

modern

# woman

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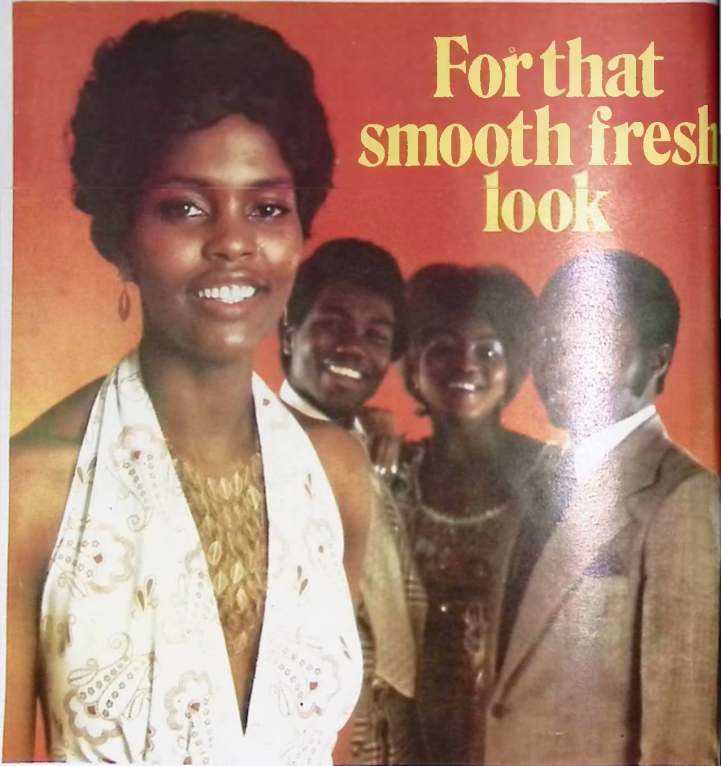
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**FASHION  
FROM  
GREECE**

**Women As  
Seen By  
Men**



For that  
smooth fresh  
look



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

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

Joy has a delicate perfume which stays on your skin longer.

**JOY - your own special beauty treatment**



**MEET OUR CHIC COVER-GIRL:**

She is Rachel by name and a dress designer by profession. Rachel enjoys going places and by that look of "AHAT NEXT?". You can be sure she is not behind in the modelling world either.

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Editor:  
Adunni Oledipo

Advert Manager:  
Pat Ayonmagbemi

Snr. Graphic Artist:  
Bajo Dgunbamowo

Printers & Publishers  
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## VARSITY GIRLS

I am writing to congratulate you on your well explosive articles in your April, 1974 issue. I must not fail to comment on the article on Page 21, Captioned - Marriage "What hopes have the Varsity girls?" This article brings to light what is happening in our institutions of higher learning. While the single acada girls have no plans for marriage, the already married ones seek divorce. They have created for themselves a self-styled way of digging the thing. When you question them, they say "Do it your own way" or misquote the saying that "Life begins at 70" so they feel that they were married too young.

While I congratulate you for your educative articles. I will be falling short as a regular reader of your magazine if I do not complain about your failure to get this magazine to us on time. Before I could get this latest issue, I had to travel all the way from Kano to Kaduna to buy my copy. I wonder whether the blame is yours or your agents (whoever is responsible, it is your duty in the office to regulate this abnormality) I would not mind if you can get my copies direct to me.

**Kano. Abel Fadason.**

*We are trying to make up for our lateness but if you will fill the subscription form on page 1 and send it with the right amount in postal order, your copies will be posted to you regularly.*

## GIVE THEM LOVE

I wonder if many mothers have the same problem as I have with my six-year-old girl who is always moody for no cause at all. I tried all harshness possible to make her grow out of it but it was no use. She only grew worse until recently when a friend advised me to use the more personal touch.

# LETTERS

## TO modern woman

Then I resulted to petting and coaxing in the last few months. You will be surprised at my success in such a small space of time compared with the many years I have been all out to force the devil out of my little girl. She is now always as happy as any other member of our happy family.

I wish every other mother will learn from my mistakes and give the children more love.

**Idi-Araba. Oyin,**

## NO MINI WIFE

How funny men can be! Each time I made a new mini dress, my husband always complained it is not the ideal thing for a married woman. As a result he put me off my mini dresses.

Recently though, while we were going out together, we met an old friend and his wife who is fairly older than me. After we left them, my husband subconsciously commended the smart appearance of the woman and how the dress seemed to have taken years off her age. We laughed and left it at that.

The following morning, I got into my most smashing mini-dress and as my husband began his usual comment when it comes to me, I quickly snapped at him and demanded to know his reason for not wanting me to use what he always admires on other women. He only stared and was quiet.

**Sapele. Paulina,**

## FIVE KORO LOVE

Could anybody tell me what in the name of decency and good morals will

push a man into assuming that because he has paid the bus fare of a lady, that lady becomes his.

The other day a man who sat next to me in the bus offered to pay my fare for which I expressed my gratitude. To my greatest shock and surprise, the man came off the bus at the same stop as I did and he seemed to be following me. Almost immediately he began a marathon speech telling me who he was and what he wanted with me. The fact I told him I was married did not even make him relent his wishes and he kept walking up with me.

When we got near my house, I became so embarrassed that I had no alternative but to fling a 5k at him and strongly warned that if he went any further with me, I would create a scene. He went back almost immediately and I could not stop thinking how mean some of our men could be since then.

**Keffi. Bola,**

## EGG FOR LIFE

I wish you give me a space in your paper to add one more recipe to the ones you gave us in the May issue of Modern Woman. I must confess that I did it out of necessity but my family enjoyed it.

Prepare your stew normally as if you are going to add meat or fish (Not much pepper). Beat two or three eggs with a pinch of salt and mix thoroughly into the stew. As soon as it is done, it comes off as rich egusi soup and can be used for any type of food ranging from bread to pounded yam.

**Aguda. Fola,**

## MARRIAGE RECIPES

As a regular reader of Modern Woman, I wish to say that I have always specially enjoyed the April issue of every year. While I do agree that this year's April issue was packed with exciting articles, I cannot help being particularly fascinated by the 'Recipe for Successful Marriage' written by 'Sesan Ogunniyi'. I wish every housewife will read and practice what the article suggests to lead a real successful and lasting married life.

**Ibadan.**

## SMUGGLING QUEENS

I wish to say that Imohi Craig's down-to-earth article on the Smuggling Queens will go a long way to convince our women that they are taking a wrong course in the rat-race for wealth and affluence.

If our women will be content themselves with what they can achieve with their clean sweat, no one is going to grudge them. As long as they look short-damaging routes to wealth, the masses of people with conscience will continue to cry out in appeal to their dead conscience.

**Oshogbo. Patri**

## HOUSE KEEPING

The recent inclusion of Home Economics in your magazine is a welcome gesture to many women especially those of us with plenty of time on our hands.

I must say that I got so useful hints on the particular stuff on 'Kitchen Gadgets' as it gave me new ideas on what to cook and how to keep the equipment.

I wish you continue to delve into new areas where you also give us hints on ways of improving on existing gadgets in house keeping.

**Ibadan. Ab**

modern  
woman

FORUM

# Women As Seen By Other Men

Conducted by Betty

"Oh! that woman is an angel," remarked a man at a gathering.

"What? You mean Mrs. A. You must be kidding. She is the most troublesome woman I have ever known," another one put in.

These are comments from men who have been privileged to watch a particular woman at different stages of her fluctuating mood. Yes, most men submit that women's moods are over so unpredictable, so it is rather difficult to assess a woman after one or two meetings.

Most of them also believe that women react to situations according to their moods at any given time. The existing relationship between a woman and the man she is dealing with goes a long way in determining her behaviour to such a man.

Because certain classes of men see women from clear or perspective than others, we decided to talk to some of such men (excluding their husbands) who meet them in everyday life — These of course include doctors, driving instructors, hairdressers and bank executives.

What are their observations of women in general?

Mr. Joseph Bassey is the Chairman of Lagos Road Safety Committee and Chief Instructor at the Diploma Motoring Services with branches in Lagos, Surulere and Yaba.

He submits the following observations.

"Women prefer to be regarded as sensible elements and be treated with differential respect. This I think is responsible for the difference between the way a woman reacts when she is learning to drive in a driving school and when she is being taught to drive by her husband or another person with whom she is familiar.

"In fact, there is a saying that a man who undertakes to teach his wife driving is taking his first step to divorce. I will say emphatically that the familiarity that exists between a man and his wife makes a world of difference between what can be achieved by him and what an outsider can achieve with equal effort.

"Because a woman thinks she has equal claim to the family car as her husband, she does not take kindly to the man shouting orders at her and using harsh words when she makes mistakes.

"Why are you so dwarf? Can't you press the clutch gently considering how much I spent on it last week?"

"You must be more intelligent than that."

"What the hell do you think you are doing? Pressing the turtle instead of the brake?"

"Look, I'm not going to watch you ruin that car. So, you just get up and I'll drive you back home. You can enrol in a driving school if you want to continue the exercise."

"Comments like this abound and in most cases, the couples end up in a big row. Infact, a nursing sister once asked at the end of her first lesson with me; 'Mr. Bassey, is the one hour up? I almost can't believe it. The last time I went for practice with my husband, we had such a big quarrel we went to bed without dinner and we were not in talking terms for many days after, there were no kisses either."

"It is true we employ professional tactics and try to be gentle with them. Consequently, they readily obey us even after we have had occasions to be harsh on them.

"With about 75% of my students being women, I can rightly compare them with their male counterparts who enrol for driving lessons. From experience, I submit that women are easier to train. They take instructions respectfully and without argument. Men on their part will want to know the 'why' of everything. Like one who could not see the need for 24 hours practice before booking a test because his friend had just only two hours lesson and passed his test. 'Men are very impatient and more accident prone than women.

"This also brings me to a point that women are more law-abiding than men. Because they do not fancy police threat or showdown, they go in for proper training from recognised driving schools, even though most of them learn to drive for their convenience.

"Very few women own personal cars but a lot of their husbands who own cars deny them the use on the excuse that they are tired or have their own lives to live. Some of the women think that if they can drive, their sufferings will be much reduced. Especially with those who reside in areas like Ikoyi which are far removed from the town and with few buses plying the routes, shopping without a car could be horrible.

"Even where there is only one car, such women on their shopping days could take their husbands and children to work/school, stop over to do their shopping and go back to collect members of their family.

"To others, it affords them the use of the car when their husbands go on tour. Taking a driver does not solve the problem, because drivers could be damn stubborn when the master is not around.

"Again I will say that women are more cautious drivers because most of them are free from excessive drinking. In fact they don't usually drink if they are to

(Continued on page 4)



effect on her as it does on her friend so she puts the whole blame on you. If on the other hand you told her the style might not come out well on her, she may demand to know why you have to practise or impose a particular style on her when actually she is paying for the service - Can you see how fastidious they can be?

"With experience, I can determine when to accept their choice or politely suggest another style in place of one which has been seen on another woman or one torn out of the pages of a foreign magazine. Now, hair plaiting is in vogue and you often hear ladies with scanty hair asking for their hair to be woven just like the one with plenty of hair.

"Age also plays a prominent part in the way women behave in the salon. The younger ones are more particular about their looks. They come in for styling more often and can afford to stay longer in the salon than the married ones.

"The spinsters could be quite choosy though, especially because they go out to parties more often. A married woman who goes out occasionally, she could not be bothered much, except of course for the working ones who have to be more inclined in their looks than the complete housewives.

"I quite agree that women gossip but I must admit I cannot grasp much of what they gossip about while I'm busy with the styling. I want to concentrate on the styling so I can at least give them the satisfaction of having done a good job with their hair.

"Once in a while though, you find a few of the familiar ones seeking advice. Like one who is separated from her nice gentleman-husband and cannot make up her mind whether or not to go back to him. What would she expect me to say rather than that she knows her man better than I do and that the decision is absolutely hers to make? Surprisingly enough, she was very pleased with the answer.

"In most cases, the spinsters talk about films, fashion and parties. Believe me, a girl does not normally discuss her boyfriend with other men. She'll rather

do so with her girlfriends.

"With our type of job, we just must establish good reputation with women because, if one client is pleased, twenty others will come along.

If one says:

"Oh, Uncle Sam is a gem. He is patient, skillful and efficient."

"Others take her words as gospel truth and they just keep coming. But if you fail one, God bless you if all others do not retrace their steps. A man thus needs to be patient and careful to be able to cope with them. "Talking about the women in my staff, I will say without reservation that they are not as efficient and serious as men. As far as they are concerned they might as well be in the house. Most of them have chosen to work so they might get themselves a few luxuries. This explains why they can afford to go shopping for two hours instead of one-hour break. A man knows where the show pinches and cannot afford to be inefficient.

"Generally, I would say that women are quite interesting and without them, life will be rather dull.

#### THE DOCTOR

"Women are rather fragile or so they prefer to be regarded. They know their way with men and surely cannot be beaten to it, no matter how clever the man may seem. Also, women react according to given situations. A woman who is married to a rich man behaves rather spoilt, whereas one who finds her lot with a less fortunate guy adapts quickly to the situation.

"In my experience, wives of rich men behave rather delicately and pretend to be breaking at the slightest attack of fever. The other day, a woman was rushed in by the whole family and it appeared she was on the verge of giving up the ghost. Her temperature was normal but she just kept panting and saying that her body was hot. We had to keep her in bed for a few days and you know what that means to the husband in terms of money.



(Continued on page 34)

# EVERY WOMAN IS THE OTHER WOMAN

SPECIAL FEATURE

— a correspondent

She is on every woman's lip. She is the woman about whom every other woman complains. She is the 'scarlet woman.'

But has every woman gone through honest self-examination to decide whether or not, her allegations about 'that woman' are called for, when she herself is neck deep in the same social stigma.

For the purpose of this article, I shall endeavour to portray every woman as she truly is and say with special apology to the negligible number in the 'Devout-Ideal-wives' group that every woman stands a chance of being the other woman.

Now, reason along with me and you can either agree with me or condemn me by the time you have finished with this article.

## Who Is She?

The other woman is that woman in any man's life besides the woman with whom he is sharing his life at any given moment. What I mean for instance, is that while a legally married man is having fun with another woman whether in another flat besides his matrimonial home or on a hired bed or even in a hotel toilet, the legally married wife thus becomes the other woman while the new love is on top as long as the exercise lasts. Mind you, the moment, he is released or the moment he gets back home, the wife then becomes number one while the mistress is considered the other woman — great African men!

**"The woman at home absorbs more shock. She is more effective and lasting tranquilizer than the mistress who is highly paid for random love making.**

The other woman ranks from the free spinster to the housewife and even to the daughter. A wife who plays the role of a loving wife and mother to her family may be sighted as the other woman in her husband's friend's life. Or what with a sister playing the role of the other woman to her brother-in-law or even the housemaid being promoted from being the other woman to No. 1 woman in her man's life. The most sensational of it all is the case of the other woman who turns out to be none else but the daughter. Or the case of a father who found himself locked up in the same fun room of a hotel with his daughter? If he wanted was fun with a 'free for hire' woman and he was so lucky (or unlucky should I say) as to have gone to a room which his daughter had rented for part-time business. On top of it all, a daughter who is pregnant with his father's child started by playing the role of the other woman in her parents' life — Great world of inexplicable mystery!

## What Is The Purpose of The other Woman?

This is where I consider the woman as the conqueror. Some men have been bold enough to take shelter with divorcees who had been forced out of their matrimonial homes because they were right at the threat of their husbands. Others have taken to never-do-well spinsters who after trying their hands at so many other gainful ventures without success decided to have it out on a man who missed his road and went towards them. Yet some other men who are supposed to be happily married, in an attempt to be socially acceptable have been trapped by treacherous women who will eventually ruin their otherwise happy marriages and cleverly leave such men penniless.

Call any man to defend himself on his new trend with the other woman — Among other things, he will tell you

**"The other woman could be a housewife, a spinster, housegirl and even a female child in the family."**

that she is more loving than the wife or that she provides a shoulder wide enough for his (the man) tears. The other day a man even said the other woman serves as the "tranquilizer and shock absorber." Yet some of them think the other woman helps to keep mental cases and hypertension down.

When did our men come to recognise the woman as psychiatrists? How does a woman who was known to be always on edge with her husband become a solace to another man. Or what is the wisdom in clinging to a girl who devotes all her life sucking men to their bones and derives pleasure in jumping from one man to the other? Does the woman at home who take all the trouble to care for her husband and children in sickness and in health, not deserve a gold medal? Who absorbs more shock, a woman who besides all other family problems is given N50.00 a month for a family of six or a girl who besides regular shopping allowance and a well furnished flat receives about N100.00 a month for random fun periods? Because she realises Mr. Foolish is not always easy to come by, she wants to do all in her power to glue such men to herself and by the time the wise part of him comes round, she has got the better part of him and he goes back to square one — the loving wife and mother at home, waiting to welcome a prodigal husband home.

**"The other woman could be a housewife, a spinster, a housegirl and even a female child in the family."**

**"The woman at home absorbs more shock. She is a more effective and lasting tranquilizer than the mistress who is highly paid for random love making."**

## A WARNING FROM OUR LEGAL CORRESPONDENT

## BUYERS BEWARE

When we go a shopping, hardly do we take notice of the fact that we are legally involved with those from whom we buy the goods. Think of the invitation to treat when the sellers invite you by their price tags on the various articles - down to the real bargain. One can also imagine what may happen after the purchase has been made and the price is paid.

There is usually the aspect of getting value for the money spent in acquiring the goods which in legal language is regarded as consideration which moves from one of the parties to the other. In all these transactions the law looks at the parties and without knowing it (they may have to later) fixes rights and obligations both at the time of purchase and after.

Let's for example, take a specific look at a particular transaction of a housewife who has gone to buy say frozen food from the Supermarket. She buys the bunch of sausages and pays the price. It is expected or reasonably assumed that the food will be of consumable standard and keep intact within a specified period. Although the seller may not vocally tell the buyer the terms and conditions of how she would get the best from her purchase, such conditions may be implied or even inscribed on the wrapper.

Just like frozen food, she would be expected either to prepare same for consumption at once or if she prefers not to have all prepared at once, to keep the rest in a freezer just as it was preserved when it was bought.

However, if during the course of preparation for eating, she discovers that some of them are rotten, she immediately becomes frightened of consuming

them or having any part of it consumed by the family. She quickly thinks of what action to institute against the supermarket. What would she do? Would she simply return the purchase and claim her money back? There is more to it than that. The cause of the decomposition has to be determined. Is the rotten position of the sausages caused by the negligence of the seller - that is, are all the sausages rotten at the time of purchase or did they become bad due to lack of proper care by the purchaser?

The answers to these enquiries in her mind will determine whether she was actually entitled to any remedies or not. If for instance, it can be proved by food experts that the rotten situation was created at the time of purchase and unknown to the purchaser, the supermarket will be liable to refund the purchase price and probably pay more if there was any other consequential losses arising from the transaction which could be considered not too remote. She would be made to pay all these prices because she was expected to sell to the purchaser, a non-rotten food which the latter had contracted to buy.

However, it is possible that the food left the supermarket in very good condition in which case, the purchaser who is expected to take care as implied would have nobody to blame but herself if the foodstuff became bad for lack of that care and she would not be able to maintain any action at law against the supermarket. The duty of care owed by the supermarket would have been discharged.

As we discuss the case of a purchaser of a perish-

able good, we can go a step further to examine the legal involvements in the purchase of a more tangible good - say a television set which is a home gadget.

If for instance Ade has the means to purchase a television set costing say N240.00 and goes to a Departmental Store to view and buy one. Before making his payment, he would be given all the operating instructions both verbally and in writing as most manufacturers do; and he would be expected to operate the set within the range of instructions given. In addition he might give a guarantee say for one year within which period, the Departmental Store would be prepared to accept back the set in the event of any unforeseen fault and replace.

As earlier discussed, there are terms and conditions that bind the transaction and each party to it is expected to keep within such terms. The Departmental Store, for instance would not expect Ade to fiddle unnecessarily with the set to put it out of action without just cause or to cause damage to it by rough handling incompatible with the ways he was instructed to handle same. If these happen and can be so proved, then Ade would have violated or in legal terms breached the condition of the sale and he would have no recourse to any claim from the sellers within the period of guarantee.

If on the other hand, Ade keeps to the operating instructions and through no fault of his, the television set got damaged in which case the fault would be traced to the manufacturers, then the Departmental Store would be bound by guarantee to re-

pair or replace without any cost to Ade.

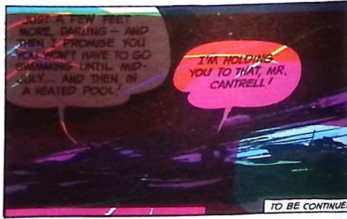
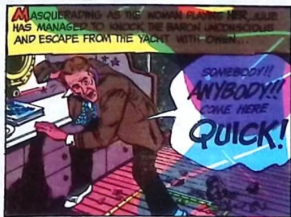
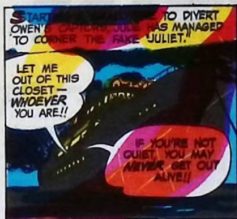
It must be observed that the period of guarantee of any article of value purchased is a period under which a buyer is expected to point out any possible defects noticed on the article purchased. It would be considered a breach of contract against the seller if such defects are not put right to enable the purchaser enjoy full value for his money. But, as soon as the period expires, the seller is relieved from all liabilities and any defects or damage noticed would have to be taken care of by the owner.

Finally, it is pertinent to draw attention of the reader to all the foregoing points of law involving the sale and purchase of various articles. The buyer should always be careful as she makes her purchases. She must examine the article thoroughly to ensure that she is paying for what she bargained to buy except for articles she cannot possibly examine owing to its technical nature or purchases which cannot ordinarily reflect defects. The golden legal rule is "Caveat Emptor" which means "Buyers beware". It is better to take care of these little but very important legal points than commencing legal proceedings later to obtain redress for rights infringed. Those proceedings could be time consuming and who knows in whose favour the verdict will be.

*Always Read  
The Family Magazine  
"MODERN WOMAN"*

# JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake



TO BE CONTINUED

# Too young for aspirin?



*Febrilix*

Paracetamol Elixir for Infants B.P.C.

.....

A palatable and  
effective preparation  
for  
relieving pain and  
feverish conditions  
in children

NOTTINGHAM *Boots* ENGLAND

Febrilix Syrup relieves feverish aches and pains in even the youngest babies. Febrilix is safe, and tastes good too. Baby will love it!

# FEBRILIX

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"Epitone contains a full supply of iron, vitamins and calcium to enrich your blood and keep your family going strong always. Take it everyday."



# LAUNDRY BAG

## MATERIALS REQUIRED:

- $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. blue cotton broad-cloth
- $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. thin plastic fabric (by the yard)
- 3 yds. Val (lace  $5\frac{1}{8}$  inches wide.
- Rick-rack in pink, lavender and purple
- Yellow 6-strand embroidery floss
- 1 wooden coat hanger
- 2 snaps.

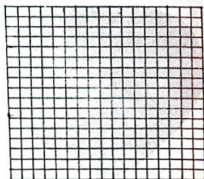
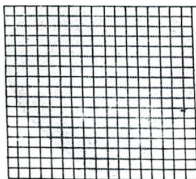


Make paper patterns of three diagrams at right. (Check top of your hanger to make sure it fits correctly). Cut one piece of each pattern of coloured fabric. Cut one piece of each pattern of thin plastic. Baste plastic to wrong side of large back section of laundry bag. Baste small plastic section to small coloured fabric section across straight bottom edge and lum. Baste together along curved edges. Place small piece of fabric sides together at top curved edges. Baste from center

along curved edges to edge of small piece leaving  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch opening at center top to insert hanger. Stitch. Baste fabric and plastic heart pieces together across top to dot at end of curve on each side. Stitch  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch from edge across top of heart between dots. Clip edge at center and along curves, and at dots where stitching ends. Baste raw edges of lower part of this section together.

Place fabric sides of two large sections together. Baste and stitch  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch seam from dot on one side around lower edge to dot on the other side. Turn to right side. Baste along edge and press on fabric side very lightly with warm (not hot) iron. Mark line around heart where lace is to be applied. Sew lace in place by being

careful not to catch in more. Make rick-rack flowers and sew them in lace circle. Embroider centers of flowers with yellow 6-strand embroidery floss. Sew snaps at top edge; one on each side of heart. Sew a piece of blue ribbon to back of space where hanger comes through. Slip hanger in place and tie ribbon around it.



# COOKERY

One fruit which is often not appreciated but which could be an asset to the housewife is the coconut. Besides it's low cost, it is one of the fruits that are available all the year round.

Many interesting dishes can be prepared with the coconut flesh. Of these, coconut rice which is commonly eaten in the Eastern States of Nigeria is about the most tasty. A trial at this dish will not only convince you of it's goodness but will also leave you with the feeling that you will surely cook it again.

Along with the recipe for coconut rice therefore, I'll give you a number of other recipes that include the use of coconut.

# COCO

boiling break the coconut, grate and add enough water to the grated coconut, squeeze out the milk. Strain.

3. Wash the rice the second time,
4. Put the pot of coconut milk on the fire, and add the pieces of meat or dry fish.
5. When it boils, add the rice and the rest of the ingredients and seasonings.
6. Cook until the water is dry and the rice absorbs the coconut milk and the ingredients well.



## COCONUT RICE

- 1 coconut
- 1 cigarette tin of rice
- 3 or 4 small tomatoes
- Pepper as desired
- 4 onion
- Crayfish as desired
- Salt

1. Pick the dirt and grit from the rice or better still remove by washing with a calabash.
2. Wash and boil for a few minutes. While the rice is

**NOTE:** This is just rice cooked in coconut milk and is similar to Jollof Rice, except that oil is added to Jollof Rice and none is added to Coconut Rice. If good coconut is used it gives out its own oil, and the finished dish looks dry but it should be tasted before it is criticized. Traditionally no oil is added but if liked a little coconut oil is available or groundnut oil may be added according to taste.

# NUT DISHES

## KANJIKA

- 1 *tablespoonful dry ogi*
- 2 *tablespoonfuls sugar*
- 1 *cigarette tin of coconut milk*

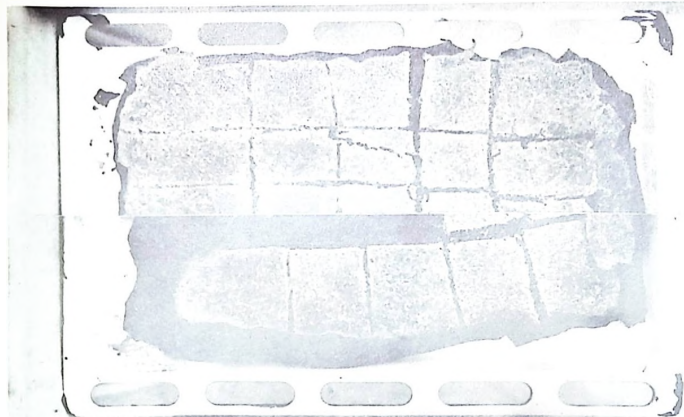
1. Add cold water to the raw "ogi" and mix. Leave to settle, strain off the water. Do this three times.
2. Make the "ogi" into a paste with a little of the cold milk.
3. Boil the remaining milk.
4. Add the boiling milk to the prepared "ogi" paste stirring all the time, when it will thicken and change colour.
5. Put back in the saucepan and cook for a short time till it boils and is thick — of the same consistency as 'Eko' or 'Agidi'.
6. Sweeten and flavour to taste, and if desired colour with cochineal or any other colouring.
7. Put in a basin rinsed with cold water or if available use wet moulds.
8. Put in a cool place to set.

1. Add the starch, sugar and a little salt, to the grated coconut.
2. Add water and mix into a paste.
3. Spread the mixture on a very well greased tin or leaf. Coconut or groundnut oil can be used for greasing.
4. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes.
5. When it is nearly cooked, take out and use a knife to cut it into sections or squares as desired.
6. Put back and finish baking.
7. Put on a tray to cool, then store in air-tight tins.

NOTE: The Gurudi may feel soft coming from the oven, but it hardens and gets crisp after a time.

## COCONUT DISCUT

- 2 *oz. flour*
- 1 *oz. margarine*
- 1 *oz. sugar*
- Grated coconut*
- Coconut milk*



## GURUDI

This is a sort of native starch and coconut biscuit. Very popular with children and adults alike.

- 1 *cigarette tin cassava starch*
- 2 *cigarette tins grated coconut*
- 3 *tablespoons sugar*
- Very little salt*
- About 1 tomato tin of water.*

1. Cream margarine and sugar until soft and creamy.
2. Add the flour and the grated coconut and mix them together to get a stiff rollable paste.
3. Add very little coconut milk if necessary.
4. Roll out evenly on a floured board.
5. Prick with a fork to prevent the biscuits rising and curling as desired.
6. Put carefully on greased baking tins and bake till lightly brown.
7. To add to the food value egg may be added.

Continued on page 16

# Looking Your Best

MODERN WOMAN GUIDE YOU CAN TRUST

Now, you're lucky if you care a lot about your clothes and how you look in them, or if you don't care at all.

If you care a lot, you give the matter creative thought and regular, painstaking attention. You develop, gradually, a sixth sense which sometimes enables you to understand what the fashion experts are talking about. And you're never caught with your hemline down.

It is equally advantageous not to care at all. If you feel this way, you can wear your old slacks with your newest blouse, and medium-heel pumps, and feel perfectly happy about the whole thing. Areas of serenity are scarce enough anyway, and if this happens to be one of yours, enjoy, enjoy!

It is the in-between person who is in trouble, the lady who cares only moderately, most of the time, but hugely once in a while, but not having done her homework, so to speak — she is never exactly prepared. It is for this troubled spirit that the following notes are included.

For a number of years I have been spasmodically in and out of the Fashion World, as it is correctly called, for it is indeed a rarefield world unto itself, with its own language, customs, confusions, and mythology.

Not long ago, for example, I read a fashion article which stated that the well-groomed woman cleans out and straightens her handbag at the end of every day, adding a bit of cotton dampened with cologne to keep it fresh-smelling.

Now this is patently ridiculous. The cologne bit is alright but cotton tends to gather odds and ends. But, as every woman knows, the contents of a handbag, like good whisky in a charred oak barrel, ripen and improve with age. Let decency alone, as it should be, a handbag becomes a true treasure—trove of forgotten riches forgotten, but stored against the day you unexpectedly find yourself with nothing but time and your pocketbook on your hands, waiting at the bus stop, airport, or quieting a little child in church.

In my own fair-sized field of acquaintance, which includes some fairly fancy females groomed to hear, I've never known one to do anything so foolish as to clean out her handbag every day.

Indeed, the fashion people inhabit a never-never land. And yet, somehow, they keep it going! And with one pronunciation and another, they manage to keep many women vaguely ill at ease much of the time about what they're doing and wearing. Their marvellous double talk even get ladies into buying clothes that make them feel more ill at ease than ever, once they get them home.

Thus, the fashion experts keep the old economy rolling. (At least it was still rolling when I checked most magazines this month. These days you feel that you must look quick.)

For instance, they tell you this is the year of the micro-mini. To prove it, they show you a group of short-jacketed, short-skirted plaid suits on a group of malnourished models who would look lean and leggy wearing circus tents, for they are all six feet two, with not a hip in the lot.

So, hopefully, you try on a new plaid short-jacketed, short-skirted suit. But even though you are reasonably content with your five feet five inches and your hundred

and eighteen pounds, you find that the suit tums you Lean-Leggy but short-Squatty. The pockets have been masterfully placed to widen a girl where she least wants to be widened. Then the brief jacket spotlights your newly broadened base, and the waistline has been shrewdly manipulated to add a good three inches to your own.

And if you are of the short-squatty type to begin with, the little plaid suit tums you into a baby tractor, and you move out of that fitting room low to the ground, your gears grinding. You see, the fashion experts won't tell simple facts. They won't admit that those starved models are the only people who could conceivably look lean and leggy in those fat-making suits and full-pleated dresses.

And they won't admit that some people can't look lean and leggy anyway, no matter what they put on, nor for any reason they should. There is room in this world for all kinds and shapes of people, and everybody has charm and beauty.

## SHAPE AND CHOICE:

Now, if you're short-legged, very short skirts won't make you look long-legged, just cold. Optical illusion can go only so far.

And if you have a 40-inch duck, the plaid will show you another size while the broken line afforded by a short jacket will probably enlarge your stomach. (Fashion experts say midriff, but it's still stomach.)

If you want to look taller and slimmer than you are, these are points to keep in mind:

*Avoid plaids, checks, and splashy prints.*

*Avoid, also, cluttered blouses, sloppy sweaters, too-tone styles, most tucks, and all gathers, pleats and broken lines.*

*This leaves you with the basic black and other dark colours, in a simple next-to-nothing dress, preferably with a vertical stripe or line of buttons to carry the eye up an down instead of sideways. It may well make you feel like somebody's aunt too, and if it does, you should leave it alone. It is better to look round and happy than lean and miserable.*

*And you should wear simple, dark, high heeled pumps because they make your legs look longer and slimmer and your feet smaller. But if red shoes cheer you, a illusion heels are more comfortable, you owe them yourself.*

Also, you should focus attention high, with a handsome hunk of jewelry. This shouldn't be hard to do.

You should carry a small bag and hold it above your waistline (for a large bag dangling below your waistline will widen your hips). This might be very hard to do. Many a woman's handbag is a desk and dressing table combined, and a small purse just won't work.

You see, we continue to bump into a philosophical point: perhaps looking skinny isn't the be-all and end-all. Which brings us right up to the matter of whom you're dressing for — yourself or your audience. Fashion experts always assume you have an audience. Well, you usually do, but often it's not an audience you care much about.

Maybe you are a Round-bottomed Pants-Stretcher — so far as aesthetics are concerned — shouldn't wear anything bifurcated. It's true that even the best—des-

(Continued on page 15)

# Looking Your Best

Continued from  
page 14

## Best

ed pants can't camouflage a lavishly designed lady. Fashion, and how you look, is not the primary consideration at all times.

Also, you may have noticed that it is usually men who sound off on the subject of pants for women. But they think that shorts on themselves are perfectly all right. Indeed, they seem to consider their hairy knecs a real treat.

Then take the matter of feet.

Perhaps you have odd-looking ones, with long prehensile toes or something. You will look better, of course, if you keep them covered up, instead of wearing open-toed sandals or thongs.

But to many very admirable people, feeling comfortable is more important than looking charming — another fact that the fashion experts won't face up to. And if this is the case with you, then put on your sandals and let your toes jolly well wave in the breeze. It's still a free country.

It's simply a matter of knowing what you're doing, and why, and when to do it. Naturally, when you are dressing for an audience you care about, and want to look as attractive as possible, it's best to cover up your less attractive features.

These days the eager fashion people seem to call anything a classic.

Now, a classic is, or should be, something that doesn't change; something that will look as good in 1982 — as — something that you and it and the world hold together — as it does this minute.

But about the only items I can think of, off hand, that fit those specifications — the way styles are booted around now — are handkerchiefs and overalls. While this might be an effective ensemble, it isn't one you could wear everywhere. And so far as your other things are concerned, the hemline is bound to do you in, and pretty promptly too, and if the hemline doesn't, the shoulders will.

However, the only cheering fact I knew about hemlines, like heroin — they were easy to take up but hard to drop especially now when you hardly have enough material for the length in vogue. Even when it is let down, you're left with a sharp crease, which turns into a shiny line; and you can't sew rickrack on everything.

You can sponge that shiny line with vinegar and warm water, but unless you're a lot better at it than I am, it won't get you far. So once those hemlines plummet, after a steady rise of several years, it's bye-bye little classic, as every woman knows.

Then, periodically, the fashion people will do a piece on The Ensemble or The Costume.

You get this all at once, if you can afford to, or else you add one Superb Piece each season (spending a large wad on each Superb Piece). But even though you do this, it seldom remains a costume very long — another fact the experts won't face.

The average woman goes through a season much the way a little child goes through a day, and you know how that is.

In the morning, you dress Bayo in his crisp navy blue shorts and his cute white middy blouse with the red-and-blue starred collar, and white socks, and red tennis shoes. A real ensemble.

By 11 a.m. he's spilled grape juice all over his shirt, so you remove it, substituting a plain pale-blue T shirt

— not quite so sharp but still okay. By 1 p.m. you notice he's lost a shoe somewhere; and so you give him, along with some well-chosen words, his old yellow canvas. Then, around three, you substitute his old brown seersucker shorts for the navy blue ones, which got soaked in the sprinkler, and there goes your ball game. Absolutely no ensemble at all.

That is the story of most ensembles.

A lady, too, starts the season in a fair blaze of glory: a new graceful, looking cocktail dress, keyed to her last fall's alligator pumps and bag, a coffee-coloured silk blouse cape over trendy slacks, and a truly hat-type hat which looked tremendous in the millinery department. (Some millinery departments have patented mirrors which make you look three times better than you actually do, which explains some of the funny things you see on the streets.)

Now, a big thing with the fashion experts is the matter of dressing for your type. They don't consider the fact that some psyches are confused. You may be attuned to another era or tribe.

I know a lady who — if she could dress the way she'd really like to — would wear nothing but gold-plated clothes: full swinging satin skirts, bare legs, high heels, bracelets to her armpits, and a sleazy chiffon blouse all laced with gold. But she knows as well as you do how fast she'd get kicked out.

Well, there are several things you can do.

You can hunt for — or have made for you — a severely tailored dress in a pretty feminine print.

You can divide your clothes neatly into outside tailored ones and inside frothy ones.

You can express the inner girl with all sorts of perfumes, colognes, and sachots. You can put bath salts into the last rinse water when you wash your underwear. You can even add cologne to the water you put in your steam iron! Isn't that a pretty thought?

In this matter of types, there is also another facet to be considered. The fashion experts are forever telling you to buy One Good Thing instead of two that are middlin' to piddlin'. But there again, they are assuming some assumptions that aren't necessarily so.

True, some people are happiest that way. They'll spend \$50.00 for a simple straight black skirt, reveling in the hand-stitching or the imported wool or the label or whatever it is that's responsible for the \$50.00 price tag. They'll take good care of it, too, and wear it for ten years. Dividing the price by ten, that comes to \$5.00 a year, which they consider is fair enough.

But the in-between lady had better watch her step with this philosophy. It isn't always for her. In the first place, she doesn't usually take care of her clothes quite so well as she should. Also, she is apt to get hysterically sick of them (probably because she doesn't give too much profound thought to the ones she gets, and buys them more from impulse than plan). Therefore she's apt to want to kick herself when she remembers that \$50.00 now long gone.

**COOKERY** (Continued from page 13)**COCONUT CAKE**

2 oz. flour  
 1 oz. margarine  
 1 oz. sugar  
 ½ teaspoonful baking powder  
 Grated coconut  
 Coconut milk from the nut  
 Egg

1. Cream margarine and sugar.
2. Add egg and continue beating.
3. Sieve baking powder with flour and add the coconut.
4. Add mixture to the creamed margarine and sugar and egg, mixing carefully with coconut milk until of a soft consistency.
5. Put in greased tins and bake in a moderately hot oven.

**COCONUT PYRAMIDS No. 1**

Grated coconut  
 Condensed milk

1. Bind the grated coconut with the condensed milk and form into balls or pyramid shapes.
2. Put on greased tins and bake till rather dry and slightly brown.

**COCONUT PYRAMIDS No. 2**

White of egg  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 1 cigarette tin grated coconut

1. Beat white of egg until frothy as for meringues.
2. Add sugar and continue beating.
3. Then add the grated coconut and mould into small heaps.
4. Bake on greased tins in a moderate oven until dry and slightly coloured.

**COCONUT TOFFEE**

1 big coconut  
 Sugar, 20-24 lumps to a cigarette tin of thick coconut cream.  
 Pinch of salt.

1. Prepare milk from the coconut and put in a pot.
2. Add sugar, salt, and lime juice or lemon essence and put to heat until the sugar dissolves.
3. Stir occasionally whilst it is boiling.
4. Watch until it begins to get brown and syrupy.
5. Remove from the fire before it is overbrowned and pour into a greased baking tin.
6. Mark into sections whilst still hot as it will be on cooling and it will be difficult to mark then.
7. Leave till cold and wrap in greaseproof or cellophane paper.

**COCONUT AND BANANA PUDDING**

1 coconut  
 4 bananas  
 2 eggs.

1. Mash bananas.
2. Add grated coconut to mashed bananas and add beaten eggs and mix to a fairly soft consistency.
3. Put in a greased tin.
4. Cook by steaming in a saucepan of boiling water.

**COCONUT ICE**

1 large coconut  
 1 lb. sugar  
 ½ pint water Cochineal  
 2 teaspoonfuls cocoa

1. Grate the white part of the coconut.
2. Boil the sugar and water for about 10 minutes.
3. Then add the grated coconut and boil until it becomes thick to the spoon.
4. Divide into three, leave one plain, add a little cochineal to the second and cocoa to the third. Put one top of the other and press hard. Cut into any shape when cool.

# Housekeeping:

## CARE AND MAINTENANCE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Caring properly for the household's stocks of china, linen, and so on, is just as important a part of domestic budgeting as actual spending of money. The housewife should look over her stocks of glass and china, also kitchen equipment, periodically, and replace breakages. So long an interval is left, it is often impossible to replace pieces of a particular pattern; and if regular replacements are not made, the day will come when very extensive, and expensive, purchases are necessary.

Similarly with linen. Torn and damaged articles should be set aside for repair as they are noticed, and worn-out articles replaced without delay. Unless there is a con-

stant process of replenishment, the expense of what little felt because it is spread out, the greater strain placed on the articles remaining, and one day the necessity for total renewal will come with unpleasant force. Furthermore, there is always the possibility that in an emergency, such as illness, or a spell of entertainment may reveal really deplorable deficiencies in household stocks.

**STORAGE**

Linen clean from the wash should be placed under a pile already in the cupboard. Articles are then used in rotation, and last much longer. If possible, linen should not be stored in the airing cupboard (the constant wetness tends to discolour and weaken it) but in a special cupboard or elsewhere.

Still on the question of budgeting, the question arises, at what point careful spending, thrifty planning and attention to repairs and renovations degenerates into meanness. It can be said in general that keeping within one's income is never meanness; it is common sense and self-respect. Meanness begins where health, reasonable comfort, and the quality of life generally are sacrificed to purely money considerations. And it is, of course, meanness to economize at the expense of others who cannot retaliate. Every family budget should allow something for helping others who are worse off.

# BE TRUSTING

'Kunle Akinsemoyin

If you lived in an environment in which trust is prevalent then you grew up with enough experience to believe in and trust your fellow human beings.

One thing that has always moved me deeply whenever I attended a wedding service has been singing of the hymn 'O Perfect Love'. The words that strike me so forcibly usually are, 'with childlike trust that fears not pain nor death'. To me, the most important and significant word is 'TRUST'. Can we, as witnesses in the solemn ceremony wish them anything better than that they for the rest of their joint lives enjoy each other's trust?

Yes...indeed, Trust is a profoundly operative word without which no human relationship can have a solid foundation. Take the element of trust out of life and living becomes a penance shorn of the redemption of death. How many of us realise this? Trust is part and parcel of our existence on earth and it determines the course of our lives by making it that much sadder or happier than it ought to have been. But all considered it pays in the end to be trusting. Trust, ofcourse, needs qualification and there is no better way of finding what these qualifications are than by searching the archives of the past.

In other words, let us trace how trust courses through one's life from infancy to maturity. As a child your trust in your mother is complete and wholesome. By 'wholesome' I mean that you are not capable of doing anything for yourself other than to accept what your mother does for you. This dependence of a child on her mother is a factor that every good mother cherishes and would never abuse. It is, in my opinion, a binding factor between mother and child. A father, no matter how devoted, could never share this, because it is the essence of motherhood.

For example, if a new-born child is crying for mother no amount of coaxing will stop him till he is snug in the arms of his mother. His father's efforts to comfort him may be rewarded in a brief period of silence, but that is all and any attempt to prolong it, will result in angrier cries.

As the child grows older and develops, his trusting nature begins to be exposed to other influences besides that of his mother but she is still in the happy position

of the guardian and protector of her child. The child is not without natural protection. For instance, if he sees a stranger making a friendly gesture at him, he shrinks or runs away even though the person is a friend to his mother. If the person tries to force his friendship on the child, it is rebuffed and rightly too. This is the most important phase in the development of one's trusting nature.

The experiences gained during this phase is a pointer as to how trusting a person can be in maturity.

If you lived in an environment in which trust is prevalent then you grew up with enough experience to believe in and trust your fellow human beings.

In looking back at this period in your life, you will realise the importance of your mother's or even your father's role in helping you survive the worst experiences

What in fact does being trusting mean? Let me start by telling you what it does not mean. It does not mean that you should trust everyone. What it means is that you should not let your experiences of the past, no matter how bitter, make you distrust everyone at sight. On the contrary, it should make you cautious and discriminating. For example, if a so-called friend has let you down in business, it is folly to think that all businessmen are untrustworthy. What you should ensure is that the person you are dealing with is above board and is worthy of your trust, which depends on you. In other words, if you are in doubt about anyone character, don't trust him. It is as simple as that.

Though it sounds paradoxical, nevertheless, it is true that to trust others you must trust yourself. And being able to trust others means that you can assess rightly what they are capable of doing. For example, it is not fair to put temptation in a person's way and say you are showing your trust in him, particularly, when you know that that person is that way inclined. If you sent a messenger who was always short of money to the bar to cash you a cheque for fifty naira, then you are misplacing your trust and if he lets you down, you must blame yourself not him.

As the saying goes, it takes all sorts to make a world and people are the victim of circumstances. Nevertheless the element of trust is integral to human intercourse and our society today is much the poorer without it. But as nature has decreed, women are in the best position to enrich society with trust if only they would harness the complete and wholesome trust a child has for its mother by raising future generations that have trust in their fellow beings and who could be trusted by them.

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# It's time you knew

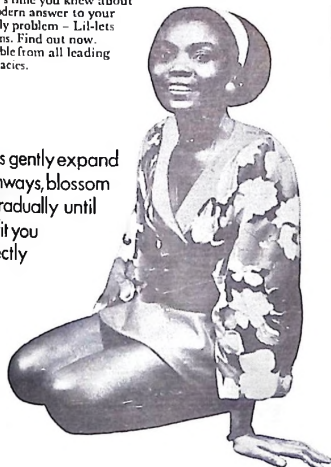
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### MAY SOLUTION

- (1) Picture frame is missing
- (2) Sweater neck is different
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- (6) Towel is smaller

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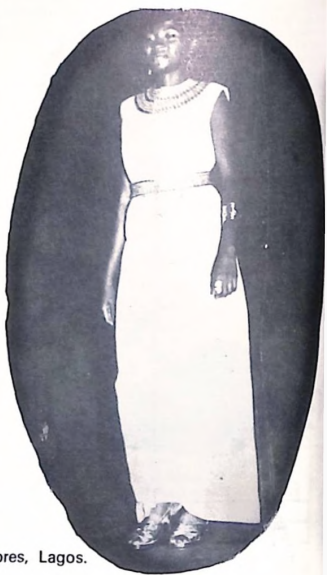
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Cleopatra Dress in Cotton—Heavily embroidered — id for the evening.



Are they newly enlisted? Well, no. The Nigeria girls here are all beautifully dressed in Greek national costume. "Amalia".



The embroidery on this Kaftan is one of Greek's traditional patterns which has remained popular with the people for over 100 years.



This short white dress with ruffled sleeves and full gathered skirt is one of Greek's designs for cocktail party.



This Slacks in cotton-polyester topped with long sleeve shirt in black and yellow represent the Greek's casual wear.

# \* HOROSCOPE \*

## AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th)

There will be so much going on that you will find it hard to concentrate on those issues of vital importance and there will be the danger you'll go off at a tangent, be distracted from your purposes.

## PISCES

(Feb. 20th—March 20th)

Decisions, changes, improvements in your personal fortunes lead to excitement in your private life. Love will be increasing and you will feel the warmth of a new loyalty.

## ARIES

(March 21st—April 20th)

Time for a change maybe? This is the month for having a look at the situation. If you've a favour to ask, fix it during the last week. It is a great month for lovers — Venus acting from Cancer affects your friendships — steadier feelings are developed.

## TAURUS

(April 21st—May 21st)

During July your key word is freedom, freedom of thought and action, or at least greater freedom compared to the past year. July becomes the month of revelation. Do you have so-called secret enemies? If you do, you'll find out.

## GEMINI

(May 22nd—June 21st)

Many Gemini born will be on the move this month. Something new attracted you. There will be the opportunity for you to display your versatility and talent.

## CANCER

(June 22nd—July 23rd)

You should see an all-round improvement in every area of your life. Health, home and family will come under generally fortunate stars.

## LEO

(July 24th—Aug. 23rd)

Everything's happening—news, travel, meetings, engagements. Relatives and friends will be more helpful and co-operative. The sun, your ruling planet, enters Leo enhancing your popularity, bringing you into the limelight.

## VIRGO

(Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd)

Seldom have you been in a stranger position not only to come to terms with, but also to resolve most of your personal problems. Opposition from "certain people" is still a bit tough, but patience will put you in a position to create the right atmosphere for gaining your desires.

## LIBRA

(Sep. 24th—Oct. 23rd)

If you are tempted to put on a show of strength when dealing with awkward people, avoid going so far during the first half, for you could be playing into their hands and the result will be trouble.

## SCORPIO

(Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd)

You should be off to a flying start in whichever direction you feel is most important to you. Don't dwell on past failures, look at the future, for you will find the weeks ahead increase your field of influence and bring about helpful changes.

## SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st)

There are now strong anti-currents which might sweep you into situations that are difficult to control. Your business or domestic life could be pushed into re-organisation of some kind.

## CAPRICORN

(Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th)

Venus entering Cancer spotlights romance, artistic interests pleasure, young people — the sunshine topics of your life.



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Well

# THE END OF A Hero

—Uche Nwani

The compound was packed full with people, so this car pulled up by the side-walk; a non-descript Peugeot. Osaro has always wanted a car that nobody can describe, a car that looked so much like all the other cars on the road nobody paid any attention to it.

Opening the car door, he swung long legs out to the unpaved side-walk, zipping close his shirt as he moved out from under the steering-wheel.

Then it happened; they all came running in from different directions, small and big, old and young, men and women, all crying with balls of tears rolling down their cheeks. Those who got to him first tugged and pulled him towards the fairly large but old ramshacked family house set deep in the compound.

Osaro did not need to ask any questions. Now he knew why somebody telephoned him that morning that his father was home and wanted to see him immediately.

His father has never sent for him before. He knew his father travelled. He knew that the man went to the university teaching hospital at Buga - city for treatment. Osaro assumed his old man had come back and was quite happy after the telephone call.

He had to drive forty-two miles to his village and he did it in thirty-five minutes, singing old tunes all the journey through.

He had told his boss that he was going to see his sick father, now, that father is dead. The realization made his blood run cold and drained the colour out of him. His face took on a ponderous gravity that was almost funny; only it was not fun but dolor.

The beginning of the end for all practical purposes came on December 26, 1963 when Ehanire Ighodaro returned from his festal outing with a blinding headache and body temperature of 105 F. Osaro was alone at home, the others having gone out. He did all he could and stayed by his father's bed side until his mother returned.

But one thing was clear to Osaro, that his father was suffering from no ordinary headache but what apparently was a simple virus infection. He was never a healthy - man after that, and within three months he was dead of liver cancer after an operation, as a result of an abdominal haemorrhage. It was hopeless.

In between the life of Ehanire spanned myriad amateur and professional achievements, personal trials and puny efforts that created an indelible memory for those who knew him.

He was an excellent guitarist, master dancer, a determined and hardworking farmer husband of two and father of twelve devotees. He had worked as the village Post-Master and died working with U.A.C. It was a full life for any man whose span on earth numbered a mere fifty-five years.

By virtue of his status, career and joie de vivre, he was the most celebrate native to die in the history of

Umar village. His funeral gave indication of the measure of his fame. While hundreds of mourners visited his sealed coffin in his compound along Assa Street that Tuesday evening, and crowded the vicinity for his funeral the last rites carried so much massive hysteria attendant to the death of other celebrities of greater stature.

"We wanted to bury him with the dignity with which he lived", explained Idemudia his eldest son in telling why the body lay in repose only about twenty hours before the burial after the body had been brought home from Buga - city. The ravages of the illness which took his life necessitated the permanent sealing of the coffin, dampening the enthusiasm of those who needed another look.

To the last, most people refused to believe Ehanire would die. But from the time his grievous illness took him on that long journey to Buga - city, he had but ten chances in a hundred of living. And despite the most advanced treatment techniques now known to the University teaching hospital, an autopsy showed afterwards that the killer - cancer had poisoned almost every vital organ and the operation for the removal of the left liver lobe had come too late.

He could have lived for a few more years before the final blow, but he had wanted that operation badly. So he made sure he finished all necessary arrangements before getting in touch with his junior brother Ebenezer who was in Zana town, only eighty eight miles from Buga.

Painfully though, he survived the operation but death later came back to collect him a few days afterwards, due to the negligence of the obnoxious and supercilious nurses on - duty whose obsequious and even extreme self-abnegation is possibly a symptom of repressed hostility.

Osaro was led to his mother's room where she was lying back in a back-chair half languorously, surrounded by a host of sympathizers and mourners. The moment he stepped into the room pandemonium broke loose. There was an uncontrollable outburst of mental agony and a quick comprehensive glance round the room was enough to tell him that his sudden appearance has stirred the lacrimatory exercise.

Then he left in search of his senior brother Idemudia. He found him alright, but Idemudia was different. He was cadaverous with melancholy which resulted from physical pain and mental distress. He had left his job at Zana to travel home with the corpse right from Buga.

What an ordeal to go through? All the same, he was still very much himself, placid and phlegmatic, moving about with feline grace.

Then came the "last journey", the worst of the experiences. The men carrying the coffin struggled to hold their footing on the sandy area around the grave. The pastor said his bit, reminding the congregation how regul-

(Continued on page 26)

# THE END OF A HERO

and punctual at church every Sunday the deceased was. This was a lie, and by earthly christian standards Ehanhire ought to have been refused funeral service because he had two wives, none of which he officially wedded in the church, but for the fact that he was over generous to the church during his life time.

After the pastor's speech the men lowered the coffin. And it happened again. The air was filled with cries and shouts of dolour. Such harsh, grating and discordant cries; there was that lack of sweetness, harmony and pleasantness. Such blaring and ear-splitting shouts of the deceased's name. People even thought at that moment, that he would come out again and live, but he never did.

Then Osaro stopped forward, as tradition demanded of him as a child of the dead, and sent a handful of earth after the coffin. When he turned around to go, hands were holding him again and the tears blurred his eyes like dew.

He withdrew to a corner and wept quietly for a while. He thought of the many things he could give to see his father's face or hear his voice again. He remembered

how as a child he had stretched out his hand for help, challenge his father readily and happily accepted.

He knew he had to stop this weeping because his mother and his junior brothers and sisters needed consolation badly. But he had not the self-confidence, which to him, went to the grave with his father's coffin. Osaro sighed!

He did not know whether to scream or what. He remembered what the bible said about death, that it was an adventure and joy; that people should not grieve but sing praises and yet he grieved.

He sighed again. He stood up. The ground went blurring in front of him and his head felt too heavy for the neck to carry. He rubbed and rubbed his eyes, screaming inside for it to stop, stop, stop. Anything for it to stop.

In spite of fighting it, his legs would not hold him up. He was plunging and the ground was coming closer. What a queer feeling to watch the ground meeting you halfway. He lay there still with his eyes closed and had to be revived with brandy.

## THE FATEFUL JOURNEY

By 'Bayo Fuwape

"Your wife! She's always been a tyrant. I believe she isn't around, eh?" The usual bewitching smile.

"You talk of Lolly, dear. Poor jealous fellow." Afram was all bliss. His face unreservedly expressed it. He had a sound reason of course, to necessitate his being happy at heart. Today there is a feast for him. A great unprecedented feast. A palatable feast, though Lola would go crazy if she were to hear of it.

But who would tell her? Apparently not her husband. Afram was naturally discreet, his self-concernedness had always been a bone of contention between him and Lolly. Even if he were a parrot-like orator, would he confess such things to his wife? God forbid. Such recklessness! She would bite, curse, gossip throughout the day; her tempers rising casually any moments she broods over it.

Lola was away to Jos, where her parents lived, the beloved town of her youth. She was away for a week. Three days to this time, she would be around in Lagos again. That was saddening to her husband.

Afram was at his peak. He bounced with unusual vigour, the psychological background of which his wife must not hear of. He is a straight, tall, robust stalwart, still in his early thirties. Handsome and very pleasant in manners. He grinned gleefully at the vivacious dame who paced graciously with him as he walked briskly towards the family's fourteen-room bungalow.

As his mercedes car pulled up, the eye-catching, work-behind-the-curtain wife held her devotee's big

right hand, their sensational glances expressing the inexpressible.

Her pair of high platform shoes shone like the sun in its prime of life. (The type that makes one look like an 'ageere when worn). Those skyscrapers. The kind popularly tagged 'Orthopaedic'.

She seemed a couple of inches taller than her part-time bridegroom, those lofty things had made her taller within the twinkling of an eye.

The micro-mini skirt she put on was the greatest object of attraction to his eyes, and to many more men's eyes. Who knows even the meaning of the women-onlookers' jealous glances.

Afram was full of glee. Christie was only too well pleased. So pleasure mixed with glee to create a perfect state of bliss.

Meanwhile, Lola was walking up the airport tarmac. She arrived in a Nigeria Airways craft plying the Jos-Lagos Line. Disappointment. Father had disappointed her. He ought to have told her before hand. Sent a message to her of late that he would be away to Bonn.

A penetrating disappointment — one of the things Lola could hardly stand. "Travelling all the way to Jos! And failing to see him at all!" She was all grief.

She pulled tightly the woman-tender muscles of her oval face. It was a big frown.

Going to Ikoji by bus could be very uncomfortable.

(Continued on page 30)

# A CHILD FOR UNCLE WALE

A thrilling short story by Jide Pintteino

Funke was a beautiful girl. She has grown into a complacent romantic figure. Though twenty three years old her looks were five years younger. Her looks reminds people of her late mother who died when Funke was ten. Her father having died seven years earlier.

Being the only child of her parents, Funke was bequeathed a great wealth. But Funke and her wealth were betrothed to uncle Olawale, the junior brother of her father, Uncle Wale, a father of five was a very strict and wicked man. Part of the entrusted wealth of his niece he used in building a house and training his own children.

Little Funke was a victim of uncle Wale's harshness and wickedness. However, despite all odds Funke grew up into a beautiful graduate at the age of 22. And that was the end of the road for her, educationally, for there was no plan for her to read further.

After her graduation Funke got a teaching job at the City College and fell in love with a co-teacher Mr. Ade Oduaga an M. A. graduate and vice principal of the College. But uncle Wale would not allow Funke to have two friends. She was not allowed to love anybody. Male visitors were forbidden in the Olawale's house. Even female friends were restricted and a constant female visitors were often told to stop coming after sometime.

Titi Oduaga was a school friend of Funke and the only fortunate one who has never experienced the wrath of uncle Wale. The love affairs between Funke and her brother was a thing of joy for Titi, but Uncle Wale's restriction to male visitors was a consistent threat to the affairs. So the lovers could only meet during school hours because Funke's movements, except during the school hours, were being controlled by Uncle Wale.

Uncle Wale takes Funke to school every morning and at exactly 2 p.m. when classes were over, he was at the gate to take away his "precious gem." On one occasion when he saw Funke and Ade together Uncle Wale was infuriated. On that day he refused to take the girl home, so Funke had to go home in a taxi as a lift by Ade will be a great risk that can develop into a big trouble.

However, despite uncle Wale's strictness on her movements Funke and Ade were still doing their thing even in his house. It was a big plan made by the trio, Funke, Titi and Ade that got uncle Wale in the trap. It was very simple but delicate. Each time Ade wanted to visit Funke, he came in the Company of Titi who was according to the plan the "Fiancee of Ade." Everything has been worked out and the "couple" were to make their first appearance when the Olawales were at home.

It was a cool evening and quiet with the exception of the whistling spine at Kosoko Avenue answering the call of nature by "singing" a serenade along the Avenue. Funke was sitting on the balcony of their house glaring into the empty Kosoko Avenue. Sitting not very far from her were Mr. & Mrs. Olawale and two of their children

all enjoying the cool weather. Although she was also sitting and staring into the lovely Avenue, Funke was in the dreamland of love in the hands of his beloved Ade. That day was a special day for her. It was the second anniversary of her courtship with Ade and the first day he would enter the family house. Funke did not know when Ade's car parked in front of the Olawale's house.

Uncle Wale was the first to recognise the car and its owner. Unlike her husband Mrs. Olawale treasured Funke very much but there was little she could do as any move by her to protect the "gem" will fetch her a good slap. She also knew Ade, so when she saw him alight from the car in front of their house, she felt shocked and sensed trouble was coming.

"I hope that brute is not coming here," bellowed uncle Wale as Ade alighted from the car. "Who is that uncle?" said Funke unconcerned. "Are you blind, or who is that man below?" asked uncle Wale. "Oh! Mr. Oduaga," remarked Funke with joy. "Sure uncle he is coming here." "Not in my house. At least not when I'm alive," said Mr. Olawale. "But sure uncle you want turn him and his wife back will you?" "Wife" repeated uncle Wale, "who is she?" "Just have a look down uncle," replied Funke, "what, so that man is the husband of Titi. Oh God! that girl has fallen into the wrong hands" said uncle Wale who has now piped down. At this time Mrs. Olawale who has been watching the scene will fear breathed a sigh of relief.

Ade and Titi breezed into the house with ease and everybody except Funke knew them to be husband and wife. The couple were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Olawale as Ade and Titi Oduaga. Uncle Wale whose countenance has now changed was very pleased to meet the couple as he jokingly remarked. "Sure man, I envy you for having a very beautiful wife. How I wish I were in your place."

"Well it is not too late sir, I will not object to it only I don't know what madam will say" said Ade.

I give my full support" replied Mrs. Olawale. Everybody laughed over the joke and drinks were ordered for the couple.

After about ten minutes stay in the sitting room Funke and her visitors went into her room. As they entered the room, the trio burst into laughter and congratulated each other on the success of their plan. Titi didn't stay long in the room. As the Olawales went out on an evening visit to a family friend she came to the sitting room and started playing records.

And so Ade and Funke were left in the room for the first time together in the Olawales house. It was a special occasion, a day of victory and celebrate in a special way. So behind the closed doors they were together on the bed doing their thing in a special way.

After that memorable triumphal entry for Ade into the Olawale's house, he became an unquestioned visitor to

(Continued on page 28)

# A child for uncle WALE

the house but always in the company of his "wife." It was always a sweet session as they often topped the day with the sweet thing.

At the sixth month of the regular visit to the Olawale's house, Funke and Ade ran into luck or what looked like the last straw that was going to break the camel's back. The Lord had heard their prayers the sweet thing has turned into a legend. Funke was expecting Ade's baby. There was no dispute they were both ready for the show. And for Uncle Wale, the stage is set for a final show down. Funke was bent on giving his uncle a great lesson. After all she was not allowed to have friends how much more go out to parties. So who could own the child she was expecting. It was none but the stringent uncle Wale.

Mrs. Olawale was the first to notice the changes in Funke being a woman she knew what could be the cause—pregnancy. So she told her husband. This fact infuriated Uncle Wale and he decided to give the girl a thorough lesson. All pleadings fell on deaf ears. "No she will suffer for this", he pounded in his heart, "I shall disgrace her before her couple friends". So Uncle Wale, decided to know the actual fact from Funke herself, in the presence of his wife, Ade and Titi Oduaga.

It was six o'clock on a Sunday evening, Uncle Wale, Mrs. Olawale, Funke, Ade and Titi all were seated in the Olawale's sitting room. All was very quiet except for the occasional tingling of the wall clock. The pregnancy was three months on it's way to four.

Uncle Wale was the first to talk. "Funke" he pouted, "what is responsible for these changes in you". I don't know Uncle" replied Funke unruffled. "But you look white and em em" said Titi "Well, it, is nothing new" snapped back Funke. "Funke my dear" said Mrs. Olawale "When did you see your mensis last. About four months ago aunt", replied Funke steadily. Then do you know you are pregnant?" asked Mrs. Olawale. "Of course, I do" replied Funke with ease.

"You, pregnant?" shouted uncle Wale with anger. "YOU PREGNANT IN MY HOUSE. Who is the owner of the bloodything" he snarled.

The owner asked Funke with a giggle, "sure it could be no one else than my dear and only uncle Wale" She replied with her countenance suddenly changed into a very serious mood. "What" said everybody aghast. "Who is this your uncle Wale" Asked Mr. Olawale frowning with anger and pretending not to, know whom Funke was referring to.

"Its you" snarled back Funke in a louder voice.

"Are you sure you are with your senses Funke" asked the uncle. Uncle Wale, now sweating profusely and buming with anger, knows that the game is more serious than he thought.

So they both exchanged words furiously and it even almost resulted in the use of the fist, but for the intervention of the people around.

Realising that if the story should go beyond the walls of his house, he has little or no defence, uncle Wale popped down in his anger and decided to play it cool with his niece. Everybody in the area knows how he hibernates the girl and keeps her in a sort of confinement. Many of his friends have warned him against his act but he would not desist. Now it has dawned on him.

Sobbing sorrowfully, Uncle Wale changed into a passionate plea "please Funke you know, I am your uncle,

the junior brother of your father, how could I do such a horrible thing for God's sake, in the name of my dear brother and your late mother, tell us the truth".

In spite of her uncle's compassionate condition Funke was not moved. Her hour of sweet revenge has come: she must have her own pound of flesh.

So, sobbing in a rather more sorrowful way, she retorted. "But uncle what do you want me to confess. Everybody here knows how you threat me. I don't go out at even when I do you trail my movements so I couldn't have been pregnant by any other one. And I am not at that holy, so we couldn't call it a visit from the Holy Ghost and pregnancy doesn't just jump on a woman so who then could it be if not you?"

Temper and tension rose as Funke will not yield to her uncle's pleadings. Uncle Wale was sweating profusely and crying out a bitter truth he said, "I know Funke, I have been very wicked to you, but for God-Sake don't repay me in a bad coin. Don't suffer me to a public disgrace." But this also fell on deaf ears as Funke would not recount her words. When all his attempts have failed, uncle Wale disbanding the gathering, begged his wife to wade into the matter and save him from ignominious death. And so Mrs. Olawale came to the rescue of her husband.

At her intervention, in a private meeting with Ade, Funke and Titi, the whole truth was revealed unto her. Ade was not Titi's husband but brother and the only way to beat uncle Wale's hard heart about Funke's love affairs was to play him off intelligently, she was told in a suit shell. Having heard the story of the master plan, Mrs. Olawale laughed and tears of joy rolled down her cheeks. She had all along suspected that Ade was in love with Funke and it was a thing of joy to her. But when Ade and Titi were introduced to the family on that fateful Sunday as a couple she had no choice but to accept.

When Mrs. Olawale unearthed the truth to her husband, he breathes a sigh of relief. With tears rolling down his cheeks he moaned. "I know, I have wronged that girl, it was a sweet revenge and I have learnt my lesson the hard way."

Everything was now settled. Ade was to marry Funke at the City Cathedral Church. It was to be a society wedding, to which many people were invited. Uncle Wale felt very proud. He has indeed learnt his lesson so he did his best financially and otherwise to see that the wedding was a success.

The count down begun, then the zero hour came, Uncle Wale was to give away his "precious gem" to the man of her dream. Thus at 2 p.m. on that shining Saturday afternoon, in the presence of over one thousand guests on the door step of the City Cathedral uncle Wale handed over Funke to Ade.

Something went on between the three which the guests did not see or hear. But where they were standing, Mrs. Olawale and Titi Oduaga knew what it was. As Uncle Wale put Funke's hand into her husband's hand he whispered. "Please forgive me, you both, I have learnt my lesson the hard way." Then jokingly he added. "And don't forget if the baby is a boy, give it the name Wale, after all it is a child for uncle Wale." They all smiled.

Hand in hand, Funke and Ade walked down the aisle and in amidst good-wishes from over a thousand guests who had witnessed the joining by the Rev. Father, in a Holy Wedlock for Better for Worse.

# Village Girl Carried Away By Fantasy

A short story by Wole Akomolafe.

The loveliest girl for many miles around, it was natural that Tade should have no lack of suitors. Yet, except for Femi none pleased her enough as a possible husband. Among a host of prospective young men who dangled round her, Femi possessed a quality of character superbly different from those of Tade's other suitors. He was a gay fellow and dressed impressively. She was also modest, vivacious and warm-hearted, and apparently, her temper was as good as her serene face.

Femi was a likeable and popular young man, but he was ruled out because of his poverty. A clerk at the local postal agency, with no prospect of being anything else, he was not only poor but also deep in debt, which explained the visit of his money lender, from Lagos, who had come to dun him for arrears on a loan.

The money lender, himself, a city slicker named Babs had an eye for pretty faces, and it was just a bad luck for Femi that when they were together, they met Tade, and he had to introduce them. "Here is Tade, and Tade you meet Mr. Babs Rowland from Lagos".

Her genteel manner and sweet smile which exhibited rows of snow-white teeth, diverted Babs' attention far away from his debtor and focused the whole of his thought on how to win her. He had fallen in love — call it love at first sight, or what you would. Immediately, Babs began to spin tall tales of life in the capital—all about the night spots, and the glittering stores, and the good time to be had by all. Filled with joy of this unexpected meeting, he for a while whistled a pop tune in the manner of a man who had never known a moment's sorrow.

Tade who had earlier been told tales about Lagos life, by her more sophisticated friends who had returned from the City on brief visits, was now the more fascinated by Babs' story. She was eager, indeed very eager to be in the City one day. In next to no time Babs had her looking in a fantastically gay dream world in Lagos with every kind of luxury — all that she had longed for — showed on her.

"That's the only place to be", she sighed to Femi after Babs had gone back to town after his week-end visit. "Where is that?" Femi demanded, pretending to be ignorant.

"I mean that place you call Lagos" she retorted. "I am sorry he ever met you", Femi plaintively murmured.

"You've talked about nothing but him since he left. believe you've fallen for him".

"I am sorry about it Femi", Tade soothed, "but you just admit he's got something. But you didn't tell me — is he married?"

"No — for all I know, not even a steady girl friend," Femi assured her.

"I still nurse a doubt about that with regard to Babs bustling Lagos".

"Pretty certainly, he's been too busy making money". "So he is really rich? That being so, he probably wouldn't have time for a country girl — someone bush — like me."

"Someone bush?" Femi protested.

"Why, any man who doesn't go groovy over you needs his brains examined."

"Tell me, have you really fallen for him? Tell me, Tade, are you going with him? Remember it's for your sake that I missed Lola", he lamented.

Lost in thought for a moment Tade looked askance at him with a vacant stare.

"Let's be honest, Femi, I'd a thousand times sooner be married to you. You are handsome much more than Babs and gentle, and all that, but you just happen to be poor. And I can't stand poverty — had enough of it at home."

"Maybe you despise me for being — what's the word? — mercenary, but a girl has got to think of her future."

"Yes, if he asked me, I'd marry him tomorrow."

And asked her he did. By the very next post came a formal proposal, accompanied by another addressed to Tade's father, a poor farmer. Knowing fully well how needy the family were, Babs was wily enough to offer a really tempting bride-price plus other blandishment promises.

"It's too good to be true", the old man mumbled away to himself, trembling with joy.

"You are a lucky girl, Tade" her father reassured.

It was a sentiment in which his delectable daughter readily concurred.

That was until after the marriage and when she was settled in a disappointingly shabby bungalow in a remote area of Mushin, Babs' residence. For it did not take her long to realise that the dream was far removed from reality. Babs was a skintight. To begin with, he had only paid a small fraction of the agreed bride-price. He had made his money by grinding the faces of the poor. Femi was indeed one of them — and he had no intention of handing back any of his money to its source.

And so instead of bright lights, fine clothes, a whirl of social engagements—all the delights she had yearned for, Tade found herself a present — day Cinderella. But Tade was not only beautiful, she had a streak of the cunning that most women can conjure up to meet the occasion. So she found ways of exacting her revenue. She soon found Babs hopping like a frustrated monster.

He wrote back to Femi complaining almost as if the poor clerk were the cause of it all.

"I'm beginning to wish that you'd never got me to meet her," he wrote grumpily.

"Cold — I just couldn't believe any woman could be like her. Our marriage is a mockery. It weighs me to the earth. Whenever I woo her, she repulses me:

"Not today, Babs, I'm not feeling too well, you know."

"Another time, my husband; I'm not in the mood today." Tade would plead apathetically. Again, it's "don't be so impatient."

"Impatient! Why, I've waited now for nearly three months, and I might still be a bachelor. It's driving me frantic. I can't take an interest in anything — can't eat or sleep, have no interest in business," Babs wrote to him plaintively.

Jide's reply was brief, "Now it's up to you to think of something. I heard you talk of a ju-ju man you knew. Does he deal in love potion?"

THE END.

## THE FATEFUL JOURNEY

She had not got the nerves to view for bus! "No, no" she murmured to herself in a grumbling soliloquy. "I shan't ever have the stamina. What of the streams of sweat to erode one's skin in case of a traffic jam. That almost inevitable jam. Indispensable of course for the teeming 'artful dodgers' and professional thieves who are always present in the bustling Lagos arena. No. I even wonder how people endure being packed like sardine. "Taxi!" she hailed a cab. "Ikoyi!"

The driver uttered a few unequivocal words and waved his 'no' he was plying a different route.

In that troubled mood, she stood on a near-by passenger-queue, a bit aloof of the remaining multitude who were patience-worn, waiting for bus.

"It has been an ill-fated trip!" The words echoed and re-echoed again.

Just then, a car raced by. In it a woman's hand waved mechanically to her.

The waver's thin, air deflected voice trailed into her ears. "What! Christie!" She cried ecstatically. Soon Miss Christianah Owen, a co-journalist with Lola in the same office emerged from the now motionless Datsun car.

A glamorous smile occupied her face, the warmth of which reflected on Lola, who suddenly was all-smile. Cheerfulness replaced the monotonous, uncompromising grudge which had hitherto enslaved her countenance. No more sorry. No time for brooding. News were exchanged. Current information regarding friends and colleagues was briefly spelt. They were intimate friends; but their attachment is two-fold as not only friends but also colleagues in the professional field.

"How do you manage, Lolly? I'm almost gone before I caught sight of your agitating figure. How just do you manage?" Boisterous smiles!

"All the way from Jos. I told you of it, not so?"

"You did. Sure you did," cried Christie with a suspicious look, undetected by her holy-minded colleague, "But your time is yet to be up."

"Yes, yes. It was an unfortunate trip. An utterly dull, uneventful one. With daddy away to Germany, and mama to Marduqiri, what do you think my visit would look like. A failure. A bore. A total bore!" There was grief, a degree of self pity traceable in her voice.

"But, you won't be offended, Lolly, I'm in a hurry to meet Alex. Let me be a minute more late and he turns an inconsolable tyrant. Tell me more tomorrow?" Her look

was nothing but concealed caprice. Lola was not aware. Flamboyant smiles again before departure. Broad smiles on every face. There was absolute trust glittering on every face. Yet, underlying the other was sinister.

"Your wife's at Ikoja. I saw her standing at the gate just now. She'll soon be here."

"What! you mean Lolly?"

"It's Lolly, your wife, poor coward!" Afram was approached.

"Anyway she may still have to wait for another hour."

"Ridiculous! Highly ridiculous! What did she tell you? Or you didn't talk to her?" Afram separated his tight lips in wonder. His heart began to pound at an accelerating rate.

"Why not? Who's she that I wouldn't. I told her I was hurrying to meet Alex. So I excused myself from picking her up."

"Her countenance?" Anxiety ran all over Afram's body.

"Somehow sad and agitating. She said she had an ill-fated trip."

"Ah! She must be a liar. She's always up to sinister. He was on the verge of shivering as he sat on a cushioned chair in his family private bed-room.

"Where's my wristwatch? I left it behind just now. Have come for it."

He surveyed her expression for a short while. Her fear was beyond expression.

"Watch! I haven't noticed it," looking around on the bed.

"It must be here, timid rat. And you call yourself a man. You're the husband, she ought not to be the goddess. Be composed, fool!" the capricious pedagogue bellowed.

Lola's ears had luckily collected a great deal of information. Her tempers rose and subsided as she listened patiently to the interesting dialogue in its full bloom. Her ears were well strained. She wanted to catch her partner's red-handed.

Afram was no more himself. His lungs knocked loudly against his ribs. He had disposed of his confidence in a helpless bewilderment.

Then, the door gently opened with a cautious knock. Lola introduced herself onto the stage. Meaningful glance more valuable than a well-chosen million words.

Amazement! Tense silence. No one spoke. Not even the proud talkative Christie. Nobody stirred. Afram almost collapsed with shame. He dared not raise up his head. It was strange and still; and Lolly, almost gnashing teeth, could not believe her eyes.

## The Closing Chapters of The Thrilling Detective Series:

# THE NAKED CORPSE

The story so far:

The discovery of the naked corpse of a pretty young girl in a hotel room securely locked from inside has called for an extensive investigation by a joint team of public and private crime detectives. Her father was willing to spend any amount as long as he was sure the murderer would be brought to book.

The crime busters went to work immediately commencing their investigation with the hotel staff of the Lagoon Hotel, moving down to the girls' parents and finally to

**by Ralph Egbe**

France in Enugu who, it was gathered, actually booked the room for the girl on the eve of her departure to Britain.

The detective's visits to Otuli's flat in Enugu brought some startling revelations and provided vital clues to the riddle. Who actually is responsible for the murder? How was it executed and what actually was the motive offence?

(Continued on page 31)

# THE NAKED CORPSE



The Inspector studied the man for a while and faced Dike.

"What do you mean by 'he's not the murderer you mean'?"

The private detective dropped the stub of his cigar on the ashtray and lit another one.

"This man," he began, "did not kill Miss Menda. But he assigned somebody else to do it. In short, Miss Menda was murdered by Mrs. Stella Adeko — now dead. Mrs. Adeko was in turn murdered by Sam Duro ....."

"And Sam?" Kadiri demanded.

"And Sam Duro was shot dead by Sylvester Otuli, know this — sounds complicated, but I will explain."

"Go on. What happened?" Kadiri was now more interested.

"Before Sylvester Otuli went to the United States for further studies, he was in love with Miss Menda. While in the States, he wrote regularly to her and their letters flowed to each other almost monthly. Miss Menda's father knew nothing of their association. Sylvester sent her costly gifts, especially during Christmas periods. Sophia kept the whole issue a secret — not even her mother whom she loved dearly heard about it. Whatever her reason for this seemingly childish attitude was only known to her. She was overwhelmed by Sylvester's magnanimity and was blinded by the material wealth she was accumulating from him. At one stage, she wrote to inform him that she had been driven out of her school for failing to pay her fees and urged him that if he loved her, he must send her the school fees since her father could not cope with the heavy burden already on his shoulders. Sylvester sent the money without delay and Sophia cashed it through the local branch of a well-known bank. That money — one hundred and fifty two naira — was carelessly spent by the girl without her father's knowledge. She bought expensive shoes and dresses with it. Needless to point out, she blatantly lied to Sylvester to obtain that money. Her father had always paid her fees promptly and gave her enough pocket money to cater for her other needs.

"When Sylvester returned home, they were happy to meet each other. He loved her very dearly and did everything to please her. But Sophia was a flirt. She never loved Sylvester but she dared not utter the words. She was deeply in love with someone else — a man called Fidelis Unaja — now in the final stages of his Ph.D. Degree course in London. In fact, Sylvester was used as a source of regular cash income which Sophia used to cater for herself in preparation for her eventual meeting with the man she really loved. Fidelis wrote her often. It was he who arranged for Sophia's proposed trip to Lon-

don. He had already secured admission for her in one of London's leading fashion institutes — and not the University of London as we were made to believe. They had planned to get married before the end of next year. So, Sylvester was just feeding fat a bull for another man to slaughter, if you understand what I mean. Sophia's parents never knew of these developments. Indeed, they were all looking forward to the day their daughter and Sylvester would get married. They had grown to like him and welcomed him cordially each time he paid them a visit. As fate would have it, Sophia's great secret leaked to Sylvester. He acted like an amateur detective. He made secret investigation and found the information to be true. He had managed to get hold of one of Fidelis Unaja's letters to Sophia. He was highly infuriated. Then he asked Sophia to confirm or deny the rumour he had heard. As expected, she flatly denied it but Sylvester could not leave it at that. A big quarrel ensued. At the time, Sophia had already got her passport and visas and was ready for the flight to London. Sylvester was determined to punish her very severely for this unfaithfulness and deceit. The maximum punishment he thought of was murder. She must not live to be called 'Mrs. Unaja'. As this feud went on, neither Sylvester nor Sophia thought of reporting the incident to Sophia's parents. The reason for this negligence can be imagined. While Sophia was ashamed to expose her insidious, double-faced character to her parents, Sylvester was busy planning his dangerous vengeance. He knew that if his vengeance was effectively carried out, he would be the last person to be suspected of the crime. At least the whole world had known they were deeply in love and had agreed to get married.

"Sylvester made a hurried secret visit to Lagos where he met Mrs. Adeko. He had known her through his close friend, Sam Duro. Mrs. Adeko was in love with Sam Duro but like Sophia, she was a flirt. Very soon, she discovered that Sam Duro was not her dream man. He drank heavily and was a chain smoker. Mrs. Adeko hated these habits. Sam Duro loved her and would do anything for her sake. But unfortunately, he could not stop drinking and smoking. When she met Sylvester, she switched her loyalty over to him. She saw Sylvester a handsome, gentle man — kind, soft-spoken, well-dressed. Secretly, they fell in love. Sylvester found Mrs. Adeko a suitable substitute for Sophia. She was light-complexioned, pretty, shapely and in her late twenties. Then they planned to get married but first of all, Sophia must be done away with. Mrs. Adeko delightfully agreed to undertake the task. But Sylvester would lure Sophia to Lagos, and the ideal place for the murder would be Mandel Hotel where Mrs. Adeko was an executive officer. Sylvester tried to take Miss Menda down to Lagos on the pretext that they were going to meet an airways official, but she refused to accompany him even when he had told her that he had forgiven her. She was still apprehensive.

"Then the long-awaited opportunity came. Sophia told him the date of her departure. That was her deadly mistake. And Sylvester seized that opportunity. He accompanied her to Lagos after booking hotel accommodation for two of them. That's where a suite came in. Like most women who are naturally feeble-minded, Sophia thought that the quarrel was over. For instance Sylvester had told her that if she didn't love him, she was free to marry Fidelis. So, the young man seen with Sophia in Mandel Hotel was none other than Sylvester. He dined and drank with her in the hotel club before he excused himself. He went straight to Mrs. Adeko to instruct her on her part."

Dike paused, puffed his cigar and went on, "Mrs. Adeko gleefully took over control of the situation. She went up to Sophia and told her that Sylvester would be

(Continued on page 32)

# THE NAKED CORPSE

joining her shortly. But Sylvester had gone to Sam Duro's residence where he passed the night and left there as early as 4.30 a.m. It was Mrs. Adeko who dragged Sophia in the Club before taking her to her room. How she did it is this. She took time off to chat with her in the Club - having earlier been introduced to her by Sylvester. As they chatted and laughed, they were drinking together. That was the time Mrs. Adeko secretly poured all the contents of the poison in the little bottle into Sophia's tumbler and she unsuspectingly drank it. Then she led her to her room, before she fell unconscious. Once inside the room, Sophia fell on the floor and Mrs. Adeko wasted no time. She brought out her scarf and strangled Sophia. Minutes later, she lay still, now absolutely dead. As for the mystery of the nakedness, Mrs. Adeko did that to further complicate the issue. I had carried out a thorough investigation on that and was convinced that the murderer stripped her naked. Having done her dastardly crime, she dropped the note already given to her by Sylvester. You will remember that the fingerprints experts stated that the prints on that note did not coincide with that found on the revolver used by Sylvester.

"Now, the mystery of the murderer's escape. When I entered that room on the day in question, I made a careful study of it. I surveyed all the possibilities of a criminal escaping from that room with the door locked from the inside. I found none. Mrs. Adeko fitted the key of the room loosely in the key hole inside the room while she locked the door outside with the spare key in her possession in her capacity as the Chief Steward of the Hotel. And it must be remembered that it was she who opened that door in the morning to 'discover' the body before she invited the police.

"Meanwhile, Sam Duro had heard of Mrs. Adeko's duplicity, but he never knew of her role in Sophia's murder. But he had heard that she was planning a secret marriage with Sylvester. In fact, I misunderstood the situation when I held the view that Sam Duro was party to Sophia's murder and that Mrs. Adeko was protecting his interest. What actually happened was that he was planning a terrible revenge on both Mrs. Adeko and Sylvester. Yes, he wanted to kill them and end his own life if necessary. He never knew that a trusted friend like Sylvester would ever contemplate snatching the woman he loved from him. So he phoned Sylvester to see him for an urgent discussion. Sylvester came immediately. Already, Sam Duro had purchased a .38 calibre automatic revolver from the firm of Umena Stores (Nigeria) Limited along Balogun Street. He had arranged for Mrs. Adeko to travel with him to Ibadan but she refused to go. She told him of her plan to visit her people at Ilesha. Sam was nervous, choked by lumps of anger and jealousy. He offered to go with her. So it was arranged. They would go through Ibadan. He left earlier with Sylvester while Mrs. Adeko went to a bank to withdraw some money. At a road junction ten miles to Ibadan, he stopped abruptly under the pretext that his car had broken down. It was there he waited for Mrs. Adeko. And a few minutes later, she showed up. He waved her to a stop and asked Sylvester to wait in the car while he accompanied Mrs. Adeko to a nearby village to buy the spare part of an unnamed part of the engine. So they drove off while Sylvester waited. As time dragged on, he became worried and suspicious. But he had not long to wait. Mrs. Adeko's car showed up, now driven by Sam Duro himself. On being asked, Sam

offered a very loose explanation on the whereabouts Mrs. Adeko. Instead he told Sylvester to travel with him in Mrs. Adeko's car. That's where he left us with Mrs. Adeko's car. Sylvester fell asleep in the car slumped at the back seat. Despite Sam's clever ruse to dodge my men, he was correctly trailed. He did want to shoot Sylvester in the same area. That's why he chose the Ijebu-Ode by-pass in Ibadan. Before he got to the spot however, Sylvester could no longer resist. His suspicion became pronounced. He demanded an adequate explanation of their destination and why Mrs. Adeko was no longer with them. In answer, Sam Duro parked the car by the side of the road and drew his revolver. He told Sylvester plainly that Mrs. Adeko was dead and that Sylvester should say his last prayers. The car was up, he explained. Sylvester was spurred to action by the fact that Mrs. Adeko had been killed. Like lightning he dived on Sam Duro and they both crashed to the ground. They struggled for the revolver until Sylvester had the upper hand. He snatched the revolver, aimed at the head of Sam and battered him with bullets. He searched the car, took the packets of live ammunition and the revolver.

"When I encountered him at Enugu, he had already prepared his defence. Inspector, you know the rest. As stands now, we have two points against Sylvester. One. In the first place, he planned, aided and abetted the murder of Miss Menda. I'm sure he can't deny any of the points I've raised in my story. I am always certain of facts before drawing any conclusions. Again an important witness in this case is Fidelis Unaja whose address will produce later."

To everybody's surprise, Sylvester Otulu smiled mirthlessly and said, "Mr. Dike, you are truly a thorough investigator. Whoever you obtained your information, they are absolutely correct. There's no point denying it. I met Sam Duro and I planned the death of Sophia - the woman I loved but who choose to repay my kindness and love with treachery and deceit. I can't....." his voice trailed. He buried his face in his palms. At this juncture, Inspector Kadiri ordered that Sylvester should be put in custody. He was taken away by two armed cops.

Dike got up to go. The Inspector looked at him. "You will go and have a well-deserved rest first. Later, I will see you to clear certain points with you." He gave Miss Dele on her shoulders.

"As for you," he said, "I have a special message for you. When you come back in the evening, it will be a surprise. You are indeed, my heroine," Miss Dele smiled.

While in the car racing back to the office, Dike smiled with a smile. "Well, my dear girl, it's all over, isn't it?"

"It is. As Sylvester himself admitted, you are a great, boss. How did you know all these?"

"It's my job. I must know them. Our men are congratulated too. Most of the facts came to me when I went to Enugu and Owerri. By the way, shall we spend the evening? I mean how are we celebrating?"

"Why not Rendezvous Club?"

"Alright, good enough"

"But have you forgotten the pleasure trip to Enugu, and Nibo your home town? Remember you promised."

Dike laughed. "Certainly I remember that. The next week Friday we take off for Nibo. Then we go up the 'honeymoon' pardon me, I mean pleasure trip to the New Moon Hotel, Enugu, on Sunday!"

Miss Dele smiled hopefully. She was looking forward to that trip.

THE END

# THE WAY OF WOMEN

By Koye Soretire Sorunke

*"Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman is fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads in May —  
If she think not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be."*

*"I am an expert at women, and I know how to get on  
with them."*

*"My wife is one of the best in the world but I regret I  
got married."*

The above three pieces speak copiously for themselves. The first is the first stanza of an immortal poem and the last two are popular quotations from two eminent people in our own community and the one thing that is common to them all is the theme — women.

Discussions on women have taken various dimensions and the reason has not been easy to fathom why the entity called women has taken such a considerable share of men's concern. As a result men have regarded themselves (as) and have even acted as the most eloquent champions of women's causes and have not given a thought to the relinquishment of this role even in the face of the advent and the growth of women's liberation campaigns. What is more, they even see themselves as the decider of women's fate for they argue, "After all a woman was made from the bone of a man's rib." A plausible argument that may be and one may justifiably concede the right to share that concern to them.

The concern or lack of it is in fact by the way for what this piece has at stake is what the menfolk have made of the women or what spectacle the women have constituted in the process of men's handling of the situation created. It will not be exaggeration to describe the situation as comic and violent. Indeed, the situation has degenerated into a battle, a three pronged battle on two different battle-fields. The first is the battle between one man and another often outside the home and the second the battle between the man and the woman mostly pitched at home. It is however note-worthy on the part of men to observe that the fight has assumed less of physical nature as they have adopted the use of modern devices such as the telephone to threaten their foes or the court of law to seek redresses from such causes. The more vindictive among men — education

or no education — have often resorted to the use of that very efficacious amulet called 'Magun' — Don't climb, for instant settlement of the dispute arising therefrom. And perhaps it is worth it! One may not lose sight of some other devices such as the pen, the motor vehicle — mostly cars, — the gun, the cutlass etc. etc.

Side by side, the battle rages at home between the man and the woman who prefer often to operate as husband and wife. It all originates from the need of the man to assuage his thirst for love. Man's first feeling of frustration is adequately shown in the poet's fourth stanza —

*"Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
She that bears a noble mind  
If not outward helps she find,  
Thinks what with them he would do  
That without them dares her woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?"*

In spite of this however, the manly heart takes courage and finds a wife but in the hustle and bustle of a matrimony he soon cries out loud — 'I want to be single again!' And the situation that forced the man into lamenting "If only I had my way, I would not have liked it that way", may not after all be a mere joke. But the woman has discounted it all alleging, "If he had his way, he would have gone to the devil!" and so remained cool. "Behind every successful man is a woman", and she is the architect of that success. It is pertinent to note that women have resorted to some equally foolproof means of insulating their position in this respect. A rather peculiar one is the invoked inability to enjoy any other woman arising from impotence and higher-to women have ever emerged heroines of the contests. In answer to what women regard as wild and shameless allegation on the part of the men in such perplexity, they have pleaded mere adaptability of the man.

By share ingenuity the womenfolk have virtually taken over control of the mutual relationship between man and woman; and history boggles with a large number of women who are known to be deciders of men's fate. The situation is completely reversed and women have ceased to be bones of contention any more than men can be. It is now a battle between woman and woman on the one side and woman and man on the other with the woman dictating the pace of battle. In the face of this too it is creditable that they have not lost a jot of their charm and they are still the fair sex.

**FORUM**

(Continued from page 5)

"During the course of her stay, one of the nurses overheard her telling one of her visiting friends that she came to the hospital because her husband refused to give her what she wanted.

"Let's see whether or not he has enough money to pay the hospital bill," she told the friend.

On the other hand I have had occasions to remark the fortitude with which some women sustain the most overwhelming situations. Some of them can afford to smile in the face of disaster that is serious enough to break down the spirit of a man.

Such women of course belong either to the self-made group or those who have been brought up the hard way.

"In my medical experience, women are found to be more feeble than men. While a man wants to wait another day to see if his ailment will improve, a woman will rush to the doctor at the slightest discomfort. Sometimes, women's problems are basically psychological.

"Doctor, I have lost my appetite for few days now and I don't sleep well. I think it's all caused by loneliness."

"Ask her to explain further then she begins a long story of her husband's recent promotion which has made it impossible for him to be home early because he has endless meetings to attend. From there, she just chatters on and she soon forgets her trouble. Sometimes, I feel they come to us because they just need someone to talk to and you have to be understanding to last with them.

"You can't imagine that some women claim to be ill to get attention. Such women enjoy the company of their husbands and if he wants to prove difficult, they just come up with something that looks real serious. What can the poor man do but just to come running to her bed-side. She can then cover herself up and have a hearty laugh.

"Like someone said, "A woman's heart is always changing". But, I will quickly add that at all times, man is always her target - be it in sickness or in health. In conclusion, it will be foolish of any man to think he can use force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will. If it is her wish to give happiness, she does so at all cost. She will also not hesitate to climb the highest and darkest mountains in search of a heart rending device with which to plague anyone who falls out with her.

**OFFICE HOURS**



"Do you suppose it's about my typing, or being late, or wasting time—or all three?"

millions  
 millions  
 millions  
 millions  
 millions  
 millions  
 millions  
 use them

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**COPING WITH THE RAINS**

Continued from page 11

ced diet but the danger this season while crossing the roads to buy cooked foods cannot be overlooked. I am sure mothers will agree with me that it is cheaper, more hygienic and more convenient to cook for children than to buy from unknown quarters.

**HEATING:**

Most people from all ages are quite familiar with coal-pot heating during the rainy season. One cannot, however, condemn this method which has been going on for centuries but the dangers are quite obvious - suffocation of the entire occupants of the room is a remote possibility. Clothes left hanging on coal-pot have been known to be the main cause of fire in many homes. In all this method must be used - windows must at least be left open to in oxygen which we do term fresh air.

As much as rainy-season is a blessing to us particularly to farmers to drought stricken areas it has its own disadvantages which can easily be overcome if above advice is taken into consideration.

**Wife Preservers**



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**DUMEX BABY FOOD**  
easy to make, easy to take

# MEDICAL

# ALCOHOLISM

**"Alcohol is a depressant drug, not a stimulant:"**

"Because my husband stays out late everyday, I got myself into the habit of drinking to get myself to sleep and as an opium to get off the depression I feel at his late nights out.

For the first few weeks, I went on a bottle a night but I gradually increased it as I felt more and more need of it to get my nerves stable. Now I take as much as four bottles of beer and two shots of brandy every night. My husband does not make any fuss, in fact, he is usually drunk by the time he returns home. My problem now is that rather than for the drinks to make me feel better, it makes me behave funny and even the following day, the feeling of depression continues. As much as I would like to keep off, I'm finding it increasingly difficult even to reduce the intake. Now, I think my health is deteriorating.

Do you think this could lead to any health problem?" Mrs. B had to summon a lot of courage to be able to tell me what her problem is. But I would say that she is not alone in her experience. While a lot of other women have similar problems which stem from various different causes, very few can summon enough courage to seek help at the appropriate quarters.

ALCOHOLISM means poisoning with alcohol; it may be acute or chronic. Acute alcoholism is drunkenness, the temporary result of overindulgence in alcoholic beverages. Chronic alcoholism is a sickness, the outcome of prolonged and repeated use of alcohol to compensate for deep seated personality problems.

**Alcohol, even in small amounts, impairs judgment and co-ordination, although the drinker usually fools himself into thinking he is more efficient physically and psychologically. This has been proved in many psychological and performance tests. It is the basis for the emphatic rule: If you drink, don't drive.**

ACUTE ALCOHOLISM, or intoxication, depends on the amount of alcohol—ordinary ethyl alcohol—imbibed and absorbed through the stomach and intestinal tract. Individuals differ in their tolerance. The degree of intoxication can be estimated from the amount of alcohol in the blood stream. This is the basis of "dunkometer" tests. When the blood alcohol reaches a concentration of 0.3 to 0.4%, the drinker is unconscious "out cold." He may require medical treatment.

Contrary to popular opinion, alcohol is a depressant drug, not a stimulant. It chiefly affects the nerve cells of the brain, to which the blood stream carries it fairly quickly from the stomach. By depressing the higher nerve centres, it releases inhibitions and gives a temporary sense of well-being that has been valued for centuries. As the amount of alcohol reaching the brain increases, the unpleasant, depressive anaesthetic effects of the drug appear.

Alcohol, even in small amounts, impairs judgment and co-ordination, although the drinker usually fools himself

—Modern Woman Medical Correspondent

into thinking he is more efficient physically and psychologically. This has been proved in many psychological and performance tests. It is the basis for the emphatic rule: If you drink, don't drive.

Because it causes the blood vessels to expand, alcohol is sometimes prescribed for patients with some forms of HEART DISEASE. Elderly patients suffering from chronic diseases may also be permitted or encouraged to use alcohol medicinally to spur appetite and ease minor pains and aches.

The best-informed medical opinion now holds that the temperate, moderate, occasional use of alcoholic beverages has little, if any, residual effect on health.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM afflicts perhaps millions of people, mostly males. These could be classified as heavy drinkers, excessive drinkers, or inebriates, who harm themselves physically, psychologically, and socially by their drinking. The residue are chronic alcoholics—problem drinkers, compulsive drinkers, literal slaves to drink.

The continued, excessive use of alcohol brings physical and mental deterioration and ultimately death. Excessive drinkers shorten their lives; their resistance to disease, notably pneumonia, is decreased, their nervous and digestive systems are impaired; they are subject to alcoholic psychoses, such as DELIRIUM TREMENS (DT). Since they eat poorly, chronic alcoholics often suffer from nutritional deficiencies, especially lack of vitamin B, which exaggerates their nervous difficulties.

Why do some people become chronic alcoholics, crossing the line from social drinking to problem drinking? There is no final answer, but psychiatric studies of some powerful hints. Regardless of his life circumstances the psychiatrists say, the alcoholic feels basically insecure. He suffers from painful, deep-seated, unconscious inner conflicts, from which he needs release more pressing than other people. The origins of these neurotic conflicts may go back to childhood. They often embrace feelings of long-repressed anger against parents who betrayed, rejected, or frustrated him as a child. Alcohol temporarily releases this dreadful inner feeling of guilt, frustration, and insecurity, so the alcoholic resorts to it more and more. He is fleeing from himself.

Rather than for alcohol to stimulate, it aggravates feeling of depression in form of hangover.

## HANGOVER

Hangover from excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages is a combination of factors related both to the physiological effects of alcohol and the circumstances under which it is consumed. We shall distinguish the typical morning-after hangover from alcoholic or drunken stupor immediately following consumption of great quantities of alcohol. Coma may require the stimulatory if it is not slept off, and even better treatment if it is followed by DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Morning-after hangover is usually a combination of headache, dehydration, fatigue, and slight gastric u

and irritation. Almost all these symptoms would disappear if the person who wakes up with a hangover would drink several glasses of water, take an aspirin tablet or two, and go back to bed to sleep or doze until his unpleasant symptoms disappear. The problem is complicated because the victim wants to get up and go to work or must fulfill other immediate responsibilities.

**HOW TO HANDLE A HANGOVER:** The headache of a hangover is of the vascular type, related to hypertension headache. Alcohol dilates the blood vessels in the brain as well as in other parts of the body. As the alcohol is gradually burned up, these stretched vessels return to their normal bore. But in doing so they tend to put the nerves that serve them a little on stretch, and this creates the sensation of pain in the head. There is some justification for the immediate relief of this type of headache by taking another drink because it again begins to dilate the blood vessels. However, the treatment may set up another vicious cycle of indulgence and hangover.

**DEHYDRATION** is the second factor to be corrected in a morning-after hangover. This is the cause of the "dark brown taste" in the mouth. Alcohol is an excellent diuretic, it stimulates the kidneys. Hence the person who has been drinking heavily usually loses more liquids than he imbibes, thus changing his internal water balance and becoming dehydrated. The remedy is simply to drink water freely—as many as 8 or 10 glasses in the course of 2 to 4 hours. Fruit juice and tomato juice have no special virtue, except that they taste better.

**FATIGUE**, muscular fatigue, and loss of sleep are usually the third factor in producing a hangover, since alcoholic indulgence is usually begun when a person is already physically tired and is often continued for a long period that shortens available time for sleep, rest and recuperation. This fatigue produces headache (tension headache) from unrelieved pull on the muscles at the back of the neck. The best way to relieve this fatigue is by rest. The worst way is to whip up the fatigued muscles with more stimulants, such as amphetamine, or to continue with a depressant drug such as alcohol.

6 The continued, excessive use of alcohol brings physical and mental deterioration and ultimately death. Excessive drinkers shorten their lives; their resistance to disease, notably pneumonia, is decreased, their nervous and digestive systems are impaired; they are subject to alcoholic psychoses, such as DELIRIUM TREMENS (DT's). Since they eat poorly, chronic alcoholics often suffer from nutritional deficiencies, especially lack of vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, which exaggerates their nervous difficulties.

Stomach upset and irritation may arise from several circumstances. Alcohol in small quantities is an appetent, stimulating appetite. Hence, early in the alcoholic evening the victim may have been stimulated to eat an excessively large meal, which is being slowly and poorly digested. Or he may have omitted eating and have a hunger headache. Alcohol is one of the few substances absorbed directly from the stomach into the blood stream and when this occurs in great volume, the secretion of gastric juice is altered.

Blind foods, such as milk toast, help overcome the gastric factor in hangover.

**HOW CAN CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM BE TREATED AND OVERCOME?** Most alcoholics need psychiatric help to overcome the intensity of their inner conflicts. Few get it. The aversion treatment, combined with psychotherapy, is often helpful. The patient takes a drug like antabuse, which makes him exceedingly sensitive to alcohol. He becomes ill and vomits whenever he takes a drink. This reaction enforces sobriety for many months while the patient is in the process of acquiring an improved attitude toward his inner problems.

## Mother's Information Bureau

# COPING WITH THE RAINS

PREPARED BY SISTER ADERIKOLA

Hello, Parents, the focus this month is on school children and rainy season.

### CHILDING:

We cannot stress too often the need to keep warm during the rainy season. An adult going to work in the rain makes sure he is adequately protected either by an umbrella or a rain-wear or both; a baby being taken out is also protected; but for an average school-child this is not the case. To my mind school children seem to be the most neglected members of the community. It is a common sight to see school-children wading through puddle almost naked to go to school. They usually fold their school uniforms under the arms or in their bags to keep them dry. Sometimes they walk under heavy rain with drenched uniforms. On getting to school, they strip almost naked.

It is heart breaking to see three or four children

sharing one rain-coat along our busy streets. They stretch the coat almost across the street, walking with their heads bowed. When a car is almost at their heels they disperse in different directions. What a danger they are exposed to, on already congested roads with frustrated and bad tempered drivers.

The rainy season in our country is pretty stable and as such we have an ample time to prepare ourselves long before the season arrives annually. Nowadays, we are lucky that rainwear is manufactured here and is quite reasonably cheaper than it used to be. Rainwear is a necessity during the rainy season and not a luxury. It is part of school uniforms and it should be taken as such. One can buy a rainwear for as little as 80k - N1, and this, if kept well may last for two rainy seasons which is roughly 2 years. Children should always be taught how to keep and protect their belongings.

When the rainy season is over - make sure the rain-coats are dried properly and dusting powder applied so as to prevent the material sticking together. When it is to be used the following year, it will be in good shape.

### DIET:

It is the wish of every parent that his child should be proficient in his studies. The valuable weapon with which to make this possible is good and well-selected feeding so that the brain will develop adequately to serve the purpose it is intended for. Here the very popular "balanced diet" comes into play. It is not only during the rainy season that school-children need bal-

(Continued on page 39)

# Fennings



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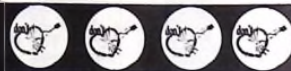
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# DEAR REMI



# letters of love

## WHAT SHALL I DO

My husband is having an affair with another woman and is doing everything possible to get me to leave him. He is afraid to leave because of his job, and his status. Also, because we live in one of the government quarters in a sophisticated area, he does not seem to find things as easy as he expected since I am determined to stay.

As a complete housewife, I haven't much money of my own and I don't fancy putting extra burden on my parents by going to them with my two children. My husband continues to make me miserable and I'm finding the situation more and more intolerable. What can I do?

Lagos.

Riyike,

*Do not be irrational enough to leave your matrimonial home for your husband's convenience. Discuss the matter openly with him. If this fails, then contact responsible older relatives or family friends to help make him see how unfair he is being.*

## NO CASH FOR DATING

At 19, I'm given only N4 a month for my pocket money. This does not give me a chance to date a girl which I very much want to do. How do I get my parents to see the need for an increase to the amount or how do I get a girl who will be reasonable enough to take me as I am.

Ibadan.

Femi,

*you. On the other hand, as a student, you don't want to give girls the impression that you are already in money by wasting your parents' hard earned money on them.*

## NO OUTING

My parents wouldn't let me stay out late like my friends or even to go parties or dances. Each time I tell them I want to go out, they just ask me to think of more important things and stop being childish. Is it childish to want to go out occasionally at 17? How do I grow up then?

Ibadan.

Kike,

*Try to point out in a cool manner though, that they are not helping you by keeping you in the whole time. How could they expect you to grow up all by yourself with no social interaction what-so-ever. You cannot sit at home and work out an adult attitude on your own.*

*I wouldn't know if your parents are illiterates but let them know that growing up means experiencing life and people.*

## BOY FRIENDS WANTED

At 18, I have no boyfriend but my friend who is also 18, has many. As soon as she's through with one, she has no trouble finding another. I'm very jealous as boys never seem to want me.

Is there any way out?

Ikeja.

Bola,

*If you can't avoid feeling envious of your friend, [this seems crazy anyway, since there's nothing admirable in a string of short-*

*lived friendship), then try to mix more with other girls so you'll stop feeling second rate.*

## I'M CONFUSED

I'm in love with a school girl whom I want to marry. During our friendship she told me stories of her love affairs with soldiers and married men but claimed she never had sex with any of them and that she was still a virgin. On this pretext she refused having sex with me till recently and I discovered that she is far from being a virgin. I am now very disappointed but since I still like her, I am very confused whether I should still marry her. Your advice is solicited.

Warri.

Georgewill,

*Don't rush things yet. Play it cool and you'll be able to decide with time, whether or not you want to marry her. There are many sides to love you know.*

## BETRAYED

A good friend of mine, who knows the secret between my boy friend and I betrayed me by visiting the boy in my absence. I talked to the boy when I heard from another friend, but he denied it all. The girl is now carrying three months pregnancy for that particular boy, and he is still trying to show that he loves me. Can I forget about the pregnant girl and continue with him?

Ibadan.

Ronke.

*If he is mean enough to go that far with your friend, then he is not worthy to be considered.*

## RUNAWAY GIRL

A 22 years old girl packed her belongings and came to stay with me for three months. One day, she just packed again and ran to my neighbours room. Can report her since she packed my things together with her own.

Onitsha.

Chukwura

*Go to her and ask for your own property, if she refuses to return them, tell her relatives. I'm not sure you do not have some questions to answer for keeping her for three months. Any legal action taken by you may land you in great trouble.*

## CAN I STAY WITH HIM

My husband who is nine years older than me is forceful of girls and drinks. Whenever he's drunk, he beats me up and sends me out the night with my children. Should I stay with him or pack to my parents with my children?

Funmi.

Orde

*Are you driving him out? Do some self-examination, talk things over amicably with your husband and watch patiently for results. The intervention of friends and relatives could be sought as a last resort.*

*You've got to tell your parents about your need. If they can really afford extra naira for the purpose, they'll not hesitate to give*

