, were fired because they were suspected to be making moves to cross carpet to MEE's magazine.

It is also being rumoured that two female reporters on *Quality* staff list are likely to join MEE's magazine. Only time will tell whether this rumour is true or false.

By Ebi Braimah

Shehu Kangiwa was my first boyfriend

Interview by Ehi Braimah



Mrs Hase Omi-Okpaku, wife of the late Shehu Kangiwa

ONE thing soap opera star, Zack, never agrees he is, is a star. He thinks he's just another actor who's had a few lucky breaks. He says, "why should I want to be called a star when I haven't got the material acquisitions that make an artiste a star?"

"How can I be a star when I don't have my own jet, a Ben's, a mansion, and a swimming pool? Can you call me a star when I have only a 504 and can't finish the building of my personal house?"

Understandably he detests being addressed as a star because it breeds what he calls 'ABBS', 'Acquired Bad Belly Syndrome': one of the chief reasons he quit the popular Sunday evening soap opera *Behind the Clouds*.

"It seems some people were not happy about Zack Amata being a TV star. It started in October 1986 when I wrote the script of the NTA Plateau entry into NIFETEP '86 titled *The River Between* and won the overall Best Actor award.

"The station liked it and they came back after NIFETEP for me to write a script that would run on television for one quarter. It was a programme everybody loved watching in Jos. And in one particular episode I did what I call an artiste conflict. The story was about a female student and a University

'Bad belle' synd out of Behind

lecturer: the girl was always travelling during the semester only to come back to take her exams which the lecturer refused.

"It caused quite a storm and some dons did not like it, so they pulled some shots and the programme was stopped in February 1987. The excuse the station gave was that there was no money."

According to Zack, 'bad belly' had got to the peak with his involvement in the film on Soweto shot in Jos and the popularity he'd received as Best Actor in NIFETEP.

"I remember my colleagues were telling me to take permission and also give credit to the University but I told them I was doing it in my spare time, just like they go out to drink in their spare time. I explained that if they give the University credit I will do the same."

By the day, things got tougher and pressure mounted. "I used to teach production classes, called Pro-

duction Workshop. Later I realised that I was being given theoretical work to do, so, by the end of 1988, Professor Hayer wanted me to concentrate on my Ph.D.

"He is a very straight forward man and I accepted it, but there was so much intrigue. It even got to a stage where some people gave the press a publication that I was in politics and hadn't resigned from the University... There was no direct threat, but I looked at the theoretical work I was being piled with. So I talked with some of my friends and I decided to lay off one thing. I didn't like people going to a newspaper and putting down my name that I'd resigned to go into politics. I knew they were going too far. With all these I advised that the line of *Behind the Clouds* should be changed for someone. This was in June and I concentrated on writing."

He points no accusing fingers towards Matt Dadzie (the producer) for his quitting the soap.



Zack Amata

According to him they're still the best of friends, rather he insists, "Matt is a superman for being able to produce the programme week

BOSE On-Okeku, wife of the late Shahu Kwagwa, first civilian governor of Sokoto State, is a woman who cherishes her independence so much. She wouldn't trade it even for a million dollars! She belongs to the league of women who don't want to hide under the shadow of any man. "How many women who are Mrs. are really happy?" she asks rhetorically. Her views about the marriage institution are so profound, so much so that women libbers will sing halleluyah and be merry. Bose says: "Every woman would like to get married but it doesn't work out, don't patch or manage."

"Somewhere along the line though, there comes a time when a woman feels lonely and wants what she can call her own. But it shouldn't be a do-or-die affair.

"I've come across many men during my numerous tours who are very rich but are single and they're enjoying every bit of their freedom.

"The same thing applies to women. Some women don't want to venture into marriage because of the fear that it will not work out.

"People should learn to have open minds. A woman can lose her identity if she decides to stick to an unworkable relationship. She would also lose her personality and self respect. What of the children? The air of marital instability will affect

the children in the home. And in the long run, the inevitable is bound to happen."

Bose goes ahead to say that most women who want to stay single usually don't give genuine reasons for doing so. "They're not sincere to themselves," she says. "It is either that they're selfish or they want to have the best of both worlds. Some women have tried their hands on marriage but it didn't work out simply because of the fear of losing their freedom. God created the institution of marriage, so let it be."

This standpoint of Bose is like every woman must marry, but she disagrees.

"I'm not saying everybody must be married. After all, it's no big deal. However, I want to advise couples not to call off their marriage on a bitter note. It should be such that when they meet again, they should be able to say hello to each other and exchange warm pleasantries."

Every woman would like to get married but if the relationship doesn't work out, forget it otherwise you'd lose your identity

Now again, sounds like a typical marriage counselor. Since the death of her husband, she has been single. Is she not giving thought to a second marriage?

"I'm not yet married because I have little or no time even for myself," she beams. "Perhaps, I will when the time comes. For now, I don't have any marriage proposals although I have a steady relationship going.

"You know, a lot of commitments can destroy marriage. Moreover, I don't believe in giving anybody (man or woman) my responsibility to shoulder. I don't fancy a situation whereby a man carries all my responsibilities because he is my husband. The roles should be complimentary, that is both parties should play their parts very well."

Bose is the Public Relations Manager of Lagos Sheraton Hotel, Ikeja. Because of the nature of her job, she is always in the public eye. But she says her private life is a quiet one although a lot of people don't believe her. "The nature of my job makes it difficult for people to believe me," she explains. "I had no boyfriend before I met Shahu Kwagwa."

Her romance with Shahu Kwagwa was blessed with a daughter called Amina. She is

now 20 years old.

"When I met Amina's father, he was already a sociology lawyer, but his was popular," Bose declares.

"I met him when I just finished my secondary school. I was attracted by his personality. Eventually, I got a job at Nigeria Railways Corporation, Ebu-Ida, as the Chairman's Office. It was at the same time (1968) Amina's father was employed as assistant secretary to the Corporation. That was when our romance started."

If Bose was really married to Shahu Kwagwa, as she said, how come she is still using her maiden name? "I bear both names. Anybody who comes to my place of work and says 'I'm looking for Mrs. Shahu Kwagwa,' will be directed here. I want to carve an identity for myself. In fact, I don't want to hide under any man's shadow. It is easier to change from Miss to Mrs. when the time comes than from Mrs. to Mrs."

Bose admits that a lot of people come to her to say she is missing a lot by not using Shahu Kwagwa in all her former pen names, both private and official. But she says: "I come from a well known family. I want to get what I want by my own recognition. People should see me as my father's daughter and me. Me as Bose is more important. I have three identities - My father, Shahu Kwagwa and Bose and, perhaps, who knows, I might add another identity in future."

In 1972, Bose joined the Nigerian Security, Printing and Minting Company Limited, (NSP&M), Victoria Island, Lagos, and worked there for twelve years. "When I returned from Britain, I visited the Chairman of the Board of NSP&M at that time as he was a family friend. I told him I was looking for a job. So he asked me to apply to NSP&M, among others. Eventually, I got the job."

Bose's greatest pleasure is receiving

* Continued on page 23

rome forced me the Clouds

By Al Humphrey Onyanabo

MY FATHER AND I GRADUATED THE SAME YEAR FROM THE SAME UNIVERSITY

Zack was born in 1951 in the Isoko local government area of Bendel State.

"So tell all those UniJos boys who think I'm their mate because I joke with them and we all have the same structure, that I'm a senior boy!"

Drama and literature flow in the Amata family tree like blue blood. As Fred Amata (associate producer of *Ripples*) volunteers: "The man who started it all was John Ighogha Amata, himself a unique theatre artist. He was studying English at the University of Ibadan in 1956 when he was hit by a moral force, and was called upon to preach moral re-armament around the world for ten years. He also shot a film on moral re-armament during the course of his travels.

"He went back to Isoko and became a District Officer. Later he decided in today's Nigeria he needed a degree so he went to school with his two sons (Zack and Ifo) at University of Ibadan and they all graduated same year in second class hours.

Coincidentally Fred, Menu and Ruke, all kids of John Amata, also graduated the same year. Fred read Theatre Arts at the University of Jos; he's an actor and associate producer of *Ripples*; Ruke studied Dramatic Arts at University of Ife, now Obafemi Awolowo University; he's currently producing a travelling children's theatre TV show in Jos; Menu has a first degree in English Language, she starred in the play, *Imagueru*, and she acted the part of Imagueru.

after week under almost impossible conditions."

"Right now production is starved of funds," reveals Zack. "Matt Dadzie is a Superman to shoot that programme without money and obsolete equipments. He starts shoot-

ing on Tuesday till Friday and then goes to Kaduna on Friday night for editing. Sometimes he finishes on Sunday morning before the tape leaves for Lagos. Initially when we started, the lighting was superb, now most of the bulbs have blown out

and there's no money to replace them.

"The writers are very good, the actors and actresses are all putting in their best but their efforts are being frustrated."

Zack thinks *Behind the Clouds*

The 'Bad belle' got to the top with my involvement in the film, Soweto and after I won Best Actor Award in NIFETEP

has reacned the level where it should be taken over by the Office of the President and perasally funded by him and used to sell the ideals of MAMSER and SAP to the populace.



CLIMAX WOMAN

Moji Danisa

I wholly, maybe for the first time, support the President's move



Late Prof. Amrose Ali

IBB'S GREAT GOAL

I HONESTLY hate talking politics. I always say that the first time out, during the Second Republic, I was too young to vote but the second time I was just too wise to vote. The whole thing was a shameful hoax.

When the President announced his 1992 plans and his great hopes for 'newbreed' politicians, I felt even more sorry for the country. I believed we were going to be plunged into the deepest resources of hell! 'Newbreeds?' There is a saying that if you kill a snake you must kill the child otherwise it will grow to strike again.

Like a dead snake, our old politicians prepared their, in most cases American-trained, Nigerian-corrupt, children, help do more harm to Nigeria's economy. The local government elections proved me right. It was a sham! Our old

politicians should not just be banned. They should be shot. Just look at the system. It is a disgrace. It is a system where, as Chinua Achebe said in his *A Man of the People*, a man is accused of stealing a blind man's stick in the morning but he is honoured by the same people in the evening.

Simply put, politicians in Nigeria call the electorate fools to our face

What is all this hullab-loo about Professor Ali's burial? For goodness sake, this is a man who was condemned by Bendelites even though he gave them free education



President Ibrahim Babangida

and a University. He was accused by his people of trying to split the Benin Kingdom (whoever said this was one?) and to crown in all the man was found guilty of using state money to enrich his party, the prescribed Unity Party of Nigeria.

Today, he is dead. Dead in poverty - almost a beggar. If Chief Gabriel Igbiniedon hadn't come his rescue the man would have been in prison.

But look at them now. Bore lickers all. A state burial for Ali! I never thought I would see the day that is Nigeria for you. That is the legacy we are living our children's deceit, thuggery, rigging and other court judgements.

You can now see why I hate politics and why I was very unhappy when IBB announced it's coming back in 1992. It's not as though there's no politics in the army.



Madam Alice Etok Lido attending to one of her patients

SUPERNATURALLY GIFTED!

55-year-old woman mends broken bones with bare fingers

By Eric Dede Ikharika

ON 4th Jan, 1989, 37-year-old Sylvester Okon, a mechanical engineer with the Ministry of Education, Ukot Abasi, Ikpura Eninian, Akwa-Ibom State, woke up hale and hearty, did the normal routine of preparing for work and left for the school where he is in charge of mounting instruction equipments for the JSS science programme.

Later in the day, he escorted the school principal to the bank to withdraw the teachers' salary. After the day's job he retired home to the cosy company of his wife and two children. At about 1.00 midnight,

armed robbers raided his house, taking all available property and money they could lay their hands on. Not satisfied, they demanded for money withdrawn from the bank earlier in the day.

All his explanations and pleas that the money was not in his

He was told at Teaching Hospital that his legs should be cut

custody fell on deaf ears. They fired about twenty-four bullets on him, shattering the hip bone of his right leg in the process. Thinking I was dead they left him in a pool

Business Man



Cybele Cosmetics
ELEGANCE IN ACTION

that is checked and moreover our conscience tells us that we did not put them there. It's different from treating people to loot our treasures, make nonsense of our votes and kill our children. Simply put, politicians in Nigeria call the electorate fools to our face.

What is all this hullabaloo about Professor's Ambrose Alli's burial?

My happiness could not be measured the day they were all disqualified. I still think no money should have been refunded. Where did they get the money anyway? In a country where children starve to death and even adults look gaunt from malnutrition, that kind of

money should have been put to better use for the masses - invest it in the commendable People's Bank rather than put it back into the already spilling bags of these millionaires.

I wholly, maybe for the first time, support the president's move. The guy proved to be a true Maradona. For the moment he's done very well. I am already looking forward to being on the rightwing or left wing. I won't jump because I still suspect the 'hand of God.' He could have more goals coming. These so-called 'money bags' could

EAVESDROPPING

By Chino Obasi



wangle their way into the leadership of the government-funded parties. Sometimes I have a feeling that they are part of policy making.

It's just a feeling but it disturbs me!

HOME TIPS

To remove deodorant stains from shirts or blouses, soak the affected parts in white vinegar overnight, if stains are bad. Rinse in cold water and wash as normal. The stain will go without removing the colour.

*Please send us tips you have discovered to make life easier for the housewife. Write to: Climax Woman, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos



migraine: cluster headache, classical and common, though you may find that your attacks take different forms at different times.

There are many different theories about what triggers off an attack, but it generally affects younger people - many sufferers have the first migraine when they are children. It's thought that it's triggered by a constriction and dilation of blood vessels in the brain, due to changing levels of chemicals such as adrenalin which circulate in the body.

Many people worry when they have their first migraine attack that they may have something as serious as a brain tumour, so for your own peace of mind, talk to a doctor.

While there is so far no known cure for migraines, anti-sickness tablets can be taken for vomiting. There are also various anti-migraine medicines which can bring relief.

A dumb migraine will usually last for 15 to 20 minutes, but the headache may last from an hour to a day or sometimes in the worst case, for two days.



MIGRAINE

What is it?

A MIGRAINE is a severe recurring headache. There are three main types of

XMAS

SPECIAL OFFER!

CLIMAX and retolani are giving away 20 Designer T-Shirts worth N150 each.

You too can wear this designer T-Shirt exclusively designed for Barbara Soky by retolani

HOW TO WIN

Send in 4 original home tips.

(Please note that all home tips received will be published in CLIMAX)

Cut out the coupon below and mail to: CLIMAX WOMAN, P.O. Box 51404 Ikoyi, Lagos.

CLIMAX and retolani Special Offer!

Name _____
Address _____

Attached are my 4 original HOME TIPS.

The home tips should be written out on a sheet of paper. Attach this coupon and fill in your name and address. No photocopies will be accepted.

Closing date is December 15, 1989. Results will be published in our Xmas special package coming out before December 25, 1989. All other CLIMAX competition rules apply. Please see page 28.



Q Touched by the magic fingers of Madam Udo (far left)...These patients should count themselves lucky.

his own blood. His family rushed him to the nearby clinic and from there to the Teaching Hospital in Abak. Alas! bullets couldn't be removed from his bone.

He was referred to the Teaching Hospital in Calabar where he stayed five months. The doctors operated on him but all to no avail.

Then the bombshell was dropped. He was informed his right leg from the waist down would have to be

amputated. Panicked, his family rallied round to find an alternative.

He was taken to Madam Alice Etok Udo's Trado Clinic and within three weeks he is now getting better and hopes to be discharged soon.

Peter Udofo, an indigene of Itu, in the Itu Local Government area of Akwa Ibom State, a businessman, was standing by the roadside along Goldie by Target in the Calabar

Continued on page 16

Nourishing **NESCAO**

The delicious treat that costs so little

NESCAO - rich and delicious! The chocolate drink the family takes, day or night.

NESCAO contains nourishing ingredients like Cocoa and Cereal. You needn't add sugar to NESCAO - it's there already. And NESCAO costs so little too!

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**NO NEED
TO ADD
SUGAR**

NESCAO

NESCAO

"The nourishing chocolate drink, anytime of the day"

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FSN

Accepting that couples are no longer two but one. — Contributed by the Marriage Counsellor.

MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR

The Column that

SHOOTS STRAIGHT

AT YOUR MARITAL

& LOVE PROBLEMS

CLIMAX - We want you and your marriage to be happy...always!

HELP!

I AM a widow and have just fallen in love with a 48-year-old divorcee. He has four children from his previous marriage while my own children are adults. The youngest is aged 28 and is already in the university. I am planning to move into his house but will his children accept me? That is number one. The second problem is that the children are already making moves to reconcile their parents but Andrew (that is my lover's name) is putting my mind at rest by saying it is all trash. What can I do? Will my children approve of it? Please advise.

CMC says:

My advice *ma'am*: It is not only by moving to the man's house that you can derive satisfaction or whatever you want from him. Do not rule out the reconciliation being moved by his children or are they legally separated? In fact, your children would not be happy seeing their mum leaving their father's house. In fact, your man's age is not a problem. If you must be over 40! So, what else do you want again in life? Tell your lover that you want to be anything to him but he should rule out moving to his house. Apart from his children's probable malice towards you, it won't speak well if the original wife eventually returns to base.

A young married man has just moved to our compound. This guy is handsome and he has one of the latest cars in town. He has this personality that I've tried unsuccessfully to ignore. In fact, I've fallen in love with him and he responded last month but unthinkably for us, his wife caught us chatting alone the street when I was returning from work and she nearly fought with me... on the street! My friends advised me to forget about him though it is a difficult thing to do, but she won't let me go. He came to my office to plead that he knows how to handle his wife. Should I succumb? I am afraid of this class of a woman.

CMC says:

If you really fancy yourself and detest embarrassment, tell this man you are through with him. I don't see how difficult it is to stop this romance which is still in its embryo stage. Nobody (not even you) will ever allow any woman to snatch her husband. Put yourself in the spikes of this woman and feel the pinch. Left to me, I don't see any pleasure derivable from going out with a married man. Apart from the embarrassment, it is always worrisome. I know it is his handsomeness that has attracted you to him but to me, beauty is nothing as far as romance is concerned. It is the character and love that count. Compare a not-so-handsome man who takes good care of your needs and is loving to a handsome man who goes about worshipping, then, soaps man who gives the necessary care and affection you need. I hope this will guide you to form an everlasting relationship.

Sexually Transmitted Disease (3)

The urinary tract starts at the kidney, continues as the tube (the ureter) between the kidney and the bladder, expands as the bladder and then goes on as the tube (the urethra) between the bladder and the outside. Infection of the urinary tract is usually due to the spread of bacteria from the outside up along the ure-

about 5 per cent of girls and women harbour active bacteria in their bladders. These

bacteria may cause infection at any time, but especially during the first weeks of marriage (chlamydomonocytis), and in pregnancy. It is thought that the movement of the penis against

fever and chills develop.

If a woman develops these symptoms, she should consult a doctor. Her urine may be examined for bacteria and if infection is present the doctor will prescribe treatment. Untreated urinary tract infection can lead to kidney damage.



tra to infect the bladder (called 'cystitis'), and then in most cases up the ureter to infect the kidney (called 'pyelonephritis'). Because a woman has a shorter urethra than a man, she is more likely to develop infection of the bladder. Luckily in most cases this is of no importance as the bladder itself kills the bacteria, so that the urine is sterile, but it appears that

the urethra and bladder which occurs in sexual intercourse stimulates the bacteria to grow, and in pregnancy the urine tends to stagnate in the bladder.

The symptoms of urinary tract infection are frequency of urination, and painful urination, especially towards end of voiding. If infection has involved the kidney, backache in the kidney area,

POSTCOITAL CYSTITIS

An unpleasant form of cystitis sometimes begins during a period of frequent sexual intercourse. Usually this clears with treatment but some women have the misfortune to develop cystitis every time they have coitus. This, in turn, prevents any enjoyment because the woman knows it will be followed, within 36 hours, by frequency of urination and pain.

The cause of postcoital cystitis is due to bacteria which live in the urethra being massaged back up into the bladder by the movement of the man's penis in the woman's vagina. Once inside the bladder, bacteria are usually killed by secretions of the cells which line the bladder, but in some women this does not occur. Instead the bacteria thrive, doubling their number every half hour. The result is cystitis.

Doctors have tried many drugs in an attempt to cure this frustrating complaint, but with indifferent success. A woman has found an answer which seems to be more

With all
my love

*Please send a congratulatory card to brother Tunde Alagbe for his recent achievement. May the peace of God guide his heart and mind in Christ Jesus. — Soldiers of Christ Society, C.G.A.C., Ibadan.

*Please send a Thinking of You card to my dearest girlfriend, Edith Aina Imohime. She has always been sweet and understanding. — Lanre Dehinde, Ogun State University.

*Please send success cards to my brothers, Solomon and Samuel Akin, who will sit for their OND exams soon. — Patience Aina, Command Secondary School, Ibadan.

*Success wishes to my lover, Patricia Chukwuma, who will sit for her RSA exams this month. — Uyi Medo Oyamede, Benin City.



successful. It is quite simple. If you suffer from postcoital cystitis, all you have to do is to empty your bladder completely within half an hour of sexual intercourse. You will do this more easily if you drink three or four glasses of water immediately after intercourse. Should this simple method not cure you, you should obtain some tablets of the drug, nitrofurantoin, from your doctor, and take one 50mg tablet each night, in addition to emptying your bladder in the way I have suggested.

Taken from EVERY WOMAN by Derek Llewellyn-Jones

Yours Forever

Why I love T-Boy Otu very much is because he made me forget the past and led me to the rainbow of love. He is such a gentle, caring and loyal man and has always made me feel like a queen whenever he is around me. He is the man of my dreams and life is worth nothing without him. I love every minute I spend with him. — Contributed by Mayen B. Okopkomo, Mary Hanney Sec. School, Oron, Akwa Ibom State.

My love for Beatrice Uche is as constant as the Northern star. She is loving, transparently honest and human. Her affection for me ever since we met has been total and I have returned this by being loyal to her. Beatrice, you can count on me anyday. — Contributed by Isaac Agbagwu, Ifhorda, Lagos.

CLIMAX

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See how **Tina** has changed

SUNDAY *Remember* is one program I like to watch. If nothing else it entertains that is, if I've forgotten the rules and tricks bits.

No doubt the dancers are not paid. Most dress like bunnies, but the programs still has the same, that outrageous that interests the masses.

Really, I thought Tina Awa was a flake. The way she started, she wanted to do a theme park. I did not give her a chance but I'm glad she proved me wrong now. I would commend the producer of the program who had the sense of providing a star for the young lady.

Standing and reading to him she did not even compile gets most of them from magazines very uncomfortable. Her work is not original. I don't even know if she does any research that could have contributed to her emceeing. Tina is doing well. Though sometimes she forgets herself, it's just for a few seconds. I would advise her, however, to use less local magazine stuff. All she does now is to peruse all of local magazines, feature them professionally, as they are written in some headlines, quotes, typeface and all. For question asks the foreign magazines are there.

She can put in extra hours cutting out pictures and getting her station's graphic department to work on the headline or captions. It is shamelessly going to feature a magazine it story, without giving credit, put the way it was written and planned. In fact it is plagiarism and that is one of the great crimes in journalism.

Anyway, Tina has learnt fast. What bothers me is why Petra Eja refuses to change. She looks like an advertisement. I agree she's handling a beauty corner, but a TV presenter should be interesting enough without looking to sounding overbearing and cheap. Petra must do something about the way she looks, her language and carriage. Blinking eye-lashes are not all it takes to be a TV hostess. She tries too hard to look the typical model but the way she asks questions show what she really is: empty and boring!

... ELOPEE REFUSES CHANGE

Peter Eloisia is one young man I respect. If for nothing else, for his determination to drive and success, but I wonder why he has refused to change his style of presentation.

The **ELOPEE HOSTSTAYS** magazine is a big opportunity anybody cannot afford to miss. The timing is perfect. It is a tight production in a good programme. It is a tight production, but for Peter Eloisia himself.

I find it totally repulsive when a man takes to blinking his eyes and making faces. The guy must be told that he is not a comic, so he should stop behaving like one! I don't know if he lectured Omasan Buwa but he seems to have learned fast and very well too-over exhiberant, face-making, assertive hostess. There's no way she'll make it on TV. I think she should forget the idea.

Lyrics

ATLANTIC STAR I'm in love with you

Take a look at me,
and tell me what you see
written on my face,
then place your fingers
on my heart.

I hope you see a man that
can understand
anything you want to do.
Then we may never part.

You're a part of me, all
that I can see is you.
Baby love, when I'm
dreaming at night,
I really wanna be the
energy that makes
you wanna stay right
here with me oh.

CHORUS

I'm in love with you,
all I wanna
do is, be there by your
side.
I wanna follow you, where
ever you go.
Hey, hey, it gets deeper
every day.

All you gotta do, is give
me one of
those looks, that only
you can give, for
me to totally be under
your spell.
I wouldn't lie to you girl,
you take me
to the moon and back
again.

Cos when you love me
you do it well.

You're my everything,
you really bring
joy into my life, please
don't ever
go away. Lover boy,
you're like
the favourite toy a girl
could ever have.
I want you for keeps
please, baby, stay.

CHORUS

Written by David Lewis and
Wayne Lewis

NEXT WEEK

1. Majek tells Tabansi: "Pay me my royalties or I go to CBS"
2. Revealed BECKY MUSA MAY STILL DIE...

Segun thrills Garden City

The prince of pop music, Segun Adeleke and his Supersstars International will rock the city of Port Harcourt this weekend.

And in preparation for this show, which is billed for Saturday 28th, at the Kings Hotel in the Rivers State capital, radio jingles are being aired in both state and federal radio stations in the Garden City.



□ Segun Adeleke

That should tell how big the show is expected to be. Segun and his boys are actually on tour of the country. These past few weeks, the band has performed at Ode Onu in Oyo State, Akure in Ondo State, Shagamu in Ogun State and Auchi in Bendel. Showspash couldn't track down the PMAI award-winning number two jup star to comment on his on-air tyrodwe tour as reports had it that he's actually preparing for an overseas tour, scheduled for early next year. However, the booking manager of his band Mr. Yaya Adeyemi, gave an insight into what the Supersstars International would serve at Port Harcourt.

"We've been out there several times in the past, but this one would be different because there are some new tunes coming up," he reveals. Segun's latest album is already in the works.

STOPPRESS!
There is no business like Showbusiness

Foreign Sizzlers

SULTAN'S £1M SPREE AT HARRODS

IN a display of extravagance belittling the richest man in the world, the Sultan of Brunei has been out doing 19 Christmas shopping. And where else would the Sultan go but, yes, Harrods, the world's finest store which is owned by his former advisor, Mahmud Ali Fayed. So it was that last Sunday the Sultan (Fortune: £15 billion at the last count but who's counting) arrived with a charabanc load of little Brunettes at the Knightsbridge corner store which had been specially opened for their visit.

There, waiting to greet them, were 20 or so senior Harrods staff and Mohamed himself. And like Aladdin before him, the doors to the cave were opened.

The children were let loose in the toy department. The Sultan selected a rack full of some of the more expensive suits in the men's department.

The women, meanwhile, descended on the fashion department and them moved on to the perfumery where they purchased scents by the gallon.

— Felix Drumboh

Show Spree



□ Denola Alfred



WHERE IS Amanda? Everybody asked at the Riprice beach party. She came in at about 4.00 p.m., wearing jeans skirt and blouse and hiding her shy eyes behind a dark glasses. Her Lebanese beau, was nowhere in site. (Nothing small he showed up at the Riprice party, but she was seen with him at the opening in New York, New York.)

While Amanda's husband had been hanging in the limo down the New York coast. She must know how lucky she is.

If Amanda came late to the beach, Segun Joseph didn't bother to even come either. He attended the Riprice press function. When ever body had had huge at the Riprice, he stopped in with his million smile sparkling like always in a white broad-brimmed and goggles. And now the story proper, they had been out of circulation.

"The hours went on the same old and we promptly decided that the sale it with 'Mop day.' I wish I could tell you the name, but I'm advised that he had a thunderous & thunderous triumph. I still like to be around."

It was a tremendous success. Our former market had £15.10 million worth, and the show was returning to a tremendous success. Our former market had £15.10 million worth, and the show was returning to a tremendous success. Our former market had £15.10 million worth, and the show was returning to a tremendous success.



Segun Odegbami's

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Looking into the barrel of a gun!

MY appointment was for 8 o'clock that evening in the month of May. Earlier that day, I had booked an appointment to see "His Excellency" at his '44' road residence in Kaduna.

We had come a long way before getting to Kaduna - Lati and I, Lati was on leave and I had business to do in several parts of the North. So, it was a great combination - company, business and fun. And we were hearing lots of everything even though Lati had more of the fun and I, more of the business.

So, in Kaduna it was time for business. The city of Kaduna is one that continues

to confuse me in several places within the metropolis. That I don't drive myself often enough and the endless network of roads inter-twining into a maze are enough reasons, as far as I am concerned, not to know my way around town too well, notwithstanding the fact that I have been visiting the town intermittently since 1969!

So, at 7 p.m., I was ready to leave home. Since I was going alone, I thought I should leave early enough to give myself time to work out how to get to government house. I was sure that even if I got lost a dozen times, I would still have made it

by the appointed hour.

But trust brilliant me! By 7.15 p.m. I was at the gates leading into "His Excellency's" residence. 45 minutes was a long time to wait. So, why not drive around a bit.

The car's air-conditioning was on. Soothing jazz music was blowing my mind from the car radio. I was really cool and in fine mood. I mugged out of government house and cruised towards the ring road area in Tugun Wada "bathing" luxuriously in the peace and tranquility of the Kaduna at that time of the day.

Then I remembered I had a friend just down the road who worked in a maternity hospital on Ring Road. What a lovely surprise it would be to simply drop in from out of the blues! I drove off the Ring Road into the hospital yard with the casualness of a person without a care in the world.

The parking lot was directly facing the transparent glass walls of the clinic. I picked my seat and drove into it.

As I pulled up the handbrake, engine still running, the door by my side was yanked open in the dimness of the faint light around it

could not immediately make out who it could be, or what was happening. The opened door, however, automatically put on the car's interior lighting. The light was enough to illuminate the shape that loomed menacingly close to my probing eyes. Confusion, incomprehension, I was looking into the barrel of a gun! Confusion gave way to shock, and shock to fear as a voice rang out clear and distinct. "Get out of the car, get out quick. One word and you are dead!"

It all looked like a joke. Kaduna, a gun, a threat! If I was in Lagos, I would have taken the situation in my stride. But Kaduna? Was I dreaming? If it was a dream, I had better wake up, I told myself.

But the gun pointing so menacingly at my head was more real than the one you find in dreams. I was temporarily rooted to my seat! I calmly switched off the ignition, removed the car key and got out of the car. All this time, my brain was in complete turmoil.

There is nothing more terrible than staring into the barrel of a gun, particularly when it is pointing to your head!

Suddenly, we had com-

pany! From behind me I heard running footsteps. I turned back to look. The man (my brother) looked at us. It was too dark to make out their facial features. I shortened one quickly held on from the back. He looked from top to bottom. He looked at the bulge in the back of my trousers - my pants. He nodded.

"Give me the keys," his voice (the guy with the) brought me back to life. I turned to him and told him to look more closely at his eyes. Even from about two feet away, it was difficult to see him out. However, I notice he was slim, very slim, and 5ft 8 inches tall and with the uniform appearance of an Urhobo man.

I handed over them to him. "If this car does not run you are dead!"

A chill went through my entire body as different bits raced through my mind. It was my children. My own parents.

He was so small in my mind told me to get the gun away from his hand. My whole being told me to do it. My hands were willing to do just that. They were three others behind me, it didn't matter. I was so afraid. Continued on page 11

55-year-old miracle worker

Continued from page 11

metropolis, after parking his car by the road, with the intention of crossing the road, when suddenly a motor cyclist taxi ("aka-uke") careened off the main road and crashed straight in to him, knocking him down, breaking his left leg in the process.

He lost consciousness. The motor cyclist ran away and passersby quickly rushed Udofofa to a hospital. He was there for a time, but, not getting better, his brother then took him down to Madam Alice Etok Udo's Clinic. Now, just after three weeks of treatment, he now walks with the leg.

A lot of people had the misfortune of being involved in motor accidents along our roads. Some are added with the Plaster of Paris (POP) while some had their limbs amputated courtesy of orthodox medicine. It is a prevalent and common solution rampant in these hospitals.

It has incapacitated a substantial proportion of the working population, thereby crippling the marginal productivity level of the nation's labour force.

But this is now fast becoming something of the past as CLIMAX

Madam Alice Etok Udo of Uwanne in Calabar is performing some rare feats treating broken bones and limbs with local herbs and leaves.

Climax visited the Trado Clinic and spoke to the woman behind the rare feats.

"I started treating people with broken hands, limbs etc. in the early sixties but became more involved after the civil war ended when a lot of people, especially soldiers, came back from the war with multiple injuries."



WHD TOLD YOU I'M DRUNK? BY THE WAY WHO ARE YOU TO QUESTION ME? ARE YOU AN SSS AGENT?

According to her, traditional methods of treatment have been very effective where orthodox medicine has failed woefully, with special reference to broken bones and limbs.

Is the healing done by just dabbing the herbs and leaves on the affected area?

"No," she answers, removing the medicated glasses she wore and wiping off perspiration. "As soon as I touch the affected area, the powers in me start transmitting into the affected areas, hastening up the healing process. It is not what you Tom, Dick and Harry could do."

Her days of treatment and applying medication are set aside days. She treats the patients three times and assisted by her son, a day, was set and Climax witnessed the practical demonstration of arranging bones.

Somebody was rushed in during the second part of this interview: thus we were opportunely to watch this fast greying woman at work.

The clinic is divided into three parts, the male section, women's section and children's ward. A patient is admitted depending on the severity of the patient's case; if it's serious, then he/she gets admitted; but if not severe, then the patient comes as an out-patient.

Climax undertook a tour of the clinic, from the male ward to the women's and down to the children's ward.

Climax's investigation revealed that local anaesthesia is administered on patients when seriously in pain. All treatments done are by using local herbs. The botanical

garden, where the leaves and stems were planted, occupies about 12m area and various herbs are planted in rows and according to their uses. The leaves were allowed to behold and there were signs of some of the plants contained percentages of occultic radiation or extra-terrestrial presence.

Climax talked to some of the patients and their replies proved the efficacy of Madam Alice's treatment. Peter Udofofa says: "In a week that I was brought in and Mma started treating me, I better and can now walk into the clinic. I hope to be okay very soon, God willing."

Sylvester Okon: "I had been coming out of the affected area but when the madam started treating the various herbs and leaves things started improving. I believe I'm going to be cured here. I don't want anybody to cut off my leg because I came to this world with a complete body."

Reliable sources hinted Climax that very severe cases are never referred to her from the Trado Hospitals for treatment. Climax's investigation in the city revealed a low percentage of disabled patients in the state.

Madam Alice Etok Udo says she inherited her powers from her grandfather who taught her the rudiments and opened her eyes to the herbs and leaves in the bush.

She hopes to impart the knowledge to her two children, her grown-ups, who now help and assist her in various ways in administering and application of treatment.

CLIMAX - WE PUT YOU FIRST!

NEXT WEEK...

MANDY BROWN DUMPS SOJI BENSON! Friends say she waited too long!

Nigerian men are too timid to approach successful ladies



Says Gladys Dadzie of Behind the Clouds

What makes Victor Uwaifo happy? Climax tells you... his wife kneels to greet him morning, afternoon and night!

Controversial Benin musician Osayomre Joseph reacts

I'm no drug addict!

Miss Aikhomu rusticated! Details next week

Charly the punk and Kumuyi the priest moving and shaking Gbagada. How do they do it?

EXCLUSIVE CLIMAX

Pen Pals

READER'S CLUB

I want to meet **Climax** editor

Name: Johnson Chijioke G.
 Address: Dax 1331, Sokoto, Sokoto State
 Sex: Male
 Age: 21 years
 Ambition in life: To become a useful citizen in Nigeria
 Hobbies: Meeting great people, barbing, dancing and listening to music
 Best food: Pounded yam with egusi
 Personality to meet someday: Maji Darius (I'll be very grateful if you arrange for me to meet her)
 Like to visit: U.S.A. (To see things for myself, Period)
 Favourite T.V. Programme: The New Maxquarade
 Favourite Comedian: Chika Okeke
 Favourite Singer: Lucky Dube (Back to my Roots)
 Why I want to become a member: To widen my national and international relations
 Why I buy CLIMAX: For its vivid information and moving pictures.

PIKOLO

The exciting and romantic escapades of a super stud



WE have finished eating a sumptuous meal and Elsie has paid in line with her new lib-consciousness. A strange way to express freedom, you would say... But I think she is just a beaten bitch who preaches equality just to deny the fact of her being frustrated.

"So what next?" she asks.

"Your guess is as good as mine..."

"How far on you go now, Pikolo?"

Gracious! what is this crazy horse driving at? Am I in for another rough time? She pulls me closer and kisses me hungrily. As we suck our mouths, she reaches for my private member. Now I know she has become more bitchy than I thought. I begin to squeeze her nipples. Shivering slightly, she continues to caress my member in such a way that I attain a powerful erection shortly. I begin to unbutton her blouse. She knocks off my hand, saying, "I will take off my clothes myself... Now take yours off, okay?" I watch her. She takes off her blouse and bra, and I see her partially shrinkled breasts. She zips down and steps out of her skirt.

"Heil! What do you mean staring like that? Don't you mean business?"

I throw off my shirt suddenly as my private member stretches to its limits. I can almost see her *malehall* glistening beneath the red pants. Her lips are heavily built and sagging with flesh. Something electrifies my body and a tickling sensation runs through my private member. Through a nervous movement, I hustle out of my trousers, and move toward her slowly. My impatient rod, pressing hard against my pants, is aching now. She looks steadily into my face with clear sexy eyes. Then she unties the knots of her special pants... And wow! there is the devil's bait! Bushy, bulging, and basking hot!

She stands straight, staring at me like a cobra in a striking position. I remove my pants and my rod jerks at the ready in the manner a soldier cocks his gun. I close in on her. Clinging on me, I guide her to the bed, and kiss her hungrily. Her hand grabs my member and runs her fingers over it again and again. I stay immobile for a while, enjoying her lustful play. Sweet sensation! Now it is going to be action time. I jerk my thing from her hand, and attempt to drive into her. But she pulls her waist back.

"Wait a moment, Pikolo..."

"Why?"

"Work on me..."

I am approaching the point of no return so there is no time to titillate that *cubbyhole* of hers.

"Now you come on this way, baby... I mean to drive you the way you've never been driven before..."

I pull her forcefully and ram my member deep into her steaming *cubbyhole*. Sweet sensation rush into my brain, and I swallow hard as if it is something to be felt in my palate. Any way we get into a wriggly, waisty dance...

"H - Hm - m - m - m ... Rkolo... that's good... sweet!"



CLIMAX TRUE ROMANCE

By Chim Newton Ogden



Let Eki go with father, Eki
the woman I loved with all my
soul. Yet I will not grudge.

A LOUD SILENCE

OSAGIE, why don't you move out of the house? How could you bear to live with this outrage? It's wicked what he has done to you.

"Yes, I agree he is your father, but is that reason enough for him to want to ruin your life? If you don't know, I must tell you — what he has done amounts to murder — murder of sorts, if you like. My own father, do such a thing to me? No, it's not just possible. But if he does, I'd rather not look into his face for the rest of my life, let alone continue to live with him in the same house. Oh, no, I wouldn't be able to live down the shame of it! Frankly."

Mudia had spoken those words to me a little over two months ago. He had spoken so offensively as though he was the one on whom the outrage had been committed — as though he felt I was incapable of

acting on my own and needed to be pepped up. Well, I had merely stared at him with dim sad eyes, and then bowed my head. Normally I should have wept in that position, but having wept persistently night after night for a week, I guess I had run out of tears.

Then I looked up at him, smiling. He didn't know how I felt. He would probably never understand. How could anybody understand? And how was I to explain it to Mudia, that my father would remain dear to me in spite of everything. You can't cut off your nose to spite your face, can you?

Let Eki go with father, Eki the woman I loved with all my soul. Yet I will not grudge. My anguish may be countless of fathoms deep, though, I am still hopeful of finding happiness. Sincerely it will be difficult for me to trust any woman again.

I walk into the sitting from my room, whistling. I can hear voices from daddy's bedroom. Gay laughing voices. Of father and Eki. A tickling sensation runs down my spine, and I begin to shake visibly. Every moment of the day I see Eki my heart thumps faster with confusion.

I really do not know what to do. Move out of the house as Mudia suggested? That is a good way out. But where do I go? I work in one of father's companies. And if I move out of his house, that also means leaving his employ. Where will I find another job in these hard times? Perhaps you can now see why I still have not been able to free myself from this living nightmare — from hell, as my friend, Mudia, calls it.

I continue to whistle, pretending to be happy: yes, I will try not to give Eki the impression that I am devastated — that I am now the

worse for it. We do not talk to each other. Just pretend we have not met before. I am a little surprised that she does not seem to have a bit of shame on her face. It's strange. The very thought of it sickens me. How am I to put it without provoking an adverse judgement of my sense of decency? How is it to be explained that a girl with whom I have slept time and again in my bedroom, a girl I had introduced to my father, is now his wife?

I am not sure I know how it happened. But I remember noticing that Eki had suddenly become as slippery as an eel. She was avoiding me — I didn't quite know this. Well, after calling at her place time and again for two weeks without meeting her, I withdrew into my shell, hoping to visit her at school — Eki is in her final year at the University where she reads Computer Science. But before long I was to find out

what had become of her. I had visited Filimone Night Klub just to sink my silent misery into a bottle or two of beer. The interior of Filimone was glistening under purple bulbs, clear enough to recognise faces - at close range though. Heading straight to the corner on my left which was less populated, I took a seat directly opposite a couple who were whispering mouth to mouth. Eki! I could recognise her even in the dark. That was she so close to another man! This took me not only by surprise, but overwhelmed me in pain. I had almost unwittingly dashed to where she was sitting with her man, and said, "Eki ... Eki has it come to this? Eh? Is this why you've been dodging me.?" Then something in me snapped, and I cringed when I recognised the man was my father.

My own father? How - how could he have thought of doing this to me? How did it happen? What happened? I stood petrified gazing at him with tearful eyes. For a few moments or so, my father looked dazed. Then he brazened it out and yapped, "Hei! Osagie, what do you mean staring like that at me? And by the way what business have you here? A night club at that!"

I had stood still looking at him. It was not as if I meant to defy his orders, but I was too shaken to move. And he had shouted again, "Osagie! now you get out of my sight!" jumping to his feet, ready to attack me - for the sake of my girl friend whom he had snatched from me.

Fight with my dad because of a woman? No, that was the last thing I wanted to do. I was not used to bandying words with him.

I walked outside, melting, as it were with bitterness. It was incredible, and it appeared as if I was dreaming. Then I tried to think. No, I couldn't be dreaming for I was not asleep. I was standing in the frontage of Filimone. Shaking with irrepressible grief, I pulled myself together and returned home. All night I wept like a woman in labour, not because Eki had proved her infidelity. But that it should be through my father shocked me no end.

I suppose I had slept off just before dawn. Just like wood, I lay in bed, until a series of knocks on my door woke me up at mid-day. It was mother. She had not seen me at breakfast table.

"Osagie, what's the problem? You're looking awful." Dried beads of tears all over my face.

I had put on a dull smile. Much as I tried to disguise my feelings, tears betrayed me again. I could not speak because that would only excite more pain. Smiling like a martyr, I let tears pour down. She had not seen me weep so hard before. Such a silent, portentous rage.

"Mother, please go now. I will tell you later..."

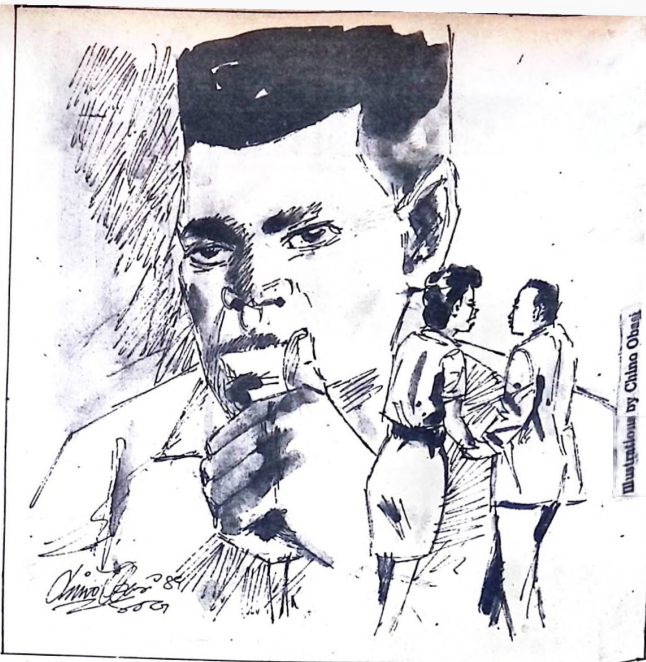


Illustration by Chino Obasi

Then something in me snapped, and I cringed when I recognised the man was my father. My own father? How - how could he have thought of doing this to me?

She had withdrawn with tears in her eyes. And it made me more bitter to think I was putting her through unnecessary stress. Then I resolved to hold my heart. An hour later I met mother, looking bright and cheerful. But she was suspicious all the same.

"My son, tell me what was it that made you weep so?"

"Oh mum... nothing. I think I had a nightmare. So real it seemed that I wept. Believe me!" I had laughed a loud ringing laugh. Mother was not quite convinced for I continued to behave in a strange sort of way.

Then father married Eki and brought her home to the family. Then only did she understand what had provoked my anguish...

"Why didn't you tell me, Osagie?"

This is an abomination. It's like killing your son to marry his wife. But why? The poor woman had wept. I didn't weep anymore. I just

consoled mother and said to her, "Mama, promise me, you'd not make a scene with father. For my sake, don't. I want to put this experience behind me as quickly as possible. But if you quarrel with him, I might never be able to live it down..."

"Okay, Osagie. I've heard you..."

Now it seems to me that knowing Eki is the worst mistake of my life. These days father hardly deigns mother a look. When he is not attending a board meeting, you can be sure to find him nestling with Eki in the bedroom or driving around town with her.

Who says women haven't got brains enough to know and go for what is good for them?

Today Eki drives a flashy sports car to the campus. Isn't that great? You'd agree she has made it... women, they are capable of putting down a rebellion in a lion's den...

I walk to the backyard, stopping at the pool for a while to listen to

the rustling of the fountains. But indeed I am weeping inside me - I have not known a moment's happiness these past six months. What would you have me do? Please tell me, should I continue to live under

the same roof with Eki bustling all over the place as if she has found paradise - as if all that happened between us took place in the dream world? If you think I should leave where do I go? How do I fend for myself? I do not know. Your answers may well see me out of the wood.

NEXT WEEK

We bring you the first part of a serial story titled: **MAREETA, WHY WORRY WHEN THERE IS A SHIELD IN MY BOSOM?** Don't miss it, for you will be thrilled more than ever before.

SUCCESS UNLIMITED

PAUSE & THINK

If you want more happiness, help others more. Let your whole life be geared to the service of humanity. Look upon your daily work in that way. It will transform everything.

— Robert J. Lumsden

Increased happiness for you

By Robert J. Lumsden

Do you want to be happy? Of course, you do. And rest assured happiness is within your reach. Here's how you will achieve it.

SERVE OTHER PEOPLE

It is one of life's strange paradoxes that we find happiness for ourselves while trying to give it to others. Remember when you did someone a good turn, how smug and 'tummy' you felt inside? You were, in fact, happy. Deeply, truly happy.

The moral is obvious. If you want more happiness, help others more. Let your whole life be geared to the service of humanity. Look upon your daily work in that way. It will transform everything.

All around you people are needing help. What can you do in your spare time to relieve suffering or loneliness or poverty? How about joining some organization which exists to help others? What

about social service groups, the Samaritans, the Ambulance Associations?

Or privately, are there not a few lonely old folk you could visit, or an orphan you could befriend, or some sick people to whom you could write? In losing your life in this way, you will surely find it.

HAVE A HOBBY

Be sure to have a hobby. Preferably it will be a creative one. You will find it thrilling to see something taking shape under your hands, whether it is a vase, a cabinet, a wooden carcase or a poem.

Money-making should not be the main object of your hobby, though if it does more than pay for itself, well and good. If your hobby makes a contribution to the well-being of others, better still. It will then make the maximum

quote towards your happiness.

LEARN TO LIKE YOUR JOB

You probably spend at least half your waking hours earning your bread and butter. To be happy, therefore, your daily work must contribute towards that state. You must get satisfactorily adapted to your job.

First, take an interest in it. Do it to the best of your ability. Find out all you can about it. See whether you can introduce any new ideas or improvements. Discover the origins of your firm and trace its history.

Secondly, bear in mind the final results of your job. May be they are glamorous, useful products. Visualize people owning them and being proud of them. If you are a miner, remember the comfort and domestic happiness your work makes possible. If you work make-up on the land, it is a fact that people are depending on you

for their food. Think of the canteens, restaurants and homes where people are eating food you helped to grow.

Thirdly, determine to excel in your work, however humble or difficult it might be. Excellence cannot long go unnoticed, and promotion will bring its own rewards, not only materially, but in a sense of satisfaction and achievement.

If the cultivation of these attitudes fails to make you like your job, think seriously about changing it.

GET RIGHTLY ADJUSTED TO SEX

Every normal adult has a sex instinct which is one of the strongest of natural urges. Using it, you come to terms with it, it may mar the happiness you win from other sources. Be rightly adjusted to it, and it will make a major contribution to your happiness.

You live in a bisexual world. As a result it is stimulating, beautiful, colourful and interesting. Recognize these facts and be grateful for your sexuality, rather than despising yourself because of it or restricting its existence.

Be sure you are, enlight-

ened on the subject. Part of reliable books are available. Know all the facts. Knowledge kills marital jealousy. Cold facts, marble statues, staid, destroy fears, and dispel captious and superstitious.

Lastly, seize opportunities of mixing with the opposite sex. If you are mature, consider marriage. Don't let an idea of insecurity lead you to postpone marriage indefinitely, nor your responsibility to your parents, nor the fact that you have not set your ideal partner. Paranoia does not exist. Everyone has his yourself inside.

It is a fallacy that there exists one person only with whom you could be happy. Given common sense and self-knowledge, there are the sands with any one of whom you could be happy. If you are, then, to take a leap and launch out into marriage.

Never consider yourself old for marriage. Keep your self clean, intelligent and as attractive as possible. A charming partner would be just around the corner. Dr. Samuel Johnson was not really happy with his wife though she must have well over forty when they married.

Taken from '3 Steps To Success and Achievement.'

WINNERS NEVER QUIT; QUITTERS NEVER WIN

HOTLINE attack on Ray Ekpu and Newswatch was to settle an old score

Malam Abdullahi Waziri Tambuwai, second founding Editor of the radical *Hotline* magazine, is one person who openly declares that he almost succeeded in joining the Nigerian Security Organisation (NSO), now State Security Service (SSS).

He wanted to join because his bosom friend and Publisher, Sani Kontogora, had wanted to link him up with Lieutenant-Colonel Dasuki (the Sultan of Sokoto's son) who was then President Ibrahim Babangida's aide-de-camp. But when Kontogora went publishing, Tambuwai started his romance with *Hotline*.

On the Ray Ekpu attack by *Hotline* magazine, he states: "I wasn't really a *Hotline* magazine during the attack on Ekpu and *Newswatch* but I think the conflict was more or less a personal one. "*Newswatch* magazine has not really been sympathetic with *Hotline* magazine. The whole thing started when Dala Giwa was killed. We had opined in *Hotline*, that *Newswatch* staff were not doing enough to unravel the mystery surrounding the assassination of Giwa. It was our humble belief that the magazine had a fine crop of investigative journalists who would have tracked down the murderers.



Malam Abdullahi Waziri Tambuwai, Founding Editor of *Hotline* Magazine.

"We were thoroughly against the school of thought that the government was involved in the killing. We questioned the miraculous escape of their London Bureau Chief, Mr. Kayode Soyinka.

"*Newswatch* did not take this kindly, so they descended on us with every weapon available."

On Ekpu's alleged plagiarism, the ex Editor said: "I think it was rather unfortunate. Cases of people borrowing people's

We felt *Newswatch* staff were not doing enough to unravel the mystery surrounding the assassination of Giwa.

We questioned the miraculous escape of their London Bureau Chief, Kayode Soyinka.

Awo made Western Nigeria. While other sections were fighting to keep the country together, he was busy filling the Federal Service with his people.

works and ideas are a universal problem. It was in real bad taste because Ray was absorbed to make a name for himself. It is not nice to smear people who have given everything to remain above murky waters."

Waziri strongly believes that *Hotline* came to prove the Yoruba proverb: "The Yoruba press made Nigerians believe that people from the North were uninformal, they called them people who locked up their wives and appeared to be holy outside."

"*Hotline*," he insisted, "was a real opinion."

But two things, he said about that dream. "The first was the death of Chief Obafemi Awolowo. We fought nothing to fight when Awolowo died. Awo made Western Nigeria. He got them economic and governmental goals have today when he was the Federal Minister. While other sections of the were busy fighting to keep the country together during the Civil War, he was filling the Federal Service with his people.

"Awo's political thought, and, I believe, would have died with him if we couldn't possibly see anybody else where he stopped."

The Kaduna riots, Waziri explains also killed the dream of *Hotline*.

"Brothers, sisters, neighbours, use it themselves as enemies. This people affected the political coherence of people. We felt the enthusiasm to continue to propagate our Northern unity was waning."

By Uwem Ada

It's easy finding reasons why folks should be patient.

An optimist is one who wears the smile in the evening as well as in the morning.

CLIMAX

A TANGO FOR LOVE

The Comrades (7)

AUTHOR:
C.N. OKPOR
ARTIST:
C. OBASI



IT APPEARS RICHY IS GOING BACK ON HIS WORDS BUT THAT IS AGAINST THE TENETS OF THE COMRADESHIP. SO WHAT HAPPENS?

1 wonder why Richy, has not shown up for days...

Why?

Men, you talk as if you don't know why.

Why? he's got the girl, saw them strutting last night yesterday.

Nonsense! If he tries that stuff again, you'll have to teach him some lesson.

Yes, what are we comrades for then?

I tell you that I say is meant!

Well, let's not judge him yet. Let's keep our fingers crossed...

If you say...

Yes, let's watch!

Look! There he comes with the babe...

Oh come on, don't get excited yet. May be he is bringing her to us.

You think so? Hmmm...

THEY WALK PAST...

I told you that boy is mean and selfish...

Not to worry, we will cook his goose this time if he tries to be nasty...

Blow into the air and the stink that he is...

Oh dear me! If I didn't know Richy will keep her all to himself!

But that girl no dey bad o!

I can understand why he is being selfish.

Nonsense! I don't see why he should...

Yes, he's always been like that.

The devil what he tell!

Don't worry boys, I am going to put fire to his area for once, and I but not regret the day he was born.

Look, when Kate came the other times did I keep her to myself? You all screwed her, didn't you?

We did, of course. Anyway, I think we should talk to him first.

If you think...

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW

There they come looking very happy

Men, you go out and tell him the comrades will like to have a word with him.

Sure, I will.

FACE TO FACE WITH THEM

Richy - what one, now?

Buddy, we haven't seen you for ages - what's up?

Nothing. See you later, Julie, let's go.

RICHY AND JULIE WALK AWAY

Richy wait a moment. The comrades are waiting to have a word with you.

Oh I see.

Tell them that they must wait

BACK IN THE HIDEOUT

So you see, he has grown too big for his shoes.

There we shall jump him a dance of his life.

Hell beat him, or something? That won't work.

Lets take that man - he... trust me to hang a mad dog.

Any more traps for burning?

Julie one...

Look it... puff and ooz it round.

Have an idea. Let's corner and have a word with him first.

Don't think, he's a vicio one they all.

THEY SMOKE...

Any way, boys, no cause for alarm...

Just fool hi - ree...

Yes, burst and loose, for that's life!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

The Winning Combination



D-day draws nearer.

You're training even harder ... constantly improving your skills ... working your body up into top gear. Active bodies like yours need all the bounce and all the vigour that will take you right through, up to the winning moment. Milo can put that extra bounce into you. Because Milo contains full cream milk, nutritious cocoa, quality sugar, malt, vitamins and all the goodness that replenishes sporting bodies and keeps them fit and strong. Lots of hard training improves your skills ... lots of delicious Milo gives you extra bounce - that's the winning combination that makes great future champions like you.



RM14.00 per 450 gm tin



The food drink of future champions

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

Please link me with Udodirim Ify Oghona and Patience Agocha. I have their last addresses but I want them to supply me with the new ones. — **Akujobi Nsah, Care Ahmed Wahu, Bag 3364, Eano.**

Please help me locate the whereabouts of Nguzi Lovett Obaze whom I lost contact with when we left Agbor Technical College in 1984. She should get in touch with me on phone number 01/803870 — 7 on extension 162. — **Peter Nwukolo, Box 6781, Surulere, Lagos.**

Josephine Adolor, where are you now? Since we lost contact in 1984, I have been looking for ways to get in touch with you. Please write. — **Sarah Ajala, 11 Adeanya Street, Agbado, Lagos.**

Could Mr. Joseph Salubi whose whereabouts I have been seeking for from his village, contact me? He should please do so immediately. — **Victoria Uge (Ms.) 89 Owina Street, Usebu Quarters, Benin City.**

Deunis Audu Jack Ajibola, who played with his parents in Jos, Plateau State, during our school days at Mount Saint Gabriel's Sec. School, Makurdi, Benue State during the days of Rev. Fr. Angus Fraser should get in touch with me. Anybody who knows his whereabouts should write me. — **Felix Ifeanyi Durumbah, Climax Magazine, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.**



YOUR WORD

Please, I am writing not to effect contact this time, but to thank you for making it possible for me to be united with my friend with whom I lost contact in 1983, six years now.

You see, you don't need to see his almost eight-page letter before you could make out how he felt. He wrote from Kaduna State and I have to remark that this shows evidence of *Climax* wide circulation. I must also confess that it is a darling magazine by reason of its quality and design. In fact, first time I saw it I thought it was a foreign magazine.

Please accept my regards and may God once again bless you for making the connection possible.

Emma Chidi Ofoegbu, Leventis Stores, Malu Road, Box 3476, Marina, Lagos.

Don't be shocked, but I had never read your publication until September 20, 1989, when you had this thing about Hauwa Baba-Ahmed. 'How Hauwa Baba-Ahmed married my husband,' I think was the headline. It's not only your magazine that I don't read but many

others too because of the sex-act plots you find in them all!

I love the edition I read and henceforth will endeavour to keep buying *Climax*. But please write less of sex and more of people's achievements here and overseas. I love the bit on Past Emema, the best-dressed men etc.

I love reading true stories like write-ups on Obas and their families, Emirs and their harems, filmstars and their love lives, princes and princesses (real ones, not fakes), both local and international. Can you keep including that in your magazine, like the story of the two Hau was at the NTA?

Let I forget, one of your reporters said Elizabeth Taylor married Burt Reynolds. Wrong! Burt is alive and kicking in Los Angeles, USA. Liz Taylor did, of course, marry Richard Burton twice, not thrice, and he it was that is dead, not Burt Reynolds.

Thanks, and please let Hauwa Ibrahim Funtua read this letter.

Ms. D.Y. Ade, G.P.O. Box 2443, Lagos.

If you like to link up with someone with whom you've lost contact? Write to: **CLIMAX, P.O. Box 21304, Lagos, Lagos**

Shehu Kangiwa was my first boyfriend

Continued from page 9

compliments from children everywhere she goes. "I don't know why the kids do it," she says. "Children of different age continue to pay me compliments. Usually, I reciprocate such gestures. The other great compliment I get is from women. And the compliments from them means so much to me."

Rose joined Lagos Sheraton Hotel



July 2, 1985 as one of the pioneer staff. She recalls three memorable events. "The first one was when the hotel was opened. We all worked like a happy family and not just a team.

"Secondly, a lot of people didn't give us any chance. So, when we turned one, I felt dejected. Most of the comments then was that Sheraton Hotel would close down after six months. We're heading for our fifth anniversary now and the hotel is still coming on strong. The third event was when the Lagos Sheraton won the Harold Green award for 'Unique Team Achievement' worldwide. That was the first time any hotel from the Sheraton Group would win the ITT Corporation's (the parent company of Sheraton Group) highest award. Eight of us went to New York to receive the award.

"The job has its ups and downs but it is a good place to work in and I hope those who will take after us will keep the flag flying."

Rose, sister to Dr. Benji Oni-Okiyaku, owner of Bowen Hospital in Benin City, reads a lot of spiritual books during her leisure hours. She belongs to Psychic Circle (a church) and claims to have reincarnated three times. "I'm sure I'm coming as a woman for the first time," she concludes.

To Err is Technological!...Computers are becoming more human, one way or the another they say the newest models blame mistakes upon each other!

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

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The Director of Admission
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ARIES
March 21-April 20

You have negative emphasis from the moon now in Capricorn as it will be difficult to gloss your superior this week. Domestic problems can also cause some irritations.



TAURUS
April 21-May 20

An excellent period for dealing with superiors. If there are favours that want granting by people in authority, then you should have no hesitation making your requests.



GEMINI
May 21-June 20

Excellent week for those of you who are seeking publicity, especially if you are involved in show business, anyway. Romantic involvement is strongly possible.



CANCER
June 21-July 20

Trips should be postponed. This is not the right time for setting out on long trips. Do not visit other towns and cities, if you do not find it necessary. Accident is likely.



LEO
July 21-August 21

Get your priorities right. You are likely to meet someone who attracts you while you are in business. A profitable arrangement can be made.

YOUR STAR THIS WEEK



By Eric Dele Ikharia

THE THIRD EYE

YOU are on the threshold of a complete transformation of your life to good. You are about to begin a journey that will take you to the apex of your career. Burn your candles and you will soon discover the secrets that made great names out of ordinary men. The law of nature states that the more of anything you give, the more you shall receive abundantly.



VIRGO
August 22-Sept. 22

Care must be taken to avoid involvement in trouble. It will be easier to get the support of loved ones for changes that you wish to make around your home.



SCORPIO
Oct. 23-Nov 22

Concentrate on essentials. There is least temptation on your pocket this week. You should be able to save ways of increasing your funds quite safely.



LIBRA
Sept. 23-October 22

Be very careful about committing yourself to paper this week. People may be urging you to sign contracts or similar legal documents in a hurry.



SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 20

Travel will be very successful. Business matters will be favourable. You will find everybody co-operative. Social events will also be enjoyable. Expect pleasant surprise from a loved one.



CAPRICORN
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

A cautious approach is again advised financial affairs. If you have travel or visiting plans, they may have to be cancelled or changed possibly due to illness.



AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb 18

This will be your chance to be late to own property, possessions or items which may come to light. But trouble be a thorn in the flesh. Be calm.



PISCES
Feb. 19-March 20

Make good use of your own prospects. This will be time you will be favoured with matters that will give due consideration.

STAR LETTER

Dear Eric,
I'm Aquarius and I wonder whether don't work out for me sometimes is wrong? Mia Latour Solo Astrologist
Dear Eric,
There are unexpected reactions always due to your carelessness and you're rather proving difficult to deal with. All you need to do is form a firm principle and pray hard. You will always turn a corner. Aquarius is all about water, watering the earth. Aquarius are not afraid to be alone. Aquarius are just a passing phase in your lives, things will soon come back to you after problem, the people mentioned is the real person.
Yours Astrologist

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Continued from page 16

the surprise that would be generated would get me out of that place before they knew what was happening. But something held me back. Whatever it was I could not end, even now, cannot give it a name. Perhaps it was the fear that one of them could have a second gun. I handed over the car key. Kingsley, as I later found out, his name was, handed the key to one of the three others hanging around me. He went into the car and started it. Trust Leti's car to start first time. "Start running for your life," Kingsley pointed towards the road. I made to go into the hospital. "Come here, I say starting running," still pointing towards the road. I turned and walked towards the road. I expected to hear a gun shot. I expected

to feel the thud of a bullet entering into me. None of those happened. Instead, it was the sound of screeching tyres on gravel that pierced the evening air. In seconds, they were all in the car. I barely managed to get out of the way in time and the car zoomed over the uneven terrace linking the hospital with the ring road. In a flash the car was gone. I turned back quickly and walked into the hospital. All the time, a few people in the clinic had noticed some activity outside through the glass walls. But none of them realised what was happening. One of them told me later that she assumed I was having a chat with some friends. Meanwhile, I walked into the big waiting lounge. My picnic had given way to helplessness, regret and confusion. I walked towards my friend deep in conversation

with someone who looked like a patient. "Sege, ah ah, what a lovely surprise."
"You won't believe it, but I have just been robbed. Armed robbers have just snatched the car I came in."
"Robbers! robbers!" he shouted.
Even now, I cannot describe what happened. All hell broke loose! Everybody ran! My friend, the nurses, the patients and even the doctor fled to the consulting room. Bodies were just running in all directions as I stood alone right in the middle of the waiting room, shocked beyond comprehension at the attendant chaos and pandemonium that erupted after the things had left.
I walked out of the hospital and beheld a sight that I would never forget in my life - the sight of nurses, patients, doctors and even officers running from the hospital. I looked around me. Nobody! I sat down and waited for sanity to return!

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THEY SAID IT!

We have cause to jubilate, although we did not win the league, but what we went through is more than what the league winners passed through.

Chief D.O. Idama, Chairman, Julius Berger Football Club.



ISN'T SHE GOOD LOOKING? Beatrice Udonu is one of Nigeria's athletes with a large heart.

CLIMAX

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SPORTS SOUVENIR

BASKETBALL

Slam dunk contest is it!

NIGERIA Amateur Basketball Association, NABA, is planning big next year for the improvement of the game. To attract more fans, NABA will introduce a slam dunk contest for basketball players in the country.

NABA Technical Committee Chairman, Mr. Godwin Anani, revealed this plan exclusively to *Climax Sports Souvenir* in his office.

"We are embarking on a slam dunk contest next year because this is what developed countries like U.S.A., Spain, Yugoslavia are doing.

"Our plan is for basketball to grow just as football in this country although only the people 'upstairs' can finalise everything."

When asked what is the secret plan for the slam dunk, he said: "we have sponsors already but I don't want to mention their name. Come rain or shine, we are surely going to do it. However, I'm not sure whether professional basketball will also kick off next year."

By Sunday Orelesi

Following several complaints of inadequate attention received by Plateau State contingent to the 8th National Sports Festival held in Lagos, the State's Director of Sports, Mr. M.T. Anmadu, has been suspended with immediate effect.

Also suspended is the council's Chief Accountant, Aihaji A.U. Musa, and the suspension of both officers has been approved by the State's Military Governor, Lt. Colonel Aliyu Umar Kams.

In a release signed by Social Development, Youth and Sports Commissioner, Dr. (Mrs.) Lami Hamza, the governor has also set up a board of inquiry to look into the operations of the council under the chairmanship of Major Lucky Torrey.

With the latest development at the Sports Council, Captain Paul Nwachata has been appointed as interim Director to take over from the Director of Sports pending the outcome of the investigation.

Climax Sport Souvenir investigation reveals that the board of inquiry will critically look into the accounts of the council especially how the sum of N172,000.00 meant for the camping of athletes was spent.

During the last National Sports Festival, the state placed 8th with 32 medals — 10 gold, 11 silver and 11 bronze.

— By Lucky Imadu.

Plateau State
Director of Sports
suspended

SPORTS BUG

Tony Emodofu on the war path!

AT the venue of the Vitamalt U-17 basketball championships held in Lagos, Tony Emodofu, Julius Berger's winger, was one of the spectators in attendance but he had a different mission. A story in one of the daily papers was giving him the creeps. "Look, I'm not here to watch this game," Tony began. "I'm looking for one reporter called Jude who wrote rubbish about me.

"He wrote that he saw me at De Roof nightclub in Ikeja smoking. Can you imagine the thrash? I've never tasted cigarette all my life. When I get him, I'm going to punch the daylight out of him," Tony boasted. "I'm not going to let this matter lying low. That is why I'm putting on a jeans jacket and trousers... I'm ready to do battle even now!"

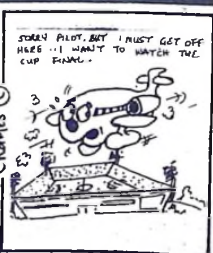
Challenge-cup money palava!

During a party hosted for Stationery Stores Football Club of Lagos for winning the Lagos State Challenge Cup, the management of the club donated N5,000.

Instead of the players thanking the management, they began grumbling over the cash award. In fact, they demanded that the money be shared immediately. The boys had their way and they ended up getting N250 each.

CX SS LAUGHLINES

By Charles Ojo



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