

Modern

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# Woman

November 1974

Price 20k

Super Ideas  
For Swinging  
Parties

.....

How Liable  
Is Your  
Husband ?



# Stay stronger longer

"... can't seem to stay alert these days. Feeling so tired, draggy... I don't know what to do..."



"Hello Daddy, you are home early today. Mummy's been busy cooking."



"Looks like you had another tiring day at the office, honey. You must have worked very hard..."



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modern  
**woman**

The Family Magazine



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modern  
**woman**

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# LETTERS

## TO modern woman

### HOUSEWIVES' SPECIAL

Recently, I have noticed that some pages of Home Economics have been included in the Modern Woman.

The topics on these pages are presented in such a way that the housewife with average level of education can understand them.

This is a rather commendable step towards making housekeeping more pleasant for the housewife. For this, the editorial staff of the magazine deserve a pat on the back.

I hope you will keep up the banner and let's have more useful ideas through the pages of the magazine.

Surulere. Patrick.

### CARTOON STRIPS

May I appeal to those in charge of the editorial contents of the magazine that more cartoon strips be included for readers' pleasure.

Besides the Heart Juliet Jones which I have been following with keen interest, I also like to see cartoon strips that depict Nigerian way of life.

I hope the editor will make special effort to have such strips included in the magazine.

Warri. Johnny.

### COMMON PURSE

My husband has approached me more than twice with the question of common purse. Each time the topic comes up, I simply tell him to give me more time to think over it.

The last time he brought it up though, I asked him to analyse how I was going to benefit from such plan considering the fact that there are our junior brothers and sisters for whom he is responsible and I'm the last born

of my parents.

Since then he has left the topic at that.

It makes me feel that Nigerian men underrate the intelligence of their women. Or why could he not face me directly if he wanted me to give me financial assistance—Oh! they're just too proud for that.

Ibadan. Tolani.

### PEN-PALS

I am a teacher of Hankuk High School in Seoul which has some 3,000 students. I teach English language at this school. Through my teaching career, I have noticed myself that many students of our country are very anxious to have their own pen friends in foreign countries.

They would like to establish friendship with the foreign school boys and girls through communication. I think the exchange of ideas, thoughts, and everyday living between the young in different countries would also help them to learn much better about each other's country. It would also benefit the students in improving their writing ability.

Furthermore, I surely believe that this sort of correspondence will stimulate and promote international understanding as well as lay the true foundation for world peace.

If any student or adult in Nigeria is willing to be a pen-friend of a Korean School boy or girl, let him/her send us his or her name, address, age, sex and hobbies.

We will in turn pass these information to our students, and they will write letters to their new foreign friends. We are sure that it will bring the students involved a great pleasure and a wonderful experience.

Send letters to:  
Korean Pen-Pal,  
c/o Miss Cheong Sook  
P.O. Box 84 Dong Dae  
Mun Seoul, Korea.

### CORRECT ANSWER

One fine day, I went to the office of my friend who is a Secretary to a White man.

He did not notice me enter as he was busy cracking the bone of a roasted chicken, and his boss was carefully watching him.

"Julius," he called, "What do the dogs in your country take?"

"Ice Cream," replied Julius.

Palingrove. J.B. Ganiyu.

### FUNNY ANSWERS

I was riding in a car with my Hausa friend to a party one Sunday afternoon along Korodu Road.

As our car was crossing the road to a nearby feeder road, a man in the vehicle opposite us said, "Koja" (pass) to my friend, who didn't understand what he said.

Then my friend asked the other man, "what are you saying?"

"What are you hearing?" replied the man.

Offa. J. 'Brahim.

### WRITING FOR PLEASURE

While in January this year I was faced with my husband's sudden transfer to the North, I decided it will be better for me to stay with the children at Ibadan so that their education might not be interrupted.

But the time myself and my husband used to spend together became a 'vacant time'. So, I opted for something to keep me more busy at home—and that was writing articles for magazines.

Although, not all my submitted articles were printed but the time spent on them relieves me of my loneliness.

Why can't other women in similar conditions try using their vacant time on something worthwhile like this? It will keep their minds busy all the time.

Ibadan. 'Bisi Abioye.

## Home hints

After pouring boiled milk from the saucepan wipe the inside of the saucepan with a damp cloth and you will find it will come clean easily.

\*\*\*

To remove a stopper that is stuck in a bottle, pour some warm water over the neck of same.

\*\*\*

Try rubbing a slice of raw potato on your hands to remove vegetable stains.

\*\*\*

When cleaning metal articles of silver, brass, chromium, copper or pewter, care should be taken to follow the correct procedure. For silver a good grade silver cream should be applied with a sponge or a soft cloth. Warm, soapy water should afterwards be used to wash the silver and a soft cloth for drying it. Silver should not be pried or knocked together.

\*\*\*

Brass and copper can be washed with ammonia water. The tobacco stains which soil copper ash trays can usually be removed by wiping with a cloth moistened with methylated spirits.

Any good metal polish can then be used to polish, or a combination of vinegar and salt will serve the purpose. After brass or copper ornaments have been cleaned and polished they can be protected from tarnish by applying a coat of clear lacquer.

\*\*\*

Cheese — the block variety — should be wrapped in greaseproof paper or plastic wrapping material and stored in the refrigerator.

A cloth moistened with vinegar and placed on the cut surface helps to prevent moulds from developing.

\*\*\*\*\*

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*Blue Band is enriched with milk and vitamins A&D*



# News In Pictures

In October 1974, your favourite magazine, Modern Woman which is also the oldest woman's magazine in the country was TEN years and her baby, Apollo children's magazine was ONE.

To mark the tenth and first anniversaries, the management organized a Press Conference, Fashion Parade, Cocktail and Dinner parties all of which were well attended by a cream of the society.

There were interesting activities planned for the children too—Why not get a copy of Apollo (November issue) for a first-hand information of the special treat given our young readers and encourage your child/children to join the ever increasing number of Apollo readers.

Below and on a few pages of the magazine is a record of some of the events in pictures.

3. The lively comperes at the fashion parade—Mrs. Ibiyan Allison and Mr. Kehinde Adeosin.



1. Apollo editor here chats with one of the newsmen before the Press Conference began.



2. Judges for the fashion parade. From left to right, Miss Ola Edu, Art Alade, Mrs. Akinbiyi, Mr. P. B. Oyebolu (Chairman), Mrs. Ayo Vaughn Richards and Mr. Banjo Solaru



4 & 5. Fashion in the head! Two of the creations displayed at the fashion parade.

6, 7 & 8 Latest designs in Men and Ladies wear—



One of the outfits modelled from Jama-a Boutique.



Latest from Mod Squard—a male designer.



TO BE CONTINUED



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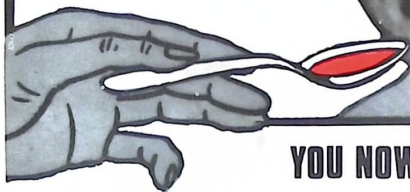
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# Make Hand - Me -

those they want of their own, often rebel wearing clothing of an older sister or have has outgrown.

You can change all that, however, through these easy and inexpensive ways that can make hand-me-downs look made-to-order.

## Crack Or Lace

Crack or lace gives new interest to neck lines and sleeves. On a plain bodice, it creates a yoke effect. A ribbon stitched to the bottom of a skirt or jeans, and ball fringe attached at the bottom of a blouse, successfully covers an old hemline mark. Use a colourfast yarn and embroider initials or a name on a blouse, sweater or coat. Add embroidery along the collar and cuffs of a shirt.

## Sew On Or Iron - On Appliques

Buttons are available in many shapes and colours, disguise stains and brings a charming touch to the bottom of shirts or pants. Add hand hardware trim gives a Western look to jackets. Buttons come in assorted textures and colours and are good for reinforcement. Cut them into different shapes and iron or applique them over worn spots. The addition of pockets also brings variety to hand-me-downs.

A padded patch with the top folded over by a third and secured with a button provides an interesting pocket for a coat. Square pot holders with the loops removed make nice pockets. New buttons can give an old coat a new appearance. When used at the shoulder seams, they also can spruce up a shirt. (Small children will enjoy choosing the buttons themselves.) Sew bells onto caps and mittens. Put, not into numbers and arm stripes, changes a pyjama into a football jersey in no time.

## Change The Appearance Of A Garment

By changing its colour with a liquid household dye—Interesting patterns result from tie-dyeing (tightly tying with rubber bands, thread or raffia, portions of a cotton or nylon garment before dyeing it). Make faces or circular patterns by enclosing marbles or smooth stones inside the material with rubber bands, thread or raffia.

# Down Clothes Look Like New

## Consider These New Uses For Old Clothes

*You can cut shorts, and shorten tapered pants to make knickers.*

*Short-waisted blouses become bare-midriff tops when tied in a knot in front.*

*Scoop-neck or V-neck sweaters without their sleeves make nice vests. (You can finish the armholes with contrasting woolen or leather trimming tape).*

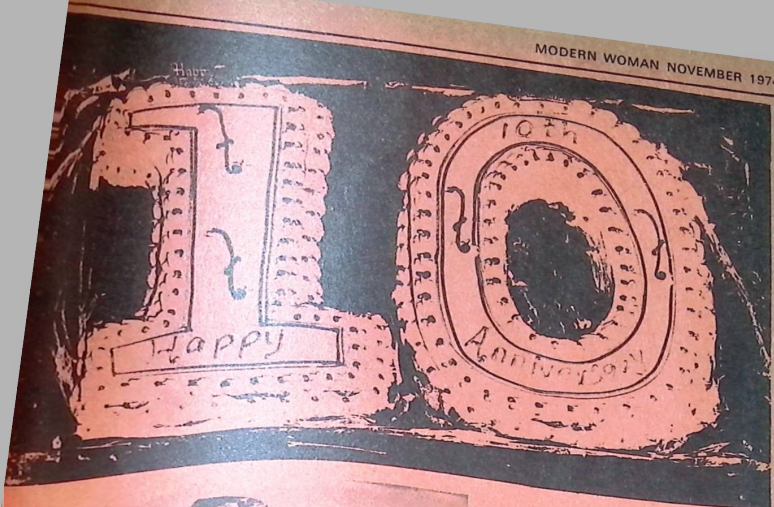
*Turn a worn-out turtleneck sweater into a dickey and finish the*

*edges with an overlock stitch on a sewing machine or an overcast stitch by hand.*

*Give bell-bottomed jeans a new look by splitting open the seams and making a long skirt.*

*To make an A-line skirt smaller, turn it into a wrap-around trimmed with tape.*

*An old skirt becomes a pinafore with straps made from excess hem material.*



*Above, Modern Woman  
10th Anniversary Cake.*



*Below, Mrs. L. O. Onabanjo,  
wife of the Managing Director  
cuts the cake.*

# SUPER

# IDEAS

# FOR

Send an invitation card at least two weeks before-hand. It's always better than casual and telephone invitation. Blank cards can be bought and you fill in the details. Tell your guests on the invitation what you're providing, and when you expect them to arrive and leave. "Cocktails" or "Sherry" mean cocktail snacks as well. "Buffet Supper" means a cold meal but a reasonably-sized one. "Informal Dress" means lounge suits for men, short evening dresses or afternoon dress for women. R.S.V.P. means that it's only common courtesy to reply to give the hostess an idea of numbers.

Be tactful and invite the next-door neighbours. This is the nicest way of warning them that you are having a party - and of silencing any complaints about noise.

Any excuse is good enough for a party - an engagement, a christening, an anniversary, or just because you're feeling festive. But, except for a 21st, don't embarrass your friends with a birthday party or anything that suggests that they should bring a present.

Plan in advance and, take a tip from the experts, write everything down. Decide on the menu and list all your requirements down to the last cocktail stick.

Budget for your party and be realistic about it. Remember that extra costs will include not only food and wine, but details like cocktail sticks, paper napkins, cigarettes and decoration.

Borrow equipment. No private household has enough trays, jugs, glasses and serving dishes to go round. You can get a few enterprises that have rental services infused in their line of business. Rent some from them. Friends and neighbours will lend the rest. But please, not their best.

Launder all your glass cloths, including the new ones you've bought specially. Check table linen and get an adequate supply of paper napkins.

Be prepared for telephone calls from guests who have got lost on the way, and have a driver or two ready to help them out - especially female guests.

Light the way to the front door, and keep the porch light on all evening.

Clear the decks in the entrance hall and living-room. But, even if you expect it to be a standing-up party, don't remove all the comfortable furniture. Remember somebody will certainly want to sit down - leave the sofa (pushed under the window) for such guests.

Organise yourself so that you are not an exhausted wreck by the time the party starts. Much of the food can be cooked the day before, leaving the finishing touches only for the afternoon of the party. Try to get your work finished about four hours before the party starts. Then have a leisurely cup of tea - with your feet up so that you, the hostess, look as good as your party.

Buffet table, whether it's in the party room or the dining-room, should be set against the wall, as far from the door as possible. But distribute nuts, and cocktail snacks in other parts of the room where the family can hand them round.

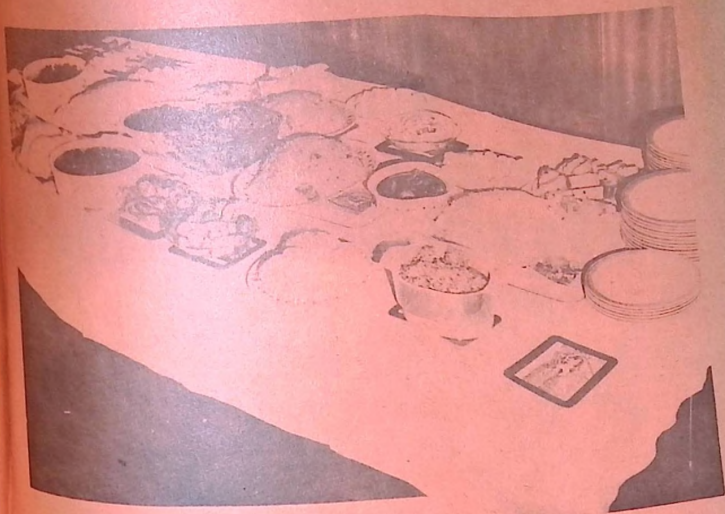
Dispose of your infants. Babies and toddlers are pests of a party. If you can't park them out for the night with a convenient gran, engage a nanny to keep them happy and safe (and preferably asleep) upstairs.

Teenagers are tolerable, but they are usually happier if your put record player and a supply of food and soft drinks in one of the other rooms specially for their benefit.



- 16. **Danger!** Move out of harm's way anything that can be upset or tripped over, like loose rugs, standard lamp and your most precious ornaments.
- 17. **Cigarettes** are an essential part of modern hospitality, so please do provide them. Later on guests will bring on their own cases. But they will use your matches on ash-trays all evening. Ash-trays must be big enough to take such refuse as cherry stones and cocktail sticks. Arrange for someone to go round every now and then emptying them.

# Swinging Parties



21. *Flower arrangements*, no matter how lovely they look when the room is empty, must be placed high for a party. Don't waste effort massing flowers on low tables. They'll never be seen but just smothered with cigarette ash. So make sure they are at eye level for everything decorative, and nothing that hangs at less than 6 feet 5 inches from the ground.
22. Be generous with serving spoons. Somebody is sure to carry one away on his plate and spares must be to hand.
23. Be prepared for spills and accidents. Have napkins ready to mop up quickly and a neat waste-paper bin out of sight, for general litter.
24. Clear spaces for empty plates and arrange for them to be whisked away quietly before the clutter develops.
25. Never apologize for anything, even if the ceiling falls in.
23. Don't forget salt and pepper. Bring out every pot you own.
24. Don't hurry your guests, your husband, or yourself. It's a party, not a battle.
25. Wine must be good of its kind. Avoid champagne and sweet port. Champagne - if you have it - won't overflow if you smear a little cream or butter round the bottle lip before drawing the cork.
26. Break up the party with tact and charm. Bring in a tray of hot coffee and hot food "to check you on your way." Or prime a couple of friends to say goodbye noticeably and begin the general exodus. (N.B. - They can drive round the block and come back later to help you tidy up.)

# CHANGING FASHIONS FOR CHANGING CLIMES

by a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Fashion is subject to many more influences today than at any time in the past.

Once only the privileged few had the money to command the talents of couture designers for their adornment — on an exclusive basis, at that. Today more people have money to spend on clothes, and ready-to-wear industries cater for them.

Once fashion took a long time to produce, with seamstresses laboriously hand stitching every seam and hem, covering tiny buttons by hand pressing pleats individually into delicate fabrics. . . .

Today these and many other processes are carried out by machines operated by skilled workers — machines that bring complicated styles

within inexpensive price ranges.

## Easy-Care Qualities

Once the range of fabrics available was limited, costly and took a lot of care — silk, cotton and wool, for example. There were cheaper substitutes, but these very quickly became worn and looked obviously inferior.

Today the range of man-made fibres has not only increased the fabrics available but their quality is such that many of them are hard to differentiate from the natural fibres. They also have all the easy-care qualities of washing easily, being colourfast and mainly non-iron.

Perhaps one of the greatest

influences on fashion in recent years has been the world wide increase in travel facilities, combined with the parallel increase in the means of communication between countries through radio and television.

Even 20 years ago the girl growing up in Lagos or Nairobi or any other African capital, like her counterpart in London or any other European capital, dressed according to local conditions, custom and climate — with little idea of what was worn in far off parts of the world she was unlikely ever to see.

## Practical Reasons

But today that same girl may well find herself on an aircraft or ship travelling

thousands of miles (kilometres) to work, study or take a holiday in conditions totally different from those at home:

"What shall I wear?" is likely to be one of the first questions she will ask when planning such a trip. And she will ask not only out of vanity but for practical reasons too.

She knows from her reading, from radio and television that the first vital difference she is going to encounter is that of climate.

The girl flying from the hot region of Africa to London will find her normal cotton clothing totally inadequate against icy winter winds.

She will want to buy basic warm clothes before she leaves home — and go shopping soon after she arrives to complete her wardrobe in the latest styles.

In 1954 she will find considerable changes in styles, compared with those she read about or saw on television last year.

For day wear skirts are longer, styles are more formal and coats and suits are frequently finished with collars and cuffs. Hats are back in fashion, easy-to-wear pull-on felts which took best worn with short hair.

For evening wear the fabrics are mainly those that cling in slinky styles, skirts are mostly ankle length or at least calf length.

## The Flop Family

By Swan



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# CURRY CHICKEN BOOGIE AND ALL THAT...

If you think this has anything to do with a wearing lipstick and make-up and making considerable effort to be sexy one the stage, you are wrong. If again you think this has to do with a bug and the era before rock and roll, I can say you have 'miss road' (with apologies to whoever wants them!)

It has more to do with chickens. In fact it's about curry and so on (but nothing to do with favour—a very national disease.)

But we have made plenty of progress in this country. Some of us have for example stopped using the 'po' that is acceptable of malodorous content we used to tuck under the bed till morning. (Most of us, that is, except these Junior).

We have stopped (at least tried to) the wet pail system of carrying water on the public highway once in a while. That shouldn't worry us.

Our problem is what we do for food and our concern the way we have made since we were taught how to make use of palm wine and yam-balls for harvest sales by the missionary.

by **IMOHIMI CRAIG**

I mean when we want to boast that we have entertained someone we often think in terms of awkward things like lettuce and carrots and asparagus.

We talk these days of chicken fried rice and chicken curry as if that was the best thing that was ever invented. And yet, bar the Chinese, perhaps there is hardly any other people in the world who can boast of such a variety of mouth-watering dishes as us.

Just think of the variety in the stew department. Then the vegetables—from 'yanrin' to 'tete'. Think of the fabulous 'ekpan ku kuo' of Efikland (excuse my spelling—so carried away by the pleasure of it all was I didn't bother to find out).

Then think of 'ogbono' and 'okro' and 'ewedu.' Think of the lack of its various combinations and you feel like weeping for lack of honour to them in their own countries. Instead vegetarians have got the chicken curry boogie. Our good old countrymen sit down to meals and look like extra-large rabbits as they tuck into meals of lettuce and carrots!

Again let's look at meat and so on. The French glory in the snail and the frog. We are ashamed to acknowledge how shameful they are.

Neither it's steak for us. Which (if only we knew) still doesn't take us too far from the traditional Western image of us as cannibals or even part-time living examples.!

What is steak, after all, if not meat that is undone with good stuff dripping from it!

Yet we have the 'suya' or 'sere'. We have the 'ekuku' and the 'gum' those delightful tit-bits (and never mind that they originate from caterpillars!) We also have the 'isan' and the 'shell-fish' but if we ever want to show off, we must eat of oyster meals!

When it comes to deserts, we boast of puddings and peach melbas (and yet send our girls to compete with the Melbas of the earth at international beauty contests and hope to win!).

We never exercise our minds well enough to understand that there is greatness in us if we care to find out. I like the iced 'fura' thing that I was once served at Kaduna which was the most cooling answer I ever sampled for the heat. (What I mean is there is some genius lying somewhere up there in Kaduna begging to be discovered for international service.)

But what do we find in our hotels, in our catering rest houses? Food that gives the impression it was prepared by an apprentice mechanic with little imagination and no ingenuity applied.

When often we do have pounded yam, it isn't like what we are used to and the excuse is often that it had to be mass-produced. As if the pounded yam for the iwuye feast is not mass-produced and as if the number of guests are not more than double what the hotel caters for.

Again, the average Nigerian child is very fond of fried plantain (and right up to secondary school for that matter.) Yet no one has found it fit that 'dodo' be introduced into hotel cuisine in Nigeria especially as it is very easy to mass-produce and also lends itself to all sorts of adornment.

You can see that it's not want of material that we suffer from but some laziness. And if you dispute that word then we suffer from worse. Like inferiority complex.

This is perhaps what makes us prefer things made outside the country or things which originate outside. And if it's what I think you are thinking is what you are thinking (pardon me for that!) then you are on the wrong track.

It is a funny type of complex that shows we are strange creatures at times. When there was restriction on the importation of lace and prices went skyrocketing, the Nigerian struggled to own one but now that everything is normal you hardly find him very extravagant in the matter of lace.

I mean when we want to boast that we have entertained someone we often think in terms of awkward things like lettuce and carrots and asparagus.

We talk these days of chicken fried rice and chicken curry as if that was the best thing that was ever invented.

And yet, bar the Chinese, perhaps there is hardly any other people in the world who can boast of such a variety of mouth-watering dishes as us. Just think of the variety in the stew department. Then the vegetables from 'yanrin' to 'tete'. Think of the fabulous 'ekpan ku kuo' of Efikland (excuse my spelling - so carried away by the pleasure of it all was I didn't bother to find out).

At the other extreme is locally-made gin. When it was 'illicit' Nigerians rushed for 'ice water' by the roadside. Now that it is no longer illicit, the roadside ice water has lost most of its customers.

That is the national approach to the business of what we eat and what we drink and this is where we are still noble savages. So until we mature in mind and start taking pride in things original to us, let's all carry on dancing to the curry chicken boogie while other nations continue to colonise us menu-wise!

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## **THE EXERCISE YOUR DOG NEEDS**

Most veterinarians agree that, although dogs should have daily exercise, the proper amount for a particular pet is difficult to determine. In addition, the precise benefits of exercise to a dog still are not well known.

Many veterinarians also say that a dog probably derives a number of other benefits from being outside. These would include such simple, basic elements as a change in environment and the opportunity for companionship with his owner. Most dogs need the affection and attention given them by a human being. For this reason, it is suggested that you take your dog with you when you exercise if the activity is appropriate, such as bicycling or jogging. Other veterinarians recommend that owners establish the habit of taking their dog with them on errands when it is convenient.

The exact amount of exercise your dog will need, though, will depend on factors such as the breed, how much food you give him and the dog's temperament.

### **Other suggestions**

*If possible, provide "free (unfenced) exercise for your dog in a fenced-in yard or enclosed area.*

*Allow him to play with other dogs in the neighborhood. Two dogs, even in a small area, can romp, scuff, and play together, and, in this way, get more exercise than one alone would.*

*Do not exercise dogs excessively on very hot days. The sun can endanger their health just as it can yours.*

*Feed your dog at least four hours prior to heavy exercise.*

*Do not exercise your dog on a slick floor.*

*Follow a pattern of regular exercise. Do not give your dog heavy exercise on the weekend and none at all on weekdays.*

*Do not overfeed your dog. Fat animals cannot get rid of body heat effectively and such become uncomfortable and even sick when exercising.*

\* **HOROSCOPE** \*


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**AQUARIUS****(Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th)**

Good configurations assure some success for you if you are patient of setbacks, delays and somebody else's stubborn refusal to see your point of view. Travel is indicated and likely to be of some significance to you.

**PISCES****(Feb. 20th—March 20th)**

Responsibilities may still be irksome but as the month advances there are signs that better trends are returning. A reunion or reconciliation is quite likely, or tension will be wiped out of a relationship.

**ARIES****(March 21st—April 20th)**

Most of this month you seem to be concentrating on developments and ideas in your home environment. Even if your partner, your friends, give you help bear in mind they will not agree to everything you suggest so be prepared to defend your motives.

**TAURUS****(April 21st—May 21st)**

General conditions continue to be trying and you could be under pressure until the 17th, although the 7th favours new projects connected with future alterations. During the last two weeks your affairs take on an extra impetus, your business instinct can be used to advantage.

**GEMINI****(May 22nd—June 21st)**

The pace is slow now, now, and you will benefit by turning to routine, taking care of details, catching up with correspondence and shouldering your responsibility.

**CANCER****(June 22nd—July 23rd)**

Tension is around, so take nothing for granted.

Play safe when making plans and don't divulge secrets to people you feel are not discreet.

**LEO****(July 24th—Aug. 23rd)**

Act on "hunches" exercise a little bit of diplomacy and you'll probably have full co-operation with a scheme. Working life runs smoothly, despite a change-over among higher-ups. In emotional life you should not let ardour overcome discretion.

**VIRGO****(Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd)**

There will be a certain amount of explaining to do in one situation: misunderstandings occur and could cause temporary setbacks.

**LIBRA****(Sep. 24th—Oct. 23rd)**

Minor difficulties impede your progress but by mid-month planetary patterns change for the better. You will be busy almost rushed off your feet, and you will be inundated with invitations, with enquiries with requests for help and advice.

**SCORPIO****(Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd)**

A bustling time and there is still no let-up. The Moon enters Scorpio on the 15th, helpful for family, domestic plans, dealing with confidential matters

**SAGITTARIUS****(Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st)**

Risk of money loss through bad judgement or deceit now, so be extra careful. On 5th Venus enters Sagittarius bringing recognition, affection and admiration.

**CAPRICORN****(Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th)**

It's building up to a busy time so take care of health. Try to avoid show-downs, for you would not be likely to win during an argument.

# NEWS IN PICTURES



*The winner dress from Shade's Boutique modelled by Chichi who was also declared the best lady-model at the fashion parade.*



**Gifts Galore**

*Chief (Mrs.) Opral Benson presenting a prize for the best hair-style "Black is Beautiful" to the model from Elegant Twins Hairdressing Salon.*



*The best male model in action.*



*The prize for the overall leading fashion house at the parade went to Mrs. M. Sulaimon, the manageress of Jama'a Boutique.*

Speech Making Time



Happy winner of the prize for the overall best Hair-dressing  
at the fashion parade—Mrs. Patsy Okpe here receives  
her prize.



Mrs. Mabel Segun, the pioneer editor of Modern Woman  
making a speech at the cocktail party.



Another man in long association with the Company  
and a regular columnist in the magazines—Mr. Kunle  
Akosemoyin here proposes the toast of the organisation.



Mr. Frank Aig—Imoukhuede, a long standing friend  
of the Organisation delivering his goodwill message.



The managing director, his wife and editor, Apollo here welcome Mr. Lateef Jakande to the Cocktail party.



Thanks so much for honouring us with your presence . . . the managing director seems to be saying to some of the guests at the dinner party.

# Your favourite recipes start with eagle refined granulated sugar.



## spiced coconut cakes

### Ingredients:

- 2 Coconuts.
- 500 grams Eagle Refined Granulated Sugar.
- 2 inches of fresh stem ginger. (peeled)
- 1 Teaspoonfull of Ground Cloves.
- Water.

### Method:

Finely chop or coarsely grate 2 Coconuts.  
Reserve the water for use later.

Finely chop the stem ginger and add to the coconut. Place in a saucepan and then mix in the 500 grams of Eagle Refined Granulated Sugar. Measure the coconut water and add to the pan. Bring liquid up to 3 cups by adding tap water to make up the difference. Stir the mixture and cover. Place on a moderate heat and let the mixture boil until it begins to thicken. Then add 1/2 teaspoonfull of ground cloves. Lower the heat so that the mixture does not burn and stir frequently until the mixture becomes brown and syrupy. Mixture is ready when 1 teaspoonfull dropped into a bowl of cold water hardens. Grease a large baking pan and spoon about a desert spoonfull at a time on to form small mounds. As an alternative, mixture can be spooned out on to grease-proof paper. Leave to cool and harden. Then serve or keep in a biscuit tin.



## The Sugar People

# TATE & LYLE (NIGERIA) LIMITED

Mrs. Ade, a housewife bought some goods on credit and at the time that the debt was due she failed to settle. The creditor sued both Mrs. Ade and her husband for the debt on the ground that the former was the wife of the latter and that the debt must have been incurred with the consensus of the husband. The Court found as a fact that Mrs. Ade was acting on her own free will and without any instructions or directions from her husband. Neither was she pledging her husband's credit. On these basis, the action against the husband was struck out.

On this decision, the question can then be asked—To what extent, if any, is a husband liable for the legal acts of his wife?

Both under the Customary law and the general law, a husband is not liable in law for his wife's debts, civil wrongs, breaches of contract committed against a third party unless at the material time, she was acting on his instructions or authority. Even then, there must be clear evidence of this.

In practice, an injured party would normally not institute any legal proceeding against a married woman until he has made a formal demand from the husband and the latter has indicated not to be involved. The reason for this, is not legal but purely on the moral ground that a man's domestic life must not be disturbed by bringing an action against his wife without first giving him a chance to have the matter amicably settled.

It must be stated that for the purpose of criminal or civil liability, a married woman is treated as any ordinary individual unless it can be proved that she was acting as an "agent of necessity" or the act was instigated or directed by the husband.

Even then, in doing this, the Court must be satisfied that the act complained of must be such that could be reasonably instigated by the husband.

For instance, if a married woman is asked by her husband to go and steal (which one can reasonably consider

# HOW LIABLE IS YOUR HUSBAND?

Asks Our Legal Correspondent

For instance, if a married woman is asked by her husband to go and steal (which one can reasonably consider as unusual) it is doubtful whether the husband can be equally guilty in the absence of the Court finding as a fact that the directive was given and with guilty intent. The wife, knowing fully well that such an act is criminal, would not normally "obey" such instruction without herself having an intent to steal

as unusual) it is doubtful whether the husband can be equally guilty in the absence of the Court finding as a fact that the directive was given and with guilty intent. The wife, knowing fully well that such an act is criminal, would not normally "obey" such instruction without herself having an intent to steal!

Having discussed the extent of liability of the husband to third parties with regard to various legal acts committed by his wife, how far is he liable for acts committed by him against her, taking into consideration the presumption of law that both husband and wife are one

and they are expected to act as such?

Under the customary law, both the husband and wife may be guilty of a criminal offence against each other's property—theft, arson and wilful damage and be treated to the offence as if they were not married. However, in Christian marriage, or under the statute, where a husband and wife are living together, neither spouse can be guilty of an offence in relation to other's property unless the act complained of involved a third party's interest or one spouse took away the other's property while deserting or intending to desert!

As to sexual offences, a husband cannot be guilty of the crime of rape or indecent assault on his wife as long as he is entitled to his wife's consortium since the wife is deemed to have consented to having sexual intercourse with her husband from the moment of their marriage, this consent being withdrawn or terminated by a judicial separation or divorce.

It has also been decided in an Appeal Court case that a man does not lose his right to his wife's consortium by reason only that they quarrelled and were living apart. A man, who has a sex relation with his wife under the circumstance cannot be guilty of rape. He may, however, not have the same protection of law if he uses physical force against the wish of the wife and may be guilty of assault.

In the same way, a man who administers corporal punishment on his wife, however reasonable in amount may be guilty of assaulting her, but it is doubtful whether this can still stand the test of time.

As to civil wrongs, a wife can sue her husband for the protection and security of her property under the statute especially where she owns the property absolutely or kept in her custody. The Married Women's Property Act 1882 (English Act still in use in Nigeria) gives a very wide protection to married woman as to rights over her property and makes liable a husband who unreasonably tampers with such property. It is difficult, however, to see how the Court will decide a case under this Statutory Legislation where husband and wife are living together and the husband "tampers" with the wife's property rights!



# Blessed Disappointment

by JONNY

Betty's fervent desire was to find the right man, get married and have a family on which she could lavish all the pent-up tenderness in her nature.

Her black American parents were killed in a motor accident in Accra some years ago when she was fourteen years old. Her father who was a business tycoon had accumulated many debts and these had to be paid back with the proceeds from the sale of their Temahou se and many other possessions which left Betty without a penny or a home.

When her only aunt, a secondary school teacher in Temale northern Ghana who was a childless widow, heard that her brother (Betty's father) had died in debt and had left a small girl of fourteen, more or less a destitute, she considered it her duty to offer Betty a home.

She was tight with money too but she had to make personal sacrifices to see her niece through her basic educational career.

After post primary education, Betty was sent to a Secretarial college where she qualified as a Stenographer.

She received one or two proposals of marriage during her three years in the firm of Akinsa Group of Solicitors, Tamale. One from a clerk in the firm. Another from a young naval officer whom she met at a dance.

But none of these young men answered the call of her deeply romantic heart. Until Joe Adam came into her life.

Joe Adam, who was attached to an American Embassy abroad and on a month's holiday in Ghana, happened to be a client of Mr. Akinsa, junior partner in Betty's firm.

He came into the busy office one fine morning and had to wait an hour before he could see Mr. Akinsa because he had booked no appointment. Betty was asked by Mr. Akinsa to apologize to Mr. Adam for the delay and see that he was made comfortable in the clients' waiting room.

From the moment Betty entered the room, and surveyed Mr. Akinsa's handsome client, she knew that something had happened in her life.

Mr. Joe Adam too, was never bored in the company of a pretty woman and in his opinion this little Secretary was quite ravishing.

Later that day, Betty was sitting beside Joe at one of the Cafe in the town where they were enjoying their lunch. She listened to every word that Joe had to say. He was a fluent and amusing conversationalist.

"Where would you like to live?" he asked her.

"Anywhere abroad," she said. "I have a passion to travel."

"Right," said Joe. "I shall take you back to London as

my Secretary."

"Haven't you one already?" Betty asked cycling Joe curiously.

"I have just been promoted whereby I shall need a secretary for myself but I've not decided yet, where and who to choose," Joe said proudly knowing that he had made a lot of impressions on the heart of this innocent girl.

Betty had one other great wish in her life besides the romantic marriage that she planned. It was to travel. She had a passionate desire to see other countries and this could be a chance, she thought.

After several meetings they became so deeply in love with each other that Betty could raise no objection when one day Joe said:

"Look here Betty, I'm proposing to you, you know. Will you come out to London one day and marry me?"

"You know that I love you, darling. If you want me to come out to London and marry you, I will," Betty said.

"Tomorrow you and I are going to find an engagement ring and you must consider yourself my promised wife."

With outright feelings, Betty saw Joe off at Tamale airport at the end of his leave.

The months drifted by after Joe had left for London. All the letters that came from Joe showed that he was still carry about her.

Suddenly, the bombshell dropped into Betty's life - Her aunt, who was the only surviving relative she had in the world was found dead in her home one Sunday morning.

When her aunt had been laid in her grave and her affairs settled, Betty became more depressed. She's now alone in the world, no parents, no relations, hers was the worst, she lamented.

Then, miraculously, there came a letter from Joe suggesting that she should book a flight to London and come to him immediately. Without a second thought, she packed her belongings ready to go.

There was nobody to see Betty off when she left Tamale by bus to Tema; she had decided to go to London by sea.

When finally she leaned over the rails of the great ship and watched the docks slip away as they moved slowly out of the port, sadness filled her heart; since amongst the crowd waving and shouting their farewells there was no one to wave to her or wish her luck and happiness.

"Cheer up my child," said a voice from behind. "Nothing in life is worth crying for."

Betty blew her nose ruefully. Somewhat suspiciously, over her handkerchief, she regarded the stranger, a tall, gracefully built man, who was also leaning over the rails next to her and who had addressed her in a manner that was more bantering than sympathetic.

"Is this your first trip - to where?" the stranger asked.

Yes, she was bound for London, she said.

"I suppose you are leaving someone you love..."

Betty, getting rather bored, answered;

"No, as a matter of fact, I have no relation; and I'm not leaving anyone in particular. I'm going out to London to be married.

(Continued on page 31)

# THE W

The large expansive square at Ebenator village was in full bloom. The square with its brown sand and shady ogbu trees was colourful and inviting. The sun had gone down leaving a cool refreshing atmosphere. Soft gentle breeze swayed the leaves of the ogbu trees while birds of various sizes chirped and sang melodiously.

The entire people of Ebenator had converged on the square. Even people of other villages within the clan had come into the square since late afternoon. This was because the Eighty Moon festival was the annual festival in Ebenator.

This year's famous celebration was remarkable at Ijele. The giant Ijele masquerade—the biggest masquerade in the clan—would be shown to the eleven villages of the clan for the first time. Ebenator was proud to be the first to own such a giant masquerade. It was said to be the messenger of the gods and the village. Like other great masquerades, it was respected and revered. Moreover, the Ijele deity was believed to be an offspring of Ngene-Ukwu deity and possessed magical powers and popularity that extended even beyond the boundaries of the clan.

The large crowds had formed a circle round the square. The elders and ozo-titled men sat on their 'igba' chairs patiently for the coming of the masquerade. Children stood at a safe distance, swinging their long whips and shouting excitedly. Then a cannon was fired and the crowd stirred. The masquerade came from the sacred 'spirit house' behind the square in frenzy, swinging their long whips and clapping towards the people. The crowd stirred and the crowd stirred. The masquerade was coming slowly, majestically and villages remained silent while the people of other villages remained silent. The 'ikolo'—a large hollow-out drum—was beating and the great masquerade was dancing and showered praises on the Ijele:

*"Ijele – the great masquerade!  
Ijele – the great masquerade!  
The messenger of the gods,  
The ruler of the spirit world,  
We salute you!  
When a tiger roams the forest  
Lamb's tremble!  
When a great spirit treads the earth  
Human beings give way!  
Ngene-Ukwu deity –  
The fire that consumes forest,  
The thunder that tears the sky,  
We salute you.....!"*

The reference to the tiger was a direct mockery of the people's enemies of Ebenator for going to the tiger, the people of Umuaba understood the hidden meaning of 'gun powder dry'. As the masquerade approached, the music became more hectic, the music

and the people of Umuaba understood the hidden meaning of 'gun powder dry'.

# THE VICTIM

(Continued from page 27)

When the 'Ulonese' age-grade in Ebenator decided to own a masquerade, Amanze was to play a leading role. Ngene-Ukwu deity had ordered that Ijele mask should be procured. It was generally believed that the gods and ancestors of the village wielded great influence and power over the affairs of masquerades. Therefore, the deity's voice must be needed. The secret of masquerades in Ebenator was jealously guarded. To women and the uninitiated boys, masquerades were spirits - the visible bodies of the departed ancestors.

It was agreed that the Ijele mask would be procured. But who was strong enough to carry the giant mask? Ijele was not only heavy, it had its dangers too. The man to carry it must not only be physically strong, he must also be able to protect himself against various charms that would certainly be hurled at him in the village square by criminal-hearted medicine men from enemy villages.

Infact, the real source of danger was Umuaba village and no young man in Ebenator was prepared to take the risk. It seemed the Ijele project would flop. Amanze would not allow that to happen. It would be a shame and posterity would not forgive the Ulonese Age-grade which had proposed it. He came out boldly and announced that he would carry the mask. The young men and elders rejoiced. It was a relief.

Amanze was just twenty-eight years old. At that age in Ebenator, a young man was ripe enough to take a wife. As for Amanze, every girl in the village would consider herself lucky to be his first wife. Amanze's mother, Udego, had decided that now was the time to talk to her son about getting married.

It was the very day Amanze had told his age-mates that he would carry the Ijele mask when it was ready. After taking his dinner that night, Amanze took his flute and wanted to go out. It was a moonlight night. The moon bathed the earth so brightly that the lines on one's palm could easily be counted.

"Where are you going, Amanze?" Udego asked.

"I'm going to the square. I want to enjoy the moonlight," he said, smiling.

"Come back and sit down. I have an important issue to discuss with you", Idego said authoritatively.

Amanze hesitated. "Can't we discuss the matter when I come back later?" he asked.

"I want to discuss it now. You still have tomorrow to play your flute at the square. Don't be like a proverbial vulture who ignored his inlaw's invitation and missed the carcass."

Amanze came back and sat down, wondering what she was going to say. Certainly not about the Ijele masquerade! It would be an abomination. The middle-aged woman drew her itchen stool nearer and cleared her throat.

"My son," she began, "It is said that a one year old cock supposed to be sufficient for a pot of soup when it is killed. As the years go by, the cock loses weight until it is reduced to bones and feathers. At this stage, its meat can hardly be used for a pot of soup. The taste, too, is no longer as it ought to be. So the younger the cock, the better is its meat in a soup. This is a proverb.

Amanze, you are now at the prime of your youth with good looks, and vitality. Now is the time to get yourself a wife. I wonder why you have not given a thought to this matter. It has been my prayer to carry a grand-child on my laps. I am happy that you have remarkable qualities that make a successful man. You are now old enough to fend for yourself. I manage a family. Some of your age-mates have got wives. It must be like the proverbial cock that wasted away with the sing of the years.

"Your father is gone and you are to take his place. You must keep the family lineage as the 'okpala' - the head of the family. Do you have anything to say before I tell you what I have in mind?"

Amanze smiled. "Go on, mother, I'm interested," he said. Encouraged by this response, Udego went on more energetically.

"Good. It is my ambition to see that you are happily married. I want a good humble girl that will fit your personality. I have found such a girl for you. Do you know Obiageli, the eldest daughter of Uduba Otiaba?" Amanze looked at her curiously.

"The one with a scar on her forehead?" he asked.

"Yes, that's the one."

"I know her very well. She is good and I like her."

"That girl is as gentle as a lamb. She is as strong and industrious as her mother. She is my choice. I'm glad you like her too. Without delay, I will see her mother tomorrow and start negotiations."

Amanze considered this idea for some time. "You can start negotiations tomorrow but the marriage can wait. I will see her myself and talk to her. If she agrees, then the marriage can be arranged to take place after the Eighth Moon Festival."

"That is fair enough. The time is not too far. We shall have enough time to get ready. Marriage is not an affair that can be rushed," Udego said.

Now, the Eighth Moon Festival had come and gone. Amanze had successfully carried the Ijele mask. It was a feat only a few men of his age could attempt. He had now earned the praise name of 'Ome ife ukwu' - one who does great deeds. Indeed, like his father, he was now a hero of Ebenator, a man who had brought pride and honour to his people.

Udego had completed all arrangements for the marriage. Obiageli herself was proud and excited. She had won for herself a reputable husband, a great man any girl would be proud of. A market week after the Festival, Udego decided to talk to her son. Once more, it was a moonlight night and the voices of happy children could be heard in the village square, playing, singing, and dancing.

"I have informed Uduba that we are ready for the marriage ceremony. I have fixed next Afor market day - that is, next tomorrow, for the payment of dowry. It is not reasonable to keep on delaying it.

They too are anxious. Obiageli herself is looking forward to the great day with joy and confidence, according to close relatives there," Udego said with excitement.

"It is good, mother. We have waited for nearly eight moons for this marriage. The farming season is fast approaching. I want everything concluded so that I will face my farmlands in earnest. I will get everything ready before Afor."

It must be a marriage that will keep many tongues wagging. Your father will even rejoice in his grave," Udego put in, full of happiness and hope.

Soon, it was Afor market day. Ebenator village was once more in a festive mood, but this time the centre of activities had shifted to Amanze's compound. Amanze was a great man. His marriage, therefore, was going to be great.

As soon as it was dawn, cooking had commenced in both the families of Otiaba and Amanze. Temporary mud tripods were erected and yams and cassava were being pounded in many mortars. Goats and fowls were slaughtered. Smokes and sweet aroma of soup mingled and encircled into the air. Vultures, sensing that a great feast was going on, hovered

# He Chooses For Himself

(Continued from page 22)

had done before they met were confessed — at least implicitly — so much so that some people have expressed the view that she has no shame. But such was Nancy's character — very plain.

Consequently, she was a foil to Anne, the girl his mother was trying to make him marry. But everything started from him. He was already in love with Anne before his mother came to know about it. But he did not quite understand Anne. She was very pretentious.

But there was another side to her—Tell Anne to visit you anytime of the day she would do but you must sit at least two yards away from her. Go near her and hold her hand, she would shake it off and say: "Leave me alone".

What kind of companionship does one find with such a girl.

Not that Bernard was against her behaving like a woman. But where it becomes excessive, it assumes a different form.

And now he was being required by his mother to marry this girl. The bride-price has been paid and all the marriage rituals have been performed. To crown it all, he has received letter saying that he should be expecting his senior brother, Oji, who was bringing the girl, any time from that time...

He wondered how long it could take a telegram to travel from Awka, his place of work, to Abakaliki, his home town. Yes, he thought, a telegram would go faster than an ordinary letter.

He was praying in his mind. "O God, help, so that they may not come before the telegram gets to them."

If anybody had suggested it to him, he would have not believed that the journey he was making to the post office and everything he was going to do there were futile. Nobody would have made him believe that his senior brother, Oji, had, at that very time, arrived with Anne and they had been directed to his house. Fortunately for Oji and Anne, Bernard had not locked the-door of his house before he left for the post office. He left it open for Nancy, for he hoped that she would come back before his return from post office.

Anne sat down on one of the settee after they had packed their luggage at a corner. Oji did not sit down. He was walking about the room looking at pictures. Most of them were those that he had seen before; like the one they took together.

He moved on to another one. This was the only one that was new to his eyes. Ben and a woman — a girl. They posed facing different directions, back to back, and each with a smile on his or her face to the man who snapped the photo. He looked at it carefully. She has small eyes and looks beautiful and natural. Of course, he thought, not all prostitutes like make-up.

He was cut short from looking at the pictures by the entrance of Nancy herself. She entered the room in her usual manner. swiftly and with a smile on her face, which she had thought would meet with a smile from Ben. She was stunned by two pairs of eyes staring at her. For sometime she was confused. Oji spoke first.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

"Ben," she answered.

"I don't know where he has gone to. You may call back again if you like."

Nancy did not move. Rather she picked up a broom that was left lying on the ground to a corner, to tell him as well as Anne who was staring at her in surprise that she was not a new person in that house. It was only then that it occurred to Oji that she was the girl he saw in the picture with Ben.

"Do you want to sit down?" Oji asked, trying to dismiss her.

"Not yet," she answered, coldly. She was wiping her face with a handkerchief.

He wanted to say again: "I am Ben's brother. I have brought his wife, Anne." But he decided to give her a little time.

He walked out leaving the two girls together.

Nancy took a seat on the other settee. The two girls sat facing each other, each resenting the other's presence. One would scan the other and when she knew that that one was about to look in her direction, she would look away. They continued so for a fairly long time.

Nancy's resentment was more against Ben than against the girl whom she concluded was a beautiful girl. So, this was Ben's trick of going to the post office? She thought within herself.

Nancy and Bernard have been in love for almost nine months now and have come to promise each other marriage. But there was something hidden, to her, about this man's and this girl's coming.

On the contrary, Anne's resentment was against Nancy directly. She looked at her with detest. She was jealous. The prostitute that has been enjoying her husband! She resolved to make her pay for it as soon as she gained a foot hold in that home.

—The two girls remained together for a reasonable length of time. No word passed between them. Nancy was only waiting for Ben to return so that she could tell him that she was not annoyed for what he had done. She had become impatient and as soon as she heard his voice outside, she got up from her seat and went to him. Anne felt relieved.

"Am grateful for the disappointment," she told him with an improvised smile and walked away.

Bernard was very confused and did not answer. He continued his argument with his senior brother.

"But I didn't send anyone of you to marry for me," Bernard said.

Anne was shocked. Was she not going to realise her dreams?

"We must be reasonable in such a matter. Ben," Oji argued. This girl you are running after is quite new to our own way of life. She does not know the kind of food we eat. Neither does she understand our way of life. How then can she help our mother? Anne is not new to all these things and can prove equal to the demand upon her."

"I can see to your point."

They went into the room. Bernard took a seat on the vacant settee and Oji joined Anne on the other. She was not looking into Ben's face; it was strong. Ben too did not care to look in her direction.

Nancy came back into the room and made for where Bernard was sitting. She stooped to pick her handkerchief where she had left it on the settee. He gripped her hand.

"Leave me," she said, struggling to free herself.

"What is worrying you?" He was looking angrily into her face; and she, too, into his. Both looking angry.

"I say leave me. I want to go." She said in a more quiet voice.

"Sit down here, beside me," he said, quietly and gently as if nothing had happened.

"No."

"Look, my dear, don't annoy me." He was getting red again. Nancy climbed down and took a seat beside him.

"Now, brother," Bernard turned to Oji and said, "It was only this morning that I received your letter. It is very unfortunate. For it is from the post office that I have just returned. I sent you a telegram calling on you and Mother to call off your action. You want me to marry a girl who knows our ways and shall be able to help mother. But you have forgotten that she will be with me and not with either you or Mother. But as I have said, I honour your careful reasoning. You can therefore take Anne. As for me, this is my life partner." He held Nancy.

His brother wanted to say something again but he gave him no chance.

"Come on my dear, let's hide from them," he whispered to Nancy. With her hand in his he took her behind the curtain that was used to partition the entire room into a bedroom and a sitting room, rolled down the curtain to avoid the gaze of the intruders.

# THE VICTIM

(Continued from page 27)

When the 'Ulonese' age-grade in Ebenator decided to own a masquerade, Amanze was to play a leading role. Ngene-Ukwu generally believed that Ijele mask should be procured. It was wielded great influence and power over the affairs of masquerades. Therefore, the deity's voice must be needed. The secret and the uninitiated boys, masquerades were spirits - the visible bodies of the departed ancestors.

It was agreed that the Ijele mask would be procured. But who was strong enough to carry the giant mask? Ijele was not only heavy, it had its dangers too. The man to carry it must not only be physically strong, he must also be able to protect himself against various charms that would certainly be hurled at him in the village square by criminal-hearted medicine men from enemy villages.

Infact, the real source of danger was Umuaba village and no young man in Ebenator was prepared to take the risk. It seemed the Ijele project would flop. Amanze would not allow that to happen. It would be a shame and posterity would not forgive the Ulonese Age-grade which had proposed it. He came out boldly and announced that he would carry the mask. The young men and elders rejoiced. It was a relief.

Amanze was just twenty-eight years old. At that age in Ebenator, a young man was ripe enough to take a wife. As for Amanze, every girl in the village would consider herself lucky to be his first wife. Amanze's mother, Udego, had decided that now was the time to talk to her son about getting married.

It was the very day Amanze had told his age-mates that he would carry the Ijele mask when it was ready. After taking his dinner that night, Amanze took his flute and wanted to go out. It was a moonlight night. The moon bathed the earth so brightly that the lines on one's palm could easily be counted.

"Where are you going, Amanze?" Udego asked.  
"I'm going to the square. I want to enjoy the moonlight," he said, smiling.

"Come back and sit down. I have an important issue to discuss with you", Idego said authoritatively.

Amanze hesitated. "Can't we discuss the matter when I come back later?" he asked.

"I want to discuss it now. You still have tomorrow to play your flute at the square. Don't be like a proverbial vulture who ignored his inlaw's invitation and missed the carcass."

Amanze came back and sat down, wondering what she was going to say. Certainly not about the Ijele masquerade! It would be an abomination. The middle-aged woman drew her kitchen stool nearer and cleared her throat.

"My son," she began, "It is said that a one year old cock is supposed to be sufficient for a pot of soup when it is killed. As the years go by, the cock loses weight until it is reduced to bones and feathers. At this stage, its meat can hardly be sufficient for a pot of soup. The taste, too, is no longer as it ought to be. So the younger the cock, the better is its meat in the soup. This is a proverb.

Amanze, you are now at the prime of your youth with good looks, and vitality. Now is the time to get yourself a wife. I wonder why you have not given a thought to this matter. It has been my prayer to carry a grand-child on my lap. I'm happy that you have remarkable qualities that make a successful man. You are now old enough to fend for yourself and manage a family. Some of your age-mates have got wives. Don't be like the proverbial cock that wasted away with the passing of the years.

"Your father is gone and you are to take his place. You must keep the family lineage as the 'okpala' - the head of the family. Do you have anything to say before I tell you what I have in mind?"

Amanze smiled. "Go on, mother, I'm interested," he said. Encouraged by this response, Udego went on more energetically.

"Good. It is my ambition to see that you are happily married. I want a good humble girl that will fit your personality. I have found such a girl for you. Do you know Obiageli, the eldest daughter of Udube Otiba?" Amanze looked at her curiously.

"The one with a scar on her forehead?" he asked.

"Yes, that's the one."

"I know her very well. She is good and I like her."

"That girl is as gentle as a lamb. She is as strong and industrious as her mother. She is my choice. I'm glad you like her too. Without delay, I will see her mother tomorrow and start negotiations."

Amanze considered this idea for some time. "You can start negotiations tomorrow but the marriage can wait. I will see her myself and talk to her. If she agrees, then the marriage can be arranged to take place after the Eighth Moon Festival."

"That is fair enough. The time is not too far. We shall have enough time to get ready. Marriage is not an affair that can be rushed," Udego said.

Now, the Eighth Moon Festival had come and gone. Amanze had successfully carried the Ijele mask. It was a feat only a few men of his age could attempt. He had now earned the praise name of 'Ome ife ukwu' - one who does great deeds. Indeed, like his father, he was now a hero of Ebenator, a man who had brought pride and honour to his people.

Udego had completed all arrangements for the marriage. Obiageli herself was proud and excited. She had won for herself a reputable husband, a great man any girl would be proud of. A market week after the Festival, Udego decided to talk to her son. Once more, it was a moonlight night and the voices of happy children could be heard in the village square, playing, singing, and dancing.

"I have informed Udube that we are ready for the marriage ceremony. I have fixed next Afor market day - that is, next tomorrow, for the payment of dowry. It is not reasonable to keep on delaying it.

They too are anxious. Obiageli herself is looking forward to the great day with joy and confidence, according to close relatives there," Udego said with excitement.

"It is good, mother. We have waited for nearly eight moons for this marriage. The farming season is fast approaching. I want everything concluded so that I will face my farmlands in earnest. I will get everything ready before Afor."

It must be a marriage that will keep many tongues wagging. Your father will even rejoice in his grave," Udego put in, full of happiness and hope.

Soon, it was Afor market day. Ebenator village was once more in a festive mood, but this time the centre of activities had shifted to Amanze's compound. Amanze was a great man. His marriage, therefore, was going to be great.

As soon as it was dawn, cooking had commenced in both the families of Otiba and Amanze. Temporary mud tripods were erected and yams and cassava were being pounded in many mortars. Goats and fowls were slaughtered. Smoke and sweet aroma of soup mingled and encircled into the air. Vultures, sensing that a great feast was going on, hovered

and eat  
 Pelestines  
 "That's all for you!"

Several kegs of foaming palmwine were arranged under the tree in Amanze's compound, ready to be carried to his compound later in the evening. Udego was busy enjoying the cooking and putting finishing touches to the preparations.

Udego was overhead when Amanze took his climbing rope and tapping knife.

Udego was perched on trees and huts. The children, most of them in tattered shorts and gowns, sang and danced hilariously.

"Voices have come!

Voices have come!

Big heads

Big eyes,

What have you come to do?

"Mother," he said after calling her aside, "let me hurry and tap the palm trees and tap them for the evening. I will be back and it will not be possible for me to tap them when we return in the night."

"You must be back quickly. Look, the sun has passed that fruit tree. You should have gone to your palm trees before now," Udego said. She looked at Amanze's face and smiled with a wry smile, "you don't look like one who is about to get a wife."

"How does such a man look?" Amanze asked.

"He looks cheerful and enthusiastic."

"Oh, I promise to be more cheerful and enthusiastic when I come back," he said as he smiled, and walked out.

It was not long after Amanze left the compound when several of the wailing women rented the air. Men's sorrowful wailing rose high above the women's voices. The people of Ebenator stirred in their homes. All activities in Amanze's compound came to an abrupt halt. The festive mood was replaced into a sober confusion. The crying of women and high-pitched voices of men shattered the peace and happiness of the afternoon. Udego stared vacantly into space, listlessly as the voices drifted nearer to her compound.

Then the 'ikolo' sounded and the atmosphere became more menacing, more chilling. The ikolo spread the message to the villages of the clan. The language of the ikolo was not mysterious to the elders. They understood it. A great man was dead. The melancholic tone of the ikolo echoed around the compound with the message of death:

"An iroko has fallen!  
 An iroko has fallen!  
 Ebenator - the land of warriors,  
 A great man is gone.  
 When a hero dies  
 The sky breaks loose!  
 Ebenator - the land of warriors,  
 A great thing has happened.  
 We have lost a great man.  
 We have lost a great man....."

The voices drifted nearer to Amanze's compound. Udego rushed to the wooden gate of the compound as she sighted a crowd gathering there. As she dashed out in frenzy, the sight blinded her. Two broad chested young men carried the dead body of Amanze on their heads. The body was soaked in blood. His tapping knife stuck to his hairy chest.

He had fallen off one of his tall palm trees when a black snake bit him on his shoulder while tapping the tree. His dagger-like tapping knife had fallen first and he fell head-long on it. He died instantly. As Amanze was being carried into the compound, Udego headed for the nearby bush. Many hands seized her.

"Why are you holding me?!" she cried hysterically, struggling to be free. "Let me go and die! I can't live! Let me go and die!"

A large crowd of sympathisers had gathered. Women's voices pierced the air as they cried and refused to be comforted. Amanze's age-mates lamented sorrowfully. The elders shook their heads and ground their teeth. To them, the death of Amanze was not a surprise.

For generations, great men who carried great masks had been known to die tragically so soon afterwards. Many instances abound even in Ebenator itself. Yet the elders also knew that Amanze's death was coupled with a vow for vengeance by the people of Umuaba. He was a victim of the age-long feud between Umuaba and Ebenator. The Ijele masquerade exposed him to the wicked eyes of the enemy.

By his death his family was making the second supreme sacrifice in a dispute the cause of which he never understood. Udego herself never knew the secret behind her son's death. She never knew how her son became a hero. She was not supposed to know either.

In Ebenator as in the other villages of the clan, women were not supposed to know the secret of masquerades, even when their sons were involved. It would be a violation of the custom and tradition - an abomination against the ancestors.

## HE CHOOSES FOR HIMSELF

—EMMANUEL OPUO

She entered the room with an air of propriety. She stopped abruptly, intentionally. Her hands were held together against her chest. She started to move towards him slowly. She was smiling at her too.

He held out his hand as she came near. She received it. He drew her gently and made her sit beside him on the settee. "I thought you won't come now," Bernard said almost in a whisper.

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I just thought so. I want to go to post office."

"What for?"

"Nothing very important. I only want to communicate with my friend."

"Let me come with you."

"No need. Just expect me back under one hour."

She looked away from him without any other word. She

was being assailed by doubt. Was Ben deceiving her? She had been thinking so lately but she has had no concrete proof. It seems she shall find life with Ben. But when shall it be. Could it be so soon as he had told her?

Ben was watching her as she stared unintentionally in front of her. What could she be thinking about? Has she got a tip about the letter? Who must have told her about it? Or was she suspecting something different?

"What is it, my dear?" he asked. He was hating himself. She only sighed, her gaze still where it had been.

Tentatively, he held her, and drew her to himself. He placed her gently on his laps and started to caress her. At first she made slight struggles but after a time she started responding.

"No. Stop. You said you are going to the post office"

"You will come back?" he asked.

"Yes, when you are back."

After they have parted he continued wondering about what had made Nancy sit so cool. It was wonderful too, to him, how, inside of this, she had responded to his kisses.

This is one of the reasons he has now given his love to Nancy in preference to any other girl. Nancy could be annoyed now and the next minute she would wash everything from her mind. And she never pretends. All or most of what she

# He Chooses For Himself

(Continued from page 21)

had done before they met were confessed—at least implicitly—so much so that some people have expressed the view that she has no shame. But such was Nancy's character—very plain.

Consequently, she was a foil to Anne, the girl his mother was trying to make him marry. But everything started from him. He was already in love with Anne before his mother came to know about it. But he did not quite understand Anne. She was very pretentious.

But there was another side to her—Tell Anne to visit you anytime of the day she would do but you must sit at least two yards away from her. Go near her and hold her hand, she would shake it off and say: "Leave me alone".

What kind of companionship does one find with such a girl.

Not that Bernard was against her behaving like a woman. But where it becomes excessive, it assumes a different form.

And now he was being required by his mother to marry this girl. The bride-price has been paid and all the marriage rituals have been performed. To crown it all, he has received letter saying that he should be expecting his senior brother, Oji, who was bringing the girl, any time from that time...

He wondered how long it could take a telegram to travel from Awka, his place of work, to Abakaliki, his home town. Yes, he thought, a telegram would go faster than an ordinary letter.

He was praying in his mind. "O God, help, so that they may not come before the telegram gets to them."

If anybody had suggested it to him, he would have not believed that the journey he was making to the post office and everything he was going to do there were futile. Nobody would have made him believe that his senior brother, Oji, had, at that very time, arrived with Anne and they had been directed to his house. Fortunately for Oji and Anne, Bernard had not locked the door of his house before he left for the post office. He left it open for Nancy, for he hoped that she would come back before his return from post office.

Anne sat down on one of the settee after they had packed their luggage at a corner. Oji did not sit down. He was walking about the room looking at pictures. Most of them were those that he had seen before; like the one they took together.

He moved on to another one. This was the only one that was new to his eyes. Ben and a woman—a girl. They posed facing different directions, back to back, and each with a smile on his or her face to the man who snapped the photo. He looked at it carefully. She has small eyes and looks beautiful and natural. Of course, he thought, not all prostitutes like make-up.

He was cut short from looking at the pictures by the entrance of Nancy herself. She entered the room in her usual manner, swiftly and with a smile on her face, which she had thought would meet with a smile from Ben. She was stunned by two pairs of eyes staring at her. For sometime she was confused. Oji spoke first.

"Whom do you want?" he asked.

"Ben," she answered.

"I don't know where he has gone to. You may call back again if you like."

Nancy did not move. Rather she picked up a broom that was lying on the ground to a corner, to tell him as well as Anne who was staring at her in surprise that she was not a new person in that house. It was only then that it occurred to Oji that she was the girl he saw in the picture with Ben.

"Do you want to sit down?" Oji asked, trying to dismiss her. "Not yet," she answered, coldly. She was wiping her face with a handkerchief.

He wanted to say again: "I am Ben's brother. I have brought his wife, Anne." But he decided to give her a little time.

He walked out leaving the two girls together. Nancy took a seat on the other settee. The two girls sat facing each other, each resenting the other's presence. One would scan the other and when she knew that the other's presence. One about to look in her direction, she knew that that one was continued so for a fairly long time.

Nancy's resentment was more against Ben than against the girl whom she concluded was a beautiful girl. So, this was Ben's trick of going to the post office? She thought with incredulity.

Nancy and Bernard have been in love for almost nine months now and have come to promise each other marriage. But there was something hidden, to her, about this man's and this girl's coming.

On the contrary, Anne's resentment was against Nancy directly. She looked at her with detest. She was jealous. The prostitute that has been enjoying her husband! She resolved that to make her pay for it as soon as she gained a foot hold in that home.

—The two girls remained together for a reasonable length of time. No word passed between them. Nancy was only waiting for Ben to return so that she could tell him that she was not annoyed for what he had done. She had become impatient and as soon as she heard his voice outside, she got up from her seat and went to him. Anne felt relieved. "Am grateful for the disappointment," she uttered.

Anne was very confused and did not answer. He told him with an improvised smile and walked away. "But I didn't send anyone of you to marry for me," Bernard said.

Anne was shocked. Was she not going to realise her dreams? "We must be reasonable in such a matter, Ben," Oji argued. This girl you are running after is quite new to our own way of life. She does not know the kind of food we eat. Neither does she understand our way of life. How then can she help equal to the demand upon her."

"I can see to your point." They went into the room. Bernard took a seat on the vacant settee and Oji joined Anne on the other. She was not to look in her direction.

Nancy came back into the room and made for where Bernard was sitting. She stooped to pick her handkerchief where she had left it on the settee. He gripped her hand.

"Leave me," she said, struggling to free herself. "What is worrying you?" He was looking angrily into her face; and she, too, into his. Both looking angry.

"I say leave me. I want to go." She said in a more quiet voice. "Sit down here, beside me," he said, quietly and gently as if nothing had happened.

"No."

"Look, my dear, don't annoy me." He was getting red again. Nancy climbed down and took a seat beside him. "Now, brother," Bernard turned to Oji and said, "It was only this morning that I received your letter. It is very unfortunate. For it is from the post office that I have just returned. I sent you a telegram calling on you and Mother to call off your action. You want me to marry a girl who knows our ways and shall be able to help mother. But you have forgotten that she will be with me and not with either you or Mother. But as I have said, I honour your careful reasoning. You can therefore take Anne. As for me, this is my life partner." He held Nancy.

His brother wanted to say something again but he gave him no chance.

"Come on my dear, let's hide from them," he whispered to Nancy. With her hand in his he took her behind the curtain that was used to partition the entire room into a bedroom and a sitting room, rolled down the curtain to avoid the gaze of the intruders.

from page 26

# BLESSED DISAPPOINTMENT

Why was there no relation to see you off on such an important journey?"

He tried to talk, her tearful eyes took in a hazy picture of her standing behind him.

In part, he was quite genuinely sorry for this young man who stood weeping alone. Then he said:

"Look here, it's perishing cold on deck... how about a blanket?"

Through Betty remembered that she had a second-class cabin and was quite sure from this stranger's look, that he was a first-class cabin, she did not refuse being carried to the first-class lounge where he ordered coffee for her since she could not take anything else.

She found herself drawn by some irresistible magnetism in the man and began to walk with him down the long deck towards the long saloon entrance.

"I really don't know why you pity me," she said rather

curiously. "He said, 'shall I tell you all about myself?'"

"Yes, please. But you must first tell me about yourself."

"All about this marriage you are going into, you poor thing?"

"I did not want to take the careless talk by this stranger."

"I came to Elizabeth Johnson."

"Mike... Michael Salvat, although had Ghanaian parents but born and bred in Britain. Ex-pilot-in-chief of the Trans-Atlantic Airways Company, now a retired gentleman."

"You tell me more about yourself?"

"Well, Betty narrated her life history and Mike found it very interesting in her story. It was all Joe, Joe. She was in love with this fiancée of hers, he wondered."

"Wonder if you are absolutely sure of yourself, and still in love with this man...?"

"I am confirmed that she was quite sure, but her story of how she met and how she had fallen in love at once when he came on his last holidays and the recent step he had taken in parting for her did not convince Mike. Curiously interested, he questioned her further:

"Do you know anything about his parents?"

"They are in South Africa, he told her."

"Friends and relations?"

"He had introduced her to none."

"Your acquaintance lasted only three or four weeks and she had pledged herself to marry him? That Mike declared at once was too short a time, but Betty said that she had no doubt Joe. She showed Mike some of his letters showing Joe's undying love for her."

"At the end after Betty finished her story, Mike shrugged his shoulders. What business was it of his, anyhow, and why was he about a stranger? He only hoped that the fellow meant to marry this child when he got her out to a stranger land where she knew no soul."

"Although I may be a fool, Miss Johnson, for showing interest in your affair," Mike said, "I can't somehow restrain my feeling of anxiety about you making this trip to this land all by yourself. I'd like to know you're going to be all right."

"I'm assuring him that she would be perfectly alright said: "I suppose you leave me alone and talk about yourself for the rest of the journey."

"I don't want to talk, her tearful eyes took in a hazy picture of her standing behind him."

"In part, he was quite genuinely sorry for this young man who stood weeping alone. Then he said:

"Look here, it's perishing cold on deck... how about a blanket?"

It seemed to Betty, when she finished listening to what Mike said of himself, that they had need for each other.

Mike (Michael Salvat), like Betty was an orphan, having lost his parents at an early age. He wanted nobody in the world but his wife; who one day went away with another man before Mike came back home from work. All she left was a note asking for a divorce, which Mike, at first, rejected. Six weeks later he received a letter from his wife's sister telling him that his wife was dead. Her new lover had walked out on her, so she committed suicide. That was Mike's final cup of bitterness.

He told Betty how he had suddenly awakened to find himself a rich man. His godmother, an English lady who had lived most of her life in Madrid, Spain had died and left him a considerable fortune. And with it a handsome house in Madrid. He was saying goodbye to Ghana for the moment en-route Spain to start a new life.

"One day", he said, "perhaps I'll be able to show you my house in Madrid, a thirty-four bedroom castle. But I'd hate to spoil any of your beliefs, really." he concluded.

"I've always adored the thought of Spain," Betty said.

"So let's be friends," Mike suggested. And friends they were from that day onward.

From then, Betty found it quite much easier to talk with Mike and she walked with him up and down the decks as the liner ploughed the great ocean.

When at last they reached London and they were to part, as Mike was still bound for Spain, he muttered:

"Good luck, the very best of luck to you, little Betty. May you find all the happiness you deserve."

"Are we saying goodbye now?" she asked, and her heart ached for him because his thin brown face looked so bitterly unhappy.

"You've been very good to me and has absolutely made my voyage interesting. I am grateful really. I only wish we could meet again," Betty said.

"I don't know," said Mike; "maybe I'll see you in London - I'm lunching at the Chamberland Hotel. If you should want me, I will be there - but of course you won't, will you? You'll be with your Joe."

Betty's heart jumped. Yes, she'd be with Joe.

The next one hour remained for ever blurred and indistinct in her memory. The address to which she had written to Joe was the Lewis Lodge, not far from the Chamberland Hotel where Mike said he would be lunching.

As she stood at the door of the Lodge and found her heart pounding. She thought that in a moment Joe would be facing her with his gay smile and outstretched hands.

Then the door opened. She saw a girl standing in the cool hall.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Joe Adam lives here?" Betty asked.

"He lived here once but not here today. Gone away. Who are you?" the girl asked hoarsely.

"I am Mr. Adam's fiancée, Miss Johnson. I sent a cable to Mr. Adam. Can you find out for me if he got my cable? All my letters? Please tell me where Mr. Adam has gone."

"I have something for you Miss Johnson," said the girl who turned and moved into the shadows. She came back to where Betty still stood trembling in the cold outside and gave her a letter.

As Betty took it and then the white door was shut noiselessly between the girl and herself. Betty felt instinctively that she was being shut out of Joe's life for ever while she opened the note with fingers which trembled so that she could hardly hold it.

She stood there, motionless, reading what Joe had written to her.

"Darling,

Awfully sorry for not being around to welcome you. I am being moved to a new job in Italy, and had to take this trip urgently.

Darling, I've got to be frank with you. This new job does

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(Continued from page 31)

# BLESSED DISAPPOINTMENT

not allow me to be married. It necessitates the fellow who holds it being a bachelor, and as it carries a big salary and being an important post, I don't want to turn it down.

If you love me enough come to me at the above address and I'll look after you. You will, won't you, Sweetie? I love you and will be good to you and find you a secretarial job in the Company.

I will be waiting. I enclose a cheque which you can cash at my bank in case you need more money.

Joe.

Suddenly she tore the cheque into pieces and flung them on to the grass. She began to shiver like one in fever. Hall demented, she ran back, hailed a taxi and entered into it.

"Where, please?" asked the driver.

"Anywhere," she said in an agonized voice and hid her face in her hands.

The taxi driver shrugged his shoulders, geared the car to a start and moved down the road.

And so Mike met her - Mike who had left his luggage at the docks and was strolling up the street for a walk, saw the familiar young figure inside the taxi with her face hidden in her hands. He knew immediately that something was amiss.

At once, Mike sprang forward, bade the driver stop and stepped in beside Betty.

"Betty," he uttered - "tell me what has happened."

"I thought everything you said was wrong. Oh Mike you were right. He was not ready to marry me," she said sobbing bitterly.

Finally, when she was tired of crying, Mike offered her his handkerchief as he said: "don't shed any more tear for a fellow who isn't worth the tip of your small finger."

That made an impression on her and she stopped weeping. He took the letter from her and read it.

"And you don't want to go to Italy to meet this Joe of yours?" Mike asked.

"To him! I'll rather die," Betty said frankly.

"And you have no other plan?" Mike pursued.

"No, I know no soul in this place, she answered, sorrowfully

"That's right," said Mike satisfied. "Since you don't want to go to Italy and have no other plans, my poor dear, and neither have I any, let's try and pick up the pieces of our lives together. Now don't mistake me, I'm not a Joe Adam, but I like you and ever since we left Tema, I've felt you were going to be my concern. I want you to come down to Madrid with me and I will look after you."

Betty looked at him, bemused. "But how can I? Why should you bother about me . . . . ."

she began to stammer.

He argued that she would be no bother. She was in need of rest, he said, after this very nasty shock. He personally thought that rest in his house by the sea would help to restore her strength.

He directed the taxi driver to the docks, put her luggage with his own and then made her walk through the street to a small hotel where she could rest and have hot - strong coffee.

"Don't worry about me any more," she said, when at tea-time they were sitting there together on a terrace facing the harbour. "You've got to go to Spain, haven't you? You shouldn't be bothered about me anymore."

"Yes, I should and I refuse to leave you in London."

"My dear, it's not a place for child like you to stay

unprotected. First tell me what you want to do."

Her tearful eyes looked into the distance. "I don't know. I suppose I ought to go back to Ghana, but I couldn't bear the old lonely life on top of this."

It was not until they came to Madrid that Betty roused herself from her dreams.

When they arrived in the house of Mike, an old man and a woman came hurrying and shouting joyfully.

"It's master, it's master."

Mike went towards them and gave a hand to each.

"They are my godmother's servants who have looked after me many times in Madrid. . . . . Selima and Sadique. . . . . this is the girl, my friend. She is tired and ill and I have brought her here for you to nurse back to health."

The weeks that followed lived in Betty's memory as days and nights of sheer happiness. Mike wanted her to be happy and she was.

During that time, not even the sordid memory of Joe and that great mistake of love could spoil things. The friendship - pact between Mike and herself had been signed and sealed.

They travelled through the whole of Spain and Morocco during the following memorable months. The hollows in her neck and cheeks had disappeared and she recognized a new Betty in herself.

On their wedding day, she realised to the full, the enormous difference in her own mental outlook and that of Mike when Mike slipped the ring on her finger.

They looked at each other at the moment and then he kept her hand lightly in his.

She felt a happiness almost too intense to be borne. It seemed as though a complete reverse of life had been brought about her. Sorrow had miraculously vanished. Everything was alright. And she and Mike need never be parted again. They had been through a great deal, but this moment was worth all the suffering. A moment of exquisite relief and happiness for both of them. Their disappointments had turned out to be a big blessing after all.

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## Holiday (Continued from page 25) Experience

commitment to her materialistic domain. I mean, being a woman is a business and if you were in business, you ought to try and be good at it. Lagos girls are real business-woman.

Since that incidence I have never been able to endure the sight of Restaurants (not hotels) to say the least of the Chinese models. Vero, in any case, has a place in my heart today: how could it not be so?

The thing about Vero and her Chinese friends is that they cured me of my youthful exuberance and whatever puerile pleasure I derived from running indiscriminately after women or taking them out for lunch. No matter how wonderful the woman is I won't take a second risk.

There are good girls around, but I don't take anybody for granted anymore.

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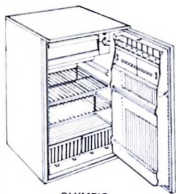
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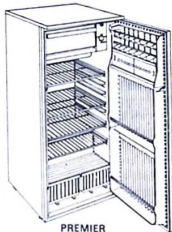
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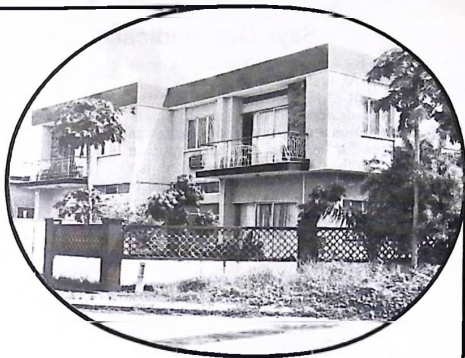
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# "IMAGINARY" ILLNESSES CAN BE SERIOUS

## Says Our Medical Correspondent

Every morning for a week Molade awoke with intestinal cramps. At first she thought they were only indigestion, but as they progressively became more painful, she decided to see her physician. Thorough examination soon revealed there was no physical reason for her pain, and her physician decided to try another approach. He asked her if she had been under any emotional strain in the recent past. Molade replied that yes, she was very concerned about some family problems for which she could find no solution.

In past years, some physicians might have told Molade she was imagining her pain and the best thing to do would be to go home and rest, and the pain would go away. Her physician realized, however, that the emotional pressures on her were causing the cramps and that she needed medical treatment, just as she would if there were a definite physical cause.

Molade is only one example of untold thousands of patients each year who go to their physicians with symptoms of physical illnesses caused by emotional stress—illnesses that generally are called psychosomatic. An increasing number of physicians recognize that an individual's emotions can play a very influential role in health. They know that psychosomatic illnesses are real physical disorders, often serious ones, that require medical care. To ignore them because they are "only psychosomatic" can be dangerous.

### What Exactly are Psychosomatic Illnesses?

Psychosomatic is derived from the Greek words *psyche* meaning mind and *soma* meaning body. A psychosomatic illness, therefore is any illness that has been caused by a combination of mental and physical factors. The illness can be a complaint, such as a backache or heart palpitation, for which the physician can find no physical cause, or a disease, such as hypertension, asthma, ulcers, certain skin diseases and other disorders that are influenced to a large extent by emotional factors.

Physicians now say that emotional pressures are very important in affecting the course of any illness or disorder, even one that has been caused by factors outside the body, such as food poisoning or an automobile accident. To indicate the secondary nature of psychological factors in such disorders, however, they often call this type somatopsychic. For example, a woman with a broken leg who is concerned about her job or how she can take care of her family may have more pain or take longer to recover than a woman with no emotional problem to upset her.

### How do the Emotions affect Physical Health?

The evidence that there is a cause-and-effect relationship between the emotions and the body is clear, even on the simplest level. For example, it is obvious that embarrassment can cause blushing, that the sight of blood can cause nausea or that anxiety can produce heavy sweating. On a more complex level, laboratory research now confirms that emotions can cause such physiological changes as an increase in blood pressure, the release of hormones, a rise in blood sugar and so on.

The implication of these findings in regard to health is that if a person is continually aroused emotionally, this will result in an ever-changing physical state and illness can occur. Still unknown, however, is the exact process through

which the emotions cause physical change and why the interaction is greater in some individuals than in others. These are the primary areas of current research.

### What is known about the Causes of Psychosomatic Illnesses?

Physicians say there is no single cause of psychosomatic illness. They think a balance of mental and physical forces is involved. If the equilibrium is disturbed in any way, illness can occur.

There also is evidence that supports the theory that certain personality types are prone to certain diseases. Various studies suggest, for example, that the typical ulcer patient is an individual who unconsciously wishes to be dependent on others but who masks his dependence with a facade of aggressive, driving ambition.

Some researchers also have found that there may be a connection between the stress factors that confront an individual and disease. Prolonged anxiety or hostility, for instance, seems to lower an individual's resistance to disease.

Some research studies suggest that diseases, including chronic ones such as cancer, have gone through long periods of stress-producing situations, such as the death of a spouse, divorce, marriage, pregnancy, loss of a job, etc. It has even been suggested that illness can be predicted by a system based on assigning point values to stress situations.

### Are Specialists Needed To Treat Psychosomatic Illnesses?

Psychosomatic medicine is not a medical speciality such as orthopedics or pediatrics. It is a way of approaching and treating illness that goes beyond the purely physical aspects of disease. It involves awareness of the whole individual with regard to the many factors—emotional, physical, genetic, social and cultural—that may influence disease. Any physician can treat psychosomatic illness if he is willing to listen to and understand his patient.

The general practitioner or family physician is usually the first to see the patient and in many cases he can deal ably with a large majority of psychosomatic illnesses. If he cannot help the patient, he can always consult with a psychiatrist.

The treatment of a patient with psychosomatic illness must be based, of course, on the individual patient's needs. It may include use of drugs or surgery or psychological intervention or all three. The newest research involves experiments in which human beings are learning to regulate some of their bodily functions. By doing so, it is hoped that an individual may eventually be able to control such disorders as high blood pressure and migraine headaches.

Physicians say that it is not possible to prevent psychosomatic illness—everyone is affected by some sort of major emotional stress and resulting disturbance at some time in his life. It may be helpful, however, to avoid unnecessary worry, such as taking on too many responsibilities or working constantly without taking time to relax, and to talk over problems with someone.

But if a person has prolonged or recurring physical complaints, medical authorities urge that he should not try to diagnose or treat his own ailments, even if they seem minor

# PATTERN SERVICE

## Mother's Information Bureau

by **SISTER ADERINOLA**

*How soon can I wean my baby? He is 5/12 old and he is not satisfied with milk-feed anymore.*

different problems. You will also be satisfied to know the progress of your child.

*What is lockjaw?*

Weaning means introducing solids to baby gradually. It starts at a very early age of about two months. You can start giving your baby soft boiled egg-yolk twice a week. From about 3 - 4 months it is appropriate to introduce broth—either bone and vegetable or chicken-broth, to your baby.

However, your best guide is to go by your baby's needs and not to introduce too many new foods at a time. It is also better to introduce savoury at an early age than when the baby is able to differentiate tastes. Babies are highly conservative in their tastes and they are used to milky taste and sweet foods, they may refuse savouries. Avoid pepper as it puts babies off food and it has no nutritive value. By the time your baby is one year old he should be able to eat from the family pot.

*I am a mother of 3 children and I feel I am fairly experienced. Is it necessary for me to attend the Infant Welfare Clinic with my baby every month.*

You are no doubt an experienced mother but when you think that each child is an individual you will treat them so. The fact that you attended the Infant Welfare Clinic with the other children does not qualify you to neglect the well-being of the 3rd child.

You cannot bring up children by trial and error but you can always gain more from the more experienced Infant Welfare staff. So please attend the Infant Welfare Clinic when you are chance. You will find the advice useful because each child presents

Lockjaw is an acute, infectious disease. When the germ invades the body, almost invariably through a puncture, laceration or gunshot wound, it multiplies and produces a powerful poison (or toxin) that irritates and excites the nerves of the spinal cord.

Symptoms may come on from 2 days to a month after infection, but usually within a week. All of them are muscle spasms or contractions, more or less violent, resulting from nerve irritability. The commonest symptom, of course, is the tightening of the jaw muscles (trismus), baring the teeth and giving the appearance of a sardonic smile (risus sardonius).

The body may be rigidly bowed or arched backward or sideward. Painful, exhausting convulsions frequently appear, following the slightest stimuli. The mind usually remains clear, though anxious.

*Treatment:*

With the best of modern treatment, something better than half the victims can be saved. Treatment includes administration of tetanus antitoxin, that is, immune serum (observing precautions for serum sensitivity); administration of sedatives and calcium; cleansing of the wound; and absolute rest and quiet.

Tetanus toxoid is more efficient and less dangerous in persons who have been previously immunized.

Tetanus toxoid should be given immediately when there is any real risk that a wound may be infected with the tetanus bacillus.

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# DEAR REMI



# Letters of love

## CRAZY AGE

I've been married for a little over ten years and I will say with all emphasis that the first decade was full of bliss. In the last two years, though, things have taken a new turn and my husband and I have suddenly become strangers. He is no longer the loving husband that he used to be and he is far from being the loving father that our children were used to.

I have tried to have a serious talk with him but he is not just interested. The children are as upset as I am with the sudden change and they are already asking me questions which I find rather difficult to answer.

My friends and relations to whom I've reported the incident seem to take it rather lightly. Most of them simply say that he is passing through a phase which most men in his age group must go through and that he will soon grow out of it.

My husband is 40. Will anybody who might have had similar experience let me know through this paper how she solved her problem?  
**Surulere. Peju.**

*Over to you readers! Please, send your advice to 'Peju, c/o Modern Woman, P. O. Box 2583, Lagos.*

## UNREALISTIC HUSBAND

I belong to the middle group of the working class women and my salary is what you can term a little above average. Though I will not say that I'm doing badly salarywise but my husband earns far more than I do.

As a working class woman, I do not dismiss the fact that I must contribute my quota towards the running of the home but my husband seems to be taking things too far. Apart from the fact that

he does not give me enough food allowance, he does not fulfil the other aspects of his financial obligations.

In the Nigerian Society, a man is expected to provide his family with the basic essentials of life, namely, food, shelter and clothing. My husband is no use as a provider hence I feel the weight of domestic expenses more than he does.

I hesitate to take any drastic step against him as I'm sure most people will simply term my action as such expected from an acada wife.

Will experienced women please advise me on what to do before I crumble under this heavy burden?  
**Ibadan. Tayo.**

*Let me start by asking if your husband is in the know of your salary. If he does, then he is just not being realistic. If he does not, then the fault is basically yours.*

*In either way, what you need do is to have a heart-to-heart talk with your man. Analyse with him what it costs to run your home. In the cause of the sweet things you say, you may be able to get the cause of his actions out of him. If the fault is yours, correct it immediately. If on the other hand he has genuine excuses, make a joint effort to work things out.*

*No matter what happens, play it cool.*

## SOPHISTICATED MAID

Since I had my last baby six months ago, all efforts to get a housemaid proved abortive. When I was to resume duty about six weeks later, my mother-in-law had to come and stay with us. While she was with us though, there was nothing that she found right with me. She was always complaining to my husband about my mode of dressing, my extravagance in the run-

ning of the home and about anything one can think of.

I quite appreciated that my husband was finding the situation rather difficult as he could not attack his mother directly. So, while I was trying to get a maid therefore, my husband was also working behind the scene to get me one.

About a month ago, early October to be precise, he introduced a rather sophisticated girl to me as the maid. The next day, he made arrangement for the mother to return to their hometown. This girl's attitude is giving me some concern as she is rather uncontrollable. I have complained to my husband a number of times but he has threatened to stop me from working if I scare the girl away.

I very much want to keep working but I also dread losing my husband to this girl.

What shall I do?  
**Badija. Shade.**

## JEALOUS NEIGHBOUR

My next door neighbour is my rival. Not that she finds me in any unusual dealing with her husband but simply because she thinks our family is better off than hers.

Each time any of our children puts on a new dress or even if the younger ones play with new toys, she wants to find out the cost from them. The children innocently face me with similar questions and anytime I ask them why they are so interested in knowing the prices, they tell me it's because my neighbour wants to know. It's getting too much and my husband doesn't fancy her attitude either.

Should we report her to her husband or must I take her to task and treat it from the woman's angle.  
**Lagos. Fola.**

*It's a good thing you've not*

*incited your children against the woman and I will strongly advise that you keep them out of the scene.*

*Though you may have genuine intentions at the beginning of the woman-to-woman encounter, you may discover that tempers may rise unusually high before you go far.*

*It is therefore advisable that your husband talks it over with her man with a view to getting him to stop her wife from giving your children and you the parents? any further embarrassment.*

## MISSIONARY PARENTS

Because my dad is a pastor, my parents want me to spend all my free hours either in the church or at home reading nothing but the Bible. Not that I hate the Bible or that I do not go to church but I feel they are being rather unrealistic by not making allowance for the social aspect of my development as a young girl of 17.

You cannot believe that because of their strict discipline, I have no boyfriend and I feel rather inferior in any social group. My parents' philosophy is that I must be in the world but not of the world.

Will my parents are not of this world, how did they come to be husband and wife? What suggestion would you give so I can be a bit free?

**Oyo. Pat.**

*I congratulate your parents for having a daughter who keeps the feelings of her parents uppermost in her mind. But they must be told that we live in a world of change and that we have to adapt so we can be both acceptable and happy.*

*Talk to a few of the servant-looking parents in your church, so they can talk to your parents and set you free.*