

TRUST

JUNE 1979

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end a life
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TRUST
 Nigeria No. 102
 June 1979

FIRING SQUAD FOR A VILLAIN

They who live by the sword die by the sword — and they who live by the gun often die by the gun. And that's what happened to Anthony Chinenye, who faced a firing squad after a life of crime — pages 4-7.



IS THIS THE GATEWAY TO HEAVEN?

We all have our own ideas about Heaven — and there are people who believe that this spot is the way in, and out, of Heaven for the living and the dead. Join TRUST on a trip to the Gateway to Heaven — pages 13-15.



THE NAKED STREET OF YABA

Commercial Avenue, Yaba, is a street of contrast, as Nelson Bankole recently discovered.

By day it is, as its name suggests, a street where business is transacted. By night, the street's business is different! — pages 8 and 9.



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 this month's
 bumper
 issue of TRUST!

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- 10. Readers' letters
- 16. Short story
- 18. The lovely Lolo
- 20. Charity
- 29. Nelson's Column
- 36. Lady Doctor

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The day was Saturday, March 3, 1979. Five condemned armed robbers were taken in chains to Lagos's Bar Beach to be publicly executed. One was the notorious Anthony Chinenye, who had led a life of crime since he was five years old. TRUST Editor Nelson Bankole tells his story from infancy to the time he died.

THE LIFE AND DEATH ANTHONY CHINENYE

EXECUTED armed robber Anthony Chinenye did not just cultivate the habit of depriving other people of their property by force through any evil communication. Rather, his background revealed that he had an in-born instinct to use violence to rob.

According to people who knew him from his birth, right from the time he was about five years of age in his village at Uturu-Okigwe in Imo State, Anthony was known to be in the habit of using violence to seize toys from his playmates. If any of them dared to protest he would beat them up!

Anthony Chinenye's violence was said to be dreaded by his playmates. He was a very good wrestler, and during wrestling tournaments staged in his village as part of the activities marking the annual new yam festival, he triumphed over everybody, including many older wrestlers.

At one stage in his life he developed the habit of tapping palm-wine from other people's palm trees. Whenever he was caught he turned it into a fight. No one in his village could beat him in a fight, and so he often used that advantage to terrorise people. There was a time when he beat up his teacher.

Apart from being violent, Anthony was a terrible introvert. He trusted nobody, and so had no friends. One day he was

trying to sharpen a knife to be kept in his pocket in readiness for a possible fight. As he was doing so his hand slipped, and the already sharpened knife cut off his left little finger. As a child who would never admit any form of defeat, he picked up the finger and kept it in his pocket for a week until his father discovered the wound and took him to hospital for treatment.

From about the age of five to becoming a 15-year-old, he was responsible for goats and chickens going missing in Uturu-Okigwe. He would climb palm trees carrying grains of corn and some cassava tubers. When he realised that nobody was watching him, he would throw down one or two tubers of cassava to attract a goat, which he would eventually pounce on, strangle, roast, and hide in the bush. He did the same with other villagers' chickens until he was caught one day. But even then he challenged the owner to a fight.

When the civil war broke out in 1967, Anthony enlisted with the guerrilla wing of the Biafran army. It must have been during this period that he learnt the use of pistols, and toughened up his violent instincts. He deserted the army before the war ended, and organised a terrorist gang which raided Uturu-Okigwe and its environs, using force to rob people of their property.

After the war Anthony went

to Onitsha to learn driving, and on qualifying obtained a driving licence number E11363, dated August 14th, 1972. He later went to Lagos and became a trailer driver with a transport company.

Anthony loved living above his means. He had no respect for money, and whenever any came his way he spent it extravagantly. He was also a terrible drunkard.

Anthony left his employer and picked up another job as a private car driver. Before he drove his boss, for three months he had studied the man's movements and knew where he usually kept his money. He ended up stealing N4,000 from the man.

Before Anthony was arrested he had spent all the money. He spent part of it in buying a second-hand Datsun car, and spent the rest on drink and on messing around with "free women."

Anthony later left Lagos for Uturu-Okigwe where he once again organised a terrorist gang which raided traders carrying their wares from one village to the other, and forcing them to surrender their goods. When the police were alerted of their activities, and tried to arrest them, Anthony and other members of his gang escaped and went to Onitsha, where he got a job as a taxi driver.

It was while driving a taxi that

OF

FAR LEFT: Smiling to the end . . . Anthony at the stake. RIGHT: The end for Anthony as he is confirmed dead by a doctor.

Anthony bought a locally-made pistol, with which he robbed some of his passengers on the highway. He did this for some time, but when his employer got wind of his inglorious activities, he sacked him.

Unemployed, Anthony went to Lagos with his pistol. The police record had it that on June 26th, 1976, Anthony armed himself with his pistol and 100 rounds of ammunition and took a taxi cab to the house of his last victim, Princewill Erundu, at 30, Odulume Street, Shogunle — Oshodi.

'He stole N4,000— bought a car, and then spent the rest on drink and time with free women'



On getting there he asked the taxi driver to wait for him outside, as he was going inside to get money for him. When he got inside he met a girl who told him that the fellow he wanted was in the bathroom. He waited, but just as Princewill came into the sitting room from the bathroom Anthony ordered him to surrender any money he had in the house.

Before Princewill could gather himself together, Anthony had fired several shots into his chest

and picked up a wallet containing N150 placed on the table.

Anthony did not bother to go back to the taxi driver. Instead he ran across the road and jumped into the bush. Having pursued him in vain, Princewill's neighbours came back to arrest the taxi driver and reported the incident to the police, while others rushed Princewill to the hospital.

It was later discovered that before Anthony did the Oshodi robbery, he had earlier shot

Donatus Ibe in the chest in an abortive attempt to rob him of his car at Igboji-Sabe. And even after performing the Oshodi robbery, he went to 15A, Oba Akinjola Street, GRA, Ikeja, where he ordered Stephen Odoeme to surrender the money he was counting, or face the bullet.

Before Stephen knew what was happening Anthony had released several bullets into his chest. Then Anthony ran off without taking any money.

People shouted the usual "Thief thief thief," which attracted the attention of an Air Force man who was on patrol with a rifle. As the Air Force man, Richard Meghr, tried to arrest him, Anthony overpowered him and seized his rifle. He wounded him by firing shots at him before he escaped.

Having completed the night's shodding, and with N150 in his pocket, Anthony's conscience started to prick him. He first threw away his pistol, and the

He lived by the bullet ... and he died by the bullet



CONTINUED

gun he seized from the Air Force man. Then he went to the state CID at Park Street, Yaba, to tell a clever story to the police.

Anthony told the police that his victims, Emmanuel Ekanne, Donaldus Ibe, Stephen Osame,

ANTHONY and four other condemned armed robbers at Bar Beach to keep a date with death.

— and himself — were partners in a smuggling business. He said when Customs raids on smugglers became unbearable he told his "colleagues" to give him his share of the business as he was no longer interested in smuggling.

Anthony told the police that when his "partners" refused to give him his share of the business, he became annoyed and purchased a locally-made pistol with which, he said, he threatened to kill them. He thought the three people had died as a result of the gun shots,

but when police stepped up their investigation all his statements proved to be false and were merely intended to cover up his crime.

Anthony was first sentenced to six months' imprisonment for giving false information to the police. Then he got life imprisonment for attempted robbery and assault by gun-shots. The Ikeja Armed Robbery and Firearms Tribunal later passed a death sentence by public execution on him for armed robbery.

Even when he was tied to the

stake, Anthony remained unrepentant and unruffled as he kept smiling. At one stage he threw two N5 notes to a warder and asked him to give it to a named prisoner. When the warder did not listen to him he asked the police to break the money into coins and distribute it to beggars.

Before he could bluff the law-enforcing agents with his care-free, shameless show, a firing squad took up position, fired several shots, and ended his notorious life. He had lived and died by the bullet.



Trust (Nigeria) Jun



ABOVE: Part of the huge crowd which packed Bar Beach to watch the executions.
BELOW: Princewill Erondu, Anthony's last victim, prayed for the condemned man.
RIGHT: Anthony's home-made pistol.



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EXPOSED!

Get dressed and let's get to town — to an avenue in the heart of Lagos mainland which you could pass through every day . . . little knowing that you are in a haven of sex, fun and crime! TRUST's Nelson Bankole tells the story of the naked street that is Commercial Avenue.

Yaba's naked street...

THE STREET is called Commercial Avenue. It occupies a central position in the Yaba area of Lagos mainland. A visit to this avenue by day gives one an impression of a place for transcending legal, medical, mercantile, entertainment and other legitimate businesses.

True to its name, on both sides of Commercial Avenue are buildings which accommodate decent people who either live there or carry on legitimate commercial transactions every day. But rather more true to its name is the fact that side by side with these legitimate businesses are operators and patronisers of shady commercial activities.

In the evenings the western

end of the avenue provides a different scene altogether. Scores of cars, motor cycles and bicycles are parked all over the place. Groups of smartly and shabbily dressed men and women of different ages are seen smoking and loitering about.

My investigation revealed that these men and woman are mostly fun-seekers, and in their midst are people who sell the fun to them. I found out that the women are either full-time or part time prostitutes, among whom are working-class girls who work in offices by day — and hang around to solicit men in the evening to supplement their salaries.

Also in the crowd are some young secondary schoolgirls

who sneak out of their hostels to have fun and indulge in part-time prostitution.

I understand that in the avenue and its surrounding streets there are some stalls and rooms in some of the houses with makeshift beds, where these prostitutes and their customers pay for sex.

The owners of these rooms and stalls are either petty traders, food sellers or tradesmen who live there. The prostitutes know them, and as soon as they strike a bargain with their customers for short-time sex they pay a fee, which ranges from 50 kobo to two naira, depending on the standard of the stall or room . . . and how long they intend to stay inside!

All over the place you see "lovers" clinging together. Some of them whose bargains do not make allowance for the extra fee to rent a room or stall make use of walls in some dark corners, and make love quickly in the standing position!

Immediately it's over they disengage, and the woman goes round seeking another man who will either take her away for the night or repeat the same experience with her all over again. The man goes looking for other fun, too.

It requires an insider or fully understand all the shady businesses going on in Commercial Avenue at night. For instance, when you see a well-dressed gentlemen holding a briefcase strolling leisurely

from one end of the street to the other, don't confuse him with a stranded stranger who is looking for hotel accommodation.

He might be a "dealer". My investigations revealed that such are the people who deal in marijuana, which they code-name "stick".

Another man with a gentlemanly posture might be dealing in stolen wrist watches, expensive jewels and even travellers' cheques. It is from these men, who usually speak with fluent "black American" accents, and who tell you "I'm just landed from the sea", that you can buy a gold-plated wrist watch for 10 to 15 naira. It is from them that you can buy a silver or diamond-plated ring or necklace for as little as five naira. But you can also buy copper for gold, or ordinary glass for diamonds!

My investigations revealed that among the crowd you see at the western end of Commercial Avenue at night are dubious men who will tell you they have a ship-load of rice or milk awaiting berth at the port, and who will expect you to deposit some money with them.

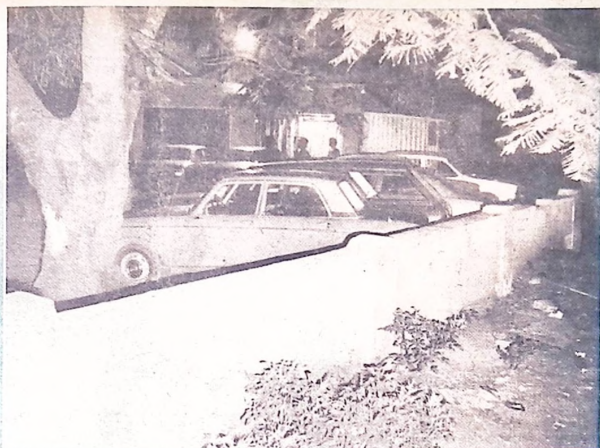
They can even show you some forged bills of lading and other shipping documents. And to further convince you a business contact card with an address which you may later discover to be non-existent is produced. If you are foolish enough as to give them some money, you are not likely to see them again.

It is possible to buy a fairly new car at an incredibly low price from some of the night "dealers" in Commercial Avenue. But you may later discover that you have bought a stolen car. I gathered that among those who loiter

Commercial Avenue—BY DAY...



LEFT: Commercial Avenue by day . . . as its name suggests



LEFT: Rows of cars parked by the fun-seekers at night in Commercial Avenue. ABOVE: These fun-seekers make use of abandoned cars like this to make love quickly in the absence of a bed. BELOW: These traders look innocent, but they sometimes sell "Ogogoro," marijuana and other narcotics. You need to know the language of the night to deal with them.

around the popular avenue at night are robbers, pick-pockets, swindlers and other undesirables.

Working side by side with these men are sex touts who fix up prostitutes for shy men who cannot make the direct approach. They charge a fee for their services.

There are also some men who turn themselves into professional "car guards." These are able-bodied men who ordinarily work as shoe-shiners or nail-cutters. Immediately they see you park your car and try to enter a nearby hotel or restaurant they welcome you with courtesy and offer to watch your car against possible theft... for a fee. If you dare to snub them, then you are not likely to find your car intact. They will have removed the windscreen, the rear lights, the tyres... or even taken the entire car!

When you see some people display soft drink bottles on a kiosk along the western end of Commercial Avenue, don't think that is all they sell. If you understand the language of the night, then you can buy some tots of "Ogogoro," some marijuana or other narcotics.

These are some of the goings-on in this popular avenue in Lagos. And, incredibly, all sorts of people you don't even expect to find in such a dubious environment make it their relaxation spot almost every evening.

One of the female residents along the avenue, who preferred to remain anonymous, complained about the nuisance which fun-seekers constitute in the area. "You can't open your window at night without smelling some strange odours coming with the breeze. Sometimes prostitutes fight over men, and their noise disturbs us a lot," she said.

Another woman narrated her experience with one of the fun-seekers some time ago. "I

was coming from my mother-in-law's house one evening. As soon as the taxi dropped me a drunk staggered towards me, caught me by the waist and asked me to follow him for a sex session. I gave him a slap on his wretched face. He wanted to retaliate, and the scuffle which later ensued drew a crowd, some of whom yelled: 'Hey, baba, go with him. After all you'll get paid.' I knew they were irresponsible people, and hurried towards my house."

Another resident of the avenue told me the story of how he had to send all his grown-up daughters to live with his cousin at Ikeja, for fear of their being raped some day or getting introduced to prostitution by the fun-seekers who have converted the place into a sex and drug arena.

But a food-seller I interviewed took a different stand. She almost hit my nose with her hot cooking spoon as she fumed: "Why don't you pressmen mind your own business? What is your concern about people who are having their fun after a hard day's work? They eat and smoke. So what?"

I later gathered that the woman had been selling food on the avenue for the past 20 years.

My findings revealed that the woman has been able to educate all her five children to post-secondary level from the profit she has made through the years.

I understand that two of them are studying overseas. She knows a lot about almost everybody who frequents the avenue regularly, and serves as a confidante to many of the pleasure-seekers of Commercial Avenue — Yaba's naked street.

RIGHT: Whores hang around waiting for men who pick them for the night or for a "quicker" just round the corner.



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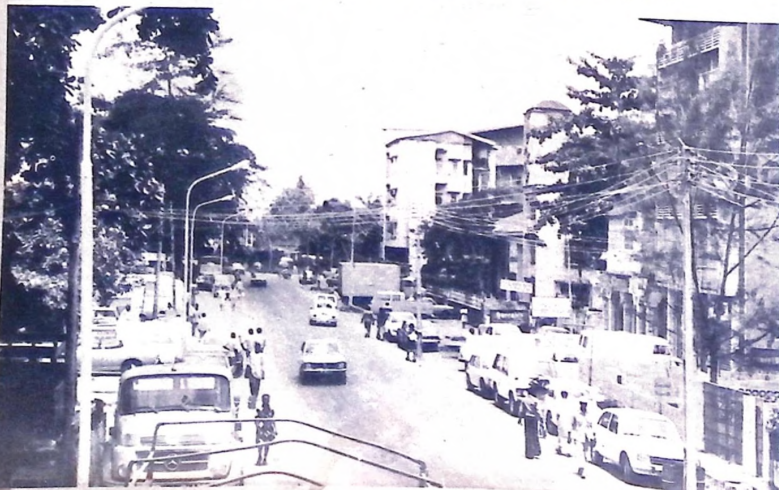
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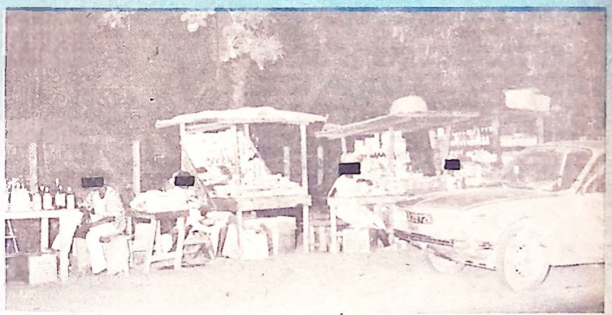
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...AND BY NIGHT



RIGHT: Whores hang around waiting for men who pick them for the night or for a "quickie" just round the corner.

LETTERS

Help for the jobless

IT IS bad enough that thousands of secondary school-leavers have no jobs to go to. Only those who know influential people in society find jobs. But what is worse is that most employers do not reply to applications sent to them.

I really think our government should do something about the unemployment problem. Employers should also remember that this country is not only for the rich and influential.

Joseph Aniche, Onitsha

It's a change, but ...

AS A Nigerian citizen I mustn't fail to congratulate the Federal Government for abolishing the former national anthem and replacing it with a better one. It is quite an achievement.

But I observed that in the present anthem the word

"fatherland" is used instead of the former "motherland".

I think this is a form of discrimination against women. If not, why was the word "fatherland" considered more suitable than "motherland"? Mothers are essential for the well-being of Nigerian children. Women are deprived of the election, and now they are deprived of their mention in the national anthem!

Chidinma Ada Orizu, Aba
There's no discrimination! Our constitution gives women the right to vote — and be voted for — in any elections.—Editor.

An unpatriotic attitude

IT HAS become the habit of many people, especially traders and "Danfo" and "Molue" drivers, to reject the 25 kobo coin. Don't you think it is unpatriotic of such people to reject money approved by the Central Bank? Sagun Taiwo, Musin
It is certainly unpatriotic to reject the 25 kobo coin, which is legal tender.—Editor.

A job for the detectives

THE confessional story of Funso Adeyemi, a former Jehovah's witness turned prostitute and now a computer student, published in the February issue of your first-class magazine, made interesting reading.

Her revelation that robbers

and prostitutes are "partners in trade" is worth investigating by the police. Detectives should pay occasional visits to nightclubs and interact with prostitutes. By doing that they will be able to detect some criminals through their "partners".
Inuwa Makaman, Laflagi

Lesson in Funso's story

FUNSO Adeyemi's confession in the February issue of TRUST should serve as a lesson to young spinsters and even housewives who follow their friends blindly. Apart from her tale of woe, what impressed me most was her determination to pursue her original ambition of furthering her education.

Hoping she keeps to her pledge, I am sure she would make a wonderful housewife. If I were not happily married I would have asked for her hand in marriage. I wish her all the best.

Ahmad Kyauts, Gumal
At least 25 eligible bachelors wrote to TRUST requesting Funso's hand in marriage after the publication.—Editor.

It's a faulty system

MANY people have wondered why we don't get efficient services from our public institutions, despite the fact that many of them are known to be over-staffed.

As for me, a lack of efficiency in these institutions has never baffled me, because what can we expect from a system which lays too much emphasis on paper qualifications?

How can you expect efficiency when you put an engineer in an air-conditioned office and engage a lawyer to work in the Ministry of Information?

Our system gives people the wrong impression that once you have passed through a

N1,836 per annum?

To my mind, since the two categories of airline worker risk their lives in the air the gap between their salaries should not be so wide. This is the kind of injustice we should cry out against.

Pauline Auquq, Warri

Take up your Bible!

I READ with disgust a letter I written by Mr. D. O. Ndukuw Nnamere, which appeared in your January issue.

He suggested, and I quote: "We should learn to limit the number of children we give birth to because our food resources are limited".

May I refer him to the book of Genesis, chapter 9, verse 1, where God blessed Noah and his son and told them to be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth. Why then should we reject God's blessing?

Well, if Mr. Ndukuw doesn't know the cause of soaring prices, let him consider the fact that most of those people who are supposed to be engaged in farming drift into the urban areas to get a share of the social amenities which are not available in rural areas.

Only old men whose bones are getting weak, and whose energy is fast declining, are left to work. Everybody wants to be educated and be a businessman, and when such is the case it is only natural that farm produce is scarce and prices go up.

So, brother Ndukuw, we all have to re-examine our attitude towards Operation Feed the Nation, rather than thinking of birth control.
Ambrose Uchendu, Onitsha



OUR cover girl with the lovely legs is Thelma. And the rest of her is right on — as you can see!

Unfair to stewards

I WAS surprised to learn that pilots flying Nigeria Airways aircraft earn as much as N48,480 per annum. What a fantastic salary!

But what is the rationale behind paying stewards and stewardesses as little as

TOP LETTER

university and have a degree to show, any job is there for the asking. They consider a degree to mean a meal ticket, and are not interested in contributing towards national development.

Things will continue to go wrong unless we encourage technological development and put the right people in the right positions.
L. Nwadike, Apapa

A university degree shouldn't be seen as a meal ticket. Rather, it should be an instrument to be used for national and personal development. Your thought-provoking letter wins N10.—Editor.

Are we still one?

MAY I use your medium to appeal to those Nigerians who pay lip-service to the slogan "One Nigeria," but in fact encourage state consciousness to desert from this attitude.

A boy from a certain state country applied for employment in a brewery owned by another state, but on the day of the interview he was kicked out by the secretary to the interview panel on the grounds that the job was strictly for someone from that state. Is this how to keep Nigeria one?

Ride Kelly, Ojha

Certainly not. Everyone, irrespective of state of origin, should have the right to be employed on merit in any part of the country.—Editor.

How much do I pay?

I WANT to find out how much I am involved, and how long it takes, to get people's requests for pen pals published in your journal? I sent in my passport photograph for the pen pals column last year, but I haven't seen it published. I have money, and if it involves money let me know so that I can send it to you.

James Ekomonhman, Mushin

We don't take money to publish pen pal requests. You will agree that such a free service naturally attracts a lot of applicants. Thousands of people send in their request for pen pals monthly, but we have limited space. Keep looking.—Editor.

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IS THIS THE WAY TO HEAVEN?

THERE are many revered places in Nigeria. One is a cave at Ughoton, a village in Bendel State, believed to be the gateway to Heaven . . . and Earth. Nelson Bankole visited the gateway to heaven, where this small house accommodates the shrine of Ikkaladehan, one of the early rulers of Benin kingdom. Visitors to the cave must keep 1.7 metres apart. If two people knock their legs together on the path they will die! Turn to page 14 for more about the path to Heaven.



The

AT Ughoton Village, in Oredo Local Government area of Bendel State, there is a sacred cave, believed to be the gateway to Heaven. The villagers believe that all men come to the world through the cave, and that they pass through the same cave to Heaven when they die.

The cave is at the eastern end of the village, and people visit it only when they want to offer rituals to their ancestors.

According to the belief of the villagers, when any of them has a problem that can not be solved on earth, they go to the cave to invoke the spirit of the departed. There are certain rituals which must be performed, and after that, they claim, certain voices echo from inside the cave which signify the arrival of the spirits of their departed relations. Then they narrate their problems which they want solving.

When TRUST visited the village, the Chief Priest of all the shrines surrounding the cave, Pa Aifuwa, said that the cave had been in the village before the creation of the rest of the world. According to him, contacts with the spirits of their ancestors had helped many people to solve their problems. He also claimed that a lot of people came from near and distant places to communicate with their departed relations.

There is a small shrine built at the approach of a narrow footpath leading to the entrance to the cave, where anybody visiting the cave must offer a ritual. It is called the shrine of Ikaladahan, who was one of the early rulers of the old Benin kingdom.

When approaching the cave people are told to keep a distance of 1.7 metres apart, because it is taboo to knock their legs against each other. If any two people do, it is claimed, they die.

At the other end of the cave itself is a small brook, the water from which, the villagers believe, all men used to wash their legs before coming to the world, and when going back to Heaven.

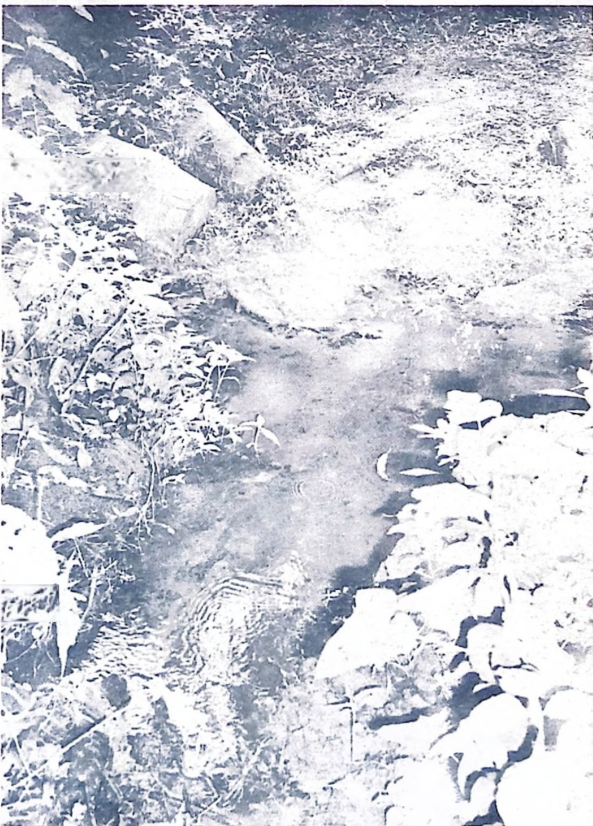
The claims of the Ughoton villagers may be right or wrong, but many curious tourists visit the cave.

LEFT: The cave claimed to be the gateway to Heaven. People visit it to communicate with their departed relations.

RIGHT: Water from this brook is believed to be used by people coming from Heaven or going back to wash their legs.

TOP RIGHT: Pa Aifuwa demonstrates a ritual ceremony with a native

gateway to Heaven



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The endless voyage

THE GODS won't blame me for loving an adorable girl like you, Yemi, so why should things be difficult?" asked Wale. "Of course it seems to be difficult, and I'm not loving you less," Wale replied.

Wale, a 17-year-old boy of his own will, hailed from a fishing village in Ondo State and hoped to become a yacht owner in the near future. His father died a few years ago in a sea storm during a voyage, leaving him with a mother to care for.

He had since started crewing on ships to earn a living and support his mother.

Yemi was from the upper part of the same state. She was a year younger than Wale, and grew up under the care of her mother in the fishing village. Her mother, Mrs. Ayodele, was a divorcee, and had been one since Yemi was six months old 16 years ago. Since that time she had been living in the village. Here she raised her only daughter and educated her to secondary level. Now she was in her final year at secondary school.

Wale used to cruise the seas for months, then return for a few days to the village to see his mother and especially his darling. On these voyages he made money, which he used to support his mother. The rest he put by for future use. On this arrival they were to celebrate his birthday.

The endearing words were brought up after Yemi told Wale that her mother wished she could marry a rich, sophisticated man whose wife and only son had died in an accident. His name was Dapo Ogunda and he lived at Ikoyi, Lagos. In order to let Yemi see the man she would have to go to Ikoyi and spend a few days with her mother's friend, called Mrs. Adeyemi.

Later, both of them decided that Yemi would go and do as she wished, though it took some time to persuade her to go. They then went for a birthday picnic on their island, which was some miles off shore.

Yemi said "Wale, I wish you could follow me to this place I'm going."

"You are my happiness, that's why I'm going to take you with me on my voyage. If not for your

papers I might have taken you to the altar a long time ago, so stop moaning like a kid," replied Wale.

Embraces and kisses followed, and after the picnic they returned to the village.

The next day Wale left for the high seas again, and soon the holidays came and Yemi went to Lagos as planned.

The next day Wale left for the high seas again, and soon the holidays came and Yemi went to Lagos as planned.

Three months after Yemi's arrival from Lagos, Wale came home to see Yemi. Soon they were on their island for a welcome picnic. This trip, as it turned out, changed their life. After exploring the island they started to pack their things, and as they were preparing to leave Wale caught hold of Yemi and gave her an urgent kiss.

This type of feeling had never been felt by Wale before, or by Yemi. Soon they were naked in each other's arms, and for the first time they made love in a passionate way that neither of them could explain. Yemi was so happy she couldn't check the tears of joy pouring down her lovely face. A strong cord had bound them.

They left the island at night, and since Wale had to leave for the high seas early the next day they had to say goodbye — which was not easy.

A few weeks later Yemi discovered she was pregnant, and became panic-stricken. Her first thought was an abortion,

but remembering the dangers involved she forgot that idea. The final exams were still a long way off, and her condition would soon start to show.

Looking into the future she felt she was trapped. She was in a state of hysteria, and nothing she did was right. Her mother started to see faults in her, too.

Wale came home after two weeks, and found that Yemi had started to lose weight. He asked what was wrong, but instead of confiding in him, Yemi kept silent. When at last she did talk it was to accuse him of not loving her wholeheartedly.

"You are like one of those wolves, and I detest you. I hate you. Leave me alone. I don't want to see you again, and to hell with all your promises. You don't love me at all, and it's a pity I was carried away by your deceit. So get lost," said Yemi.

Wale was more than surprised to hear this from his loving and gentle Yemi. He was too shocked to say a word, and left for the seas that evening.

After his departure Yemi wept bitterly, realising how foolish she was. Pride, as usual, was ready to do its work, and made her determined not to plead with Wale no matter what. So she decided to run away.

After a few days' thought she decided to go to Lagos. There it would be impossible to locate her, and she might be able to decide on a better future for her child. Then she heard a voice in her saying "Yemi, remember, if you are ever in need of me or my

help I'll be more than willing to help you". They were Dapo's last words to her before she left Ikoyi. She had not given him a thought since, but now she longed for his flattery. She decided to go to Lagos.

With tears of regret she took the picture of Wale given to her recently, and other things to remind her of him, and left the village the next day.

On the evening of the day she reached Lagos, and was hailing a taxi when Dapo's Volvo car sped by. He halted and took another look at the familiar figure he had just seen hailing a taxi. To his amazement it turned out to be Yemi — his only dream after his wife's death.

Counting himself lucky to have come across her, he parked immediately and called her. She too was surprised to see him, and was dumb-founded for a while.

She was ushered inside his car, and without asking questions Dapo took her to his four-room apartment at Ikoyi. He fussed a lot over her and later asked her to stay with Mrs. Adeyemi for the night. She agreed. He took her to Mrs. Adeyemi's house, and told her not to ask Yemi a single question. He then staved and saw that she slept before leaving for Ikoyi.

The next day Dapo arranged a few days' off work, so as to be able to see more of Yemi. They went for a ride and after driving through the streets they parked at Bar Beach. Suddenly Dapo turned towards Yemi, took her hands in his, and said "Now, Yemi, I know that the circumstances under which you left your place are not favourable, but please don't turn down my request. It may be hard to learn to love me after that boy has drugged your heart, but I pro-

mise you that you won't regret this. I'll take proper care of you. Please marry me and give me a second chance of happiness. I promise you happiness as well!"

Yemi was in a state of confusion. "Must I say yes?" she thought. "But I still love Wale terribly, and, who knows, he may come back. And besides, I've done more than hurt him. But if I agree, will Dapo discover the truth about me?"

Seeing her confused face, Dapo said "Mind you, darling, you've got as long as you need to decide on it. I won't rush you, nor will I be content with a negative answer."

With that he took her in his arms and kissed her confused face with affection and assurance. Later he took her home.

After a few days a worried Mrs. Ayodele arrived at her friend's residence to notify her about Yemi's disappearance. Instead of getting worried as well, her friend started to smile and talk about her daughter's arrival and said how things were working out well between Yemi and Dapo.

Mrs. Ayodele was very happy and relieved, for she thought Yemi had followed Wale to the high seas.

After two weeks Dapo and Yemi were married, to everybody's happiness. Yemi took care that not a soul suspected her deeds, but there were times when she thought that Dapo ought to know the truth. He lavished a lot on her, trying to make her happy. He suggested opening a boutique for her, and offered driving lessons. When Yemi broke the news of her pregnancy, Dapo was very happy and promised Yemi a car.

The boutique had to be closed as her delivery date drew nearer. But it took only eight

Wale and Yemi were young — and in love. But Wale spent a lot of time at sea, and was away when Yemi found she was pregnant. What happened next . . . ? TRUST short story by Funke Oyewole.

stead of the natural nine. Dapo wasn't suspicious, but worried about both mother and child.

She gave birth to a bouncing baby boy, despite the fact that everybody except Yemi thought of him as premature! The baby turned out to be a replica of his real father — Wale. He inherited all his features.

Seeing the baby, Yemi's face paled. But Dapo noticed nothing, not even the feverish look in Yemi's eyes. Instead he remarked that the baby had inherited Yemi's dark, bright eyes. He was proud of his son, and did some of Yemi's work — bathing him, feeding him, and waking up at midnight to tend to his needs while he ordered Yemi to rest.

"You've made me complete again. You deserve to be spoilt as a mother," he would say if she protested.

As the days passed she

realised that not a shred of her love for Wale had disappeared instead, the baby's arrival had prolonged her longing for him.

The boy was named Omotola Oluwale Ogundana. Everybody except Yemi called him Wale, and this broke Yemi's heart. As Yemi watched the boy grow it was just like watching her lover's childhood all over again. She wished to be with Wale all the more.

On the first birthday celebration of her Tola, the car which Dapo had promised Yemi at the child's birth was given to her.

The boy was taught to swim, and took to it like a fish. Nothing from his real father's attributes and beauty did he lack. He was even more handsome than his father. He grew up to love ships and sailing, and he had toy ships and boats in his room. He was proud of his collection of

boats, and it got to a point where Dapo had to promise him a holiday at sea.

Yemi started to pray for God's help so that Wale could return to her life.

One afternoon, in the third year of Tola's life, the child was taken to the park by a neighbour, and this gave Yemi the chance to work in silence. She was in the laundry room when someone knocked at the door. The noise of the washing machine deafened her, and she had not heard the footsteps of the visitor on the pavement as he decided to try the back door.

Yemi noticed a shadow falling across the wall, and rose from the machine. Who she saw there left her dumbfounded. The visitor was Wale.

At last she was able to talk, and she said: "What do you want again? Who told you I'm here?"

Wale replied: "I'm not much of a visitor to another man's wife, but I thought it my duty to find you and be sure that you are happy. My mother gave me the news that you are married and that you are happy with all those things at your reach (pointing to the washing machine). I must leave now."

"Won't you come in for a cup of tea for old time's sake?" asked Yemi.

Yemi took him into the thickly carpeted living room, and as she was heating the water for coffee Wale asked: "Is this what you want? I am able to offer you all these now, though it's too late. I went away thinking you expected the man of your dreams to be rich, and to attain wealth I started saving. But your husband fits well into the picture of the man of your dreams — rich, handsome, sophisticated. What else could you ask for?"

Yemi heard all this, but instead of explaining she was choked with tears. She gave up being brave, and tears started to run down her lovely face.

This was too much for Wale. He had no intention of hurting her, and couldn't go on being cold. He took her in his arms, and she did not resist but allowed Wale to comfort her.

As they were in this position, Tola arrived shouting: "I'm back, mum, and I need a wash. I got pushed into the lake by Segun!" They disengaged, and Tola came in.

"Welcome, my darling. I hope you behaved yourself at the park. Oh, you are dirty and wet all over. Go and change in your room," said Yemi.

Seeing the boy, Wale knew that he was his. As soon as the boy went to his room he said: "Yemi, why must you do this to me? You ought to have told me the truth three years ago, and we might have married then. My son might have grown up as I did."

"I was afraid you would refuse to accept the responsibilities then," replied Yemi.

"Don't you believe I love you, then? I've never stopped loving you since you went out of my life," said Wale.

"Mummy, who is this man?" asked Tola.

"Oh, he is a friend of mine, and he's also called Wale," said Yemi. "Meet an uncle and a namesake at the same time."

After a lot of discussion the lovers decided on a plan. Yemi would tell Dapo the truth, then take her son with her to the old fishing village. There Wale would meet them in his yacht, and they would start a new life together. Wale left.

Fate, at times, has a way of working and determining one's life. It turned out that Yemi was not able to tell Dapo anything. So she decided to write a few lines the next day before leaving. So Yemi left a note on the dining table and left with her son in her car. But Tola became restless during the journey, asking for his peis and demanding to know their destination. Yemi replied that

Soon they were at the sea, and to Yemi's surprise Wale's yacht was also named Yemi. She asked for the reason, and Wale replied that when she left him he started to pretend that things around him were Yemi in some form. Tears of joy welled up in Yemi's eyes, and she gave him a warm hug.

For some time Tola proved to be no trouble, but at times he would ask for his dad. To this Yemi used to say: "He'll join us soon."

Wale suggested he should be told the truth, but Yemi said the shock would be too much for him. He should get used to Wale first.

Soon the boy became more restless. He started to cling to Yemi and was more than exacting. This made Yemi lift the boy and cuddle him like a baby. Taking a deep sigh she said: "Wale, must we let our son suffer for our mistakes? I can't bear seeing him like this. He ought to be happy."

"Take him to the cabin for a rest while we talk things over," replied Wale.

"There's nothing else to talk over. He should go back to the environment he's used to, and that's what we are going to do now," said Yemi.

"I don't think that will help things. It will worsen them. Let's think of something better, please," pleaded Wale.

But Yemi's mind was made up. "We ought to be brave and firm for our son's sake. I'm sorry to have caused us trouble, but our son, conceived or our love for each other, must not suffer. It will be better if we ourselves suffer," said Yemi. She had trouble controlling her tears, but somehow she managed to hide them.

Parting wasn't easy. They clung to each other for the last time, and with shiny eyes Wale said: "With you goes my happiness, my life, my all, and if this is the best for our son I'll let you go. Nobody can replace you, you were destined to be my only love. Take care of my son, he's all I can give you as a comfort, and maybe the thought that he's happy will comfort me one day. So go, Yemi, and if fate so decides we'll meet again somewhere, some day."

"Fate is a monster, a cruel thing that makes people dance to its tune. Your son is destined to belong to another man, and so we will accept it," said Yemi. Fighting tears, she continued after a pause: "You must try to forget me. Find someone else to love and cherish. I won't be easy, but if you try you'll make it. Don't believe the fact that I'm your sole happiness. It mustn't be true. You'll get over this, and one day I believe you'll be happy. You will find comfort in the yacht, and my happiness may be rekindled again by Tola. One day, when he can understand all this, he'll be grateful to us."

Yemi cried bitterly all the way back to Lagos. She realised her mistake. She might have waited and not married Dapo. She might have brought up her son



Lolo by

Lolo Willie, this month's lovely pin-up girl, hails from the riverine area of Nigeria. That, perhaps, explains her love of the sea. But swimming and playing around on the beach are not her only interests. She's a model, an actress, and is also keen on fashion design and hair styling. A girl of many parts, you might say? You're damn right — and we think Lolo is all right too!

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ONE SHOULD NOT be considered too sentimental if one says the best policy ever made in 1978 was the declaration in favour of the child — the declaration that makes 1979 internationally accepted as the Year of the Child.

By nature, the child is a tender, innocent being who can easily be moulded into whatever shape we want. This is where society, and most especially the immediate environment — home, parents, relatives and neighbours — plays a vital role in the life of any child.

The child goes through a process known as socialisation to become an acceptable and useful member of society. During this process of socialisation the child is consciously and unconsciously learning the norms of society. Most lessons he receives informally.

This is a crucial stage for the child, because most things that adults do without giving a second thought end up to be indelible experiences for him — and these might later dictate how he acts and reacts to future situations.

Because of this phenomenon, parents need to be careful that they do not do those things which might give a bad image to a child if he does them.

Some children grow up to be bullies and assertive, scaring off their friends and playmates because they have at other times sat down quietly in their innocent manner and watched us bully our younger brothers and those working under us to get whatever we wanted or to inflame our ego, regardless of who suffered from our selfish actions.

Sometimes I find myself developing cold feet in blaming parents when I look back at our culture. I still believe that there are certain aspects of our culture that need modification and, if possible, complete rejection. I am not anti-culture, but I must say I am against any aspect of a

WOMAN'S ANGLE

ATTITUDE TO OUR KIDS MUST CHANGE!

by
BISI OKETOGUN

culture that deprives our people, especially a less powerful group of people, of what is good for them. Let's look into some of the taboos in our culture.

Traditionally it is considered bad to feed children on eggs! Reason? It was explained that it will make the child grow up to be a thief! But, thanks to science, we know that a child does not become a thief because he was fed on eggs, but for other reasons. We know that the child needs eggs, as well as other foods such as fruit, greens and fish, to grow up to be strong and healthy.

Another taboo forbids children from talking when adults are talking, even if the child has a reasonable point to make or inquire about. It is considered rude.

I once visited an old family friend who had four pieces of meat left in the soup pot. There is nothing wrong in this; after all, things cannot work out perfectly well for all the 365 days of the year.

But what surprised me was that out of the four pieces of meat the father ate two, the mother ate one and the four children shared the remaining piece. From my observation it appeared that the children were not used to such rationing. Most families do this too, believing that the child does not need the essentials and basics for a healthy and happy life.

Many times we have stopped children watching educational and interesting television programmes, simply because we have visitors and do not want to see the children around. What an unfair and inconsiderate way of thinking! Poor children — they have to obey us, even to their chagrin. I feel that we are ignorant of the child's vital needs for healthy growth.

It is not unusual to see fathers

giving priority to their supply of cigarettes and drinks and mothers to be pre-occupied with the acquisition of trinkets and expensive "aso-ebi," while their children are underfed, poorly clothed, and living in the most unhealthy conditions.

One incident which has lingered in my memory occurred in a market. I was trying to buy some fish when I noticed the boy serving me had been busy reading a tattered and dirty book. He looked intelligent, but from the way he glued his eyes to the lines and traced the words with his finger I couldn't resist asking him his class. He told me he was not at school. He had passed out in 1975, and had since done nothing.

I pressed further to drive him out of his shell, so that I could find out the reason for his staying at home. He told me that the year he passed out the father had to go the Holy Land, and the following year his mother and the other wives went.

"But why didn't you try the common entrance this year?" I asked.

"My grandmother died, and it cost my father so much that he said he wouldn't be able to cope with paying my fees," the boy said.

I couldn't believe all that I heard. The second day I went back to the stall, and I met the "Big Holy Woman" with her glittering gold tooth. After a chat I lured her into my previous discussion with her son. To my surprise, the story was exactly how the child had told it. I felt sad, and at the same time concerned because the boy had wasted three years.

From all the examples I have given one can see how much harm we have done to the child through our greed and selfish



desires to satisfy ourselves — first by depriving others of a chance to grow and be successful, under the bogus umbrella of our being older and stronger.

Many times we have cheated the child and consoled ourselves that we do these things to give the child a good training. How good is our good training? I do not believe that making the child suffer is synonymous with good training.

The most shocking aspect of our attitude to children is that we later turn round to blame the child when he grows up and misbehaves. A child who has constantly bullied and underprovided for will grow up greedy and inconsiderate. He will want to grab whatever he can, once he has the power to do so.

How can we entrust public funds and the high positions of responsibility to our youth? Young people who have gone through a long period of deprivation at that.

No wonder those who manage to be successful shamelessly divert public funds to their pockets and, once in a position of privilege, forget that others are suffering.

In their attempt to continue feeding on the good things of life they bully and, if possible, crush anyone who dares to expose or challenge them. On the other hand one cannot help being hopeful, because there are some families (though few) who are really conscious of the child's true needs.

All of us, especially women, have a task ahead. Let us wake up and educate the ignorant of the need for more consideration for the child. There is a need for us to educate and disclose the fact that the child parents who will provide him with a good environment, good education, food, clothing and a friendly atmosphere that will promote his physical, mental and social growth.

I believe that if we all have equal access to education, things will improve for the child because we will be able to know

better those things that are good for him or her. Unfortunately, changes in our society are fast erasing the communal set-up that once contributed immensely towards the child's upbringing. People are more individualistic. Whatever our attempt at Westernising the child's upbringing, we still need to remember that a child does not socialise in isolation but in the midst of other people.

It is essential, too, that we do not over-protect our child. If we do, he grows up over-dependent on us and society. This is common among the affluent class of our society. Most members of this class believe it is part of their achievements and a confirmation of how rich they are that they can send their children abroad for their education.

Invariably this creates problems for the child, because he will end up socialising in a foreign culture, especially if he spends his impressionistic years abroad.

He will have the problem of not being able to adapt to our ways when and if he comes back home if he decides to stay abroad rather than come back after his education. He has to face a society that will continue to regard him and treat him as a stranger. He is not likely to be accepted as he would have liked, and as he would have been in his homeland. We are all witnesses to the daily occurrences of clashes and confrontations born out of sociological and psychological frustrations to which strangers in foreign lands are exposed.

This situation makes it more obvious that the best thing is for a child to grow up under the supervision and care of his parents.

And as for you, dear innocent child, I wish you a happy and pleasant year in which to continue to grow up, so that you can become useful.

PEN PALS



Uthman Nkano Oko Ado Ekiti, Oyo State, Nigeria. Wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, music. Age 20.

Morayo O. Odebi BSC Workshop, I.A. I.M.E., Kaduna, Nigeria. Wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, music. Age 20.



W. K. Stanbury Irvington, Delaware, Pennsylvania, P.O. Box 87, 19304. Wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, music. Age 17.

Victoria Funke Ogun Ibeju, P.O. Box 7, Ibeju, Ondo State, Nigeria. Wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, music. Age 17.

matters of interest to Nigerian women

Are you pushing him out of the home ...?

asks Biola Fapetu

PEOPLE often frown at married men or women going around with other people, or husbands or wives Society frowns at it, religion frowns at it. Apart from this, such affairs often hurt several people.

While the two people mainly concerned cannot really enjoy the relationship to the full, since it will be at the back of their minds that they are hurting other people, so also will the two innocent people feel bad — that is if they happen to guess that something is going wrong somewhere.

Apart from many other people who will be affected, children, too, will have to suffer, because whichever one of the parents is having an affair will have little or no time for them. If it is the mother, then the kids are the worse for it, because she might not be around sometimes to give the children what they want at the right time.

At this time the kids are taken for granted in that where the woman has to pretend while her husband is around, she doesn't need to where the kids are concerned. For instance, you can't tell your husband to cook him a meal while your lover is waiting outside merely by telling him the lie that he is your friend's husband.

With the children, you can just call at them while getting ready for your outing to "please make some dodo or eba and eat it with the remaining stew in the pot," and "I'm going out with 'Uncle' (as some often call their lovers) I may not come back in time, so eat and lock the doors when you want to go to bed. Don't forget to turn off the television before going to sleep. When daddy comes back, tell him I've gone to Mama Shade's house for a party ..."

Maybe that sounds all right, and to the younger kids it may mean freedom to do as they like. But to one or two of

PEN PALS



Brother Martin Mark Shaw, Igara B. Nigeria, wants pen pals from India, Nigeria, England, Ireland, interests: tennis, sports, socialising, dancing and photography. Age 20.

George Odiemo, Nnewi, Nigeria, Box 852, Nkara, Nigeria, wants pen pals from Nigeria, interests: tennis, sports, socialising, tennis. Age 18.

Lucky Estima, PO Box 248, Adigala, Jos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Age 20.

them are teenagers on the threshold of life, you can see what type of insight to the world you are giving them, and you can see what type of women they will grow up to be.

I know a lot of people will agree with all I have been saying. Even those who indulge in such relationships will agree with me that such a game is not safe, and yet people get involved in day, out — which means something must be leading them to it.

I believe it's when you are not satisfied with what obtains at home that you tend to look elsewhere for your satisfaction.

Apart from those who are naturally greedy and go about with men for the sake of money, most women look outside their matrimonial homes when love and affection is lacking. For instance, a woman who married to a man when she was in her early twenties, despite objections from her parents, thought the man loved her as much as she loved him, so she was ready to damn all the consequences — even at the risk of her parents turning their backs on her.

Trouble

After marrying this man she discovered that she was in for a lot of trouble. He didn't come home at all earlier that midnight, and when he returned he was dog tired, jumped into bed and slept like a log.

A man in that condition has no time for romance, never mind love-making. The woman is sometimes left to cry into her pillow in the middle of the night. When she wants to talk to him about her problems, he is either not ready to listen or he has a heart-breaking answer for her.

For instance, if she asks for his help on how to get one thing or the other, instead of giving her useful advice he might respond by saying: "Do you want me to go and steal it for you?" Or: "Are you not old enough to know how to solve such a simple problem?"

If the problem is so easy to solve, why not take the time to tell her what to do? When a man is flippant with his wife too often, it means either she is getting on his nerves or he has lost interest in her.

In most cases a man who has lost his family doesn't

have much money for them either, because his commitments are usually increased since he will care for his mistress and will pay for cigarettes and booze.

So it all boils down to the fact that the woman must add his own responsibilities to hers, particularly if she is a working class woman.

A man who doesn't even have time to stay at home won't know when his wife has on something new, nor the time to tell her she looks lovely or to admire her new hairstyle. What most men don't realise is that this is what women like!

Happier

I feel a lot happier if my man criticises my hairstyle when it doesn't quite suit me than for him not to notice at all! It shows one thing that the criticism came as a result of him noticing me.

Now, think of a woman whose husband treats her like dirt and who happens to come across another man who treats her like a queen. What would you do in her position? Few women can resist the temptation of running away with a man who adores her and who is ready to give her the love and affection she desires. It requires determination to turn your back on comfort, just for the sake of saving your marriage.

What saves most women from going under water is the love they have for their children. That is often the only tie that can hold a marriage for a long time.

I am happy for the woman in a marriage that flourishes, because she has a lot to gain from it. So I say that women should try as hard as possible not to drive men from their homes. A lot of men run away from home as a result of too much nagging, or because the home is untidy and they cannot bring their friends home.

If you starve your man of food and love, he is likely to turn somewhere else. So try to keep him at home!

It is unfortunate, however, that a lot of men will never be satisfied, no matter what you do. They will tell you that they cannot eat the same food for the rest of their lives, meaning that they need to change their women from time to time, and argue that men are polygamous

by nature. But I wonder what they want us women to do? It's funny to see how jealous the natural polygamist can be. A man who treats his wife like a housemaid at home will nearly kill any man who even smiles at her, whereas he is a wolf amidst lambs when it comes to women. He will devour them like a lion devours a goat. As the old saying goes: "The executioner never wants the sword anywhere near his throat."

It's a pity that some men cannot decide what they want until it's too late. They want to have their cake and eat it. They want the woman at home to stay put and suffer whatever mental blows they deal her from time to time. She can complain from now till kingdom come, but they can't be bothered. At the same time they want their lovers to be at their beck and call. If their wives threaten to go

because of ill-treatment, they plead with them, and yet they will not stop seeing their lovers! If, on the other hand, their lovers threaten to stop seeing them because they don't like to be second best, they plead with them to stay!

It's unfortunate that while they still have doubts as regards the women they end up losing the two — or, if they are lucky, the lovers are willing to carry while the real wives may decide to leave.

Bringing the lover home, they might discover she is not so cooperative as the wife or that she is not good enough a mother for the children of the first marriage. They want their wives back — but it is sometimes too late.

Marriage is full of ups and downs, and it needs love and affection from both sides to sustain it.

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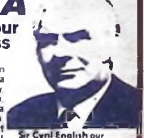
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When 'TERROR'

WHEN tiger and leopard clash, what is there to expect but a fierce battle? So it was during the international challenge catch-weight boxing battle between Nigeria's Eddy "Terror" Ndukwu and Togo's "Slayer" Bossou Arizan at Lagos Sports city.

"Terror" Ndukwu is Commonwealth featherweight champion, and No. 3 contender for the world crown. He has 13 unbeaten professional fights to his credit. "Slayer" Bossou has had 27 outings altogether, 25 of which he has won. He had a 4,275 kilograms weight advantage over "Terror". He is the African junior lightweight champion, and No. 6 in the world ratings.

At the end of ten weight, frame, technique and energy-sapping rounds, "Terror" just managed a unanimous points victory over "Slayer". But it

NELLY BEE
at the ringside

Pictures by
MATTHEW FAJI

could easily have been the other way round!

The opening two rounds saw the fighters meticulously sizing up each other's hidden ringcraft. They jabbed and counter-jabbed rather cautiously.

But then came the third round, and "Terror" opened up. It was if he wanted to provoke his opponent into letting out whatever he had up his sleeve. His left and left-right combinations to "Slayer's" face did the trick.

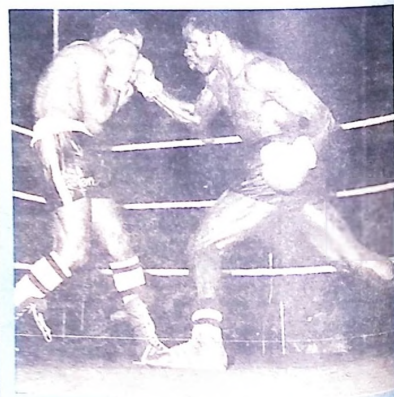
Like a provoked tiger, "Slayer" came out in the fourth round with a barrage of devastating left and right jabs which forced "Terror" to go

on the retreat.

Then, but for the referee's bell, which rang just in time, "Slayer" could well have suffered a knockout in the fifth round, when his opponent pinned him to a corner and pummelled him as if he was out for a kill.

The sixth to eighth rounds were little better for "Slayer", because despite his swinging crosses and extra weight, which occasionally threw his opponent to the ropes — and sometimes to the canvas — "Terror" kept coming in with effective right and left combinations to the head.

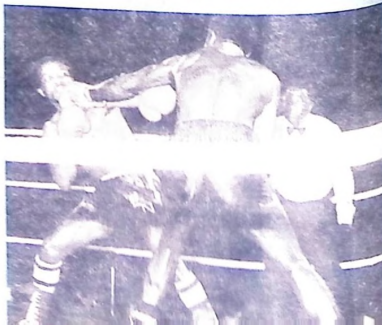
Both boxers tried to gain the final advantage in the last two rounds. "Terror" consolidated his points lead while "Slayer" kept on slugging away in the hope of a KO until the final bell. There was no doubt that the better boxer had won — but it was tough!



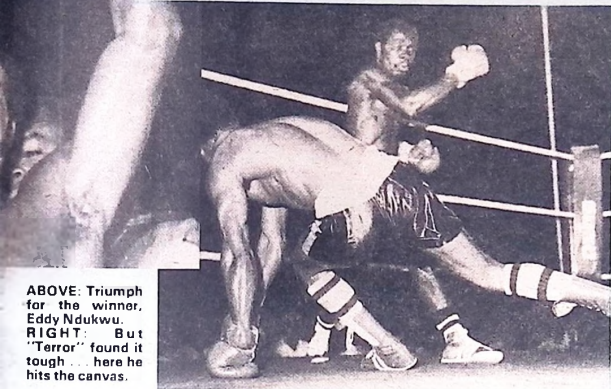
ABOVE: Now it's the Nigerian's turn to feel trapped. BELOW: "Slayer" stays on the attack — but not for long.



"SLAYER", trapped in a corner, sticks out a left jab to try to keep the onrushing "Terror" at bay. He managed this time — but not for long.



beat the 'SLAYER'



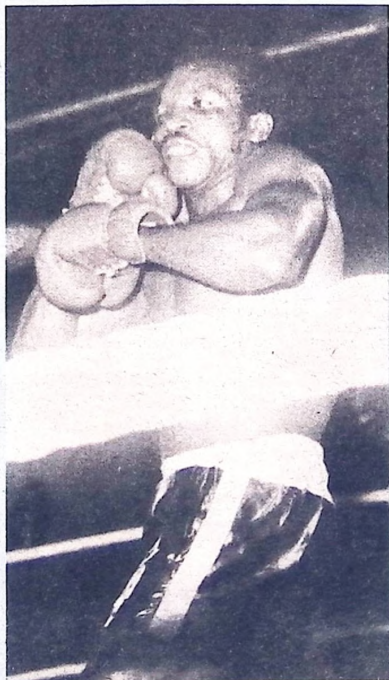
ABOVE: Triumph for the winner, Eddy Ndukwu. RIGHT: But "Terror" found it tough... here he hits the canvas.



IT'S all over, and after 10 exhausting rounds Eddy "Terror" Ndukwu raises his arms high.



ABOVE: "Ouch, that hurt!" "Slayer" gets a left full in the throat. RIGHT: Moment of danger for the Nigerian — but he survived.



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PEOPLE AND PLACES



Food for some — but not for all...

FOOD — it's something we all need, but something some of the world's people don't get enough of, as the picture **LEFT** shows. Sadly, there is little hope for this starving baby in Mbatabenge, Zaire. The mother lives in an area which has been suffering from drought for many months; she is healthy enough, but is unable to breast-feed her baby because of a diet lacking protein. She takes her baby to a government health clinic — but it is probably too late to save the child. **BELOW**: There's no lack of food here — our picture shows sacks of groundnuts stacked outdoors in Kano. The Food and Agricultural Organisation hopes to work out a system under which food stocks like this can help feed starving nations.



Road to safety ...and to death

ROADS — they can lead to safety, or to death. **RIGHT**: This road led to death for two West German tourists in Kenya. Their four minibus was in collision with a local bus a few miles from Nairobi. Six other West Germans were seriously injured. **BELOW RIGHT**: Road to safety from Uganda for United Nations staff queuing to cross the border into Kenya to escape the conflict between Uganda and Tanzania which is the downfall of Amin.



SEX CHANGE COP!

RIGHT: Back on duty in Washington is cop Bonnie Bonnie. Last November Bonnie was a policeMAN; now she's back on scooter patrol as a policeWOMAN — having had a sex change



IF ONE must eat a toad, then I suppose one should demand that the toad carries eggs! It is useful to dream about improbabilities once in a while, it is a form of exercise and, come to think of it, it is a way of putting oneself in an unreal position in the context of a more unreal world.

On the basis of this I am going to dream, purposely, about the possibility of marriage and the type of partner I would like to court.

ANGEL

In the first instance, my type of woman has got to be in her mid-twenties, say around 25. At my age I can't see the possibility of going out with a younger girl, considering the fact that it takes quite a long time for a woman's mind to develop. About the only thing that develops quickly in women is their geography — the shaggy contours, valleys and hills!

Because I have seen a good many traces of insane promiscuity among women, I insist that my type of woman **MUST** be a virgin. She must be totally innocent of sexual experience and, therefore should have her



Our controversial columnist, Bachelor Boy, sticks his neck out again — and declares that if he ever did start courting he would want a 25-year-old virgin. Where would he find one? That's his big question!

their vain bodies, they look as if they have chicken-pox! And instead of telling them the truth a number of gaudy men pack themselves together to organise beauty contests for the parasitic fools.

I would have a bias for tall, slender, shapely, natural girls. My type of woman has got to be very intelligent compared to her counterparts. I am not in the least expecting to find a woman as intelligent as a man, because there are none in existence. Women are absolutely less intelligent than men. However, I would want a woman who is at least more intelligent than other women. Such a woman would have to be in a good, time-consuming job, to minimise her chances of gossip. You see, when women have time on their hands they gossip.

She would have to be docile and ready to please. Most girls lose whatever respect they must have had for men after being taken to bed by men. I know this to be true, because I have observed it in many girls. A virgin woman would be free of

the inclination towards senseless and unprovoked rudeness.

DREAM

YOU don't need to remind me that I am dreaming. I know. About 90 per cent of these Nigerian maidens were disgraced before they ever attained the age of puberty. Those who were able to preserve their virginity until they attained puberty were the very disciplined ones. In the midst of all this rottenness, how can an Adam hope to find a 25-year-old virgin?

Maybe it would have been possible two centuries ago, but today Western civilisation has infected our culture.

You vexing girls who have been accusing me of being a faceless misogynist had better meet up with my request if you insist that there are still virtuous girls around, then show me a 25-year-old, single girl who is still a virgin. Otherwise, shut your mouths and hang your heads in shame!

Any virgins of 25..?

first taste of the forbidden fruit on the first day I take her to bed. In short, she should be an angel.

It beats my imagination to think that there are men who would rather marry an experienced girl because such girls know an infinite number of ways to baffle a sex-hungry man in bed. It is ridiculous that some men appreciate the various sub-human tricks some witches employ during the sexual act to send the idiotic sons of Adam to Cloud Nine.

I don't want to be taught new tricks and, in fact, I don't think I have anything new to gain from any sexual athlete of a woman. As the saying goes, you can't teach old dogs new tricks.

PERPETUAL

RECENTLY there was an extremely funny scene at a friend's house. Chike had found a beautiful "take-away" he wanted to take to bed. He had brought her down to my joint, which he considered safe enough for such a thing.

Unfortunately for him I was in one of my moods that day, so I refused to allow him to use my bedroom for such a nasty thing.

By the way, the girl couldn't have been more than 16!

Chike later took her to a fee-paying joint where he gave her a good sexual caning. Later Chike came to narrate how the girl had sworn that she was a virgin. When he was fondling her she had said "Please, please, don't do it, I'm still a virgin."

At first, Chike said, he almost believed her, but he was too aroused to think it over. He went ahead, and, to quote him, "the hole was wider than a bucket!"

Later, when they were arguing over the girl's apparent lie, the girl insisted that it was her first sexual experience. "How come there is no blood to prove your point?" asked Chike. The girl had answered, "But didn't you hear a gentle noise, like 'pau', when my hymen broke?" Chike laughed over the cheap and untutored lie, and dispersed.

It is no longer strange to find these rotten daughters of Eve claiming to be virgins, while in fact some of them take sex like aspirin tablets — three times daily!

A good number of these "perpetual virgins" merely apply alum to their sexual organs

before sex. So when a man notices the resulting friction he is bound to wonder why, and the girls are ready with the answer — "Don't you know I am a virgin?"

As far as I am concerned, my grandmother's mother would be more of a virgin than any of these vultures.

INTELLIGENT

I WOULD like to court a 25-year-old girl who has never had a taste of sex in her life. Of course I know the difference between a real virgin and a perpetual artificial virgin — the difference being that one is a fertile, unused piece of blessed soil while the other is a watered desert land.

My type of woman has to be unashamedly African to be marrow. This would have to be reflected in her dress, her manners, and her attitude towards life. The African women of the past did not know mascara, eye-shadow, eye-pencils, rouge, lipsticks and body lotions, yet they were beautiful.

When the girls of today have finished applying cosmetics to

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Tommy Nwogu, Box 136, Agaba, wants pen pals from anywhere in the world. Interests: general. Age 18



Dennis McFeters, Langata, Zambia National Defence Forces, Box 218, Lusaka, Zambia, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, writing letters, dancing. Age 28



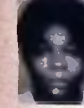
Mitchellwa S. Ushaka, MUO Company Ltd, 19 Obi Akoka Road, Box 888, Benin City, Nigeria, wants pen pals from USA, India, China, France, Japan, Ghana. Interests: exchanging photos, electrical and mechanical engineering. Age 18



Anthony Isaac Maron, TIC P.O. Station, P.M. Box 1042, Zaria, Kaduna, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing letters, reading, photography, book collecting. Age 20



Abby Adediji, Woinola, Woinola-Okoko Primary School, Box 885, Kofele, Lagos, wants pen pals from Nigeria, USA, Europe, Japan. Interests: outdoor life, dancing, travel, photography, films. Age 20



Prince Jannet Maron, 1 Apapa Lane, Alimosho, Apapa, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 16



Neseen Awashin Olu, 81-87, New Market Road, Onitsha, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, changing photos. Age 22



Adedion Adedion, Aina, Nigeria Police Station, Onitsha, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 23



Patrick N. Eshobu, 41-47, New Market Road, Onitsha, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, reading, changing photos. Age 22



Tahir Adedion Odeun, Box 822, Kano, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, photography, swimming, table tennis. Age 21



John Olu Awebor, 18 Onodi Street, Lagos, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 21

LADY DOCTOR

Keep your eyes on

those lumps!



MANY women are worried by diseases of the breasts, the worst of which is cancer. But the truth is that most breast complaints are not caused by cancer at all, and in many cases there is not really too much to worry about.

Basically, the breasts may suffer from benign tumours, cysts and inflammation, as well as cancer.

The cause of cancer in the breasts is still unknown, although it often runs in families and is less common in women who breast-feed their babies. That's why it is far less common here in Africa than it is in the Western world.

Symptoms of breast cancer — which can be cured if it is treated early — are a hard lump in the breast, which may well be painless, or the discharge of bloody or clear fluid from the nipple. Enlargement of the glands in the armpit may occur, and the skin often puckers over the tumour.

The cancerous growth usually enlarges only slowly, but eventually its effects will spread through the bloodstream and

into the vertebral and pelvic bones.

However, steps can be taken to prevent this spreading — if the trouble is detected early enough. Usually a surgeon has to remove the breast which is causing the trouble, once he has satisfied himself that he is, in fact, dealing with a malignant growth. The armpit glands may also be removed, and for years after the operation the patient usually has to undergo a course of radiotherapy.

Methods to treat cancer of the breast are improving all the time — but the first essential is speed. Any lump in the breast must be seen at once by a

doctor, and women should examine their own breasts regularly to try to detect lumps. It is wise to have an X-ray from time to time, even if it means going into the city to have it done.

Other breast complaints in women are:

Benign tumours — often confused with malignant tumours at first, as they, too, appear as lumps in the breast. Removal of this type of tumour by surgery is quite simple.

Duct papilloma — a simple tumour in the tissue lining a milk duct, which is evident by bleeding from the nipple. Again, simple surgery does the trick.

Lipoma — a fatty tumour not very common in the breast, which can be removed easily by a surgeon.

Acute inflammation — associated with cracked or depressed nipples, and causing tenderness and redness of the infected area, as well as fever and stomach upsets. The breasts have to be emptied by hand, and breast feeding of a baby must stop. Antibiotics are

Breast cancer is a complaint which many women worry about — often unduly, as this article explains.

used as treatment.

Cysts — these occur during child-bearing times, and produce symptoms which vary with the menstrual cycle. A woman feels pain and tension in her breasts, especially before her periods. Surgical removal of these cysts is often the final answer.

Remember, all lumps in the breast are *not* dangerous. But if you have one, get to a doctor immediately. It could be cancer!

Sex — but no sperm!

RECENTLY I had my first experience of sazing a girl. During this I could see that I didn't discharge sperm into the girl, although my penis was functioning well. I tried my luck again on two different days with the same girl, and still no sperm! Secondly, when I am reading a sexy book, or dancing with girls, I discharge a watery sperm, and sometimes at night too. What drugs can I take, as I am too shy to go to a doctor. ATJ, Lagos

First of all, I think you are worrying unduly. It's quite likely that you ARE producing sperm during intercourse, but if you really are worried you should see a doctor; it's ridiculous to feel shy about going to see the one person who can really help you. So pick up courage, and go along to see your doctor.

Is it a tumour?

I AM a brilliant student, but for the last three years, when I have laboured over my books, I have had excessive headaches, nausea and dizziness. I am worried that it is a brain tumour. LO, Lagos

It sounds more like you are troubled with anxiety —

Let me answer your personal problems

probably about your studies. Another cause could be your eyes. You should have a check-up to see if you require glasses — and if the headaches persist you should visit the hospital.

Are my friends right?

I HAVE a girlfriend for you. I am 18 without a problem. In fact it is my wish to keep off women till I finish my course. I am at present at secondary school, but my friends keep telling me that I should have a girl to love by now.

Port Harcourt
I should ignore your friends; there is not much point in going out with a girl just because they say so. I've no doubt that in the near future a girl will

along who you will be attracted to. So just wait until she does!

I use my hands

I AM a 19-year-old boy, and I stopped having sex a year ago, due to the advice of my elders. Since this time, I have been unable to control myself, and have been using my hands. Please, Doctor, advise me whether this will affect my manpower. EAJO, Lagos

Masturbating will not affect your manpower, but try to control yourself a little.

Deaf for eight years

I AM a boy of 19, and the big problem is that I have been deaf since 1971. I was in primary school when I was ill, and when I recovered I found that I was deaf. No treatment has been given to me. AJ, Sepela

You really must go to the hospital and try to see a doctor who specialises in ear, nose and throat problems. Only after a thorough examination would it be possible to say what has caused your deafness, and if there is any way you could be

What can I take?

I AM 24 years old, and my problem is unbearable. Whenever I have sexual intercourse with a girl, it results in pregnancy. What antidote can I take before sex? STE, Ekati

I'm afraid we still have to wait for the male version of the "Pill" but there are plenty of other contraceptives available on the market, especially condoms. I suggest you visit the chemist before embarking on any more sexual adventures.

Long and thin!

I AM a boy of 15, and my legs are very thin and long. This makes me wear trousers all the time. Please advise what I should do about this shameful problem. ME, Agobi

First of all, there is nothing to be ashamed of. You are only 15, with plenty of time to develop. Often at your age children grow at a great pace which explains why sometimes they become very tall and thin. This is the situation you are



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BEEN PREACHING AGAINST GAMBLING,
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TO ME...I'LL PRAY
OVER IT FOR THE
GAMBLING SINS TO
BE FORGIVEN!



Football has become an obsession with the Arabs of the Middle East. Armed with their oil wealth they have launched talent raids all over the world. They have hit Tanzania and now the Kenya Coast is under attack. Where next...?

SOCCKER POACHERS TURN TO AFRICA

AFRICA's football talent is being poached by the oil-rich Arabs, a trade which has now become a matter of great concern for Kenya's soccer fraternity, and which follows a huge exodus from Tanzania.

To make it worse the country's governing football organisation, the Kenya Football Federation, has no constitutional powers to stop any player going elsewhere for better prospects.

As the K.F.F. chairman, Kenneth Matiba, said, "Frankly speaking, we have no powers to stop a player's departure to another country for better prospects. It is up to the player to decide where his best future lies."

"Anyway, we are exporting our know-how to other countries and personally I find nothing wrong in it. We must not forget that wherever our players are we can still call on them for national duty."

"Let us admit these players will be better equipped and skilled to serve our national cause well. But, of course, we do not want our players to be exploited in foreign countries. We want them to have proper security and all the benefits."

But even Mr Matiba did not bargain for certain players, on getting tempting terms, just quietly deserting the country without even the knowledge of the K.F.F. And this is exactly what is happening. All the players who have jettied out to the Middle East have done so without obtaining permission

from the K.F.F.

This attitude of the departing players has hardened the attitude of the K.F.F. which has decided to ban all players who leave Kenya without their permission.

This tough K.F.F. policy has not stopped the trade, however, and a number of players, particularly from the Kenya Coast, have gone to the Middle East.

The affair became a matter of grave concern in September when Kenya's talented international pair, Binzi Mwakolo and Mohammed Magogo, quietly left. Their departure hit the headlines in the local newspapers and became the talk of the country, as Kenya couldn't afford to lose such promising stars, particularly when the country was trying to rebuild its national team.

Magogo had been the country's top goalkeeper for the last few years while Mwakolo, a crafty winger, had been a main hope in the forward line. Their absence is a big loss to the national side, but "petro-dollars" have snatched them from Kenya.

It is believed Mwakolo left with the consent of the K.F.F. but Magogo's secret departure compelled the K.F.F. to ban him. The ban has posed him a big problem and he has pleaded with the K.F.F. to forgive him and grant him permission so that he can join his new club with no F.I.A. problems.

While Magogo's case was still being discussed two more top players from Kenya Coast,

Mwinyi Khamis and Hamadi Ali, left for Muscat without K.F.F. permission.

TRUST has conducted a detailed survey of the trade. First of all the Arabs want Muslim players, as they feel they can cope with the life in the Middle East better than those of other religions. As a result of this the Kenya Coast has become their main target.

To date all the players who have gone to the Middle East come from the Kenya Coast. Although Magogo and Mwakolo, before their departure from Kenya, lived in Nairobi, they are originally from the Coast.

According to the latest available list, other players who have left are Khalif Salim, Rashid Mohamed, Khalid Abid, Hadari Mwachachu, Mwinyi Khamis, Hamadi Ali, Mohamed Abid, Mohamed Hassan, Farid Sketty, and Gazelle.

During this survey TRUST learned that international Ely Adero was also to be approached by the Arabs as his first name sounded as though he might be a Muslim. But when they learned he was a Christian they dropped him from their list. Coast football clubs have asked the K.F.F. and the Kenya National Sports Council to arrest the situation before things get out of hand.

The clubs say they do not want to lose players whom they have groomed. But they believe that some people are out to make quick money at the expense of innocent players.

The clubs told TRUST that rich



KENYA'S Kenneth Matiba: "We don't want our players to be exploited."

sheikhs travel to Kenya to spot talent. They are loaded with money and they are prepared to offer handsome amounts to a player to sign the contract. However these terms remain a secret, as each player is offered different terms.

The sheikhs do their job with the help of local agents who are also paid well. After spotting a player the sheikhs get a detailed background picture of his social and economic status as well as full information about his problems and needs from the local agents, so that they can approach the footballer by confidence.

If they are from Dubai, Saudi Arabia, Abu Dhabi and Sharjah, where football clubs have established themselves well, the sheikhs can pay a good player as much as N2,500 for signing the contract, a monthly salary of about N400 and fringe benefits.

According to some sources this is what both Magogo and Mwakolo have received for quitting Kenya.

However these regions only

want top players of high quality, as soccer has reached a fairly advanced stage. They have also lured players from Brazil, Tunisia, Argentina and other African countries. They have imported coaches from Europe and South America to promote their soccer.

The latest country to poach Kenyan players is Muscat, but the terms offered by their clubs are not very tempting. Mwinyi Khamis and Hamadi Ali, both of whom have played for Kenya, have gone to Muscat on terms which other players have described as "poor".

The sheikhs from Muscat also approached Kenya Coast's Badli Ali, Mahmood Aabaas and Shakir Abdalla, but they all refused. Ali is a former Kenya star while Aabaas is a current national goalkeeper. Shakir played for Kenya last season.

Shakir says football is still growing in Muscat where there are only eight recognised clubs.

What did the sheikhs offer him? "Oh very little. They wouldn't accept it. They wanted to pay me N100 for signing the contract and N150 per month in Muscat. They also agreed to provide me with a house, but nothing else."

"However there were many other conditions. In Muscat they wanted me to do a job besides playing football. What job they didn't tell me. So this meant they were not taking me solely for football. Moreover, they wanted me to prove my football ability to their liking within three months in order to achieve a three-year contract."

"If I failed their assessment I had to return back home. I found all this bit too risky and immediately refused the offer."

According to some sources the Arabs mainly want goalkeepers and forwards, and they are not keen on signing defenders and midfielders. Despite this players are leaving, and Africa must keep a close watch on the mini-exodus.







TANZANIA'S championship side, Simba, which has been decimated by the lure of Arab oil money.

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- Entries on paper are allowed. No limit to the number of entries by one person.
- All entries, with crossed postal orders, to Aristo Social Club, P.M.B. 1095, Ebute-Metta, Lagos.
- Closing date is 10th August, 1979, and results will be published in the Nigerian Daily Observer, 23rd August, 1979.
- All winners will be paid promptly by A.S.C.

The questions are:

- Which of these ancient Nigerian markets commemorates a powerful and good administrative ruler?

Kano	Warri	Opobo	Badagry
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- In which of these oceans is the magnetic spot known as the Bermuda Triangle?

Arctic	Atlantic	Pacific	Indian
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- Which of these objects is an unidentified flying object or UFO?

Sputnik	Flying Tiger	Satellite	Flying Saucer
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- Who is the first Nigerian woman to be appointed a high court judge?

Mrs. M. Omo-Eboh	Mrs. Omotosho	Mrs. Oguntayo	Mrs. Aloma Mukhtar
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- Brigadier Benjamin Adekunle, a Nigerian army officer, carried out a sea-borne operation during the Nigerian civil war. What was his rank then?

Major	Lt-Colonel	Colonel	Brigadier
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- Which of these countries is the largest producer of liquor?

Russia	Holland	Canada	Germany
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- Which of these countries first landed a man on the moon?

France	U.S.A.	Britain	Russia
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Name:

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The Christmas/New Year quiz result was published in the Nigerian Observer of Friday, 16th February, 1979.

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The most beautiful girl in the world..?

She's said by many people in the know to be the world's most beautiful girl. And that's quite a compliment for black beauty Iman, once a humble student who was talent-spotted on an African street and is now reaching for new horizons — as a film star. She was film tested in London in April and is all set to play the lead in the new Otto Preminger film version of Graham Greene's "The Human Factor," which Otto will produce and direct on location in London and Africa later this year. Iman Abdulmajid — that's her full name — is 23. Keep looking — you could be seeing more of her soon!



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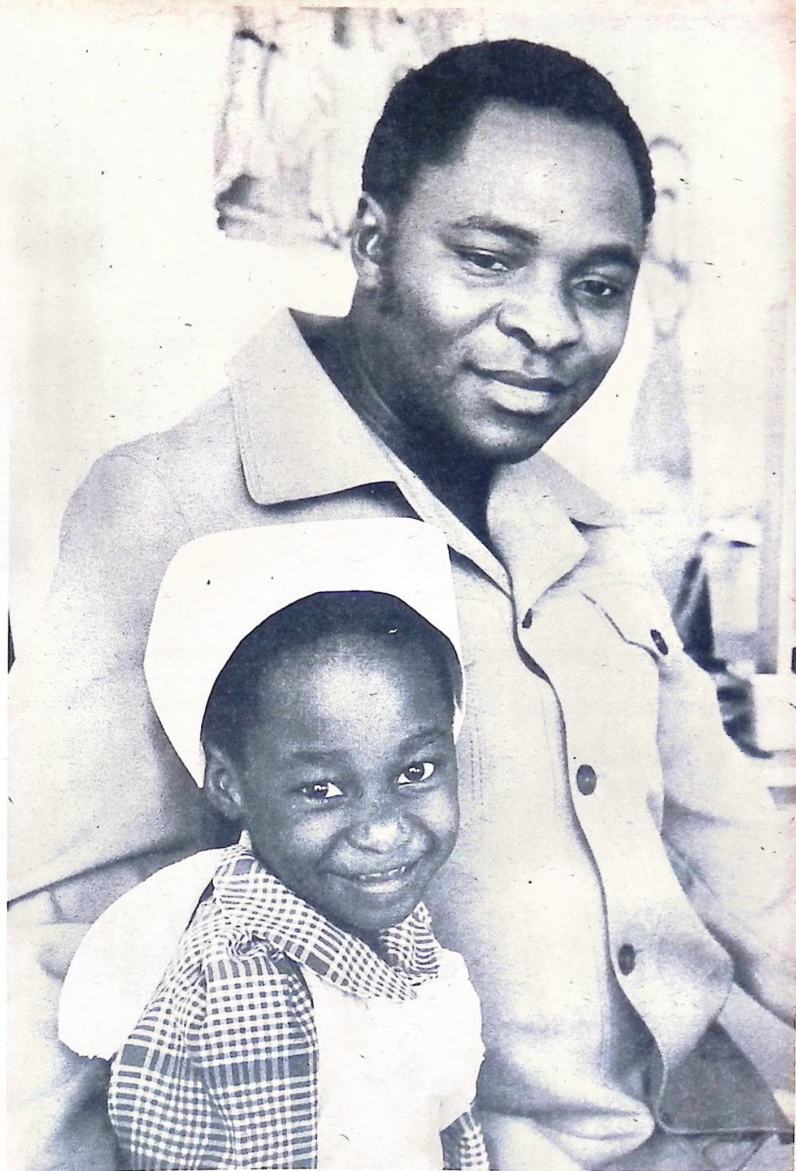
Heart girl given new hope

HEART surgery has been performed successfully on a 18-month-old Tanzanian girl, Nyamazi Gombanilia, at St. Thomas's hospital in London. Another Tanzanian child, Epiminishbo Shoo, a little girl aged 10 months, is about to undergo an operation at the hospital for a hole in the heart.

The medical expenses for both children have been funded by International Help for the Child, an organisation which helps about four children each year by paying for surgery at St. Thomas's, if there are not suitable facilities in the child's home country.

Nyamazi needed an operation to close a defect which should have closed at birth. She flew to Britain recently with her father, Mr. Jones Gombanilia, a businessman. The hospital expenses paid for by IHC amounted to £450 a week. Mr. Gombanilia paid for their return airfares. After the operation Nyamazi enjoyed recovering at the hospital, where the nurses made her feel like a normal nurse's patient and her mother.

Mr. Gombanilia, director of a timber company, said he had been told by consultants at hospitals in Tanzania that the operation would not be performed there and



he had been referred to IHC.

The organisation was begun 31 years ago and is funded entirely by donations. They have provided surgery for five children since last

autumn and say they have now exhausted their funds for this year.

The other children treated for a hole in the heart were Slave Qaray, from Tanzania, aged 10; Mura

Ahmed, from Cyprus, at 18 months, is one of Mansaray, from Sierra Leone, aged 10.

Epiminishbo Shoo, at 18 months is one of the youngest to be sponsored for surgery by IHC; and was

expected to undergo a hole in the heart surgery.

Pictured above are Nyamazi, in the cap and cape which nurses made for her, and her father, Mr. Jones Gombanilia.



JOHN, from Kitui (above), shapes the clay. His speciality is painting on precious overglaze as a finishing touch on buttons or beads. Esther, from Ngong (below), the main workshop supervisor, puts butterfly buckles in the kiln.

Baubles, bangles and beads

SUSAN Wood, wife of a Nairobi surgeon, Michael Wood, is not only helping Kenya to save foreign exchange, but is encouraging artistic Africans to work with local clay in making unique, hand-made items now on the banned import list.

For the past three years, after taking a course at the Chelsea Pottery in London, Mrs. Wood, with the help of friends and an expert potter, has organised a happy group into designing and hand-making exclusive beads, buttons and brooches.

"After my London course," says Mrs. Wood, "I went back to Kenya, took two modern electric kilns, ordered local clay

TRUST visits an African fashion industry that started by taking over from imports, and which is now carving out its own sales abroad.

and began making beads at the kitchen table. I had wonderful dreams of my new kilns bringing forth fantastic designs, but it takes time and patience to learn the wily ways of a kiln, as we found out through months of trial and error. Although some of the beautiful colour 'errors' we made in the beginning we wish we could make again, as they were so lovely!

Now, as old friends, the kilns and I have learned to respect each other. We are all very fond of the kilns, one of which we

call 'Mamma Mzee' and the other 'Mamma Mpya'. And we do, indeed, turn out some beautiful work — especially since our 'real' potter, Mrs. Alex MacEvoy, came to join us.

Alex is an expert in ceramics, so she taught us all, for a start, how to standardise bead and button sizes by first making plaster moulds, rather than rolling the clay by guess-work. She also showed us how to mix and use glaze properly. Glaze is, in fact, liquid glass, plus chemicals that have to be mixed with water.



MONICA, from Western Kenya, adds finishing touches to napkin rings.

All smiles at the Kenya pottery where African skills turn lumps of clay into things of unique and rare beauty

"Once painted with glaze our clay items have to be put in to special heat-resistant wires with extreme care before placing them into the kilns. The kiln heat rises to 1,000 degrees, so all excess glaze — the odd drip or ooze — must be removed before by hand, otherwise it would harden and stick permanently either to the wires or to the adjacent item."

"Pottery bead or button making is a fastidious, painstaking job in which the staff excel. We have very few kiln failures these days."

Now that the import of buttons and belt buckles has been curbed Mrs. Wood's company, Kazuri Ltd., really comes into its own, much to the delight of Kenyans who may now choose button and bead colours and designs to match their clothes. Americans and Europeans may also choose from Kazuri designs as consignments of these glorious jewellery items are now sent abroad each year.

Colours are soft and subtle. For instance creamiest white, gentle safari green, pastel mixtures of brown, yellow, saffron and blues and good earthy mixtures of brown, yellow, saffron and tobacco.

There are several delicate shades of Coastal turquoise, unripe-wheat and jacaranda mauve, which blend and mix cleverly. Here and there the sunset bronzes, orange and varying coral reds show their true colours.

And although prices are extremely reasonable, the look is exquisitely expensive.

I



SATISFACTION is evident in Monica's smile as she wears necklaces she has

HOROSCOPES



Gemini
May 21 - June 20



Cancer
June 21 - July 20



Leo
July 21 - Aug. 21



Virgo
Aug. 21 - Sept. 20



Libra
Feh. 21 - March 20

Go after contracts, keep important appointments, and bring yourself to the attention of people you wish to impress and who can be helpful.

You can't go wrong financially, or in attempts to add to status. Forceful, enterprising tactics will pay the best dividends. For women, a time when you get more attention from men.

Self-esteem will carry you a long way to success and popularity. Good time for changes of any kind. Circumstances will change in your favour.

Steer energy in the right direction. People around you doing better for themselves should give you that much more incentive. Anything being planned on a joint or corporate basis will make good headway.

The moon is in the financial area of your solar horoscope, so attend to ways of adding to income. You're bound to hit upon the right ideas.



Scorpio
Sept. 21 - Oct. 20



Aries
March 21 - April 20

A period which favours those of you in partnership. People on whom you are dependent will be making the moves which safeguard joint interests.

Best time for a while. You can make a powerful and favourable impact on people and carry what you are doing speedily ahead.



Sagittarius
Oct. 21 - Nov. 20



Taurus
April 21 - May 20

Test self-confidence and aim that much higher right now. It's a good time for work and for those striving for promotion.

Cheering period for business - clinching deals, selling, getting any new project under way. All home things are more favourable.



Capricorn
Nov. 21 - Dec. 20

A time for taking chances, for seeking short cuts to reach goals. The romantic outlook is more encouraging for lovers and sweethearts.

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