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# Woman

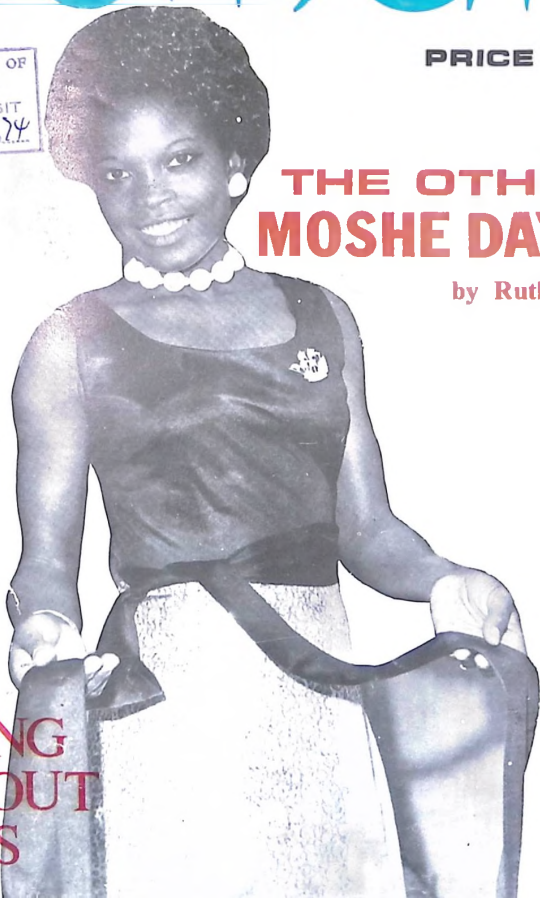
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## THE OTHER MOSHE DAYAN

by Ruth Dayan



## DIETING WITHOUT TEARS



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is the detergent  
for all fabrics**

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**Elephant Blue Detergent washes cleaner, brighter**

modern  
**woman**

The Family Magazine



Our petite cover-girl for the month proudly shows off her belt - "Hi girls, go back to your old belted dresses," she seems to be saying...

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# LETTERS

## TO *modern* woman

### DOCTOR NATURAL DEATH!

Two widows were talking about their dead husbands: "Mine died in a car crash!" said one. "Did yours die a natural death?" "By the saints, no," said the other, "he had a doctor!"

Lagos. Alaka,

### UP TO IT

The teacher had sent for the mother of one of her pupils: "Mrs. Oyewole," she said, "I'm worried about your little girl. She's psychologically confused." "What makes you say that?" asked the mother. "Well, when I asked her whether she was a boy or a girl she insisted she was a boy!"

Then, the mother asked the girl on her way home why she had told her teacher she was a boy, the girl said, "when anyone asks me a silly question I always give a silly answer."

Lagos. Moji,

### DARLING!

A man who was applying for a job as a driver was being interviewed by the lady of the house. "We call all our servants by their surnames," she said, "What's yours?" "I think you'd better call me John," the man said. "I'm sorry," the wife said, "If you're not willing to be called by your surname, we can't employ you."

"Oh, I'm willing, all right," he said, "but I don't think you'd like to use it."

"Why not?" she said expecting to hear a name with something scandalous. "Darling, ma'am; John Darling!"

Yaba. M. Akinyemi,

### TOOTH-BRUSH FOR HAIR

One day, my father told my little brother to go and brush his hair, as it was very untidy. He took a long time brushing it, and as we were just going to see what was keeping him, he appeared with his hair not looking much better. My father asked him why it was still untidy, but the reply he gave was "I couldn't find my hair-brush, so I used my tooth-brush!"

Ibadan. Fidelis,

### LUNCH ON THE BUS

A woman sitting next to me on the bus was shelling beans into a plastic bar. She said she had stayed too long in town so she was making up for the lost time by starting to prepare lunch on the bus.

Ibadan. Osamwegie (Mrs.),

### STUPID WAITER

The other day when I was at a restaurant, a young man who, I believe, was hard up, came in with his girl-friend to supper. While she went to the toilet he had a confidential chat with the waiter who spoilt every thing when presently he brought the menu to the two of them, and said to the man "It's all right, sir. Like you said, I've crossed out all the expensive dishes!"

Kano. Tony,

### ANIMAL FAMILY

"Everybody in our house is some sort of animal," mused my little boy of six. "Mummy's a deer, Baby's a bad lamb, Daddy's an old goat and I'm the kid." So we are an animal family.

Ikare. Mrs. Davidson,

### CUNNING SUGGESTION

Recently, I was telling my father about a friend whom I lent N50, and now he doesn't even look at me. What's worse he gave me no security, not even an I.O.U!

My father smiled at me and said, "perhaps things aren't as bad as they look. Write him a note asking for your N100 back."

"But it's N50 he owes me, not a N100," I said. My father shook his head and said, "If you write saying he owes you N100, he's bound to write back correcting you and saying he only owes you N50. Then you've got it in writing."

Benin. Frank,

### CLEVER PATIENT

During my last visit to the doctor, I met a business man who was admitted to the hospital. On my arrival, the doctor was advising him on what to do with his health. Among other things said were the following: doctor, you mustn't worry. When a thing to worry about comes along, just throw it on one side.

"That's easier said than done," answered the patient. But what would you say if I did that with your bill when it comes along?

Ikiron. Ade,

### WISE LITTLE BOY

I reported my son's naughty behaviour to his father one day when he returned from work. Read their conversation below: "You promised me you'd be a good boy, didn't you?" asked the father.

"Yes, Daddy," the boy answered.

"And I promised you a sound spanking if you didn't, didn't I?"

"Yes, Daddy," he said again, "But since I broke my promise, you needn't keep yours."

Oyo. Mrs. Alabi,

### KNITTING FOR PLEASURE

I have made many dresses from the collection of the patterns published in *Modern Woman*. These patterns have not only cut down on the cost of producing my dresses, they have also helped me to improve on my sewing skill which was formerly not up to standard.

But, well I not be asking for too much if I request that the management give a thought to the inclusion of regular knitting instructions in the magazine. This will go a long way in getting us fully occupied while it will serve as a source of extra income to other women.

Patani. Betty,

Your point is noted for consideration.

### HOUSEWIVES' SPECIAL

Rather than say that your April issue is for newly weds, I would say that it is for all classes of housewives. I will therefore suggest that in future the edition be termed *Housewives' Special*.

Let me also say that the articles in this year's April issue were well selected and revolve around making a success of every marriage that is based on the principles suggested in that edition. More grease to your elbow.

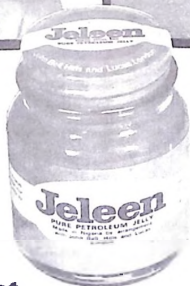
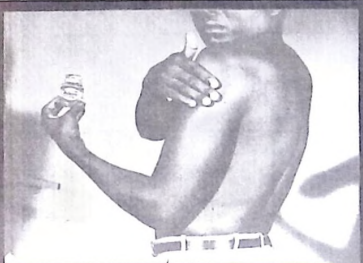
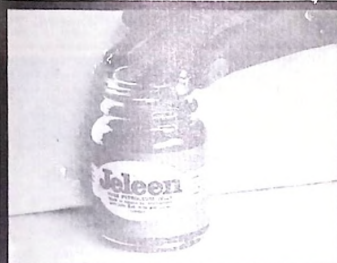
Gbaja. Biyo,

### Wife Preservers



Use an ordinary teaspoon to R and tamp soil when planting in small peat pots.

# **JELEEN- QUALITY PLUS!**



Whether it's protecting babies skin, grooming your hair or caring for your skin, you will find Jeleen the purest petroleum jelly.

**The One that  
gives you more**

**MOSHE DAYAN**, the most controversial and influential leader of Israel, is known for his courage and self-reliance. But there is

# THE OTHER



In 1963 a young woman published a thinly disguised auto-biographical novel about a girl soldier and a famous one-armed fighting general.

For the young woman who wrote the book had just married and borne a child to a schoolmate of Moshe's at Nahalal, an officer who was devoted to Moshe. The trouble was that by the time he met this young woman, he was already married and a father. Romantic and highly principled, he left his family and asked for a divorce.

When his wife left him for Moshe, he wrote a long letter to Ben-Gurion, pouring out his pain and disillusionment and referring to the Biblical story of David and Bathsheba. In a detailed reply the Prime Minister (Ben-Gurion) wrote that he understood the anguish felt by the officer; but, he explained, the ways of Historical figures are often different from those of ordinary citizens.

"Their private and their public lives run parallel, but they never meet," wrote Ben-Gurion. He gave the example of Lord Nelson (also wounded in one eye) whose affair with Lady Hamilton did not detract from his heroic stature, "even in puritanical England." And Ben-Gurion took up the reference to David, whose private life is well covered in the Bible; "Whatever David did in his lifetime, remember that today we sing, 'David lives today, and is alive.'"

When a personality becomes widely important, there are both positive and negative effects on normal human relationships. I think the rest of us must overlook the negative ones; I probably spent most of my married life looking for the right balance in this. If you are emotionally involved in the charisma, as I was at some level every waking moment and often in my dreams as well, this can

be a heavy load. Charismatic personalities tend to live within themselves, and sometimes this becomes their burden. I think, for instance, that they cannot maintain normal friendships, but draw strength, each in a different way, from sources the rest of us do not have.

We who live around them must learn to adjust. And whether the charisma has evolved unaided—which probably never happens because there is always some feedback—whether it has been blown up by today's media is really not important. The fact is that this power exists.

That I was the one who lived side by side for so many years with such a man is ironic, because I have always loved simplicity and closeness.

There was a message from Moshe's office that I was to be hostess to several French generals at our home that evening. In the afternoon I was expected at my cousin's house to celebrate the birth of a baby boy. Now it was time for a meeting at the Dan Hotel with representatives of the Finance Ministry.

As I hurried up the steps to the lobby, an Italian journalist came towards me. "You're Mrs. Dayan, aren't you?" he asked, stopping me just outside the entrance. "Please, I'd like to ask you a question."

"Yes, I am, but I'm terribly sorry, I know nothing about politics." That was my familiar reply to such questions. "There's nothing I can tell you, and anyway you must excuse me. I'm due here for an appointment."

The journalist persisted. "But this is a personal question, Mrs. Dayan. Actually, everybody in the lobby is talking about it. They're all waiting for the final word and I want to be the one to get it."

"All right, then let's have it," I said cheerfully.

"Well, I'd like to be the first to know about your divorce," said the journalist.

"Perhaps you have me mixed up with somebody else?" I asked. No, there was no mistake. I asked him to repeat the question, and he did. It began to dawn on me that the conversation might be in earnest. The best thing to do I quickly decided, was to take it lightly.

"Look, I'd better go home and ask my husband about your question. Call me tomorrow, because really, just now I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

The reporter's question — a fair one, as I quickly learned — had to do with a way of life I could barely imagine. Yet every "informed" Israeli already knew that Moshe was leading a life of his own, and since it was such common knowledge, it was taken for granted that I knew too. The lobby of the Dan Hotel wanted an answer, but until the Italian journalist asked it, I was not even aware of the question.

Naturally, I knew that Moshe was unusually attractive to women, and I had often been jealous of them. But there was a vast distance between that and what I was to learn and continued to learn during all the years in which Moshe's exploits with women provided news papers all over the world with copy. I think I took the more seriously than he did, for I am sure that today Moshe can barely remember the names of some of his "romances".

In the bar with my friend I had the presence of mir

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# DAYAN

who is not as well known as Dayan, the great military strategist of our time. He is Dayan, the lover. This other Dayan is described in these extracts from the book, 'Or Did I Dream a Dream' written by his wife, Ruth, now divorced and Helga Dudman.



to talk in a carefree way. I mentioned the reporter's question, putting it so that my friend would think I knew everything — except for a detail or two, such as a name that happened to escape me. "You mean you don't know about her?" he asked in amazement.

In my orange blouse, I went to my cousin's party and chatted with my parents and friends. Then I rushed home and changed into evening dress, to be hostess to high-ranking French officers. Finally, at the close of a day that had begun so long ago with the parents of Albert Kashi, there was time for a talk with Moshé.

He was first surprised at my ignorance, and then annoyed by it. I cried without a trace of self-control. In my eyes, no matter how many tears they shed, Moshé was a leader unique and indispensable to Israel; and my love affair with my husband was part of my love affair with my country. I was proud of him just as everybody else was, and although in my mind I separated family life from public life, emotionally they were interwoven.

The next morning I went to work. I thought how lovely it would be to have a nervous breakdown, lock myself in a room, close the shutters, and remain within myself. But the nearest I got to closing the shutters was wearing dark glasses for the next four months.

Outwardly nothing had happened, and I was the wife of the conquering hero, met with joy whenever I arrived

at some hopelessly muddy village. I think it was this — the realization that my double role gave so much to others — that helped me to carry on. The general's wife in her dark glasses all through that rainy season meant something to others, though not to herself.

Determined to find out everything possible, "what everybody knew," I discussed the situation with many people. This is a thoroughly destructive thing to do, and there are women who handle themselves much more wisely. I was far from wise, but I have never been able to be anything but open with people. And now that it was quite clear that I knew about Moshé, all sorts of men I had known for years began flirting with me, including, to my astonishment, happily married ones. I suppose this is the usual pattern; but in my innocence, then, I found it dismaying.

Moshé, who simply thought I had gone mad, tried to patch things up. We were barely on speaking terms, so not long after the Dan Hotel revelation Moshé put eleven-year-old Assi on the telephone to me, to say that his father thought it might be a good idea if the four of us — Yeal was still in the army — took a holiday in Italy. We sailed that winter. The trip was not a success, hardly the second honeymoon it could have been, if only everything had been different.

It was supposed to be a private visit, but the Italian press learned that the glamorous general and his two bambinos were touring the country.

Less than sixteen years after the day at the Dan Hotel, I did decide to divorce Moshé. The newspapers, both in Israel and abroad, had a wonderful time speculating on the reasons and on our separate futures. I read some of these stories with amusement and with the realization that it is best not to believe much of what you read in the papers on personal matters.

Rings play a painful part in the process of a Jewish divorce. At one point the woman is told to take off not just her wedding ring but all other rings she may be wearing. She is allowed to put them on again afterwards (I did not), but their removal, under the searching eyes of the presiding rabbis, is required.

Nobody had warned me of this. On the morning of my divorce, a day of pouring rain and black skies, I arrived at the home of Rabbi Goren, Chief Rabbi of Tel Aviv, wearing the equivalent of six rings.

My collection of six rings included one of the few gifts Moshé ever gave me — a copy of a Hellenistic ring in the form of two serpent heads and a ruby. I wore it or the third finger of my left hand instead of a wedding band: mine had long ago slipped down the drain once when I was doing the laundry.

"Take off all your rings!" came the sudden command. I panicked, because it was so unexpected and because I never take off my rings. As I struggled with them all, I began to think how ridiculous the situation was, how

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## MOSHE DAYAN

(Continued from page 5)

degrading but at the same time funny, and this saved me from crying.

What if I can't get them off? I thought to myself, twisting the bands against my knuckles. Will that mean there will be no divorce? And what would have happened at such a ceremony two thousand years ago? Would they have cut off the woman's fingers?

Finally I did get them off, with Moshe and the rabbis watching in fascination. As each ring came off I dropped it, with a clink, one after the other, into my handbag; and by this time I was smiling to myself, it was all so ridiculous. What kept running through my mind was the old nursery rhyme, "Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes."

While the conditions of the Jewish Get, or divorce, were once progressive and protective of women in comparison with divorce procedures in other cultures several hundreds or thousands of years ago, I do not find this true today.

I had to read out from a card that I would never speak evil against Moshe, while he, as the man, was not asked to do anything of the kind. And it is the man who "casts out" the woman; she is the passive one.

When the document has finally been written out — and it takes quite a time, since it must be done by a scribe with a quill pen—the woman cups her hands and the man drops the document between them.

"But you must be careful not to touch each other at this moment," said the rabbi.

One of the questions was about our previous marital status. To Rabbi Goren's great surprise, Moshe answered that he had been married before. To Wilhelm's.

Because the day was so rainy and wet, the ink on our Get would not dry. Mrs. Goren thought of a solution. She brought out her electric hot plate and we put the document, with its age-old terminology, on the hot plate and plugged it in. This worked very well. But if we are going to use modern appliances to dry out our divorce certificates, I thought, perhaps the ceremony itself ought to be modernized, there is little dignity in many of the customs we preserve.

After Moshe dropped the Get into my hands, I was told to tuck it under my left arm, walk to the door, then return and give it to the rabbi for safekeeping. Thank goodness I felt too silly to cry—but that is not the psychological reason for this ritual. The walk to the door covers a certain prescribed distance and is supposed to represent "acquisition," but what the left arm symbolizes I have no idea. After I had been "cast out", I was told I could not remarry within three months and three days, though Moshe was free to remarry immediately; and I may not marry a "Cohen" — a member of the priestly class.

The correspondence between Ben-Gurion and the disillusioned husband was published, right after the divorce, in an Israeli weekly that deals with sensationalism. Printed with this exchange was a letter I myself had written to the man at the time of his letters to Ben-Gurion, in the autumn of 1959, in which I tried to console him. I described Moshe's behaviour in harsh terms. I wrote that while I too had earlier been hurt by my husband, I had come to understand that this was simply his character in personal affairs.

When I gave an interview to the same sensational weekly — the only one I granted to any journalist — some people could not understand why I did such a thing, others understood the reason well. I knew that this material, and worse had long been in the hands of the

editor; and I knew it would not be published so long as Moshe and I remained married. What I wanted was to show that I, who had just left our home, would never be the source of an attack on Moshe; on the contrary.

I had long been unhappy, but that was my personal problem, I had, in a way, made Ben-Gurion's "banality lines" a reality in my own life. From now on remarriage would be for me only a national leader. The other part was finished.

In this interview I said, "For a long time now I have lived with the deep conviction that Moshe has left the realm of private life and become a kind of public property that belongs to the entire nation—and, in a way, he is rather well known, to all the women of the world; the good sense, and in bad. No matter how he behaves, he will be forgiven. I think I truly know him better than anyone else does, and I certainly would not include him among the saints. But I believe in him."

"Is Moshe today the same man he was when you married him thirty-seven years ago?" was one of the direct and provocative questions I was asked in the interview.

"Certainly not," I answered. And this fact accounts, I think, for the long road people travel between marriage and divorce. Sometimes people just do not know each other when they marry, but I knew Moshe and he knew me, as we were then. We have both changed, though to him the change has been extreme, and in me I think much less so.

I loved Moshe for his dedication and his simplicity. He is not to blame that his historical role has elevated him to dizzying heights since then, and that this has changed him. My mother has said it: "When Ben-Gurion married him, Moshe did not have 'charisma.'"

The Moshe I once knew shines out from those letters he wrote me from prison in Acre, and those thin, faded sheets pasted into an album are among the most precious things I own.

As his legend grew, women who had never so much as set eyes on him wrote Moshe love letters. Sometimes incredible as it sounds, they even appealed to me for help.

Not long before our divorce I received a phone call from a hysterical girl who demanded to know why my husband had hung up on her.

I told her that I really had no idea why he would do such a thing and suggested she call him at his office by this time I had developed a sense of humour about what once seemed a never-ending tragedy.

The girl insisted on seeing me immediately because she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. "My husband of yours is deceiving me with another woman," she screamed.

I wanted to laugh, but I said sympathetically, "The things do happen". I suggested that she take a sedative and lie down. What a child she is, I thought as I put down the phone. And this girl, whose voice sounded so ordinary and immature, had had a well-publicized affair with Moshe. Perhaps it would all have been easier for me if only my husband had picked women who were beautiful, charming, and desirable.

For many years I tried to protect Moshe from him as much as I could, and I saw to it that the legend about his favourite fleeting romantic episode, I avoided emotional entanglements. I dislike the role of public and would prefer to have behaved differently—not out of revenge, but to restore my self-confidence. Affairs with married men are not for me. I would never hurt another woman in the way I have been hurt.

Moshe often telephoned from home to me about his longest-lasting romance, and I heard these conversations

(Continued on page 16)



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**new  
super  
active**

Coloured clothes are brilliantly brighter  
—whites amazingly whiter! That's why  
you'll dazzle them all in your bright and  
beautiful Omo-clean clothes. Its extra  
brightening power means super active  
blue Omo washes brighter...and it shows.



# SHOPPING TIPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

## How to buy things:

Whenever possible, shop only when you feel cheerful. To make sure you feel cheerful long enough to accomplish anything, wear comfortable shoes. But take a good big handbag along that will hold the shoes you plan to wear with whatever you buy.

Also, wear whatever underwear you'll be wearing with it—particularly the girdle and the bra.

When you are shopping for something, remember: if it is washable, you'll feel conscience-bound to wash it.

But, if it's expensive, you'll probably be afraid to wash and—especially—iron it, even though it is washable. So don't let this point influence you too much.

## How not to buy things:

When you are shopping with someone else and your own bank account is overdrawn, it's wise to wear a torn slip and a wilted bra. Then it will be easier not to try things on.

As a matter of fact, before we buy anything more, we'd better look over some of the things we already have.

Now, many women do a lot more for their clothes than their clothes do for them. They dry—clean and wash and iron them and hang them up neatly and air them and keep all the buttons sewed on, and still, when they put them on, nothing happens.

## Back Home:-

A good thing to do is to cut notches in your closet clothes—pale, about three inches apart. This keeps suits and dresses from huddling together and wrinkling themselves.

Also you can squeeze a wire coat-hanger up at both ends, so it is shaped like an idiot grin, then hang a slip or a nightgown on it. This keeps them from billowing out at you or sliding off the hook, whenever you open the closet door.

And the best way to hang up slacks or pants is by the cuffs, of course, upside down. (If you're short of regular pants-hangers, clothespins on regular wire hangers will work all right). This shakes out wrinkles, and if they're your husband's pants, it might shake out a few dimes and nickels too.

It's also a good idea to hang up another shoebag somewhere (besides the one you keep your shoes in).

This is for handy odds and ends like:

- shoe polish
- shoe brushes
- clothes brush

A small sewing kit (if you don't have a useful Box in cellophane tape)

Simonize lubricant (if you have any alligator shoes or bags, they'll last longer if you treat them with it once in a while)

You'll find the cellophane tape handy for many things—for instance, when you notice that the hem is coming out of a skirt, and you've neither the inclination nor the

time to sew it. Just tape it down, and you'll look less as though you'd been dressed by the White Queen.

A roll of it is handy in your sewing box, by the way, if you have a sewing box. Tape down the thread ends of spools instead of trying to find those silly spool notches which have usually broken off anyway. Then things will be less of a tangle.

And it's a good lint remover or hair remover, if you have been sitting where a white poodle was. You must be scientific and use a lot of tape, but it will do the job nicely.

For situations less drastic, a slightly dampened rubber sponge is all you need.

Also, should you ever make the mistake of buying a dress which has a basted-in collar, you must force yourself to rip out the basting and substitute snap-fasteners. Otherwise, the collar will never more be seen on the dress, after you've once taken it off to wash it.

However, in all these things, let us not be unduly conscientious. As the poet has put it so neatly:

*A sweet disorder in the dress*

*Kindles, in clothes a wantonness .....*

In other words, absolute meticulousness is a little fearsome. Whereas, someone who is a bit rumpled looks as though she might be rumpled a bit more, and if you are in the mood or market for rumpling, it is just as well to keep this point in mind.

So, back to the shops, finally, where we come to one more problem which is often the lot of the in-between lady. She is unfortunately, given to compromise.

For instance, she may feel, vaguely, that a particular style becomes her. So—when she is shopping for something to wear (and usually this is for a specific and looming occasion)—she may well come home with a gold princess dress, even though gold never matches her colour. But she'll wear it philosophically, figuring that, after all, you can't have everything.

But sometimes you can. This fact was once pointed out to me by an unusually intelligent fashion designer, whose name I won't drop because that would be name-dropping.

She said that when you are uncertain what you look best in, and what to buy, do this:

Think back over your lifetime of clothes and select the three or four things that shine in your memory. (Into each life some truly euphoric clothes must fall, if only through sheer accident.) Then try to pin down just what it was about each one that specifically warmed your heart.

## MAKE—UP, HAIR, AND ALL THAT

"When life is too interesting to worry how my face looks, that's the way I like it."

I know a lady who noticed that, through some curious combination of circumstances, she seemed to look a little older every year.

But she didn't waste time hunting magical creams. She started wearing a little lipstick to bed—not enough

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## SHOPPING TIPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

to smear the pillowcase or anyone, just enough to minimize early-morning trauma.

Thus, with practically no work on her part, she looked immensely better to herself every time she looked in the mirror or put on her make-up, and she is now so mentally she's almost unbearable.

Incidentally, did you ever take a clear-eyed look at the ladies behind the counter who peddle those magical creams?

Not long ago I decided to get a jar of the latest preparation, to banish those tiny tiny flaws the cosmetic people keep talking about. This royal preparation was royally priced, but I was nonetheless determined, until the saleslady told me she used it herself. She had a face like a well-oiled cowboy boot, and while it looked well-oiled, it didn't necessarily look any better. So I decided to leave her to her own tiny tiny flaws, and me to mine.

I've noticed something else: if you conscientiously prepare and apply your face as the beauty people tell you to do — and I have tried this — you spend 90% more time at it than usual, but you look only 6% better.

This seems to me to be a poor return on the investment. So my tendency — a fairly general tendency too, I find it to do the minimum, most of the time, and only rarely make a try.

For example, it's mildly true that make-up can make your nose and chin a little less prominent or a little more so, if you care to bother.

If you want one or both to recede, you use darker foundation on them, blending it with extreme care into the lighter foundation you use on the rest of your face. (This makes pouches under your eyes a little less noticeable, too.)

If you want to bring things forward, you use lighter foundation on them, in the same careful time-consuming way. (If, instead of pouches, you occasionally have dark circles under your eyes, you'd use lighter foundation on them too, to make them match the rest of your face.)

Still, it's a lot of trouble, and it does you only about 6% worth of good frontways, and none at all from the side. The minute anyone sees your profile, the cat's out of the bag. So you'd hardly do it every morning — just on those occasions when you think every iota counts.

As for the chin, about all you can actually do is keep it clean.

The suggestions on skin, hair, legs, and so forth will not include any six-per-centers which take any real doing it time; just six-per-centers which don't (There is hardly a beauty hint in the world — except for a hair hint we'll come to presently — which nets you more than 6%, no matter what.)

### Briefly, let's consider lipstick

A good thing to bear in mind, in choosing the colour is the colour of your teeth. The right shade of lipstick can make them look whiter.

Teeth differ in their pigments. If yours tend toward the yellow cream stripe of the spectrum, an orange-red lipstick will make them look more so. You might ask your dentist what colour family your teeth belong to.

*You can make lipstick stay on longer with an egg timer. Apply a thick coat of lipstick, blot it gently, powder over it, and turn the egg timer over. (You can make the bed or change the baby meanwhile, but no smoking or drinking.) When the three minutes are up,*

*apply another coat and blot it again. This takes care of things for quite a spell.*

Then, I know a girl with a beautiful mouth who also uses a darker shade of lipstick on her upper lip. She swears this does something or other.

Also, some people are changing to lipstick brushes, which, they admit, take longer but achieve a cleaner line.

Beauty experts are fond of saying you can reshape your mouth with lipstick, and if you are an expert, it probably can. At least, it works beautifully on the photographs of models. But it doesn't seem to work well on real people. In any sort of a dim light you see where they overshot or undershot their upper lip. There is a psychoanalytical school, too, where lipstick is concerned. You can read a girl's character at a glance at how she wears down her lipstick:

*If it becomes worn on the bias, she will do anything for money.*

*If it becomes blunt on the end, like a pencil eraser, she is extra-ordinarily interested in men.*

*If it stays pointed clear to the end, she is or will be a wonderful mother.*

A good thing to know about make-up in general this: after applying your foundation and powder, wipe out a washcloth in cold water and press it gently over your face for a moment.

This gives you a not-quite-so-made-up look and sets the powder.

Sometimes your face needs more of an assistance than just make-up can give it. If you are catching a cold or had a swinging Saturday night, a big crisp white collar or a white scarf will make you look better than you feel.

If your skin is very dry, you may find that it helps use moisturizer every morning on your face and neck before you apply your make-up. If it is only fairly dry you can remedy the situation by washing it at night with cold cream, soap, and water all at once. Cold-cream your face thoroughly, then wash off the cold cream with a warm soapy washcloth and rinse it well.

Rinsing, by the way, is big. It's best to use a special clean wash-cloth right out of the linen closet for rinsing off the soap, because there will still be a little soap left in the other one. This makes for a lot of laundry but softer face.

### Evening Glamour

I read once, in some terribly authentic beauty article that you can achieve an ethereal look at night by using a foundation cream and powder that are slightly lighter than the colour you use in the daytime.

I tried this and was underwhelmed, but maybe it does something for you.

If it doesn't, you can probably fix it up with rouge. The rouge should be the middle layer, between foundation and the powder, so you can powder it to the tone you want. However, this means you'd have to smudge all over, and at this point your husband is probably chewing the carpet anyway. So just put a wee bit of rouge on top of what you already have, and nobody will mind.

Then there is eye make-up

This is something you either take to naturally, like the French horn, or else you don't. Either way, it takes a lot of courage to wear it in the daytime, except for eyebrow pencil and a little mascara.

It takes a lot of time, too — blending the eyeliner up and out, and powdering over it so it will stay, then — hardest of all — using the eyeliner over so close. After applying your eye make-up, press it gently over your foundation and powder your face for a moment, wring out a washcloth in cold water

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## SHOPPING TIPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

(Continued from page 10)

fully so it doesn't look like a child's crayonwork (All this before you've even touched your lashes, you understand, or your eyebrows).

If it makes you feel happy, you should wear it. If you do, choose your eyeshadow according to the colour of your costume. (You could wear brown eye shadow, but it often makes people look liverish).

Don't believe the people who say that eye make-up, properly applied, is undetectable, because they are telling you a taradiddle. There's no reason it should be undetectable, either, any more than lipstick is. The thing about it is this, though: eye make-up always shows that you're trying hard, which may or may not be a good idea, depending on the circumstances.

I know a girl who makes a lot of distance with plain old vaseline. She rubs just a little on her eyelids and it gives her a moist, edible look.

Now, most girls apply make-up only to their faces and necks, but often the same foundation cream or pancake make-up they're using could do quite as much for their legs.

This is a good thing to do sometimes, even though your legs are fine and flawless.

Another thing: depilatory creams make legs smoother than shaving does, but they take longer.

### And speaking of hair:

The biggest news about it is the big wig craze which is on its way out now. The big mistake the wig people have made is stressing the mad big gay whimsy of it all.

So, when most women think wigs, they think of being a ravishing red-head at lunchtime and their heads moonlight for the cocktail hour.

Admittedly, the idea has a certain pixie charm, but coming right down to cases, it would suit neither the philosophies, pocketbooks, nor husbands of most women in 1974.

However, if you own a wig, (an afro-wig for instance) that is an exact replica of your own hair, as it foots it's best think of the practical advantages!

### For instance you need a wig:

*If you resent the money you spend at beauty saloon for hair plaiting. Your wig needs dry-cleaning only once every two months, even though you wear it every day.*

*You can do it yourself with dry-cleaning fluid, if you're good at setting hair. Or drop it off at a hair-dressing saloon and have it cleaned, and restyled too, if you like.*

*If you are ham-handed, as I am, when it comes to doing your own hair, or if your life is too hectic to keep regular hair-dressing dates. The wig will bridge that messy period when things are out of hand.*

*If you swim a great deal. Just towel-dry your own hair. Then put your wig on.*

*If you're sick in bed. You can have the morale-build-ing effect of pretty hair without the bother.*

*If your life is subject to last-minute social emergencies.*

*If you like an intricate hair-style and your husband objects to pincurls and rollers in your own hair.*

*If you're travelling abroad and don't want to be bothered.*

You can get a good wig for about N14.00 which isn't much for such an enduring investment. (Though prices start at around N3.50 the cheaper ones are machine-tied, don't contain as much hair, and in general aren't quite so satisfactory). And you can get one from almost all markets, and saloons.

Some wigs are practically undetectable, of course, No one has ever asked me if I'm wearing a wig. People

don't believe it even when you're perfectly frank. "I haven't washed my wig tonight", you say, and no one thinks a thing about it.

So get one as a standby or take care of the ones you used before local hair plait came into vogue. In the meanwhile, here are a few random suggestions about your own hair.

**If you conscientiously prepare and apply your face as the beauty people tell you to do—and I have tried this—you spend 90% more time at it than usual, but you look only 6% better.**

Now, if you can't set your own hair satisfactorily and would like to learn how, you might do as a friend of mine did.

She paid for the full morning's time of a hairdresser whose work she liked, having the hairdresser show her. The hairdresser put it up, while she watched, then took it down. Then she put it up, while the hairdresser watched and criticised, and took it down, and put it up again.

It was a grim morning's work and it cost her about N10.00 I believe (though, in any case, this would vary with shops and operators). But my friend can do a fair job on herself now, and she considers the money well spent.

If you have trouble getting your hairdresser to do your hair as you like it, and then one day — through some fluke of circumstance — he/she gets it right, have someone take a close-up snapshot of you, quickly.

Then bring it in, whenever you visit the hairdresser's, and prop it prominently against the mirror, to remind him. (This is also valuable in giving a new beauty operator something to aim at.)

Before we get to the business of perfume and diets and such, let us consider briefly the matter of:

### Hands:

A woman once asked a famous beauty authority what she should do to have beautiful hands.

Said the beauty authority, who was honest as well as famous. "Nothing." By which he meant, of course, that work makes hands muscular, it usually enlarges the knuckles somewhat, and it subjects the skin to roughening and abrasions.

These are facts which the commercial advertisements always overlook. They imply that even though your hands are kissed only by the family dog, the situation will change if you keep them properly lubricated.

You needn't worry about muscles and knuckles either. Many intelligent people consider hands to be better-looking when they look as though they had done something: held a paint brush or a golf club or a steering wheel or a baby or — in a word — something besides each other.

Somewhat rosy hands look less so with a rosy polish on the nails. But if the hands are quite red, it is best to use colourless nail polish or sit on them.

The fast polish job is usually a poor excuse for a manicure, because the condition of the cuticle is a dead giveaway.

However, you can get by with the fast polish job if you keep your cuticle remover and cotton swab by the bathtub and give yourself a one-minute treatment along with your bath. It helps, too, to get the habit of pushing back your cuticle every time you dry your hands. Then you're in shape to apply a swift coat of polish in the two minutes while you're waiting for the guests in the baby sitter.

You must remove it though — no matter how good it looks — when the evening is over. With only that one thin coat of polish, and no base coat or sealer, your manicure doesn't have a prayer, and it will become patchy-looking in a hurry. (Continued on page 14)

# COOKERY

## SMALL CHOPS

Very often, we invite a few friends to drinks or some of our friends seek our advice on what to prepare for drinks party. As the name implies, various brands of drinks are served at such parties but usually, the hostess enjoys the display of her domestic skill by adding some Small Chops. These of course are little foods so prepared that they are readily picked and eaten. Small Chops are free of oily mess so guests can have as many of them as they desire.

Usually, a mixture of these chops could be served to individual guests on a plate but for a fairly large number, the items are attractively arranged and passed round on trays for people to help themselves. Another variation could be to pass some of the real small ones like chermes, cocktail sausages, meat balls and fried fresh sea lobsters through chop sticks and arranged round halved unripe pawpaw.

Chop sticks are now available in well decorated plastic or plain toothpick like forms.

### SMALL CHOP STAND:

Unripe pawpaw, oranges, or lemon can be used as stands for small chops. It is advisable to choose which one is cheapest at the time it is needed. Pawpaw should be cut into two length-wise. To make it more attractive, various designs could be made on the outer skin after the halves have been thoroughly cleaned. For a firm base, make a thin slice off the part resting on the plate. The small chops are then arranged round but not too firmly as this will make it too difficult to remove.

### SUGGESTION FOR SMALL CHOPS:

#### ROUGH PUFF PASTRY

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. plain flour  
Pinch of salt  
6 ozs. butter or butter and lard

$\frac{1}{2}$  teasp. lemon juice  
Cold water to mix.

Sift the flour and salt. Add the butter cut up into pieces the size of a walnut and mix lightly with the flour.

Make a well in the centre, put in the lemon juice and gradually add sufficient

water to mix to an elastic dough.

Roll into a long strip, keeping the corners square fold into three.

With the rolling-pin seal the edges and give the pastry a half-turn, so that the folded edges are on the right and left.

Repeat until the pastry has been rolled and folded 4 times, if possible leaving for 15 minutes in a cool

place between the second and third rollings.

#### SAUSAGE ROLLS

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sausages  
Egg yolk to glaze

Cut the pastry into 8 even-sized squares.

Skin the sausages. Divide the sausage meat into 8 portions and make each piece into a roll the same length as the pastry.

Place the sausage meat on the pastry, wet the edge and fold over leaving the ends open.

Knock up the edges with the back of a knife.

Make three incisions on top.

Brush over with beaten egg and place on a baking-sheet.

Bake in a hot oven (425°F., Gas 7) until the pastry is well risen and brown.

Reduce the heat and continue baking till the pastry is cooked.

**NOTE:** Small sausage rolls can be quickly made by rolling the pastry into an oblong.

Form the sausage meat into long rolls the length of the pastry.

Place the meat on the pastry then divide the pastry into strips wide enough to encircle the meat.

Damp one edge of each strip, fold over and press together firmly.

Cut into rolls of the desired length, finish as

above.  
8 sausage rolls.

Cooking time - about 15

#### SALMON KEDGEREE

One  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. can of salmon  
1 oz. butter  
2 ozs. well-boiled rice

Salt and pepper  
Grated nutmeg  
Finely-chopped parsley.

Divide the fish into rice-size flakes.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the rice, place thoroughly hot, season to taste, and add the fish.

Stir very gently over the heat for 3-4 minutes, then leave piled on a hot dish. Sprinkle with parsley.

**NOTE:** 1-2 hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped and sometimes added to the above ingredients. 1-2 helpings.

#### SCOTCH EGGS

Hard-boiled eggs  
1 lb. sausage meat  
Egg and breadcrumbs  
Frying fat

Shell the eggs and weigh each egg in thinly rolled sausage meat.

If liked, a little finely-chopped onion can be mixed with the sausage meat before using.

Coat carefully with beaten egg and breadcrumbs.

Fry in hot fat until nicely browned.

Cut each egg in half.

Scotch eggs can be served either hot or cold.

#### SARDINE AND EGG FINGERS

8 - 10 sardines  
2 hard-boiled eggs  
Butter or fat  
Bread  
1 tablesp. chopped gherkins  
Cayenne pepper  
Anchovy essence

Lift the sardines out of the tin, and drain them well. Rub the yolks of the egg through a fine sieve, mash them.

Chop the whites finely. Cut thin slices of bread into fingers.

Fry in clarified butter or fat, and drain well.

Chop the gherkin finely. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper and a few drops anchovy essence to a little butter.

Mix well and spread in on the fingers.

Put a sardine on each.

Decorate in 3 sections — covering the entire lightly with the chopped gherkin, one end with egg white and the other end with the egg yolk.

8 — 10 savouries

### EGG STUFFED WITH PRAWNS

4 hard-boiled eggs

12 large or 18 small prawns

1½ ozs. butter

Pinch of salt

Pinch of pepper

Anch of cayenne pepper

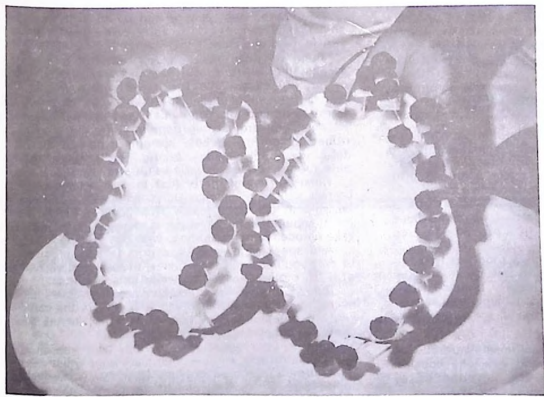
1 tablesp. grated cheese

Cut the shelled eggs across the halves.

Cut off their extreme ends so that they stand firmly and remove the yolks.

Put the prawns into a basin, add the egg yolks.

Pound until smooth, and add the butter and mayonnaise, season to taste.



then fill the egg cases. Sprinkle the surface with cheese.

Place a prawn in the centre of each. 8 savouries.

### STUFFED EGG

Hard-boiled eggs

*Cream or milk or salad cream.*

Shell and cut each egg into two halves.

Remove the yolks into a basin.

Cut off a small part at the base of the top half to make it sit properly.

Wash the empty whites and leave to drain.

Mash the yolk with a little cream or milk or salad cream to make it softer.

Season well.

Fill the empty whites with the yolk and mark with fork to decorate.

### MEAT BALLS

1 lb. Meat

4 eggs

Fresh Tomatoes

Flavourings like thyme,

1 teaspoon tomato puree

Pepper to taste

1 onion

White pepper

Remove all the gristle from the meat and wash well.

Cut into pieces, season with salt, white pepper, thyme, and a bit of onions and boil in little water.

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## SHOPPING TIPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

When you take time out to give your-self a good thorough manicure, it will last a day or two longer if you remove a hairline of polish at the tip of each nail. And if you can do so, wait a solid hour before you apply the final sealer coat.

Another thing: even though you prefer to do your own manicuring, it is helpful to have a professional job once in a while. If you know a really good manicurist. (There is a great difference between the expert and the average practitioner). This gives you a fresh start which lasts for weeks.

## THE 9 PLACES WHERE A WOMAN SHOULD WEAR PERFUME

At the bend of each elbow	2
On the pulse of each wrist	2
Behind each ear	2
On each eyebrow	2
At the base of your throat	1

Also, I know a girl who sprays her feet with cologne after she bathes and before she puts on her nylons.

And I know a charming girl who puts perfume in her mouth — touches it lightly to her gums with a finger tip. Talking to her is a mighty heady experience, believe me.

Now, if you'd like an all-of-a-pieceness that's above and beyond the call of duty, you can have hand lotion of the same scent as your favourite perfume.

## DIETING WITHOUT TEARS

On the subject of dieting, millions of words have been printed and ignored about Asking Your Doctor, and the virtues of balanced exercise and diet, and so on. So in these pages we'll touch, on a few approaches to the diet problem, and some small assorted facts.

For one thing, the random housewife often has a random figure, which tends to come and go. Sometimes it is wise to square up to this fact in a practical fashion, as did a friend of mine.

She is an off-and-on dieter, with a range of twenty-five pounds. She realized one day, in one of those moments of truth and we're all occasionally blessed with, that this situation would probably continue, that sometimes she would weigh 125 pounds and sometimes she would weigh 150 pounds.

So she acquired for herself a minimum wardrobe of good-looking 150-pound clothes, and now she doesn't worry about it so much. She knows that, in either case, she'll have something to wear.

It is a matter — as so many things are — of knowing yourself, and what you will or will not do. Some girls get good results with the carrot-in-front-of-the-nose technique. They'll buy a charming and reasonably expensive size 10 — if that's the size they're aiming for —

and hang it prominently in the bedroom, to keep them reminded.

But for other girls, this doesn't prove to be incentive enough. Finally the dress goes out of fashion, and they've merely spent all that money, and they feel miserable about it. You must know your own strength, and it is unwise to overestimate it.

One jellybean contains 7 calories.

You look somewhat thinner if your hairdo is reasonably sleek rather than bouffant.

Now, dieting being — as it so often is — a matter of mood, it is wise to keep some diet foods handy, for those mornings, when you awaken with a surge of ambition and decide this is the day. If the dietetic fruits and salad dressing and the fatreol are there, you can put down your resolution with action, before it fades.

Never tell anyone you're on a diet.

If she is plumper than you are, she'll start talking you out of it. If she is thinner, it will bore her. If it's possible that is, if you are dieting by merely cutting down on ordinary foods — keep it a secret even from the family. Otherwise you may have a feeling that they're secretly checking up on you, which can be infuriating. You'll find yourself taking on a load of chocolate just to show who's boss.

A female halibut usually weighs ten times more than her mate.

**There are, of course, many ways to diet:**

I know a woman who has kept the same weight and approximately the same figure for forty years, by means of a simple expedient. One day a week, she eats nothing at all. The other six days she eats normally, whatever she likes.

This cuts down her weekly caloric intake, you see, by approximately 1,800 calories. Figured yearly, that's 93,600.

The day she usually chooses is Monday, when she seldom goes out and when she's tired of the sight of food anyway, after the weekend cooking.

Of course, most people who go on a diet usually do so because they feel fat. It is convenient, however, if you feel fat and rich.

Then you can diet on fine expensive things like steaks, broiled rare, and luscious fresh fruits either in or out of season. The family will eat right along with you and not mind it a bit, which is an advantage truly worth saving up for. You don't have to prepare two meals.

When you are dieting earnestly, by the way, and inclined to feel melancholy sometimes as you think of the delicious calorie-laden things you'll never again be able to eat, you must realize that this is not so.

When you have finally lost that 30 pounds your metabolism will have speeded up considerably, and you will be able to eat some lovely rich goodies without having them show. If you do so in moderation, of course, and take an occasional sounding, with the scale,

And speaking of scales, a grim fact we all must face is that you may well be heavier, even though your clothes still fit, clothes — even as waistlines — stretch.

Then, too, your waist measurement may have increased even though your weight hasn't. If this is the case, and you are determined to spare down a few inches through exercise, a good way to do it is this:

Encircle your waist with a cloth tape measure, pulling it comfortably snug — then mark your waist measurement with a coloured crayon. Now sew snap-fastener on the tape — the first one at the start of the tape and the second two inches slimmer than where the crayon marks.

The tape will then be a good gauge of how you're doing. When you can finally snap the snap-fastener, you're done.

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## DIETING WITHOUT TEARS

All diet-minded people need one of the stickless greaseless frying pans to cook in.

Another good thing for them to have is this easy recipe for low-calorie Oven French Fries:

Set the oven for 475°.

Cut three raw potatoes in strips.

Drop them into a bowl containing one tablespoon of oil and one tablespoon of water mixed together. Stir the potato strips until they're well coated. Then bake them for half an hour in your 475° oven and serve them quite hot. This will serve four or five people, depending on how hard they're dieting.

One of the cheerier facts about dieting is that a one-and-a-quarter-mile walk, once a day, will fend off ten extra pounds a year, if you don't increase your grocery intake at the same time. (And there's no reason anyone should — that isn't a big enough like to affect your appetite).

It is interesting, too, for the random housewife to know how many calories she's spending per minute at her various projects around the house. This is how it goes:

### ACTIVITY, CALORIE COST PER MINUTE

Making the bed	4.20
Shining shoes	3.36
Mopping floors	4.15
Walking outdoors	4.89
Walking downstairs	6.06
Walking upstairs	15.92
Kneeling	1.00
Washing clothes	2.33
Sitting	1.11
Sitting and reading	1.11
Sitting & eating (not counting what you eat)	1.28
Sitting & playing cards	1.32
Resting in bed	0.93
Standing & staring	1.30
Standing & dusting	2.25
Personal toilet	1.73
Dressing	2.93
Taking a shower	2.93

This is practical information to have, because you can use it to make room for more little treats while you're dieting.

### Like this, for example:

In our house, it is 16 steps to the second floor. To walk up and down them, at a moderate pace, takes me eighteen seconds and burns up approximately 7 calories. Therefore, if I would do this 15 times, it would burn up about 105 calories — or the exact calories count of a one-inch square of fudge, or one pancake, or 5 slices of crisp bacon, which I could then eat, in all good conscience.

(Or I could make me bed twenty-four times for about the same calorie count, but this sounds like a dreadful way to spend a morning).

Finally, now, to the matter of preserving yourself for posterity, or what to do when you're having a picture taken.

What most of us are after, when we have a picture taken, is a good natural-looking picture that doesn't resemble us. To achieve this, these are good points to bear in mind:

1. When it is to be a full-figure snapshot or portrait, your figure won't look so full if you will twist a little.

**Like this:** First, stand squarely facing the camera. Then put your right foot behind your left foot, and twist your body toward the foot that's behind. Make sure you straighten your shoulders and hold your chin and rib cage high. You will look slimmer this way, and more graceful too, in fact, you can stand like this whenever you want to look especially fetching, whether you're having a picture taken or not.

2. If you like perfume, wear a little. It has a good psychological effect on you as you pose.

3. Wear pale blue, or tan, or green, or something of about that colour intensity, rather than black or white.

4. Don't wear a hat, because no matter how smart the hat is now, posterity will snicker.

5. If smiling comes at all naturally to you, it is better to smile than not to. It is true that when you've been standing or sitting for seconds, waiting for the photographer to do something, there seems little to smile about. Therefore, it's helpful to remember that words with long or snort E or I sounds make you look agreeable. (If you give a long drawn-out mooooo as the photographer presses the button, you will look singularly affectionate, which is a good thing to remember if you're sending this picture overseas).

Whisky is, of course, a good word to say. A good sentence to repeat, over and over, enunciating each syllable with clarity, is: "I believe I merit cheese and whisky."

And, at this point, you probably do.

## COOKERY

(Continued from page 14)

Mince the meat by using a mincer or pounding in a mortar.

Add the remaining ingredients and bind with the beaten eggs.

Make into balls.

Fry in hot oil until golden brown.

### MIXED MEAT BALLS

Cooking time 15 - 20 minutes.

You will need for 4 servings.

1 large onion

good pinch sage or thyme

1 oz. butter

3 ozs. minced beef

1 egg

Salt and pepper

To garnish:

1 oz. flour

quartered tomatoes

3 ozs. minced pork or veal mushrooms.

Peel and finely chop onion.

Fry it in butter until soft and golden.

Beat the egg. Add half of it to the minced beef together with the fried onion, salt, pepper and half the flour.

Form the mixture into small balls.

Season the minced pork or veal with a good pinch of sage or thyme, salt and pepper.

Form the mixture into small balls blending in the remaining egg and flour. Fry these balls in the butter in which the onions were fried.

Serve them garnished with fried quartered tomatoes and fried mushrooms.

### KEBABS

This dish of skewered meat has become a fa-

vourite.

Cubes of meat, lamb, mutton, beef, pork or veal are threaded on metal skewers alternately with slices of aubergine, rings of onion, small mushrooms, little tomatoes and they are cooked steadily under the grill.

Rest skewers on the grill pan if possible, so any surplus fat drops through into the pan.

Brush very well with melted fat, butter or oil before cooking and keep well basted during cooking.

# SEX POWER

by CHUMA IFEDI

As a hobby, men discuss women. They think of women, dream of them, and woo them. Women on their side are obsessed about men. "Women's dearest delight" declared George Bernard Shaw in his 'Un-social Socialist' is to sound Man's self-conceit, though Man's dearest delight is to gratify hers."

Talks on equality, and women's liberation have echoed persistently over the years. Nigeria has no need for the equality battle for in spite of ourselves women are enjoying a boom. Liberation movements are therefore redundant, and no votes will be cast here for their advocates. What bothers most people is that despite the current pre-dominance of women over men both in number and performance, they manifest a basic inferiority complex.

"Today, important decisions are taken at the warm and ravishing embrace of a charming Miss, and the Sugar-daddy in his lust forgets all the solemn oaths he swore to, and disregards the rules and regulations he promised to obey faithfully."

Come to think of it, one wonders why all the fuss about enhancing their femininity. Perhaps, we may blame this on the presumed weakness of the "weaker sex". The contemporary Nigerian womanhood adopts all the wiles to capture men, and perpetuate their hegemony. See all the vanity depicted in the current fashion craze and the cosmetics bonanza. As if these are not adequate to crush the resistance of men, a new force has lately been unleashed — sex-power! And men are finally enslaved in the process. Some pleasant things are said about Nigerian men.

They are God-fearing. They are good husbands. They are their women. The

first allegation is correct. The second is debatable. The third is an imposition for which they have no answer. Sex-power is like a bomb, and wherever it explodes it leaves extensive ruins in its wake more horrible than Hiroshima. Men have been emasculated. My grand-father had the shock of his life at the sight of a woman been-to in trousers and exclaimed: "The sky has changed." Now we know that the dear old man is right after all. Like Cato the Censor he often warned: "Suffer women once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors."

The traditional reserve which in the golden age was regarded as women's greatest virtue, and earned for them the commendation "crown of creation" has

turned into a revolution. At the aftermath of the silent coup d'etat, the rights and privileges of the menfolk are taken over. The dame now enjoyed them as a matter of course on a platter of gold. The female job seeker gets the first smile from the irascible company director. The tenders board awards to her all the juicy contracts. And we have come to realise only recently that even in crimes like the admissions racket to the universities and certificate forgery, women are adepts.

They are also expert smugglers delicately sneaking through the thickest barricades. Today, important decisions are taken at the warm and ravishing

"Suffer women once to arrive at an equality with you, and they will from that moment become your superiors"

embrace of a charming Miss, and the Sugar-daddy in his lust forgets all the solemn oaths he swore to, and disregards the rules and regulations he promised to obey faithfully.

Who says men are still the bread-winners? Times have changed, and since the invention of the uni-sex, women have overnight become men and more. "The great fault in women" said De Maistre "is to be like men." The result stares us in the face for men are everywhere being starved out of existence in all fields of endeavour. Polygamists are the wiser for it. The more women in your harem, the more prosperous your family is. All that is necessary is that you keep the rules of the game and allow the bevy of women the fullest freedom of action and movement.

Women have invaded all the professions. They are even Commissioners. A naive sycophant recently called on women to take

up the challenge, and flood the markets with their wares. How silly! My old man would have spat at that idea and cursed: "The sky has changed."

To add insult to injury, a decree has just been passed keeping women off night duties. Methinks, this is another conquest by sex-power. We shall however be fair enough to obey the old economic maxim — equal pay for equal work. It will put women in their place. As an antidote to sex-power, I recommend a code of conduct for the new generation of women. For a start, all contraceptives will be banned, and the pills dumped into the sea.

There is however one consolation — women are women's bitterest enemies. In their fold, there is a permanent cold war raging. Men have to inflame this passion and exploit it to their advantage. They have nothing to lose, but their chains.

## Continued from MOSHE DAYAN Page 1

tions because he was never concerned about such details as lowering his voice.

This woman, too, would complain that he was "deceiving" her with yet another woman. He used to tell her not to believe such stories; and I heard these exchanges.

I learned to live with this though it was not really living. For more important, as the years went by, I also learned that there were more and more things that I was capable of doing, and on my own. That, very briefly, was why I finally made the decision I did; because the price of living with a legend can be too great.

Sixteen years after Dan Hotel episode, I was also no longer so naive. Moshe's attitude toward women is not so different from the general rule; what is different is the power of his appeal, and the fact that he himself believes what Ben-Gurion described; that his public genius and his personal inclinations are entirely separate. He is also convinced, and circumstances support him in this, that his importance to the nation somehow excuses him from ordinary human standards.

Yet I have never regretted our life together, and if I were asked to relive it all over again, I would not choose otherwise.

# STARS

## AQUARIUS (Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th)

Travel this month is well-starred and fortunate. There could be gains through business negotiations or property deals, or a little bit of luck (you can afford a flutter now). Life will demand the sort of patience you don't usually have.

in partnerships. If you haven't got a partner August is the time to find one.

## LEO (July 24th—Aug. 23rd)

Venus in Leo most of this months makes it quite fortunate for you and your aspirations. You can afford to make snap decisions without that inner voice warning asking "Was I wise?"

## VIRGO (Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd)

A new opportunity could come to you either through foreign interests or through travel. The first three weeks are ideal for making changes, travel and adventure.

## LIBRA (Sep. 24th—Oct. 23rd)

Partnership matters can be stabilized now and it is a month when many Libra marriages will take place.

## SCORPIO (Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd)

During the month of August you can expect relief from domestic or work pressure, there are opportunities to travel, to make new contacts, to express yourself.

## SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st)

Optimism is yours after a slight wavering on your chosen course. Travel, visits and meetings are possible and there will be a strong romantic experience.

## CAPRICORN (Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th)

You can get something new launched now and expect good results. The month is helpful for personal health—there will be a receding of strain due to past business or home worries.

## PISCES (Feb. 20th—March 20th)

Holidays would be under happy stars. The second and third weeks are best, and there is positive sign of a get-together or celebration that means much to you.

## ARIES (March 21st—April 20th)

What a month of possibilities. All the emphasis is on effects, new contacts, changes. Mercury in Virgo will increase the pace of your social life and give you the ability to assess new possibilities quickly.

## TAURUS (April 21st—May 21st)

This could be one of the peak months for your affections, as warmth and friendliness abound in your environment. Allow yourself full enjoyment by relaxing when given the chance.

## GEMINI (May 22nd—June 21st)

This could be a cheerfully chaotic month with a fair amount of out-of-the-ordinary activity. Your own obvious enjoyment to a rather flippant situation will encourage others to think you are wonderful to have around.

## CANCER (June 22nd—July 23rd)

Romantic stars are working for you again. There will be an easing of tension

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## Mother's Information Bureau

# Common Ailments In Babies

There is no end to babies' common ailments. These of course can be frightening to a young mother; with the result that she seeks advice from different quarters. Among others, the question presented below comes rather often.

"My baby cries a lot even after he is fed and his nappy kept dry. I am getting fed up with this. What shall I do?"

"Should I leave my baby to cry it out or not so as not to spoil him?"

Besides being in need of food or in wet nappies there are a lot of other causes that could make a baby uneasy and therefore cry more than expected. Some of the causes could be:

### RIGID ROUTINE:

Rigid routine makes a baby discontented particularly if the baby is fed on powdered milk and you go too strictly by the direction on the tin. The direction is only a guide and not a law.

So treat your baby as an individual and you will make him far happier and contented.

### OVER CLOTHING

A baby will also cry if he is over clothed which may result in prickly heat. To safeguard this, dress him according to the weather but allow him free movement.

### PAIN

This will also cause a baby to cry. Pain cry is a sort of high-pitched screams

from a colic immediately after or during feeding. Usually bottle-fed babies swallow a lot of air while feeding. It is therefore advisable to break the wind in between and after feeds. Hold the baby against your shoulder and rub his back gently.

### EVENING COLIC

Many babies have what is termed 3 months colic or "evening colic". The baby is usually happy during the day but in the evening he draws up his legs and yells; this may continue at frequent intervals. An observant mother will notice that he has usually loud gurgling noises in his abdomen (many mothers wrongly diagnose it as worms).

He gets some relief by passing wind down below or by passing a stool. As a matter of fact the attacks are due to wind blocking the bowel loops and not worms. When mixed feeding is introduced it does help the baby as this is more weighty in his stomach and as such allows very little space for wind.

### BOREDOM

Towards the end of the 3rd month boredom can cause a baby to cry. Some babies will cry for long periods if left alone. If mother is busy in the back yard. He will be lonely as he will want a little loving or cuddling. Colourful rattles are particularly welcome by babies at this age.

Another question commonly asked by mothers is:

PREPARED BY

SISTER ADERINOLA

## POET'S CORNER

# Forgive Him Sister

*Sister, please don't cry  
Though I should cry  
If I were in your shoes  
I was once in the shoes  
Of an unhappy woman  
Ill-treated by her man*

*I know he left you  
For a reckless woman  
He seems to leave you  
Finally for the woman  
Sister, men are few  
That satisfy this woman*

*When she has used him  
She will drop him  
Like hot fire,  
When her selfish desire  
Is no more on fire  
She'll drop him forever*

*Now he makes mistakes  
He will soon discover  
His glaring mistakes.  
And come back to you  
Admitting his mistakes  
And cruelty to you.*

*He will come back,  
Yes! He will come back  
To a heart aching,  
And arms longing  
For him day and night  
Despite your petty light.*

*Though he left you now  
You still love him,  
Take up your mind now  
To be patient with him,  
Don't you get it now?  
You're the one for him.*

*Sister, it is far better  
For him to discover  
How faithful and dear  
You are as his lover  
Then he'll hold you dear  
And precious forever.*

*Oh what a blessing  
It would be to forgive  
When he comes pressing  
You to please give  
What he's been missing  
Sister, please forgive.*

"My baby always has white specks in his mouth. I am told by my friend that this often happens to male infants. I am now worried as it comes and goes. What shall I do?"

### THRUSH

It appears to me the problem has to do with "Thrush". The white specks will also be inside his cheeks as well as tongue. Thrush is quite different from milk-curd which makes the tongue look coated.

Thrush is an infection due to fungus which the baby has contacted from you (the mother) or from inadequately sterilized feeding utensils (cup or feeding-bottle).

Your clinic or your doctor should be consulted for appropriate treatment. Apart from this it is important that care should be taken in sterilizing your baby's feeding bottle.

If you choose to boil your baby's feeding-utensils it should be done properly. Boiling is more difficult and unreliable because many mothers usually scald and not boil properly.

If you choose Milton method, easier, economical and reliable) do not rinse the feeding bottles or cup under running tap or with water after taken out of Milton because by this you would have contaminated it again.

I realise Milton taste is rather sharp but babies do get used to it and they do not come to any harm by being fed from Milton sterilized utensils.

A OLUSEGUN WILLIAMS



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*by Anne Adams*

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# FASHION GOES TO THE HEAD



It's the hat again but this one is in green chiffon and is put over a green floral chiffon dress - ideal for any important occasion during the day.

Be it for a wedding or a Sunday service, this maxi in purple and white comes off just right. The white hat that tops it all is the thing in vogue and so makes the wearer stand out of the crowd.



Care for an exclusive evening wear? Then choose this maxi in silver skirt with plain black top and hem. Note the broad smile of the model as she proudly displays her belt - a sure sign that the use of belt is back in vogue. The white choker and earrings with the silver brooch are all part of the smashing end result.



This syncro maxi with flared sleeves is in yellow crepe adorned with white lace. The yellow straw hat adds more to the beauty of the outfit to make it ideal for any type of day party or church anniversary.



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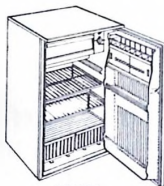
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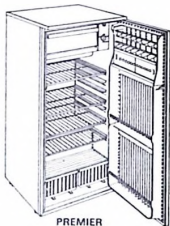
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# she who laughs last

by A. Olusegun Williams

Biodun sat looking calmly on the outside but actually feeling disgusted and impatient inside while waiting for her mother-in-law. Biodun had the right to be nervous. She had travelled two hours by bus from Lagos immediately after her husband left for his office. Biodun wondered what her mother-in-law, who she fondly called mama, would say when she reported her son and step daughter to her.

"How do you do, my child?" inama greeted on entering. "You should have written me a letter or sent message as you used to do. Hope there is nothing wrong? You look worried."

"What I have to say should not be written in a letter which might fall into wrong hands," Biodun replied meekly. "Your son, Ade, had been giving me a hell of a time ever since he brought his half sister home to live with us."

"His half sister? What's her name?" mama queried. "Her name is lyabo," Biodun continued. "Ade brought her home and introduced her to me as his half sister looking for employment in Lagos. According to Ade, lyabo had just finished her secondary education at Ilesha. That according to Ade, was the reason why I have not met her in the past."

"Biodun, my child," mama cut in, hesitated for a moment, then said flatly: "there is nobody in our family called lyabo. The first wife who died before Ade's father married me had no issue. All my children are males though I wish I have just one daughter. I wish you....."

Biodun burst into tears before mama could finish her speech. "What have I done to deserve this mal-treatment?" Biodun wailed. "I am going to sue Ade for divorce at once. I.... I can't stand seeing the two of them together in the home. That cheap, shameless woman wants to shatter all my hopes for lasting happiness."

"Calm down, child," mama pleaded, "do not take rash decisions."

"Mama, imagine me working like a servant while my husband's lover does practically nothing in the house, yet she specialises in finding faults with anything I do. I never dreamt my husband could side any woman against me. I never suspected my husband could be so bold as to bring another woman lover to live with us!"

"Biodun, please pay attention to what I have to say," mama said gravely. "I have settled many domestic troubles in my lifetime. Just as you know very well that a man cannot hope to keep his job for long if he becomes inefficient and careless. Remember also that it is harder for a woman to keep a man to herself for years than it is to hold him for just a year or two. Sometimes when a young woman gets married she takes her

man for granted. She neglects her looks and the things that attracted her man before marriage. Take a good look at yourself, Biodun. If you find any shortcomings with yourself look correct them immediately," mama concluded.

"That's not true, mama" Biodun grumbled. "You are trying to defend your son by shifting the blame. I am not changing my mind about the divorce."

"You reported to me because you wanted a settlement" mama said gazing steadily at Biodun. "If you divorce your husband now and marry another man how do you know that the next husband will not do something worse? Though I am convinced that Ade and lyabo are deliberately trying to annoy you so that you might do something rash that would give him an excuse to get rid of you, I don't want you to walk into their trap. I love you like a daughter and I want you to live happily with Ade. If you take my advice you will thank me for it some day," mama concluded.

On the way home Biodun tried to assure herself that mama was wrong but she cannot deny her nagging conscience. She considered the prospect of finding not only another man but an ideal man who must be unmarried. "How could one keep such a man after finding him? If he happened to have a fiancée or worse still, a wife, I would be doing to another woman what lyabo is now doing to me." Biodun mused. She could not see herself playing that detestable role.

On getting home she developed a splitting headache coupled with confused and perturbed mind which even got worse when she saw lyabo. Ade came home late as usual without the slightest idea that Biodun had discovered his tricks. It was no surprise to Biodun that lyabo appeared unconcerned about her illness. lyabo even went to the extent of saying that Biodun was feigning illness in order to avoid household chores.

Biodun's headache developed into a fever because she felt miserable. When Biodun got over her illness which kept her in bed for some days, the first thing that came to her mind was mama's advice. Reluctantly, she crawled to the mirror and took a close look at herself. "Who is this shabby, ugly woman in the mirror? No! it can't be me!" She covered her face as mama's words echoed in her ears.

From that day onward Biodun made sure she always appear attractive. She also stopped nagging and fighting back whenever Ade and lyabo found faults with her. In a short time Biodun became the perfect and attractive housewife any husband could be proud of.

Biodun resigned herself to the fact that men usually keep more than one woman in or outside marriage. Sh

(Continued on page 26)

# She who laughs last

(Continued from page 25)

preferred to be the wife rather than be the other woman. If Iyabo wanted to be the other woman, goodluck to her. Although Biodun was sometimes afraid of her future, she followed mama's advice and kept to her plans.

Ade was baffled and pleased by this new woman Biodun had suddenly changed to. When he was alone with her one day he confessed that he knew he was failing her as a husband which he blamed on his extra responsibility in the office.

"I am not an angel myself," Biodun smiled. "I sometimes deserve your complain. You have a right to scold if you find anything wrong with the way I am performing my duties as a housewife."

Biodun gathered ugly facts about Iyabo's past and present activities from gossiping friends. This helped to renew her pledge that only death could snatch Ade from her, though she had been told that Iyabo had succeeded in breaking other homes.

Gossips also revealed that Iyabo was one of those women who followed the men they fancied either because the men were handsome, rich or popular. Iyabo was raised by an unmarried mother who always put it to her in a thousand different ways that a woman was a play thing to men. "You have to fool them before they fool you. If men have the right to enjoy life what stops women? Any woman who is so stupid as to stay for better for worse with a man is not to be pitied. Go ahead and enjoy her man. You have a right to love whoever you want and drop him the way they drop us anytime they get fed up."

One day Biodun returned from the market where she went to buy foodstuffs to find Iyabo sitting close to a man whom she introduced to Biodun as her cousin who had just returned from overseas. The cousin greeted Biodun and explained that he had just learnt that Iyabo was looking for employment. He promised to find a suitable job for Iyabo.

Biodun told Ade when he returned from his office that there was hope for Iyabo to start working soon. She told him of the cousin who came in the morning.

A few days later when Biodun was returning from an outing, she saw Ade throwing out Iyabo's belongings. Her cousin stood panting while Ade hurled insults at both Iyabo and her cousin.

"You idiots," Ade yelled, "you think you are smart eh! Follow your man, Iyabo, and never come near me again." Before Ade finished his last sentence Iyabo walked in a carefree fashion, into her cousin's car. In seconds her cousin started the car and drove off at top speed.

What's wrong, Biodun asked. Although she was very happy to witness the scene, she did not want to show it. "Why are you doing this to your own sister?" Biodun roared.

Ade did not answer. He looked at the crowd watching him across the street, looked up as if searching for an answer, then turned slowly and walked into his sitting room where he dropped into a chair.

"Don't you know your parents would be angry with you when they hear that you have sent Iyabo away?" Biodun asked. Ade still did not answer. He might as well be deaf and dumb as he sat there gazing at the floor. "Please answer me Ade," Biodun continued.

"According to our tradition Iyabo is my own sister since she is your sister. The family will blame me if I fail to settle your quarrel."

Ade stood up as if he was returning to the office, stood still when he got to the doorway and gave Biodun a puzzling look which made Biodun a bit nervous and apprehensive. "I hope you will talk when you return from the office. Your anger would have subsided then," Biodun said as she lifted her bag she had earlier deposited in the sitting room.

Ade crossed the road, bought a packet of cigarettes and returned to his chair. As he lit the third stick, he said: "Biodun, come here, I want to talk to you." Biodun left what she was busy at and walked into the sitting room. "Sit down in the chair opposite and listen to me," Ade ordered.

Ade lit another cigarette from the stub of the first one. Biodun knew that it was not his habit to chain smoke but she made no comment.

"You said you wanted to know what happened," Ade started. "Would you be surprised if I tell you that I came in from office this morning to find Iyabo and her so-called cousin making love on my bed?"

"Incredible! No wonder I saw them sitting close when I came in the other day," Biodun put in.

"Don't interrupt me," Ade said coldly.

"Is she not entitled to love and marry a man of her choice simply because she is your sister?" Biodun asked.

"You are missing the point," Ade corrected. "The man came back from London with his wife. Iyabo is just a spare tyre as far as he is concerned. He could not afford being seen about with Iyabo. That was why he made my house their meeting place."

"But you should have cautioned her to keep away from him. Instead of sending her away you should have advised her to look for a suitable suitor. With her beauty and age she could get another suitor," Biodun concluded.

"She is not my sister just as she is not a cousin to that man," Ade confessed. Ade told Biodun how he had planned to kick her out and replace her with Iyabo, how he later changed his mind when Biodun suddenly turned a new leaf, and how he discovered that Iyabo was a good-for-nothing but the bedroom woman. "When I heard about her fictitious cousin I planned and succeeded in trapping them when they thought you and I would not be home. Are you not surprised to hear this?" Ade asked, raising his head which he had hung in shame while confessing.

"I am not surprised. I have been told by your mother that Iyabo is not your half sister," Biodun said simply. It was then Ade's turn to be surprised and overwhelmed with joy when he heard Biodun's story.

# THE FIX

A short story by Roderick Wilkinson

"Two people are going to be eliminated. One of them is my wife. I have given the executors ten thousand dollars in cash and all the particulars needed."

Nancy Eagles was seated on the edge of the sofa holding a glass of gin-and-venetian, looking up at a tanned, grey-templed, slim man as he lit his cigarette. Her husband David Eagles, was at the other side of the room talking to two good-looking girls. He was slightly drunk and, as usual, cheerfully noisy.

That was the scene when Galbraith walked in. He was a tall, thin man who looked away bit his Scottish background. He slid through the chattering, laughing group almost unnoticed till he was beside Nancy.

She looked up and the smile became something else for appearances sake on her face. "Hello, Andrew." "Could you get away — for a few minutes?" He was calm, composed. She rose. "Here? At the cocktail party?" He nodded. "It won't take long." They went to the door.

"Anything wrong?" She asked in the hall. He walked across the carpet and opened the library door. "I've got my papers in here, I brought them with me and asked your host to use this room."

As he closed the door behind them, Galbraith smoothed his thinning brown hair, took out his glasses, put them on and held out a chair for her in front of the desk, which had a few piles of paper and two large books.

She sat down. "What's up, Andrew?" Nancy Eagles at thirty did not feel surprised easily.

Galbraith sat beside her and picked up a pile of papers, laid them down. "Listen to me first, Mrs. Eagles." He took off his glasses. "The business is going broke."

She kept her level gaze on his face. He went on. "Custom is falling off because of no top-level contact. Production costs are killing us because we're giving the unions our shirts. Overheads are out of control. And we'll be announcing a loss tomorrow to the board for the second year running." He paused. "You want the details?"

Nancy Eagles rose slowly and walked over to the fake antique baronial fireplace. She leaned with one hand on the wooden mantelpiece and said to the accountant, "Is it worse than last year?"

"Twice as bad."

She stared at him steadily, calmly. "What else?"

The lean Scot looked at the desk evasively.

"What else, Andrew?"

He looked up. "Your husband's killing us."

"He's the cause of it all?"

He nodded.

"Spell some of it out to me."

He pinched his strong chin slowly in embarrassment.

"He's not there, most of the time. He —" He sighed.

"Drinking?"

He nodded.

"Gambling?"

He nodded.

Her white, smooth hand closed as a fist. "How long have we got, Andrew — if things go on as they are?"

"Six months. A year at the most."

"Is that what you'll tell the board?"

He shook his head. "I'm the financial controller, Mrs. Eagles. I'm not president — and the stock I hold is small. What I will do is present these facts." He tapped the papers. "You don't need much imagination to see what they mean."

"What's my stockholding, Andrew?"

"Sixty-five percent. You're the largest stockholder."

She walked back to the desk and sat down, took a cigarette from the gold box and as Galbraith lit it, said, "Have we a fighting chance?"

"Yes, we have, if somebody else manages the company."

"You?" She smiled faintly.

He shook his head. "I'm too valuable in the job I'm trained to do."

He shrugged. "I'm not the age or the type."

"Could we get somebody?"

"Your husband might sabotage a stranger's efforts."

Nancy flicked cigarette ash slowly, thoughtfully into the ashtray.

"I'll take it on."

Galbraith did not express any surprise. "Will your husband accept the idea?"

She smiled. "That's not important now. What's important is — will you accept the idea?"

He smiled and held out his hand. "I wish your father were here tonight. He'd know who was his daughter. Yes, you can depend on me, Mrs. Eagles. We'll make it — just."

She rose. "You can leave David to me."

"Would you like me to —?"

"No, thanks, Andrew. This is a family affair. I'll make sure he offers his resignation tomorrow at the stockholder's meeting."

He smiled. "You have the votes."

She sighed. "I also have David." She went to the door. "Anyway, it's me or nothing."

He held the door for her. "You'll make it — I know you will. And I won't be far away day by day."

"Thanks, Andrew."

Eagles was too drunk to talk about anything that night so Nancy waited until he had had his second breakfast coffee in the kitchen about 9 a.m. before she said, "The Meeting's today."

"I know — at eleven." His slightly pink-rimmed eyes showed nothing of the boisterous girl-entertainer of the previous evening.

She lit a cigarette, took her cup and saucer over to the drainboard and leaned against it lightly. "David, I want your resignation today."

He turned his eyes to her. "From what?"

"From the company."

His eyes remained on her for a while as she sat at the table, his white-shirted shoulders hunched in his hands holding the cup to his lips. "You're joking."

"I'm not."

He looked at her up and down, saw the neat powder.

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# A MATTER OF

A complete short story by Kunle Akinsemoyin

Jealousy — insane, uncontrollable, afflicted Segi from childhood. Doctors could not prescribe a cure only the hope that it might pass off or the likelihood of it subsiding with the attendant risk of flaring up again. Scorning medical treatment as being inadequate and unsatisfactory Segi's mother, a widow of substantial wealth, resorted to native diviners who declared Segi was suffering from a malady that would respond to divination. After a prolonged course of treatment Segi was declared cured and her mother was jubilant.

Events, moreover, seemed to have supported Segi's full recovery. Right through girlhood and from adolescence to womanhood she showed neither sign nor symptom of jealousy much to her mother's relief and gratitude.

Segi grew up to be a cheerful and well-disposed person. She made many friends and was well liked. On leaving school she was sent to Britain to be trained as a nurse — a profession of her choice which her mother regarded as the crowning glory of her efforts.

"If Segi still had a jealous streak in her, she argued, she would not on her volition or by persuasion choose such a noble career."

During her training in England Segi met and fell in love with Dayo who, like herself, belonged to one of the established families of Old Lagos. Jealousy being part and parcel of true love, this rather simple occurrence caused the malady of Segi's childhood to rear its ugly head again.

The first time Segi caught Dayo in the company of an English girl she was so upset that she had to return immediately to her lodging where she lost control of herself and had a good cry. On his subsequent visit to her later that day Dayo, noticing her bloodshot eyes, asked what was the matter. He had to coax it out of her.

"Is that all?" he said with a laugh, "Shiela means nothing to me. Like me, she's a law student and we meet at the Library where we all study. She's only a casual acquaintance."

"Where were you going then?"

"We just happened to be in the same coach on the underground from where we just alighted when you saw us."

That seemed to satisfy Segi and she snapped out of the mood. Dayo then took her out for a meal and afterwards to the cinema. Out of the consideration of love Dayo saw to it that Segi never had cause to be so upset again. Consequently, their courtship for the rest of their stay in Britain was romantic and happy. They decided, quite wisely, not to get married till they returned to Lagos. Segi proved more than her worth in helping Dayo out of financial difficulties that could have affected his studies and delayed his being called to the Bar.

Back in Lagos Segi was shocked to discover that Dayo's mother was of very lowly birth, humble almost to the point of servility. She was, in fact, a domestic servant in the household of Dayo's father who, as was the practice common among the rich merchants of Old Lagos, bore a son for the master of the house. After the shock had passed the importance of the discovery dawned on Segi and with it the realisation that here was something she could use to further strengthen her hold on Dayo. Her ego was flattered and her pride inflated. Six months after their return home they were married.

It was the wedding of that year reviving the splendour and solemnity with which this auspicious ceremony was observed in Old Lagos.

Like every newly wed the early years of their marriage had their ups and downs, problems and anxieties, surprises and disappointments, fears and worries but they were free of serious situations, and could therefore be considered relatively happy.

However, for Segi the first year of married life was full of anxieties because, despite assurances from Doctors and Specialists in Gynaecology and Obstetrics that nothing was wrong with her, she felt no sign of new life within her. But her fears soon proved groundless in the following year she experienced the fulfilment of motherhood by producing a bouncing baby girl, much to Dayo's relief, whose friends were beginning to express doubts about his virility.

They produced two more children in quick succession, both, much against expectation, girls. In fact, Segi cried when she learnt that their last baby was a girl. When Dayo visited her, he did not hide the disappointment of having three daughters in six years of marriage. He bluntly told her he wanted a boy.

"Next time, dear!" Segi said hopefully with tearful eyes.

"Not likely!" came the snappy but unexpected retort. "What do you mean Dayo?" demanded Segi.

Determined not to give an explanation, Dayo suddenly remembered he had an appointment and left immediately, very much to Segi's indignation, which duly passed off leaving her puzzled and disturbed.

Was there more to Dayo's attitude than mere disappointment? Was she loosing her hold on him? He likely. After all, had she not made herself indispensable to him in his struggles to build up a lucrative legal practice? Perhaps she was at fault for being smug and complacent, particularly, with Lagos society being what it has always been — an exacting and exasperating island. This she could soon put right when out of the hospital. She was determined not to stay a day longer than was necessary.

Was there another woman? At other times she would have dismissed this without a second thought convinced he would not dare. Though she was under no illusion about Dayo being a saint, nevertheless, she was well aware, too well aware that any wife who expected this of her husband was courting shock and misery. This time anger surged within her rousing in its wake doubts, suspicion and jealousy. These were to consume her, influencing her matrimonial life and tormenting relationship with her husband with disastrous consequences.

It began on her return home after compelling the doctor to discharge her earlier than was considered good for her. She deliberately did not tell Dayo to come for her and, of course, nothing was ready. She gave him a cold reception. A row ensued in which hot words were exchanged and she called him every bad name under the sun. Dayo was provoked to such a towering rage that he was forced to leave the house for his favourite club. He drank hard but not to the extent of inebriety.

On the following day he felt so ill in his chambers he had to see a doctor. After thorough examination he was warned to take things easy for he was developing

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# CONSCIENCE

# Somebody for keeps

By Uche Nwani

Have you found your love yet? I am not asking you whether or not you have a bed-mate; I want to know if you have found somebody you like enough as to vow to live together "for better or for worse."

In this world, most of us only love once. What a pity to take risks with that love. I have, for sometime now, been following the misfortunes of lovers in this country with deep concern. I am not particularly sorry for them because I know they have been very irrational in their decisions.

In fact, most of their decisions have been based on emotional reactions to fulfil a want instead of intelligent deductions based on agreeable quantities found in their lovers. This is the main reason why their associations breakdown as quickly as they are formed — because they are devoid of reason.

Now, supposing as a girl, you have a boyfriend who is always asking for sex at every meeting, would you think he really loves you? I wouldn't think so, because most men will prefer to marry virgins; but where that is impossible, they would like some sacredness to surround the sex affairs; they have with their fiancées before marriage. Exceptions are few, if any.

As a man, if you have a girlfriend who does not raise a finger against your generous expenses on her or who is very demanding, don't you think you have to question her love? Her type is motivated to love by money or what money can buy and you will lose her when a better source appears on the scene.

At this stage you will want to know when you can consider a choice well made. Well, since "true love" is difficult to find in our present day society where money is the alpha and omega, we have to base our judgement on moral and social standards backed by physical attributes, if necessary.

Say true love is difficult to find, because unlike what is now happening, it is not experimental or arrogant or jealous but patient, kind and undying because it has a divine origin. I have seen lots of lovers around last I am yet to see those with the supreme qualities of love as mentioned above.

**Always remember that love is blind for those who don't care to see and that is more so when love is backed by emotional desires instead of reason.**

Want to really get what your lover truly is?

The first thing to do is to take a little fact finding tour on behalf of your lover doll. Find out what stuff he or she is made of. I mean character — wise. Just take a long, careful look at his or her friends, you can tell a lot from their sort. (Birds of the same feathers.....)

Then ask a few questions. About the girl, her friends are best to ask. They will tell you the plain truth. But concerning the boy, leave his friends out of the show because they will always try to boost his ego. His rivals or enemies are no good either, because they will black-mail him. This fact may also be true for the girl, so strike a mean between these extremes by picking more acquaintances.

Now, having gone this far, take some quiet time off and consider the facts before you. Try to sieve the truth from the fancies in your general pool of findings. Just forget for that moment that you are involved in that thing called "Love", and try to answer a few questions honestly.

Woman, what type of man have you; is he the flamboyant type? Is he the domineering type? Is your man the moody type or the easy — going type without any doctrine or faith? This point is very vital because a home with a head who has no principles or faith will in no time fall sick from internal frustration and external buffeting.

Is the man you think you love a drunk or a chain smoker? Have you chosen to fall in love with him because he has money or a posh car? Or is it because he is physically attractive? Do you think you can cope with late night outings often without you? This type is difficult to please especially if he is a woman — chaser.

Boy, how well do you know your girl? Are there any similarities in your backgrounds? Is your girl of good breed, homely and honest? Or is she the beauty conscious type; then she is real poison, especially if she is the butterfly type who takes men for granted as if she has God's permission to do whatever she likes.

It is not usually an accident of fate that any particular marriage is a happy one. You can be happy with your partner if you earnestly seek out the right kind. Unhappiness comes when you follow your nose blindly by thinking that love is blind.

Do you think you can choose your life partner as you would choose a suit or a dress? Do you deceive yourself into thinking you can make your partner any different afterwards? Jealousy is few. If he is a drunk now, he will not stop after the wedding. If she is the butterfly type, the marriage ceremony will not change her either.

When you have found your idol, watch him or her more carefully because behaviour is bound to be artificial before marriage. Even so, there are certain precautions you have to take in order to keep your partner for life.

The girl should always remember that it takes more than good looks and sexual gymnastics to keep your man. In fact, the closer the intimacy sexually between an unmarried couple the less love they both have for each other. Be warned that men just want fun; I mean that they want to have sex with as many women as possible and put them down on their score — sheets as their victims. Thereafter their prestige with them is lowered and you become a laughing stock.

**It is not usually an accident of fate that any particular marriage is a happy one. You can be happy with your partner if you earnestly seek out the right kind. Unhappiness comes when you follow your nose blindly by thinking that love is blind.**

But while you stand your ground on sexual chastity, be sure you make him feel like a king on each visit. Don't nag; sometimes you have to suffer in silence for the sake of love. Do not try to keep your man ignorant of facts pertaining to your past life because you will be running a definite risk of marital disharmony if he discovers late. It is better to inform each other completely even at the risk of a broken engagement. — It is better to break friendship than to break a home.

And for you, good lad, you don't have to be the richest around to keep your woman. Kindness and tender regard for your woman can be bought with a million naira, but they cost nothing to obtain and when bestowed on your woman, will make her feel the wealthiest person in town.

Remember to compliment her on her new hair—do or her clothes. Adorn her birthdays with your "widow's miter" gifts. Take her to ball-room dances or film shows if she is interested and you can afford them, but don't borrow, cheat or steal to keep up with these material demands. Your woman will understand unless her love is motivated by what money can buy and this is not true love.

Don't give your woman any cause to doubt your sincerity of purpose by encouraging flirtations from girls whose standards are inferior. Always remember the thrill you got when she said yes to your stammering proposal. She had only your words on which to base her confidence and build her faith as she pronounced that one marvellous word: YES. So give her, her due respect.

Lastly, prayer for divine guidance in the choice of a life partner must be accompanied by an effort to determine whether there is basis for expecting the Lord to sanction the prospective union. Otherwise the prayer for guidance would be mere pros-umption.

Just one more thing before I am through; if you fall in love because of money, then you will surely fall out of love for money. Always remember that love is blind for those who don't care to see and that is more so when love is backed by emotional desires instead of reason.

# THE FIX

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blue dress, the little white flower at her bosom. "I'm fired?"

Her face was paler. "Yes. I'm taking over".

"You're what?" He stared half-smiling, in disbelief.

"Taking over. Managing." She laid her cup and saucer in the sink.

"As from today".

He sat back, eased one thick arm over the back of the kitchen chair.

"You're not joking — You're nuts."

"You'll go on saying things like that right up to eleven o'clock, so you may as well get used to the idea right now and save yourself the horrible realisation later that you're no longer directing Palmer Piping".

Now he did believe her. Staring at her, he pushed back the chair, stood up, his hands lightly at his trousers waistbelt. "You're not joking".

She shook her head. "No, I'm not. You didn't see Andrew Galbraith last night. He came to the party and I spent an hour with him going over the figures. The company's heading for disaster".

He put out his hands and touched her arms, smiling. "Honey! You didn't fall for that! That's Galbraith's dress rehearsal. He does it every year. He's an accountant, doll — and his big annual performance is today, at eleven. You should know that! He raised his eyebrows puckishly and looked at her pale face.

"I saw the figures".

"You're his audience, honey. Today —"

"I saw the figures".

"— he'll make his once-yearly appearance. The canny Scot — that's his line. And —"

"I saw the damn figures!" she shouted.

Eagles let his arms fall limply at his sides. He shook his head sadly and turned to pour more coffee for himself. His voice was quieter. "You saw his figures darling".

"What he showed me was an account of how you've been handling the business this year, and I was sick.

**"Who the hell cares? Murder Incorporated or Assassins Corporation or call them what you like. They're organised for it. You buy the service like laundry or dry-cleaning."**

We haven't made a profit in two years — and you've been managing the company for three".

Eagle's mouth tightened. "I'm not talking to my wife — I'm talking to a banker".

"You're talking to your wife who's been watching you dissipate her father's inheritance like a drunken sailor. Gambling debts, pay-offs to get you out of trouble, and drink — that's been the picture I've been watching for three years". Her lip trembled very slightly. "All that I could take. I can't take the women".

He sneered. "Lily Henderson! You won't let me forget her, will you?"

"Lily Henderson, Suzy, Marga, Janette — no I won't let you forget them. All of them". She breathed deeply and was more composed. "Now, d'you want to give me a letter of resignation or come to the meeting and be fired? At this stage in our marriage I can face it either way".

He drank some more coffee, rose heavily and went to the kitchen door. She followed him through to the study,

stood behind him as he wrote carefully on a piece of bill-headed embossed paper. She took it from him, read it and went out.

Long after Nancy's Chevrolet had gone David Eagles put on his jacket and went out to the pebbled driveway into the large double-garage and into his grey-brown Mercedes car. Driving towards the city he joined the ribboning, eight-lane stream of cars that swelled towards the denser and denser population of Chicago.

The marble cut-out lanterning flood-lit from the grass faced him as he stepped into the foyer on the twelfth floor. "The Cherril Corporation".

Ralph Cherril, broad-shouldered, burly and chin-jutting rose from his seat at the desk and shook hands. "Hi David. I've got a meeting at eleven-thirty".

"This won't take long, Ralph". Eagles sat down easily into one of the dark green chairs. "I need some advice". Cherril opened a jade-green cigarette box. "Shoot". Eagles lit a cigarette. "How do I get Nancy's stock?"

"Why d'you want it?"

"I want control of the company".

"Is it worth controlling?" Ralph lifted an eyebrow. "I heard profits are down two years running".

"Nancy blames me. She forced me to resign this morning".

Cherril's mouth opened in understanding. "Ah". He sighed. "You've got a tough one, David. Her old man started that business with ten banks. Now it's big. How many people d'you employ?"

"Two thousand".

"Big stuff. And good markets. Why's she sack you, your own wife?" He held up his hand. "All right — I think I know. She wants someone else to manage the business, is that it?"

"We had a rough year. Galbraith showed her the figures last night and she went berserk. The board meeting's this morning".

Cherril leaned back. "What'll you do if you can get her stock?"

"Sell out".

Cherril pulled his lip together thoughtfully with his forefinger and thumb. "You want to do a deal of some kind? With me?"

"Maybe. You're our biggest customer".

"Got any ideas?"

Eagles shook his head slowly.

Cherril rose from his seat, put his hands in his pockets and walked slowly over to the window, looking out at the skyscraper scene. Then he turned. "Let me think it over, David. Maybe I can figure something that'll give both of us what we want. What's your holding?"

"Fifteen percent". David rose from the chair.

Cherril patted his shoulder. "I'll be in touch." They shook hands. "Women in business are hell". Then as Eagles went with him to the door he said. "Who inherits her stock?"

Eagles opened the door. "Me".

Cherril closed the door again and leaned against it facing Eagles.

In a low voice he said, "You been hearing anything about Norma and me?"

Eagles twisted his mouth in a half-grin. "Been hearing more about somebody else and you".

"Maybe we've both got a problem?"

Eagles looked at him levelly. "Maybe."

"Maybe I should be thinking about a solution to that one. For both of us."

"Let me know if you find it."

Cherril opened the door to let him out.

The bitch! Ralph Cherril remembered his wife Norma by this word best. He hated her. Of course she knew about Myra. Wasn't that what she said after dinner the previous evening? Of course she knew he wanted a

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# the fix

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divorce to marry Myra. Wasn't that how she put it? But the trick she played! To think that anyone like quiet, severe Nonna could think of such a low-down trick.

"All right, Ralph," she had said. "I'll give you your divorce on one condition. Phone Myra now at her flat, while I'm here. Tell her I've refused to divorce you and there's no chance of me changing my mind. Tell her that. And suggest to her that she continues to be your mistress — you well-kept woman — till death do us part. Tell her any way you like but make sure she understands that she can't be your wife. If she agrees to that position, I'll start divorce proceedings tomorrow. If she doesn't — you have a problem, Ralph, don't you?"

At first he couldn't believe it. He thought she was joking. But she meant it. And he telephoned — right there in that room of his own house with Norma listening to every word.

And Myra had refused. Now he was here, face to face in the car with Myra, face to face with the woman who refused twenty-four hours ago to continue to be his woman without marriage.

"Because I arranged it that way. That's what I agreed with them—that you and I would go fishing to Lake Chappaw. Perfectly natural. We'd be out of the way. We get home tonight, hear about it from the police, look the way we should look and turn white and collapse. Nothing to it." He sucked his teeth. "It'll be all over. You get the Palmer Piping business and I get freedom."

"How the hell could I tell you she was testing you?" he shouted.

"You could have phoned me back."  
"Back from where? My bedroom? With my wife there?"  
Myra paused, glared at him. "I haven't seen signs of little things like that stopping you till now."

"Myra, be reasonable. I asked you on the telephone — and Norma was sitting there right in front of my eyes. And you gave me your answer."

Ralph Cherril was turned in the driver's seat of the car towards Myra as he talked in a rumbling, intense voice. Myra Delgate was trying to seem serene, because she knew that this was no time for thirty-years to lip-tighten itself with rage into a shrewish forty. Only her slightly dilating white nostrils betrayed the fury she felt at being

tricked by Ralph's wife.

She forced a smile. "Anyway, don't let's quarrel about it." She lifted her rounded eyebrows. "She just tricked us — let's face it."

"I don't want to quarrel, darling — I don't." Cherril swallowed and put his bulky arms about her. "I'll be last thing I want is anything to happen to — how we feel?"

She gazed into his eyes, her anger abating. "What did it prove, dear?"

He kissed her. "Tell me".

"That I want to marry you — that's all she proved". The glistening eyes happened right on cue. "Is there something wrong with that — wanting to marry the person you love?"

Ralph held her in his arms and stroked her hair. After a long silence, Myra sat up. "Let us have dinner, Ralph. We'll find a way out — let's be patient. Anything could happen. She could meet someone she wants to marry. Or she might drown herself. Or get herself killed. Or something."

Cherril smiled grimly. "It'll work out — somehow, honey". He started up the engine and the car slid from the lakeside darkness into the flashing ribbon of the driveway traffic. "I'll drive you home, honey, then I'll blow, I have some work to do".

"Business? At this time?"

He gave the carpark attendant his checkcard. "Yes, at this time. It can't wait".

She pouted.

The tavern was very blue as Ralph walked in. It took him quite a while to see clearly through the blue-tinted glow and walk towards the brighter bar. Further over — almost in a separate room — a trio of piano, bass and vibraphone was playing slinky music for the slow-necking couples on the darkened dance-floor. He took off his hat, went to the bar and said to the man in the white jacket, "I'd like to see Mr. Stuart. I phoned him".

Carl Stuart was tall, very thin with frame-like shoulders and a bald head. His mouth was almost straight-cut across his face and his were small and close to his nose. He aged about sixty and he looked quietly prosperous. He shut the office door behind Cherril. "Hello, Ralph. Sid-down".

"They don't change much". Ralph sat down and nodded towards the door. "Drink and dance".

"Hell, no — they don't change, Ralphy. I'll bet it's some time since you been in one of my places." He handed Ralph a glass of whisky.

"How many do you run now, Carl?"

"Twenty-eight. Right out's far as Aurora and L a Salle".

"You've still got the Mermaid?"

"Sure. Still the best in the city". He raised his glass.

"Hell, it's years since we met, Ralphy. How's things? You still in big business? I see your name-sign on some of them construction jobs out Macedon way on the turnpike. Every time I pass I say — that's Ralphy. The Cherril Corporation. Boy, you hit it big, Ralphy. Why don't you come down an' see your old pals now and then?"

Cherril grinned and swallowed some whisky. "You've cut yourself a nice slice, too, Carl. Who's talking about Big Business?"

"It's a living".

"A bit quieter than the old days?"

"Uh", Stuart looked at him keenly over his glass. "A damn sight quieter. An' I hope it stays that way".

Cherril said nothing. There was silence.

Carl said, "But you didn't come here on an old pal visit".

"No".

"You want something" It was not a question.

Cherril nodded.

"Protection?"

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# THE FIX

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Cherril shook his head.

"Money?"

Again he shook his head.

"A job done?"

Cherril nodded.

Stuart looked at him steadily. "A big job?"

"Big".

"What kind?"

Cherril paused, drank some whisky. "Somebody eliminated"

"Who is it?"

"Who are they?"

Stuart reached for the bottle, sighed. "Them. More than one?" He refilled the glasses. "How many?"

"Two". Cherril put some water on the whisky. "Woman"

Stuart drew in his breath, frowned along his beated brows.

Cherril said, "One of them's my wife".

"I never met her". He reached for a scrap of paper and wrote a telephone number on it.

David Eagles lit a cigarette from the electric glow-lighter he pulled from the dashboard. "How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars." Cherril had one arm casually along the front seat of the car.

"You're sure there'll be no mistakes?"

"No mistakes".

Eagles voice was quieter as he slowed down at the entrance to the toll road. "How is it being done?"

"They don't say. They never tell the client".

Eagles said nothing till the car was sighing up to seventy on the toll road. Then he said, "What happened?"

Cherril looked at his drawn face and forced calmness into his voice. "Why? You said you'd leave it all to me. I arranged it. What's your worry?"

"Who did you see? What happened?"

Cherril sighed. "I saw two of them. You wouldn't know them - neither did I. They came to my office. I paid them the money - ten thousand in cash. Then they asked questions for about an hour".

"What're they called? Is it an organisation?"

"Who the hell care? Murder Incorporated or Assassins Corporation or call them what you like. They're organised for it. You buy the service like laundry or dry-cleaning".

"What kind of questions?"

"Movements. Your address, my address, what our wives are planning to do. Their habits. Your habits. Who was going where and when and why. It was like a police grilling. I'll say this for them - they're thorough".

Eagles was breathing a little heavier. "How do you know it's to be today?"

"Because I arranged it that way. That's what I agreed with them - that you and I would go fishing to Lake

Chappaw. Perfectly natural. We'd be out of the way. I get home tonight, hear about it from the police, lay it away we should look and turn white and collapse. Nomma to it". He sucked his teeth. "It'll be all over. You're the Palmer Piping business and I get freedom".

"You're sure it's today?"

"Certain".

"You don't know how?" Eagles's voice was higher, little more breathless.

Cherril sighed. There was a pause for a while but he said patiently. "No. I don't know".

"Why were they interested - ? You told them about Nomma and Nancy going off today to Gillespie?"

"Yes.."

"For a day's outing? To Gillespie Hotel at The Bluff? For the day?"

"Yes".

There was silence again. Then Eagles, unable to keep quiet, said,

"So it could be at Gillespie it might happen? It's out of the city. Nearly a hundred miles".

"I doubt it. At a busy, popular vacation hotel? The people aren't imbeciles".

"At home? Before they leave? Would they do it at we'd gone?" Cherril looked at his companion's face in disgust. "In two separate houses? Why would they do that when they'll be together all day?"

Eagles swallowed. "What about on the way to Gillespie? Would that be it?"

"Yes, that might fit", Cherril said, thoughtfully looking out of the window at the flat farmlands. "On the road - or somewhere".

"In the car?" Eagles was panting slightly. "In - in the car".

"Mm. It's possible." He turned Eagles impatient. "Hell, why don't you stop talking about it? It's set. Fixed. I've paid the money and we'll get the rest. You wanted it. I wanted it. Now forget it. You're one of the creeps".

The next sound that came from David Eagles was a strangled sob.

"Ralph! Oh. God -"

"What's the matter with you, damn? What's wrong?"

"It's the car. I know it". Eagles, sounds were those of an animal. "What car - ?"

Cherril sat up straight, his face yellow-grey, his eyes staring. "They Chevy! I described our two cars to yours. What bloody car - ? Who's got the Mercedes?"

Eagles was braking the car from seventy miles an hour into the side of the deserted, wide toll-road. He screamed. "Ralph - I have Nancy's car. I gave her mine. You didn't say -"

There was a blinding flash of light.... a thunderous roar as the car was torn to fragments by the detonation device that had nestled neatly under Eagles' seat.

All that remained by the side of the road was a war-chassis, four wheels askew and some scattered fishing gear.

(Continued from page 28)

## A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

high blood pressure. But Segi gave him no peace. Her incessant nagging, censorious attitude drove him to hard work. He stayed late at the office finishing up at his club where his friends taunted him about not producing a boy to establish his manhood. He worked very hard, his practice became more lucrative but his health suffered. Segi's unrelenting hostility and the atmosphere at the club and advices as to how best he could ease his predicament made him take a mistress.

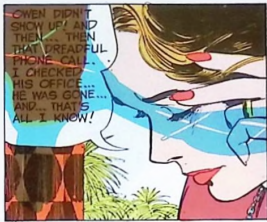
Segi, whose spies were ever on the alert told her. But Dayo was so discrete about it that Segi's attempts

to catch him red-handed were always foiled.... Months passed. Dayo took ill and was in hospital for a week. On the day he returned he insisted on going out. Segi discovered it was to the naming ceremony of a baby boy delivered by his other woman. Segi was beside herself with rage and was forcibly prevented by her friends from going to break the party up.

When, however, Dayo, returned home there was a blazing row during which he collapsed and died. Segi, widowed in the prime of life, it was a matter of conscience whether she killed him or not.

# JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake





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## WHAT THE LAW SAYS ON:

# THOSE HIRED PARTY APPARELS

"It is often a fashion for some women who want to be with the "Jones" to go out and borrow or hire wearing apparels like, lace, damask, trinkets and shoes to wear to social events in most cases where they cannot afford to buy and own them. But little do they know that there are a lot of obligations tied to this social affair."

When a woman hires a set of wearing apparels, there is an agreement between her and the owner to pay a fee and to return the wearing apparels in the same condition she had taken them away. Some owners prefer that hirers should enter into written agreements whilst others are satisfied with oral arrangements depending on the degree of relationship.

When the transaction is completed, the hirer woman takes away the stuff of hire and can then put them on as if they were her own. People will normally admire her which would have made the purpose of hiring achieved.

A point to draw attention to and to consider seriously is the type of obligation that then existed between the owner and the hirer. Is the obligation legal or social? Does the simple transaction create a legal relation or does it just create the usual social non contractual obligation? The answers to these question will enable one to determine the end result of the transaction in the event of the unforeseen happening.

If both the owner and the hirer have an intention to create a legal relation in the transaction, they would specifically spell this out and they will both be bound by it. If a situation arises that the hirer got any or all the hired stuff missing or torn or damaged, she would have to make them good or pay what the owner demands or what is reasonable price to replace them.

On the other hand, the parties may not have an intention to create legal relation in which case, it becomes merely a social agreement for which they will have to solve any problems that arise amicably without recourse to process of law.

Let us then assume that Ronke, who is a fashion conscious woman, hired a set of wearing apparels to attend a party from Bunni who is both her friend and by trade, somebody who hires out women apparels for value. Ronke had gone to attend a party in her boyfriend's

house where fighting broke out between her and another woman rival who was also claiming the same man.

All she wore were badly damaged — the clothings were torn and she was almost left naked before she was "smuggled" out of the place. She then found herself in a position where she could no longer return the hired clothings and the trinkets.

"If a situation arises that the hirer got any or all the hired stuff missing or torn or damaged, she would have to make them good or pay what the owner demands or what is reasonable price to replace them."

The question now is — what would be the rights and obligation of both Ronke and Bunni when they eventually meet each other? If, as earlier discussed, they had specifically expressed the conditions to govern their transactions, then Ronke would be bound to replace or pay the cost of all those hired articles and clothings damaged and Bunni could successfully establish a claim which the Court would award, putting other things into consideration.

On the other hand, when Bunni gave out the stuff to Ronke, it might have been done on purely friendly basis without an intention to enforce any accruing rights legally. The two of them might be real pals and although Bunni might feel bad about seeing her expensive things destroyed through Ronke's act or omission, she might not be able to enforce her to replace or pay the price of the damaged properties.

Ronke might wish to replace on her own volition or by some form of arrangement but if either of this things is not done and Bunni, probably decided to commence a Court action for redress it is doubtful if she would succeed because the Court would be bound to look into all the circumstances of the case and the intention of the parties at the time the transactions took place. Their social relation might have prevented them even to think of legal obligations but as earlier pointed out, the success or failure of her claim would depend on the evidence adduced before the Court.

It is better to be warned to take care of these little legal points when entering into these social cum legal transactions.

Our Medical Correspondent Gives Useful Hints:

# Towards HAPPY PREGNANCY

Pregnancy is a natural, normal physiological process; it is not a disease and should not be treated as such. Nature is on the side of the pregnant woman and seeks a happy outcome as fervently as she herself. The hazards of pregnancy are, in fact, comparatively few, and the discomforts are more often determined by the woman's own psychological attitude toward her particular pregnancy than by anything else.

Some women are depressed by their pregnancies, especially if they have had any trouble before or have borne many children. Other women find their health improved during pregnancy (relief from arthritis and migraine, for example, often occurs). It is a happy time of their lives.

Women who have not had a child or have not been pregnant before are likely to be overenthusiastic, overmeticulous, and overfearful. Such anxiety in the presence of what is, after all a profoundly important experience is natural, normal, and to be anticipated. Sometimes the pregnancy is harder on family and friends than on the mother—to-be herself. "Look, honey," a sharp-tongued friend may finally be pushed to say, "you're not the first woman in the world to have a baby."

From the standpoint of the patient, prenatal care looks deceptively simple. From the doctor's standpoint it often requires consummate skill to keep the patient and her human freight out of trouble.

Personal hygiene during pregnancy is the same as good health care at any other time, magnified by the responsibility for the life and health of two (or more) lives instead of one.

A patient receiving adequate prenatal care from a private physician or a clinic is expected to:

1. See the doctor regularly — once a month during the early months of pregnancy; twice a month, or oftener, in the later stages.

2. Bring urine samples when requested.

3. Do what her doctor tells her and not listen to "old wives' tales," the misinformation peddled by well-friends or half-baked books.

4. Report promptly to the doctor any unusual signs of symptoms of disease or any sudden changes in her condition.

Little danger signals in pregnancy, to be promptly reported to the doctor, include:

**SWELLING** of hands, feet, wrists, or eyelids on arising. Swelling of feet late in pregnancy and late in the day, is common and not significant.

**HEADACHES**, if prolonged, severe, or repeated.

**PAIN** in the abdomen or chest.

**DIZZINESS**, lightheadedness, or vertigo at any time.

**BLEEDING** from the vagina — even if it is just a spot or bloodstained mucus.

**EYE TROUBLE**, particularly seeing double or blurred vision.

**BLADDER TROUBLE** especially scant, frequent, or painful urination; blood-tinged or otherwise discoloured urine.

**NAUSEA** and **VOMITTING**, if at all severe.

**CHILLS** and **FEVER**.

**FATIGUE**, if exceptional.

Gush of fluid from the vagina, which means breaking of the bag of waters.

Many women experience none of these danger signals. If one or more occurs and is promptly reported, it enables the doctor to institute treatment to keep the patient out of trouble. However, it should be remembered that a pregnant woman can suffer any of the diseases that attack a nonpregnant woman: anaemia, heart disease, kidney disease, tuberculosis, diabetes, sore throat, polio, and venereal disease to name a few. Good prenatal care can carry many "poor risk" cases through to successful full-term child-birth with a healthy baby.

Prenatal care from the doctor's standpoint begins with making a presumptive diagnosis of pregnancy and then confirming it, with hormonal tests described above if necessary. He takes a complete medical history and gives a complete physical examination. Vaginal and rectal examination is included and must sometimes be repeated to feel the condition of the uterus. Weight, **BLOOD PRESSURE**, and **URINE** are repeatedly checked. **BLOOD** samples are taken to check for **SYPHILIS** and **ANAEMIA** and to classify **BLOOD TYPES**. In case **BLOOD TRANSFUSION** is needed or **RH FACTOR** is involved, the chance is only 1 in 250 that any child will be affected by Rh factors. Prenatal blood tests for syphilis are required in many women. Repeated urinalyses are performed because the kidneys are under special strain in pregnancy, the waste products from the fetal circulation are passed back into the mother's blood stream by way of the placenta, and these wastes are removed from the maternal blood by the kidneys.

X-ray pictures of the chest and pelvis may sometimes be ordered. Chest X-rays help determine the condition of heart and lungs. Pelvic X-rays permit accurate measurements of the pelvic opening through which the infant must descend, and in cases of small and deformed pelvic-bone structure, may help to determine the mode of delivery, for example, the desirability of Caesarean section. Pelvic X-rays, revealing fetal-bone structure, also help establish a positive diagnosis of pregnancy, determine the stage of the pregnancy, and may reveal **TWINS!**

Salk poliomyelitis vaccine will and should be administered to all pregnant women who have not already

received it. The pregnant woman is nearly twice as susceptible to paralytic polio as the nonpregnant woman of the same age group.

Discomforts and hazards of pregnancy are surprisingly few for the woman who receives adequate prenatal care.

Morning sickness — nausea and vomiting — occurs in fewer than half the cases. Worry and anxiety app

to induce it. An excellent preventive treatment is to eat some dry food, such as soda crackers, immediately on awakening in the morning and go back to bed for at least another half hour. It is also helpful to eat small morsels of food frequently during the day so that the stomach is not empty.

Fatigue and sleepiness can be treated also by simple rest in bed. A half-hour to an hour's nap in the middle of the day is a good idea, if it is needed and feasible. Don't take "pep pills".

Muscular fatigue, strain, and cramps are sometimes brought on by women who are active beyond their normal fatigue point. They forget that they are carrying an added weight burden.

The enlarged uterus in late pregnancy displaces other abdominal organs. Pressure on the bladder may cause frequent urination. Upward pressure on the diaphragm may result in shortness of breath until the lightening. Pressure on the veins carrying blood back from the legs may result in temporary VARICOSE VEINS or "milk leg."

To avoid this do not wear elastic around-the-leg garters. ANAEMIA of pregnancy responds readily to treatment. RH FACTOR is a hazard to the infant, not the mother. GERMAN MEASLES during the first three months of pregnancy is also a risk to the fetus.

The more serious hazards of pregnancy include ectopic pregnancy, ABORTION and miscarriage, toxemias of pregnancy, premature separation of the placenta, and placenta previa. Except for induced abortion, the causes of these conditions are not definitely known; and, except for spontaneous ABORTION, or miscarriage, these mishaps of pregnancy are comparatively rare.

ECTOPIC PREGNANCY is a condition in which the fertilized ovum embeds itself outside the uterus, usually in the uterine tubes. The treatment is surgery.

Premature separation of the placenta is really a complication of CHILDBIRTH except in those cases where it is a cause of spontaneous, habitual ABORTION. In such cases the pregnant woman may have to spend most of her pregnancy in bed.

Placenta previa means that the placenta develops too near the mouth of the womb, closing off the opening and impeding the normal process of childbirth.

Toxemias of pregnancy are far less common now than they were in the days before adequate prenatal care. Toxemia means poisoning; but it is doubtful if toxemias of pregnancy are caused by anything like real poisoning. They may turn out to be deficiency diseases related to diet and nutrition. Toxemias of pregnancy occur in the last three months. They are often divided into pre-eclampsia and eclampsia, depending on the severity of the involvement. The signs and symptoms of these conditions include rising blood pressure, eye trouble, rapid weight gain, headache, swelling, diminished output of urine, albuminuria, and pain in the upper abdomen.

What shall I eat? Diet is an important matter. The mother-to-be is, after all, "eating for two." The infant is in one sense a parasite, drawing from the mother's blood stream all the food elements it needs. Furthermore, a woman's BASAL METABOLISM normally goes up 5 to 10% during pregnancy, reflecting many physiological and hormonal changes in her body.

A good balanced diet is requisite in pregnancy and before pregnancy. There is some evidence that troubles with pregnancy arise because the woman was not well-nourished at the time of conception.

Eat plenty of meat, eggs, cheese, and other protein foods. Drink milk, if it agrees with you; fruit juices and tomato juice; lots of water — perhaps eight glasses a day. Get enough VITAMINS and body MINERALS. A good balanced diet, of about 2,500 calories a day, supplies these essentials. If you are worried about it, take any good vitamin and mineral supplement to the

diet. It's expensive but harmless. Calcium tablets also are not enough.

Too many women do not change their previous faulty eating habits and prejudices when they are pregnant. You can't keep your weight down when you are pregnant, so don't try any reducing diets.

Some women take the occasion of their pregnancy for deliberately getting overweight. They pamper themselves with an excess of food they would feel guilty about gorging at any other time. An excess of calories in the form of carbohydrates and fats is not essential in pregnancy — and, in fact, should be guarded against.

Will I lose my figure? Only for the time being. Within a few months afterward you will probably have a better figure — if pregnancy has taught you anything about diet and health care generally. With multiple and frequently repeated childbearing, the abdominal muscles tend to lose tone and sag, but it takes a lot of pregnancies for this. Because of the hormone change that pregnancy induces, the body contours following pregnancy are often fuller and more appealing. Figure is, after all, a social and psychological ideal. In modern America society the choice lies between Diana and Venus — the goddess of the chaste and the goddess of love.

What about exercise? If your pregnancy is preceding normally, any kind of physical exercise or activity with — in reason is permissible: walking, dancing, gardening, bowling, golf, driving, and light housework. Bending and squatting exercises are particularly good, as they strengthen the muscles used in childbirth. The only rule is: don't overdo! Respect your fatigue point and stop. Avoid violent exercise on general principles and not because you think it will cause you to lose your baby. But don't treat yourself as an invalid or shut-in. And remember, your own doctor may have good and special reasons sometimes for recommending that you take little if any exercise and get plenty of rest in bed.

What about bathing, smoking, drinking, sexual intercourse? While every case must be individualized, and some doctors have different opinions, the consensus runs about as follows:

If you are accustomed to smoking and drinking, you may continue in moderation — up to about 10 cigarettes a day and one or two drinks at a party.

Sexual intercourse is usually permissible up to the last month of pregnancy.

What about teeth? The old saying, "For every child a tooth," is probably the result of neglect of teeth during pregnancy. Dental care is both permissible and advisable. The gums often swell and bleed easily during pregnancy (pregnancy gingivitis) in response to hormone changes.

What Shall I wear? Anything loose and comfortable and as stylish as you want or can afford. Some multiparas (women who have had many children) may require a special corset or girdle for their own comfort. In general, however, constricting garments and tight garters should not be worn. Brassieres should support the breasts from underneath, not pull them up. Wide shoulder straps are usually more comfortable. Low, broad-heeled shoes will make for greater comfort and less muscle fatigue, but it may take time to get used to them.

Attitude. How you feel about your pregnancy is the most important thing. It will determine in part your attitude toward your child-to-come, your other children if any, your husband and family. Eat well, sleep well, and enjoy yourself. Take your questions and problems to your doctor and respect his advice. The world respects the pregnancy figure and nature is on your side in helping you to produce, without trouble, a healthy normal infant.



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# Who Is My Father ?

NONE BUT MOTHER KNOWS

by Terry Tuakli

"Because she first tasted of the forbidden fruits, the consequences should be borne by her. That probably explains

why the baby comes through the woman and the man is spared the agony of pregnancy."

Coming to think of how we came into the world or how we came into existence we assume that there is no other basic belief than through our Mothers and Fathers, or Hamas and Papas if that's how your infant tongue was taught to call them and you still prefer them that way. Most fathers do more than most mothers. Not to offend members of the 'women's lib', mothers do as much as fathers. Then, fathers do and mothers do but carrying 'IT' for nine months (conventional) shows that mothers do more than fathers. I doff my hat here (if I have one) for the women. Nine solid months of carrying what you don't know. I am sure you'll say to yourself 'but it's a baby'. Brilliant. We all know it's a baby alright. But could one tell whether it's a baby boy or a baby girl, dead or alive? Or have the scientists invented an equipment to determine this with? I mean an equipment for determining the sex of a developing baby in the mother's womb. May be X-ray could detect towards the last stage. If even there is one (equipment) what's the point in trying to know what's in? What's there is there and must be endured.

It's not easy carrying such burden for nine months. There are times during pregnancy when women get totally bored with life. Some might even get to such stage of boredom that pushes some suicidal thoughts into their minds. These suicidal thoughts are more probable if the woman continues being a victim of all sorts of sicknesses or mal-treatment during pregnancy. I bet, when mothers are seriously sick during this period, they curse and sometimes regret they were born as women. It is then they believe that women are born to suffer. Anyway, it's 'SHE' that first tasted of the forbidden fruit of sin, so the consequence should be borne by 'HER'. This probably explains why the baby comes through the woman and man is spared the agony of pregnancy.

Sometimes, a woman doesn't know for certain whose baby she is carrying. With this, her worries become double and more unbearable. Even some who are lucky to have claims to good husbands and children yet play the 'submerged' flirting which sometimes comes afloat just before the particular pregnancy with such, not even the mother can decide who is responsible. So, you see, when it happens like this, mothers don't only carry the baby for nine months, they also carry throbbing hearts for the same period and even longer. Such a mother

might calculate her moves and guess who is likely to be the father of the baby between the legal husband and her man-friend. If she has a very good retentive memory she'll want to figure out the exact time she last made love with her husband and when she flirted with her man-friend, so as to make a near accurate guess. I said retentive memory because some women do this 'thing' indiscriminately.

With a married woman, she might console herself by saying since she has a legal husband, it is no problem to find a father for the child; provided of course, the cat is not let out of the bag. But she'll be in a bigger fix if the 'submerged' flirting comes to her husband's knowledge especially before the baby is born. The husband might insist on blood test if the baby has no resemblance to him. But if she is unlucky to have a conservative husband who believes in the whip, he will almost beat the baby out of her belly before it is born if nobody intervenes. If eventually the baby looks like the legal husband at birth, he might feel sorry and ashamed but would like to cover up by bullying the woman and blaming her seriously for her flirting.

Now if he is the weak type of a man, he wouldn't have the guts to use the whip on the woman in the first instance. If by any chance he was angered to the point of beating her and because of her uncertainty about the pregnancy she submitted herself to his whip, she surely will make him regret his attitude if by chance the baby looks much like him at birth. Now she can successfully deny her previous flirting with her man-friend. In fact, if she had been acting on him, counting on his patience stupidity, she might be doubly shocked if he changes at any such discovery. Because she has no point for defence, she wisely submits to the wishes of the new man in her husband until the baby is born.

Praise be to mothers, if not at anytime but for that period of nine months when they nurse the "seed" of their pleasure that becomes the fruit of their "labour" to be loved and cared for by an innocent loving husband.

So I'll leave you to your minds whom to vote for — "Mothers or Fathers". For me it's my mother. Anyway it's when you have the two alive that you weigh before you choose. Even then, anytime, anywhere, anyway, the channel of my existence, the gate to this interestingly sweet world supersedes.

# DEAR REMI



# Letters of Love

## SEX PAIN

The first two months of our married life were very good but then something suddenly went wrong with our sex life. I find it painful. I have seen my doctor and he could find nothing physically wrong with me. What can I do to feel better?

**Lagos.** **Joy,**

*If you can talk about it with your husband, do so and the problem is half-solved straight away. It's not unusual to stray doubts, fears, and hang-ups about sex to get in the way temporarily at any state of married life.*

*Meanwhile, learn to relax and you'll be surprised what you can feel.*

## CONFUSED LOVER

My fiancée whom I hope to marry joined a secret society known as Albasiumor without my knowledge. He has asked me to be a member but I refused bluntly because I am a Christian. I have always begged him to let us stick to one religion but he is very adamant. He always insists that nobody can convert him.

I am very much confused about him as regards the society. I don't know what to do for I so much love him. I want him to be an ardent Christian. He is 25 and I am 21. Please advise me.

**Warri.** **Grace,**

*In as much as he has publicly declared his stand, do not indulge in nursing the hope that he'll give up for your sake. Most of the secret societies are easier joined than to have membership withdrawn.*

*If you can accept your man as he is, good luck. If not, you'll be wise to discontinue the association.*

## TROUBLED HEART

I've been engaged two years to a boy who is studying in another town so we only see each other during the holidays. While he is in school, I've been seeing a married man and I'm now pregnant by him. He's waiting for a divorce. Should I wait until he's free and marry him or tell my fiancée everything?

**Onitsha.** **Betty,**

*The choices are not yours alone. In the first place, if the man were ever free, is it certain that he'd want to marry you? Also, what has happened can't be kept secret from the boy who hopes to marry you. You'll have to tell him everything and see what his choice and feelings are.*

## KEEPING IN SUSPENSE

I have a boyfriend who has just turned 23. We've been friends for some months now. He has stopped me from seeing my other boyfriends even though he's not sure he wants me for keeps.

Recently, he was telling me, among other things, that he is going abroad very soon. He also said that it is likely he gets married before he comes back. I have a feeling he has a fiancée somewhere although he is claiming I'm his only girlfriend. I'm not denying this claim, but my problem is, should I continue with my other boyfriends? Or should I wait for him to leave the country before going back to them? I think if I continue dating my other boyfriends while he is still around he will then sit up. What do you think?

**Ibadan.** **Tade,**

*He's told you enough and the decision is purely yours to make depending on how much time you have to play around.*

## HE'S AN ALCOHOLIC

I'm married with two children.

My husband who is an alcoholic is always absenting himself from work. Even when he goes to work, the little he earns goes to drinks. I have to keep the family with my migre salary and my savings.

There's no one else to turn to as he has instructed his relations to keep away. My friends wouldn't visit me as they used to do. Sometimes, I feel like ending it all.

**Ibadan.** **Jokey,**

*It appears you have more problems than sympathy from friends could solve. You should make further attempts at having some serious talks with your husband when he is not in his usual state. Show him some more love and let him know how much damage he is doing to himself and his family.*

## HE HATES ME

My parents were divorced some years ago and my mother recently re-married. My step father is very nasty to me and does not want me to say anything about it to my mother.

At 12, I feel rather uneasy living with them but I have to break my mother's heart.

**Benin.** **Biola,**  
*You're not helping yourself by keeping your ex-*

*patience from your mother. She's the one who'll understand what the problems are and help you through. If she knew you were unhappy, she would do anything to help you through the bad patch.*

## STILL IN LOVE

I was pregnant for a boy during my first year in a Secondary school. I had to stop to have the child which was a girl and my boy denied responsibility and we stopped seeing each other. Unfortunately, the child died before she was a year old. After some time, I discovered that I still love this boy and she too is suggesting we should start again. What do you advise, Remi?

**Lagos.** **Yip,**

*My silly lady, how long does it take you to learn your lesson? If that first experience does not taste bitter enough, then go ahead for a more deadly attack.*

## HAVE I GOT V.D.

After a much-regretted intimacy with a stranger, I have fears of having contracted V.D. I have had to stop any possible advances from my husband without telling him why. This has led to a series of arguments for which I feel ever so guilty.

I can't go to our family doctor in case my condition should be revealed. Should I go to a V.D. clinic? What should I do?

**Surulere.** **Clara,**

*You have to make up your mind as to whether or not you want a solution to your problem. If you do then go to the nearest V.D. clinic to check if you fear are real or imagined. It will be completely confidential.*