

modern

# WOMAN

APRIL 1974

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APRIL 1974

modern

**woman**

Our pin-up bride is all smiles as she takes the daring plunge into the challenges of womanhood—It's all the best from us to her and some other new members of the housewives' circle.

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# LETTERS TO modern woman

## TOMATO PUREE

What in the name of home management makes tomato puree so important? I think the manufacturers have come to the realisation that a good number of us cannot do without the puree in our cooking hence the ever rising cost.

I have talked to some agricut scientists and they established the fact that seed tomatoes are just as nutritious as the puree. The only difference between the two is in the taste. But, I can assure you that the taste that you lose by not using the puree can be doubly gained by using a far less expensive condiment.

Boil your meat with one maggi cube and add another cube to the stew before putting in the boiled meat. By the time the stew is ready, the meat would have absorbed a reasonable proportion of the condiment that makes it as tasty if not more taste than tomato puree stew. Go the economic way while you preserve your tasty cooking.

**Abokuta. Florence.**

## IMPROVE SCHEDULE

As popular as your magazine is with people in this state, it does not get to the market early enough. For instance, there are some of the features especially the detective stories which a lot of us have been following keenly. To our disappointment, whenever most other magazines are on sale Modern Woman is not. What is responsible for this lateness? I hope the editor will see to it that the production schedule is improved.

**Kaduna. Danjuma,**

## DETECTIVE SERIES

Your detective series on the Naked Corpse is a top hit. I have been following the series from August 1973 and cannot wait to have other instalments so I can know how the story ends. I shall wish very much that you allot more pages to the 'Naked Corpse' so that the concluding chapters may get to readers as soon as possible.

**Ikoyi. Christopher,**  
**HOME ECONOMICS**

May I on behalf of myself and numerous other readers of your popular magazine congratulate the management and editorial staff for the recent introduction of home economics in the magazine. This is really a step forward and I'm sure it will go a long way in passing basic home - management tips especially to the housewives who have plenty of time on their hands to try out some of the tips.

Please, keep it up.  
**Owerri. Cecilia,**

## COLOURED PAPERS

Your February issue, though it came out rather late had something that gave it a lift. The use of coloured papers for home economics and short stories made the locations of these two columns easier. The inclusion of the home economics section also goes to show that as a woman's magazine, prominence is given to ways by which a modern woman in a relatively costly society can live reasonably. Please, let's have more of the home management series.

**Bauchi. Bloye,**  
**LAWYER'S PAGE**

As an ardent reader of Modern Woman magazine,

one of the regular columns I enjoy reading is the legal page. I can say on behalf of myself and some of my friends that the page is a big help in giving useful advice especially on matters that have to do with man/woman relationship.

Lately though, I have noticed that the page is conspicuously missing. I hope the editor is not gradually trying to leave out the page completely. Please, let's have more from the lawyer.

**Ibadan. Yomi,**

## NO LOCUST BEANS

Like many women in Lagos, I have found that the cost of locust beans is becoming unhearmably high. This of course I cannot understand since it is basically produced from local raw materials. As the price continued to rise to the extent that I needed 5k locust beans for 10k green, I decided to try other spices. My most recent and most successful experiment is substituting maggi cubes for locust beans. You won't believe what the result is like until you have given it a try.

It is simply wonderful.  
**Surulere. Ayo,**

## MOST INTERESTING

I quite cherish your efforts to improve Nigerian homes by narrating very interesting stories which teach morals. I have to state with emphasis that your magazine is widely read and kept in personal libraries and conspicuous places where visitors who like books can have them. What distresses me is that the magazine is often late to get into market and thereby keeps the mind of would-be purchasers into suspense. Please improve on your production exercise.

May I also state that I quite appreciate Cross-word puzzle more than any other competition. Cross-word is educative in that it improves the vocabulary and memory of any competitor. It used to keep me busy during the weekends. I however, wish that you

bring back cross-word competition but with modification. Let competitors win with about 10k or 20k winning put at any amount you think desirable with consolation awards.

**Ibadan. M. A. Busu**

## COURTESY

I wish someone would knock some sense of courtesy into some of our men especially those in uniform. About two months ago, was sitting on the same bench of a public bus with one of our uniformed men. The first time he attempted to stretch his arm across the bench, he hit my leg but I managed not to press any comment even though he pretended nothing happened.

After he paid his fare and was putting back his arm across the bench, he hit my neck and I could not but call his attention as he made no attempt to apologise for his behaviour.

"You must be sick must have picked a quarrel with your man," he snapped.

You can imagine how shocked I was but I managed to keep myself under control. I wish some of you will learn to behave decently in the public.

**Surulere. Oye**

## NEGLIGENT DRIVING

It's almost incredible to note that some lady drivers take pride in competing with men in reckless driving.

The other day, a motor driver waited for some pedestrians to cross along Ikorodu road and at the same time, he tried to wade the vehicle on the adjacent lane to stop. To the amazement of all of us waiting to cross, a lady driver zoomed along a narrow road, missed a school girl who innocently assumed that the vehicles had stopped for to cross.

I hope our lady drivers will strive to be exemplars in driving more carefully.

**Palmgrove. Be**

# Recipe For Successful Marriage

**"The Way to a Man's heart is through his STOMACH"**

**"VARIETY is another valuable card to play"**

—Sesan Ogunro

When love exists between a man and a woman, the tendency is for both to stick together and be satisfied. But the trouble these days is that most men love women but most women love LOVE. That is why there are a lot of dissatisfied men and so many unsatisfied women in our society.

A real marriage takes place only when the husband and wife can manage to enrich themselves with the things that make them happy together. They must be able to live love and work together sharing the different phases of their lives with mutual understanding.

What a woman desires is a great man. But what so many men desire is a great many women combined in one. When they don't get what they want, they are disappointed, and when they do get what they want, they are disillusioned. For men find that all women are the same, and women have discovered that no man is always great.

There is no degree in marriage, but there is in love. We can be a little bit ill, and a little bit in love, but we can't be a little bit married any more than we can be a little bit dead.

The old idea of falling in love in an instance is all wrong. In that case, usually what one thinks is love is merely passion and infatuation. We can fall downstairs. We can fall into a well. But we can't fall instantaneously in love.

Cheap fiction often represents love as coming out all of a sudden and with uncontrollable force, but that is not love. It is an attraction that can grow into love — but it is not real love. To really be in love, one must know a person thoroughly — considering his moods and tastes.

A man should not know what to expect from his wife. For, if a man knows that his wife will do the something every day or that she will react to certain situations in exactly the same way on every occasion—a suggestion of monotony may creep in.

Finance is an important factor in marriage just as it is in any business adventure. So marriage should have the backing of reasonable resources that ensure fair sailing for the couple.

Self-control and reality of purpose are vital factors in a happy marriage. In fact, they are the most important criteria in a happy married life. It appears the egoistic nature of the present generation drastically reduces the chances of happy and successful marriage. While many women regard marriage as a meal ticket many men marry because they are tired of catenans and routine.

Marriage should be made of fifty-fifty proposition (no cheating) each doing his or her part and not taking advantage of the other.

Modern love is too often one of those fierce, quick-flaming bonfires of youth and inexperience. A swift summer romance after several moonlight nights followed by a brief ecstatic engagement and then the snappy wedding which finds both parties lacking the required courage with which to face-up to the period of adjustments. Very often the couples lend vent to their pent up feelings with no regard for consequences.

Hundreds of young couples are madly in love with fashion craze romance, but only slightly acquainted with each other before they take the plunge into the age — long institution.

Modern amenities like electricity, also share in the blame for many of the marital difficulties of our age. Practically all the housework is done for the wife now through electrical devices with the effect that she has too much time on her hands for mischief. In the good old days when Saturday was washday and Monday to Friday, farming days, there were fewer divorcees.

If isn't all the wives' fault then husbands have a few questions to answer. When a girl hears a man persistently saying, "I love you", to the stage when the girl feels she has found her Mr. Right then they both walk up to the altar and say, "I will ....." Then she wakes up some morning to find that she has only married a lodger who turns out to be very fastidious. Gradually, she starts to feel a sort of remorse which eventually might build up to hate if not quickly curbed.

A woman needs love all along, just as much as an aeroplane needs fuel. A man needs it too, and at a very sincere level too. While romance dies somewhat easily in a man's heart, it is hard to kill in the heart of a woman. This is why a woman who intends to keep her man must never stop trying out new methods.

The old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, still holds. You can't always appeal to a man physically; for as you grow older, you are bound to change with time. Perhaps you can't appeal romantically to him for ever but where good cooking and fine home making hold forth—no "triangle is apt to develop".

Too many women, after marriage, become careless, uninteresting and indifferent, with the result that their husbands grow neglectful, thoughtless and often selfish. Then the wife feels indignant, outraged, and usually quite innocent of being at fault.

Continued on page 39

# BRIDAL FASHION



A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

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Wedding dresses specially designed by Esther Egbo of Esther Ladies' Park, Itire Road, Surulere.

The African version three piece Senegalese wedding dress complete with head gear/veil is worn by bride while the Chief bridesmaid models the two-piece maxi with embroidered cape and hat to match.



Back view of the Senegalese wedding dress.

Rebecca Phillipa Johnson:

# THE LADY WITH THE GOLDEN CHAIN

'Kunle Akinsemoyin

"Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together" —Goethe.

By veneration of the finer qualities of human nature and the tradition and heritage of her race, combined with a strong belief that the indigenous social order offered the only prospect of advancement and respect for her race Mrs. Rebecca Phillipa Johnson affectionately known as Mammy G.P. bestrode her generation like a colossus to leave an indelible footprint on the sands of time. Standing as a connecting and corrective link between the reality of the past and the unreality of her era, she exerted an influence that was greatly needed and was most helpful in restraining the follies and fallacies of life in her day.

Sincere, kind-hearted and outspoken, perhaps to a frightening degree to hypocrites, she was proud to be African and possessed in an exceptional degree, native instincts and intuition which gave one the unshakable impression that she lived with the traditions of her fathers. These, in turn, ensured for her a power of thought and insight of great depth and admirable lucidity due mainly to her being true to nature and unobscured by prejudice of any kind.

Consequently, she was able to distinguish and draw a clear and distinct line between what is superficial and what is real in the vital matter of life. Undoubtedly, a decided advantage she had over other personages of her time, which made her a unique entity and was perhaps the secret of her charm and influence. Admirable was her clear perception of what the civilised African life should be and what it was, this made her company a privilege and an education. Though she was obliged to conform to the fashion of the life to which she found herself, she was profoundly sensible of the travesty it involved and the due consequence it entailed and she felt she was in duty bound to warn her generation of the dangers inherent in the aimless, purposeless and abortive life they were leading. That her warning, though unheeded, had the testimony of truth is sustained by the anomalous existence of the African today and the state of turmoil on the continent of Africa.

"Sincere, kind-hearted and outspoken, perhaps to a frightening degree to hypocrites, she was proud to be African and possessed in an exceptional degree, native instincts and intuition which gave one the unshakable impression that she lived with the traditions of her fathers."

An experience she had early in life made her value, at all worth, the ideas she and others like her, had instilled in the heads by missionaries of the "barbarism" of the African heath. It happened when she was going to Abokuta. Night had fallen and she had not reached her destination so she was obliged to seek shelter for the night at one of the farm villages on the river Ogun. Remembering she had been told that the heath was addicted to all sorts of wicked things, she entered the farmhouse greatly apprehensive of her safety. This much her relief proved to be unjustified the moment she entered.

"Regularly one weekday she gave alms to beggars and she never forgot the poor who ever she had cause to celebrate. For them a fatted cow to eat to their hearts' content"

The good folks of the house received her kindly and extended every kind of hospitality to her. On the following morning after showering her with presents, the Farmer accompanied her a good distance to ensure she had crossed safely to her destination in the river current.

Mammy Johnson ever remembered this unexpected kindness and it completely won her over to the indigenous way of life of the so called heathen. Her way of life reflected this to a degree that endeared her to the community. Regularly one weekday she gave alms to beggars and she never forgot the poor whenever she had cause to celebrate. For them a fatted cow to eat to their hearts' content.

Born on 20th May 1843 in Sierra Leone, she was the daughter of Mr. Ikusiya Leigh of Egbaland and the sister of C. Leigh, a very prominent Lagosian; Like her brother she was up trading and owing to keen business acumen became a very successfully. Wealth afforded her a means of extending the life of others and to none did she deny help for the joy of doing so.

A God-fearing woman and a devoted Christian she was a staunch member of the Olowogbowe Methodist Church. She attended regularly. She gave generously of her time and wealth to the Church.

As a trader she was not only influential but highly respected in the commercial world. This in a world where women were regarded as mere home-makers was a rare achievement, at the cost of her role as a mother and a wife. In this she more than lived up to the highest expectation.

Her death on 16th April 1907 was a sad loss to Lagos of one of the few truly unique personalities that she soiled.

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



# Lil-lets



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### FEBRUARY SOLUTION

- |                           |                         |
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| 2. Switch is missing      | 5. Sack is different    |
| 3. Pocket is missing      | 6. Foot is repositioned |

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| 3. Miss Lizzy Egoh<br>30 P. Harcourt,<br>Onitsha. N2 10              | 10. Mini Edeogu<br>M. N. R. Vet Division<br>Bauchi. N2 10                            |
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**102**

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### CAN YOU REALLY TRUST YOUR EYES?

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

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Name .....  
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The last in the series of our family observation game—Can you trust your eyes will be coming up in our May issue. We do promise a more exciting exercise for replacement.

But you may be one of the lucky winners of the last lap of the game; So, hurry to book your copy and see what luck has in store for you.

*Editor*

# SEWING

## Hems And Seams

Last month, as a way of practising the tacking and running stitches which are about the most useful in everyday sewing, I gave you a pattern for girl's pinafore to sew. While I'm convinced that some might find the pattern very easy, I do realise there will be others with beginners' problem. To the beginners I will advise that there is no substitute for constant practice.

This month, we shall go a step further by trying our hands on hems and some other seams that could be used on various materials. It is not enough to know the formation of the seams but it is equally important to know when to use which seam.

### HEMS

A hem is made to protect a raw edge

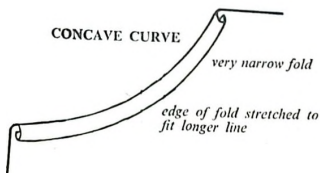
1. On ordinary material the raw edge is first trimmed even and a narrow fold ( $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$  inch) is made. The second fold may be made to any width required. Use a notched card for keeping wide hems even.

2. In transparent materials it is advisable to make the first fold the same width as the second fold.

Hems round curves are difficult to manipulate. The narrower the hem, the easier it is to fix.

3. On concave curves, the edge of the fold will need stretching to fit the longer line.

4. On convex curves, the fold must be carefully eased, or it will pucker. Small snips of material cut from the raw edge with the depth of the cut not quite to the first will help to prevent puckering.



Prevention of bulk on hems and seams. 5. When hems have overlapping facings at the corners, mark the width of the facing on the hem and where the facing overlaps cut away the hem to within  $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of the edge of the fold.

Replace the facing and slip hem it down on the hem. Slip stitch the bottom folds.

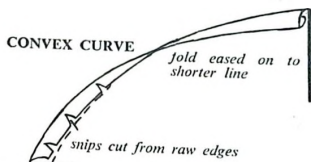
6. When a hem is turned up over a seam snip across the seam a little below the top of the hem. Open and press the turnings flat to avoid bulk. Refix the hem.

### SEAMS

Care should be taken in the choice of seams, and the same seam should be used throughout the garment. The choice depends on the nature of the material and the purpose of the garment. Flat seams should be used on a garment worn next to the skin, and the fell of seams should fall towards the back.

### FRENCH SEAMS

These are useful only on thin materials and on hand-made garments when the seams are narrow and carefully fixed. 1. Place wrong sides facing, edges even, and fitting lines and balance marks together. Tack on the fitting lines and machine or run  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch outside the fitting lines.  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch will be the width of the finished seam. Trim the edges close to the stitching; they must be less than the width of the seam. 2. Remove the tacking from the fitting lines, press open the seam on the wrong side with the turnings lying together, tack and machine on the fitting lines enclosing the raw edges. Remove the tackings and press.



### RUN AND FELL

\*1. Place right sides facing and fitting lines together; pin, tack, and run on the fitting lines. For the fell of seam, trim off the double turnings to the width of the finished seam plus turnings ( $\frac{1}{2}$  inch). The width of the turnings at the back edge of the garment must be narrower than this, because it has to lie under the fell; so trim the back edge down to a little less than the width of the finished seam.

(Continued on page 16)

# Housekeeping:

YOUNG BRIDES SPECIAL:

# Kitchen Gadgets

by a special correspondent

The kitchen has been described as the Home Office of every ideal woman. Because, a woman's pride of her home can rightly be assessed by the look of her kitchen, every ideal woman not only strives to fill up the kitchen but endeavours to make a wise choice of such gadgets as will make life in the kitchen pleasant and time saving for her.

As a matter of fact, modern gadgets in the kitchen is every young woman's dream but a chat with those who've gone before will reveal to us that those things were not as easy to get as they look on display. It takes time, careful planning and a lot of financial involvement.

So, for the young housewives, I'll say, it's no use rushing to meet up with those who've been there for years. What is important therefore is to get our priorities right. With careful planning and exchange of ideas with well-meaning experienced friends, the kitchen can be gradually equipped to the required standard.

As a special supplement on Home Economics for the young housewives, we present, the experience of an old hand on kitchen gadgets and how to get/use them. But, as earlier stated: "Rome was not built in a day."

## KITCHEN KIT

Obviously, the main thing one does in a kitchen is cook, and I'm all for using time on cooking as long as the time is spent on the really interesting parts of the job, like knocking up delectable little salads, and not the dreary parts which are things like washing up and tidying up afterwards.

Also, however much one may enjoy cooking there may be days when you want to prepare a meal but have lots of time left over to go picnicking or something more important like that.

For these days you will want to prepare meals that require the minimum of care while they're cooking and this means either dishes cooked for a very long time without supervision or dishes that cook very quickly indeed.

Beginners in the trade—I mean new brides should equip their kitchen with the need to provide such meals in mind and I propose to offer hereafter a list of kitchen equipment ideas that may suit you. I think one must make the point here that to every woman the equipment she uses in her kitchen must be highly personal; what suits one will not necessarily suit another.

Just as one can discover the perfect hairstyle or the dress that will really make you look the dishiest thing around by seeing it on someone else, so you can discover items of useful kitchen equipment by finding out what other people use.

## BASIC EQUIPMENT

The basic necessities are, of course, cooking pots and pans. For dishes that cook very slowly, you need a selection of pans with closely fitting lids. These prevent the food

from drying out in the oven, or the need for frequent basting.

I have a couple of very deep aluminium pans, with lids that have "bubbles" on the underside, which collect steam in cooking, condense it, and drip it back on to the food. A cheap cut of beef, with sliced vegetables, stock and seasoning, cooked in this pan for three or four hours comes out deliciously tender.

For smaller pieces of meat, or dishes with meat or small, like stews, which cook perfectly in the oven, I find an old-fashioned lidded earthenware dish works just as well as the more expensive aluminium ones.

## GLASS WARE:

Glass ovenware is another essential for me. I have three Pyrex dishes, one square and deep, which I use for goulashes and casseroles, (meat stew and vegetable) or oblong and shallow, which is perfect for fish, and a round one which is useful for such things as fricassee of veal.

I managed to break the lids of these dishes years ago but I cover them with aluminium foil, and they are perfectly sealed. I also have a couple of Pyrex vegetable dishes which, as well as being pretty enough to bring to the table, can be used to hold root vegetables cooked well in advance of a meal.

In the oven, the dishes keep the food perfectly juicy and attractive to look at. The lids if you have not broken them have another use, too: they are perfect for baking small fruit pies.

## SAUCEPANS:

Several small saucepans are very much more useful than two big ones, and I manage very well with three medium and small saucepans and only one large one. Cooking a small amount of food in a big pan not only wastes heat, but it takes longer. A fairly small saucepan to be kept solely for boiling eggs is also useful and a medium saucepan with a sensible pouring lip or edge is invaluable.

Grill pans are supplied with cookers when they are bought and I use mine a great deal.

I use the grill rack for such things as bacon, thin fillets of fish and sausages. For thicker fish, steaks and chops I remove the rack and use the pan itself. Away from the direct heat, the food can be cooked right through without the outside getting overdone. To save washing up, I always line the pan with a piece of aluminium foil.

I am very fond of my chip pan, a deep one with a basket to hold the food. The children love chips, and these are quick to cook when the pan is always ready. I use vegetable oil, and find I only need to strain the oil and wash the pan about once a week. Covered up, it is perfectly all right to leave the oil in the pan, provided you can store it well out of reach of the children. I also have two

(Continued on page 11)

**KITCHEN KIT** (Continued from page 10)

ordinary frying pans, a small one for omelettes, never washed, only cleaned with kitchen paper and oil, and a bigger and deeper one for frying fish or eggs. This pan has a lid which I use when cooking liver to prevent it from getting too tough.

**CAKE TINS:**

For cakes, I have a pair of shallow sponge tins, a baking sheet, a loaf tin and a loose-bottomed cake tin. These are ample, even when family friends that adore home-baked cakes, are invited. I always line the tins with greaseproof paper as this saves a great deal of washing up, and ensures the cakes coming out unbroken every time.

The shops are full of gadgets and I have a few to which I am very attached. A well-made beater for eggs, cream and some cake mixtures is always useful. A mincer, always kept ready set up, is another essential for me. I have my mincer fixed on a batten to the side of my working surface. It is covered with a calico bag when not in use to keep dust and children's fingers out of it.

**OTHER GADGETS:**

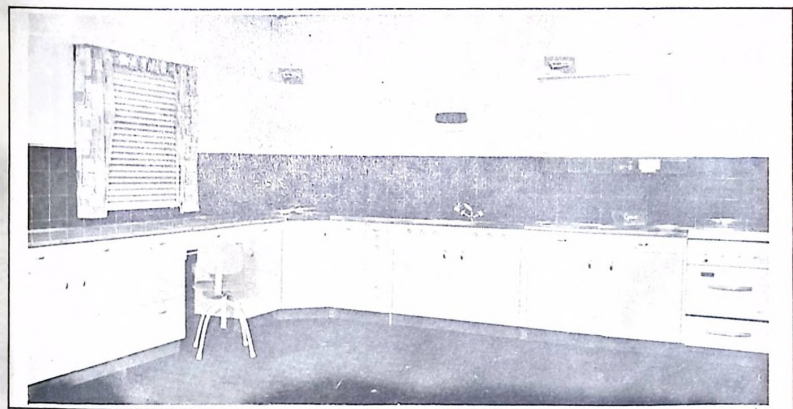
Even though I have this mixer there are still one or two other gadgets I need. A wire and plastic egg slicer is also handy. I use mine for slicing tomatoes, carrots and cucumber for salads as well as for eggs. Kitchen tongs are a great help to me. I like these for turning foods being grilled for, unlike a fork, they never penetrate the food, so letting the juices out.

I have a rack of hooks that holds a slice for fish and eggs, a ladle, a pair of kitchen scissors and a very large strainer, which I use for everything from sifting flour to straining vegetables or making large amounts of puree for things like thick vegetable soups. The rack also holds my favourite very sharp knife, hanging from a hole bored in its handle. When I used to keep it in the cutlery drawer, I was always cutting my fingers while I scrubbed for it among other knives and fork.

Two other gadgets include a rotary cutter for quickly cutting out scones and pastry for small tarts and a wide-bladed pan scraper which saves a lot of time. One sweep, and a cake mixture is out of the bowl into the tin.

**BOWLS & MIXING EQUIPMENT:**

This brings me to bowls and mixing equipment.



This brings up the question of electric food mixers. For years I yearned to own one of these gorgeous things complete with umpteen beaters and bowls and the rest of it, until I discovered from a friend of mine who owns one that she hardly ever uses it because it's such a bore getting the thing set up and cleaning it afterwards. When the time came for me to actually go and buy a food mixer for myself I chose one that cost less than N30.00 is hand held, and has three sets of nylon beaters and a gadget for making fruit juice, and that's all.

This one is made by "Moulinex" a French firm and I can give it a strong personal recommendation. It's easy to use and easy to clean. But, as with washing machines, only an individual can really decide which is the best sort for her. But I would most earnestly recommend any reader to look at the cheapest models first before she goes and blues a year's savings on a more costly one.

I have three different sized modern bowls made without any edges under which food can collect in the mixing. I also have a Pyrex jug with liquid measures clearly marked on it, and a Tale cook's measure, which shows a wide range of both English and American measures for all sorts of dry ingredients.

I find this simpler and quicker to use than kitchen scales. Two wooden spoons complete my needs here—two, because savoury foods can "flavour" wood, and a spoon used for a flavoured sauce can spoil a sponge mixture next time it is used. One of mine has a painted handle to prevent confusion.

Behind my working surface I have a shelf which holds more than a dozen big glass jars - old Napisan jars as a matter of fact - with well-fitting plastic lids. These hold all the staples in frequent use like rice, flour, sugar, coffee

(Continued on page 14)

# COOKERY

# EGG IS FOR LIFE

Says Our Cookery Editor

Egg has been described as life for every life stems out of one type of egg or the other.

In our society, it used to be assumed that eating of eggs was a luxury and that those who eat eggs belong to the extravagant class. Thank goodness we are in a new era that clearly brings the realisation that an egg contains almost all the nutrients required for body growth.

So, this month, we are introducing to our readers, a variety of ways by which eggs can be introduced into the family diet apart from the usual monotonous methods of boiling and frying.

## SCRAMBLED EGGS (BASIC RECIPE) 4 PORTIONS

6-8 eggs  
50 g butter 2 ozs.  
salt, pepper

1. Break the eggs in a basin, season with salt and pepper and thoroughly mix with a whisk.
2. Melt 25 g (1oz) butter in a thick-bottomed pan, add the eggs and cook over a gentle heat stirring continuously until the eggs are lightly cooked.
3. Remove from the heat, correct the seasoning and mix in the remaining 25 g (1oz) butter.
4. Serve in individual egg dishes.

If scrambled eggs are cooked too quickly or for too long the protein will toughen, the eggs will discolour because of the iron and sulphur compounds being released and sunerosis or separation of water from the eggs will occur.

## SCRAMBLED EGGS ON TOAST

As above, serving each portion on a slice of freshly-buttered toast with the crust removed.

## SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH TOMATOES

400 g tomatoes 1 lb  
25 g chopped onion 1 oz

1. Prepare, cook and serve the eggs as for the basic method.
2. Prepare a cooked tomato concassée
3. To serve place a spoonful of tomato in the centre of each dish of egg and a little chopped parsley on the top of the tomato.

## SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH HAM

100 g thick sliced ham 4 ozs.

1. Prepare, cook and serve the eggs as for the basic recipe.
2. Trim off all fat from the ham and cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$  cm ( $\frac{1}{4}$  in) dice.

3. Add to the eggs with the last ounce of fat. There are many other foods served with scrambled eggs, e.g. shrimps, cheese, asparagus tips, kidneys.

## SCOTCH EGGS

4 hard-boiled eggs

50 g	breadcrumbs	2 ozs.
25 g	flour	1 oz.
300 g	sausage meat	12 ozs.
	1 beaten egg	

1. Completely cover each egg with sausage meat.
  2. Pass through flour, egg and breadcrumbs.
  3. Shake off surplus crumbs.
  4. Deep fry to a golden brown in a moderately hot oil.
  5. Drain well, cut in halves and serve hot or cold.
  6. Hot: serve on a dish paper, garnish with fresh sprig parsley, and a sauceboat of suitable sauce, e.g. tomato.
- Cold: garnish with salad in season and a sauce of salad dressing.

## FRIED EGGS AND BACON

1. Allow 2-3 rashers per portion.
  2. Remove the rind and bone.
  3. Fry in a little fat or grill on a flat tray under salamander on both sides.
  4. Dress neatly around the egg.
- Fried eggs may also be served with grilled or fried potatoes, mushrooms, sauté potatoes, etc., as ordered by customer.

## POACHED EGGS

High quality eggs should be used for poaching because they have a large amount of thick white and consequently have little tendency to spread in the simmering water. Low quality eggs are difficult to manage because the large quantity of thin white spreads in the simmering water.

A well-prepared poached egg has a firm tender white surrounding the slightly thickened unbroken yolk. The use of a little vinegar (an acid) helps to set the white so preventing it from spreading, it also makes white more tender and whiter.

1. Carefully break the eggs one by one into a shallow pan containing at least 6 cm (2 ins) gently boiling water to which a little vinegar has been added (1 pt water to 1 tspn vinegar).
2. Simmer until lightly set, approx. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3 mins.
3. Remove carefully with a perforated spoon into a bowl of cold water.
4. Trim the white of egg if necessary.



## KITCHEN KIT (Continued from page 11)

and tea. I can see everything at a glance and waste no time searching in a dark larder for them.

Something I find very useful is a range of transparent plastic dishes with lids. These hold all those odd leftovers that clutter up a refrigerator when put on plates - and leftovers on plates usually dry out and get thrown away anyway. My plastic pots show their contents at a glance, and keep them fresh for several days until I can use them.

"The only perfect kitchen that was ever designed was one that grew up over twenty years of comfortable happy use by one woman who got to know exactly what her own needs were because she spent so much time and effort in satisfying them."

## DISPOSABLES

In addition to all these items, which of course can be used again and again, I use several things that are disposable, and find them enormously valuable, particularly as time-savers. For example, using aluminium foil does save some of the washing up and a lot of oven cleaning. Food also tastes better as the juices are trapped inside the foil, instead of running over the pan. I also use paper baking cases a great deal.

A cake can be baked in a paper case, sitting on an open baking sheet, and this not only means that there is no tin to wash up, but the cake bakes better and more evenly when the heat of the oven does not have to penetrate the tin before it reaches the mixture inside.

I always keep a good store of greaseproof paper and assorted polythene bags, kept well out of the children's reach when you have them around, of course. Both of these are always useful. Apart from using polythene bags for wrapping food they are ideal for use when coating food with seasoned flour.

Just put the food and the flour into the bag, close it, and shake it, and you get perfect coverage without any mess. You can crush dried bread, biscuits or cornflakes into crumbs by putting the items in a bag, closing it and running a rolling pin over it.

Again you get perfect results and no mess. Ready-washed salads can be put into a polythene bag and kept in the refrigerator for several days without losing their crispness.

Obviously everyone will have other things to add too or even take off, the items I have mentioned. I cannot use a potato peeler, for instance, but some of my friends would not be without one. One of my own friends cannot use the tongs I find so handy.

Depending on how much cooking you like to do, there are many other items of equipment which you might like to have although they are not essential. A double boiler, fancy cake tins and pastry cutters and a pastry brush are all useful. Some housewives would not be without a chopping board.

But before being tempted to buy any of these extras, just think how much you will use them.

I have a basic rule I can recommend. If an item in my kitchen is not used often enough to warrant it being there, I get rid of it. I just have not got the space to let "passengers" clutter up the cupboards and drawers.

Which brings me to the whole question of storage. I'm very anti the use of shelf paper and lining paper for drawers. The trouble with this sort of stuff is that all too

often it has to be removed so that the shelf underneath can be washed and fresh paper must be cut out and replaced.

Sometimes people who see my kitchen remark on the great row of storage jars I have already mentioned, making the point that surely these are just more objects to be cleaned and dusted every time the kitchen is turned out. Well, they may have a point there, but I still think it's worth having them out to save time when I'm actually cooking and, anyway, because I have put an extractor fan in the kitchen my storage jars don't get nearly as dusty and greasy as you might think.

These jars have been so successful that I became very enthusiastic and got a whole lot more - small coffee jars that I now use to store spices and herbs. I did think for a while that it might be fun to get all my saucepans and hang them up on the wall near the cooker where I could reach them easily, but I stopped myself just in time.

The trouble with doing this is that if you have your pots and pans in clear view you are almost forced to see the bottoms of them because nothing looks nastier than the blackened bottom of a grubby saucepan hanging on the wall.

Blackened bottoms don't matter one bit if they're hiding in a cupboard, so that is where my saucepans reside.

"A kitchen is a highly idiosyncratic personal workshop and ought to be tailored to fit the woman who is going to use it."

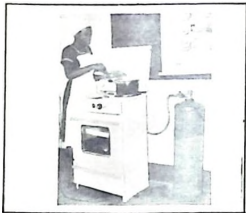
One thing I do a great deal is put hooks on the inside of cupboard and larder doors.

It seems to me that there is a great deal of space wasted in these areas in kitchens and things that are kept hanging on hooks are much easier to find than things that are left all bundled together in one deep drawer.

## COOKER AND REFRIGERATOR

So far I've made no mention of two very major items of kitchen equipment, namely the cooker and the refrigerator. Once again, choosing the ideal cooker for one's purpose depends very much upon personal idiosyncrasy, the depth of the family pocket, and other factors which are nothing to do with anybody else. However there are one or two things worth keeping in mind.

One is that plate racks over cookers are useless, dangerous, and add to work. Plate racks are nasty to clean and they always get covered in greasy muck; they encourage one to hang tea towels to be dried, thus constituting a fire hazard; plate racks are also the most obvious and most dangerous place to store a box of matches on a gas cooker.



I think the best kind of cooker, therefore, has no plate rack but has a nice big warming drawer underneath the oven where plates and odds and ends can be left to warm for a meal.

(Continued on page 15)

## KITCHEN KIT [Continued from page 14]

I also think that the top of a cooker should present a smooth easy-to-clean surface and I very much abominate the sort of electric cooker that has hot plates with a fine groove all round them, just too small to get a cloth in at the end of a finger to clean out the muck.

I also abominate my own cooker, which was bought several years ago before I knew any better and can't be replaced just yet awhile, which has great big heavy curly cast iron grilles that go over the burners.

Cleaning these things is sheer purgatory and whenever, I do clean it I never fail to sing a hymn of hate to the man who first designed it. I yearn to own a nice modern gas cooker with a fine metal grille over the burners which looks very easy to clean.

"A woman who falls for salesmen who try to sell her a planned kitchen which involves planning being done by someone else (probably a man who hasn't a clue what goes on in the kitchen anyway) is asking for trouble."

When it comes to cleaning a cooker the old fashioned method has much to commend it. This one was taught to me by my grandmother.

You need a large sink filled almost to the top with very very hot water, an enormous handful of washing soda, and a little detergent (modern addition). Into this you drop all the detachable pieces of the cooker, the metal grilles, the burners, the detachable trays, the oven shelves, and so on.

You leave them all there until all the nasty goo has soaked off, which in fact it will do, then dry them on paper towels and put them back into position on to the stove which in the meantime you have been wiping over with that ubiquitous-ammonia and detergent solution.

For the oven itself help has at last arrived in the shape of special spray-on cleaners that quite genuinely do remove the half inch or so of burnt on grease, carbon, and other organic material that so lovingly clings to the lining of an oven.

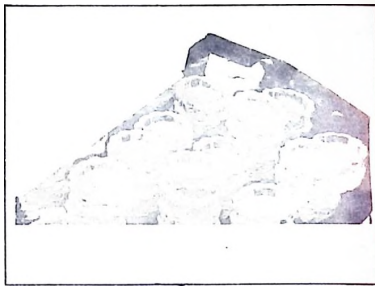
You do need to wear very thick rubber gloves when you apply these substances because they can be fairly cruel to delicate skins (and every housewife is convinced that she has the world's most delicate skin. I certainly have).

When it comes to refrigerators, once again try and find one that demands the minimum of care. I like the new ones that defrost themselves quickly and easily but I know that these are expensive.

The one I've got has a large smooth outside surface which is easy to clean, but even so I've had this built into my kitchen in such a way that only the door shows, and only the door therefore needs cleaning over.

To clean the inside I choose the day before my major shopping day when the refrigerator of course is absolutely empty of anything worth eating at all for defrosting.

What I do is line the floor of the refrigerator - which I have of course emptied of all the odds and ends left on dirty little saucers that always inhabit the lower shelf of refrigerators - and then, having remembered to turn the refrigerator off, put a large bowl of very hot water on one of the shelves and leave the door wide open.



I put a large oblong glass dish underneath the freezer in the fond hope that this will catch a good deal of the melting ice and then leave the refrigerator to get on with it.

After about an hour when I come back I find that the wedges of paper on the floor of the refrigerator have soaked up most of the dripping water, the bowl of hot water is now a bowl of cold water, but the ice has all been melted off the freezing unit.

I now empty the glass dish into the sink - probably spilling most of the contents on the floor on the way, but that's life - dry the inside of the refrigerator as carefully as I can and, lo and behold, the job has been done with a minimum of effort on my part.

I could go on for much longer about kitchens, as could most women, but I think the best thing is to just repeat that a kitchen is a highly idiosyncratic personal workshop and ought to be tailored to fit the woman who is going to use it.

A woman who falls for salesmen who try to sell her a planned kitchen which involves planning being done by someone else (probably a man who hasn't a clue what goes on in kitchens anyway) is asking for trouble.

The only perfect kitchen that was ever designed was one that grew up over twenty years of comfortable happy use by one woman who got to know exactly what her own needs were because she spent so much time and effort in satisfying them.

What I'm trying to do in this chapter is to offer you a few short cuts towards recognising and satisfying your own needs and I hope they've been of some use.



# HEMS AND SEAMS

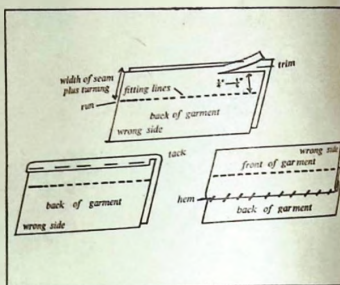
(Continued from page 9)

2. Fold front turnings over the back and tack.
3. Open the seam and press on the wrong side with the turning towards the back with the right side flat. Tack and hem the fell.

## MACHINE FELL SEAM

This is a flat, strong seam similar to the run and fell with machine stitching on the right side. Place wrong sides facing and fitting lines together; pin, tack, and machine on the fitting lines. For the fell, trim off the double turnings to the width of the seam plus turnings ( $\frac{1}{8}$  inch). The width of the turning on the back edge of the garment must be narrower than this, because it has to lie under the fell of the front.

Trim the back edge down to a little less than the front. Turn front turning over the back and tack. Open the seam. Turn down the fell on right side towards the back of the garment and press it. Tack and machine it on the right side.



RUN AND FELL SEAM



# THE LAW AND THE JILTED LOVER

By Modern Woman Lawyer.

Ade is a young business graduate in love with Bose who was then in her second year in the Secondary school when they met. Unfortunate circumstances were poor and could no longer afford to pay for her school. Ade was so much in love with Bose that she offered to assist her to continue her education and to finish her studies enjoying Ade's company. Ade had come from through Secondary School and had secured a scholarship to the University.

During the period of the association, they had no plans for their subsequent future. They had no idea of what they knew they were in love with each other. They met during Bose's first year in the University. Ade met another young graduate who was very rich and with him. She was then very much in love with him and doing a lot of things for him. Ade was very disappointed. In a matter of weeks, Ade had to leave her school showing hostile attitude to Ade and became uncooperative.

When Ade noticed this unusual change, he was "mad". He became restless and had to call Bose to find out the cause of her sudden change and whether their reversed love was coming to an abrupt end. Although Bose denied there was any other man in her life but later events proved her now found love in Tunji and as Ade could no longer bear the disappointment, he decided to be a man and call off the romance with Bose. He had spent a good part of his life savings on Bose and it looked as if he was going to lose everything.

Ade then called on Bose and her parents to refund to him the school fees paid and other gifts made to her during the period of their association which they resisted. Ade then threatened Court action. The question then is - Has Ade any right at law to enforce his claim?

It would appear that he would not succeed in any Court action to enforce such claim. As we have been told above Ade and Bose were mere lovers and however long their association may last, it does not really alter their position as friends. It must be noted that like friends they are free to do whatever they like with each other subject to the limitations of the law and therefore whatever money Ade might have spent on Bose was money freely spent for which one would feel he has had adequate consideration during their bright days.

It can be argued that for a young bachelor and a lady to be together as lovers for about four years, there would have been some form of intention to marry each other and become husband and wife in future, but legally mere intention is not sufficient. There must be something much more. There must be evidence that their association is

with a view to marrying each other and there must be a promise by one to the other which can be sustained. If Ade and Bose had manifested an intention to marry then Ade can successfully sue Bose for a breach of promise to marry him and get damages but this does not mean that he would get back all the money he had spent in consideration of the proposed marriage.

One can examine the matter from another angle. When Ade and Bose met, they met as 'Romeo and Juliet' but with their individual freedoms to do and act independently. As Bose broke off the romance later so can Ade do regardless of whatever gifts might have passed between them. There had been no contract between them to warrant the return of money or gifts and it is usual for lovers to exchange gifts and for one or the other of them to spend as much as he can afford for the continued existence of the association and he or she would have no right to a return of any money so spent or gifts so freely given.

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**"The law does not hold on to mere intentions; In law, intentions have to be backed up by evidence."**

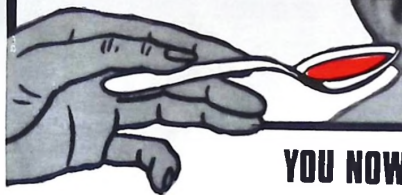
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In customary law, the lover boy may, as Ade did, offer to pay her girl friend's school fees in consideration of their future union and in some part of the country, such payments may be converted into dowry so that if the girl breaks off the romance, the lover boy will be entitled to a refund of all the money so paid and gifts so given for a total failure of consideration. In a situation like this a promise to marry would have been presumed on the part of the girl with the knowledge and implied consent of her parents.

Had Ade been specific on why he would be paying Bose's school fees for years to see her out of the secondary school successfully, then there would have been consideration for the money so paid and probably other gifts made to Bose and he would then be able to maintain a successful action to have a reasonable part of the total amount so spent on Bose back after the break off of the association.

In these days of loose friendship and association of youngmen and youngwomen, it is to be noted that invariably, money spent during such association would be difficult to re-claim except such spendings are in consideration of or in furtherance of a particular objective.

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# TO MY DAUGHTER: On Her Wedding Day

MY DEAR GIRL,

Today marks a turning point in your life. Yes, hence forth, you will be called MADAM and addressed as MRS. SO-AND-SO. Obviously, being a lady is not that simple. Of course, it is so sweet now but very soon the bitter sides will begin to show their faces. It is how well you (you and your husband) can live through these bad parts that will make a successful marriage. So you see, it is the future that counts most.

Very soon, this sugary part will fade away and you will both fall back to tolerance. This won't be peculiar to your marriage alone; it has been with us for ages. So, you must learn to tolerate each other because TOLERANCE is the big man behind successful marriages.

The crowd was so much I could not see you privately before going home. However, all I should have told you I have said before and I am writing them now. I am not writing just for the fun of it because I certainly do not like making a fool of myself. I do not claim to be Mr. Knowall, but being your father and having been married for nearly twenty-five years now, I think I can write with some authority about marriage.

Marriage is a life time contract before God and man, and this makes it a serious affair. I am glad you did not choose your man just because he is physically attractive or has a posh car. Let us hope we are right in the choice we helped you in making.

A true wife is her husband's guardian angel and he usually considers himself very rich as long as she lives, no matter what condition he finds himself in life. So, it is not sufficient to have a Mr. Goodman but your wife must also be a Mrs. Goodwoman.

Now child, you are in a position to build or break your home. You hold the key of success in your hands and the future will be exactly as you will want it to be if you keep a cool head.

What you know is important but what you are is far more important. You have now gone into your husband's family as a person whom many people - your parents, relations and friends - look upon, like and cherish. If only for nothing else but for the edification of those that love you, be of good behaviour. Always keep your head between your shoulders, it pays dividends.

Helen, you are now living away from the surroundings you are so used to and I will advise you to keep more to yourself. I know it is a good idea to make new friends but refrain from having too many of them. This will save you the trouble of being called to gossips.

Friends can be a nuisance. I mean friends could break your home if you give them the chance. That barrack episode should be an eye opener for you: Was it quite two weeks after Mama Dele packed out of her matrimonial home before Rita moved in? Rita, you will

recall, was Mama Dele's chief brides maid. It will pay you if you are a little sceptical of your so called friends.

My father used to say that "the only way to avoid great faults is to take care of small ones." Do not put too much on friends for advice nor should you encourage them to talk things over with your husband. It could be an opportunity for the bad eggs.

I am writing what I write now in the interest of my children (still unborn) who should be spared the hassle of an unhappy or a broken home. I am writing in the interest of myself who should be spared the opportunity of being embarrassed by the disquieting laughter of callous gossips of the wicked people of this world.

You definitely will have cause to quarrel occasionally but then make sure it is not in the presence of your domestic staff. Above all, do not show any third party or persons to be your pence - make a matter after such a squabble.

I know you are a work-class woman and the general tendency now in this country is for work-class women to have outside boy-friends. I do not know why they do it, maybe it is a sign of being liberated. Our social frowns on sexual promiscuity of the woman because allowance is made for polyandry. I am of that old traditional society and will hate to hear you have joined wayward group.

Helen, what has the other woman? Why do you then men leave their wives and go after the other woman? From mere observation, you will notice that children alone can not keep a marriage. Take a look at the growing number of separated couples, very few children.

This means then that you have to find out what is your husband likes best and be ready to display it always. Apart from cooking good meals and serving them attractively, you must keep a tidy home. Above all, always appear neat and charming. Wear your best clothes in the house they are not meant for parties alone.

On the other hand, if you get caught on the wrong foot now and again, your husband will forgive you often enough if you beg with some sincerity. But he is human and so don't expect him to do this forgiving act every day.

The deep meaning of love is not found in passionate words of adoration (most men do not like flattery) it is seen in casual remarks like "You don't look happy my dear, anything wrong?" It makes the man happy to know that there is somebody who cares, someone whom he comes first. But do not over do it.

Finally Helen, be friendly with your in-laws.

(Continued on page 24)

# Marriage: What Hopes Have UNIVERSITY GIRLS?

a provocative question posed by CHUMA FEDI who also says that because of the unbridled campus pornographic literature--there is unfortunately the growing feeling that there are more flirts among the Acada girls than in the other classes of women.

It is fashionable these days to talk of acada-girls, but too often one finds the definition rather elusive. Who are the acada-girls? No definition can be said to be generally acceptable, but in social parlance every girl who is studying for a university degree or one who has passed one is regarded as an acada-girl. With the current educational revolution in the country, their number is increasing by leaps and bounds. The chances are that in the next decade or so the novelty of the acada-girls will wear out completely as there will be many of their kind all over the place.

The typical acada-girl is class-conscious. She assumes as of right that her educational qualification has placed her in the upper segment of society. She requires only success in her examinations to be catapulted overnight into the cherished and lofty "senior service" cadres.

The acada-girl is not as a rule pretentious. As a matter of fact, the most beautiful Nigerian girls are outside the confines of the university campuses. But what the acada-girl loses by her plainness, she gains by her sophistication, strength of character and independence. She is of course above average in intelligence to have secured admission into the university, but she is not necessarily more brilliant than other women who hadn't her opportunity. Certainly, she cannot assume superior airs over her professional colleagues who did not require to pass through the corridors of a university.

In the marriage market, the acada-girl's prospects depend on her-self - her compartment, family background, personal grace, charm and of course luck. Academic brilliance does not endow one with all the qualities of an ideal wife as a matter of course. The acada girl has to work her way like other spinsters and on this her chances depend. In the competitive marriage market, the acada-girl may have an edge over others in certain quarters. But elsewhere outside the fold of the elites, she is suspect. She tends to be arrogant, self-willed and overbearing. She courts disaster if in her unconscious she believes that she is a super-woman. In the African society, every woman in spite of her background takes second place to the man. Until this order changes, it is only realistic for the acada-girl to accept the situation.

Besides, in the Nigerian context where the bride is the wife of the family her very survival and happiness depend to a large extent on her attitude to the members of the extended family.

Despite their present small population, acada-girls are not circulating fast enough. They are victims of mass prejudices which are not always justifiable. On the other hand, their predecessors who incidentally were the first generation of female university graduates in the country have contributed to the current bias against them. Today's divorcees are generally found among the most educated women who because of their status and consequent earning power became intransigent and difficult in a man's world.

The acada-girl is thus handicapped, and her bargaining power in the marriage market is not particularly strong. Therefore, except for the lucky ones they are sometimes compelled to marry below their class, as a last-resort.

Has the acada-girl a reasonable opportunity for marriage? Of course, yes. But she has to be down to earth, feel and think like every other Nigerian woman. If she makes too much fuss about her liberation, emancipation or the equality of sexes, she may end up an old maid-deserted and despised by all and sundry. The women's liberation movements may be doing some good work elsewhere, but their relevance in the Nigerian environment is very much in question. It does not seem that in their circumstances, Nigerian women require further liberation, if we are not to invite chaos to our already established system.

Because of the unbridled campus pornographic literature whose stock-in-trade is to paint acada-girls as whores, there is unfortunately the growing feeling that there are more flirts among the acada-girls than in the other classes of women. That is the only conclusion we can arrive at if we believe all the regular stories about the amorous relationships between the academic staff and their female wards.

The best bet in marriage for the acada-girl is to start from her matriculation day to search for an eligible fiance.



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"Shame to all of us" says Imohimi Craig in:

# CASH MADAMS AND smuggling queen

**Nigerians love parties and free things and Nigerians judge the success of their parties by the amount of extravagance displayed. Nigerians worship (even the newspapers) such displays of extravagance—ignoring the simply-dressed to heap admiration on the flamboyant, the extravagant.**

Friends, moralists and ecclesiastics, I come not to bury Cash Madams but to praise them. The evil that women do never is interred with their bones although it lives after them.... With what short misquotation of Shakespeare I launch myself into the fray, making a humble contribution to the world's fray into dead carcass and all the hullabaloo and hub-bub-in-them-ism.

It isn't that I condone heap trafficking — in whatever form; whether hidden in gari compartments or in the heels of platform shoes or in a woman's bra.

It isn't that I sympathise with the smuggler whose avarice and obsession to get rich quick do not include any consideration for young lives destroyed by addiction.

All I am saying is that we should describe what a smuggler looks like. What the smuggler represents, what the smuggler is. Because one easily discovers on one wants to own up to having used the missing knife to eat roasted yam. Or what is called a case of—the-lunatic-is-amusing-and-entertaining-spectacle—but-not-some-thing-one-would-wish-to-have-as-son.

Finally, there is another situation to compare it with — that of a disciple denying Christ at the critical time.

Which is not trying to compare Christ with a smuggler or smuggling with attaining Christ-hood.

The trouble is that very few of us have any moral cause to throw the stone for very many reasons.

Nigerians love parties and free things and Nigerians judge the success of their parties by the amount of extravagance displayed. Nigerians worship (even the newspapers) such displays of extravagance—ignoring the simply-dressed to heap admiration on the flamboyant, the extravagant.

And Nigerians like to be admired, to be in the news, not only for the satisfaction to the ego but also for improving their trade. So who encourages situations which lead to further extravagance and the need to perpetuate popularity by hook or crook?

Who brings glamour to those parties, to those society occasions of jollif rice by the gutter? Of course the Cash Madam with gold bangles arranged on the hand from the wrist to the elbow, with rings round the toes and gold round the ankles. With damask costing sixty naira per yard. And gold round the neck and pulling down the lobe of the ear.

This is the yardstick by which most of us judge influence and affluence. This is the yardstick by which we judge the success of a wedding or a funeral. This is the warp in our sense of values.

Having described what a Cash Madam is, it isn't at all difficult to establish what she is capable of doing to attain those heights of eminence we have created for the successful woman.

She must find rich boyfriends whose trade mark is the ability to spray women continuously with money. And if the source appears to be drying she prizes it open again with 'obokun' dish and 'assorted' meat.

But then there is a limit to the depth of the pocket of many a rich man especially since this type of woman deals in hard cash. So she tries to make as wide as possible her field of influence.

The other method is to climb up the back of a rich boyfriend into prominence and after that establish a source of cash flow independent of him. That way the woman can pick and choose her boyfriend and her aim is often to get from some of the boys some wire-pulling facilities in lieu of money.

But that is not all. Let's not deny our friends in time of trouble especially as most of us are made of the same essential stuff.

Take a look at most establishments. They are glutted with female employees who make up for their inefficiency by applying feminine wiles. Look at our employment rate these days. For every male employed out of the school leavers, about six females are employed — and not because of better results than the males.

And when it comes to smuggling: how many of us have ever declared all the items that are dutiable at the customs? How many of us have discovered a way to avoid paying all the tax to the Inland Revenue man? How many of us smoke imported cigarettes knowing fully well they are smuggled into the country?

Again, how many of us bother to take our place in hospital queues if we know the doctor instead of going straight to exploit our friendship? How many of us hold those society functions and block the public road secure in the knowledge that we cannot be 'touched' on account of close connections with some highly-placed persons?

How many of us join clubs in order to enjoy facilities attached to them etc and not in order to derive undue advantage over others and to wield undue influence?

How many of us call parties for our children and invite other children for only one reason: to let them enjoy themselves? A lot of us often note in books the gifts brought by the guests and use them for deciding what gifts to give when it comes to the other children's turns.

You see, this is not an attempt to defend the indefensible, the lowering of public morality and all that. What I'm trying to say is that many of us should remember while throwing the stone that we are hypocrites.

Many of us should think back on those seemingly trivial things we do and understand they form the foundation of future disgrace to this country. Cash Madams have their connections in the way most of us pull strings and manipulate other people.

We help create them and their various metamorphosis and in our various little ways are nothing but birds of the same feather. Shame to all of us!

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To My  
Daughter:  
  
On Her  
Wedding Day

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fact, your parents-in-law as your parents. In our present society, it is still the practice of marrying a man and leaving his family. Do the best you can to keep them away but not at your expense. I mean do not empty your house because they are around. You can only trust the thief as far as you can see him. Pretend like friends could be a nuisance if they choose to help your husband live a "GOOD LIFE" because he is inexperienced.

Take good care of yourself, my girl, and keep my wedding in mind while you seek out the best way you can build your home. Always remember that it takes more than physical contours and sexual bombardment to hold a man and that each proper attention to those factors which tend towards marital compatibility may easily make the difference between happiness and anguish.

All who are with me send greetings to you. They say you should think only of those things that are true, honourable and praiseworthy. Give my regards to your husband.

Stay well and may God bless you.

Your father,

Uche Kwana.

## OFFICE HOURS



"I was congratulated on my promotion by every man who wanted it himself—except for one jealous sorehead."

# THE BITCH

Another thrilling short story: by Roderick Wilkinson

Her well-shaped, lipstick-kissed mouth parted open, her blue eyes stared at all this shock happened in a second as she opened the door. Then it was gone and she was Myra Langry again, serene, beautiful, the mistress of the husband of the woman who stood in the doorway.

Norma Cherril showed her position by smiling. "Hello, Miss Langry, May I come in? I'm Mrs. Cherril."  
"Sure." She led the way through the oyster-blue hallway to the wide, open lounge.

Mrs. Cherril was a woman of fifty-six. She was slim, tall and the superlative-cut, beige two-piece she wore was youthfully offset by her white hat. She seemed perfectly at ease as she looked over at the window as wide as the entire wall through which she could see the city skyline and, beyond, the smacking river. "May I sit down?"

Myra was staring, a posed amusement in her expression, somewhat puzzled at the cool offrontrity of this woman whom she had discussed, argued over, imagined, cursed and pitted for the past year. "Would you like coffee? Or what kind of visit is this?"

"No, thank you." She opened her white bag and took out a cigarette case. "You don't have my husband under the bed or in the wardrobe or anything, do you, Miss Langry?"

"I don't keep him UNDER my bed, Mrs. Cherril. Where do YOU keep him as a rule?"

"Like here?" The younger woman looked slightly leonine in her slanting pants. "Now would you mind telling me why you're here, Norma dear. I'm busy."  
"You certainly are," Norma looked around at the elegant sandalwood furniture and white rugs. "You've been busy for a long time before you met my husband. A bed-sitting-room in Collingwood, wasn't it?" She sighed. "Well, that's experience for you!" She lit her cigarette. "What I came to say, Myra, is that Ralph wants to break off his little dalliance with you!"

Myra stared. She laughed. "Wants to - ?" How the hell do YOU know that?"  
Norma looked around. "Is there an ashtray? I'd hate to solid this penthouse show-room."  
Myra fetched an imitation jade ash-bowl. "Just say if you'd like a spittoon?"

"As I was saying, Myra, Ralph wants to be rid of you. He doesn't seem to know what to do with himself but - I've decided to give him a divorce if he wants it."

"YOU HAVE?"

"That's what he THINKS he wants. My dear, as you probably know as well as I, Ralph is suffering from a male menopause. Many men go through this - some call it the seven year itch. And one of the symptoms is having an affair with - well, some person like you. Then, after a few months of sorted bedding, they get the idea of changing partners permanently."

"Why don't you just get to the point?"  
Norma sighed. "All right, Ralph wants a divorce."  
"Which you refused to give him for months!"

"That's right. Now I've changed my mind. He can have his divorce any time, and I intend telling him so tonight!"

Myra went to the lavish cocktail bar. "I think I need

a drink. You're confusing me. D'you want one?"

"No, thank you. As I said, I'll give him his divorce. But I doubt if he'll accept the idea."

"Oh? Why?"

"Because he'll be broke!"  
Myra paused with the gin bottle in her hand. "Broke?"

"Yes. You see, Ralph OWNS nothing. Didn't he tell you that?"

"OWNS nothing?" She laughed. "He's a vice-president -"

"The Cherril Corporation is virtually the property of the family. Ralph owns hardly ANY stock. He has the top position, certainly, but he's only there because I ALLOW him to be there. I'm not denying he's quite a good business-man. He's fought his way up from the bottom, poor darling, but what I don't expect he's told you is that he HAS nothing. He married me mainly for my money -"

"What else?"

" - whereas he sleeps with you mainly because you're a tart. And I think he knows he can't have it both ways. Our house is in my name, all our property is in my name, I pay all the bills, including, oddly enough -" she looked around at the Danish furniture " - this drive-in bordellogo."

Myra stirred her dry martini. "What IS it you're trying to tell me?"

"Just this - I'll give him a divorce if you'll have him in the clothes he stands up in, because that's about all he WILL have."

"By the time you're through with him?"

"That's right!"

Myra sat in one of the shaped chairs and sipped her drink. "You're a REAL bitch!"

"Yes, I thought you'd see it that way. But that doesn't matter. Fortunately, I don't have to care about your opinion of me one way or another. Or Ralph's either, for that matter, I've known about you for a year or more. And, of course, I've known Ralph all my married life!" Norma rose from the chair. "I thought you should know the situation. He's yours. He's fifty-one. And he's rich - NOW. He asked me for a divorce and I refused. I wanted to see if you had the guts to go on being his mistress till death doth me apart. And you haven't. You want security. Myra - on a plate. You want to steal it from somebody else. All right - but I just want you to know what you're stealing. It's my husband. And if you take him without a dollar and - if I can manage it - without a job!" She smiled at the seated younger woman. "Incidentally - he gets lumbago in the winter!"

Myra got up from her seat. "If we were men, I'd break your neck."

"I think you'd try. As it is, you're much better at breaking marriages."

Myra went over to the cocktail bar, replaced the glass and turned. "You won't pretend, of course, that you ever loved him."

"I don't have to. I don't have to pretend or apologize or explain or protest anything to you. It's none of your damn business. All you need concern yourself with is that you can have him without anything. Just as he was the day I married him. Ralph Cherril - with nothing." Norma went to the door. "Talk it over with him, Myra. I'd love

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# THE BITCH

(Continued from page 25)

to be there to listen to you. "She opened the hall doorway.

Myra stood, one hand on the bar, her oval face white. Behind her, slowly, a room door opened and Ralph Cherill stood with one hand leaning against the door-frame. His voice was low, gravel-toned. "You heard what the woman said - Talk it over with him, Myra."

She did not look at Ralph but went over to the landscape window and looked over the skyline of the city. "She's a real bitch."

Cherill was a broad, stocky man with deep shoulders and large hands. His iron-grey hair was well-brushed and took attention away from his thick neck. He was handsome in a bulky, strong kind of way. He said, "You'd better tell me if you believe her."

She continued to stare out of the window and her voice sounded far away. "I don't have to believe anything, Ralph."

He came up behind her and put his hands on her waist. His voice was softer. "Are you saying it doesn't matter whether she's telling the truth or not?"

"I'm saying I don't have to do anything. She's your wife, I'm me. You're you." Myra gave a little laugh and turned round to face him. "What the hell, Ralph - ! Your wife walks in here off the street, calls me a lot of dirty names, tells me I can have you if I want you, then tells me you'll be out on your ear without a cent."

She laughed louder. "Never saw her before in my life! A stranger. And she tells me that you'll have no more pocket money if I marry you. You'll be a poor little boy."

Cherill looked stung and annoyed and went over to the cocktail bar. "Maybe Norma's visit has given you second thought about where we stand." He paused with the whisky bottle and looked over at her. "Has it?"

"You bet your sweet life it has! That woman -"

Myra, listen - "

"No, you listen, Ralph. That woman who was in here tells me she's your banker and you're working on her money and if we marry what you bring to the wedding is your cigarette lighter if it doesn't have her name on it. I've always said I don't give a damn what any man would bring if he married me - provided I loved him. He could bring his accordion or his one-armed sister or his duodenal ulcer or his false teeth. Anything. That's what I always thought."

"She began walking around in her fury. "Well, I just found something today that you nor any other man is not going to bring into my marriage - a wife!"

"Myra - quit talking like that!"

"Quit talking like what?" "Somebody you want to marry?"

"You believe her, then?"

"Sure. I believe her. I believe every damn word she says. She'll pluck every feather out of you before you're divorced."

Ralph poured himself a whisky then banged the glass on the bar counter. "She's lying!"

"I don't give a damn whether she's lying or not. woman gives me her husband. You're not divorcing. She's selling you off! For nothing."

"Don't be crazy. Norma's bluffing."

"Is she?"

"All right." Cherill took his glass slowly then moved to the window, his voice quieter. "Let's assume she's telling the truth. Let's just suppose I will be with no job, no money - nothing. Will you marry me? You've been telling me for months that's what you want for marriage." His voice became more quietly savage. "It marriage to me? Big. Rich. Vice President. Or Ralph Cherill. Poor. With nothing. Why don't you marry me now, Myra? It's what you've always said, isn't it? You'd marry me if I was an unemployed paperhanger."

She looked at him levelly. Then she went to the telephone on the shelf, picked it up and laid it on the table in front of Ralph.

"Telephone her."

"Who?"

"Norma."

"She won't be home."

"Leave a message for her to phone here."

"Then what?"

"Tell her you were here when she called. Then ask for the divorce."

"He stared. "Over the telephone?"

"Yes. Right here."

"Myra, listen -"

"Telephone her - now." Myra's eyes gleamed.

"That's not a decision -"

"I'm giving you a last chance, Ralph. Phone her. Tell her to go ahead with the divorce proceedings."

He glared at her, looked at his glass of whisky, and then banged the glass on the table before staring furious, to the bedroom. He emerged putting on his jacket. "You believe her, don't you?"

Myra was looking out of the window. Her voice was dull. "Goodbye, Ralph."

He straightened his tie. "You couldn't bring you to marry me with nothing."

"Goodbye, Ralph."

He went to the door angrily and went out.

Cherill walked out of the elevator into the entrance and out through the double doors of the apartment building. He walked down the steps and saw the gleaming Rolls with the chauffeur just opening the rear door, stared, bit his lip and hesitated. Then he went into the car. The chauffeur closed the door quietly.

Norma was seated at the rear. She opened her cigarette case. "What kept you?"

He glared at her furiously. "You - bitch!"

Norma lit her cigarette as the Rolls moved off. She inhaled and blew the smoke out softly. "That's the longest time I've been called that today. I'm beginning to think it's true."

THE END



# THE MARRIAGE STORM

A complete short story

by

R. Nwankwo Egbe

**"You have defied my authority to marry a Satan's creature in the name of a Lagos girl. I have heard a lot about them and you know them too. You know they are expensive to maintain but totally worthless in character. None of them is capable of being a good housewife. They have no sense of good family upbringing. All they are after is money, high-life, fashion and entertainment."**

My father was a difficult man. He had developed this cold and harsh attitude since the death of my mother five years ago. Since then he had been behaving as if everybody was responsible for mummy's death. This made me to be lonely and unhappy everytime I was left at home. This evening, however, I was in a happy mood. At last, I had secured a man I loved and we had agreed to get married in November. This was wonderful news and I was anxious to break it to him, despite his eccentricities. So after dinner that night, I went to the sitting room and saw him there.

"Julian, you look so happy this evening. What happened?" he asked, lighting a stick of cigarette. I smiled shyly.

"I have something to tell you," I answered, trying to find a suitable point.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously. I hesitated for a while.

"Joe and I have agreed to get married." I said casually, glancing at him to see the effect of the information.

"Who is Joe?" was the surprising question. He was staring at me as though I was a naughty child who had committed an unpardonable offence. I told him who Joe was. Of course he knew Joe. He knew we were in love and he saw us always going out together; hence my surprise at his question. To my relief, he smiled.

"Are you sure you will be happy with him?" he asked. "I know a lot about him, father. We have loved each other for quite some months now. I have no doubt I will be happy with him". He was silent. He stared into space, apparently doing some fast thinking. At last he said:

"Alright, Julian. I can't object to your choice of a husband. It had been my prayer that you will get a kind, loving husband and have a happy home. If you are sure you have found such a man, go ahead and marry him. By the way, I would like to talk to him tomorrow. Tell him to see me in the evening."

I was delighted. I was not only happy that my father had given his consent to my marrying Joe, I was also

very happy that Joe had agreed at long last to marry me. It had not been easy to convince him that the only way to demonstrate his love for me was to marry me now, or I would be ruined. We had met casually at a friend's wedding in November of the previous year. He was then a sales supervisor in a manufacturing company. He was tall, bearded, and handsome. Indeed, he was loved and admired by almost all the girls he came in contact with. So I considered myself lucky to win his love. I was then a receptionist with a firm of consultants in central Lagos. A few months later, he resigned his appointment and established his own business. We met regularly and he took me to night clubs, parties, and theatres. Although he was rich and he spent with a carefree abandon, yet I did not encourage him to lavish me with gifts as he had intended to do. In fact, much to my advice and suggestions, he reinvested his huge profits to expand his business. He had always been grateful for this and he vowed to love me forever. Within a few months of our association, I discovered I was expecting a baby for him. My pregnancy was only two months old but when I told him about it, his reaction gave me a rude shock.

"You're not expecting a baby for me," he said in a flat tone. My heart sank. I looked at him in utter amazement and disbelief.

"You can't deny responsibility for my pregnancy, Joe," I fumed angrily. "You can't be so heartless as to leave me to bear the burden and shame of an unwanted pregnancy. Have you forgotten your vow to love me for ever? Is that an act of love to desert me in this condition? You can't do this to me, Joe!" Tears ran down my cheeks and I let them flow. His silence neither comforted nor aggravated me. For many days we debated on this issue until at last he agreed to marry me. Then we fixed the wedding for November 30, to coincide with the date of our first meeting.

Hectic preparations had been made for the wedding. We were determined to make it one of the grandest weddings in recent times. Soon, the morning of November 30 dawned in all its glory and brightness. As I stood at the aisle of St. Mary's church in Ebute-Metta, my bridal costume of flowing white silk material blended intricately with the rays of the morning sun, I was highly excited and full of smiles - obviously enjoying the festive mood and merry making around me. Walking down the aisle of the church with our hands locked together was Joe - the man I had vowed to live with as my husband "until death do us part". Now the church ceremony was over and the congregation trooped outside, waving and congratulating us. Press photographers had a busy time struggling to get a better posture of us. Later, we were in the waiting car, for the homeward journey. I was beside Joe at the back seat and he showered me with kisses and caresses. This wedding was the realisation of my hope and aspiration. Although the wedding was a hurried affair (as any undue delay would expose my condition), it was however a great success. I had not given a second thought to the binding phrase - "until death do us part" - or the other equally obligatory phrase - "for better or worse". But at the material time, it was absolutely unnecessary to dwell on determining the real meaning of the phrases or their hidden implications. To me then, at the tender age of nineteen, marriage was just

(Continued on page 30)

Here's another revealing episode from

# THE NAKED CORPSE

by Ralph Egbe

Agreeing that Otuli actually drugged and strangled Miss Menda, how did he escape from the room leaving the windows and door securely locked from inside? How was the poison administered with no noise or any form of resistance from the girl? What are the testproofs against Otuli? The answers to these and a lot of other thrilling discoveries await you in this month's instalment...

"When you went in the middle of September you booked a hotel suite for yourself and an unknown partner. Who was that partner and why did he or she not show up after all?"

"Well, that partner was none other than Sophia herself. We had planned to go to Lagos for the visas and I had booked the accommodation by phone. Then suddenly, something happened that disrupted our plans. We got a telegram from my fiancée's father, Chief Menda summoning her home. It was the morning of our planned trip. Having booked the accommodation and because of the urgency of the business, I could not cancel the journey altogether. Besides, I had just obtained a few days off from my office and .....

"Just a moment", the detective interrupted gently, "was Miss Menda living with you?"

"I got her two rooms a few streets away but she sometimes spent weekends with me. She secured a job in one of the ministries in February".

"You were paying for those rooms?"

"Yes. And I furnished them for her too".

"When you came back from Lagos, did you inquire why she was summoned home?"

"Necessarily, I did".

"And what was it?"

"Her mother was seized by a violent heart attack and she (Sophia) was needed to help in transporting the sick woman to the hospital".

"Indeed?" Dike's voice was sceptical.

"Indeed!"

The detective drew his breath, studied his man more carefully and puffed his cigar.

"Now, Mr. Otuli", he began, "listen carefully. You may be interested to know that we are dealing with a triple murder case. There was one Mrs. Stella Adeko, the Chief Steward of the Mandel Hotel in Lagos. I interviewed her in connection with Sophia's death. From her answers and behaviour, it was apparent she was hiding some facts relating to the case in an attempt to protect someone's interest. Mrs. Adeko was murdered in cold blood some days later. Then we had Sam Duro, an executive officer in one of the government departments. All efforts to get him interviewed proved abortive. Like Mrs. Adeko, he was brutally murdered on the same day - possibly by the same person. The theory I'm trying to formulate is that the killer felt insecure as long as these two persons were alive. There is every reason to believe that Mrs. Adeko and Sam Duro were partners in this criminal business. They were obviously working for some-

one who master-minded the infamous operation - someone who was very closely related to Miss Menda but who found it absolutely necessary to do away with her as vengeance for some misdemeanour or for some other reason. You may remember that Miss Menda was drugged into a consciousness before she was finally strangled. And you might have heard or known that her body was found in the bed in one of the rooms in the hotel suite precisely naked. Her clothings were found neatly arranged in the wardrobe. The door to the room was securely locked from the inside, thus presenting us with the mystery of how the murderer escaped from the room. This is just the gist of the whole issue. Now a question.

Mr. Otuli, where were you between Wednesday and Friday last week? Remember today is Tuesday, the 22nd of September.

There was dead silence in the room. The detective was watching his host with keener interest. Mr. Otuli coughed and shifted on his seat. Beads of sweat were easily seen rising like hills of pimples on his forehead despite the cold weather. But he made no effort to move them off. Instead he rebuttoned his loose shirt and yawned exhaustedly like one who had just come back from a long and tiresome journey. Dike and Miss Dele were watching him silently, without blinking an eye. Some two minutes elapsed before Mr. Otuli spoke. And when he spoke, his tone sounded as if he was speaking from a large clay jar half full of water.

"Well, between Wednesday and Friday last week I was here. I didn't travel".

"Hooked," Miss Dele hissed. Both Mr. Otuli and Dike turned to her.

"Damn this headache," she went on. "Please Mr. Otuli, may I get a glass of water to gulp down the tablets?"

"With pleasure," he said in a more composed manner and got up. He walked slowly and disappeared into the kitchen. Swiftly, Dike put on a glove in his right hand, got hold of the diary on Mr. Otuli's cushion chair, pushed it into his leather bag and removed the glove. A few minutes later, Sylvester was back with a glass of water. Miss Dele took it and swallowed the tablets. Dike wasted no time in pushing through his next question. He got the other man no time to be suspicious.

"Mr. Otuli, do you mean you were within Enugu City during that period?"

"I was in Enugu. I didn't go anywhere."

"Really? Alright, I put a telephone call to your private phone here from Lagos at exactly 6.05 p.m. on Friday. Your houseboy answered it. Where were you then?"

"I was out. My boy told me of the strange telephone call."

"Now, you had earlier told me that you were in the cinema house the very night Miss Mendá was murdered. You have now told me that between Wednesday and Friday last week you were in this City, can you produce anybody to testify to or confirm these statements?"

"Well, I can produce somebody to confirm it."

"By the time I phoned you on Friday, I gathered that you had been away from home for two days and had not come back. What can you say to this?" Dike said.

"The information was wrong."

"Can you repeat that on oath?"

"The information was wrong, I said," Sylvester repeated firmly.

"Fine. Have you a car?"

"I have a car."

"What type?"

"A Mercedes-Benz, model 220-SE."

Dike was silent. He tapped his right foot on the floor, looked at his secretary. The girl nodded knowingly. The detective got up.

"Okay, Mr. Otuli, I think I'm satisfied so far. It's now getting late. So we'd better start moving. Meanwhile, I thank you very much for the hospitality you accorded us. I promise to do my best in this case and hope you will continue to co-operate with us. Thank you and good-night."

Davey Dike instructed Monica Dele to sit at the rear seat of the taxi that was taking them back to the New Moon Hotel.

"Be at the back and I will be in front," he said. "You know the description of Mr. Otuli's car and the plate number. Well, be on the lookout for it."

The taxi driver sounded his horn rather impatiently. The passengers got in - Dike in front while his secretary sat alone at the back. The detective was quick to observe that Sylvester Otuli had slightly kept a window open from which he was watching them.

"Why this arrangement, boss?" Dele asked as the taxi gathered speed, out of Sylvester Otuli's flat. Dike lit a fresh wrap of cigar and lowered the door glass.

"That guy," he said, "is likely to trail us, to get our hotel and then the room number. Understand?"

"Exactly, I got the point."

And, to confirm Dike's suspicion, Miss Dele sighted a Mercedes-Benz car rounding a road junction they had just left behind. She was able to see it clearly with the aid of a street light. Dike instructed the taxi driver to slow down. The late night traffic was thinning out. Only a few cars and buses sped up and down the now cold, rain-soaked streets. The taxi slowed down and Dike peered his head through the door glass. He could see that while other vehicles were moving at terrible speed, a car he could not discern well was moving at snail's speed, trying to keep at a considerable distance from their taxi. He nodded and told his secretary to keep watching it while he ordered the driver to increase the speed. This done, he told the driver to swing the car into the next available side-street. The driver came to a junction and swung the car into the street on the left and Dike told him to stop by the side and switch off the lights. The driver protested and told the private detective that that would mean extra charges.

"Never mind about the money," he reassured the driver. "I will meet your demands; just do as I tell you."

The Mercedes-Benz never showed up. Instead, Miss Dele spotted someone who looked like Sylvester Otuli coming up the street but who suddenly retraced his steps. When Dike heard this, he got out of the car, noiselessly closed the door and told the driver to start the car, move a few poles, stop and keep the engine on.

"Where will you be?" Miss Dele asked with concern.

"Never mind about me. Just remain in the car." Dike went to a nearby building and stood behind a porch which completely hid him from view. He glanced at his watch; it was twenty minutes to eleven p.m. The taxi driver, at a signal from Dike, started the car and drove off at a full speed, racing up the hilly street, until it was completely out of sight. Almost instantly, the Mercedes-Benz came to view and raced up the street, out of sight. Dike was able to see it well enough to know that it was Sylvester Otuli's car. There were two persons in the car - a woman sitting beside Sylvester. The detective followed immediately but to his greatest surprise, he looked back to see the taxi standing behind with Miss Dele's voice calling softly. He raced to the car, got in and arrived at his hotel a little after eleven.

Back in their hotel room, Dike and Miss Dele reviewed the events of the day.

"What do you think of that man?" Dike asked, Miss Dele smiled. "I think he is a handsome, gentle, soft-spoken crook. You could swear his innocence by just looking at him, but a closer observation of his character will tell you that he is a vicious devil. I may be wrong in these purely personal conclusions, but this is exactly the way I view it."

"Thank you for that. That's exactly the way I view it too. Mr. Otuli is a very clever man. He continued to answer my questions intelligently - making use of his high academic position - until at last he started telling brazen lies. Did you notice that?"

"I not only noticed it, I could see that he was deliberately trying to put us off track by his hospitality and offer of help in tracing down what he called the 'criminal'. Boss, whether you agree with me or not, Mr. Sylvester Otuli is a likely suspect in this triple murder case. He certainly became fed up with Miss Mendá and decided to keep her out of sight forever. Perhaps they quarrelled vehemently over something in any case, I believe strongly that he knows something about Sophia's death."

Dike nodded approvingly. "I am inclined to agree with you but the trouble is that we haven't enough concrete, physical evidence to get him by. We badly need material evidence, my dear girl. This is the most important determining factor. Without it, we are still no where."

"You got his diary?"

"I've just gone through it. There's nothing of particular interest. But my main reason for getting the diary is to give it to the finger-prints experts. When we have got that, we shall then compare with the prints on the body of the victims and the empty bullet shells. Perhaps this can give us the lead. But in spite of this, we still need other physical evidence to aid us."

"We shall not only compare the finger-prints, we shall also compare the handwriting with that on the so-called suicide note," Miss Dele put in.

Dike's eyebrows thickened. "Good suggestion, my dear girl! I still remember vividly the type of paper. Wait, let me see....."

With his gloves still on to avoid smudging the finger-prints on the diary, he searched through the diary page by page until at last he gave a short gasp.

"Look!" he pointed, "this page has been torn off. This is not in the body of the diary itself but from the section marked 'NOTES'. We are gradually getting somewhere....."

"Thanks to your clever, screaming brain," Miss Dele supplemented.

"....And to your ingenuity and efficiency," Dike supplied, and they both laughed softly.

"I suppose that our trip has been an immense success. After Dike's visit to Otuli's flat what next? Find the answer in the next thrilling chapter coming up in May, 1974

# THE MARRIAGE STORM

(Continued from page 27)

the fulfilment of a girl's ambition. In my own case, marriage even meant more than that. Happiness, love and faithfulness are the principal ingredients to sustain a successful marriage. I was happy with Joe and we loved each other in the real sense of the word. Why should our marriage not be a great success? Why should I worry about the terms of the marriage vow?

After the pomp and pagantry that marked the wedding celebrations, I settled down to face the task of building a home of my own. I was prepared to sacrifice anything in order to make it a successful and happy home. The days rolled by. Whatever our problems, we never had a moment of anxiety or displeasure. We were still sweet to each other and our unyielding love and affection seemed to be growing stronger than ever. Joe was very successful in his business and he was talking of opening more branches to it. He had sold his car and bought the latest model of the same make.

One day, nearly a month after our wedding, Joe came back from office and told me that his mother would be coming to Lagos to visit us.

"Coming here? When is she coming?" I asked.

He referred to the letter before he replied. "On Friday, that is, next tomorrow. We shall go to Iddo to welcome her".

I managed to smile. "It will be nice to know your mother, Joe".

He went on to say that he had earlier written to his mother to inform her of our marriage. In reply she had said she would come to see me! I thought this over for sometimes. So she was coming to see if her son had married the 'right' type of girl? What, if in her opinion, I was not the 'right' type? I was upset. Indeed, I detested the idea of a mother-in-law coming to encroach on my marital affairs. I had read so much about mothers-in-law in newspapers and magazines that I came to the conclusion that they constitute a menace to a young happy home. I had been told often that the presence of a mother-in-law in a house was a bad omen for the young housewife. The mother-in-law would want to impose her authority on the young wife to the extent that the young wife would not be able to bear the insinuation any longer. The resultant conflict could easily break up the marriage and send the young wife packing! But would Joe's mother be different? Joe was only thirty years old, would his mother be as kind and charming as he? How long would she stay with us? For Joe's sake, I decided to welcome her with an open mind and treat her as kindly and affectionately as was humanly practicable.

Joe's mother, who had the impressive name of Ethel, arrived at Iddo motor park on schedule. The sun had been hot and the heat was unbearable. But I was relieved when the woman was sighted alighting from one of the tinker buses from Onitsha. We hastened to meet her. I greeted her with all my humility and took her tinker box from her. But I was disheartened when I observed that her response was cold. Her little sharp eyes regarded me intently, apparently trying to size me up. It seemed she was not pleased to see me. But I brightened up, trying hard to dismiss my thoughts as a childish notion. Aged about fifty, Ethel was much taller than I. She carried herself with an air of pride and importance.

"Julian", Joe began the introduction when we had entered the car, "this is my mother. Mother, this is Julian, my wife".

With the tail of my eye, I noticed that the woman was studying me critically. "Happy to meet you, mother", I said, offering her my hand for the second time.

"Thank you," was all her reply. "Joseph," she turned to her son, "I will talk to you when we get home".

"Mother, I will explain matters to you when....."

Joe began, but he was interrupted sharply by his mother. "What are you going to explain? I have said I'm going to talk to you and that is that." Her voice was stern and cruel. My heart froze within me. I looked sheepishly at my mother to see if she would say anything to ease the situation. She was a deep misunderstanding or disagreement between mother and son and it must have had something to do with the marriage. Whatever it was, I decided to keep my mouth shut and watch the development.

We arrived home at last. Once more I welcomed my mother-in-law home with smiles and entertained her to the best of my ability. But I knew that deep in her heart she had a heavy problem that was causing her great concern. Joe himself was a changed man. He had a guilty conscience about him and lacked his usual genial smiles and jovial character.

When we had taken our dinner that night, I showed my mother-in-law to her room. I felt sick due to the heat and nervousness. I went to bed with Joe beside me in our own room. Sensing what would happen, I preferred to be deeply asleep. A few minutes later, I awoke and remained perfectly motionless. But Joe was restless. He tossed on the bed, yawning occasionally. He clearly was disturbed and I wondered what would happen. I smiled mirthlessly, waiting anxiously. Then I felt the door of Ethel's room open. Joe cautiously got out of bed, tip-toed to the door of our room, and opened it as noiselessly as possible. He went out and met his mother in the sitting room as they must have planned. He opened my eyes, sat upright on the bed, and listened to my mother's report.

"Joseph," I heard Ethel's voice as cold and unfeeling as ever, "you must have gone mad to tell me that you have got a wife without my knowledge. You have destroyed my authority to marry a Satan's creature in the name of Lagos girls. I have heard a lot about Lagos girls. Know them too. You know they are expensive to maintain but totally worthless in character. None of them is capable of being a good housewife. They have no sense of family upbringing. All they are after is money and a life of fashion and entertainment. Because of all that, because I didn't want you to fall into the trap of a Lagos girl in the name of marriage, I scouted our village to find a suitable girl for you. I found Nkiru - a beautiful, sensible girl in her early twenties. I wrote you immediately and invited you to come home and see her and make the necessary arrangements for the marriage. The reply I got from you was that you had got a wife in Lagos. Joseph, you have disgraced me and I'm not letting my disgrace go unchallenged. I have not come here to preach a sermon or to plead with you to retrace your steps. My decision is this: this wife of yours must not enter my compound as long as I live. Even when I die, my ghost will haunt you and that wretch you call your wife. My father and your senior sister Amogu have the same opinion".

Cold sweat ran down my spine. A voice in me urged me to dash out and challenge that wicked woman. Common sense prevailed. I waited to hear Joe's reply. But if Joe loved me, I reasoned, why did he not stand up to his mother's insinuations? Or was he so powerless and meek before her?

"Mother," I heard his unsteady, cracked voice, "I understand how you feel. I must admit that I have been very recalcitrant and I didn't heed your warning or advice. Perhaps you are right in your observations about Lagos girls, but they are not all totally bad. Julian is a different girl. She has excellent character, hence my willingness to marry her. I'm not a fool to be attracted by any girl".

(Continued on page 31)

# THE MARRIAGE STORM

(Continued from page 30)

I come across. It is too late to go back now. I have married her and it is not easy to turn her out. Can't we strike a compromise?"

"Which compromise?" she asked contemptuously. "Well, my son, it is obvious you have turned your back on me. I have suffered to bring you up; I emptied my pockets to send you to school. Where would you have been without me? Your father was reluctant to send you to college. I pleaded with him for many days and even quarrelled with him until he agreed to pay one half of the fees provided I could pay the other half. I paid it through my own sweat. Now, what is my reward? I am as determined as ever to make you a success in life, but you have chosen a course of destruction. I ask again: What is the reward for my suffering and sacrifice?" She was weeping and I heard her going away.

"Mother, please come back and let's .....", Joe pleaded, but his voice was drowned by the noise of the door which Ethel slammed so violently that the foundation of the building must have been shaken. My heart was in turmoil. I tried hard to suppress my sobs. What would I do? One thing was obvious, however, our marriage was going to hit the rocks! We had reached the end of the road. Our marriage was only a month old but already a vicious storm had gathered, ready to break the marriage to pieces! What an irony of fate!

The next morning I woke up with a heavy heart. Joe was up already and he had already taken his bath. I went to the sitting room and saw Ethel sitting like a lifeless image. She responded coldly to my morning greeting without even looking up. I went to the toilet, and began to sob quietly. So that was the end of my hope of building a home of my own? I thought fast. I decided I must ask Joe for the explanation of the situation. My silence or pretended ignorance of this dangerous situation could worsen my own position. This was the time for me to act. If he still loved me, if he was still behind me as he had indicated in his conversation with his mother last night, well I could stay on and damn the consequence. Ethel or no Ethel, I could still enjoy my position as a married woman. Above all, our marriage could still be saved. Armed with this firm resolution, I hastened to the room only to find mother and son engaged in another round of talks.

"Alright mother", Joe was saying with a tone of finality, "if that is your decision, I can divorce her and remain a bachelor for life. Perhaps....." I could not bear it any longer. "I can't wait to be divorced, Joe!" I exploded angrily. "I have heard enough! Your mother had made it impossible for us to continue living together as husband and wife. Nobody in my position can hear the unjustified comments she has been making since last night and remain silent and unconcerned. I don't want to divide your family because I'm married to you. I'm not a Satan's creature as your mother has claimed. I come from a decent family and my father is hale and hearty — and he has a decent job too. I'm not a wayward girl but well-bred and educated. My village in the East is not far from yours. Does coming to Lagos make me a Satan's creature? Does living in Lagos make me totally worthless in character? I'm going, Joe, I won't wait to be sacked. I have a family to which I belong. My going will certainly give your mother the peace of mind she so much desires. Go home and marry the girl she has found for you and be united with your family. When I'm gone, none of you will ever see my face again".

They were both astonished to hear my voice. I dashed swiftly into our room and packed my belongings hurriedly. I had not acquired much — only dresses which I packed roughly into the portmanteau. I grabbed the portmanteau and two hand bags packed full of other things. As I came out, Joe stood at the door way.

"Joe, let me go! I'm fed up, let me go!", I cried, forcing my way out.

"Darling", he said tenderly, "you can't leave me like that. You know I love you, I still love you dearly despite this unfortunate situation".

"You love me indeed!" I said sarcastically. "I'm leaving. I can't remain to be the source of your family strife and your mother's displeasure".

"Then wait for me. I will join you in a moment", he said and went into the room. I came to the sitting room and waited, my heart aflame with consternation. Ethel was sitting on the cushion chair. Her face was expressionless and she stared vacantly into space. Joe emerged from the room carrying his heavy portmanteau, a leather bag, and a suit case.

"Mother", he said acidly, "I love my wife dearly. I'm going away with her, because I can't live without her. I can sacrifice anything for her sake. And right now, I'm sacrificing my own home for an unknown destination. Here is one hundred Naira for your feeding, transport back home and other expenses. Perhaps we shall meet again, perhaps we shall not. Whichever is the case, its goodbye from both of us". He threw the bundle of currency notes at her and turned to me.

"Let's go", he said. As we descended the steps, Ethel sprang to her feet. "Joseph, please come back!" she shouted after us. We waited for her. She smiled mechanically as she met us. We were surprised.

"My son", she began quite calmly, "I'm sorry to have brought this crisis. I'm convinced now that you really love each other and it will be cruel of me to try to separate you. I am also convinced that Julian is different from what I imagined. I have no doubt now that she is a good girl and she will certainly be a devoted, suitable housewife. All along I have acted to protect your interest, Joseph, because you are my only son. That is why I felt concerned about your marriage — to make sure that you married a girl who would help to build a healthy family. From what I have seen, I have no doubt that, contrary to my imagination, Julian is capable of building such a home. Moreover, I have learnt a bitter lesson: it is wrong for one to choose a life partner for one's child. The youths understand each other better and this is exactly what you demonstrated today. You have my full support and blessing as husband and wife. Julian, please forgive me for causing you this embarrassment".

I could not help smiling cheerfully. I told her I had forgiven her and looked at my husband for his appreciation. He too smiled and Ethel could not help joining us in this happy mood. Now, the storm is over and I eagerly await the arrival of our baby which is due in a few months.

## LAUGH IT OFF



"So you're the new baby-sitter. Have you ever been driven crazy before?"

"Quitter!"

BEGINNING THIS MONTH, THE WELL ILLUSTRATED STORY OF:

**JULIE JONES**

by Stan Drake

OWEN CANTRELL IS THE UNWILLING AND PUZZLED "GUEST" OF INTERNATIONAL FINANCIER, BARON HELMUT KAISER, WHO, AS "PAUL FLANDERS" HAD RETAINED OWEN AS HIS ATTORNEY.



I HAVE GONE TO THE TROUBLE OF PROVIDING YOU WITH YOUR "WIFE" — OR A REASONABLE FACSIMILE.



THE RESEMBLANCE IS REMARKABLE — BUT IT'S HARD TO FOOL A HUSBAND!

TRUE, TRUE. BUT IN A SHORT TIME, I REGRET TO INFORM YOU, THERE WILL BE NO DOUBT IN YOUR MIND THAT THIS IS TRULY YOUR BELOVED JULIET!



I REPORTED OWEN'S DISAPPEARANCE TO THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS, GENTLEMEN. BUT AS HIS LAW ASSOCIATES, I WANTED YOUR GUIDANCE TOO...

WE'VE LOOKED AT PAUL FLANDERS' PAPERS — THE ONES HE LEFT IN OWEN'S SAFE. IF OWEN AND HE ARE MISSING, THE CONCLUSION MIGHT BE THEY BOTH WERE INVOLVED IN CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES!



WHAT!

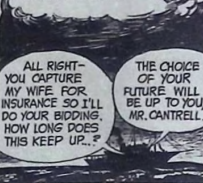
DESPERATE FOR SOME NEWS OF OWEN, JULIE ACCOMPANIES THE MAN WHO SHOWED HER THE WEDDING BAND SHE HAD GIVEN HER HUSBAND...

WHY DID OWEN SEND YOU? WHY DIDN'T HE COME HIMSELF? IT WASN'T SAFE... FOR HIM... OR FOR YOU, MRS. CANTRELL.



MEANWHILE... ON THE YACHT OF OWEN'S "HOST," THE BARON HELMUT KAISER...

ALL RIGHT — YOU CAPTURE MY WIFE FOR INSURANCE SO I'LL DO YOUR BIDDING. HOW LONG DOES THIS KEEP UP...? THE CHOICE OF YOUR FUTURE WILL BE UP TO YOU, MR. CANTRELL.



WHEN IT'S OVER, PAUL FLANDERS WILL BE MARKED A VILLAIN AND A SWINDLER. NO ONE WILL EVER CONNECT ME WITH HIM. ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU WERE HIS LAWYER — HIS CONFIDANT.



IS OWEN HERE — ON BOARD THAT SHIP?

YOU WON'T HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR, MRS. CANTRELL.



WE SHALL SIMPLY DRIVE INTO THE CONTAINER AND BE HOISTED ABOARD THE VESSEL. THERE IS NO DANGER. SIT QUIETLY, PLEASE!



TO BE CONTINUED

# STARS

## CAPRICORN

Dec. 22nd - Jan. 20th

This month study, travel, career interests are highlighted. If adverse factors have been operating in regard of health and family affairs you can be sure of change.

## SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 23rd - Dec. 21st

Love, domestic matters and money opportunities are now improved by Jupiter; something happens which could ultimately have a beneficial effects on your heart interests.

## SCORPIO

Oct. 24th - Nov. 22nd

Things look promising. You feel secure now and career-wise the outlook is good. Mercury sparks off travel, special correspondence, too. On the domestic front there will be improvement and it is from this quarter that you get the help and encouragement you need very much at present.

## LIBRA

Sept. 24th - Oct. 23rd

The first and second weeks could hold confusion, especially to do with finance in connection with a partnership or jointly owned property.

## VIRGO

Aug. 24th - Sept. 23rd

Take heart for a good luck cycle affecting romantic affairs and personal relationships brings a new look to your love life. You will find that at work discussions with colleagues or employers begin around the 19th and favour your future.

## LEO

July 24th - Aug. 23rd

Material interests are boosted and the stars seem to smile on most of your activities. It's a good time to plan travel and favours projects connected with younger people, home and family.

## CANCER

June 22nd - July 23rd

Mars in Capricorn sets you off on a course of long-term planning, training or study. From a work point of view it is a promising month, especially if you are concerned in creative work. Falling in love is predicted for all heart-free Cancerians.

## GEMINI

May 22nd - June 21st

You are again under pressure until mid-month, but problems smooth out and you will have more time for personal and social contacts. The second week is especially good for changes or taking a holiday.

## TAURUS

April 21st - May 21st

You are conscious of two stellar "directives" that cause you some tension. Determination to get things done is impeded by adginess and you are aware that you cannot force the pace because of certain people in your orbit with whom you must be patient.

## ARIES

March 21st - April 20th

This is not a month for quick returns in the financial sense, although real forethought in your monetary affairs will have good effect during the 4th week.

## PIECES

Feb. 20th - March 20th

Be cautious in business and domestic matters for surprise occur. The Moon enters Pieces on 20th, giving you an emotional jerk, but focussing your attention on domestic matters, too.

## AQUARIUS

Jan. 21st - Feb. 19th

Love, social life, friend-star trends are all good for these. It would be well to double-check your hunches between the 20th and 26th especially connected with business or money matters, for risky situations are indicated.



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Feed your family really well – with food they really like. Give them Blue Band margarine spread on bread. Every day! Blue Band and bread go naturally together. Like good food goes with good health.

Blue Band does your family good because it's enriched with milk and important vitamins A and D. And everyone – Mums, Dads, Children – all love that super Blue Band taste.

So spread Blue Band on bread – and feed *your* family well.

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



# MEDICAL

Beginning this month; a series on:

## GUIDE TO YOUR BASIC HEALTH NEEDS

You may believe you are doing your best to stay as healthy as possible, but are you really? In too many instances the answer, unfortunately, is no. You cannot assure yourself of good health if you do not understand how your body works or cannot recognize warning signals of diseases or deficiencies. This lack of knowledge can cause excessive or unnecessary fears about minor ailments. Or worse, it can lead to ignoring serious symptoms that should receive immediate medical attention.

For example, can you answer these basic health questions:

- Do you understand the changes your body undergoes during ovulation, menstruation, pregnancy and menopause? Which symptoms normally accompany each process and which require special medical attention?
- What is the best way to examine your breasts for lumps? How frequently should you check them? When was the last time you had a Pap test for the detection of uterine cancer?
- Are you aware of the advantages and disadvantages of the various birth control methods? Have you and your doctor discussed the method you currently use and whether or not it is best suited to you?
- Do you practice good personal hygiene to avoid infection and irritation of the genital area?
- Are you cautious in the use of drugs, including those available without a doctor's prescription?
- Do you know the minimum daily food requirements that help meet a woman's nutritional needs?

The following special report, compiled in consultation with leading medical authorities, answers these and many other health questions of vital concern to women. Of course, when you have a specific health problem, you always should consult your physician.

### BODY FUNCTIONS:

#### What you need to know about Ovulation, Menstruation and Menopause.

Every woman, particularly every adolescent girl making the transition from childhood to maturity, needs to understand the processes of ovulation and menstruation. This knowledge of exactly what is happening in her body, and what these natural functions mean, will help her to accept and feel comfortable with them.

**OVULATION** The paired organs that make a woman uniquely female are the ovaries (see Figure 1 in diagram), whitish, flattened glands in the lower abdomen that produce egg cells or ova. Each month, inside an ovary, one egg ripens or matures within a small, blister-like sac known as a Graafian follicle. The follicle works its way

to the surface of the ovary and eventually bursts, releasing the ripened egg. This is the process of ovulation, and sometimes is accompanied by cramps and a discharge.

Next to each ovary is a duct or tube, three to six inches long, the Fallopian tube (Figure 2). The egg is caught by the flared, fringed opening of the tube. If sexual intercourse has occurred, the egg and sperm usually will unite in this tube, which leads from the ovary into the uterus or womb. Lining the inside of the uterus is an important mucous membrane, the endometrium (Figure 3). During ovulation, hormones stimulate this lining to become thick, soft and moist and to increase its uterine blood supply. The egg is propelled toward the uterus by muscular contractions of the Fallopian tube. If the egg has been fertilized by the sperm, it has a seven-day journey through the tube to the endometrium, where it is implanted. For eight weeks it is called an embryo, then a foetus until birth of the baby.

**MENTRICATION** If fertilization of an egg has not occurred, the endometrium degenerates and is discharged from the body in the process of menstruation, which usually lasts from four to seven days. The discharge, composed of degenerated cells, mucous tissue and blood, makes up the menstrual flow. The flow is discharged through the cervix (the narrow lower end of the uterus) and passes through the vagina, an elastic canal leading to the exterior of the body.

Menstruation normally begins between ages 11 to 14. However, it is not uncommon or abnormal for the process to start a year or two earlier or later. If it has not started by the age of 16 or 17, a doctor should be consulted to determine whether a physical defect or hormonal deficiency is responsible. About a year prior to menstruation, the ovaries start to produce hormones that influence sexual development, and noticeable body changes occur in the adolescent girl—height increases, breasts develop, hips broaden and pubic and underarm hair begins to grow. Emotional changes and heightened sexual urges also are part of this growth period.

Menstruation is a normal physiological process that should not interfere with routine activities. However, various factors can affect the menstrual flow and cycle, such as obesity, malnutrition, inadequate rest, illness or emotional upset. Although the average cycle is 28 days, intervals of 21 to 35 days are not uncommon. Many women also experience menstrual irregularities including spotting (bleeding between cycles), amenorrhea (absence of periods) or dysmenorrhea (painful periods).

Next month: Premenstrual Tension, menopause and general medical checkup.

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## FORUM

## DO MEN HAVE AN EASIER TIME ?

Conducted By 'Moni

It sounds rather interesting to hear some men express a wish to be as free and as lucky as the women while at another end, some women are busy taking God to task for making life so easy for the men.

Is it true that nature is kinder to the female sex? Is there any basis for the men's claims of more difficult times?

Whose life is easier than the other? Is it the man because he is assumed the sole bread-winner or the woman because she has to take care of a family made up of people with different tastes and moods at various times? For our readers' delight, we have requested some of our men and women of calibre to give their opinion on the subject.

**BIODUN OYELEKE** is a sales executive with a Lagos firm. Here's his opinion of the argument.

"This appears a rather controversial topic and one that assumes some degree of bias in the mind of the speaker against the opposite sex.

"Rather than assume that one particular sex has a more difficult time than the other, I shall endeavour to consider some of the most prominent responsibilities peculiar to each sex and leave the readers to make their conclusions.

"Education apart, nature's most important assignment to women is child-bearing. It is an established fact that this assignment is one that puts a woman on a threshold between life and death.

"Even though after the few agonising hours of labour a woman falls back into a well-deserved rest from office routine while she takes up the challenge of motherhood at home. These few months rest-maternity leave is one of the basis of disqualification by our men when it's time for women to be recommended for promotion.

"I still cannot understand why our men cannot just adjust themselves to realistic situations. While a man is busy fighting for his wife to be granted maternity leave yearly; the same man is holding back another woman's request for maternity leave even when the interval is far more realistic than that of his wife i.e. every other year or even later.

"Apart from the labour pains, a woman has to take upon herself the full responsibility of catering for a family made up of people with various demands which at times work the woman to a stage of nervous breakdown.

"As if these are not enough, a working woman has to

combine all the above with her professional responsibility. Can you imagine how easy life can be for a woman who has to wake up at 5.00 o'clock a.m., take care of her husband and children before starting off for the day?

"If she is unlucky enough to have an uncompromising boss, then she is in for it because she will not only be thinking of her problems as a wife and mother but will also be full of nerves as a result of what she also has to face in the office.

"So you can imagine the state she will be when she goes back home in the evening to face a disorganised house and an ever-complaining man and children because the evening meal is late.

"If you talk of money as a solution to all problems then you are making a very big mistake. While I do agree that money is an important antidote to any troubled life, I want to add that money is not everything and it does not solve half of human problems.

"Even if it is assumed that money plays an important role, we must not lose sight of the fact that most of our women now go out for paid jobs and are thus financially viable.

"Also, I will say that men have both their good times and the other side of it. First, it is our belief here in this country that a man must produce all the basic necessities of life, namely food, clothing, and shelter for his family.

"In situations where the man is solely responsible for all these necessities, then I do agree that sometimes men may find life on the rather rough side. Also, a responsible family man sees to it that the education of his children has his financial support even though he may not always be around to coach them for better performance.

"Realising what good education now costs, a man who accepts the challenge of a good husband and father experiences regular financial and psychological stress after discovering that the fantastic pay slip he is paid every-month does not in fact last through the first week of the month.

"But on the other hand, a man can always have nice times with friends of both sexes while a woman is not free.

"In the real sense of the word, a woman who has to take good care of the husband, look well after the children, spend days doing market research for cheap goods, buy so the chop money could go far has no easier time than a man who has to run around and work himself

in an attempt to make adequate provision for his family."

MRS. BETTY JAMES, a secretary with an Ibadan Company seems to have found an outlet for her pent up ideas as she fired:

"Who says life is not better and easier for men? Right from the day a man is born, he is accorded a special type of reception which spells the feelings of the people around. Oh! it's a boy, congratulations. Or isn't this a common occurrence in our society today?

"A woman who has only girls stands the risk of losing her man to a potential male bearing woman. Ask me, is the woman responsible for the sex of the child?

"The distinction does not end there. It extends throughout the life-span of the man.

"In the field of education, it's easier for men to go as far as they desire. A lot of our fathers still prefer to educate men. Even in some cases where female children are more brilliant, the less brilliant boys are given more encouragement.

With all the hues and cries about women emancipation, what percentage of the total womenfolk has really made it to higher institutions of learning?

"Professionally too, men are more fulfilled. Where a woman has as high a qualification with similar experience as a man, the man is always considered first when it comes to choosing one for a responsible post.

"There's always the 'but' for a woman - 'She will frequently go on maternity/sick leave. Even where the woman has no marital commitments in which case she is single the men can always dismiss her as irresponsible.

"In social life, men are freer. They can make more friends. A man is permitted to flirt with pretty girls other than his wife. He can even have more and more wives. But the moment a woman's life takes a similar pattern, she is labelled a prostitute and thus becomes a social castaway.

"At home, it's hell for a woman who has to combine her job with her domestic responsibility. How easy do a fastidious boss, take care of a large household, see to the upbringing of the children and then look after an ever demanding husband? Would you say that is an easy life?

I believe a man's life is less monotonous. They can always explore new fields. For men, variety is the spice of life but for a woman, life is more of a routine.

"Where a woman deviates a little from the set pattern of an ideal mother, a dutiful housewife and efficient professional woman, then the society sees her as a wayward carefree woman who can be of no good to anyone.

"If I have to choose all over again, and that assumes the conditions remain as at now I'll surely choose to be a man.

**MRS. CHRIS AJOKU - AN ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE:**

"In recent times, women have often rubbed shoulders with their men counterparts in many spheres of human activities. In some cases women have proved more daring and brilliant than men. In fact it will amount to infraction of liberty to say that men suffer more than women as it is mistaken in some quarters.

"However, I strongly place premium on individual capabilities and environmental advantages. On the whole, there are exceptions in women.

"In the battle zone of men's struggle for easier time, women have quietly posed as formidable and better rivals. In competitive endeavours it is a walk-over for women."

"When a man and a woman building contractors tender for a contract, you see that the man is in trouble

(Continued on page 39)

# Unicorn

## A·D·M

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ROUGH SKIN

*My baby is 8 months old and has always had rough skin. I add a few drops of dettol and izal in his bath water since he was born to prevent skin rashes yet there is no improvement. What do you advise?*

I suggest you discontinue the use of antiseptic lotion in bathing your baby. You seem to have spoilt his tender skin. Soap and water are enough to rid the skin of dirt. You may apply Johnson baby lotion or sinz and castor oil cream on the baby.

SORE MOUTH

*My child's mouth is very sore and this happens quite often. I have always looked well after his teeth. I clean his teeth with hydrogen peroxide is this not good enough?*

Hydrogen peroxide is not a mouth-wash, it is a very strong antiseptic used for cleansing wound particularly duty sluffy ulcers. Look at the instructions on the bottle, it is never meant to be eaten. Secondly it is poisonous and the taste is revolting. You can use salt-water (add a pinch of salt to about 1 oz. water). Take cotton-wool dip it in the solution and clean the teeth with it. (b) You can use any choice of tooth-paste on cotton-wool or soft baby brush. It is quite possible your child will swallow a bit of the tooth-paste but there's no harm done. (c) On the other hand if you like, you can use our mothers' olden-days method — Take a small piece of allum, some few grains of Iyere and a bit of Konofuru — grind these together to smooth powder. Sieve it and store it in an empty dry bottle.

Take a piece of cotton-wool, wet it and squeeze water out. Take a pinch of the powder with the damp cotton-wool and clean your child's teeth with it. This leaves the mouth free from germs and has no side effects.

ORGANISM IN DREAMS

*Sometimes I have an organism in my dreams. Is that abnormal for a woman?*

There's nothing abnormal about sexual dreams — orgasms during sleep. Everyone has sexual thoughts and feelings which are put aside in the course of the day. Your husband may look most attractive to you, more sexy, when he's playing Frisbee with the kids, but that's hardly the moment to act on a sudden wave of desire. Or your sexual impulses may be aroused by someone else's husband, you find yourself looking at a neighbour, or a TV talk-show host, and wondering what kind of a lover he'd be. Then, if you're like most women, you feel unreasonably guilty and embarrassed. The unacceptable feelings are pushed away to reappear at night (with other "rejected" daytime thoughts) in the form of dreams. Such sexual dreams may culminate in orgasm.

It should be noted, by the way, that our information about women's dreams is limited. One source — the clinical records of psychiatrists — is distinctly biased: Women who are in psychoanalysis are presumably troubled, so the experiences they report may not be representative. The other chief source of information is the "sleep laboratories", in America where normal volunteers are observed while asleep by scientists with sophisticated equipment. Both the subject's reports of her dreams and her physiological responses are carefully recorded. Though most such studies have involved male subjects, it seems clear that for all humans, sleep is far from a passive experience. Physiological signs of arousal are common during dreams. People can aggravate their ulcers and put stress on their hearts while they sleep. So it shouldn't surprise anyone that evidence of sexual arousal frequently accompanies normal sleep.

# PATTERN SERVICE

## Elegant Layers

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PRINTED PATTERN

Long? Short? Make it the way you want it! For evening elegance, sew sleeveless jacket, lace blouse and long, front-slit skirt. For day, combine prints and plain knits.

Printed Pattern 9136:

Misses' Sizes are 8 (31½-inch bust with 33½-inch hip); 10 (32½ bust, 34½ hip); 12 (34 bust, 36 hip); 14 (36 bust, 38 hip); 16 (38 bust, 40 hip); 18 (40 bust, 42 hip); 20 (42 bust, 44 hip) Yardages in pattern.

9136  
8-20



## RECIPE FOR SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 3)

Often, it is wiser for the woman to seek a mirror instead of a layer. An honest session with the mirror may open her eyes to the hard-faced individual she has allowed herself to become.

Many women forget the gentle use of flattery or honest appreciation, which is always a valuable weapon for a woman who will use it with discretion.

Variety is another valuable card to play. A man should never know just what to expect from a woman. For, if a man knows that his wife will do the same thing every Tuesday afternoon or that she will react to certain situations or conditions in exactly the same way on every occasion — a suggestion of monotony may creep in.

A woman should avoid being too business-like. Nor should she appear to possess too much knowledge. Men has always wanted to be the superior being and as such to be looked up to. Now that women labour beside men, and at similar jobs, a rather damaging instinct in marriage — the instinct of competition sometimes rates love as secondary.

The old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, still holds. You can't always appeal to a man's eyes, for as you grow older, you are bound to change. Perhaps you can't appeal to his ideas of romance for over but where good cooking and fine home-making hold forth — no "triangle" is apt to develop where both hold forth. Remember, like the wedding ring with no joining mark, marriage is supposed to be kept smoothly on in the face of all odds.

## DO MEN HAVE AN EASIER TIME?

(Continued from page 37)

of having to battle with invisible "imps" Hope you do understand? Again the fewness of women in many professions has been an added advantage against men".

"Those mediocres who are more in number in the women's world invariably find beautiful alternatives more easily than their men counterparts. For instance, an illiterate woman can be married to a wealthy man — her troubles are thus ended".

"What of the uneducated gentleman; is there any other source of livelihood if he does not work hard for it?"

"With women there are two ways" to go about almost everything they do or any problem that confronts them. Man has either to do it himself or die".

"In the domestic life, women have sometimes relaxed only to win at last. Blessed is the man whose wife comes back at the end of the month to surrender her pay packet to his custody without asking for seven-eighths of it for her lavish outfit. Which woman can proudly boast of paying the bus fare of the men she knows and suddenly meets in the bus or pay the hotel bills of a familiar man as men usually do? The reverse is the duty of men all-through".

"Naturally it is the responsibility of the man to train his off-spring — we all know this. Really some women contribute immensely to this task of upbringing".

"But in the end, it is the mothers who benefit most from the children's success in life. I have heard it said that it is incumbent on the man to train the children and never to expect any reward. What an easy life for the ever struggling men!

Send your Postal Order for each pattern together with coupon to: Modern Woman Pattern Service, Box 2583, Lagos.

### Pattern Order Form

I enclose Postal Order Value

Pattern Nos.      Size


Each pattern is 45k

Name .....

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Don't forget to check your size before ordering.

TOO YOUNG

I am a 27 year old man in love with a 14 year old girl. Although this girl is younger in age she is well experienced in the act of love making. This is one of the basis of my deciding to marry her. Her parents are also in support but don't you think she is too young?

Ijebu-Ode. Kunle.

*A girl of 14 cannot even interpret her own mind. If you are so much in love with her give her time to grow and with time you will be able to determine the extent of your love for each other.*

NIGHT OF TERROR

Being a tree lady, I have so many boy friends, I have made up my mind to marry one of them but since we have not been engaged I felt free to do what I like. One night on my way to one of these boys' house I met a man with whom I fell in love immediately. This man invited me to a nearby hotel and I followed him. On getting there I met my boy whom I promised to marry drinking in company of his friends. I was shocked and fled immediately without notifying the man I went there with. Since then I've been ashamed of going to my boy. The day he came to me I went to hide and he went away without seeing me. How do you think I can cure myself.

Ajegunle. Rosemary.

*You are not a trust worthy girl. Had it be you are honest you would have not been so much interested in flirting. Experience they say is the best teacher. Now that you know that flirting does not pay, use the experience to make yourself more faithful. Apologise to your boy, he may be willing to forgive you.*

MY WIFE

My wife is a very strong minded woman. I have tried

to change her but all my efforts failed, and because of this I am totally fed up with her. She never puts me into consideration in anything she does. Even if I ask her not to do a thing she would never listen to me. She fights with other co-tenants everyday. As soon as she hears them speaking Yoruba and laughing she would say they are commenting on her; because she does not understand Yoruba language. What can I do to change her because she is becoming notorious in our street and I am ashamed of myself.

Sapele. Jacob.

*Advise your wife to improve her relationship with other co-tenants so she will have no basis to suspect them. Try to make her feel easy by making friends and so getting to know more of their ways.*

TELL THE TRUTH

Three years ago I had a child by a girl while we were both at school. At first I denied having any knowledge of it all. Putting into consideration my state of life by then. Later my parents and hers met on the same issue. Now that I have started working I was advised by my parents that if I can't marry the girl I should at least claim the child. I reasoned with them, but my prevailing problem is how to put it to my present girl whom I have promised to marry within the next three months since she has openly told me she cannot share her home with any other girl. Dear Remi please I can't stand to lose this charming girl for she would know the secret one day.

Lagos. Worried Man.

*Your girl has refused to share her home with any other woman but your problem is not the mother but the child. Tell your new love the whole story right away. If she loves you, she must be willing to accept*

Dear Remi



*your child. If not, please don't go further.*

TRY AGAIN

My junior sister who was staying with my parents grew up to be so stubborn, lazy and disobedient that they found her increasingly difficult to handle. As I am now staying on my own, I approached my parents to let her stay with me and they raised no objection.

Now, with constant sisterly advice and occasional punishment from me, she seems to be growing worse. I am now in a fix what to do with this matured girl. What do I do to make her more responsible?

Ikeja. Janet.

*Rather than punish, give her more sisterly advice. If you are sure there is nothing any other member of the family has done to upset her, try to find out any personal problems she might have and help her out of them.*

DISAPPOINTING WIFE

While I was staying at Owerri, I married an Ibo girl who had two children by me. Besides being a good mother to my children, she was so good to me that I thought I was the luckiest man on earth.

About ten months ago, I was transferred to Lagos and my wife kept up the banner of goodness. I was even more proud of her than ever before. But I had the greatest shock of my life when I came back from work about six months ago and I met the house empty. She had packed to another man's house. The best my wife could do was to leave a

note and keep my children with a co-tenant. Since then I have got myself another wife as the shock almost sent me off balance. Now she wants to come back. Shall I take her back since I still love her?

Ketu. Sunday

*I think your wife has learnt her lesson the hard way. Since you still love her, give her another chance. Now that they will be two, she must have got some sense knocked into her otherwise swollen head.*

IRRESPONSIBLE GIRL

I am a mother of four of which only one is a girl. My daughter was so irresponsible that she always sabotage all my efforts to make her something in her life and a better wife to her future husband. Now in class three she is pregnant and she has not been able to allocate the father of the baby inside her yet she does not behave herself. Shall I send her away from the house to go and look for some one else to care for her?

Lokoja. Mrs. Aigbona.

*More than anything else, she needs your motherly care and advice at this time. Help her through this difficult period and she may learn a useful lesson from her mistake.*

