

EVERY THURSDAY

Vol. 1 No. 25 January 19, 1989

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SEGUN

AWOLOWO

ISN'T UNDER

MY GRIP

—ABAH



Meet
the blind
telephone
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**WHY DO
GIRLS
BLEACH**

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COMPLIMENTARY

UNRAVELED!

**Riddle of
menstrual
circle**

**I HAVEN'T
MADE LOVE
IN AGES**

Says Queen Bianca



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Whatever happened to Skid Ikemefuna and the NTA?

It was a relationship that was built on bucks. One party always gave "N10 or N20" which the other party gladly received and everybody was happy on the set of *Sunday Rendezvous*. Rumours say a request for a loan of N1,000 by the producer from the presenter sparked off serious hostilities, the latest of which is a letter addressed to the sponsors of the programme allegedly accusing presenter Skid Ikemefuna of falsifying the results of the Kessingheen dance contest. That is not all, NTA's programmes controller, Liz Boglo, who signed the afore-mentioned letter, our source said, had directed that all further payments to Skid Ikemefuna be stopped until he clears himself of the charges. We were told that under the table moves were afoot in motion by producer Frank Gorhe to change Skid as presenter which back-fired. Kessingheen International dumped Frank Gorhe as producer of the programme and we hear they are now refusing to sponsor the programme. This move has now introduced a new Kessingheen Production. The Kessingheen hit show shot in Nite clubs and produced by Odion Agbo is still presented by Skid Ikemefuna. We must say that because of one man's folly, the NTA has lost Kessingheen's valued sponsorship, production fees and air time costs. Skid, we gathered, is talking to his lawyer for a possible suit against the NTA.

NO REGRETS

Ace broadcaster Jones Usen nit-amfitted from the penthouse ice cream restaurant to hub-nose with the senior boys on Opebi Road Friday night, for perhaps the first time. Appareled in an eye-catching attire top, the former radio man who has been doing "odd jobs in the media" as he'd want us to believe himself of a probable return to radio. "I don't know when I'm going back, it could be soon. I miss RN 2, the station that nurtured me - but no regrets". Father of a pretty little girl, the cries of an infant will fill his Mafoluku apartment soon - he's surely kept himself busy.

NO DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY

The subject of diplomatic immunity took the back seat when His Excellency Jaun Ifante Dilly ambassador of Cuba and Lady Infante called members of the diplomatic community and a few close friends to celebrate the Cuban National Day at the swanky Nite shift night club on Opebi Road, Ikeja.

In attendance were His excellencies; Joaquim Duarte Pombos, Counsellor of the Angolan Embassy, Jusu ONGWA, Counsellor Embassy of Zaire, OHIWON DO SAMUEL MANGO, Counsellor Zimbabwe High Commission, Mr Orlando Rikero Counsellor Embassy of Cuba, Felix Wilson 1st Secretary, Embassy of Cuba, Mr & Mrs Ignatius Kamba, 1st Secretary Zimbabwe High Commission, Cheka Tidansey Head of PANA for West Africa, International Award winning editor, Ray Ekpu, NTA's Ladan



The Vice President of Okoto Ladies Club, Chief (Mrs.) Oyeingbo Alabi, was recently installed the Asuwaju Iya Oge of Ede by His Highness, Oba Oyewusi Aborhoun II, the Tami of Agale of Ede, Her Chief (Mrs.) Alabi poses with hubby, Mr. C. A. Alabi, the chief Executive of Lakasa Nigeria Limited, Mushin, Lagos.



Singer Mandy Brown Ojughana in a solo act at Derof Night Club, Ikeja, January 1, 1989.



A church service to mark the 8th anniversary of the Wesley Club of Zion Methodist Church, CITA, Fix shows Riv. E.A. Cludele conducting the service.

some other celebrities

Havana rum and Cuban oiga mixed with tonic, were the toast of the night. It was a sea of black cow-boy hats when the Cuban community hit the dance floor. Twisting, wriggling and booging to the superb Cuban dlyps mixes of music presenter Israel Udugha. None hinted about diplomatic immunity on the dance floor as bodies rubbed and sweat ran down the face.

FEW ARE CALLED BUT MANY ARE.....

The senior banker beside me couldn't understand why his presence was not acknowledged great Nite shift recently. He trained his ears when even the music presenter announced the latest arrivals. Ired by the constant repetition of Jones Usen and Ladan Salihu, over the p.a. system, he queried a seat mate, "Who the hell is Jones Usen?"

Acknowledgment of celebrities seems to be

IS AZUKA HOOKED?

Pundit entertainment writer Azuka Jebosa's days as a night prowler are numbered, did you heave thank - God? He's finally gotten hooked to a lady who's name you can't have just yet. One close source hinted: "He calls her his wife, though we all know the marriage has not been solemnized".

SUPER STUJ

Print star Nduka Irabor prowls the night in style. He's been into Nite-shift penulmas to Friday night escorted by two pretty damsels. The bowtching light-skinned beauty, we learnt, has been a regular date for some time now, not even a Bishop could resist the fire in her eyes. Perhaps he'll be calling "I do" soon.

ALL ALONE

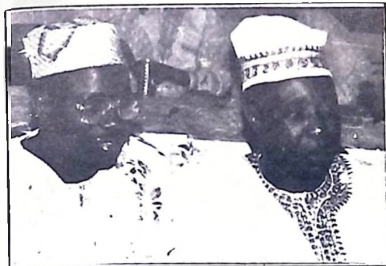
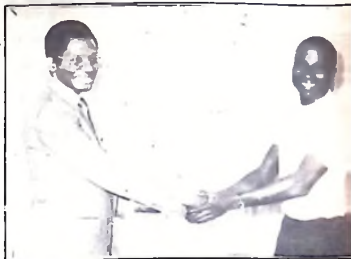
Babara Soky's heart-the ob heart break/ breakfast talk show-host, Danladi Bako, beside him. New Years' eve at Derof night club.

is going on in the society

The smiling quartet of these gentlemen were part of the crowd that witnessed the last Polygrams Records Awards Night. L-R are Femi Jarret, Emsika Butley Moore, reggae singer Ras Kimona and Furious Frank.



Rabbit breeder, Dokun Esan, winner of the first Sona Breweries sponsored national scrabble competition receiving his prize from the Corporate Affairs Manager, Mr. Kester. Mr. Esan promised to invest his ₦3,000 first prize into his Rabbit business.



Mr. Moshood Olanyan (left) and Prince Ade Odutayo were some of the guests that were present at the launching of Sir Shina Peter's ultra-modern musical instruments at the Railway Recreation Club, Ebute-Metta recently.



Memories of Lekki Sunsplash ... picnickers enjoying themselves at Lekki Beach in Lagos just before 1988 pulled by.



The Area Boys Club in Surulere marked its 10th anniversary December 1, 1988. L-R are Dr. Lemmy Folani, Wale Oshodi, Prince Kayode Oedina (Grand patron), Mike Omeke, Alhaja France (La Mama) and Sam Okoroju.

Members of the Olofin Ladies Club recently paid a visit to the Oso of Isolo, His Royal Highness, Oba R.A.Y. Gboloba. The visit is recorded in this group photograph with Oba Gboloba.



might have been his new year resolution. Concord man Michael Awoyinfa didn't leave us guessing. There was a lady by him all the time. She stuck like a leech!

MANDY'S FIRST FLOP

Bare-footed Mandy Brown Ojogbona's first concert of the year with her parents in attendance was a dismal outing. One lesson that she must have taken home is that it is the audience that dictates how good performances are. Close to despair as the audience acknowledged her efforts a dejected, Mandy pleaded "Please why don't you all be happy, at least smile, this is new year day." The faces remained gloomy at Derof Ni te Club.

A REAL SHOW OFF -- THIS CHARLIE

ALWAYS different and forever outrageous, Charlie Boy turned heads and frightened kids when he appeared at the recently held Lekki Sunsplash in a divers gear. Looking like the devil himself -- dressed in black, gas ox gen and

mask included. Charly parading himself with arrogance casually strolled into the surf and went swimming. We can't say for sure if the Royal Punk ness is a genuine divers!

A real show off, the Oguta loud mouth changed costumes after every performance on stage. Not too good an effort because his wife, Lady Di, managed to steal the show. With her *Big Bottom* performance, beautiful Dianne won the hearts of the crowd. An obviously disappointed Charly was forced to retort: "Have you come to steal my wife or watch me?" What a poor rich boy!

BIG BELLY EVI

EVI Edna Ojiboh's pregnancy is becoming more apparent everyday and having a baby is certainly not easy for lovable Evi. She was forced to abandon her fans who shouted and yearned for more at the Lekki Sunsplash after rendering only one song. Looking less cheerful and heavy, Evi just couldn't continue.

Poor Evi might not be on the move for quite some time. Pity!

NATURE FOOLS MAJEK

A humble celebrity, but a very positive father. Majek Fashek proudly introduced his son Randy to fans at his Sona Breweries sponsored christmas day open air show at the Marina car park. That enviable act probably did not go down well with the audience who hushed him up with boos and shouts. After all, they were not there to see Randy Fashek.

The rainmaker unfortunately could not stem down the rain, even a drop. Shows that nature beats them anyway. In a desperate bid to perform miraculously, Majek sang his throat hoarse, yet the rains chose to remain behind the clouds.

A word for ABITONIA promotions: go change your equipment, they are beginning to rust!

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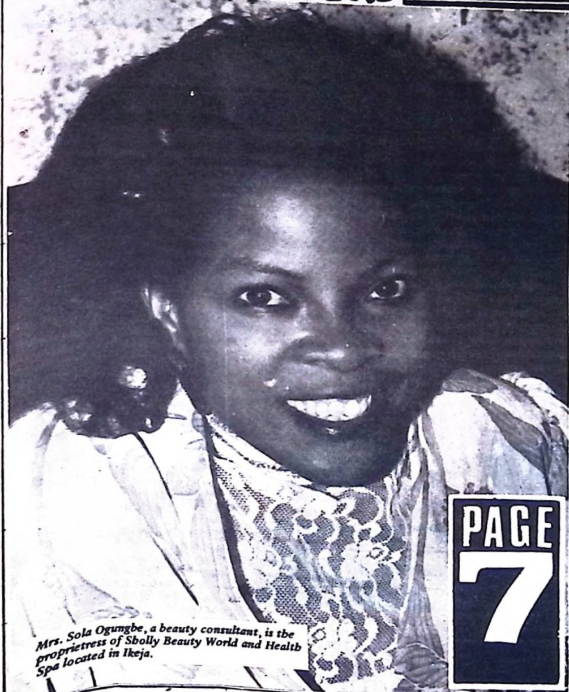
*MALTONIC. C'est magnifique!
So they say.*

MALTONIC

Contains Mineral Salts, Vitamin B complex,
Protein and is fortified with Vitamin C.

Fashion courtesy: Funmi Ajala
Fashion Creation Int. Ltd.





Mrs. Sola Ogumbe, a beauty consultant, is the proprietress of Sbolly Beauty World and Health Spa located in Ikeja.

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Straight from the heart

- | | |
|--|--|
| ♥ Dick — Where do broken hearts go? — Bimbo. | ♥ Bose — You are the best thing that ever happened to me. You are my everything and everything is yours — Alash |
| ♥ Milt — Please accept my love — Odi. | ♥ Jimmy — You are wonderful, your two years of sincere love and caring remain in my memory. Thanks for the love and your high sense of understanding — Flora |
| ♥ Osa — We are through forever 'till tomorrow — Prissy. | ♥ Remi — The past is hard-rock, immutable. The future is clay to be moulded according to our whims and caprices — Someone really cares out here. Merry Xmas and have a wonderful new year — Mohammed |
| ♥ Yomi — Happy birthday and best of luck. I love you — Auntie floxy | ♥ Nike — I hope you got back to Lagos safely. I miss you badly. — Chuka |
| ♥ Chika — Your friendship is one of the best in my life — Ibinra. | |
| ♥ Bola — You are such a nice and intelligent lady. My love to you is endless — Tunde | |
| ♥ Topy — Missing you is missing a whole lifetime of bliss. 23rd is your day. HBD — Tay | |
| ♥ Otachi — My endless love — Paul. | |

If you have any message for your loved one, write to STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART, CLIMAX, P. O. Box 31404, Ikeja, Lagos.



A VILLAGE boy newly admitted to a primary school was corrected by his class teacher, Mr. Alao, not to say "I wan go pas", but say "Excuse me sir, allow me to go to the toilet".

At the end of the year, his class teacher was changed to Mr. Ojo. When this boy wanted to go to the toilet, he said "Excuse me sir, Ojo me to go to the toilet"; not knowing that the 'allow' does not really mean his former teacher's name, Mr. Alao. — *Smitayye Babajide, Adebayo Compebenzie High School, Ikeja, Ogbia, 5 - 9, Oladipo Street, Ijaye Ogbia.*

One night, as I was having my bath, I closed my eyes and tried to imagine all the terrible things that could happen to me in one day. I hadn't gone far in my imagination when I thought of being blind. I opened my eyes to make sure I wasn't blind, but I was shocked to see everywhere was dark. I was about to scream and yell that I was blind when suddenly the lights in the bathroom came on, and I was glad it was only NEPA just misbehaving — *Michael Warribo, Unimay Secondary School, PMB 5323, Unipors, Choba.*

There is an Adult Education Centre on my street. One Monday evening, after their English lesson, the teacher gave them an assignment on essay writing which was to be submitted on the following day.

The following day, surprisingly, one of the students came with his daughter. The teacher decided to know the reason and the following dialogue ensued between the teacher and the man.

Teacher: Why did you bring your daughter to the classroom?
 Man: This is the assignment you gave to us yesterday on "Essay".
 Teacher: But this is not an "Essay" but a human being!
 Man: Her name is "Ese" which means gift according to my language (Urhobo).
 I did not have time to write and thought I'll get more marks by bringing her down here. — *David R. A. Dadoye, P. O. Box 830, Warri, Bendel State.*

NS will be paid for every original joke or humour printed. Write to Jokes and Humour, CLIMAX, P. O. Box 31404, Ikeja, Lagos.

YOU GOTTA HAVE STYLE

As a rule sex won't kill you, but there are moments when disaster strikes and you might well wish you were dead... Returning from a shopping expedition one day a woman from Anchorage, Abia State found her husband working under his wife's feet — he had been slaking out and as she passed him he fell over her feet before going inside. There to her horror was her husband cleaning some part of the braking system in the kitchen. Meanwhile their neighbour was walking griggily to the door with a cut in his forehead that needed four stitches.

Taken from his book, "The Beside Book of Great Sexual Disasters." By Gyles Brandreth

Bianca Onoh is a winner

Nigeria's first major hope for the Miss World beauty contest, Miss Bianca Onoh, says self fulfilment and satisfaction were the factors that motivated her into taking part in the Most Beautiful Girl in Nigeria pageant. Recently, she added another feather to her cap by winning Miss Africa Continental at the Gambia. And, now, she's ready to take on the rest of the world. Moji Danisa and Doyin Lawal report

She stood there on the podium, moving her legs to the rhythm of the music. She was in the middle, fully clad surrounded by other scantily dressed beautiful ladies. She did not look part of the show. Did not even choreograph the simple dance steps, but just looked on like a lost sheep. Unlike the lost sheep however, she was not frightened and was not looking for the rest of the flock, but rather stood regal like a sheep who had decided to wonder in his own world.

The spectators looked at her and wondered if she was a hostess. But no, the pretty lady stepped out and confidently declared herself, Miss Abuja.

Those few steps taken to the microphone were Bianca Onoh's

big stride to fame and maybe fortune.

We met 21-year-old Bianca Onoh in the Silverbird's office at Yaba. Packed outside and still dusty was the 'Skoda' car that would be her official car in the one year of her reign as queen. Unless, of course, Bianca goes on to win the Miss International pageant of February 4.

She has all bright eyes, when Bianca met the *Gimax* team. She posed regally on a chair. Hair left loose, light make up, but still sparkling and bubbling with that winning streak that gave her the Most Beautiful Girl in Nigeria crown.

Well dressed in a simple below-the-knee skirt suit with sleeves folded (to the elbow, worn with a low cut

black blouse, Bianca displayed that intelligence and grooming that played major roles on that Sunday in winning her the prestigious crown.

She was ready to answer all questions. She was not afraid of the reporters at any time, neither did she seek support from Oscar, Silverbird's Public Relations Officer, whose uncommon for table presence at the interview must certainly have been to ward off unwanted questions.

How did the 5ft 10ins beauty react to allegations that she won the crown because of her father's societal position. The light-complexioned Bianca, daughter of former civilian governor of Anambra State, Chief C. C. Onoh, found it very funny, but seriously wanted to dispel that rumour. "When I got into the competition, I was a nobody. Nobody knew who I was. My background had absolutely nothing to do with my winning"

I was talked into the contest by my sister and roommate

Vivacious Bianca, who's being tipped as the country's first hope in the toughly contested Miss world cleared the air on rumours that she is half caste. "I am aware of the fact that people say I am half caste because of my complexion. I'm used to it now. But my father is from Ngwo and my mother from Eke. I have absolutely no foreign connections. I am not mixed".

Bianca, who actually has a

delicate face, which an artistic mind would describe as finely and carefully chiselled from an expensive piece of wood, by a passionate romantic artist, is not yet ready for marriage, neither is any man having any feel of the pretty petal.

If you have ever considered the softness and appeal in a finely polished wood work, you might find Bianca's claim unbelievable. "I only have platonic relationships, nothing steady". Does that mean the Most Beautiful Girl in Nigeria is celibate? "You can say I am".

Definitely, a girl with Bianca's looks if exposed to the world of rich 'spoilt' men, might be tempted. How does she expect to cope? Confidently she says. "I don't think my only motivation is money. I want self fulfilment and satisfaction. I don't care how much a man flaunts in front of me. I would not care even if Adnan Kashoggi flaunts all his money in my face".

The 2nd year Law student of the University of Nigeria, Nsukka, insists that she is not personally rich enough to buy everything she wants but "I have enough to buy what I need". From Daddy's pocket? "Yes from Daddy's pocket".

Bianca Onoh has not necessarily led the life of a fairy tale princess. She lost her sister, a lawyer in the Nigeria Airways Enugu plane crash. She says of that incident, "I found it hard to believe, but weeks and months have gone. We've all got to go sometime. For some people it's sooner. When I think of it that way, it's not quite so painful".

The big news when Bianca won the Most Beautiful Girl crown was not that she won, but it was a scream "C. C. Onoh's daughter is Most Beautiful". Bianca gave a brief description of the one time governor. "Father is a very unpopu-



ON THE D-DAY: Bianca Onoh immediately after she was crowned the Most Beautiful Girl in Nigeria.

ALWAYS A WINNER: Bianca Onoh's official car



How I talk to people that I cannot see

If you're a first time visitor to Industrial Gas Limited, Oshodi, in Lagos, you would discover, to your greatest surprise, that the switch board operator, Mathias Iviuwu, is blind. Then when he engages you in a chatter, his witty and good sense of humour will even astound you the more but he thanks God for everything so far. Al Humphery Onyanabo reports

THE phone rings, a male receptionist answers in a well accented British baritone voice, enough to hold the ears spell bound. "Industrial Gas Limited, good afternoon."

The man at the end of the line wonders what a man is doing playing a woman's role. Of course, only women apply for jobs as telephone operators, he thinks. Out of curiosity, he takes a trip to the IGL office and gets another slap in the face. The male telephone operator is wearing dark glasses. Just about to give up, it occurred to the curious man that there is something unique about the guy in the dark glasses. He takes a step further and it strikes him that the telephone operator is blind.

That might be your first encounter with Mathias Iviuwu, the blind

telephone operator.

Born in 1958 at Ijako, a small town in Ogun State, Mathias became blind a few days after birth. Although his parents made concerted efforts to bring back his sight, Mathias was never to see their faces.

But Mathias has found a stepping stone to posterity, in his job. What he lost in sight he more than gained in memory. At the IGL, Mathias receives calls round the clock without for once taking down notes.

It was fascinating to watch the blind man answer calls and took messages diligently. I wondered if he was a computer, or was it just a show off! It proved not to be because as many calls were answered with messages meant for them. At other times, Mathias was very friendly and personal with the callers. "Good afternoon, Industrial Gas Limited. Oh Mary how are you, how are you planning the Christmas... yes, I can see you'll enjoy it... adding humorously... I can see a lot of things from here you know... okay bye."

The brief interview stretched far longer than necessary because Mathias would not abandon his job in place of a press interview.

What is the magic behind his ability to pass on telephone messages word for word? Mathias without sounding arrogant says: "God has given me a good memory that makes things stick. I don't forget easily." It is surely not easy for someone blind from birth to attain such heights. How did Mathias achieve his success in life?

"When I was three years old, I was enrolled at the Pacelli School for the Blind, Surulere, Lagos. Those first three years in Kindergarten were quite interesting. I acted a lot of plays and, each time we won, I always wondered why." As Mathias recalls one particular victory, his face lightened up.

"I acted the part of the good Samaritan in a drama we staged in a school at Lagos Island," Mathias reminisced.

Mathias left the Pacelli School for the Blind in 1970, recalling those years when there was little hope for a blind boy to go into any of the secondary schools which hardly had provisions for blind



MATHIAS IVIUWU: "I'm blind but useful and I thank God for that."

children

Mathias recounts the sorrows that plagued the blind in those days.

"Between 1960 and 1969, there were only about two blind students at St Finbarrs College Akoka because of the difficulty in securing studies with the sighted ones. The schools won't even think of taking any."

The next four years thus became intolerable for the young man. "We the younger ones who couldn't get jobs were kept around the premises of the school."

But in 1975, the sun shone for the young blind unemployed. "My principal informed me that a nursing sister came to our school and said IGL wanted a blind telephone operator. I wasn't educated on operating telephones, but that did not deter my principal from contacting a blind colleague at Phillips (Nigeria) Ltd at Ijako, who was also a telephone operator."

According to Mathias, this colleague taught him how to operate the switch board. "He equipped me enough for the job when I joined Industrial Gas Ltd in 1975," he says

Some blind people find their way around without much help, but Mathias finds his way with less difficulty. A company car takes

him to work in the morning and is also ready to take him back home at the end of the day.

Mathias is not married, but confided that he's making plans for a life partner. An indoor man, Mathias reads the bible and loves the music of Jimmy Cliff, Skater Davies and Don Williams.

The telephone operator is grateful to God for giving him a job and is content with life for now. "I have to sit down and count my blessings. It is true that I don't have my sight but I have a job and I don't have anybody to feed."

Mathias recalls with grief the death of his father. "That is the saddest day in my life." His face goes gloomy in retrospect, as he continued. "The news shocked me when I heard he died because I would not have gone to school if he had not been there when I needed him. I was sad because of all the pains he went through to take care of me, and more painful is the fact that when he died, I was still young and unemployed. I was never able to repay him for what he did."

Photo: Interview conducted at a word
Subes Lamer



I set the pace, others follow

Princess Abah Adesanya didn't attend any School of Fashion but her designs have become a showcase for the upwardly mobile socialites. The mother of Segun Awolowo Jnr., whose Labanella Fashion House is situated in Surulere, says styles and tastes are changing everyday which means more creative input on their part. Al Humphrey Onyanabo reports

Charming Princess Abah Adesanya is a dream model for today's designers. Her show-room/factory situated at Adeniran Ogunsanya Street in Surulere Lagos is a showcase of the latest in modern fashions.

Her clientele are corporate executives, business women, lawyers, doctors, high society ladies and socialites who are comfortable discharging out N2,000 for a skirt, suit or gown.

A visitor to her office finds it difficult to differentiate who the boss is. She joins in the chatter and banter with her workers. "I enjoy it that way, she explains. I intend to keep stitching and sewing. Success has not made me too big to sew."

Princess Abah is not new to competitive designing. In 1966 she won a returned ticket to London as Ghana's Best Designer of the Year. She was also first winner of the Aprint Fashion Designer of the Year Award in 1984. But she says she's no more interested in competitions.

"I'm a pace setter", she reels off. "I started in the contest and I've won on many occasions all that needed to be won. So why do I've to contest again?" she asks. "I want to give other young designers a chance to exhibit their talents, because there are so many up and coming designers in



□ Segun Awolowo Jnr (Mummy's pet) — There was a time his mum missed him so much

this country who can make clothes like Christian Dior or Pierre Cardin of France".

Abah Adesanya's successes however, have not made her to forget her son, Segun Awolowo. Mere mentioning Segun brings a glint of satisfaction to Abah's eyes. "I love him so much", she confesses. It was the love Abah had for Segun that made her abandon a thriving career in Lagos for Ibadan in 1972 — just to be nearer to him. I missed him so much then", she remembers.

Abah Adesanya does not want to entertain the talk that she is over possessive about the Ogun State University law undergraduate. She declares: "He's just my son. He is old enough to know what is right for him. I don't care of him. He is a wise boy and we understand each other very very much. I can't remember the day I told him off".

The interview gradually shifted from her son to her business again. When you're with Adesanya, you can't help discussing fashion. How does she see the fashion of 80s. She begins again, picking and 80s. She begins again, picking her words with the same care she cuts her designs.

"Fashion has gone simply weird. Styles and tastes are changing everyday. What people are wearing now is quite different from what it used to be 10 years back".

That brings the ace designer to the subject of piracy. The subject from princess Abah Adesanya's experience is not limited to only the record industry. The cankermore is making inroads into the fashion business too. She recalls the period

when importation of finished clothes were banned.

"Then I used to supply boutiques with my designs, many of these pirates would take out my label and stitch a foreign label to the clothes. When one of these shops was raided by men of the customs, the owner who incidentally was a friend, ran to her begging that she should explain to the customsmen that the designs were hers which she did.

"Friends also", she intimates, "buy my designs and take them to Taiwan for mass production. They bring them back here with foreign labels for sale". These people, she believes, are suffering from inferiority complex. "What tops them from asking me to design some styles for them", she queries.

Princess Abah Adesanya did not attend any fashion school. Motivated by her mother (a leading fashion designer from Ghana) she began sewing and making dresses for her friends. When she was young, she opened her first shop on the Lagos Island with a Benina Sewing Machine — a gift she got in 1966.

"I had a lot of customers then and I was making some good money. I can't remember charging more than three pounds then for a gown, there was no need to... I had no responsibilities".

Her clients then were mostly young ladies from the east who had lost most of their clothes during the Civil War. "I was making simple dresses like guarded skirts, mostly with little tops, no styles just V neck or round neck".

When in 1972 she decided to be close to her son at Ibadan, she packed up her machines, settled near the main campus. "I wasn't very popular then. I made clothes for the girls from the school of nursing and from the University of Ibadan", she recalls. She also organised fashion shows during the yearly Havana Dance.

Her fashion name, Labanella, came into being when she got married to Prince Lagun. 21 years ago that she opened her first shop.

"I chose 'La' (from Lagun, my husband's name) for the inspiration he gave me to take sewing seriously, 'Ab' stand for my name and 'Nella' for my Italian partner. O'Nella. I



TODAY: Princess Abah Adesanya can step out for the big one, anytime, without batting an eye lid.

put in her name to make her feel at home and named being a foreigner".

Five years ago she left her Calabar Street Showroom to a whole building on the exclusive Adeniran Ogunsanya Street in Lagos.

Abah was asked as the interview drew to an end whether she ever regrets being a fashion designer?

"How can I", she snaps. "I've no regrets because designing is a gift from God. You don't regret what God gives to you".

The few moments she can spare from the factory, Princess Abah puts into cooking, entertaining and dancing.



MANY MANY YEARS AGO: Princess Abah Adesanya, in all innocence, seated in an aircraft

ODDITIES FROM OTHER LANDS



— FIRE FIGHTERS, Prepare to remove plane that crashed into the roof of home

A plane crashed into our house — only nine feet away from us!

My wife and I were relaxing in front of the TV when suddenly I heard the roar of a motor. The noise grew louder and louder. At first it sounded like a car without a muffler was racing toward our home.

Then the sound grew in intensity. The motor was screaming wide open... and I realized the noise was much too loud to be a car. I thought: "My God, an out-of-control tractor trailer truck is about to smash through my house!"

At that moment a tremendous "BOOM!" nearly knocked me out of my easy chair and the lights went out, plunging my home into total darkness. The blast sounded like an artillery shell had exploded inside our house. Fear ripped through me as I thought: "We're right in the

middle of a disaster!"

In the pitch blackness I called to my wife Carol: "Are you O.K.?" She yelled back, "Yes!"

In an instant our world had turned into total terror.

I jumped up and felt my way into the kitchen where I found a flashlight. My body tensed, expecting another blast. My heart was pounding but I told myself: "Stay calm. You can make it. Don't panic!"

Then the overwhelming stench of gasoline wafted through our home — and I knew we had to get out before the house exploded. Carol and I scrambled through the door into the foggy night.

People were out of their houses. My wife yelled, "What's going on?" A neighbour yelped back, "A plane has crashed!"

the plane's passenger, and had climbed out through the hole in the roof.

An onlooker yelled to the man: "Don't move. We'll get you down". As fire engines, ambulances and some other emergency vehicles started screaming into my driveway, I rushed back into the house to check for other survivors.

I ran into the bedroom. It was destroyed — it looked like a bomb-blasted building in a war zone.

The nose of the upside-down plane was in the bedroom. The engine had ripped from the fuselage and lay beside our bed. Rafter, large pieces of wood, plaster and razor-sharp chunks of metal covered the bed!

If Carol and I had been in bed, we would have been crushed to death or cut to mincemeat.

Normally we would have been asleep at 11:30 p.m., the time the plane crashed through the roof. We usually go to bed about 10:30. But that night, November 26, we stayed up late waiting for our 17-year-old daughter Kimberly to return from a date.

And if the plane had come down just nine feet away, it would have plunged into the den where Carol and I had been dining!

The bedroom was littered with insulation and pieces of heating duct from the ceiling. Water was pouring onto the floor from burst plumbing. The plane's nose had rammed through a dresser to the left of our bed, and shreds of cloth were scattered about the room.

In the room my flashlight, the electrical wires hanging down from the ceiling looked like menacing snakes. Broken glass crunched under my feet.

The pilot was hanging upside

There was a huge boom and in an instant, our world turned into total terror.

I ran around to the back of my house — and saw a jagged-edged airplane wing lying in the yard. I ran back to the front of the home. Suddenly we heard a man screaming, "Help me!"

A neighbour shouted: "You've got a man of your roof!"

I looked up — and couldn't believe my eyes. The tail of an airplane was jutting out of my roof! Leaning against it was a bleeding, dazed-looking man in torn clothes and one shoe. I later learned he was

down in the cockpit, still strapped in his seat. It was obvious he was dead.

I hurried back outside. By then Kimberly had returned from her date. She was terrified and crying.

My wife, daughter and I embraced. Maybe we didn't have much of a home left — but we were safe and alive! I prayed: "Thank You, God, for protecting us".

• Courtesy of National Enquirer

— LUCKY TO BE ALIVE: Basil and Carol Blevins inspect their demolished bedroom



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CLIMAX

Woman

• We aim at making you look great and adorable

Edited by MOJI DANISA

It's fun all the way for my unmarried friends

The phone rings. A call for you. Oh, not again. Who? Umh, who else but Bose? He? To the phone and get my ear drums blasted with a shrill hello, how now? How life? Your boba noko? A barrage of questions, not even giving me a minute to catch my breath least of all answer the questions. Prat, prat, prat... Bose goes on.

"There's this Christmas Party that rich boba is throwing today. Oga go let you come?" An emphatic no. "Oh what a bore. Look Moji, I can't believe this is you. Shebi, when he says going to marry you, he met you bubbing? Na your luck sha She continues. "Anyway how he did?" Before I could say he is fine, I am already feeling a little depressed.

Ogaja there pretending to be watching the 7 O'clock news, but I can't be my wet, achina and peeling fingers that he is listening to every bit of my conversa-

tion. I'm forced to agree... what a bore!

All that happened on Christmas eve. I woke up that Saturday in high spirits. It had been a night of love. One to remember. With the hammattan cold and the Christmas spirit, umh, I'm sure you know what I mean... yes. I woke up feeling light headed and happy, determined to turn the house upside down, clean and wash until I have a sparkling house ready for Christmas.

It was not an easy job, but I am really experienced in the art of scrubbing and dusting. No housemaid beats me to that anyway. For evidence, you need see my broken nails and 'white washed' palms! In the middle of my job, the bell rang, and I ushered in one of my most unmarried friends.

I hadn't seen Vicky for quite some time, so I was really pleased to see her. "How now?" the now overused girl's first

Why wives nag

NAGGING wives might look like they are wearing the pants in the family but they are really intimidated by their so-called "henpecked" husbands, says a psychologist. "When you see this type of couple together, she's usually nagging away while he is quiet and reserved" said Dr Ken Druck, co-author of the book "The Secrets Men Keep".

But behind closed doors there is another side to the story. When the husband gets fed up with his wife's constant complaints, he lays down the law with an ear-splitting flash of temper which reduces her to tears — or at least scares her into shutting up for a while.

What the nagging wife is most intimidated by isn't her husband's anger however, it's his indifference.

Most nagging wives have husbands who emotionally ignore them. What terrifies her is that her husband

doesn't seem to need her the way she needs him. So, like a whinny little kid, she keeps nagging, which is a form of begging, to get his love and attention back. At least, she knows that for every hundred times she nags him, he throws her one scrap of attention. A wife who truly has a strong position in her relationship doesn't nag — instead she puts her foot down when her husband's behaviour bothers her, and forces a showdown.

"The spouse who nags is definitely in the weaker position", said Dr. Druck.

Nagging is one of the last refuges of the weak who are afraid they don't have any other power.

A nagging wife is afraid of having a real showdown with her husband. So she keeps on nagging — and he keeps on mostly ignoring her

— Called from National Enquirer

RATE YOUR SPOUSE

THIS column is meant for couples who yearn to be close to their spouses and who want to know how they feel about each other's attitudes. Cut out this coupon every week and rate your spouse. If the rates keep falling, your marriage will certainly know that it's time to pick up. It is also a way of encouraging and commending your partner.

A—Excellent, AB—Very good, B—Good, BC—Average, C—Fair, CD—Pass Mark, D—Poor, E—Very Bad, F—Horrid

QUESTIONS

1. Love making —
2. Cooking (or Dietary habit) —
3. House Keeping —
4. Parent/children relationship —
5. Patience —
6. Consideration —
7. Giving —

8. Taking —
9. Selfishness —
10. Grossness —
11. Neatness —
12. How responsible —
13. Caring —
14. Intelligence —
15. Looks —

● Note: Keep your coupons in your bedroom to ensure privacy

question. Vicky was quite surprised to see me scrubbing so early, especially with the cold. I laughed her off. We talked but I could not stay with her for long. Oh, how I envied her as she happily sprawled on the settee.

Vicky, had some surprises for me. She is born again. That I call real surprise. Well, I just hope she has not changed from that witty and fun loving girl I used to know when we shared a flat some couple of years back. Anyway, she made my day and proved me wrong that being bog again is worse boredom than being married. Vicky went, and off I left for work after preparing lunch. I couldn't help but think that Vicky would go home for a nice warm sleep, or for some nice venes from her bible while I had to do all that work. Gosh! I won't die with work, I silently promised myself.

Everybody bops but me

When I got back to the house, the telephone welcomed me. I used to marvel at that noise. When I was single, my heart would flip and whirl with every single note from that receiver, wishing and hoping it was a call from the heart-throb of the moment! I won't win the award for being first to pick the telephone everytime it rang. Not anymore, I walked lazily towards it, was tempted not to pick it up. But the shrill irritating noise forced me to pick it up. My hello was equally irritating.

"Am you just getting home?" The authoritative voice of my Oga sounded like bad news to me. It was really bad news. "Sp, I'm going somewhere with my friends this evening, I won't be back early. Take care. See you." And that was that. The food will definitely get cold. Even if Oga gets back at 1 a.m., he must eat and the food must not go cold. With that disheartening thought, I settled down to another boring TV evening.

Less than 30 minutes later, the phone rang again. As usual I reluctantly walked towards it. It was Bose again, trying to see if I had changed my mind. Oh! can you believe it, the whd to ask Oga for permission to take me to the party. Too bad, Oga is not home.

Even if he was, I wouldn't for the love of a friendly atmosphere in anyway allow Bose to have her wish, because to Oga, Bose is one big bad news. Never allowed to come near him, and always frowned on when in the house. Bose did not ring off without telling me how much I had changed and what a bore I had become. I swallowed it all and went back to my boring habit, TV.

Christmas day started with fun and laughter. I was ready to forgive everything, even when Oga chose dry hammattan weather, to buy me, face powder as my Christmas present. Before I could prepare the Christmas dishes, Bimpe breezed in with her steady boy friend. They were going to the beach, onward to the nightclub. She was so beautiful bubbling and talking excitedly about her April day wedding. I took one look at her and wondered if she'll still be singing these same songs, this time next year. We went to the beach. I wore my jeans. Shorts are strict not for me. Bimpe, was so sexy in her bikini. My Oga tried as much as he could not to look, but he gaped. I saw it all. I'm used to it all now. I just shrugged and felt bored.

Bimpe and her guy went to the night club, Oga and I retired to the house. He got drunk, he became funny and I had fun.

Everybody, (oh Bose told me) went for Lekki Sunsplash but me. I thought about my unmarried friends all day. They spend all their time having fun. Who blames them? I can't help it that everybody bops, but me.

What People Are Wearing

•The page that keeps you in touch with the latest in fashion



1. Certainly she is not falling down but only stepping out in style for you to see this squiggle outfit she's putting on. A material of white and brown combination and a hat to go with it and just right for any evening outing — she was caught at the reggae sunsplash show.
2. One of the contestants during the Most Beautiful Girl in Nigeria contest stepping out with pride in a two piece skirt and blouse material of a plain white and brown guinea material. Right behind is her little love keeping the pace.
3. A bride, so to say, with this unconventional wedding gown of golden and fluffy white material with a flowing bottom.
4. This guy seems to be on the move with this shorts and a top of a guinea material which is right as an evening wear.

Photos by Kabbed Balogun
Compiled by Droyin Lawal



Who cares if your marriage is happy? CLIMAX does!

YOUR Marriage Counsellor

The column that shows straight answers to your marital and love problems

*For the first time Dr. [not of medicine] SA-OJO Jr. — who has for many years been helping those close to him to solve their marriage and love problems as one of his pastimes — will be extending the service that has earned him the reputation of "Dr. of Marriage Problems" among relations, friends and business associates exclusively to CLIMAX readers. If you have any problems related to marriage and romance, don't hesitate to tell Dr. SA-OJO Jr. who is always ready to listen to you with compassion and understanding and will keep your problems a closely guarded secret.

Sorry, the counsellor cannot reply personally to readers' letters and for now, his clinic is not open to the general public yet. Write to: Marriage Counsellor, CLIMAX Magazine, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

Happiness in Marriage is...



... coming back home from work and finding your spouse at the door-step planning a lovely kiss on your lips.

Contributed by Anthony Tuli, 5, Ane Street, Lawson, Surulere.

WITH ALL MY LOVE

Could you please send a birthday greeting to my fiancée, Olabode Daplan, whose birthday fell on Saturday December 31, 1988. — From Koko Coker, 21, Tijari Street, Agege, Lagos.

"WOULD you like me to send a greeting card to your loved one on his special day? Or do you want to wish someone dear to you to get well quick. Or urge them to do well in their exams? No matter what the special occasion is, just let me know and I will send them your message of love and hope FREE OF CHARGE."

To be a good wife?

Sure, be nurturing. Take care of him. Show lots of concern for his comfort and well-being within the limits of your time, make him comfortable in your home. Be interested in his problem and support his endeavours. Rub his back, massage his feet, pour cream into his coffee.

I can hear you now, screaming, "What about me? Who is going to take care of me? I work just as hard as he does, if not harder." Guess what? When you do these things for your guy, he reciprocates. You'll be surprised how your man will pamper you if you do it first.

MR RIGHT? YOU CAN FIND HIM Says Rusty

How do I get him to marry me?

I was getting to that, although in the 1930s Dorothy Dix stated: "It has been said that there are two secrets no woman ever tells. One is her age. The other is how she won her husband."

Once you have met a man who has possibilities and whom you are seeing regularly, it's time to work on the relationship. The reason (and the only reason) you're seeing each other regularly is because there is chemistry and rapport between you. Remember that. Also remember that men like to be married as much as women do, if not more.

become single, and most men remarry within three to five years.

Both of you must be finished with the experimentation phase of the years after divorce. If you don't meet a man at the proper time in both your cycles, he may not be ready when you are, or vice versa. The recently divorced man is the riskiest man. Being the first or second woman in his single life is usually a losing proposition. At that point, he is still interested in experiencing the joys of being single, and he will feel that he is missing something if he settles down too soon with one woman. The same applies to you.

But you mustn't keep score. It's not a tit-for-tat situation. You're simply giving and caring for its own sake. I was, and found that every man that I spent time with treated me with the utmost consideration in return. They took me out to dinner even when I offered to cook, they even cooked for me, they helped me buckle my shoes, they rubbed my back, helped me with my work if they could, bought me presents, took me on trips and shopping excursions — and one man even shaved my legs! I don't think my experience is unique or that I'm special or different from any of you.

Studies show that married men are happier and healthier than single men. [They also show that single women are happier than single men.] They need us as much as we need them. They miss the many good things about marriage, such as having someone to go home to, having someone of their very own, the closeness at mealtimes, having someone to sleep with and share problems with, and just having someone around. These feelings usually start to reemerge within three years after

During the first two years or so after my divorce, I met several men who would have been very good husbands, but at that stage I wasn't ready to think about remarriage. In fact, the thought of being married depressed me. I was still reveling in my aloneness and my freedom although I met a few men who were also at that stage. I met some who were ready for marriage.

One note of caution—your attitude will be obvious. If you're only doing these things to get your man instead of with genuine concern, it becomes manipulation, and he will know that you're a phony. We're talking here about a guy you genuinely care about and want to marry and take care of forever. There's a difference.

The first man I dated after my divorce was a highly successful businessman, who had been written up in the *Wall Street Journal* for his exploits. He was fun, interesting, and made no bones about the fact that he was shopping for a wife. He had been a widower for five years, and was tired of the singles scene, and wanted to share his life with someone. I, on out of my marital home, didn't know where I was going or what it was like to be single and free, and self to one person. So although we liked each other and saw a lot of each other for about three months, it didn't work out. He eventually met someone who was in the same stage as he, and they married.

YOURS FOREVER!

MORE A FRIEND THAN LOVER

WE both started as friends, although people held a wrong notion that we were lovers. She gave me every satisfaction I demanded from her and was more a friend than a lover. If not for her, I would have been a victim of the prevailing circumstances. Therefore, whenever you may be, Miss Bolanle Odehinle, I thank you for that little moment and I do appreciate it. I love you. — Contributed by Mr. Olanrewaju Awe, P. O. Box 793, Dugbe, Ibadan.

If you really love your partner, and would like to share the reason you love them with us, send your letter to: **YOURS FOREVER**, c/o Marriage Counsellor, P.O. Box 57404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

We are giving away prizes worth N100.00 to readers whose open declaration of love for their partners are published on this page.

What if I'm not in love?

Once you have found the man who fills most of your needs and whose flaws you can accept, you can start to work on your relationship. This is when you decide whether you really want to marry him. Only you can decide if you want him — not your children or your mother or your best friend, although they will all offer their opinions. Just listen to your inner self.

You don't have to be madly in love. Since the beginning of marriage as an institution, people have joined together in matrimony in the craziest of circumstances. The big myth is that people marry for romantic love. Wrong! We may want to believe this, but romantic love is only one of the reasons people decide to walk hand in hand down the corridor of life. Some of the real reasons people marry (not necessarily in order of importance) are:

- For a male ticket
- To have a housekeeper, secretary, mother, or father
- To say that they did
- To prove some thing to the world
- For available sex
- To avoid loneliness
- To please their parents
- For money
- To further their career
- For prestige
- For power
- To make political or business alliances
- To get even with an old lover
- To get out of the parental home
- To obtain a father or mother for their children
- Because they think it's their only opportunity
- To have children
- Because someone else loves them
- Because of pressure from family or society
- And, yes—also because they have fallen in love

Below is the list of our STAR letters up to CLIMAX issue No. 19. The prizes remain at N10 each. — Ed

"WANT to vary your letters? Pleased - or pissed off about something? Say it simply and short ... and we promise to publish it for you. We're paying TEN Naira for the letter that impresses us most every week. Write to: YOUR WORD, CLIMAX, P.O. Box 51404, Ikeji, Lagos.



"Our readers' talk shop"

Life with Zigi

Diary of a fun-loving single girl

THURSDAY

I am getting used to waking up early. Today, I woke up at 6:30 a.m. By 7:30, I was ready. Tonye dropped me off at the office, promising to pick me up at 5 p.m. when we close.

Ify, my immediate boss was in very high spirits. As usual, Ibyo 'rattled on, I just forced myself to concentrate on the job.

The GM called me into his office at lunch time and offered to take me out for lunch. We went to a restaurant very far from the office. I wondered why. We both had a beer each before the food arrived.

It was nice and shrimps. The GM laughed a lot, all the while asking me about my boyfriend. I told him about Tonye. He was so vulgar. Wanting to know why I preferred Tonye to other men. He ventured a reason: "Probably, because he does it very well." "Does what?" I asked. "Screws you good of course," he said. I was not excited, only amused that such a big man could be so casually rotten.

Mid-way in the course of eating, his left hand started caressing my thighs. He did it so expertly. It was very pleasurable. I giggled and brushed the hand off. On my way to the office, he repeated it again, I allowed the arm to get in-between my thighs and then gently took it off. It was a set-up. I wanted to have him where I wanted. That trial was enough for the day. Tonye came at 5:35 p.m. He seemed very happy. We went straight home.

FRIDAY

Yesterday night was one of those nights, when Tonye was in the mood for 'real love-making. As soon as we finished our meal, he took me to the bed, where he started licking my nipples. He grabbed both breasts together and sucked them hungrily. As usual, he proceeded with his tongue licking every part of me until he got to my navel where he paused and licked gently. I could just feel the tip of his tongue making a circular movement. It was so beautiful. His tongue then found my thighs which he spread out wide, and went inside my very private part. As he licked me, he kept propping with his fingers, in and out sometimes, until I hit the roof. It was time for me to do the same. He sat on the chair and I took his former position on the floor. I took all of his throbbing penis into my mouth and sucked him with gusto. He had his hands squeezing my boobs and he was growling.

Today was just the same in the office. Getting to know everybody so fast. I wonder if I am too much of an extrovert!

Guess what? I have a date with my boss tomorrow. So fast.

SATURDAY

I spent the evening telling Ibyo about the job and the office. I also told her about Tonye's proposal. She was quite impressed and wondered why Tonye has changed so much. From that terrible play-boy to talking about marriage? Well, I did

not know the answer myself. All I know is that I want to spend the next one year a single girl. The GM came at 3 p.m. as arranged. By the way, I told Tonye not to come until tomorrow. We drove to a very private seafood restaurant. They had private cabins for those who wanted. We went into one of them after ordering for some drinks and a plate of crab and rice. Seems my GM likes sea food so much. He went straight to his past time - caressing my lips. He then touched my moist under-arms and moved it side-ways, and found my flesh. I let him do it for a few seconds and I took off my hand and closed my legs. He wanted to see my breasts. He was breathing so fast. I couldn't believe it. He started my arm and took it to his swollen phallus. As I squeezed, he actually grunted like a pig. He almost looked like me anyway. I stopped as abruptly as a star. He kept playing with me as he unzipped his trousers and his small penis sprung out like a 'half-inch' pipe.

We spent up to two hours playing that same game and he dropped me off at home. The rest of the day passed without much adventure.

SUNDAY

I woke up feeling bored. Surprisingly, I missed Tonye like hell. I watched a movie. As I preferred to stay in my bedroom. Tonye is there as usual. I was about going out for some drinks when Tonye came. We went to get the drinks together, and finished watching the film. Tonye caressed me in my room as I was dressing up and told me to feel his hard on. Oh, again. I just went down and gave him a blow job. We slept at his place.

MONDAY

Tonye dropped me in the office. Ibyo was full of stories of the weekend happenings. She invited me to her home. I promised to see her on Saturday. Who knows there might be a party.

Oh! How I hate the traffic when Tonye does not come for me. Anyway, I took my taxi to his house.

TUESDAY

I did not sleep at all last night. Tonye did not come back home.

I spent a dazed day at work. I was not even in the mood to talk. The day passed in a haste. I went to Tonye's place again. The bastard came in a little earlier than midnight. I was almost drunk. I did not even care to know where he slept. He was full of apologies. But right now, I don't want to know. He refused to take me home. I refused to make love.

WEDNESDAY

As usual, Tonye sweet-talked me to submission. He made love to me carefully and sensual as he could, telling me to forgive him, but still refusing to let me where he slept. I went to work uncomplaining. I was rude to the GM - sic his main-dish! I'm tired of all those silly games!

No. 13

After reading the first issue of your marvelous magazine, I've not been disappointed to see another copy here in Kafanchan except when I go to Kaduna. Please make necessary arrangements so that we can get it regularly. — A. Omoji, c/o S.3 Jos Road, Kaduna.

No. 14

Let me use this opportunity to show my delight at the birth of CLIMAX magazine. The magazine will definitely go places and undoubtedly deserve the praise for other publications in its class to follow. The fact that CLIMAX ventures into interesting things like sports personalities, jokes and humour, fashion, showbiz, and astrology makes it a comprehensive, educative and entertaining publication. More grease to your elbow for the hardwork and innovations put into the magazine. — Qlu Ogwuzile, P. O. box 9117, Lagos.

No. 15

I am getting pissed off with your Showbiz CLIMAX. It should go beyond our borders to bring us happenings in the international scene. It's getting too tied down to the local scene. All the same CLIMAX is the CLIMAX of entertainment magazines in Nigeria. — Udemé Noah, Police Quarters Close, 28, Satejiye Town.

No. 16

I want to sound a note of warning to you not to contemplate removing my dearest column — Success Unlimited.

I'm assuring you that any day I get a copy and see the column missing, I shall summon demonstrators with placards the next day to your office to lodge my displeasure. More kudos to your crew, Kana T. U. Nkomo.

No. 17

The title 'Write up on Fela Anikulapo Kuti' which 'Why No Promoter Wants Fela' is a classic piece of irresponsible journalism. One would have expected Ladi Ayedojii to present facts, first to show why promoters shun Fela before presenting his own unfair comments from the beginning to end.

Even though "Ladi on the Beat" might be classified as a social, light-hearted column, the reader still has the right to know why and how Fela is being shunned. For instance, how many promoters have shunned Fela recently? How can we establish that Fela has overpriced himself? How did Fela ask for N500,000 for his show-down with Sunny Okosun? What are the statistics that show that "fans have stopped coming" to Fela's shrine? When was the last time the columnist visited the shrine himself? And most importantly what are Fela's reactions or views to all these allegations?

Man, the era of arm chair journalism (even if it is writing a social column) is gone. Nigerian readers are more educated and knowledgeable now than a decade ago when you can sit in the newsroom and present your opinions and commentary as facts. — Theodore Nnachi, Newbreed Magazine, 35 Ogundana Drive, Surulere, Lagos.

No. 18

CLIMAX really gives me a lot of happiness at all times due to the fact, that it has all the qualities of a good magazine. — Nely N. Oniji, Box 3242, Abe, Imo State.

No. 19

I continue to spend my pocket money every week to buy CLIMAX because I just can't help it. — Ebere Achere, Box 51, University of Port Harcourt



CLIMAX

YOUR TV

By MOJI DANISA

Danladi and his morning rap

MOTHER chicken tells her little one, "hide underneath the shrubs", but the pretty little one wants to flash her beautiful features and her God given talents. She comes out with head, held high and parades the garden to the applause of passers-by. Then the ever working hawk, spots the chick, no need for any strategic planning. He just takes a fast dive and the pretty little chick is ready to be devoured.

The chick is today's celebrity and the hawk stands for the press. Amusing really, is the fact that today's celebrity, like the little chicken, flaunts all he has, private or otherwise to the whole world and expects not to be consumed by the press.

It is a known fact that the press helps in making a celebrity while the celebrity must not complain if his name helps sell the newspaper.

To come clean, what Danladi Bako did on Morning Ride, was a real disappointment to those who had termed him the "fine man" of television.

I thought Danladi is matured enough to know what to say, how to say them and when not to open his mouth. It was most irritating, when Danladi proved himself to be just one of those "so-called" celebrities who stop at nothing to scream blue murder when negative things are written about them. Most annoying was the fact that he took it upon himself to use viewers' favourite programme as his channel for declaring his love or non-love affairs.

My concern is that whatever Danladi does in private or whatever is written about him by the print media should remain in those circles, since "Morning Ride" is certainly not "Danladi Bako's show". More so, when whatever he is reacting to, has no bearing whatsoever with Morning Ride.

Danladi succeeded in not only making himself little but in strong terms calling his fans and those who watch Morning Ride, stupid.

I believe that if the young man sincerely wanted to come out clean, he should have invited Miss Soky to the studio, and somehow between the two of them the truth will be known. What he did seemed to me like a cowardly act. Apparently, he was trying to wash his hands off any blame and guilt. Perhaps he was trying to save face.

Danladi looked more of somebody who had been threatened into doing what he did.

If those guesses are not correct, it totally bears me why Danladi chose Morning Ride as his best channel to refute allegation, especially when those who wrote such things are not off the scene yet. You'll agree with me that this hard working young man should have had enough sense to go back to the medium, that published the controversial article, or any other medium clear his name or the names of Barbara Soky and the other lady, if that problem was enough to disturb his sleep.

I only wish Danladi would not become too swollen headed with the success of just one programme, to destroy the hard work of many years past and future glories.

BITS AND PIECES



BARBARA SOKY Second LP due soon
THREE years ago, Barbara Soky rushed into the recording studio and came out with an

Listeners of Lagos Prime Radio 97.6 FM RN-2 recently enjoyed a musical programme tagged AFRICA N' VOGUE which highlights the rich and diverse cultural heritage of Africa.

The programme, an answer to Rita Rochele's Music Time in Africa on Voice of America (African Service), is a cross-cultural radio magazine programme produced and hosted by cultural promoter, Femi Lasode with Mmaete Eyo Etim, Oni Unokwe and Kiki Edozie.

The programme which is presently being aired on WNYE, 91.5 FM in New York is aimed at bridging the social and cultural gap between the various peoples of African descent residing in all corners of the world.

It highlights the positive richness and diversity of black culture that constitutes the African diaspora and the best aspect of the differing, yet similar African, African-American and African-Caribbean cultures.

A sample package of the programme featured several recordings of African music from west, east and Southern Africa.

album (Going Places) which was seen by music critics as a wash-out. Her singing ability was attacked. Some advised her to face her acting career and dump music for those who have good voice, while others simply said she needs to do more home work.

Barbara appearing not to be daunted by those thunderous attack has made her way to the recording studio again, ready to prove her critics wrong. Her second album which is due for release soon is titled *You Are My Medicine*.



FEMI LASODE

QUOTE ME

I suppose what people want from me on the stage is to sing, but the older I get, the more responsibility I feel towards the people who put me there. It really extends beyond the music. I'm a person who cares and has something to say about things. So I have that forum and I've been lucky enough to have people who respect me enough to listen to me. — Frankie Beverly, lead vocalist of the group MAZE, explaining why as an artist, he feels an obligation to speak out on issues that affect him and his audience.

LYRICS

OMOGÉ

as recorded

by Mike Okri

Di ti ti na Africa woman
prope LOOK am for face, she
no-be gbe at all — o Her
kind of superlove de make me
onder Touch am for body, ing
banuku ni — She be number
one original Lagos baby
Omoge likebide, die one na
kpangba Meke she show you
love, na electric current Dat is
why my omoge o na lakayana
baby

CHORUS:

Oh duro, duro oh
Mache sa ni mi ni lee omoge o

Oh mudia, mudia
Wo de ju ju we wo re omoge o

Omoge yesterday no fit, gree
your own today
She go tell you se nor be only
you be her love
Put your ear for ground na
omo ako dandan ni
Original ayonga, money na
hend back na ground-o
Di one na razor blade,
samsam, baby pancake
She nor go like meke you se
she old pass her mama

REF: Tell am to slow katakata go
burst - o
And everything go kpafuka
She go lalele, find her way-o
And you nor go see am again
: (Ha ha he omoge, wish one
you de sef, na small small we
do do am
Shake am shake am

REF: REPEAT 2ND VERSE

CHORUS: Ti ti feda



With Do

Echoes of

DECEMBER last year was a time of thrills and excitement for music lovers including tourists in the bustling City of Lagos.

It was almost a festival of music and entertainment, an idea which was conceived by Polygram Records as an avenue for musicians and multiple fans alike, to promote cultural and tourists potential of the country, both within and outside.

The musical carnival which commenced on December 4, with a preliminary show at Club Arcadia (TBS) came to a climax on December 26, with lots of fun as incoming artists glittered with awards, prowess, transforming the seven musical extravaganza into an exciting and action-packed event.

On boxing day, as early as 11.30 am, music enthusiasts had begun to flock to the Lekki Beach to watch the favourite artists perform live on stage. The carnival which was a commercial venture kicked off with five aspiring artists who had all qualified from the preliminary at the Club Arcade.

Alex Zitto deservedly emerged as the best new act, thereby earning an automatic ticket for a recording contract with Polygram Records. Zitto, whose greatest asset is



© EVI-EDNA — Doing it the Lekki

LIMAX CW Splash s McRufus

ekki Splash

his voice coupled with the ability to produce original lyrics, went home with a trophy and a cheque for N2,500.00.

The picknickers who came prepared with their mats and food, got more than they bargained for, as their hearts were filled with joy.

The show's main aim is to offer the undiscovered talents in the country an opportunity for greater exposure. It also featured popular local artists like Evi Edna Ogholi, Femi Anikulapo Kuti, Geraldo Pino, Jambo Express, the Mandators and Charly Boy.

The carnival which recorded a tremendous turn-out got underway with reggae queen Evighene Edna Ogholi who rendered only one song *Obaro* (forward ever). She moved with ease from one side of the stage to the other beckoning the audience to sing along.

Femi Anikulapo Kuti, the crowned prince of Afrobeat and his Positive Force band, gave it hot to the crowd with two of his originals. *Cause For Alarm* and *Madness Unlimited* in addition to some of his father's old hit tunes.

Sina Fagbenro (Mr cool), a debutant who for the first time faced a huge audience, justified his inclusion as he did two numbers from his



© ALEX ZITTO — The best new act new album titled *It's Your Life*.

Geraldo Pino and Jambo Express were also on hand as they thrilled the audience with soul and calypso music respectively.

The Mandators kept the audience in suspense before appearing on stage, but when they finally emerged, the audience went wild. Victor, Peggy's husband, ran, jumped, sang his throat out and kept the 'root radics' screaming for joy. Des and Sheila Majek were there as well to add pep to the concert.

Finally, Charles Chukwuemeka Oputa a.k.a. Charly Boy brought the memorable music festival to a worthy end. Charly, his royal punkness, brought charisma and gusto to the show when he mounted the stage with Lady Diane and two female dancers. He rendered numbers like *Ndidi* (Patience), *Hey Girl*, which was a duet with Lady Di, *Nwata Miss*, *Sexy lady* and *Big Bottom*, all from both his previous and current albums.

During the concert, live performances were recorded on video tapes which, according to Dapo Adolekan, the brain behind the musical explosion, will be compiled and released simultaneously here in the country and overseas.

Mr. Adolekan also hinted *Show splash* that German and North American television stations have already indicated their intention to buy the live recordings.

Oforgu turns music producer

ONE cannot talk about disc jockeys in this country without mentioning Silver Oforgu as among the successful ones in recent times.

Silver, an unassuming quiet and accessible young man who has refused to make noise about himself started his disc jockeying career in the early 70s. I've always wanted to be a disc motivator right from my childhood days. I won't say I stumbled on it, I found out that being talented is one thing and knowing is another.

Silver who had a stint with the NTA newsproduction in 1979 and later handled a popular TV youth magazine programme 'YOUNG WORLD' was inspired by celebrated broadcasters like Ikenna Ndaguba, Joe Ebuwa and Benson Idonije (Benji).

What does it take to be a good disc mixer? Oforgu lectures: 'One has just got to be cool-headed. On radio it's more of entertaining and educating, but at nightclubs most people wants to be entertained. I try to be audible enough while on the air. I do a lot of research on both local and foreign artists

"To be precise," he says "I try to keep abreast of what is happening in the contemporary music world."

Tune up your radio to RN-2 Lagos on Saturdays at about 11.05 a.m. and you'll hear the brilliant voice of Silver Oforgu who has become a familiar name to many of RN-2 Listeners. The Disc-jockey is one of the most popular disc jockeys that handles 'Pops Round the World'. His deftness in fusing two or more records together made him a household name.

Silver, an ex-kegime maker and resident DJ of Lords Club left the club last year without bitterness, to start on his own Silver Shadow Organisation, an outfit which handles corporate promotions, public relations, artists management, entertainment consultant and advertising.

He disclosed to SHOWSPASH why he left Lords Club: "I opted out because I had so much on my hands, I felt that I can't be at so many places at a time so I decided to make the move. No regret about that decision," he assures.

Presently he is working on a TV music programme which will soon be on the tube. The musical package according to Silver will be sponsored by IKB

Industry. This great admirer of Don Cornelius will also be debuting as a music producer. He is currently putting finishing touches to an album by a new comer Mutashor Amego which will soon hit the record shops shelves.

In recent times Nigerian disc jockeys were accused of playing 99 per cent of Foreign music to the detriment of home made ones, but Nigerian artists gets silver fair share of airplay.

"Those who complain about the D's and music critics are the ones who can't walk records; the never do well. I stood and I still stand firm in my belief that a good record sells itself."

"Music is a universal language... if an album is good people will surely go for it. Artists like Onyeka Majek and Alex 'O' among others can't complain."

Silver is of the view that everybody needs to be given the opportunity to discover and pursue his or her own talents, and perfect them, be it in the areas of sports or music.

Pap Round the World appears to provide him the opportunity to be flamboyant and lively when administering multi-tracks to his adherents. Asked what his advice is for aspiring disc jockeys, he says "They should be ready to accept defeat gracefully and learn from their mistakes. They should be dedicated and shouldn't allow fame to get into their heads when it comes."



© SILVER SHADOW — Sweet music is the key

Obey with Vanity

CHIEF Commander Ebenezer Obey, the miliki king, has added another one to his list of ever-growing popular records. This time he calls it *VANITY*.

The Commander has perfected the act of changing the tone and sound of juju music, while catering adequately for the hard core juju music followers. This trend has been noticeable lately, remember his two preceding album's — *Immortality* and *Determination*.

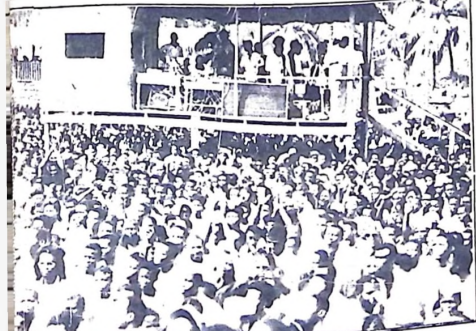
Although Obey has released many records through the years, *VANITY* would rank in equal terms with any of his old hit tunes. Worth mention is the high level of instruments on which has become scientific more than any of his other albums.

Chief Ebenezer Obey in the past sang to draw attention to political and social changes in the country, bringing to mind, such songs like

Operation feed the nation, *Odu Koro* and *Atamer* among others. *VANITY* is an album bound to sell itself both on the basis of its inspiring lyrics and melody.



© OBEY — Vanity is it.



the delight of music loving Lagos audience

NEXT WEEK...

ONYEKA ONWENU AND SUNNY ADE

In the eyes of not a few, master guitarist and ambassador of juju music, King Sunny Ade (KSA), and Onyeka Onwenu are becoming unnecessarily 'close.' Can there really be any love match between the two singers? Now, KSA has declared his stand on the matter which you must not fail to read next week.

MAN WHO COOKS ON WATER

This may not sound believable in your ears but it is too good to be true. Across the Niger, in the eastern part of the country, a traditional doctor invokes fire through incantations which he uses in cooking his herbs as directed by the spirits. Read details next week.

I'M READY TO RECRUIT WOMEN FOR MY HUSBAND

Connoisseurs of the theatre in Nigeria will, no doubt, agree that Jimoh Aliu, by any standards, is a force to be reckoned with. His wife, Folake, popularly known as Orisabunmi, is also a dramatist. She has made a pledge to recruit women for her hussy if it becomes necessary. Really? Find out why next week.

Plus all the regulars: *Marriage Counsellor, Intimate Encounter, CLIMAX People, Lady on the Beat, Highlights of My Week and more.*

read about bow Segun Odegbami, Sani, his friend, and a damsel fixed a date and went in search of a Chinese restaurant in Minna, Niger State. The search ended up in one big joke! Please read on.

So, off we went in search of the Golden Horse Chinese restaurant. After one hour, we couldn't locate any Chinese restaurant anywhere in town. None of the people we asked knew of this restaurant. As we were about to give up our search and go back to Shirono, salvation came in the form of one "intelligent" passer-by who suggested that perhaps our elusive Golden Horse Chinese restaurant could actually be "Farin Doki" restaurant, which in hausa translates as "White Horse". Ingenious. We said. Farin Doki restaurant was just a stone throw from where we were. We followed our guide's direction and, shortly, we were looking at our Golden Horse restaurant except that rather than the Chinese writings that adorn such buildings, this one looked completely Nigerian in every material particular!

I couldn't believe that this was

Between mouthfuls of cha, I mumbled something unintelligible. However, he pointed towards the exit! That made up our minds for us.

Angrily, we walked back into the restaurant, collected her, and walked out into the warm embrace of a churning hungry stomach and a night that had all gone wrong.

As we got to the car we noticed someone running as top speed in our direction from the distance. Curiosity made us stop in our strides as a panting steward, unable to be fully comprehensible, stood before us.

We let him get his breath back and he said, "please do not be annoyed. He will soon be here."

Saleh and I looked at each other in perplexion. What was he talking about?

"Who will soon be here?" I asked

"The cook. I have just gone to bring him to prepare your food"

We couldn't believe it. After spending one solid hour in an empty

Segun Odegbami's INTIMATE ENCOUNTER



Trip to 'China' (2)

our destination. But out of curiosity we all got down from the car and walked into this restaurant. Our first shock - it was empty! Our second shock - the place looked derelict!

We sat down. Some ten minutes later, a steward appeared (at least, that's what we thought, he was).

He put on the air conditioner and gave us his menu card. Our third shock - there was nothing close to Chinese on their menu.

Well, we resigned ourselves to fate and decided to order the closest thing to a European meal - chicken rice and chips. The steward took down our order and left. Forty-five minutes later, he hadn't come back with our order!

We lost our patience and Sani and I decided to look for him. We opened the door with the signpost that read "kitchen." It was empty! We went back to another door that we later discovered led to the reception area of the lodging facility at the back of the restaurant.

There we saw this huge, bare-chested man who looked typically 'boish' with a big bowl of cba in a plate in front of him. He looked up angrily as we stumbled uninvited into his exclusive domain.

"We are looking for the steward"

restaurant, the cook had just been summoned to come and prepare our order!

It was her laughter that broke the silence of our stupefaction. Shortly, Sani and I joined her. People around must have wondered what was wrong. It was one happy laughing fit!

It was a great climax to an evening that had been full of promise, adventure and "Chinese" but which ended up as one big joke!

Eventually the evening turned out to be lovely. After all, the comedy of the whole episode was really a climax to a day which should have ended with our morning adventure and not have extended to a trip to China.

So if you ever go to Minna, endeavour to visit the "Golden Horse" restaurant. I am sure you will still find the steward there - waiting for the cook to prepare your meals.

Mercy, oh, that is her name, will not be there, however. I hear she married in December to come lucky bloke. If you are reading this, I wish you a happy married life.

MAM to sports-car salesman: "Are you sure this doesn't have 'middle class' written all over it?"

ADMISSION! ADMISSION!! ADMISSION!!!

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S M T W T F S
Highlights of My Week
 By Sunny Okezu - *Openfile*



Sorry Ikpeazu for losing Hoener



Justice Chuba Ikpeazu, the Nigeria Football Association Chairman, deserves my condolences for losing the services of Manfred Hoener.

The German coach, who must have had some form of military training, slipped out of Nigeria quietly recently with Patrick Okpomo proudly holding on to his passport.

The NFA under-secretary, confronted with the fact that Hoener was back in Germany sharing Christmas turkey with his family, simply couldn't believe the story. "I'm still having his passport", he said, bewildered.

Hoener's sudden departure was a grave havoc to the NFA chairman's holiday plans. The septuagenarian was not looking forward to returning to football duties until January 7. He had planned to have a peaceful Christmas and New Year holidays with his family at Onitsha and then drive the short distance between Onitsha and Enugu to watch Nigeria make a mince meat of Gabon in their Group C, African zone World Cup qualifier first leg match.

But Ikpeazu, who wondered aloud the other day why sportswriters had decided to be calling him 'Pa', was denied that luxury with his football house on fire in Lagos.

He rushed back to find that everything he had read in the newspapers was not just a case of crying wolf where there was none.

But he spent almost an eternity before he could face the reality. Told that his chum, Hoener, had disappeared and might have gone back home, the retired judge, who hasn't quite forgotten all about law, cautioned that for all he knew, the German might have been in some kind of danger.

Not a bad reasoning, if you ask me, except that, for a man like Hoener, whom my four-year-old daughter would easily recognise on the street — he has appeared on TV and featured in newspapers more than any other sports personality in Nigeria within the last six months — to have come into harm and not get reported in the press seemed very unlikely.

Ikpeazu had become a great Hoener fan right from Seoul where the international team got a beating of their lives. Sportswriters, who wanted to put the German on the spot for not fulfilling his pre-Olympic Games promise to Nigerians, were barred from doing so by the NFA chairman.

"Hoener was not to blame", declared the retired judge, giving the beleaguered German a welcomed reprieve.

The sportswriter, like at the way the German was left off the hook, turned on Ikpeazu and the result was the celebrated dialogue between the chairman, who accused one of them of not respecting an elder, to which the reporter countered that his father, at Ikpeazu's age, would not complain to taking the NFA's job.

Having received all the information on account of the German, was Hoener right to have abandoned his job, spoiling the old man's Christmas vacation?

Although I am not a judge, the fact of the case, as presented by the newspapers, tends to be in favour of Hoener. For it was said that the 'technical adviser' siding side with the German, did not care one jot whether the 'technical adviser' received his salary or not.

Since returning from Seoul, Hoener was not paid his salary and he might have reasoned that if all Ikpeazu could offer was to put him on the back for not being up to par, then he was better off abandoning his country.

It should be noted, Justice Ikpeazu said, as one of the papers reported, Hoener will not take the unpaid salary even if it is taken to him in Germany.

And a better consolation still: the old man will have a peace of mind — or some



Hollywood is Holland's dreamland

Name : Ken Holland C. Ekwomadu
 Address : Progress Bank of Nigeria, 37, Ogu Road, Enugu
 Age : 21 years
 Sex : Male
 Ambition in Life : To become a famous writer
 Hobbies : Reading and writing novels; listening to music; acting; traveling and making friends.
 Best Food : Beans and Plantain (Dodo)
 Was in Penpals From : USA; Canada; West Germany; Switzerland and USSR
 Girlfriend : My pretty Star Amanda
 Personality to meet someday : Jesse Jackson



Like to visit : Hollywood (My dreamland)
 Favourite TV Programs : Musical
 Favourite Comedian : Sammy Davis Jr
 Favourite Singer : Don Williams
 Favourite Actor/Actress : Sylvester Stallone and Lana Turner
 Why I want to become a member : I like CLIMAX magazine and want to meet Climax lovers
 Why I Buy CLIMAX : It entertains, informs and educates.

CLUB NEWS

ARE you a member of this great club or one of the readers who sent in 12 CLIMAX masthead logos for our WIN N500 PLUS A NIGHT OUT with a CELEBRITY OF YOUR CHOICE contest and you missed the result published in CLIMAX No. 237? Cool it, here are highlights of the results. Oyeke Onwenu is CLIMAX reader's choice of celebrity to meet.

The lucky star winners are: Olawale L. Alabi of Kaduna, an avid CLIMAX Penpals and Reader's Club. Both of them will have lunch with Ms. Onwenu on Saturday, January 28, 1989 and will go home with N200 each. Onwura Obanye — Ilorin; Miss Oluyemi Oluudun — Lagos; Miss Helen N. Nwanjio — Benin City; Juliet U. Okiewe (Miss) — Onitsha; Michael A. O. Moradeyo — Lagos; Mrs. K. O. Soyegbe — Kaduna; Chidozie S. Anowi — Onitsha; Aminu I. U. Kazuare — Kano; Chief (Dr) Mbe — Calabar and Miema Ibiama (Miss) — Kaduna.

Meanwhile congratulatory letters have been dispatched to all winners. For further information, keep a date with us next week.



CLIMAX OPINION POLL

Why do women bleach their skins?

MOST women are never satisfied with their God given bodies. Even beauty queens adjudged to be the most beautiful women in a country with an estimated population of 60 million do not consider them to be beautiful enough. They are in perpetual search of lotions that will turn them into only God knows what.

Over the years, women have been devising beauty formulas to enhance their beauty and attraction to the opposite sex. Women have painted their faces in all shades of colours, plaited, fried and dyed their natural hairs to enhance their good looks. African women have also been known to mark their skins in beautiful patterns with the juice of a particular fruit and local dyes.

Now, bleaching is the in-thing presumably to look more beautiful.

In the 60's, a man's pride was a wife with a beautifully aged, shining black skin. The women that were light-complexioned then were tagged "unfortunate oyibos."

By Al Humphery Onyazabo



Cosmetologist Sola Ogunbe - Women Bleach is beautiful bleach to attract men

This continued well into the late 70's before the oil boom brought money to many pockets and flung the doors of beauty and fashion wide open to women.

Few women who had the opportunity of travelling abroad actually started this trend Says Janet Crowther, 42. "I had always loved

Rita Aduba - I don't need to bleach Women bleach to look beautiful

the fair-skinned ladies I saw in foreign magazines and films and when I had the opportunity of travelling to London, I went to a beauty parlour owned by a black lady who recommended some creams for me. The craze caught on. Overnight cosmetologists and beauticians, with doubtful certificates, sprang

Roseline Ogunro - According to Mrs Roseline Ogunro, "Women bleach to have what they do not have which is the white skin of the Europeans, while the Europeans buy creams and stay in the sun to tan themselves.

up everywhere."

This fear of not having a male partner is so great that Tesy Ajil admits: "If you stand on the street with a fair lady, men with flashy cars will stop to pick her instead of the dark-skinned lady." Another lady, Nkechi Orji, rushed into bleaching because "I was tired of losing my boy-friends to girls with light skins. Each time I lost a boyfriend I always discovered that his next girlfriend would be a fair-skinned girl."

Its a pity our women are bleaching to be like them when they too want to be like us. "Another reason Mrs Ogunro professes is that 98% of beauty contest winners in Nigeria and the world over are fair-skinned. "The wrong impression that only light-skinned women are beautiful drove most of them into bleaching," she adds.

For another group of women, who bleach and unknowingly strip off their skin pigments and keep themselves open for easy attack of skin cancer, it is, as one lady said, just to feel good about myself. In Lizzy Ajayi's case, "I bleach my skin because I want to be like others. I'm happy to be fair-skinned."

Tina Agoro bleached because "all my friends were bleaching

(Continued on page 2)

EFFECTS OF BLEACHING

Bleaching agents are chemicals containing different constituents. Not all of them are dangerous to users. What makes using some of these agents injurious are the mercury-based compounds and hydroquinone they contain.

These constituents are regulated and have prescribed concentrations allowed by law. But manufacturers in their bid to ensure that their products are maximally effective and popular have exceeded these tolerable levels. The government is aware of this fact and that is why many of those teaching creams and soaps were banned recently. Unfortunately, people still want what they are buying them as if the dangers of non-ideal use have been a hypothetical in newspapers and on television.

The skin can be described as a protective covering or cover that protects the body from cold and other environmental factors and as a source of excretion etc.

According to Dr Sonni Phil-Ashiri of Alpha Hospital on Bode Thomas Street, Surulere, bleaching agents, because of the highly toxic levels, destroy the melanocytes in the skin (melanocytes are the skin pigment cells). When these skin cells are destroyed, the other listed skin functions are affected. The body is open to injury. The excretion is retarded and excretion is compromised. Most of the bleaching creams sold in our markets



Dr Ashiri

are toxic and some may be carcinogenic (cancer-causing). For users of bleaching creams, having of wounds takes a very

An expert's opinion by Dr. Sonni Phil-Ashiri

long time and it may eventually lead to skin ulcers.

One of the most dangerous effects of bleaching the skin, according to Dr Phil-Ashiri which also has been a source of serious concern and attention to medical doctors, manifests after operations. The deleterious (bad) effects of these creams, cause wounds to break down because the skin cannot hold the stitches.

Users of bleaching agents consider the sun as an enemy because it causes sun burn. The bad effects of bleaching creams are not only on the skin, some of the bad constituents like mercury travel through the system to affect other organs of the body like the kidney. Once you use these very toxic bleaching creams, other organs of the body are open to danger.

The problem with bleaching is that once a person begins the habit, it becomes rather difficult to discontinue. The reason is because once a user gets the skin which already has lost its original colour, finds it impossible to regain that colour. Since the bleached colour cannot be maintained, what occurs is a conglomeration of colours, eg. 'faint face' and 'coke cola body' which indeed could be very nauseating.

A bleacher is at risk to notice. Even if he/she spends huge sum of money on expensive perfumes, the body odour

loses a permanent pervasive smell once he/she is close to you.

Dr Phil-Ashiri sums up the bleaching craze among women and of late men as kind of negative cultural evolution. It used to be "black is beautiful" in the 60's and 70's. This time around, black is no more beautiful. Fair skin is now erroneously presumed to epitomise beauty. Ignorance, arising from non-information on the bad effects of bleaching to the body, Dr Phil-Ashiri believes, is one reason why many young women bleach their skins. Television commercials are seened showing, pretty ladies and even going as far as saying that the use of creams are responsible for their beauty. Although bleaching is against nature, nobody is stopping these companies from using these commercials.

Another reason for the increase in those who patronise bleaching creams is because "enough research has not been done by local industries and merchandisers to find appropriate creams that would suit the African skin. Dr Phil-Ashiri wants us to look back in history to find what the secret of our grand parents' skin was. The raw materials like shea butter, he says, are available. All that is needed is for them to be refined in order to produce better fitting creams that will be good for our skins.

He feels that adequate information on the bad effects of bleaching will make people stop using them. Summing up, Dr Phil-Ashiri says, in the long run, those who take to bleaching their skins will be losers while the manufacturers will smile all the way to the banks.



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TITLE: LOVE FOR SALE

PART IV



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SUCCESS UNLIMITED

By Stick-to-it 'Biodun

Many people go through life aimlessly not quite knowing how to succeed. This inspirational column written by a man who preaches what he practices, will help you resolve one of World's most perplexing puzzles and show you the way to good health, abundant wealth and lots of happiness.

How to prevent self-depreciators from corrupting you

PEOPLE who make a commitment to use their mental vision (this is the same thing as CREATIVE VISION described in CLIMAX No. 23) to see themselves in a positive light often ask how they can deal with self-depreciators in work situations, at home, and in their social lives.

Dealing with self-depreciators is a real challenge because, if their influence rubs off on you, your chances for more money, promotions, and happiness are diminished.

Here are three types of self-depreciators and how you can handle them.

- 1) The Belittler is a person who wants to put you down. Belit-

your victories in life — they think they make themselves look bigger and better. It makes them feel better when they can reduce you to their petty level.

Belitters are as stupid as a neighbour who breaks a window in your home thinking it will make her house look better. I once knew a belittler who paid his son to decorate the neighbours' trees with bathroom tissue! How foolish, and how damaging to the child's sense of right and wrong.

Here's a clue to the way people think: The more a person engages in self-depreciation, the more likely that person uses filthy, gutted language. You see, self-depreciators think using repulsive, vulgar expletives and disgusting, negative words gives them status, makes them feel important, and proves they are big, brave, worldly people.

Unfortunately, people with the most despicable vocabularies often have a strong influence on peers, employees, and children. So the latter groups also begin using vile language.

How does one deal with foul-language communicators?

One of my friends, who runs a bakery, told me recently, "You know, I can't think of one person I have ever promoted because of foul language. But I can think of a number of people I did not promote because their choice of four-letter words and filthy language turned me off."

Avoid the language of self-depreciators. If you want to use four-letter words, there are many you can choose — words like good, kind, love, nice, pure, help, moral, fine — and make your language reflect the real you, the self-confident optimist, not a self-depreciator fool.

The point is this: so-called "colourful" language indicates that its user is insecure and doesn't like himself. And those of us who want more by being really A—OK know that using foul language will never help us win the rewards we seek. But employing the negative words can, in fact, hold us back.

3) The Self-Depreciator Who Escapes Through Alcohol! Many theories are advanced to tell us why some people let booze control their lives. It's been theorized that some people inherit a tendency to drink. Another equally misleading theory is that some people's metabolism demands it. The plain truth is that the main reason for alcohol dependency is insecurity, a word that

Situation	The Self-Depreciating Belittler
1. You start a business of your own and make money.	"He was just lucky. By accident he got into the business at the right time".
2. You win a promotion.	"Anyone would get promoted if he polished the apple like he does".
3. Your teenager wins a scholarship.	"You must have some real strong pull with the college trustees".
4. You wear some new clothes to work.	"I saw that same suit (dress) advertised on sale at —. (The cheapest store in town)."
5. You move into a finer home.	"In five years, the real-estate taxes will double".

ters are self-depreciators who take devilish delight in putting you down, belittling what you do, achieve, and attain.

Belitters, the put-you-downers, are found everywhere. They spend a great deal of mental energy trying to make you feel bad and look like nothing. Worse still, they try to get others to join them in their crusade to make you feel small.

Why? What is Mr. Belittler's problem? Simply this: The put-others-down folks suffer from self-depreciation. Their image of themselves is negative and small. Belitters don't like themselves. They feel if they can't attribute your successes to luck or pull, they will look bigger and better. By making fun of your awards, income, fine home, intelligent children, and promotions —

The belitters are all around us. So how do we deal with them? Three suggestions:

First, feel sorry for them. They're sick. No one is born with a put-oh-down mentality. They acquired the belittler philosophy from bad examples at home, at school, and from their peer groups.

Second, understand their problems, and try to ignore them. Remember, if the belittler can make you feel bad, if he can reduce you to his level, he has achieved his goal. Don't give him the satisfaction.

Third, avoid the temptation to "get even", "fight back", and "put the belittler in his place". You always lose when you try to set things straight with self-depreciating belitters.

- 2) The Foul-Language Communi-

PAUSE & THINK

"If a man desires to develop himself along any line whatsoever the secret of his ultimate success will be found in this, that he has the determination and persistency to live constantly in the presence of his supreme ambition." —

Dr. Ranchall

The Game of Life

How to Play it

Florence Scovel Shinn

Special

FLORENCE Scovel Shinn's book, THE GAME OF LIFE AND HOW TO PLAY IT, is one of the best gifts anyone can offer you as a New Year gift.

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Entry for this competition closes on Wednesday, February 1, 1989. Where there are more than three correct entries, lucky winners will be picked by ballot.

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means fear of self, fear of others, fear of one's work, inability to cope with the realities of life.

Alcohol-dependent people affect all of us directly and indirectly.

About the only way you can help anyone with this problem is to do all you can to make the person feel needed, wanted, and important. The only real cure is to help the affected individual develop a deep sense of self-worth.

If that doesn't work, and unfortunately it may not if the problem is deeply entrenched, make sure the person does as little harm to others as possible. As it may be, it is better to remove yourself and your children from a self-flaming, excessive drinker who won't stop the cure (self-worth) than to endanger the emotional, physical, and financial well-being of yourself and those close to you.

Riddle of menstrual circle



Mismanaged menses can cause severe barrenness

ARE you one of the millions who cannot have a baby and the experts can't seem to isolate or identify any sensible reason or reasons why you cannot? How comfortable are you sitting in that marriage if the solution is still blank? Are you one of those trapped with these guys who want to 'see it happen' before the wedding ring? Is time running out on you?

If you fall into any of the above situations, then it would be rewarding to journey with me into nature's archives and look closely at the laws guiding this nature-shedding phenomenon called menstruation.

Former airhostess now beautiful, Ms Saeque Soares, was 11 years old when she first saw her menses. It was at a playground in her home town. Saeque was sitting on the ground amongst other girls when she felt a trickle of something flow down her body. Not understanding it, Saeque ignored it until it came again and yet again, then the young girl got up and left.

Unknown to her, she had left a small pool of her maiden blood where she sat, and one of her playmates present had noticed it before they all left. Fifteen years later, Saeque got married to a top

accountant. The baby wasn't forthcoming. Pressure began to mount. Mr. Accountant is the only child of his parents and must have not just any child but a male child.

Four years later, the accountant impregnated a nurse and she moved in. That did it. Saeque moved out.

The second marriage to an advertising executive was very welcome to Saeque because there was money to travel and experiment. In the first two years of this marriage, Saeque was tested and retested in 16 specialists hospitals in Europe and the U.K. and nothing was found wanting. No blocked fallopian tube, no genetic disorder, no irregular periods. Yet Saeque could not take in.

ground surface ethics. A disaster these two radiations generate force which throws the fert mechanism-out of alignment. It practically closes down the ductive system.

Worse still, after Saeque dropped her menses, a milky wine tapper had stepped over his way to his work. Ironic spells the driest and most delicate case of barrenness. If a woman stepped over it, it would be in rages galore in continuous sequence. If a pregnant woman had stepped over it, it would have no cur effect whatsoever.

Now, the cure? It has not to do with conventional treatment just a fairy tale-like story that make the western scientist waver and over again. Saeque was anxiously for her periods this month. It was only one day on an irregular side. Following instructions Saeque left out the pads on his first day, sat on the ground in front of her Boutique long enough to the blood flow down, then wait.

Well, maybe the gods arranged it, or it was pure coincidence that first person to walk in and meet menstrual discharge was a pregnant woman who held her expensive Italian slippers in her hands. She walked through the spot with her bare feet and explained the white hair touched up. Saeque attended to her personally and refused to charge her one kobo.

That was the end of a life of search for the golden child for Saeque took in after that period. That was seven years ago. Saeque is now a happy mother of two boys and one delicate replica of herself, a girl.

"Although it's a long time now I sometimes look at my children, pinch myself and wonder", said Saeque, still in awe. "It's hard to believe that that was what I wrong and that was all it took to change it".

In another fortnight, we shall know a thief is determined through mismanaged menses.



Why women bleach • Continued from page 22

and it seemed I was the odd person out each time we went out. I was afraid that if I didn't change my colour to be like them, I'd lose my friends and I wasn't prepared to think of what life would be without them.

A student of Business Administration at Unilag, who wants to be identified simply as Mariam K, confesses: "Mine is a long story. There used to be an older lady I was very friendly with. In fact I took her like a big sister. She was fair-skinned and introduced the idea of bleaching to me, convincing me that if I bleached, I would attract more men like she does." Really?

Not every lady who bleaches have had the men answering to their every beck and call. A confused Florence says: "I've had to learn a lot of new things. Before I was told that men will come running after women when they bleach but I've found that some men even run away." Comfort, 32, a Hotelier, cries out: "I realised only too late that a man does not just fall head over heels in love with a fair-skinned lady. There are other things men look out for in a lady, like her clothes and the way she carries herself."

Ebete Njoku, a caber, and dark-skinned lady, says: "Black is beautiful. I don't see why I should bleach my beautiful dark skin."

Not only women, our investigations revealed bleached even men do it to attract women to themselves, too. Gbang says: "The competition for women is strong, whether you have money or not, women get attracted to you if you have a fair and beautiful skin."

Cosmetologist Sole Ogungbe of the Sholly Beauty World advises that a woman does not need to bleach to look beautiful. "You could tone your skin, which helps in delaying the natural aging process of the skin through the use of natural herbs." Just like Rita Aduba who says, "I tone my skin, I don't bleach it."

What does body creams do to women bleaching? Contrary to what most people think, body-care creams, soaps and lotions sold in the market like IKB Antiseptic soap, Tula, Venus etc do not cause bleaching. Instead bleaching is caused by excessive use of skin-care creams over a prolonged period of time. As Mrs Joy Ikuo, managing director Jini Cosmetics explains, "Skin care creams are supposed to be used to soothe skin illness and immediately they heal, treatment should be discontinued. These creams, when used continuously, could cause the skin to lose its original colour. Some women use Demolite, Topsyne Gel, toothpaste and hair relaxers to bleach their skins."

It was a lucky break for her on the third year of her second marriage when Saeque's mother, Mrs. Somore Soares, at her village shrine in Koko, Bende State, made a strong supplication to the high priests and demanded to know why Saeque, born of her own womb, could not be a mother.

The revelation was as startling as a fairy tale. Saeque had been absolutely careless during her very first menses. It was revealed that the monthly menstrual waste is composed of a vitral ultra-active deposit which contradicts the earth or



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YOUR STAR THIS WEEK



It's Your Birthday!

Watch out for gifts designed to buy you over in future obligations. Don't go out of your way to make demands. Happy birthday!



The financial constraints tend to make you edgy most of the week. Avoid heated arguments; the week is full of hazards.



You may have a surprise visitor that would make the week memorable. Watch how you drag yourself through. You need care on the area of health.



You may experience some disorder in the domestic front. New moon in your chart demands patience while you work out your plans in the week.



There is a play in some quarters to drag you into an unnecessary controversy. Watch what you do and say on Thursday and Friday.



Be cautious, a disagreement with your partner in the week would be aggravated by outside forces. Be prepared to stomach some inlays.



The hypocrisy of others may compel you to speak up in the office. Avoid being unnecessarily argumentative. Visitors at the weekend.



You are cheerful for most of the week as certain ventures get to a roaring start. Be careful about the verbal commitments you make.



Some crisis appears to disturb your travel plans. You have to rest on your intuition. Make yourself clear on the promises you make.



Keep your thoughts to yourself for now, certain domestic problems cannot be solved by hasty words. Watch out for new developments by the weekend.



Your hubby may pester you into shouting bouts. Learn to overlook the weakness of others. Your romance may suffer some knocks.



You may have to forget some travel plans as a relative takes ill. Speak with friends over your romantic problems.



This may be a rather unhappy week as the co-operation of others refuse to come. Monday though is an exception as someone brings you some gift.

WHAT HIS STAR SAYS

NELSON Mandela is a Capricorn, being born July 18, 1918. The popular prisoner of conscience leads one of the greatest political revolts of his time by staying put behind bars.

The sacrifices of his freedom, career and enjoyment for the eradication of apartheid in his homeland is equal to any contribution anyone may ever have made for any cause. But will the African National Congress (A.N.C.) leader live to see the South Africa of his dream?

That may not be so, as Nelson finds out this week: Eminent men in authority are too concerned with their private interests to take decisive steps that can bring the blacks' suffering to an end.



There is a host of malaria after a heavy time with wife early in the week. For the rest of it there is only one game to play, waiting. And waiting.

IT'S good to work towards one's determination in life. The frustration one might get from people around to make you change your ways and plans maybe fruitless if one is so determined and not feeble minded.

I've loved the barbing job, right from my youth when I used to see some girls in a barbing salon very close to my uncle's place — the one I was staying with.

My uncle brought me up. In fact, I've been living with him since I was four years old. I started my primary school education under him and no other thought came to my mind except barbing.

He tried to find me some other jobs but I just wasn't interested, and all my efforts to leave him and go back to my parents proved abortive because he didn't want me to leave.

When I was 21, I decided I had to leave to build a career for myself, that was after convincing my parents that I had to find something doing, and not that my parents were all that poor to bring me up in the first place, but it was just this matter of taking one's uncle as a father.

So I started learning the job when I was 21 years under one Mr Olaolu, the owner of Olaolu Barbing Salon at Onipako Bus Stop, Mushin Road in Lagos.

It took me just two years to learn the job, for all it needed was time and dedication, which I was able to put in.

I left there in 1973 to open my own shop at Ibare Road called Agunbiade Barbing Salon, and interestingly, I got married that same year. My husband has all along been giving me the necessary support.

It wasn't easy for me at the beginning. I have to do the job as well as play the role of a mother

ME AND MY JOB

BY MRS FELICIA AGUNBIADE

A barber

because my children are there for me to take care of before leaving for my shop. Now that I have five of them, the matter is somehow complicated. I have cut down on the number of hours I spend in the salon; it has also made me to change my shop to another one, very close to where I reside.

I go about my job in the normal way barbing ladies, men and children's hair, charging reasonable prices. For ladies I charge N2, N3 for men, and N1 for children.

To get on well with the job, one needs to be doing certain things to please the customers. This has become a routine for me — taking care of the environment, and cleaning all that is used in barbing the hair — the clippers, combs and the like.

I'm really enjoying my job because it's really a challenge, and I can say people are patronising my salon.

I have some girls working with me right now, with whom I can boast of doing well on the job, if they decide to open their salons.

Mrs Agunbiade spoke to Doyin Lawal



□ Mrs Agunbiade attending to one of her numerous customers



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CLIMAX

SPORTS SOUVENIR

Nigeria's first all-weather sports material

Henry Amike's hurdles challenge

Schooling is so dear to Henry Amike so much that the first time he got an opportunity to run for Nigeria, he turned it down because "I didn't want my studies to suffer."

But rather than stall his educational ambitions, running the 400m hurdles for Nigeria has turned out to be a big blessing for the Missouri accountability graduate as he now tells Climax Sports Souvenir... — By Sunday Orelesi.

BEGINNING

Born 27 years ago, Henry Amike naturally came into sports because his former school, Saint Finbarrs College, Lagos, wouldn't have allowed otherwise. St. Finbarrs is one of Nigeria's biggest sporting schools.

Under the watchful eyes of seasoned coach Tobias Igwe, it didn't take Henry long to exceed his natural potentials on the race tracks and he was promptly invited into the Lagos State team that featured at the National Schools Sports Festival — Okuyale '79. Henry won the 800m intermediate event, and his performance fetched him a national call-up which he however turned down because of his studies. Henry explains his action further: "I didn't plan to take running seriously at that time, and winning at Okuyale '79 didn't change my mind".

INSPIRATION

Henry's opinion soon changed however. "I started considering the track when I saw the famous Edwin Moses in action in Italy in 1980, during our preparation for 1980 Olympics. He returned a time of 47.14 secs in the 400m hurdles.

At that time, I was already running 400m straight in 47.09, and I decided that jumping hurdles in doing it, shouldn't slow me down too much. Moreover, I had once run the hurdles at Okuyale '79 when I placed second behind US-based Daniel Ogidi. On my return from Italy therefore, I had no problems going into full training for the hurdles, and I have been at it since then".

HONOURS

Henry Amike has won a lot of honours for self and country in his run-jump-and-run event.

As a new-comer in 1980, he couldn't make any impression at the Moscow Olympic Games, but he promptly returned in 1984 (Los Angeles) to emerge as the first African to reach the final of the 400m hurdles at any Olympics. (Amadou Di Ba of Senegal eclipsed the feat by winning a silver in the event at the Seoul '88 Olympics. But on that occasion, Amike did not reach the final).

However, Amike has ruled the African scene in the quarter-mile hurdles for a long time. He won the continental crown consecutively in 1984, '85, and '86, before capping it with a gold medal at the



Amike: set for another bit. 4th All-African Games held in Kenya, 1987.

As an under-graduate of Missouri State University in the US, Amike also won a silver medal at the World University Games in 1985 — proudly doing it in Nigerian colours. And in the local scene, he has eleven gold medals won in various events at the yearly All-Nigeria Senior Athletics Open since 1981 to his credit.

Amike is however not through with earning medals yet. "I'm just on my way to stardom", he says.

ASPIRATION

"I still have the world to conquer in my event", Henry intones. "Physically, I have only three to four years to do that, and I intend to start by winning at the Commonwealth Games in 1990.

"My other aspiration is to become World champion eventually, but I'm currently working hard to retain my high world ranking. If I can achieve more consistency, going further up wouldn't be too difficult".

OPPOSITION

Interestingly, Amike's conqueror of eight years ago — Daniel Ogidi — remains his (Amike's) stiffest opponent in the country.

"Ogidi is still a very formidable challenger, but continentally, Amadou Di Ba of Senegal is the guy that I now compete with", Amike explains. Adds he: "My main headache however remains Danny Harris of the USA. Although we were both in the same collegiate conference in the States, he has beaten me more than any other runner in the circuit. I know I'm capable of squaring up with Harris one day, but the same cannot be said of Edwin Moses who remains well ahead of me".

ROMANCE

The attention which Amike's rivals take from him on the tracks has not distracted him from taking care of other things off it, and that includes plans for a female partner. Befittingly, the track star has picked a lover from the race tracks.

"I'm getting married to Aizat Bakare very soon", Amike confides sweetly. "We've known each other for some time now, and we're very compatible. We plan to share our future lives happily".

Incidentally, Henry's heart-throb

Aizat is the Nigerian female 400m champion, and their marriage will be a 'national, non-ethnic affair. She is from Ogun State, while Henry is from Benue State.

HOBBIES

When hurdler Amike is not running or jumping, he listens to music. "I like sentimental music", he says, adding he is also in love with Babe 70 and Fela Anikulapo because both singers are very political".

DREAM

"I hope to become a successful businessman after my running days", confides Henry who read Accounting in Missouri. "I also plan to own a club in the US, and later return to Nigeria to engage in youth development track programmes for now.

For now, Henry Amike's prayer is that Nigerian sports administrators should be organised and come out with concrete plans and incentives that could aid sportsmen and women win medals for the country.

"That is the ultimate aim in sports participation," he intones.



ON TOP: Amike



Amike (left) with bride-to-be Aizat Bakare and Victor Edet

Nigeria's champion cup loss:

WE WERE NOT GOOD ENOUGH Says Chuka Momah



The 24th edition of the Sekou Toure Cup was decided last December with Nigeria coming out losers once again.

Three times Nigeria has reached the finals. Three times the nation has failed. Is the country "jinxed" Chuka Momah, a soccer commentator and sports analyst does not agree.

He says: "There is nothing like jinx in sports. The problem with Nigeria is that our preparation for competitions are always slipshod, not result-oriented. That we lost three continental cups, a regional cup, coupled with a disastrous outing of our soccer team in the Seoul Olympics is a sad era but an eye-opener for our football.

"We have never won the Champion Clubs Cup for instance, not as a result of any jinx, but because we've never been good enough.

"Of course we've always presented our best teams for this cup. In 1975, Rangers International of Enugu emerged double champions



Chuka Momah

in our local scene with their physical style of play, and we believed they were unbeatable until Hafia of Guinea exposed them in the Champions Cup final. Same goes for ICC Shooting Stars of Ibadan which lined up tested internationals like Segun Odegbami, Muda Lawal and Rashidi Yekini but still collapsed woefully to Zamalek of Egypt in the 1984 final.

"Last year, Iwuanyanwu gathered the cream of Nigerian players, won the local double (league and FA Cups) only to end up disgraced in the champions cup. All these resulted from a series of inadequacies on our part, not any jinx.

"Martina Navratilova was once very bitter when tennis buffs insinua-

ted that she was jinxed at the US Open just because she had never won the championship. She later went on to disprove them by clinching the tourney in 1983.

"What we need for our football now is a result-oriented re-organisation. Let's return to the basics of the game, recruit and develop junior talents for transfusion into the senior team. We need to build a pool of quality players. It is when we have enough good players that we can start to develop a system.

"In Sweden and Yugoslavia where tennis is a big sport for instance, kids play the game everywhere and there is encouragement from government such that stars are made out of the kids in no time.

"I think Nigeria can do the same thing successfully by providing standard facilities and other incentives for sports, especially football.

"Sports should not be seen as a means to an end, but an end in itself. We should therefore harness all our resources to ensure adequate preparations for all engagements and more importantly, learn from our past mistakes so that all administrative lapses are avoided.

"When all these are effectively accomplished, the results will begin to show!

SPORTSINFO

Ashinze keeps Rangers in mind

UNOFFICIAL winner of the 1988 first division highest scorer's award, Rangers' Joe Ashinze has declared that he would be taking his boots for the Enugu-based club in the new season, and this is authoritative.

"I'm sticking to Rangers", Ashinze told Climax Sports Souvenir in an interview. "I'm true I've been approached by three other clubs who want me on their line-ups for next season, but I turned down their offers", he confides.

Joe Ashinze was suspended by the Rangers management for acts of indiscipline towards the end of the 1988 season when the club's yearly award night was night. The punishment was later lifted, but Ashinze was still not considered for the award solely sponsored by club chairman, Mr Ben Osi Umunna. The goal-poacher is however not bitter about the episode.

"I've over-looked that issue", he says. "Herbert Anijekwu who eventually won the best player prize is truly a great young player who deserves the honour. More over, I have the Boumvia highest scorer who awarded to me job over. Although I've not to receive it officially, that's something to look forward to.

"Next season however, I plan to put up a better all-round performance for Rangers in order to win the chairman's award too. And I intend to retain the Boumvia scorer's prize in order to achieve a double".

Ashinze once expressed his disappointment to Climax sports magazine - *Complete Football* - that his eight goals which won him the Boumvia award couldn't help Rangers to secure the league title last season. But he hopes to put that right when the new season kicks off in February.

- By Okey, Jr.

Alabi wants to coach Eagles

With the senior national team still engulfed in deep crises over virtually every step in its 1990 World Cup preparations, coach Alabi Alabi who hit fame and notoriety for building the young Bendel Ironforce FC that stormed Nigerian soccer in the late 70s has expressed a yearning wish to handle the country's top coaching assignment. And this wish, for him, is borne out of sheer patriotism.

"The wish of any Nigerian coach should be to lead any of the our national teams - U-17, U-20, or senior - to global glory". Alabi told Climax Sports Souvenir in Ibadan where his club, New Nigerian Bank narrowly beat Kwara Bulls in a pre-season friendly encounter recently. "My own dream as a patriot is to make some concrete contribution to Nigeria's progress through my profession", Alabi declares.

He continues: "What you see in our national team today is not what you should expect if I'm made the chief coach. I know I can build a winning team for this country given the right working atmosphere. But of course this is just a clarion call of a patriot, and it's left to the



Alabi Alabi

NFA to do what they think best to chart the right course for our football".

Coach Alabi, 51, recently turned down a \$20,000 offer to head a division two bound NITEL Vasco FC of Enugu, choosing instead to remain with current club NNB of Benin which got relegated from the first division last season. The seasoned coach at 51 says he is determined to return the Eagles to the elite group by the end of the coming season.

"I'm building a culture at NNB already, and I call it 'the greater tomorrow'. Next season will reward my mission", he says.



Iwuanyanwu National



BY EHI BRAIMAH

TRUE OR FALSE

Liberia is the first independent country in Africa

Double Shuffle

See if you can re-arrange each group of letters to form a word which will then make another word if read backwards.

1. DTEL
2. MELT
3. OTP
4. ADM

EAST & WEST



Fred Speedy's car was facing West. After driving for five minutes, Fred found that he'd actually gone east. How did this happen?

find out

What is a TOMCAT?

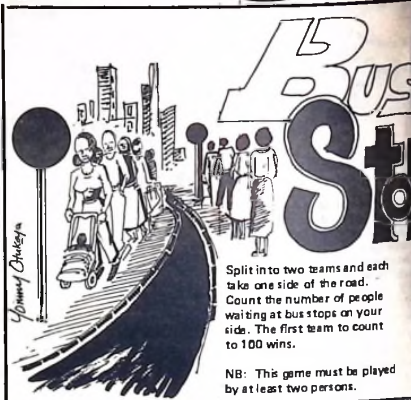
WHAT'S NEXT

1/0, 5/7, 10/6, 16/3, 7/1

How Fitting

Can you find a word that will complete a longer one for the group of words below?

L _ _ _
E R
M _ _ _ H

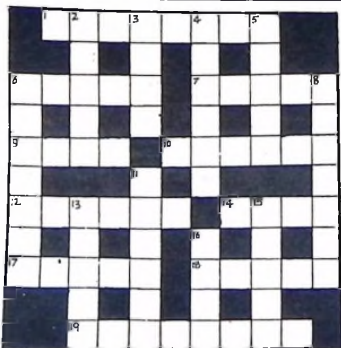


Split into two teams and each take one side of the road. Count the number of people waiting at bus stops on your side. The first team to count to 100 wins.

NB: This game must be played by at least two persons.

Did you know that the first electric car horn in the world was made in England in 1906? And that these were very popular and could be heard almost twice as far away as rubber bulb horns?

CROSSWORD PUZZLES NO 23



Across

1. Stove plate (8)
6. Fire remains (5)
7. Huge mythical being (5)
9. Like undercooked meat (4)
10. Rich, cream-filled cake (4)

Down

2. Doorkeeper (5)
3. Person in charge (4)
4. Type of hound (6)
5. Male duck (6)
6. Performer of gymnastic feats (7)
8. Person who manages property for the benefit of others (7)
11. Road competition (6)
12. Immersion (6)
15. Cast (6)

- Answers
1. TRUE OR FALSE: True, Liberia had her independence in 1957
 2. DOUBLE SHUFFLE: 1. Diet, edit; 2. Time, emit; 3. Top, pot; 4. Mad, dam.
 3. FIND OUT: A tomcat is a male cat
 4. HOW FITTING: OUT
 5. WHAT'S NEXT: 23
 6. EAST AND WEST: Fred's car went east because the car was in reverse gear.
 7. CROSSWORD PUZZLE
 8. Across: 1. Cupboard, 6. Ashes, 7. Giant, 9. Rare, 10. Gâteau, 12. Beckon, 14. Scull, 17. Theme, 18. law, 19. Postcard.
 9. Down: 2. Utens, 3. Boss, 4. Afghan, 5. Drake, 6. Acrobat, 8. Trustee, 11. Loops, 13. Cheap, 15. Chair, 16. Zinc.

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