

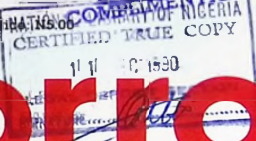
# TSM

The Sunday Magazine



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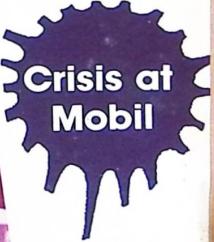


THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE VOL. 2, NO. 30, DECEMBER 9, 1990 — PHOTOS BY

# Horror!

## ... in the name of RELIGION

- House of hell in Ibadan
- Entry fee ₦10,000
- How did 4 inmates die?
- Inmates whipped, chained like beasts
- Police, Oyo govt. in the dark



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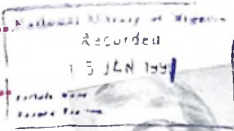


## CONTENTS

- Hell in the House of God ... 8 ...
- New product raises fear of Swiss Banking Practice ... 27 ...
- Casuals' anger spreads to Mobil ... 32 ...
- Premier John Major — From First Bank to Downing Street ... 25 ...
- When romance gets ruptured ... 17 ...
- Soccermania — defeat led Tunisian fan astray! ... 34 ...
- A beauty contest with no elegance! ... 23 ...



● Fanatics, awaiting the 'opium'



National Library of Nigeria  
 Recorded  
 15 JAN 1991

● Major — former 1st Bank clerk

Cover Design: FEMI AWOKOYA  
 FELIX EDIALE



● Beauty queen(s) — little elegance



● Controversial Guru Maharaji

## A letter from the Editor -in-Chief

Nigeria is making great strides in many sectors. That is a fact that even the worst pessimists will acknowledge. But there is one area in which the country embarrassingly lags behind even the smallest African nation: Social Welfare. Our cover story today is illustrative. It is indicative of the great desperation for help among many Nigerian families. In the absence of quality remand homes, many are driven to resort to ill equipped, traditional or religious homes whose standards of practice may be considered unacceptable.

The house of healing in Ibadan which forms the basis for our cover by Ademola Adedoyn is one such private home.

It is interesting to note that even with its proximity to the state capital, it would appear that nothing is known officially of its existence by state authorities. Yet this healing house reportedly has about 500 inmates.

To get on the inside, Ademola had to rent a father in Ibadan and they had to mask their intentions as though they were a desperate family needing help for a troubled youth.

It's investigative journalism at its best.

The story raises the question: Should all such institutions rendering social welfare services not be registered and should there not be a prescribed standard of practice to be enforced by a qualified body?

This is an issue that touches on every family. Young citizens with behaviour problems need help, not death. It is sad to note that even in some government owned Remand homes, the stories that emerge are no less horrifying. That these children who need our help and support are often subjected to dehumanizing conditions should be a matter of concern to all the government included.

Another story that touches the heart, waters the eyes and humbles.

Patrick Oke, my colleague at NTA, gives us a thrilling and insightful feature on the helplessness of being an invalid. "You must tell them Patrick," groans the helpless voice of an old man, bed-ridden at the Enugu Orthopaedic Hospital. One might add, tell them how it feels, tell them we need love, tell them we need encouragement. They're calling on us to reach out and touch them with love. This Xmas, as we healthy and strong celebrate, let us reach out to these people. They need our compassion. Thank you Patrick for telling us.

This week, plenty of goodies in the tradition of TSM: Read Sporting and Laugh, Ocheerome is on deck. Read Life and Live. Mubo gives you the other side of love. Read The World and savour Kayode's beautiful piece on Maggie's boy. Chudi tells you what's giving Mabi "the creeps" in Oil and Energy and Arty Stuff brings you Zik with all the arty goings-on.

Good to be back to base. Missed you.

Chris

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The Sunday Magazine

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## Akapa and all that Junk

One views as belated and unnecessary all the hullabaloo over Lawrence Akapa's breathtaking innovations in Junk Journalism (Vol. 2 No. 29, Dec. 2, 1990). To appoint the kettle as member of a panel that will try the pot for being black amounts to a whole load of rubbish. It was really funny seeing some of these exponents of Junk sitting on a panel that tried and convicted Akapa for professional misconduct. If one practitioner of the genre could be crowned 'Queen of Junk' — a title she wears with no qualms — why should we be up in arms against a man who tried to bring in his own innovation and peculiarity?

Anyway, what the hell are we talking

about? It is not only in Journalism that we have Junk culture. A judge who years after convicting a man goes to visit him in hospital to show him the ropes with which his hands were tied while delivering judgement practices Junk Justice. It is Junk government for a military governor to flog a contractor in full public glare. And it can't be anything but Junk Academics for a professor to give a female student distinction when her intellect merits nothing but woeful failure. We could go on and on, the bottom-line being that the whole place stinks of Junk!

Enylogu Chuku Wogu

Lagos.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Mr. Wogu is this week's winner of our special N50.00 offer for best letter to the Editor.

! Anyone should say anything at all against Akapa's brand of journalism. It should never ever be (*Climax* editor) Moji Danisa. She should remember that while one points an accusing finger at another, the other four fingers are pointing right back. All these junk editors now crying foul at Akapa should go out and collect news and stop trying to turn themselves into spurious overnight 'celebrities'. Akapa has refused to fail and small-minded Nigerians don't like that. That's the reason behind the Junk Wars—not ethics or morality or whatever they want to call it!

## Speakout

## Ray Ekpu interview

For giving Mr. Ray Ekpu an interview slot, for using him on the cover of your magazine (Vol. 2 No. 27, Nov. 18, 1990), TSM, you have lost a fan!

Amina Alkali,

Port Harcourt

Your interview with Ray Ekpu has helped to zero in on why Dele Giwa's killers have not been found. By assumption, Dele's killers are known. But the courts need concrete evidence not abstract evidence. The evidence we have before the courts is abstract. Though there are still many questions crying for answers, it is completely wrong to accuse *Newswatch* editors of making no effort to unmask their colleague's murderers. Ray Ekpu has said it all: if you have the facts, come up, if you don't, keep your mouth shut and let the issue remain in the hands of nature. Period.

Timothy Eregbe,

Warri.

Idu Jaja-Wachukwu

Lagos

## VOICES

## Should the military Local Government stay on in power if the elections fail?



Felicia Arene  
Proprietress



Ezekiel Althe  
Technician



Owo Ade  
Civil Servant



Atiah Domingo  
Student

Like a little child, we have to learn to pick our steps one by one. A journey of a thousand miles starts with a step. If the December council elections fail, that does not mean all other elections will fail. We haven't experienced failure since we started. So let's be optimistic. And pray too! It can move mountains.

The military has no business whatsoever in the politics and governance of a country to start with. Therefore, whether or not success attends the Local Government elections, the military should pack out of government house and go to the barracks. In matters relating to our territorial integrity, they should await orders from time to time from the president.

There is one basic question every honest Nigerian should ask himself: Have we learnt our political lessons well? The council elections will show if the politicians have learnt the basic lesson. Asking whether or not the military should stay on after a messy election may make critics of politicians' antics like me opt for the inevitable.

The military should not continue to hold on to power under whatever guise. They've been in government longer than necessary already. Democracy has always been a learning process, so if the December polls fail, the military should have patience to arrange for another. Anyway, aren't they the ones in charge of taking precautions against failure?

# Open Letter to Ray Ekpou

Dear Ray,

The recent interview *TSM—The Sunday Magazine* had with you was quite interesting and revealing. While you acquitted yourself creditably on some of the points, not many Nigerians will return a verdict of not guilty on all the counts levelled against you. I belong to this group, hence this my open letter to you.

Well, in the first place, I must admit that your journalistic career has been a tremendous story of success. You have done Nigeria proud by winning several national and international awards as a journalist. As a wordsmith, the style and power of your prose are admirable and, I must confess, I am one of your many admirers. When the history of Journalism in Nigeria finally comes to be written, your name must be mentioned as one of the most outstanding and colourful journalists in Nigeria.

There is, however, dear Ray, one quality which you lack seriously. It is courage, personal courage. Perhaps, another quality which you also lack is loyalty. Yes, it is this lack of personal courage and loyalty that made you and your team deny our dear friend, Chief Gani Fawehinmi, the Senior Advocate of the Masses who has been fighting tooth and nail, almost at the risk of his own life, to bring to book the killers of Dele Giwa, that finest flower of Journalism ever produced by Nigeria.

This charge of denial, dear Ray, came straight from Gani himself. In the *Classique* of October 22, 1990 the Chief said "Newswatch can deny anything. After all,

did they not deny me? Did they not in their October 20th release accuse government, Akilu and Togun? Did they not say that Akilu and Togun should be suspended from work, while a commission of enquiry should probe the affair?"

Honestly, Ray, when I read the above words, I nearly wept. So, you and your team in order to save your skin, denied Gani instead of teaming up with him to bring to book the killers of Dele Giwa, the founding Editor-In-Chief of your now famous *Newswatch*. You also at first, asked for a commission of enquiry to probe the affair but you later on, very wisely but cowardly, made a 'u'-turn and asked that the matter be left in the hands of the police.

Ray, I dare say that if you were the one sent to an untimely grave by a letter bomb, the brilliant and courageous Dele Giwa would never have denied you nor your lawyer, but would have teamed up with Gani to bring your killers to book. But see what lack of courage and loyalty has done to you! While Gani had spent about half a million naira and had nearly lost his life in fighting the cause of justice in the Dele Giwa case you and your *Newswatch* team prefer to organise every year the now ritualistic Dele Giwa Memorial Lectures where, at the end of the day, you merely clink your glasses and ask hypocritically: *Who killed Dele Giwa?*

Indeed, from the facts made available by the brave Gani, the question "Who killed Dele Giwa?" has become irrelevant and hypocritical. What many of us in Nigeria lack is the courage to speak the truth. And unfortunately, you are one of such Nigerians.

As for Funmi, Dele Giwa's widow, it is the same lack of courage to speak the truth that has made her close her mouth ever since. It is good that she is now a born-again, but does being a born-again Christian prevent a person from speaking the truth? Did she or did she not receive a telephone call from a highly placed government official asking for their house address just before the deadly parcel was received? But Funmi, in order to save her skin, would not say anything now, yet she was quick to collect Dele Giwa's Mercedes Benz and some other items.

I'm sorry, Ray, if I'm too hard on you and on Funmi. The truth is that those of you who were closest to Dele Giwa have let him down badly by behaving rather too cowardly.

Indeed, the only two Nigerians so far, two prominent Nigerians whose names deserve to be written in letters of gold as a result of the Dele Giwa episode are Chief Gani Fawehinmi, for his unprecedented brave fight for the cause of justice in the Dele Giwa case and Chief M.K.O. Abiola for his generosity in ensuring that Dele Giwa's mother, Madam Elekta, gets an allowance of N800.00 every month from him.

As for you, dear Ray, my sincere wish is that in addition to your fine journalistic qualities, you should learn to add the qualities of courage and loyalty.

Yours sincerely

S.M.O. Aka,  
Managing Director,  
S.M.O. Aka & Brothers Press,  
Banin-City

The World

## Peace at last!

*Liberia ends its bloody 11-month-old war with itself*

Peace returned once again, at least on paper, to the war-torn West African state of Liberia last Wednesday when the main armed factions in the country's civil war signed a cease-fire agreement under the watchful eyes of ECOWAS leaders gathered in Bamako, Mali.

Battle-wearied and shell-shocked, the combatants embraced and shook hands as they appended their signatures to the agreement which made two far-reaching concessions to the Charles Taylor-led National Patriotic Front of Liberia (NPFL). These are the expansion of the regional peace-keeping force ECOMOG to include other willing ECOWAS member-states and the recon-



stitution of the ECOWAS sponsored interim government of Amos Sawyer. The NPFL had in the past few months insisted on finishing the job it started last Christmas eve — that of taking over the government without any interference from ECOMOG which it views as a conspiracy of West African leaders to deny it the fruits of its labour. This stance had brought it under fire, literally, from ECOMOG forces.

With the end of the war now hopefully in sight, Liberia now faces the daunting task of rebuilding its demolished economy, re-absorbing nearly half of its population who fled into exile, and re-creating the national consensus which fratricidal war had all but destroyed.

# Journalism is in the dock!



By Ely Obasi

**A** wild, dangerous gust of wind is blowing at bastions of public expression in the country. Nobody seems to realise just how ferrible, and how infernal this is.

But the wind is blowing real hard, changing direction eternally, twirling, just like a whirlwind. But here we all are, just like little children, supremely fascinated by the spectacle of a racing whirlwind. We seem to be laughing, to be cheering at the whirrs of this infernal, ferrible wind.

The foundations of public expression has always been very feeble. The only thing that has held it all this while has been that tiny intangible thing called integrity. The great men and women who built this great profession were people who won the trust and confidence of the nation, not by the power they packed in their punches, not by the amount of money they could spray at their lackeys, but by the fact that they stood by what was the truth, and what was rectitude. So that neither the lure of riches nor the threat of danger wavered them from where they stood.

The result of this was that the common man out on the street knew that the journalist stood by him. He had the faith that whenever the mighty arms of the rich sought to squeeze him, there was an institutional ear which would listen to him. Somehow then, he had the faith that even though the average journalist stood in fetters just like him, faced with what was the truth, the man of the press chose his fetters rather than rotten wealth. He knew that even though the journalist, just like every other being of flesh and blood, does not enjoy being caged in, that he would stand with the banner of truth. And even the clang of the swinging gales of the prison cell did not waver him.

Again and again he saw his journalist stand face to face with the crushing might of government! He saw puny pen-pitted against tanks and wicked legislations and bizarre sanctions.

But again and again, he saw the little pen with drying ink win. And he knew that real victory belonged not to huge arsenals of warfare but to truth, to moral courage, to the little creatures with the snow-white will.

Now, how long ago does that seem?

Something terrible has happened.

One fellow said the other day that it all started when journalists started seeing themselves as celebrities. When it started getting more important for journalists to ride the most flashy cars and reside in the most exclusive neighbourhoods, than report the truth of what is going on in the nation. All of a sudden, said this fellow, journalists became the news rather than report the news.

When that happened, he said, truth got flung out the window, and money

*"One fellow said the other day that it all started when journalists started seeing themselves as celebrities. When it started getting more important for journalists to ride the most flashy cars and reside in the most exclusive neighbourhoods, than report the truth of what is going on in the nation. All of a sudden, said this fellow, journalists became the news rather than report the news."*

and self-interest got in. And everything went zigzag.

Evil has a way of growing in spirals. One thing swung to another. And today journalism, which was revered because it bore the truth changed. Today, Nigeria has started to see journalism as the greatest liar in the land. People now feel that journalism is the greatest liar in the land. People now feel that journalism lies more than government, lies more than the judiciary, lies more than the quack doctor, and lies far more than the roadside motor mechanic.

Bello Gusau made a mess of the press the other day when he despatched David-West to gaol. Journalists, he said, had been influenced. Which is why some of the reports he had seen were things he did not like. Nigerians took this to mean that the journalists might have been influenced by anything from sheer sympathy, to bundles of crisp dollars.

The funny thing is that nobody has bothered yet to speak out in defence of the journalists and the profession. Even journalism itself has not been able to articulate a proper reply to this charge by the grave-faced judge.

It is not only Gusau that journalism has not been able to reply in the whirl of accusations and counter-accusations within the profession itself. Journalism cannot articulate a tangible, proper response.

There are grave questions begging to be answered. Just for how long has journalism been passing off lies to helpless Nigerians and calling it truth? What methods are the best to check this sort of conduct? Does the profession still have the will to recall the essence of its calling?

Grave questions. No answers.

Today a military government, whose only check hitherto has been the press is definitely laughing and laughing hard. Journalism appears to be in disarray.

A most absurd twist was added to this last Thursday when the new group which calls themselves Veterans asked government to ban a magazine. Season of anomie, dear old Captain Blood would call it. Journalists calling on government to ban a magazine, and citing two recent cases of Rasaki's high-handedness as justification.

Today, journalism stands in the dock, blind-faced arms folded. Journalism stands in the dock, a self-accused. Journalism stands in the dock, with posterity as the jury.

But out there on the streets, the poor little common man stands forsaken, like an orphan in the rain. Today he is wondering who will bear his dying cries when the sledgehammer of the rich and the powerful descends on his already shaven head.

Journalism is in the dock. Let's see what the verdict will be.

# Horror in a house of healing

*Many believe the youths are taken there to receive a healing. But TSM investigations expose an outpost of untold brutality and maybe even death.*

By Ademola Adedoyin

**T**he young man stared at the visitor with a helpless glare. The popping eyes are enough to explain the predicament of this otherwise handsome fellow to anyone who cared. But the message is not in the eyes alone. The rash-infested skin with patches

of eczema all over, is another veritable source of revelation. And the physique—or whatever is left of it—with bones that are threatening to shoot out of the unsightly skin complete the horrifying spectacle.

But this fellow is not giving up all hopes. Despite his curtailed freedom. And mangled legs. He held tightly to the iron bars of his remand room as if his life depended on it. Which may well be the case. To him, any caller could indeed be the expected messiah—if ever one would call.

He need not to have bothered much. For he is in good company. Hundreds of youngsters are in a similar demeaning conditions. And yet, they yell and holler as if there is nothing far them to worry about in the world. They have accepted their predicament. Therefore they take everything in their stride.

Outside this dungeon are some ill-clad and half-naked teenagers and youngsters. All had their dirty turbans well wrapped on their heads. And they sat on the lines of mats in rows. All facing the master, from whose mouth flows



Politics  
& Policy



The Home and some inmates

spiritual words of wisdom. To this group, it is freedom in captivity. It is another stage in their reformatory lives. Hitherto, at various times, they too were permanently in the cage - where they were kept with the help of leg-cuffs. Now they could be brought out, be imparted with knowledge and returned to their holes after.

It is the beginning of yet another day in the Reformatory Healing Home and Islamic School of Alhaji Rasheed Olore, head of the Zamrat Muminii of Nigeria at Ojoo an Ibadan neighbourhood so near the University campus.

Here, inmates live a reprimanded life akin to those who are withdrawn from circulation by those mortals whose words are laws. Here, hundreds of strayed youngsters whose conducts their parents judged inimical to family and societal well-being cool their heels under the roof of a scholar and teacher who verily believes he has what it takes to set them right back on the straight and narrow path of rectitude.

And yet, despite this monumental "service" to humanity, those who should know about such

observer would even get to know about what goes on in there.

To start with, the buildings housing the home, and the environment are so open that no passer-by and traveller would think such activities go on here. It's at the tail end of the Lagos-Ibadan Expressway. To any traveller coming from Lagos, the only striking thing about the place is the line of parked trailers that makes vehicular traffic a bit tortuous. The buildings on that side of the road are like any other, any where - old, new, not-so-new, not-so-old, storey buildings, bungalows...No sky-scrapers, no architectural masterpiece of a building to catch attention.

But here, about 150 metres to where the expressway expires, on the right when coming from Lagos, is a one-storey building with a fading yellow colour and stripes of pink and with very spacious frontage. On a portion of the large space is erected a not-so-large tent made of wooden poles and palm fronds. Though the

According to an ex-inmate who escaped after more than two years in the home, mitigation is done with a cane. And the ritual follows the same pattern. One hundred and fifty strokes of the cane on the body and well over 40 on the head. This is followed by scrapping to the scalp.

It is after the initiation that the nesty admitted is taken into his room where he is manacled while "treatment" is administered. But the more troublesome ones have their special place. It is called Cell. And there are nine of them. Only the hardened ones are kept there. And there is only one in a cell at a time. Like the CCC, Condemned Criminal Cells, in the prisons, here, apart from being chained, the toughie will be starved for days to allow his "eyes to clear." And like in the prisons, there are warders to look after the cells, and the compound

Sandy Olorabi



Alhaji Rasheed Olore, ministering to his flock

Alhaji Rasheed Olore, ministering to his flock

are pleading ignorance. They know nothing about what goes on here. When TSM told the Oyo State Commissioner for Social Development, Youth and Sports, Moji Oyejoba about the Home, it was news to her. That she was moved when the picture of the place was painted was very obvious. She promised to visit the place.

The police in the State are also in blissful ignorance of the goings-on there. Its image maker, Chris Awolunde, an assistant superintendent said the police was not aware of what was going on in the Home. But it is not totally unaware of the place. He said he was aware that Alhaji Olore "operates a healing home where lunatics are kept."

Maybe the operators of the home deliberately set out to make the place unknown to the authority. And to keep its activities from the public view. The setting, and the operation are shrouded in such ordinariness that no casual

most conspicuous of the buildings, it is certainly not the only one housing the Home. Near it is a big two-storey building, of ten flats and to the back is yet another two-storey building not as big as the former. Another uncompleted building is at the side of the big two-storey building. All the rooms in these buildings, except the first floor of the front building which doubles as the office and residence of the teacher, are occupied by inmates of the home. And well over 500 of them are kept there at the moment.

Those inmates are a pathetic sight to behold. The condition under which they live is sub-human. The foul odour oozing out of the rooms speaks volume of the health danger that they risk. They all wear haggard looks, dejected face and unsightly skin. Hurdship is a routine as whipping is a necessity. A room is filled with canes of different sizes and lengths. Here inmates, the proprietor tends to believe, understand no other language except that of the cane. He does not spare the rod.

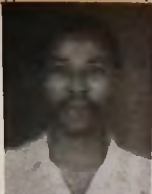
The whip treatment starts right from day one.

as a whole to ensure that anyone who tries to escape is apprehended.

According to the ex-inmate, the condition in the cells is very appalling. Very unbearable. And dehumanising. Inmates take their bath, once in a week, Thursday or Friday. It used to be once in a month. Although he spoke to TSM on condition of anonymity, he urges us to go verify if he was crying wolf where there is none. He revealed that in his two years stay in the home, to the best of his knowledge, four people died there. One of such is one Shuathu Irom Ibadan, surnamed Ifo, so named because he came from Ifo, in Ogun State. They died in late 1988. And yet another person he does not know.

The fourth is Abdulalabi Alcolita Amodu, a thirty-year-old civil engineering graduate of Idah Polytechnic who died there last April. The youngster was taken to the home his members of his family who had thought he could make do with some dose of religious knowledge in his life.

The source continued with the sad tale: "When he was brought, after being thoroughly beaten, he was chained in both hands and legs and taken to Cell 1. Here the man was dumped



late Abdullahi Amodu died in the Home?

for days without food and any care. He screamed for help but he never got any. When he was brought out on the seventh day, he was gasping for breath. The Alfa knew the game was up. They tried to feed him with pap and dry pepper but it was too late. He died that day after being starved for seven days."

Asked why the matter was not reported to the police, the ex-inmate said: "you know, as good muslims, we believe that whatever happens is the will of Allah. The members of his family, like the true Muslims that they are, felt what has happened, has happened. No need for unnecessary case, hence they went to bury him in the village."

At present, hundreds of inmates face a similar grim future. And uncertainty. They are not sure whether they will get out of that place alive or dead.

But then what confounds those who know about the place is the fact that some big personalities in the society take their wayward children and wards to the Home. The proprietor revealed that a Lagos multi-millionaire and industrialist whose factories manufacture house hold utensils has two of his kids there. There are also children from the Lagos popular family whose two prominent sons belonged to two opposing parties in the defunct second republic. A first class, influential but very elderly traditional ruler in Oyo State is also believed to have one of his youngsters undergoing reformation there.

And the ex-inmate confirmed all these. "The names of the two sons of the Lages millionaire you mentioned are Rasheed and Saheed. They were brought here, but they escaped with my help on May 6, 1990 during the Wollmat.

The point is that parents want their troublesome kids to become responsible citizens hence they are always eager to force them to go to such places. And how does a truant tell his parents that he is finding it too tough in such place. The parent will only say, that is exactly what we want. Virtually everybody there is looking for a way to escape" he told TSM.

But many however be a mere dream for most of them. For security here is very tight if not awesome. As many as twenty-five youths are cramped into a room and some chained together, making escape more than a bit difficult. New inmates are locked in all day. Keeping watch over the place apart from the warders are, Amodu Olore, Momo Olore both children of the proprietor and one Alfa Jelili who is the second-in-command to the proprietor. And other specially selected able-bodied long timers.

To become an inmate of this home, to be sure, does not come cheap. As it plays the reformator,

ory, healing and educating roles together, charges cannot but be exorbitant. As at 1988, to be admitted, a princely sum of N2,000 would do. But now, with inflation and all, a whopping sum of N10,000.00 is the fee. And that is minus the feeding allowance, which is paid to the proprietor monthly.

That is not all. He also uses these youngsters on his farm. The strong ones are chosen to work on the farm. And the harvests are not meant for the inmates' consumption. But for his own large family.

Graduation in this home has another meaning. That you graduate does not mean you take your leave. You continue serving the man, on and on. Until he feels you have acquired enough "knowledge."

And the graduation could be as expensive as getting enrolled. For graduation, the graduand's parent has to bring a bag of rice, a bag of yam flour, a big gallon of vegetable oil, a ram, or cow depending on the ability of the parents. And a large sum of money. All these belong to the proprietor as a gesture of appreciation. But it is him, that will give the list.

And there is no doubting this. For it comes straight from the horse's mouth, all about the fee and the graduation, that is.

Dr. (Mrs.) Moji Ouebola,



As the source has revealed that the man might not be willing to entertain any press enquiries, or that he could be hostile, we posed as parents in distress and we got out a very friendly chat with the man at the helm of affairs - Alhaji Rasheed Olore. And we also participated in the activities of his small world for two days.

Alhaji Olore comes across as a very versatile scholar who could hold his audience spell bound with his oratorical prowess. He is a man with the gift of the gab. And with a lot of ego. At the early morning sermon, in which we participated, he regaled his listeners with how the Imam of Mecca hosted him, after one week of intensive for him, in Mecca during the last pilgrimage. He also spoke of the respect his friend, Sheikh Abubakar Gumi has for him. He told the audience he (Gumi) wrote the preface to his latest work. And to the teacher, anyone who does not come to him to drink from the fountain of his wisdom is as good as condemned. He wonders why such men as Aare Arisekola and Chief Mufutau Olanibun (An Ibadan-based millionaire) could perform the Zakat (offering) rites without consulting him for directives before doing so.

This man however may not be a name dropper. For whatever claims he made during the sermon, he backs most of them up with photo evidence when he finally attended to the visitors. The photograph he took with the Chief Imam of Mecca when he came to Nigeria, his photograph when he went to London in 1974 to propagate Islam, his photograph with Chief Bola Ige as the governor of Oyo State are enough evidence that the man has dined and wined (?) with movers and shakers of the society. Pointing to a particular photograph where ex-Governor Ige bent his head, the teacher said the shot was taken while he was giving the ex-governor instructions on some state matters.

The scholar comes across as a man who has insatiable appetite for the acquisition of knowledge. Every available space in his first floor office/residence is littered with books. He has a very rich library.

But he also strikes the visitors as someone who sees nothing wrong in capitalising on the faith of his followers and their problems to make fast and fat bucks. He pronounced the N10,000 with an air of finality. No deduction, not even by a dime. He goes further immediately to state what it requires to do graduation ceremony. The list of what has to be purchased was verbally handed down immediately.

Though getting to talk with the man is quite an experience, getting a feel of the place is really the eye-opener — very moving. A peep into the rooms leaves a gory picture in one's mind.

Imparting knowledge can never be a crime. And putting wayward youths on path of sanity can never mean a disservice to humanity. Respected Islamic scholars like Sheikh Adam Eilori and Alhaji Kamaldeen among a host of others have turned the fortune of many Nigerians around for the better with their reformatory and educative works. Many of their products are today Islamic scholars of note, internationally.

Observers however object to subjecting youths to demeaning and unhealthy conditions in the process of reformation. The damage, they say, can be more devastating to society than their waywardness.

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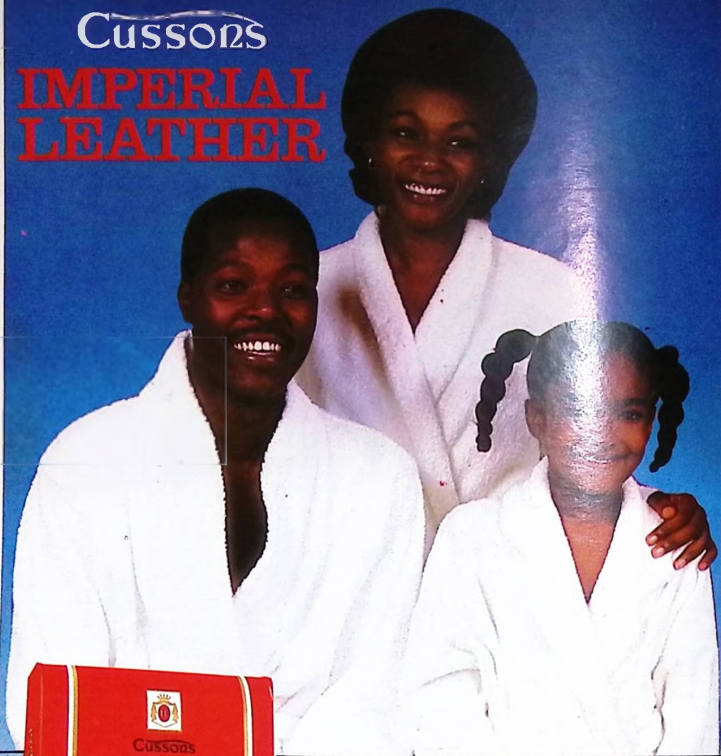
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# ... opium of the followers

From all corners of the world, stories abound of lieutenants of God who so interpret the methods of their faith that one is not so sure whether it's for good or for ill.

By Yusuph Olaniyonu

**W**e must engage in a most decisive battle against reactionary clergy and suppress their resistance with such a cruelty that they will remember it for several decades to come

So declared Vladimir Lenin, the father of the Soviet state in a speech that was first made public last April after 68 years of censorship

But if Lenin had known of the entrenched diabolical deeds of the likes of Yinka Olisa, Guru Maharaji, Funmilayo Odumosu, Jim Jones and their cohorts, he would probably have advocated worse than cruelty

Or what would you say of the Guyana tragedy where Jim Jones, a cunning priest se, up a 'revival' home. And instead of winning souls for the Lord as the biblical apostles did, he was feeding the rabid followers with heavy doses of opium (which is what Karl Marx called, religion) kinky sexual indulgence, brutal beatings and gun-running, as well as satanism. But as the law was about to lay its long arms on Jones, he urged his followers to engage in a fierce battle with law enforcement agents. And when the resistance collapsed, he led about 900 of his followers to mass suicide

Jones' tragic stratagem of using religion to intimidate the government must have also intoxicated that 'fighter of the Lord' Alice Lakwena and her 'holy spirit' movement in Uganda. Lakwena had decided in 1897 that it was time she and her religious squad took over the government of Uganda. And as if she understood the weak position of the embattled Museveni government, she waged a war using stones as her amulets. Several Ugandan soldiers fell to the 'magic stone' offensives before the noose finally caught up with Lakwena and her 6,000 army. She escaped by crossing the Malaba River to Tororo with a boat of banana trunks. But not until all but seven of her religious cohorts had lost their lives in the onslaught

And back to Nigeria the reactionary clergies have always used religion to promote egocentric financial aggrandisement. Or what would you say about Funmilayo Odumosu, 'the Jesus of Oyingbo' who presided over a multi-million naira financial estate overtilled with emasculated religious converts. Before his death, most of these converts re-

siding in his Maryland estate in Ikeja, had been hypnotised and made to lose their identity. They were servants of the 'Jesus' of Oyingbo and worked to sustain his financial empire. Dastardly sins like incest, sexual abuse and slavery were alleged to have been the foundation of the vast Jesus empire

Again, Guru Maharaji's case probably is a direct off-shoot of the 'Jesus of Oyingbo' syndrome. Obviously the most controversial religious leader in Nigeria, Guru came and declared himself the 'perfect living master, a personification of the Almighty God'

In his ibadan den mainounsed followers steal from neighbouring villagers



Controversial Guru Maharaji

while terrorising defenceless people. Yet his mission, he said, is to redeem man from suffering and poverty. Converts 'need liberation from the bondage of food'. And to his critics, Guru said their smear campaign will be the 'aftermath' of the reaction between light and darkness

The Hare Krishna movement is another religious sect happily dishing the opium doctrine of its congregation. For a religion that came recently to Nigeria from Asia, the large followers it enjoys battles the best of sociologists. And yet converts are made to forsake their names, families, friends, jobs and 'other materialistic quests' for their spiritual master in the temple. Thus devotees gladly take to streets, chant, demand contributions and sell 'spiritual sky' oriental incense

Olumba Olumba Obu, the 'Man of God' in Calabar is another enigmatic and phenomenal religious leader in Nigeria. Once accused by his close aides of being full of discrimination, treachery, evil machinations and demonic mischief, but his followership con-

tinues to grow. And these people see him as the replica of God. He was said to lead a cult of hypnotised gullible congregation. Another case of religious opium at play?

And Father Elele Ede in Port Harcourt a man who started a humble church but now with his 'acclaimed' healing power, commands such a large followership. His kingdom in Port Harcourt is a law unto itself, with its own police, set of laws and 'Head of State'. It is over filled with fee-paying patients. These patients are said to die in succession either out of outright medicare or lateness of medical attention. But even with deteriorating conditions, in the Kingdom, more patients are still coming, leaving the place as corpses

And the most recent of them all, Yinka Olusola Olisa, the 'Senior Malaka of Mushin'. The 30 year old petit founder of St Peter's New Jerusalem Church of Alafia Street in Mushin, Lagos claims to be Jesus Christ and Prophet Mohammed, all rolled into one. She 'gives children to women without them sleeping with any man. Even a woman without a womb can be made pregnant, courtesy of the innate power of Yinka Olisa. A tiamboyant woman, she enjoyed a large followership until the bubble burst. And now the Malaka's diabolical myth seems to have vanished

The Idahosa congregation and its blood chilling encounter in Iru, the Maitasine imbroglio in Maiduguri and several other religious debacles are just a few examples of religion gone haywire that continues to render the world unsafe. It has made the nuance between Satan and God too thin for identification. The threat of spiritual healers in churches and other places of worship to survival of orthodox medicine has been lamented by medical practitioners. The doctors decried a situation where patients in the spiritual homes were only brought to the hospital on the verge of death

While preaching evangelism unbridled ambition and egotistic pursuits have made religion an arch enemy even to governments. And with the array of opium-drunk converts the world may have found in religion, its own terminal disease. That may help it keep its date with eventual termination. But before then, government may need to dust off Lenin's theory of a revolution against psychotic clergies



# NO CRISIS IN NICON

The attention of the Management of the National Insurance Corporation of Nigeria has been drawn to a publication in the Sunday Concord of November 25, 1990 captioned "CRISIS SHAKES NICON". The publication is false, misleading and mischievous.

We wish to state categorically that there is no crisis whatsoever in NICON as the relationship between Management and Staff including the Unions has been very cordial. Recently, the Union wrote to Management affirming their support and commending them on the efficient manner in which the Corporation is being managed.

NICON is one of the parastatals being fully commercialised under the auspices of the Technical Committee on Privatisation and Commercialisation (TCPCC). Since the appointment of the current Management last year, a lot has been done to give the Corporation the desired direction as a fully commercialised enterprise and to prepare the Corporation for the challenges of the future.

In a bid to correct operational weaknesses of the previous Management, identified in the Management Audit Report compiled by Messrs Akintola Williams & Co, the present Management has also introduced accounting controls and systems to ensure effective operations as well as probity and accountability. To this end, it has been possible to block loopholes that could lead to fraud enabling Management to closely monitor all financial transactions.

These innovative efforts have strengthened the Corporation in its leading position in the industry as evidenced in increased volume of businesses. The Corporation has further consolidated its position, and now has a much better working relationship with its clients. The volume of business undertaken by the Corporation has almost doubled from ₦350m in 1988 to ₦560m as at 31st December, 1989. The estimated income for 1990 is over ₦650m.

Regarding the specific issues raised in the Sunday Concord Publication, we will like to comment as follows:

## STAFF RATIONALISATION — ALLEGATION OF NEPOTISM & VICTIMISATION

The publication referred to the recent rationalisation exercise and insinuated that it was based on nepotism and victimisation. It is not totally surprising that some disgruntled staff affected by the past and recent purge will resort to any means to

undermine the good intentions of the present Management.

The staff rationalisation exercise recently concluded by the Implementation Committee of TCPCC is in line with the Terms of Reference of the Committee. The exercise is not peculiar to NICON as it has been carried out in other sister parastatals. It was also not based on any ethnic considerations but strictly on the criteria for commercialisation as set by the TCPCC.

Whilst the Coopers and Lybrand's Report of 1987 had recommended about 30% staff cut in order to reduce overheads, the recently concluded exercise affected less than 10% of the total staff strength.

The Concord Publication creates the impression that the exercise was directed against a particular ethnic group. This is far from the truth as the exercise was not based on ethnicity. Whereas NICON is a federal government establishment, over 75% of its senior staff is from one ethnic group.

## ALLEGED \$230,000 MISSING IN LONDON OFFICE

There is no truth whatsoever in the allegation that \$230,000 was missing in the Corporation's London Office. There is also no truth in the claim by the SUNDAY CONCORD that NICON was queried by the Ministry of Finance and Economic Development over the alleged missing sum. The publication might have been referring to a complaint to the Ministry of Finance and Economic Development on 28/11/89 signed by the Managing Director of NICON, Mr. Ogala Osoka concerning unauthorised debits by the London Bank in the Company's Account.

The London Bank accepted responsibility and duly refunded the money with accrued interest.

It would be amazing if this complaint by Management is what is now being turned into an indictment of the same Management that raised the issue. The publication further insinuated that our London Contact Office Manager might have been involved in this unauthorised debit. There is no truth whatsoever in this allegation and we reaffirm our confidence in Mr. Bola Adewale who, as our Managing Director, Mr. Osoka told the Sunday Concord is one of the most competent hands within the Organisation.

## ALLEGED "MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AND REAPPEARANCE" OF ₦9 MILLION FROM THE CENTRAL BANK OF NIGERIA

The Sunday Concord also alleged a

mysterious disappearance and reappearance of the sum of ₦9 million from NICON's Central Bank Account last year. This is totally false.

What must be noted is that as a result of the new accounting system instituted by the present Management, we were able to discover a wrong debit of ₦9,865,000 in our SEPTEMBER 1990 Account within a few days of it being made. This matter was taken up the same day with the Central Bank of Nigeria who immediately reversed the wrong entry and credited back our Account accordingly.

The debit in question was in no way related to any of the Corporation's transactions. Contrary to the assertion made in the Publication, we wish to state categorically that the cheque leaves purportedly to have been used for this debit did not belong to NICON and were faked as were the signatures of Mr. Osoka and Alhaji Umar. There is therefore, no truth in the statement that "some Central Bank of Nigeria cheque leaflets belonging to the Corporation disappeared from the vaults."

Furthermore, the Corporation has had no business whatsoever with Kago Enterprises mentioned in the Publication. Similarly, we have had no business whatsoever with Kasomite Limited and NICON is not aware of any cheque for ₦8 million or any other amount drawn in their favour as claimed in the Publication. The cheques Nos. 615890 and 65104714 mentioned in the Concord Publication are not NICON cheque numbers and none of these was signed by any of the Corporation's authorised signatories.

In conclusion we wish to reiterate that there is no crisis whatsoever in NICON. The present Management is working in close harmony with both our controlling Ministry — Federal Ministry of Finance and Economic Development and the TCPCC Implementation Committee on NICON, towards full commercialisation of the Corporation. NICON is an important national financial institution involved in a highly specialised business and is internationally recognised. Any publication about the Corporation should be fair and accurate in the interest of the nation.

We want to assure all our numerous policy holders and the public at large that there is no crisis whatsoever in NICON rather the Corporation is in top form, stronger and better.

HABIB ALIYU,  
LEGAL ADVISER/CORPORATION  
SECRETARY  
NOVEMBER 29, 1990.



Love so  
amazing, love so  
revengeful!

rites. The wedding day finally arrived. The bride had hardly slept a wink that night as her brain was awash with such beautiful memories of her life. She counted herself very lucky for hooking this dashing, well-endowed businessman who had hitherto remained so elusive to women.

In a few hours, she thought, as she was being dressed by her close family members they would be united as husband and wife. After several hard knocks in

swept away by aggressive brooms. The bumpy road was levelled to make way for the expected guests from nearby towns.

After countless dress fittings by members of the bridal train, frenetic trips to far-flung towns for traditional marriage

*It is the season of weddings,  
but do you know how  
many of those  
relationships never  
got to the altar stage?*

Lovers relaxing together ... how close to the altar?



By Muba Okosun

here are some of the greatest love scenes of our time. Probably enacted by some of the most passionate people in the society. Those that dare where fools fear to tread. Those that won't bat an eyelid whether burning the candles at both ends, or causing an uproar with their fiery relationships.

These are some of the big names in the various professions. That is why their love escapades caught our fancy. Take the case of a very successful singer/actress. With strings of awards and records to her name, she enjoys a tremendous goodwill among her peers, fans and top members of the society.

When it comes to affairs of the heart, she is a disaster. In fact permanently out in the cold. A few years back, she was set to stage one of the celebrated weddings in history. She had contracted the wedding arrangements to the best caterer in town. An eight-tier cake, choice wines, savoury snacks and huge take-away parties had been planned for the guests.

Our dimpled singer had even jetted to cooler climes to purchase a sensational wedding dress and going-away outfit. The best jeweller in town was putting finishing touches to the love-rings desired by the couple. Only the best was fit for this union of great lovers. The family house that had been starved of affection for many years suddenly soaked its first layer of pain! Stubborn cobwebs were

the love department in the past, she thought this was her last chance at happiness. Man! she was going to grab this opportunity with both hands.

She took a last look at the family house with its traditional conveniences and really looked forward to the modern flat in town. She also took time to go over the reception arrangements with the caterer. Some of her colleagues in the music industry swept into the room to congratulate her. They even offered to play at the reception.

Soon, it was time to get ready for the church service. It was one of the minor irritations of a marriage ceremony for someone who has not been entirely religious in the past months. But, she yearned for, and planned for one all the same.

The drive to church was uneventful as she was caught up in her own thoughts. The light traffic was unusual for the time of day, so she got to the church on time. The expected milling crowd was present. But the groom's car was conspicuously absent from its allotted car space. Maybe, he had sent the car out for urgent errands, she mused.

Words quickly reached her that the groom had not yet arrived for the service. He must be held up somewhere. Why don't we send a few people to his flat to fetch him, could he be overslept? she wondered aloud.

Meanwhile she stayed behind in the comfortable car and lanned herself with a lacy fan. A few friends wandered out of the church to tell her that few members of the groom's family were present in church.

This time huge drops of sweat trickled down her immaculate wedding dress. This was the precise moment when the search party returned from their trip. They didn't need to open their mouths before the import of the impending doom hit her. They still relayed the message all the same.

"We met the flat locked, but after a few minutes the groom sauntered in. He was dripping wet from a game of tennis. He casually carried tennis rackets and balls in one hand and car keys in another. He was accompanied by his best man. He was surprised at seeing us so dressed up. We wondered how he could have forgotten his wedding day. And why he preferred to play tennis on the most important day of his life. Well, he remained calm and told us that you should go ahead and have a wonderful wedding without him. With some of your ex-boyfriends who probably footed the wedding expenses.

"With that he excused himself, showered and dressed for the airport. He told us he had an important trip to make and left us behind in the house."

Our sonorous singer broke down, woeiful wails escaped from her hugely rouged lips. Her expensive veil was yanked off while she started to rain invectives on her by now ex-fiance.

"So, he never forgave me those past foibles. So, he believed all those rumoured romances. I was supposed to have had with those big men. Whenever I tried to explain my side of the story he always moved on to another subject. So he saw this marriage as the best way to pay me back. Now he must be having a ball on his flight to New York. He might even be staging his real wedding there. Oh! he got me where it hurts most. How will my parents, fans, friends take it? How will I live this down?" she sobbed into her silk handkerchief.



Onyeka Onwenu ... One love

The greatest love pundits have always maintained that the best lovers are the best haters. They also say that revenge is sweet, even sweeter than love. What better way to shatter to smithereens a girl who has humiliated you in the past than to abscond from your own wedding? Or to pretend as if you have forgotten all past wrongs only to carry on with her best friend and marry her on the rebound.

What of the guy that was snubbed by a goody-goody girl on the first day in campus. He then vowed to get the girl as if his life depended on it. He later warmed his way into the girl's heart through presents, love notes, 24-hour attention. He even copied notes for her in class.

All this while, he never pushed her towards libidinous paths. He told her he wanted her as wife not mistress. After ten months of platonic friendship, the girl was convinced he was her ideal man in shiny armour. So she chose a day for the consummation of their love. They guy promptly arranged a rendezvous and informed his friends of the plan.

**"THE greatest love pundits have always maintained that the best lovers are the best haters. They also say that revenge is sweet, even sweeter than love. What better way to shatter to smithereens a girl who has humiliated you in the past than to abscond from your own wedding? Or to pretend as if you have forgotten all past wrongs only to carry on with her best friend and marry her on the rebound?"**

The girl was shocked to find friends intruding on her honeymoon with her Romeo. Hell! She was still savouring her first experience when horns hooted outside and friends started pouring into the room. They looked as if they had been purposely invited for the purpose. After an embarrassing silence, she wrapped herself in the soiled bedsheet and dashed for the bathroom. When she came back after an hour, the gang had dispersed, bound for another party. There was a terse note for her on the bed. "Please make the bed. See you around Princess!"

The guy never strayed to the girl's room throughout his remaining years on campus. For him, revenge was a delicious experience. What about you? With the spate of weddings nowadays, do you wonder at the increasing number of failed relationships that never got to the altar stage?



## MILESTONES

## BIRTHDAYS

**EMERGED** From hiding, threatened aul-lor, Salman Rushdie, last Monday for the first time in a year and half to appear on a BBC television arts programme. Rushdie who went to the BBC studios in London for the interview has been kept in hiding, guarded constantly by the police, following the death sentence passed on him by Ayatollah Khomeini.

**WEPT** British Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher as she told Ministers of her shock decision to resign after 11½ years in power. According to Transport Secretary, Cecil Parkinson, Thatcher broke down as she read her resignation statement. Three ministers were said to have wept along with her while other cabinet members looked down in silence.

**RESIGNED** Up to 40 lecturers from the Ahmadu Bello University (ABU), Zaria, in the last one month. According to Adedeji Awoniyi, most of the lecturers resigned due to the unavailability of teaching materials. He lamented that most of the lecturers had to resort to giving lectures orally without books for consultation.

**JAILED** By a Benin magistrate court, a political activist and aspiring legislator, Augustine Orhion, for feeding the police with false information. Orhion, sentenced to 48 weeks (all term without option of fine wept profusely. He had in August 1989 petitioned the Bendel State Commissioner of Police alleging that his life and those of members of his family were being threatened.

**LOST** By a randy Nigerian businessman about N22 million to a female impersonator who lured him to her bed in a Bangkok Hotel. The unsuspecting Nigerian visitor found an even bigger surprise under the bed—three robbers who made off with his briefcase containing the said amount.

**RECRUITED** By the Sudanese government soldiers from the nation's universities. A new order in the country mandates all newly acceptable students in universities and other institutions of higher learning to undergo military training.

**DECLARED** By the Ondo State government a two-day holidays in preparation for the forthcoming local government elections of December 8, 1990. Governor Abiola Oluokoya who declared December 6 and 7 as work-free days in the state said the move was to enable public servants travel to their respective locations to officiate during the elections.

**KILLED** In Istanbul a three-year old boy by his father Ibrahim Halli Allun Altun who hacked his son to death in a cave said that a religious leader ordered him to sacrifice the most precious thing in his life. He said the order came from the man he called "My Sheikh".

administrator As an administrator. Amadi has served as Head, Department of History, Rivers State College of Education, Port Harcourt, 1978 — 80, and as Dean of Arts of the same college, 1979 — 80, among others. He is a member of the Historical Society of Nigeria.

● 47 on Tuesday is Francis Sulemanu Idachaba, agricultural economist and administrator. A member of many professional bodies, among which are the International Association of Agricultural Economists and the Nigerian Economic Society. Idachaba has many publications some of which are *Agricultural Research Policy in Nigeria* and *Managing Agricultural Development in Nigeria*. He holds the traditional title of Amana Orata of Igala.

● 47 Friday is Sule Oyesola Gbadamosi, businessman and politician. A director of many companies, among which is the Nigerian General Insurance Company, Gbadamosi, a member of the Jamatut Islamiyya Society, holds the national honour of the Officer of the Order of the Federal Republic (OFR).

● 46 also on Friday is Frank Kokon, trade unionist. A member of the National Executive Council of the Nigeria Labour Congress (NLC) Kokon has also been a member of the Constitution Review Committee (CRC) 1987—88 as well as that of the Constituent Assembly, 1988—89.

● 59 on Friday as well is Samuel Oyewole Asabia, economist and banker. President of the Nigerian Stock Exchange, 1975—81 and former Vice President of the Nigerian Economic Society. Asabia holds the National Honour of Officer of the Order of the Federal Republic (OFR), 1982. He is the author of *Development of Commercial Banking in Nigeria*.

Compiled by Amanze Obi



## Birthday cheers

● 49 today is Dorothy Chinyere Anamah, physician. Amanah, a fellow of the West African College of Physicians and National Secretary, National Council of Women Societies is the author of *Thrombo — Embolie Prophylaxis*. She is a member of the International Council of Women.

● 46 on Monday is Adetunji Idowu Oluinn, soldier. Oluinn who was commander 1 Mechanised Infantry Brigade, 1984-85, was appointed military governor of Oyo State, 1985—88. He was also the Director of Logistics, Nigerian Army Headquarters, Lagos, August 1988 — January 1989. He was decorated with the United Nations Peace Medal (UNIFIL) in 1979.

● 47 also on Monday is Kingsley Okechukwu Amadi, educationist and

"NOTHING is funnier than unhappiness. It is the most comical thing in the world."  
— Samuel Beckett.

"It isn't what a teenager knows that worries his parents. It's how he found out."  
Ann Landers

"NEVER violate the sacredness of your individual self-respect."  
Theodore Parker

"It is necessary to the happiness of a man that he be mentally faithful to himself."  
Thomas Paine

"RESOLVE to be thyself, and know, that he who linds himself, loses his misery."  
— Matthew Arnold

"TO understand one's self is the classic form of consolation, to delude one's self is the romantic."  
— George Santayana

"ECONOMY is a way of spending money, without getting any pleasure out of it."  
— Armond Salacrau

"ECONOMY is for the poor; the rich may dispense with it."  
Christian Nestor Bovee

# ... and I was there, with just a broken leg

Guest Writer: Patrick Oke

My pained voice was as regular as clock work. 'Patrick, Patrick, you must tell them - you must tell them'

I rubbed my eyes in my half asleep state. Yes, it was 12 midnight and the only voice allowed to intrude into my own misery was evidently started its daily ritual.

'Billions of Blue Blistering Banacles', I thought to myself, 'not again. Why does my hospital incarceration have to be so eventful?'

I was tempted to tell this voice 'leave me alone!' but that was overtaken by a saner thought.

'Are you alright, sir?' I heard myself replying.

'Yes - but you must tell them' the voice persisted - and faded.

He wasn't alright, he wasn't alright at all. Hospital beds are cheap, 10 times cheaper than a hotel room. Yet no one prefers a night in a hospital bed to one in a hotel room. They should! If everybody claims to be sane, we can't all then shy away from the very places that ensure sanity. Hospitals. Dreamy, loathsome and lonely, very very lonely. Most people hate the mere thought of hospitals. Perhaps because they never want to fall ill or have an accident - who does? No one wants to fall seriously ill or have an accident because no one wants to die. After all, at least at LUTH, the hospital is but a step away from the mortuary. Patronizing one is just a step away from reconciling with the other.

Hospitals and hospitalization don't cut you gently, they give you a rude awakening just like my midnight voice. So rude that many can't take it.

'Could I possibly ever be reduced to that?' most people ask themselves as they stare at some carcass who once was a vibrant friend but now very vulnerable and they shudder. It's the idea of being ever absolutely vulnerable that gets us all. Nobody ever wants to be in a situation where he finds himself vulnerable. Can't move, can't even do his conveniences on his own, so we hate these sanity centres called hospitals.

However, those who have had the experience know that it is in this hour of vulnerability that we slowly and rudely come to realize the real meaning of care.

At the rather well organised Ortopaedic Hospital in Enugu, there is a wide, sloping gang way that leads from

the wards upstairs down. It's for patients on wheelchairs who have to get downstairs for treatment, therapy, or just fresh air. Hospital beds are also rolled down it at the expiration of their occupants. Most evenings, at the approach of a

wheelchair or bed, there is human activity along the gangway. Young ladies and men, some looking the worse for wear scurry out of the way, sleeping mats and plates and cooking utensils. When whatever has rolled by they are



Strung up... one leg in, one leg out

back on the gangway. A closer look reveals paltry sacks of personal belongings tucked in little niches along the gangway. Nobody needs tell one after that, that these young ladies and men have been there for sometimes and plan to stay as long as necessary. They sleep, cook and socialise on the gangway. Some, one finds out, have been there for as long as six months.

These are the caretakers. One of them, Tony, comes to the ward to ask me how I am. He is here to tend his aged mother who broke her leg in a domestic accident. The bone is not healing as fast as he would expect. She is old. He looks dishevelled and sad. Every morning he wakes up in the gangway before the first sign of dawn and goes into the female ward to stay beside his mother. He assures away her first morning pains and assures her she is getting better. After that he can now go and look for what to eat. I ask him if it isn't possible for him to leave her to the hospital — they surely would look after her. He shrugs off the suggestion. Nobody can really look after his mother as he can. Does he enjoy sleeping in the gangway, then? He says he has no choice. He simply has to look after his mother. He is on his seventh month on the gangway. Their homelands is far. As he leaves my ward to prepare his pap on the gangway I wonder what kind of a mother deserves such sacrifice. One day I ask that I see his mother with him, so getting on my crutches I hop along with him to the female ward. There my broken femur, dented ribs and fractured clavicle pale into insignificance. If there is human suffering, this sight is it. Aged women, women in their middle ages, young women, hang in all kinds of positions. Some metal contraptions and heavy weights support broken limbs and necks. Heavy weights clamp and support napes of the neck until there



#### Oke ... back and bubbling

is no neck. Some are stretched out by weights in all directions as if being tortured on a rack. Some whine, others moan audibly in pain. For some of the women, there hasn't been a change of bed position for months. They have been lying on their backs, others on their sides. The lucky ones have their bed positions changed maybe once a day often requiring the assistance of four to five able bodied men amidst screams of agony. Tony's mother turns out to be one of the better off. Her broken leg is on — but won't heal.

The caretakers are now at various beds in the ward. Occasionally you hear a sob. But more often, hushed voices, as they pass on words of encouragement. Watching them I begin to feel they have stubbornly refused to leave their mothers, sisters or aunts alone in hospital. Their mere presence does something.

As I hop back to my private ward, I begin to wonder how such young men and women, who could easily be having fun at home in the village, town or wherever they come from, be holed up for months, sleeping on a gangway and attending to some bed-ridden relative.

then remembered when immediately after my accident I couldn't move either. My broken leg was hung up, stretched by some weight for two weeks. I couldn't turn or change my lying down position. My lot was the ceiling morning afternoon and night — for two weeks in one position. Friends came then in dozens a day. One used to come, provide anything I needed, then leave. He never stayed. As time went on, I began to look less forward to his coming. I found I looked forward more to those who would come and stay, whether they brought anything with them or not. I divided my ceiling days into their different visiting times. I would wake up in the morning looking forward to when they would start coming. Sometimes even while they were there, my mood slid down as the darkening ceiling would indicate the coming of night. Visitors are not allowed after certain hours. When they left a cold, lonely feeling would overtake me. Then and only then would I begin to feel my vulnerability, my helplessness. At those times even my worst enemy would have been welcome. Now I understand why the caretakers refuse to leave.

Now I know what care is. That it is most profound when the person cared for is at his most vulnerable — that the human touch to anything is priceless. Gold and silver have I none but what I have I'll give thee. So when the voice, an old man who had been brought to share my private ward with me, hardly having visitors, either relatives or friends, with a severely broken neck called to me at 12 midnight, every night "patnick, patnick, you must tell them" meaning I must tell people what happened to him because I work on television, I listened and answered "Are you alright sir?" Which is all he really wanted to hear.

## TSM MAN OF THE YEAR 1990

Dear Reader,

As a publication which believes strongly in journalism as two-way communication, TSM calls on you to participate in choosing the magazine's first Man-of-the-Year.

Write in, naming one man or woman or organisation whose life and activities and ideas have affected the society most — for good or for ill — in the year now ending.

- State as concisely as possible why you think such a person or organisation should be Man-of-the-Year.
- Entries should reach The Editor, TSM, P.M.B. 21687, Ikeja, Lagos, not later than December 15, 1990.

Stay with TSM — the reference point in journalism for the 1990s



**With a 'Soul to soul' peck, from Richard and MEE**

A GRAND reception it was Turned-up great Barons, Intellectuals, Media celebrities, actors, models They were all present

But there was this figure He came uninvited Grey-headed, slim and black Obviously above 68 He was leaning on a miserable looking car Miserable looking because of endless years of endless run He stood different from others behind the truck carrying all the drinks for the reception Only his eyes and the bunch of keys on his finger moved

What would you like to wish this couple, TSM asked He paused Then he opened up His words, 'I am that boy's fan (referring to Richard) I have also followed the story of his controversial love life I came here uninvited to see things with my eyes Really I am happy for them' He then introduced himself as 'Engineer Ochuko'

Like the old man all the dignitaries wished the couple some thing—a keg of honey

Like the old man too many of them had waited for a grand wedding Some had called it 'a wedding of the decade', and others 'another show of who is who in the country' But when the wedding bell rang, only MEE, RMD and four friends heard its silent tune and so went together to Ikoyi registry for a wedlock vow to be one and inseparable



**Zenith is born**

ZENITH magazine made its debut appearance on the magazine stand recently. Born to set a pace' is what Abiodun Ademoroti the publisher says. The photo drama segment of the magazine entitled 'The uncontrollable uraib' is a vibrating story of love, conflicts and blinking hope. Here Limon Agbazo (Alex Usifo-Omiagbo) and his girlfriend Tonyen (Omasan Buusu) cuddle each other in their love world without 'urath.'

**Celebrating Life**

DESPITE the increases in the life expectancy of man, it is still a lucky guy who lives till 40. Ask Otunba Adedoyin Ogungbe, Chief Executive of Adolex Enterprises in Lagos. It was a special day for friends, family, colleagues and other admirers at his birthday party at Yoruba Tennis Club, Onikan, Lagos recently.

Here, Otunba Ogungbe shares a joke with Joko Paul of Paul and Paul Chemists and his wife, Dolapo before cutting his cake.



Compiled by ZIK Okatar  
Photo by Sunday Ojebisi

**Survival Toast**

A company that is able to live for 30 years, surviving the stinging effects of the present economic crunch undoubtedly has come a long way and deserves some kudos. The management of Elephant Cement company seemed to have realized this fact as it invited friends and clients to mark the 30th anniversary of the company.

Here the company's Managing Director, Akinyemi Ogunteye (middle) cheerfully toasts to the health and growth of the company with Director General, Federal Ministry of Information, Kay Adebolu and Maji Okubanyi, Acting Manager, Ogun Radio.





## A glorious day

**SATURDAY**, the 10th of November was the day Assah Ubriclem community in Imo

State was turned into a chieftaincy title bazaar. Yet not all men with the naira worth could buy these revered titles from Eze Ebube G.O. Okuuaka the Igwe II of this community.

Only men of integrity and respectability, men who have brought honour to civil and community service deserve these titles. Here, Emmanuel Iwuanyanwu, chairman, Champion Newspapers earns a chieftaincy title as Obioma Du Udo (Kindness is peace), a recognition of his regard for mankind and society development.

Ebitu Ukiwe, former Chief of General Staff, Anya Oko Anya, a professor and Chartered Biologist, famous business magnate Everest Nnamdi Ofoegbu and Shehu Musa, Makama Nupre were among those who received these caps of honour.



To say there were dignitaries at the spectacular reception organised recently by Richard and Mee Mofe-Damijo is like saying that there are tall men in Nigeria which is obvious. But Richard Ikiebe and his beautiful queen have been specially picked for some reason—their own bell may be ringing very soon. You can bet it will be another grand affair.

## 'Acada' Work

**BRILLIANT** smiles affair. Such was the mood at the Nigerian Institute of International Affairs (NIIA) when bespectacled Vicky Reggie-Fubara (first from left) launched her four books. Olori Ladun Sijade (middle) representing her husband, Oba Okunade Sijade, smiles as the authoress makes a point while Dora Chizea watches with a soft and elegant smile. They seem to be saying in unison that women have arrived even in authorship. Who would disagree? That Vicky is launching four books at a time seems an eloquent testimony to this claim.



## Academic Honour

**E**xcellence, hardwork and responsibility are never dumb. Their voices may not be heard. Yet they are very eloquent and easily appreciated by cultured and dignified minds. This explains why MKO Abiola, (middle) Publisher and Chairman Concord group of newspapers is being conferred here with an honorary Doctor of Science degree at the University of Benin's 20th anniversary celebrations, conferment of honorary degrees and launching of a N100 million endowment fund.

Another philanthropist and business mogul, Gabriel Igbinedion was also decorated with an honorary degree during the occasion.

## EVENT:

**B**y the time you pick this magazine to read this Sunday the Elopee Organisation will be getting set for another thrilling session at the National Arts Theatre as it presents the Elopee Dance Championship towards selecting a representative for the World championship. Those who love fun will be there.



# TSM

The Sunday Magazine

## Anniversary Sweepstakes!



N11,000 living  
room carpet  
donated by NTCN



Furniture donated by Casafina

Do you know that **TSM**, your greatest breakfast read on Sunday will be one in February 1991?

You know how quickly time flies when you are having fun. It has been fun turning your boring Sundays into sizzling affairs these past months.

To reward you, our faithful readers, we have assembled such tantalising gifts for you. Up for grabs are a round trip ticket to New York (so good they named it twice); comely furnishings from Casafina, one of the leading interior decorators in the country. We also have the richest and classiest carpet valued at N11,000 that will add an everlasting beauty to your living room, from NTCN, foremost interior decorators. There are other winning gifts too.

All these gifts, and more could be yours if you participate in our **TSM** Anniversary competition. Interested?

Watch out for details in  
next week's

# TSM

The Sunday Magazine

— the magazine all in  
a class of its own.



By Zik Okafor

emi Fawaz, President of Fawaz People in Pictures Productions may not be Martin Luther King Jr But she certainly has a

dream. A dream that tends to tell the average Nigerian model that there is a grey light of dawn on the horizon. However, it is in translating a dream into a down-right reality that idiosyncrasies, abilities, and other traits come into question and these combine to make or mar a dream - leaving it a reality or a mirage.

On Friday the 23rd of November Fawaz People in Pictures presented people, not in pictures, but on stage for the first ever 'All Africa Super Models Contest', leaving a few heads nodding and some tongues wagging.

When the contest finally opened, certain flaws were easily explicit. Firstly, it started five hours behind schedule. A member of Fawaz production defending this lateness had this to say "How can we start when there was none of the special guests in the auditorium." She was right.

While the lateness is a forgivable crime being no fault of others, the case of stage design and lighting were simply outrageous.

In constructing a stage for a contest of that magnitude steps and levels are given primal attention as they enhance the flowing movements of the models. The wobbling steps and the only two varying levels on the stage left the models almost graceless. Besides a scenic

and lighting designer needs not be told the importance of leaving the stage in darkness to create a dramatic suspense until the contest proper opens. On the night of 'People in Pictures', both the auditorium and the stage were warmly illuminated killing that *prima facie* surprise and curiosity. The poor painting of the stage floor and wall, made a farce of this grand affair. Again, a member of the production pleading anonymity says 'Madam' referring to Yemi Fawaz pays attention to the models, not the stage. She is not a technician.

The compere of the night also deserves attention. She was undisputedly pretty, elegant and blessed with a beautiful voice. But what she lacked are the two very important qualities a master of ceremony must possess - humour and diplomacy. This lack of humour created occasional monotony and left some eyes squinting while she spoke. Again, listening to the cacophonous voices of the audience while calling the result of the contest embarrassed the first runner-up who stood confused as she (the compere) kept replying to the audience.

Yemi Fawaz however deserves some encomium for being able to bring together models from 13 African countries, including Nigeria's Gloria Olaniran, for this contest. The fact that the contest also attracted eminent personalities like Mohammed Jobil, the chairman and Managing Director of Jobdex Enterprises Limited, Joe Best

*Simply anaemic*



All Africa Super Models Contest was a grand show, but the winners had a little bit of drama.

The dream came with 1990

Okay, and a host of others, showed that the chequered tale of the model and modelling would soon become history.

The costumes of the models which the president revealed to be her designs were also stunners. It left no member of the audience in doubt about her creative ingenuity. As Harry Ikem, an accountant and a member of the audience put it 'This woman has ideas. She certainly knows what she wants.' More of her designs and the best four models according to her will be seen at the 'Super Model of the World' contest coming up in New York, USA in August next year.

To draw the curtain, one would say without hesitation as Jennifer Osis, a model put it, that Yemi Fawaz is gradually clearing the fog that has long shrouded the Nigerian and African model.

Like a winner who sees everything through rose coloured perspectives, the likeable president, in her speech says 'African models can earn a decent living by modelling in Africa and achieving their due recognition. This is what we want to show.' She went further 'There is nothing wrong in giving every Nigerian boy and girl a modelling training, how to live in our fast changing society, behave in changing situations, project their best attributes. This indeed summarizes Yemi's stand, her dream and ambition, without ignorance of the obstacles on her way.

# STARDUST

## DRAMA: Tade Ogidan Set With A Stunner

**REMEMBER** the name Tade Ogidan? One time best director/producer NTA 10. Heard the 'tragic minded' guy who produced such horrifying tragedies as 'Blinking Hope', 'Abiku', 'To save a falling angel' and the thriller 'Boys next door'. Is set to take the emperor's seat in the theatre empire with a horror tele-movie entitled 'Sweet hostage'. Rumours have it that the tele-movie is comparable to a famous horror movie 'Easter' and Tade is asking Lily-livered minds to stay away from their tube on the night of transmission. Our source further revealed that the U.S. trained director has almost completed his editing.

We'll see hope that viewers will be able to sleep after the transmission.

## Fun at a price

**WE** happened by the notorious(?) Ayilara Street a.k.a 42nd Street last weekend and what did we see? Apart from the coll-girls and the hordes of young men who seem to derive pleasure from being in such an environment, we stumbled on a couple of NTA vehicles with their drivers and staffers patronising these coll girls. We are not saying that they should not enjoy themselves, but they have no right to do so at taxpayer's expense. We think the NTA management should do something very quickly except they want those involved to 'give a dog a bad name in order to hang it'.



Okoroji...fast as a hare

## Tony Okoroji Runs Race Of The Year

**HAVE** you heard that Tony Okoroji, PMAN's President, has been advised to go for the 100 meters Olympics? The advice came after the great organizer's fantastic performance on the way to Enugu for J.C.'s interment. The guy in an attempt to prevent the police from delaying the Enugu bound cars jumped down from the bus and off he dashed, dusting many cars on the road. It was later revealed that the musician and now sprinter, must have covered about 300 metres in less than 35

seconds. He was said to have improved on this record in another race from Enugu airport to a point that one of the JS buses broke down. Well, we will be looking forward to seeing Tony's performance at Barcelona Olympics, come 1992.



Models ... difficult times

## Models Cry

**EVER** bothered to peep into the modelling world? Hear this. A model is supposed to have been paid before an advertisement of any sort could be aired or appears on papers. But in Nigeria (NUR as it's fondly called) reverse is the case. All the ad agencies are guilty of using the ad months before paying the models. Models in 'GOLDEN MORNING' watched their ad every minute on NTA 5 programme 'Morning Ride' for more than three months while they had not seen the shadows of their pay. 'Cadbury corporate' ad ran and is still running for months while the models cry helplessly for their coins. To think of the meagre pay these agencies pay and the fact that it still had to be delayed, aries a model, makes the whole issue sickening. Dear Models, please take it easy, every occupation has its hazards; just like beautiful faces can't be without blemishes.

## PROFESSIONAL SACRIFICE

### Nnamdi Odogwu Left Mother In The Margue For Drama

**NNAMDI** Odogwu (real name Salo Fosuda) of glamorous Soap-Opera *Alples* once stunned the entire students of the University of Ibadan (UI) and many screamed 'Outrageous!! Crimell! His crime?' Hearing he lost his beautiful mother that fateful evening and having dropped her in a margue in Lagos, by 6:00 p.m., he left for UI where he mounted

the stage by 8:00 p.m. some night to perform in a drama entitled 'Mirij' written by renowned playwright, Wale Ogunyemi. He emerged the best actor of that night. Some said he had no feeling for his mum but Salo popularly known as Tom Sharp says 'I love my mum. But theatre demands sacrifice. The show must go' is the first thing you learn in the theatre'. Let's hope others will emulate Tom Sharp in this belief. In one's profession, it will help to lessen our economic yoke.

**"All that glitters is not gold".** That is the hard lesson staffers of a subsidiary of the fish brothers are learning. Reports reaching us indicate that, they are in arrears of three months salaries and there is no hope of this being paid before the yuletide season. Infact, some of them have been rebentched, an exercise which has been described as continuous. One will only hope that the organisation lives up to its past image as the provider of bountiful harvest and save its labour force from being thrown out into the unemployment market. Afterall, no-one wants to start the new year without a job.

## Caught in the act

**REMEMBER** the saying 'Everyday for the thief, one day for the owner'. A bird has whispered to us that some staffers of the Nigerian Ports Authority (NPA) in shed 7 at the Rpoa Wharf in Lagos are currently facing an in-house probe to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of some hardware cargo shipped into the country. Unfortunately for the staffers, while they were doing what they knew best, another bird flying in the air took in all their plans and chirped to the people that matter. Of course, tongues are still wagging, accusations and counter-accusations are being levelled. Meanwhile stay tuned as we bring you more gists as events unfold.

## NPA ... intrigues



# Thatcher's tears... and a Major success

*Britain's Iron Lady makes a tearful exit from power, leaving the way for her "political son," a one-time bank clerk in Nigeria, to step in as Prime Minister*



Major... "everyone's favourite bank manager."

**By Kayode Samuel  
with Mackson Onyejekwe**

Maybe, just maybe if he had not been involved in the traffic bash-up that left him with a broken knee-cap and put

paid to his days of active cricketing the man who has now emerged as Britain's new Prime Minister would still be in these parts working his way up the corporate ladder at First Bank Nigeria plc. But just as fate took a hand in contriving the accident that sent him back to Britain and into politics barely two decades ago, another accident — Margaret Thatcher's surprise exit — has now occurred, propelling him into his country's foremost political office.

John Major came to Nigeria just before the onset of the Civil War in 1967 to work as a currency officer with Standard

Chartered Bank, precursor of what is now known in this country as First Bank. The then 24-year-old man of destiny first worked at the bank's Jos branch before being transferred to Enugu, capital of the just-proclaimed Republic of Biafra. It was at Enugu that he got involved in a motoring mishap and had to leave for home — with a limp and a passion for his favourite Jos curry stew delicacy as reminders of a land that played host to him for a couple of years.

Britain's new prime minister has come a long way, literally, since then. And even before then. Born 47 years ago in the squalor-ridden London neighbourhood of Brixton to a father who was variously a trapeze artist and a hired gun, John Major left school at 16 in order to get a job and help support the family financially. He never went to a university, was once on the dole (unemployment benefit) and was at a time turned down for the job of bus conductor because he

The world

## QUOTELINES

**"MARGARET, it is time to go."**  
— Denis Thatcher's candid advice to his wife as she contemplated her fate last week

**"It is the ability to do the job that matters, not what you are or where you come from. It is the ability to perform—what you know, what you stand for."**

— Britain's new Prime Minister John Major on his humble origins

**"THE termites have finally felled the oak."**  
— A disgruntled Thatcher supporter expressing his nausea at her ousting

**"It would be dishonest of me to suggest that I view her departure with regret."**  
— British Opposition Leader Neil Kinnock on the fall of his arch-opponent

## Kennedy, Thatcher and November 22

THE twenty-second day of November appears keen on working its way into the book of infamy as a date that means sudden death—physically or politically—for charismatic Western leaders. On Saturday November 22, 1963 John Fitzgerald Kennedy, America's youthful president was shot to death in Dallas, Texas. Twenty-seven years later to the date, Margaret Hilda Thatcher, arguably the most colourful leader the West has produced since Kennedy, was shot down from power by her own party colleagues. Maybe it's time the world—and particularly political leaders—started paying more attention to this enigmatic date....

had problems coping with the ticketing machine. For such a man, the leadership of Britain's Conservative Party and the prime ministership that comes with it, must have sounded a very, very distant prospect.

That unlikely prospect is what has now come to be for the bespectacled neophyte elected last Tuesday to fill the shoes of Margaret Thatcher, the woman who up till last week held Britain in her Iron Grip for nearly twelve years. The Iron Lady herself cannot be unfamiliar with such an improbable transition from humble beginnings to untold fame, and power. A grocer's daughter, she should know what it's like having to claw one's way up the greasy pole of success, particularly in such tradition-bound and stratified surroundings as Britain's right-wing Tory Party.

### And The Lady Cried...

Which probably explains her reported tearful countenance as she read her resignation speech to Cabinet colleagues on Thursday. Transport Secretary Cecil Parkinson, the man who told the world that Maggie actually cried as she fell power slip away from her, is a man who should know a weeping lady when he sees one. A veteran of sundry indiscreet sexual liaisons, Parkinson once lost his cabinet post in the wake of a scandal involving him and his former secretary Sara Keays whom he put in the family way with a promise to divorce his wife and marry her (Sara) only for him to renege on the promise. Anyway, that's just by the way.

According to Parkinson, the Iron Lady broke down in tears in the Cabinet room, lamenting that "it's a funny old world" that she had to step down despite having led her party to three consecutive victories at the polls and despite the fact that she still retained majority support among Conservative parliamentarians. "It was a historic moment," Parkinson said.

As indeed it was. The Iron Lady was known to cry only once previously—when her son Mark got missing in the Sahara desert while participating in the Paris — Dakar annual car race. Now, as then, respite came in the aftermath of the tears. The errant Mark was eventually found after her mother's tearful SOS. Today, Mrs. Thatcher again has a cause to smile. Though she has lost her throne, her favoured political son has moved in to inherit the mantle having emerged to face down Michael Heseltine, the man who had lately caused the Iron Lady so much grief.

John Major's emergence as the inheritor of Thatcherism has the makings of an epic drama, not least because of his humble origins. Not



Iron Lady...farewell to power

only is he the youngest British premier in over a century, the new leader should be the first occupant of 10 Downing Street to make his way there from Brixton, scene of some of the most violent riots against Thatcherism in its early leeching days. His rise has been fast—he got into the cabinet less than two years ago.

It was at a jumble sale in Brixton that a labour parliamentarian, Marcus Lipton, advised the then 14-year-old Major to go into politics, an advice he took to heart. When he did jump into the political fray, however, on his return from Nigeria, Major refused to join what should have been his natural political camp—the left-leaning Labour Party—because, as he put it, "socialism only killed initiative and reinforced poverty." So into the Conservative Party he went, getting elected into the Labour-dominated Lambeth local council in 1968 and, after two fruitless attempts, finding his way into the House of Commons eleven years later as member for Huntingdon constituency.

He was spotted early enough by Tory talent-hunters as a boy to watch Shangri-la Mrs. Thatcher's convictions but very little of her imperious style. Major made his way in quick succession through the Treasury, the Foreign Office (where he served as Secretary for a few months) and back again to the Treasury as Chancellor of the Exchequer after Nigel Lawson's controversial exit last year. Many came to view him, rightly as Mrs. Thatcher's favourite "political son" and preferred heir, an assessment that came to pass last Tuesday when he with a lot of support from his godmother, denounced his two challengers, Michael Heseltine and Douglas Hurd, 185 (3)-50 to emerge as Conservative Party leader and, naturally, as prime minister.

Major has often been called "everyone's favourite bank manager" because of his soundness on fiscal matters. That is one accolade that may owe not a little to his tutelage a long way back in—of all places—Nigeria!

## When Poles go to the polls...

By Mackson Onyejekwe

he first major adventure by a former Communist state into Western-style presidential elections has spun such huge surprises as to make the head spin. The November 25 polls in

Poland took some of the mystique off a much-favoured populist candidate—Solidarity leader Lech Walesa and spawned a web of mystery around a mythical political upstart, an emigre named Stanislaw Tyminski. Less surprising was the resounding no-confidence verdict pronounced on the incumbent premier Tadeusz Mazowiecki, a soft-spoken intellectual whose scholarly style waltzes apparently see as being out of step with the tempestuous pace of needed change.

Walesa (or long touted as poised to sweep the polls, came away with just above 40 percent of the vote, hardly the absolute majority needed to win outright on the first ballot. Mazowiecki, who came a distant third with 16.46 per cent only fulfilled election eve predictions.

The real shocker was Tyminski, the last candidate to file his papers, a maverick millionaire who had lived abroad for 21 years prior to the polls, and who came back to Poland touting Canadian and Peruvian passports. A dark horse in every sense of the word, he clinched a bewildering 23 per cent of the votes.

Poles now face a choice. It indeed what they have now could be so called of picking either Walesa or Tyminski in the run-off election slated for December 9. Both men have no experience in government. Walesa is said to be abrasive, obsessed with power, and capable of causing fissures in the Polish political psyche. But he has the common touch, a tribute to his heydays as union leader. The 42-year-old Tyminski comes across as too much of a wheeler-dealer who has imbibed too much of the "decadent" Western ways. Still, he is seen as one man who can attract much-needed foreign economic assistance being a fellow-traveller of sorts of Western bankers. Some analyses of his surprise showing at the polls suggest he was able to throw money around to buy support while also appealing to an emerging Polish business class that wants to identify with an accomplished businessman.

Whatever the case maybe, the chance to openly elect their own leader for the first time is one opportunity Poles are grabbing with much aplomb. The fate that awaits their country at the end of this first-time-out is however something they might wish to pause and ponder as December 9 approaches.

# A vault of many worries

*He had set out to unveil the beautiful and secret safe deposit boxes which his company was offering Nigerians. But he walked into a torrent.*

The journalists wanted was a nice little explanation. Fadipe rose to his own defence. MVNL, he explained, a little testily, is a private safe deposit company, not a bank. As such, said the CEO who has an L.L.B., "it is not affected by the restrictions of existing banking law. If we had reason to believe that we were breaching any law, this operation would not have seen the light of the day." Even so, Fadipe went on, every attempt will be made to keep to the wholesome side of business. For instance, the facility is open to only corporate customers and individuals of observable integrity.

No person of dubious means can chance upon MVNL's vaults. And although generally, the item of deposit need not be disclosed, where the company gets queasy about any depositor, it may demand to have a peep into his box. Anyone found playing Smart Alec will be flushed out immediately, Fadipe promised.

CBN's corporate affairs manager, Tony Ede, says MVNL is in order. Not too long ago, Lead Merchant Bank had vaudined a new product which offered depositors some anonymity. CBN had been livid then, and that presumably put paid to Lead's initiative. Tony Ede says however that a private depository is many worlds away. "It is not a bank and the deposit is not an account." Even if it is cash deposit, Ede says, it's not credit. "To

the best of my knowledge, it does not intrude any law."

Montgomery Depository was conceived as a kind of "Fort Knox" where valuables (cash, jewelry, works of art) and records (computer media, documents) can be stored at maximum security. The promoters say they are warned by the dangers of destruction and theft continuously dangling over sensitive records and valued possession. With so much lost to arson and robbery, they feel it's time Nigerians imbued the safe deposit culture which is quite a rave in the western world.

Some N20m was plunked down to erect the Montgomery fortress. The building, within which are located the vaults is one solid, monolithic structure impregnable, Fadipe says, to even the smartest gate-crasher. Security gadgets are state-of-the-art, the best from America, France and Germany. Every inch of the premises, for instance is covered by close-circuit television, and all the doors are bullet-proof. The vaults themselves are tucked away within the bowels of the building, and MVNL has worked out an elaborate procedure guiding movement in and out of them.

The problem however — and this came out at the press conference MVNL held — was whether all this attempt to make the vaults unreachable will not serve purposes far less noble than just putting away valuable possessions.

*Fadipe and his team members announcing their initiative.*

OFFERS  
DEPOSIT BOXES & SECURITY SERVICES



By Chudi Okoye

from all indications, L.A O Fadipe never expected such grilling that morning. He had called pressmen together to intimate them about the new product — offsite private

depository and computer media storage — which Montgomery Vault (Nig) Ltd. (MVNL), of which he is chief executive, was floating. He had been at his folksy best as he reeled off the advantages of private vaults for stashing away valuable possession. Among the many advantages "confidentiality, anonymity and absolute privacy (for) depositors who prefer to use code numbers and code names" no squeamishness about items deposited — cash deposits are welcome too and no inclination to squeal on depositors in trouble with the law.

Reporters' questions came in rapid tumble. What law in the country guarantees such operations? Isn't this a smart way around CBN's grave disapproval of secret banking? Is this not akin to swiss banking system? Won't this aid laundering of cocaine money? On and on and on, a torrent of tendentious questions.

Fadipe was simply flabbergasted. He couldn't understand the fixation of Nigerians with the negative. All he planned that morning had been to give good tidings to pressmen. But here he was in the middle of an inquisition "Nigerians," he snifted, "have a way of looking at the negative side of things. Gentlemen of the press, I expect you to rise above that." It was a rebuke, not an answer. And all

# 30 Years On

By Chudi Okoye

I must have been an immensely magical moment. That afternoon of Dec. 3, 1960 when the first bag of "Elephant Cement" came tumbling off the mill. That first bag had been promptly despatched to the governor of

Western Region, Adesoji Aderemi obviously to dramatize the interlocking destinies of West African Portland Cement (WAPCO) and an emergent Nigeria.

It has been 30 years of eventful journey since that fateful afternoon. Although not the first cement company to be established in the country, WAPCO has doggedly wended its way to the foremost position. Of the seven cement companies currently existing, it's easily the heftiest with a 3,000 man workforce and an installed capacity of 1.6m metric tonnes per annum — 30.8 per cent of subsector total of 5.2m.

To be sure, WAPCO isn't at the moment maximizing production. But at 78 per cent capacity utilization, it is many jumps ahead subsector average of 61 per cent. Says WAPCO Managing Director, Ezekiel Ogunleye who is billed for retirement on Dec 31: "Over the years this company has been in the forefront in cement manufacturing."

It all began with the first kiln put in place 30 years ago at Ewekoro, Ogun State. The Ewekoro factory was off to a roaring start with an initial production capacity of 200,000 tonnes per annum. With growing demand and accretion in capacity, production curve notched up in successive stages from 400,000 tonnes to 750,000 tonnes. By the mid-seventies Ewekoro was bursting at its seams another factory had become necessary. In 1978, the Sagamu works was set up with two kilns in place. Like Ewekoro, Sagamu was fixed to churn out 750,000 tonnes yearly. At the moment WAPCO's installed capacity hugs 1.6m tonnes, although actual production is a few notches below that.

Outgoing Managing Director, Ogunleye ascribes decrease in production to several factors: spasms of adversity gripping the entire economy, government demand management measures and the ageing of WAPCO's Ewekoro works.

Plans to refurbish the Ewekoro factory, he sighs, have been snarled up in the crushing mix of measures taken by government to control credit. In particular, the naira's downward dive has kicked costs. Initially pegged at N359m, all the way up to N1.5b.

In spite of all these problems, WAPCO has been holding its own well enough. Its leadership in the cement subsector remains unchallenged. Turnover popped up from N122m in 1985 to N465m last year. Profit before tax leapt from N30m to N122m in the same period. And since 1982, WAPCO has been on a diver-

gushes, adds momentum to Nigeria's technology development. WAPCO's chief executive is equally happy that his company has lived up to the billing of a good corporate citizen. Not only has it shed enormous chunks of profits over the years as tax, says Ogunleye, it has also taken up several social development projects both for staff and host communities.

Looking back on the 30 years gone by, both management and staff at WAPCO believe there's good cause to cheer and even thump their chest accordingly, an array of anniversary activities spanning over two weeks has been lined up. Highlights: media luncheon, a symposium (on "Housing for all by the year 2,000"), launching of WAPCO's new book, "Cementing a Partnership." All of these have already taken place. Tomorrow, Dec 3, will see the high point of activities: commissioning of WAPCO's headquarters the new Elephant Cement House, by President Ibrahim Babangida.

That imposing head office building, located near the Lagos State Secretariat, yields the aptest physical symbolism of WAPCO's great strides in 30 years of action.

## Award for Cashdata MD

For five years now Collins Okoroafor has kept his nose at the grindstone. He was first to set up a credit card outfit, and in all the years since, he has laboured to take the business to new frontiers. Cashdata Services, of which Okoroafor is chief executive, has quite a thing to show for it. Last year the nation's premier credit card company made a turnover of N3.7m. But that's not the news.

From that, and here's the meat, Cashdata made a profit of N1.3m. Says a thing or two about resource management.

Apparently somebody had been looking. The Annual International Association of Students of Economics and Management (AIESEM) has. Last October 11, Collins Okoroafor was given the association's personality of the year award for 1990. AIESEM said he clinched the award for "his ingenuity, innovativeness, creativity and drive in pioneering self-entrepreneurship in the credit card services in Nigeria."

Okoroafor



Ogunleye — Giant strides

silification drive with two other companies, Portland Paints and Portland Electrical, now in town.

Ogunleye says his company's good fortune has rubbed off pretty well on wider Nigeria. He is proud that WAPCO was among the few companies untouched by the orgy of retrenchment that swept across the land. He also points to the fact that by forever striving to optimize local production of cement, WAPCO helps slanch outflow of foreign exchange.

Again, he talks about the "magic" performed by WAPCO still by way of fabricating spare parts. This Ogunleye



# 7UP Money Spinner



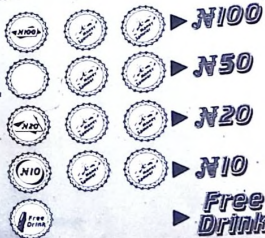
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Drink a bottle of 7UP, PEPSI, Crush, ~~or Fanta~~ or ~~Orange~~ Lemonade and look under the crown for the winning symbols, as shown.

Take your winning crowns to any of our saalestrucks, depots, plants or offices and cash your money on the spot.

Offer lasts until 28th of January, 1991.



*The difference is clear.*

# WAPCO 30 YEARS AFTER



A. A. ABIDOGUN  
Chairman

## HISTORY OF WEST AFRICAN PORTLAND CEMENT PLC

West African Portland Cement PLC was established in 1960 with a production capacity of 200,000 tonnes (4 million bags) of Cement per annum at Ewekoro. This capacity grew with demand to 750,000 tonnes (15 million bags) in 1973. Following the rapid increase in demand for cement after the civil war, it became necessary to establish another plant in Shagamu in 1978 to meet the national requirement. The Shagamu plant started with 600,000 tonnes capacity (12 million bags) but with good management and our wealth of experience gained from Ewekoro works, the production figure for Shagamu has exceeded the 1 million mark. Between the two factories we now have an installed capacity of 1.65 million tonnes, but actual production has been lower (about 1.3 tonnes per annum) due to various production problems. This still represents about 50% of Cement produced locally.

### DIVERSIFICATION

Apart from cement production, WAPCO has also gone into two other areas of activities i.e. Paints manufacture through Portland Paints and Products Nigeria Limited and Motor rewinding through Portland Electrical Repairs Division.



Chief A. J. JACKSON Vice Chairman

### WAPCO'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

#### Employment Generation:

At the moment, WAPCO employs well over 3000 employees and when you take into consideration the multiplier effect of



CHIEF E. A. OGUNLEYE  
MD/Chief Executive

employment in this country where an employee has at least five dependants WAPCO could be said to be responsible in directly for the upkeep of well over 15,000 Nigerians.

#### Gross Domestic Product:

Elephant Cement, which won a gold plaque this year for its high quality from the Nigerian Standards Organisation, has made significant contributions to the growth of Nigeria's gross domestic product and in so doing, it has helped the economy to absorb the shocks and vibrations of the Structural Adjustment Programme.



The production of cement by WAPCO had also meant the integration of other activities such as the manufacture of kraft paper bags and other essential consumables which saved substantial foreign exchange for the Country.

The manufacture of Cement and Sandtex paints in Nigeria as well as the rewinding of electric motors and compressors by the Portland Electrical Repairs Division has contributed a great deal to the conservation of Foreign Exchange for Nigeria. In this regard, WAPCO is one of the Companies giving good support to Government in the achievement of its industrialisation and development objectives.

#### Social Responsibility:

WAPCO has been a socially responsible Company for it has made meaningful impact on the Nigerian society through its support for noble causes such as donations to higher education development and charity homes, liberal scholarship awards and sports promotion through such sponsorships as Table Tennis, Golf and Squash Rackets.

#### Payment of Taxes, Tariffs and Dividends

WAPCO has made its own fair contribution towards the improvement of Government revenue through prompt payment of taxes.



ENGR J. O. MAKJU  
Assistant Managing Director  
(MD Designate)

tariffs and dividends. The fulfilment of this civic responsibility has always constituted a major corporate objective to WAPCO in order to ensure adequate provision of basic infrastructure for the use and benefit of all Nigerians. Between 1985 and 1989 alone, WAPCO paid about N80 million in dividends and nearly N120 million in taxation, not to talk of other levies and tariffs.

**Conclusion**

At 30, we have definitely made our mark by leaving strong footsteps in the sands of time through our contributions to the growth



**NZE O.N.E. NWAOGUZU**  
Finance Director



**G.O. IPEIYEDA**  
Finance Committee  
(Finance Director, Designate)

and development of Nigeria. We remain the strength of the Nation  
**WAPCO — WORKING SILENTLY TO ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THE NATION.**



*New Elephant Cement House, Ikenne*



**DR. P. WARBURTON**  
Deputy Managing Director



**MR R. BALD**  
Technical Director

FAM

By Dan Onwukwe

Nothing, it seems ever prepared the man for the great surprise he was to receive from his hosts. The occasion was full of high expectation. With economic recession lurking menacingly at the doors of most countries, government and corporate bodies have started devising policies to beat the ugly monster. It therefore becomes a sound economic plan for banks to blaze a trail in this exchange of ideas. Capital Merchant Bank did exactly that recently in Lagos. And growth policies for '90s became the topic for discussion.

The parley, according to the organisers, was their desire to motivate and sustain an economic growth in the country. It was a topic that attracted a large audience from the financial sector. And the credentials of the invited guest speaker made it all compelling for many to attend. Arthur Laffer was the guest speaker. For reasons which only the organisers can tell, Laffer had been "advised" by Aliko Mohammed who was chairman of the occasion not to focus attention on Nigerian economic policies, and the audience not to ask the learned economist question on any economic issue on Nigeria. As an economic adviser to President Ronald Reagan for four years (1980-84), Laffer is however not

## Who's afraid of this man?

*Ronald Reagan's erstwhile economic adviser lectures Nigeria on sound resources management*

Arthur Laffer



one to be bothered by such directive, although the man got the message which made him to remark in his common sense approach to questions "Two things I've learned in life are: (1) not to praise a beautiful lady in her presence, and secondly never to criticise or discuss the economic policy of a country in which I am a guest".

But the man nearly did. And the trouble Laffer who won Adam Smith economic award in 1983 found with developing countries is, how do they talk of economic growth in the face of much government intervention, and constant currency devaluation? To achieve a sound economic policy for the years ahead, Laffer says government should be less meddlesome in economic matters and in the redistribution of income. For the economy of any country to witness a leap forward, citizens in the country he advised should be "set free" to pursue meaningful economic ventures. Said he: "the role of government should not be to redistribute income, its role should be to formulate policies", stressing that economic strength comes from the people who make the nation, not from

must be honest with its economic policies and not burden its citizens with high taxes



## Oil & Energy

By Chudi Okoye with  
Yusuf Olaniyon  
and Dan Onwukwe

**H**e woke up that morning with disturbing tingles of premonition. It was hard to understand, but somehow Samuel Adewusi felt the day might not roll out too well. He would have much preferred to lie right back. But as a contract employee (casual worker) with Mobil Oil he knew only too well what might follow. So Adewusi heaved himself up and trundled off to work. He didn't know it then, but he was headed for the greatest disaster of his life.

It was one cold, grey morning in August, 1986. Adewusi, who had been with Mobil since February 1983, was slinting away at the company's Apapa terminal. Suddenly, just an arm away from him, an old drum brimming with additives went burst, splashing its contents all over Adewusi. The casual worker's left eye picked up quite a scoop, and it burned like hell.

Relief measure was well, rapid. He was first taken to Mobil's clinic. That didn't help much. So Adewusi was referred to the Metropolitan Eye Clinic. Treatment spanned many months. In 1988, the specialist handling Adewusi re-

commended a bifocal lenses for him. Lawyers to Adewusi, Dokun Makinde and Co, say Mobil refused to purchase the lenses. It was for this reason, they insist, that their client went blind in the left eye.

Last October 31, while still battling the pain of impaired vision, Samuel Adewusi got a letter terminating his appointment with Mobil. The very next day, a raving Adewusi wrote to Mobil's managing director, Bob Parker, complaining of ill-treatment. Six days later, he got word from G B da-Silva, Manager, Employee Relations. Mobil didn't employ him, da-Silva was saying, a contractor did. Therefore, before acting "we need to discuss the matter with him". Adewusi has since alerted his lawyers. He threatens legal action if he doesn't get N50,000 as compensation soon.

Adewusi's case has given a new edge to the casual worker problem at Mobil Oil.

*Bob Parker: where the buck ultimately stops*



# Mired in discontent

*Casual workers in Mobil are up in arms, to fight many years of alleged ill-treatment*

Mobil Oil (Nigeria), a major marketer of petroleum products, has been having the creeps lately. The company's casual workers, scattered across several departments, have suddenly found a voice and they've been wailing. They claim they've been clutched in the casual worker status for upwards of 10 years. And that they've had a rough ride at it. They say Mobil management drives them real hard. Just to demonstrate in 1988, about 366 casuals jobbed at Mobil's Apapa terminal complex. Today, there are just 75 and they have to do the job of 366 workers. This is straight from files at NUPENG, the umbrella organisation aggregating petroleum and gas workers. The casuals' other grosses read like fiction: denial of annual leave, total absence of job security, official high-handedness and denial of medical, housing, transportation and shift allowances.

"With all these," cry the casuals,

(there's) now a large number of high blood pressure patients in the rank and file of the casual staff."

These workers believe they're getting short shrift simply because management prefers to pluck them in the casual mould. It's really a neat arrangement, they say. Mobil farms out the recruitment of these workers to independent labour contractors who usually double as paymasters. Mobil's over 200 casuals are in the books of the five contractors retained by the company. With this type of contract then, these casuals say, their entire reward package consists mainly in wages — N350.00 monthly consolidated—and little else.

The word is that casual workers are a common sight across the oil industry. All the major oil companies, including NNPC, retain casual labour. NUPENG officials have been turning about this. They point to a 1978 labour law which says nobody should remain a casual after three months of engagement. They are equally amazed by the use of casuals by oil companies even though, according to them, the federal government is worried about retaining such staff in sensitive industries like oil, chemical, iron and steel. Although this is a pretty common phenomenon, NUPENG talks claim Mobil is most culpable in a rather strong worded letter to Mobil MD three years ago. NUPENG cried about the "alarming number of casuals in Mobil Oil." That letter also spoke of the yoke Mobil casuals have had to bear, winding up with a call that Mobil management and the union meet to thrash out issues. The meeting, NUPENG laments, never held.

It was the same thing again last year. This time, in connection with a most ghastly incident. Date was September 7, 1988. One Francis Uche, a titer mechanic engaged since 1982, had been working at Mobil's trimmer machine. On this day, the machine went all on a roar. The terminal platoon of Uche's left hand index finger as the medical jargon goes, was totally chopped off. On February 21, 1989, NUPENG wrote to Mobil's administration manager and legal counsel demanding for a compensation for Uche. The union asked for a meeting to resolve issues. But, again, the meeting never held. Mobil, NUPENG says, never as much as acknowledged the letter.

With Mobil's "insensitivity", a NUPENG source says something was bound to give. It did last November 12. Casuals at the Apapa complex decided they had had enough. And so on this day they went on strike. There was nothing wild about their action. TSM learnt they came to work that morning but simply refused to do anything. One observer who happened by swears the complex looked like a "graveyard." Shorn of rampage though it was the casuals claim their ac-

tion seriously affected business. They say complex operations were squelched and that it cost Mobil quite a bundle in money terms. So justified was Mobil MD, Parker, apparently that he quickly rallied his team and invited NUPENG to a meeting. This was something of a shift. In the past management had always refused to discuss casual workers' affairs on the ground that they were "contract employ-

ees". Well, Parker's rapid reaction worked, for only some hours after it began the strike action was called off.

At NUPENG headquarters, however, tempers are far from doused. An official of the union told TSM that except Mobil management gets wise and converts these casuals to regular workers, the strike action of November 12 will be but a child's play.

## It's all lies

— Toyin Obe, Mobil's PRM

It was pretty tough getting Mobil management to talk. Several media houses had tried, to no avail. After much dogged effort, TSM finally got the company's Public Relations Manager, Toyin Obe, to sit down to a parley.

### On the strike of Nov. 12

It wasn't a serious strike. It did not affect Mobil operations at all, and no losses were incurred. It was a mere three-hour strike — something of a work-to-rule — which was immediately straightened out.

### Relationship with striking workers

The only relationship is that they are casual workers employed by our contractors. It's the contractors — not Mobil — that pay them wages.

### Conversion of casuals

It's an on-going affair that Mobil does every year. It has been done this year, another one will be done in December. However, for any casual to benefit from it, qualification, output and availability

## They want too much

— Olabode, Operations Manager

Like many others, he had been avoiding the press. Even though people claim it was his extremities that led to the casual workers' strike. M.O. Olabode, Mobil's Operations Manager, was accused of high-handedness, even of inhumanity. Casuals claim he is a slave-master, the ultimate embodiment of their plight. It was pretty up-hill getting Olabode to talk. But eventually he did. Here's what he had to say.

### Genesis of the crisis

Before the strike action, we didn't know they (the casual workers) had formed a union. The company is trying to reduce head count due to economic conditions in the nation. This measure cuts across regular and casual staffers. In fact, among the regular staffers, if you have served for more than 15 years and you are more than 45 years old, you may be retired. So we are really reducing the strength of our casual workers.

### Personal involvement in the strike

I don't have personal dealings with the casual workers. They were recruited for

of vacancies and funds must be considered. Mobil is not bound by law to take in every casual worker even when the vacancies do exist.

### On fringe benefits

It's not true that casual workers don't enjoy fringe benefits. They all, with members of their families, enjoy all the services available to top staff and even more. They, with their families, are entitled to free medicals at all Mobil hospitals. Besides, a casual worker enjoys a meal of N19 per day at Mobil canteen, but pays only 20k while top management staff pay N100 for the same meal. In addition, at the end of the year they enjoy Christmas bonus (one month of their wages), and a token allowance proportionate to each worker's level of wages.

### Compensation for injured workers

I'm not aware of such cases. I am also not sure whether such cases were brought to the knowledge of management. But I will find out from the contractors what the terms of contract says on compensation. For now, I don't know.

Mobil by some contractors and they work under a manager who is under me. So when I heard of the strike action, I left for Apapa to talk with them. But, they all hissed at me.

### Treatment of casual workers

The problem is that the casual workers want to be treated like regular Mobil staffers. We increased their monthly wages to N350 two months ago. And their colleagues in other oil companies still get N250.

### Compensation for injured workers

I do not know of the man who lost his finger. But the man who lost his eye, a 56-year-old man, was given treatment by the best optical surgeons in Lagos. But when he wrote to us about the eventual loss of the eye, we invited the contractor to come and have discussion with us on what compensation should be paid. I am sure the man expected an immediate response. But things have to follow the normal procedure.



High frenzy: A Tunisian reserved player hoists his country's and club's banners

## Sporting

*BCC's defeat of Club  
Africain threw the young  
Tunisian Cameraman into  
a daze ...*

# Day Tunisians deserted Nouredine

Nouredine: Bye bye, Mandela



By Ochereome Nnanna

If it were possible to avoid defeat, nobody would opt for it. It is the pin that pricks the inflated balloon. It pours unsavory enzymes into the mouth and leaves it tasting bitter. It is the unseen peg that transtaxes the victim on the spot.

It is the catalyst that dissolves a hitherto — volatile mass and leaves the molecules floating directionlessly in space.

It is the Nouredine Ben Aoun, a young Tunisian football enthusiast, sitting absent-mindedly alone on the deserted official bench of the Tunisians, his giant television camera on his laps. The match had been over for more than 10 minutes and the stadium was getting empty. 20 year old Aoun, a member of the camera crew of Tunisian Television Service, did not realize that all his country men had left the Stadium into the tunnel, preparing to return to Sheraton Hotel. Ikeja He only woke up from his introspection when this reporter and his camera colleague, Pius Ekpel, came to sit beside him. What was he thinking, we wanted to know.

Aoun forced a smile on his face and shrugged, complimenting his manageable English with a lot of gesticulations. "Your team very good," he said, raising two fingers to show that BCC deserved the 3-0 victory. He finally picked himself up from his seat and hurried towards the dressing room.

Before the match, Aoun was seen in high spirits on the ground floor lobby of the Sheraton, the red-and-white flags of Club Africain fluttering from a long mast on his shoulder. Full of cheer and optimism, he walked up to a group of the club's players clustering around an organ. They were watching Saidi Khaïel (who later wore jersey number 12) who

## AH, BCC CAN SCORE, SAYS CLUB AFRICAIN BOSS

**A**oun was one of the over 80 fans of the Tunisian team that camped in the Sheraton along with the team's players and officials. All of them, except those on the official delegation had paid their way, according to Club Africain's President, Ferid Abbas.

Abbas told *TSM Sporting* that when Africain heard of BCC's mauling Grupo d'Esportivo, of Mozambique 4-1 in Lagos, they realised that they had a very professional team to contend with. They began to hope that Africain would prove a better opponent for the Nigerians than Grupo, especially with their traditional technical play which they inherited from Southern Europe.

"We have seen your team's performances. They are very athletic, like most black African teams and they are very aggressive. The players know how to score, that's for sure. We were hoping that our defence would be able to hold them. We planned to play an open game, not a defensive one. It was working until the last 10 minutes or so when the Nigerian side scored again."

What does Mandela cup mean to the Club? Says Abbas, who is the chief executive of SETCAR, an oil company which also manufactures vehicles.

"It means a lot to us. It is a very important trophy. It is a measure of the value of our team on the continent. If we win it, it will be the first time we will put our name on the cup. We are a very important team in Tunisia. We have won the league championship nine times and the FA cup eight times."

Tunisia has always been a big name in African football. We were in the world cup championship in Argentina, but

for the last few years we haven't had a chance to win African cups or play in the continental national cup. We want to seize this occasion to show that Tunisian football is still at a very high level."

Indeed, Nigeria cannot forget Tunisia so easily because they were the ones that kicked us out of the 1986 World Cup series, even though they later fell to Algeria in the decisive round. Esperance, the team that fell to Iwuanyanwu Nationale some weeks ago, had also eliminated Abiola Babes from Mandela Cup in 1987 final, the very last month Abiola Babes ever played before it was disbanded.

But in recent times, as Abbas admitted, most of the star players of the old order have waned and the country is now building again from the scratch.

"We are now witnessing a new generation of very gifted players like Abdel Houari (2), Sellimi Samiri (6) and Nasiri (13). These are players I would say are of very high standard in my team. We are also starting to train young kids of 9-10 years old. They have their championships as do the other junior, cadet and senior groups."

Now that his team is trailing 0-3 to the Nigerians, the optimism to kiss Mandela for the first time has dropped a few degrees among the Tunisians, but the Club Africain President, as is expected of the chief supporter of the team, says all hopes are not lost. "Our coach knows what to do," he said.

"You can see that only two of our attackers were operating consistently in front throughout the game," another Tunisian pointed out. "That is, Faouzi Koussi and Sanni Touati. In Tunisia, there will be more people in the attack, as you can expect. I think our players are very accurate at goal, more than BCC. We can still win."



We discovered a beautiful country, says Abbas, Africain President

was making discordant tunes as he thumped on the organ's keys. They all laughed at his inept efforts as another one took over the seat and tried his hands.

Aoun passed on to a group of Japanese having dinner in the Italian Restaurant of the hotel. He said something funny to them in Arabic, pointing to his flag. The Japs looked at each other and then, rewarded him with plastic smiles. He went on.

"Get up, Joe. Let's go home"



# BCC, Ranchers in war of words

*"We're still darlings of the North" Bees TM*

*"That's balderdash" — Lions Chief coach*

**By Ochereome Nnanna**

Ibrahim Yashau, Rancher's Bees Team Manager, is a man who is proud of his little merces thrown his way. That is why he is contented with his boys' performances during this year's FA Cup series. In which they picked up an untrophied fourth position.

He is also proud of his background

and you have to "light it out" with him first before you can wrest it from his grasp.

Penultimate Saturday, after the third-place match between Ranchers and BCC Lions of Gboko which the latter won 4-3, Yashau, an Alhaji, told *TSM Sporting* that no matter what anybody says, the Bees are still northern Nigeria's number one team. BCC Lions or no BCC Lions.

"Is it because they won the FA Cup last year and took the match today?" he demanded almost querrulously. "BCC Lions cannot match our popularity in the north or even in Nigeria. Compare last year's final which BCC played with Nationale and the 1988 final where we clashed with the same Nationale. Which one pulled more crowd?"

He went ahead to deliver a big boast

"Bees initially had problems at the beginning of this season but we are overcoming them. Watch out next year. We will be the first clubside in the 1990s to win either the professional league or FA Cup trophies for BCCs."

Shūaibu Amodu, BCC Lions coach was amused when this was brought to his hearing.

"They're probably seeing us as middle bell, because if they see us as the north then their claim is balderdash", he said, strolling out of the National Stadium. Then he paused and faced the reporter.

"In what ways can they claim to be more popular in any part of the country than BCC? We play by far a more technical football than they do. Go and check the records and compare. We are Nigerian darlings, not regional darlings."

## Quote-line

*"The National Stadium pitch is too large for my boys."*

— Augustinus Oluokuwu, Stores chief coach, after the first final which ended goalless.

## 'NOMADIC SOCCER'

Rancher's Bees of Kaduna came to Lagos with all serious intentions of winning the 1990 Challenge Cup. They put up a great soccer act against Stationary Stores of Lagos and BCC Lions of Gboko, but got whipped in both sessions.

However, Ranchers left a legacy behind. Or can we say one of their players, Saleh Bature, did?

Bature, light complexioned and sturdy built, was the hardest working Bee, and played his part well as a midfielder. He was tireless, was all over the place and was not afraid to go for tackles. But Bature could also shoot like one who forgot his brain in Kaduna. How to characterize this style of play?

Sportswriters dubbed it Nomadic Soccer!



*Under siege. Ref. Mbaezue retreats as the Bees advance on him over the winning penalty awarded to the Lions.*

For Lous Igwilo and Toyin Ayinla, "prostitution" has paid off at last.

## Why we want Mandela

By Ochereome Nnanna

**T**wo 'senior boys' of BCC Lions want Mandela bad. The cheering news is they have not only sighted the promised land, but they already have their right foot firmly planted in it. All they need to do is haul their left foot in.

Louis Igwilo is hailed as 'commander' of all the teams he has played for in the last 10 years. In 1982, he started the hunt for an African cup credit in the Rangers International. He later went West to Abiola Babes in 1984 where he conquered the chase until 1987 when the club was disbanded.

Then he headed back East in 1988 to join Iwuanyanwu Nationale, where he was repeatedly benched while the club was making its continental debut. Come 1989, he travelled North and joined the BCC Lions. It was the same year that the success story of the Gboko side nosed skywards as they clinched the FA Cup for the first time. Igwilo, therefore is part of the Lions success story. For him, winning the Mandela cup is a realization of a 10 year dream.

If this trophy is won, the player would dedicate it to the Alhaji, Haruna Abubakar and coach Shuaibu Amodu 'for helping to make my dream come true.

Toyin Ayinla, the other senior boy of BCC, joined the club last season after playing for Abiola Babes (1984-1987) and Nationale (1988). These clubs have been on the hot pursuit of both Mandela and Sekou Tuore cups having won the league or the FA Cups since 1984.

Ayinla is the only Nigerian player to star in five consecutive continental club side soccer championships without winning it even once. Once this cup is won this Friday in Tunis, that will be the end of the jinx. For that, Ayinla says, the honour will go to the nation and President Babangida for providing the conditions that enabled him to try again and again and for not writing him off too soon.

What of team skipper, Moses Kpakor? What does Mandela mean to him?

"Haba, that's a serious question," he said jovially. Then, assuming a serious attitude, he added, "You know they just released Mandela this year. You know how the nation feels about the man. So it is not what it means to me, but what it means to the nation. So when we win the cup, the nation gets the honour first. Then my parents second."

Humphrey Jabba, scorer of two goals against Grupo in the semi-final, has a personal vendetta in mind while pursuing the 1990 Mandela Cup. Last year, he played for Bendel United, which represented Nigeria in the same championship. Bendel lost to El Merriekh of Sudan in the finals. "Being in the finals again this year means so much to me," he said, holding his son in his arms after the match. "I want to win it at all costs. Who will I dedicate it to? Wait till the cup comes here. You'll see."

"That's my ultimate ambition," Alumn Aule, the petit, glamour boy of the Lions said. "I can even leave football happily if we win this cup! Not that I'm leaving

yet, anyway. I'm too young to quit. When it's won, I will dedicate it to my mother for her motivation and prayers for me."

Atume Hamba, tall and a lanky defending mid-fielder, says winning the cup will be the high point of his career, and a great achievement he will always point to when talking football after retirement.

"This is the first time we are playing in the continental championship. If we win it, it will be a record. It means BCC is the first Nigerian club to win the cup at first attempt. I will dedicate the victory to my parents, then I will give thanks to God for the favour."



Louis Igwilo



Toyin Ayinla



Alumn Aule



Moses Kpakor



Ben Ugwu

# Our Tunis game plan

By Shuaibu Amodu

It isn't going to be an easy match. The reason is because the Tunisians are not pushovers. It took determination for us to win the first leg.

We play almost the same style of football. What we did in the first match was to use longer kicks to overpower them. If we had continued as we did with short short balls, we would probably not have been able to defeat them. As the time progressed, my boys started getting tired. I decided that we should shift the game to long, long balls.

They expected us to start with long, long balls but we didn't. When we noticed we were getting tired, we switched the game and it paid off.

In Tunis, the side that is more determined and takes more chances will carry the day.

In the last match the Tunisians were playing more men in the mid-field. For a home match, all I needed to do was to play more men in the attack. They

definitely played very well in the mid-field. That was to gallery as far as I was concerned. They had only two men in the attack who could not break through my defence. We didn't care about the mid-field because what we wanted were goals.

In Tunis, we can now talk about playing good mid-field football. We have a ready gotten many goals, enough to make our task easier.

I can't pick out one Tunisian player I regard as dangerous, except one, Faouzi, but he depends too much on speed that's why he was often off-side. The long balls we played always pulled him off-side.

We have worked harder than we did in the first leg, because now, we are playing away. Many of my players are no strangers to North African football. Some of them have played in many African cup finals, but I must say that this is the most comfortable first leg result. Nigeria has ever got in any African cup final.

Now, tell me, how are we going to lose in Tunis?

## James Peters gives pep-talk

Shuaibu Amodu, BCC Lions coach says he does not need James Peters or Clemens Westerhof to win the crucial leg of the African Cup Winners trophy in Tunis this Friday.

James Peters, now Flying Eagles coach, had ignored the subtle put-down by his former assistant who took over coaching of the Lions from him in April, 1989, and has delivered a solidarity message to the boys.

"Most of them were recruited by me last season, and I feel duty-bound to advise them especially in the area of discipline and sportsmanlike behaviour and sportsmanlike behaviour", he declared.

"From my experience with these North African teams, Tunisia included, I know we have already won the cup with our 3-0 win, but this can be cancelled, which we must avoid."

"First of all, the players must be tactically disciplined. They must listen to instructions from the coach to the letter. Their self-discipline must be in respect to the opponents and the officials. North Africans are known to harass opponents and referees. If the Lions give the referee room to use his cards he will use them indiscriminately, especially against the visiting team.

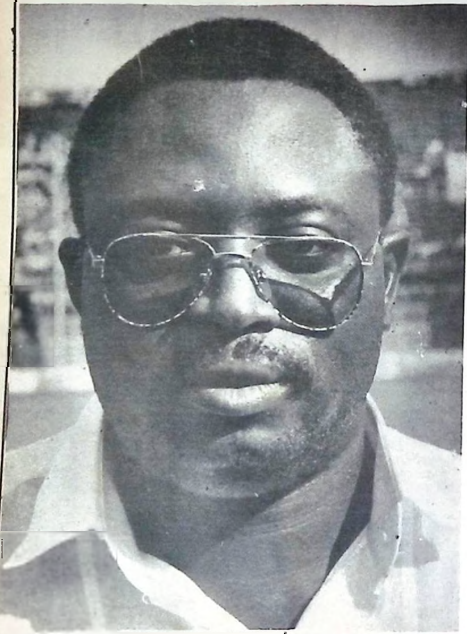
"But if they can keep a cool head and play just the game the coach instructed them, then we will lift the cup from Tunis.

But if they argue with the referee for penalising them over offences they think is minor, the referee will have grounds to be partial.

"When you are penalised, just drop the ball and move away. Don't kick it away. If the referee sees that you are a disciplined side, he will not be too harsh.

"That's all we need. Shuaibu knows what to do".

Interview by Onerome Nnanna



Shuaibu Amodu, great soccer technician and Nigeria's most successful coach this year.



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