

# TRUST

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APRIL 1979

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**J.M.J.**  
takes a  
back seat

**Day in the  
life of an  
Edaiken**

**Lady  
Elegance**

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# TRUST

Nigeria No. 100  
APRIL 1979

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read in  
the 100th  
issue of  
TRUST!

## J.M.J. takes a back seat

CHIEF J. M. Johnson — J.M.J. — tells Nelson Bankole why he refuses to return to politics — pages 6-8.



## Meet Lady Elegance ...

TRUST interviews Elizabeth Oshisanya, otherwise known as Lady Elegance, one of Nigeria's top hairdressers — pages 16 and 17.



## A day in the life of the Edaiken

A STORY and pictures on a day in the life of Edaiken Salomon Akenzua, heir to the Oba of Benin — pages 25-27.

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## LET'S GET DOWN TO THE BASICS

IT IS a pity that after over 18 years of our country's political independence, and despite subsequent oil wealth, many of our rural areas remain without the essentials of life. Things like electricity, pipe-borne water, hospitals, good roads and even schools still elude, many towns and villages.

Nearly all the regimes which have ruled this country since independence have put the issue of rural development on the priority list of their programmes, but experience has shown that when it comes to the actual execution, little has been done.

All the regimes have paid more attention to the development of urban centres than the rural areas. This has accounted for a continuous drift of people from rural to urban areas, and has left the majority in a state of penury and ignorance.

A trip to towns and villages outside urban centres like Lagos, Ibadan, Port Harcourt, Benin, Enugu, Kano and Kaduna reveals glaring examples of uneven development. In many rural and suburban areas there are no motorable roads and no

electricity; schools are few and far between, and people still fetch their drinking water from disease-infested streams.

We are worried by the lip service being paid to the issue of rural development by successive governments. No matter how rich or poor a nation is, it is a shame if all it has to show with pride is its urban areas, while its rural people live in poverty.

This is why we wish to re-echo the issue of rural development, now that the scramble is on for political power. From whichever angle politics is viewed, it is tantamount to fraud if any party should use the issue as a mere vote-catching idea and on gaining power does nothing visible about it.

Suffice it to say that the wealth of a nation is determined by the living conditions of its people. We appeal to every Nigerian to study the political manifesto of each of the five parties before casting his or her vote. Any party which promises to do something about rural development and fails to do it on gaining power, should be shunned in future elections.

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# TRUST LETTERS

## A nation of assemblers?

FEEL sad when I read in the dailies that contracts are being signed for the establishment of one manufacturing plant or another. In most cases the plants are for assembling rather than for real manufacturing. The bulk of the commodities being used are imported. For how long are we to continue to deceive ourselves by saying "we make this, we make that"? Are we a nation of assemblers?

Fred Inegbedion, Kaduna  
Let us wait until the multi-million naira Ajakuta steel industry is commissioned. If after its commission we still assemble rather than manufacture in the real sense, then we are to blame. — Editor

## Time to bury the hatchet?

THE FIRST Republic fell because the politicians were busy looking at each other's lives instead of concentrating on how to make life worth living for their countrymen. The soldiers came in and achieved progress for the country. This was possible because they had no-one to hate, and were able to plan rather than fight.

Now that the politicians are coming back, I hope they will cooperate to make the nation greater. It does not matter which party wins. The nation is more important than any party. Andy Gavana, Kakin  
Good point, Andy. We'll thrive in a hate-free atmosphere. — Editor

## My idea of a president

WHEN WE talk of the office of a president, we need to consider the qualifications required of any person in this high office.

The holder of the office of president must be respectable purely on the basis of his character and past record. He must be free from any form of censure, and be above reproach in any position of trust he might have held. He must be upright in the strict sense of the word. He must be outside party politics — a father figure whose vision goes beyond ethnic boundaries, and whose sense of justice and fair play is unimpeachable.

In my opinion the dignity of the office is lost if it is given to a

person who falls short of these qualifications. Mwabuzze Nwoke, Umuahia

## Ritual killings are disturbing

REPORTS of ritual killings appear on the pages of our newspapers every now and then. Each time I read such reports I feel disturbed. But what is more disturbing is that at the end of such reports you read something like "the police are investigating", yet you may never hear the outcome of such investigations.

Who are the people behind these primitive acts? Are they more powerful than the law of the land? The police should wake up to their responsibilities. The filing of criminal records just won't do. We want an outcome to investigations; offenders should always be seen to be brought to book. Samuel Onwubiko, Mbaise

## It was misquoted

MAY I refer to your December TRUST letters column, where John Langtang, of Mizim, under his article captioned "Referendum is the answer" misquoted the Richards constitution as being of 1964, instead of 1946. As a student of politics I feel I shouldn't allow this misinformation to pass uncorrected.

To back my argument, may I point out that the year was 1946, not 1964. I hope such mistakes will be avoided in future.

Linus Chukuel, Port Harcourt  
The numbers 4 and 6 were transposed. It was a case of "printer's devil", which often affects newspapers and magazines. The Richards constitution was drawn up in 1946 and not 1964. — Editor

## Bad roads in Ondo State

ALTHOUGH the government of Ondo State is doing a lot on road projects, they have still left some stones unturned.

In the first instance, the road from Owo to Ifon is bad, and this results in ghastly road accidents. Hardly a vehicle passes along that road without developing some fault or other. The inhabitants of these areas pay their taxes regularly so why should they not be supplied with good roads?

In the second place the road from Ado-Ekiti to Saki via Iforin is also bad.

Moshood Fayemiwo, Owo  
The political party which wins Ondo State in the forthcoming election has a duty to perform in this direction. — Editor

## Its a primitive act

READ with shock the story of Kola Ramonu, who was killed and his body set on fire after having been suspected of being a robber (November TRUST).

The killing of suspects, instead of handing them over to the authorities, is a primitive act

Fidelis Okeke, Enugu-Ukwu  
If Nigerians can make your suggestion a daily habit, with or without supervision, so much the better. — Editor

## When vice is rife

IT SEEMS as if corruption has eaten deep into our souls. When people steal they say they have done "business". When they spend official hours attending to private commitments, they don't realise they are committing a "time theft". When housewives commit adultery to supplement their earnings, they think it is the modern way of life. Sam Lkita, Kaduna

## SEXY SANDRA



OUR cover girl this month is sexy Sandra — and here she is again, ready for bed! Bet all you guys out there would love to join her...

and should be condemned. Emmanuel Onuma, Otupko  
Such instant justice is itself a criminal act. — Editor

## 'Keep Nigeria clean' campaign

MANY urban areas of Nigeria are dirty. This has been so since the disappearance of sanitary inspectors, who were responsible for making sure that people maintained a clean environment.

Suffice it to say that we need a clean environment to stay healthy and wealthy. May I suggest we launch a "Keep Nigeria Clean" campaign? Let us set aside a day in every fortnight (preferably Saturday) when everybody, irrespective of age or status, puts on the right attire and keeps his or her areas under the supervision of law-enforcing agents, and any offender (except for health reasons) should be prosecuted.

## Think before you vote

I WISH to express my "views" from the wilderness" to the Nigerian electorate. The destiny of this great country of ours lies in the hands of the voters, and not those of the politicians.

No politician can see inside the country's legislative house without the voters' consent, unless by foul means it is, therefore, necessary to remind our brothers and sisters of the land whose votes will be the bedrock of the next civilians legislators to beware. The nastiest tragedies of our country should be warning enough to curb our rash and greedy motives for selecting those for whom we vote.

Money, brotherhood, religious attachments, ethnic relationships, and emotional immaturity based on fake election manifestos by sweet-tongued political robbers" should cease to be our motives for voting for a political aspirant. Ogbu Ogbonnya

## TOP LETTER

THANKS to the Federal Military Government for banning the sale of foreign-made dresses. The ban has led some good tailors to improve on their designing and sewing abilities. It has forced people to buy what is available.

But I am worried by some of our dressmakers who, after producing good designs, label them as being "Made in England" or "Made in Italy," instead of labelling them boldly as "Made in Nigeria."

These people apparently are not proud of their achievements. We should be happy to see dresses made by our own people.

Smart Nwachukwu, Enugu  
I am always proud to say that your lively TRUST is printed in Nigeria. For your smart letter you win N10. — Editor

## What freedom for her?

PARENTS make bride price for their daughters so exorbitant that a poor man can hardly find a partner in his life. Imagine an illiterate girl carrying a bride price of N600 to N700 while a first school leaving certificate holder carries from N900 to N3,000. After this amount has been paid on a girl, what will a female graduate fetch for her parents? What freedom will she have in her husband's home?

Frankly speaking, this practice is bad and has prevented thousands of mature ladies from finding husbands. I beg parents to try to sympathise with their children and desist from this tradition. Our government should look into the matter without delay. B. I. Seshann, Ikot-Ekpene

## Bring them back home

CAN NO longer resist the urge to express concern and to call on the attention of the Government to the ugly developments among students abroad.

Especially in Italy, we have a large number of Nigerians who call themselves students. The majority of them are not students, but merely time-wasters who invade the country through false means. Some of them hardly have three square meals a day. Experience has shown from their alarming emergence as beggars, street sleepers, supermarket thieves and story-tellers that they are suffering.

I believe the Government should try to arrange for their immediate repatriation before they spoil the good image of our country. Muri Onigbanjo.

## Send them packing!

HERE is an alarming influx into Nigeria of people from neighbouring countries like Ghana, Togo and the Republic of Benin. Half the people in our factories are foreigners. Their female counterparts menace our hotels and night clubs, where they practise prostitution — all in the name of ECOWAS.

Many of them have entered the country without passing through immigration formalities. Should our Government close its eyes to the uncontrolled influx of these illegal immigrants, despite the deportation of Nigerians from African countries, including Ghana, some time ago?

ECOWAS or no ECOWAS, Nigeria should stand on her own feet and send these people packing immediately.  
Emmanuel Zuogha, Lagos

Illegal immigration will be controlled when our national identity card system comes into operation. — Editor

## Why copy the West?

CULTURE plays a very important role in the development of any community. However, some African communities do not seem to realise the importance of culture and most of the younger generations "ape" the Western way of life.

By preserving culture, it does not mean not sending children to school or making use of the medical facilities. But dressing in the Western way is a common sight among today's youth. Some also go as far as applying vanishing and moisturising creams on their skins in the hope of changing the colour. Dear friend, if God has created you black, you will never become Asians or Europeans.

What is even more appalling is that some of the younger generations do not even know their mother tongue. They feel superior speaking in even broken English with an African accent. What a shame!

The present generation must realise the importance of preserving culture before it is too late.

Ahamed Y. N., Benin



ONE of the dirty urban areas of Nigeria which has prompted a reader to complain about the state of our environment. Fidelis Okeke calls for a "Keep Nigeria Clean" campaign.

## LETTERS

### Model way of life

ALLOW me space to say something on the high cost of living for married people.

These days you can marry a lady on hire purchase or on cash terms when love is passionate enough. Then you are settled to start a new life of confronting a host of expenses.

First comes maintenance costs when you must buy your "new car", liquid oils to drive her, coolants to oil her lions, armpits and other body components that need oiling, then petroleum jelly for lubricating her moving parts.

Secondly, you now set her for a car rally when you have to overload the engine running system, and on finishing the rally you must face the repairs. This is the time to hire a breakdown for towing her to a garage.

There you will be called in to pay for labour charge and spares. Then you can drive your car back home.

Ultimately there comes a time when you are ashamed of your

car fashion. This is when you jump from the frying pan into the fire, and since inflation has become a scourge you try to calculate the expenses you have incurred.

David C., Lagos

### A plea for the whites

FOR a long time now, the political state of affairs in Southern Africa, especially South Africa, has earned a good deal of deserved publicity.

From that publicity, I have been able to gather that the blacks in South Africa have sworn to fight the war of liberation against the whites.

Awake as the world is to the social, political and economic injustices exerted upon these black people by the white racists, the free world, especially Africa, has persistently, but all in vain of course, attempted to bring about a solution to this problem. Black Nationalists have also tried, — to meet even worse fates — political detention and murder.

War has remained the lone alternative to bring back justice to South Africa. All injustices arising from the apartheid policy should be fought with all might. Eradicating these injustices alone is not difficult, or if it is, then it is not impossible.

The giant problem, in my view, is that the demands and desires of the black people are a bit too high to be met.

It is better to mention, yet true, that the white South Africans, like anybody else born in South Africa, are eligible to live there. Most were born there. Only their grandparents, if anyone at all are to blame. Expelling the whites from South Africa can never be an action in the interest of fairness.

Persistent outcries by the blacks for a total exodus do no better than harden the problem, blocking the chances of having a solution.

Gilbert S. K. Mandillar, Kenya

Blacks in South Africa have never sought the expulsion of whites. — Editor

### How to win votes

I WANT to reveal a secret to anybody aspiring to rule this country. Let him come to Ohaozara and get the road from Amasiri through Uburu to Akaze tarred. He is sure to win all the votes of all the inhabitants of those areas. Let him do the same thing in other areas throughout the country, and he is sure to win the presidential election.

Emmanuel Ofo, Ohaozara  
Perhaps other people regard shelter, food or education as surer vote-winners. — Editor

## PEN PALS



Awemere A. Agho, Nigerian Postgraduate School, PMB 2075, Kaduna, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, letters, photography. Age 17



Mike M. Chandi, Administrative College, Kca 903, Chingola, Zambia, wants pen pals all over the globe. Interests: soccer, letter writing. Age 19



Mike C. M. Abo, Queens, Institute of Education, 115 Varley Grove Campus, Nigeria, wants pen pals from Ghana, Francophone Africa. Interests: Christian fellowship, French, photography. Age 21



Rosa-Franca N., Grand Masa Commercial College, Box 64, Jos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: reading, netball, collecting stamps, photography. Age 16



David Nkomo, Munira Kestran, Box 14875, Nairobi, Kenya, wants pen pals from Japan, Britain, USA. Interests: motor vehicle engineering, swimming, cinema. Age 18



B. C. Onuora, 33 Riverside Street, Lagos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: football, exchanging photos, music. Age 25



Ibolu Adedun, 1111 Anglican St. Maud School, PO Box 5, Ukenia, N. Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: reading, religion, photography and dancing. Age 19



Baniface Jimmy, 1111 Riverside Street, Lagos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, travelling, writing, exchanging photos, dancing, films. Age 21



Grace Oshere, 25 Oshere Road, Sapelle, Nigeria, wants pen pals from America, England, Africa. Interests: singing, dancing, reading. Age 17



Ann Oshere, Girl's Secondary School, 25 Oshere Road, Sapelle, Nigeria, wants pen pals aged 20 to 35 from U.S., U.K. and West Germany. Interests: reading novels, writing, dancing and exchanging photographs. Age 16



Adunze Olaseni, St. Andrew's College, Coker Hall, PMB 0110 Oye, Oyo State, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 18



Juma Omar, Kenya Shell Ltd., Box 90250, Mombasa, Kenya, wants pen pals from anywhere in the world. Interests: reading, motor racing, letter writing, sports, cinema, television. Age 16



Adenike Popoola, Memorial Grammar School, PO Box 4, Benin, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: table tennis, travelling, music, cinema, television. Age 16



Juma Omar, Kenya Shell Ltd., Box 90250, Mombasa, Kenya, wants pen pals from anywhere in the world. Interests: reading, motor racing, letter writing, sports, cinema, television. Age 16

## What do YOU think ...?

We want to know what you think about all the issues of the day. And we'll pay ₦10 for the best letter every month. Win yourself ₦10 by writing to us at PMB 2128, Lagos, Nigeria.



**Chief J. M. Johnson (LEFT) was a front-liner in the politics of the First Republic. His career took him to the top-most ladder of power — but he quit before it all went wrong. Now that his friends are getting back into politics, he is still saying 'NO.' In this exclusive interview with TRUST editor Nelson Bankole, Chief Johnson reflects on the past and talks about the present ... and the future.**

# J.M.J. still says 'NO'

**T**HINKING about notable figures who actively participated in the hustle and bustle of party politics in Nigeria's First Republic, one name is likely to come readily to one's mind. It is that of flamboyant Chief J. M. Johnson, better known as J. M. J.

He was the first non-native of Ibadan to be appointed chairman of the town's local government council, a post he took over from the legendary Alhaji Adegoke Adedabu.

Chief Johnson later held a number of Federal ministerial appointments, and was the first Nigerian to be appointed acting Prime Minister. At the height of his political career he stunned the nation when, in 1964, he announced that he was quitting power and politics. And less than 18 months after he did, the army took over power.

When the ban on politics was lifted in September last year several "old horses", including those who have publicly announced that they had quit politics, rushed back to their favourite game. But Chief Johnson stayed out of it. "I have quit for good", he told TRUST in an interview at his Badagry home.

"When I was entering remunerative politics in 1954, I made up my mind not to stay in it for longer than ten years. I prayed to God to give me the courage to participate well and to be able to quit in the target year, 1964 was the year, and when I said I had quit politics I meant it."

"Since the ban on politics was lifted and the subsequent party formation there have been overtures from here and there to lure me back into it, but I have always had the courage to tell them that I have bailed out of the leaking ship of politics for good."

*Old politicians, especially people like Chief Johnson, who held top positions were often accused of being architects of many of the events which led to the collapse of the First Republic. How does he react to*

*such accusations. How does he look back to those days and events?*

"I agree that the First Republic was rotten towards the end. There was the burning of people and houses that was unchecked. There was election rigging and such other disorders. Old politicians, including myself, unconsciously created training grounds for armed robbers who are now menacing all of us in the sense that we all recruited and trained thugs for our protection."

"Not realising the implications, we were buying them marijuana and arming them with cutlasses and so on for our protection. We were paying them fantastic sums for their evil jobs. When politicians were kicked out these thugs who had become used to money and to exercising power found it difficult to adjust to the reality of life. They resorted to robbery and other anti-social acts."

"Occasionally when I have cause to reflect on such events I feel sorry that God created our breed of politicians; that he created the breed of people who danced to our tune, and that we ever had law-enforcing authorities who for fear of hurting the feelings of highly placed politicians made no efforts to stop the haulocast until the military intervened. We were all guilty."

*How does Chief Johnson see the current transitional process and the trend of politics as a man looking at things from outside?*

"I think the emergency provision decree should not have been lifted until six months after the election, because whichever party wins is likely to be in a state of jubilation within that period, and vandals may take advantage to perform acts which may take us back to square one."

"I also think that present members of the Supreme Military Council who have arranged to quit the armed forces immediately after

handing over power to the civilians should stay for a while to help the new government resettle the army boys in the barracks. Their staying behind for a while will enable their juniors who will ultimately hold power in the armed forces to learn some lessons of humility, seeing the way their top brass serve whoever emerges as president or as state governors."

"I don't like the way the process of election is being carried out. For instance, the clause which disqualified any politician who has been found guilty of an offence and duly punished from contesting an

election is undemocratic. Their fate should be left to the electorate to decide. Barring offenders from contesting an election is like saying that the electorate have no right to decide who should rule them."

"There is nothing new in the parties' manifestos. There are the same old vote-catching gimmicks. But even then one would have expected one or two of them to include something like prisoners' welfare, the participation of traditional rulers in partisan politics, and the

PLEASE TURN OVER

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WHEN he was acting prime minister, Chief J. M. Johnson was seen riding through a Lagos street in style (LEFT) and meeting Sir Alec Douglas-Home, who was then British Prime Minister.

# J.M.J. STILL SAYS 'NO' TO ROLE IN POLITICS

CONTINUED

issue of army demobilisation in their manifestos.

"Every citizen of this country is a potential prisoner, unless one is lucky. And so, judging by the terrible conditions to which many prisoners are being subjected in our prisons, one cannot but consider their welfare as something worth looking into by any political party.

"Barring traditional rulers from participating in partisan politics remains a controversial issue. It needs a review, and it also deserves a place in any party's manifesto.

"It seems that political parties are deliberately dodging the issue of the position of the army under a civilian regime. None of them has said anything on whether the size of the army will remain as it is, if it will be enlarged, or if soldiers will be demobilised. Their silence on this issue is like postponing the day.

"It was unfortunate that the Federal Electoral Commission (FEDECO) left out new breed

politicians. It was a mistake they made thinking that the new breed parties could not uproot the old gangs. It gave the impression that the youths are not being given the chance they deserve.

"It will, however, be more unfortunate if the unregistered new breed political parties decide to disband or join the registered old ones, because we won't see the necessary changes. They should remain intact, and operate as Opposition parties outside the house. They can gang up and operate like the former 'Committee of Friends', 'Club 19', etc., until another election when the electorate may see them as an alternative in case the big parties disappoint them."

On his lifestyle, Chief Johnson said: "I was 67 last month. And at that age, if I was in the Civil Service, I should have retired. But not being in the Civil Service, I have granted myself a domestic pension.

"I derive all the fun life can offer a man at my age. I sometimes go boating — shuttling between the sea shores, com-

muning with nature and all its beauty. I organise picnics and get nice people together whenever I like. I have an adventurous nature, and I go places. At my age I cannot be tied to the apron strings of any particular person and, of course, I don't hate the fair sex."

TRUST wishes Chief J. M. Johnson many more happy years.



ABOVE: Chief Johnson takes life easy. LEFT: Chief Johnson takes time out to reflect on life outside politics. "I have granted myself a domestic pension."



ALL THE beautiful infra-structures like skyscrapers and fly-overs, or prestige fiestas like FESTAC and the Trade Fair it facilitated notwithstanding, it seems that Nigeria's sudden and now diminishing oil wealth has done a lot of psychological harm to us all!

Before we knew the thing called "Petronaira" — which didn't circulate evenly anyway — we lived moderately, we tolerated one another, and we seemed quite civil.

Now many things seem to have fallen apart. Petronaira-consciousness has spoiled everything. No-one wants to do anything nor wants to understand anything unless naira is involved. When there is a fuel shortage you have to bribe the petrol attendant to have your vehicle tank filled up. The palm of your office messenger must be "greased" regularly in order to run your errands efficiently, despite the fact that he is paid to run them!

Before petronaira, motor salesmen begged prospective buyers with brochures, sermonising on the advantages there were in choosing certain vehicles. Now it is not just the other way round — you have to bribe salesmen on top of the price you have to pay in order to have your vehicle delivered on time.

Petronaira-consciousness has become so bad that people are looking forward to the misfortunes of others so as to exploit them for monetary gain.

Imagine those "professional helpers" who often stand by whenever there is heavy flood waiting to "help" motorists whose vehicles may get stuck — for a fee.

Imagine some private doctors who charge upwards of N200 before issuing death certi-



## NELSON'S COLUMN

# 'Petronaira' has done us harm!

ficates, simply because they know that the law does not permit a corpse to be transported from one place to another without a death certificate.

There is nothing like doing something "for goodness sake" nowadays. Everything is done in the name of naira. God help you the day your car develops a fault on a busy highway. No-one will be willing to help you to push it to a safe place unless you are willing to pay a tee, which you will have to bargain for before they render "help".

Naira-consciousness has so spoiled us that far from the days when age determined things, it is now he who has money who is given an audience at any family meeting. You might be a professor, a robber, a smuggler or a swindler who is yet to be caught, but has money to throw around, who has the edge over you when it comes to a matter of choosing a community leader or awarding a chieftaincy title to a "deserving" son or daughter of your village or town.

Even your friend's children

won't have any respect for you unless you are generous with your naira. Gone are the days when the distribution of kobo to children earned you the tag of "daddy" even though you were a childless bachelor. Now a 10 kobo gift to a boy of eight doesn't even earn you a "thank you". To impress children nowadays you need to dish out upwards of a naira.

When you attend a dance or party your welcome is determined by the amount you put in your envelope in the form of a

## TRUST Editor Nelson Bankole reflects on the effects of 'Petronaira' on all of us.

donation, or the amount you spray during the dance. You are a nobody if all you have to show is the beautiful safari suit you wear.

### Naira Power

Nowadays you hear women tell men they can't wait, for "God will soon do it". Rather they prefer returning after "God has made it." Unlike in the past when educated women discriminated against lesser educated men, female graduates now marry poorly educated but successful musicians and businessmen, not necessarily for love but for the naira power they possess.

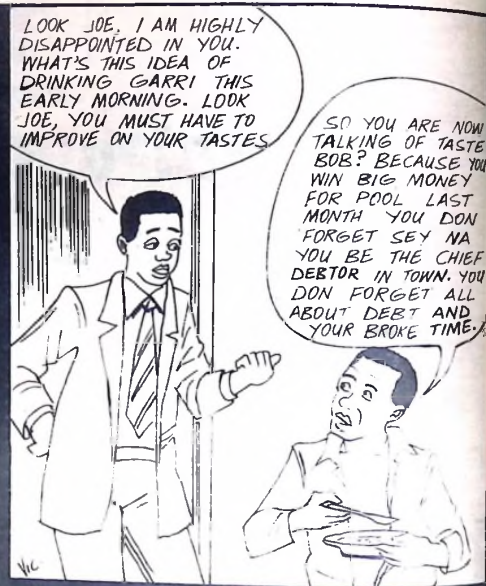
You can no longer go to a village and expect to buy food-stuffs at a reduced rate, as used to be the case. Even villagers are more conscious of petronaira, and the effect is that things seem costlier in villages now than in the urban areas.

Before the advent of petronaira, to pick a bride from a village cost just as much as giving an Easter party for friends. Now you need all your life's savings to win the hand of a raw village beauty. And God help you if, on bringing her to the city, the "naira controllers" don't snatch her from you! **T**

## Sam



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## Clear·tone

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# CHARITY



Everyone has personal problems. If you are perplexed and need help, write to Charity for advice.

*to be careful that she does not take you for a ride.*

## Can I make her choose me

I AM 22 and my wife is 20. We were living together peacefully when out of the blue she informed me that she had fallen in love with another man. She told me that she was returning to her parents to decide which of us to choose. Charity, what do you advise me to do?  
Usman, Kano  
*She has already made up her mind to leave you. I advise you not to try to buy her love. If after living with you as a wife she has decided to have a break in order to choose between you and another fellow, do you not see that there is more to the matter than meets the eye? If were you I would not take her back should she finally decide to return to you.*

## Her attitude worries me

I LIVE with a woman who has volunteered to give me professional training. She wants me to take her to bed, but I give her one excuse or another for not doing so. She is very much older than I am and I am afraid she will throw me out one day. I am not old enough to live on my own. Please tell me what to do.  
S. A. E., Kaduna  
*You have my sympathy. Try to talk to her when she makes unreasonable demands. Tell her that you regard her as a "mother," and do not want to lose your respect for her. You should stop worrying, and pray that she sees reason.*

## He's becoming a nuisance

HE IS 23 while I am 21. We have been in love for three years and have decided to marry after our studies. The problem is that while he wants me to be faithful to him, he keeps a lot of girlfriends. A married man has proposed marriage to me. I was starting to love him when my boyfriend told me that he had left his other girlfriends so as to stick to me alone. I am finding it difficult to get the other man off my back, and am afraid my boyfriend will leave me. What shall I do?  
Nikko, Ibadan  
*Tell him to stop seeing you, and ensure that you do not encourage him in any way, because you will have no future with him. After all, the devil you know is better than the one you don't know*

## How can I win her back?

I AM 21 and I love a 17-year-old girl. When we were in the same town she showed in every way that she loved me, but two years ago I left for another town. After a long period of silence between us I discovered that I still loved her, and I wanted to make her my wife. I wrote her a letter, but to my surprise I have not had a reply. Do you think I can get her back?  
Adeoya, Kano  
*You have yourself to blame for what has happened. Why did it take you so long to write? Supposing she has left the address you knew? No, this is not the way to love. I think the only way you can find out her whereabouts is to contact some of your friends who live in the same town as the girl.*

## He's snatched her from me

I AM 20, while she is 17. We met four years ago when she was at primary school. Before I left home on transfer I introduced her to my parents as the girl I wanted to marry. To my surprise my best friend, who knew about my relationship with the girl, has snatched her from me. The worst part of it is that I was very generous to her so as to keep her from the temptation of going with other boys. She is the only girl I ever loved, and I now find it difficult to get another girl as the girls I approach snub me. Please, Charity, tell me what to do.  
Sojoch, Lagos  
*Try to forget her, and continue your search for another girl. I wish you luck*

## I wish I'd taken their advice

IMMEDIATELY after the civil war my parents advised me to get married as bride price was very low. After consulting my friends I rejected my parents' advice, thinking I could always get a wife when I wanted to. Now that I feel like getting married I find it difficult to pay an exorbitant bride price. I am greatly worried because my younger brothers and sisters are now mothers and fathers. Now that I am single I find it difficult to live well. Please, Charity, tell me what to do.  
Alex, Kano  
*I agree with you that the cost of living is high, but I advise you to raise a loan for the bride price if you are so desperate. You should also think of improving your sources of income.*

## Do I take another instead?

SHE IS 23 while I am 22. I take her to bed frequently, although I do not intend to marry her. She suggests that I marry any of her younger sisters. What do you advise?  
Indigo, Nkalagu  
*I advise you to look elsewhere for another girl, or the one you are bed-sharing now may interfere in your affairs and may cause misunderstandings between you and her sister. I advise you to put a stop to your sexual relationship with your present girlfriend if you do not want an unwanted baby.*

## She doesn't want me any more

MY GIRL is 16, while I am 19. We fell in love in 1972 when we were both at primary school. I am now a trader, while she is in form three. I have spent a lot on her in cash and in kind, but recently she shocked me by asking me to steer clear of her because, according to her, I am below her. Charity, please help me as I still love her.  
Oke, Yola  
*Let us face facts. Oke, although the truth is bitter. Have you never heard that birds of the same feather flock together? Take your girl's advice and look for another. I know it is painful, but she has made up her mind to stay with people of her own class.*

## My parents don't approve

MY handsome boyfriend and I are very much in love and would like to get married. I do not know how to tell my parents, because he is not from my home town and my parents are the type who frown on inter-tribe or inter-tribal marriage. Please, Charity, save us, for we shall find it difficult to live apart.  
Rose, Warri  
*This is a common problem, although some parents are now more liberal. Try to win over your parents, or get some respected people to speak to them for you.*

## Should I take her back?

SHE IS 16 and I am 18. We were very much in love when we had a quarrel and parted. She has apologised to me and told me that she still loves me. Do you advise me to take her back?  
Lucky, Onitsha  
*If you still love her, take her back.*

## She doesn't talk of love

I FELL in love with her when we were at primary school. She is 18 while I am 20. She does not visit me because, according to her, she is very busy. I visit her as often as I can, but instead of talking about love she discusses school subjects with me. In this situation I am not able to ask her for sex. I wrote her a letter to which she replied that she did not understand. Her attitude is very annoying. Please, Charity, tell me what I can do to get her into bed.  
C. O. A., Abu

*Leave her to concentrate on her studies. You give me the impression that you are after sex only, and I am glad she gives you the treatment you deserve*

## I want my parents' blessing

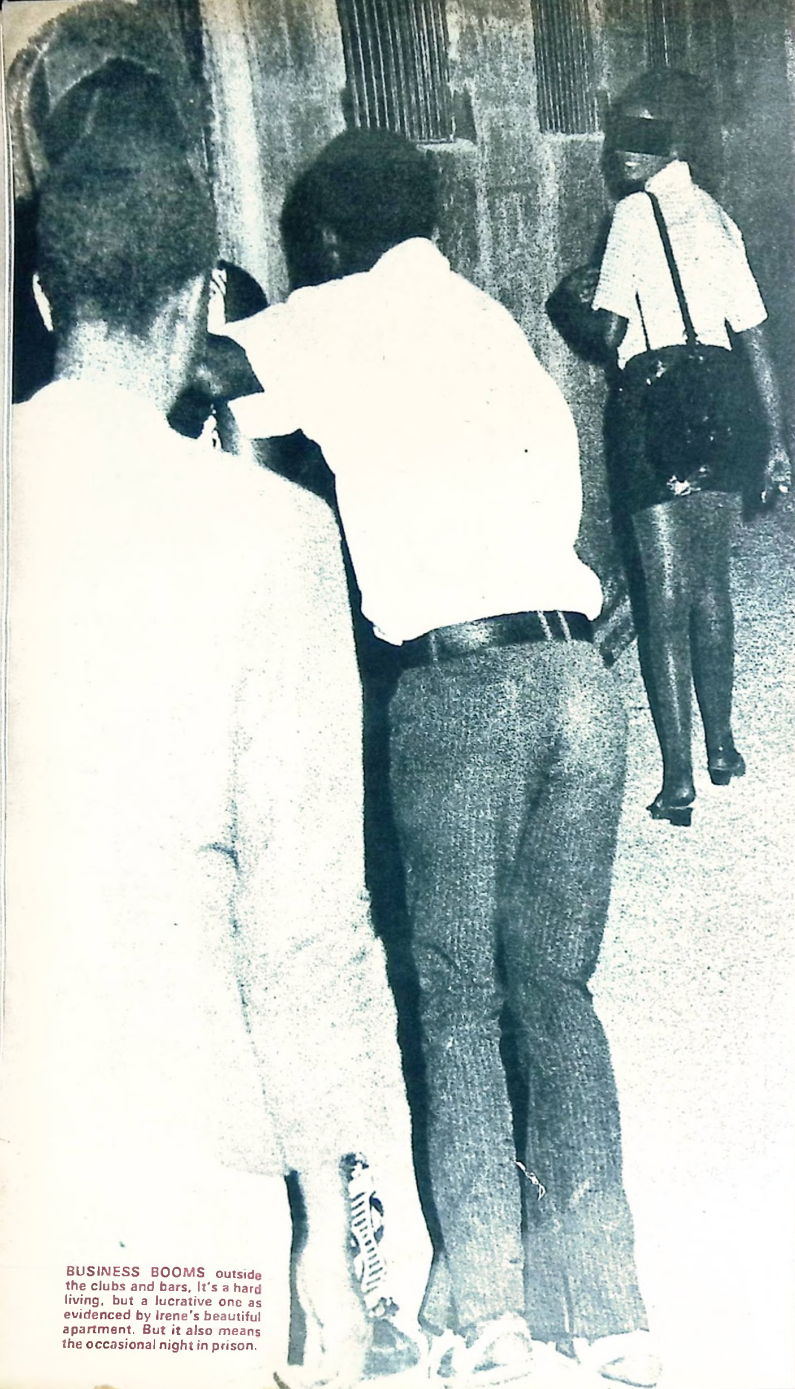
I AM 22 and my girlfriend is 18. We fell in love five years ago. I have decided to marry her, but my relations are opposed to this. They go so far as to force her out of my residence when she visits me. I am confused because I love her, but need my parents' blessing if our marriage is to last. Charity, please help me.  
Uzochukwu, Onitsha  
*Since your parents have so much influence on you, you'd better tell the girl that you cannot marry her. She must be a patient girl, or she would have left you already after the treatment of her by your relatives*

## We both get angry easily

SHE IS 13 and I am in form four, while I am 17 and in form five. The problem is that each of us gets annoyed at the slightest provocation. I would not like to lose her. So, Charity, kindly tell us what to do.  
Mohammed, Katsina  
*All you need are patience, tolerance and cool-headedness. You should avoid things that cause conflict between you*

## I am impatient for sex

I AM 20, and I love a girl of 18 who visits me at my shop. She refuses to go to bed with me when I ask for sex. One day she told me that she would study me well before giving herself to me. Do you think she loves me?  
Jerry, Ajegunla  
*I agree that she should study you before she commits herself, so try to understand. I must, however, warn you*



**BUSINESS BOOMS** outside the clubs and bars. It's a hard living, but a lucrative one as evidenced by Irene's beautiful apartment. But it also means the occasional night in prison.

**MET** Irene Nyumbura the other day when I was walking along Government Road. That's not her real name, of course. I first knew her almost four years ago, that was before I was admitted to "the man-made hell."

She is 31 but she looks like a 20-year-old university student. Her hair is knotted in the middle of her head, her eyes crystal clear and very blue. Her brown cheeks are plump and inclined to wobble, when, as occasionally happens, she dissolves into lovely giggles. I noticed she had an attractive, honest smile as we shook hands.

We exchanged stories about one another and people we used to know. I suggested we had some coffee across the way. During our discussion I discovered that she was neither married nor intending to marry. I told her what I did and that I was looking for a possible story from women of the oldest profession. I had not thought she was one. "Well Fitzgerald, I just happen to be one of them. What do you want to know?" she said, and then dissolved in giggles.

"My business is love and hate. I deal with it as if it's a self-service store," she said, laughing. "I am a manipulator of men. I relax them and they enjoy me. Sometimes I feel their joy is mine."

I asked her if she would grant me an interview. "What is it worth? I hear they pay a lot of money for articles," she said, looking at me with greedy eyes.

I told her I had no money but if the article was published I would buy her an expensive dinner in one of the hotels in Nairobi.

That afternoon I went to her flat at Eastleigh, armed with a notebook and pencil, and looked over her room. It was beautifully furnished with deep red sofa sets, lounge chairs with red covers, in one corner stood an enormous radiogram, in the other corner a 20-inch television set. Glorious flowers were everywhere, their sweet smell filled the room.

As I closed the door I noticed a coloured carpet that could have cost a fortune. She brought me some coffee. When she settled down she indicated it was time for the interview. I

**'A  
PR**

began to ask questions — some quite embarrassing — and she answered with an ease that in some way was very frightening.

Irene ran away from her home in Nyeri district in 1972 after a good spanking from her father. She was about to do her school certificate when she discovered that she was pregnant. "I have never known its father to this day," she said, sipping her coffee.

Irene could not bear to have a child so she had to choose between two mortal sins — suicide or abortion. She went to Nyeri to her cousins who found her some pills, and the baby was aborted within hours.

A week later she went on to meet another cousin of hers in Nairobi to try her luck. Eventually she managed to get a job as a receptionist with a construction company after she offered her services to the boss at a salary of £25 a month. Then she teamed up with Monica and rented a flat at Pangani as she was disgusted with her cousin's rows with her husband.

She needed good clothes to show off, and good shoes. She found that £25 was second to nothing in Nairobi, with its high inflationary prices.

She desperately needed money when Ndungu, a tall, handsome insurance salesman with a fat salary and commissions, came into her life. She met him at a cafe where she usually took breakfast.

"I fell for him and he fell for me. He paid for the coffee and we talked. Later he invited me to a dinner that evening. In a week I felt I had known him for ages, he was just the sort of man I wanted. He was good, fed me, paid my share of rent and bought me expensive clothes. I spent three nights a week plus weekends in his flat at Parklands."

But Irene was not as lucky as she thought she was, for suddenly tragedy was to change her life completely. Ndungu was driving to Mombasa when his car was involved in a head-on collision with an oil tanker, and he died instantly.

"After his death I just could not afford to meet the rent, there were no more dinners, so I decided to get somebody else



**STREET CORNER** negotiation in a Nairobi back street. There's no shortage of prostitutes, but most of them, like Irene, seem to make a good living.

But how to do it was one hell of a problem. I just could not look up the phone book and start phoning people offering love to them.

"Of course there were others who came and went. I got laid by so many of them who reluctantly bought me anything I wished after a session. I had to allow myself to be supported by that sort of man — it just did not matter who I went with as long as he could leave a small allowance on the table in the morning. It's not the sort of thing one admits to but that's what I was doing — getting laid and paid."

"Then came Masau, a senior civil servant who I hooked at a night club. I went off with him in the morning he left me £10. When I went to the office somebody who identified himself as John phoned me and told me he was told to ring me by Masau."

"He asked me to meet him at a restaurant. By then I was in two minds, one telling me to go and the other not to go, but I did meet him. He was marvellous and I liked him. We had dinner

and then what happened later is obvious isn't it?" she asked with a lovely smile.

Irene went on to tell me that in the morning when she woke up he was gone. He had left a note attached to a cheque for £5 and it did not bounce. "That's how I started whoring. I got introductions to so many people who became my regulars. Money rolled in. I moved to this flat and transformed it as you see it now, installing anything a woman needs, including a telephone to keep dates."

"By having a place of my own I could accept more than one client per night. Also men are not keen to make trouble when they are away from their home ground," she said.

"It was at this time that I decided to leave my work at the construction company, and so I changed from being an amateur to a professional whore. Most men I have hooked are married and with families, and rich."

"I am sorry I have been the cause of breaking up three marriages. Men come to me for a change, for something extra,

or something they don't get at home from their wives. Others come to me simply because they love it and are sure to meet their challenges or others still to the girl who stimulates them into record-breaking feasts. I have discovered that most men like quantity rather than quality."

The end of the month is the best time for the whoring business. According to Irene she makes considerably more than an executive secretary can earn. She charges her clients according to their status and the dates of the month. "To the big fishes I charge £10 per night and as much as £3 for short time at the end of the month."

Charges for the middle of the month could be £5 and £1 for a night and short time respectively. To the less rich clients she could charge at £3 per night and £1 for short time.

"I have a good number of regulars and an occasional one off client. I have to spread my net wider as the competition is high among prostitutes. One has to invent ways to capture more men, like trying to know each one of them, their likes and dislikes. When I accept a client I give everything I can provide and he is free to take as much as he wants or else you can't hope to win someone for a second time," she told me. "I think that the government should regulate prostitution. Someone could advertise herself freely and of course pay income tax. I try to advertise myself by having my phone number printed in heavy type in the directory."

She has to buy pyjamas, towels and toothbrushes to ensure the comfort of her customers when spending the night in her flat.

Irene meets all sorts of characters in her job. She often tries to pretend what a client is doing to her is not real. "You just don't take part, you become a thing. You don't mind yourself being used."

She makes sure a client pays first. Also clients must have a bath — she makes sure there is hot and cold water in the bathroom. She does not accept cheques or credit and does not accept clients who have venereal diseases. If she has short times, she makes sure she douches herself after every

customer.

According to Irene some men can't do it successfully without going through some complicated rituals — and she has to go through them to collect the much needed cash. "There are others who want to maul me about while my clothes are still on," she told me in disgust. In fact, as Irene says, few men are tender and loving, never wishing to hurt anybody. Such types are usually sexually exciting.

However there are some disadvantages and difficulties of being a whore, according to Irene. She has had hard times with the police on several occasions. She has spent lonely nights in police cells and later had to pay a fine.

She dreads contracting VD from her customers. She spends a third of her income on medical attention from a private doctor as she refuses to be seen by one of her customers queuing at the local gynaecological clinic. She also spends a lot of money on clothes, cosmetics, and the hairdresser. She keeps away from bar brauis.

In the course of her "professional" career she has accumulated what can be termed as wealth — a plot with a building. She lets it to other prospective tenants. She lately bought a farm in the Rift Valley to which she hopes to retire when she is no longer marketable and a car. She does not want to move to her plot as she might lose some of her customers.

Although Irene is a whore she does not regret it. But she is ashamed about the past and afraid to look into the future.

"I don't think I can stop now. It is not just the money. Romance is my ambition but money provides the spur," she blurts out, smiling.

"I can't go on and on selling myself for ever. Sometimes I fantasise. I would like to settle down with a man to look after me, just to be faithful to him as I have never been faithful to any man, but I feel in a way I am beyond change. Every part of me is a whore."

Then she keeps quiet for a while, looking at me with a smile — a flirtatious smile. **T**

**"I AM the ace of them all . . . I didn't become a whore because it was a way of earning a living . . . but I thought it was the best way I could enjoy life . . ." Bernard Fitzgerald Kamau talks to one of Nairobi's busiest prostitutes.**

# WHORE PROSTITUTE

# MEET LADY ELEGANCE



ABOVE Lady Elegance herself. Elizabeth Oshisanya makes a point during her TRUST interview. BELOW Her husband is shy, but here he is in a happy moment with his wife.

**A** WOMAN who has been in the news for some time, and who has made an impact in the hairdressing business is Mrs. Elizabeth Oshisanya, boss of the Elegant Twins Hairdressing School and Salon, Lagos.

She was born on September 2, 1933 to the late Mr. and Mrs. Okuadejo. Although she was delivered and christened in the Moslem way, according to her mother's religion, in Colonou, her father an Igbu man, brought her back to Lagos where she was christened in the church — he being a Christian. There, the baby was named Elizabeth Okuadejo, and she grew up under a strict and disciplined father.

Despite his large family and the demands of his job as a chief tax officer, the old man had effective control over his household. He frowned when his children disobeyed his words, so when Elizabeth left school in 1953 and wanted to do business, he threatened to disown her if she did. He would rather she took up sewing — a thing she could buy her a sewing machine and other

**TRUST talks to one of Nigeria's top hairdressers — Elizabeth Oshisanya, otherwise known as Lady Elegance. Story by Omone Audu; pictures by Abim Oladejo.**

things she might need.

He stressed the fact that a woman's place was in the kitchen, and felt that knowledge of sewing would do her some good. He got her enrolled at Mrs. Tona's Sewing Institute — from where she absconded!

She picked up a job at the hairdressing department of Kingsway Stores, Lagos, as an assistant hairdresser as she had some knowledge of pressing and curling. She worked there for five years before going abroad for further studies in hairdressing on a self-sponsorship basis. In the course of preparing for her trip abroad she met a young, quiet, handsome man to whom she got married, and she gave birth to a baby boy.

Then the thought of becoming a wife and having her own hospital came to her mind, but she remembered what her father had said about disobeying him.

She eventually left for England and her husband joined her a year later. During her stay abroad she attended a course at the Morris School of Hairdressing where she graduated in 1958. Before coming home in 1959 she had twin babies, and the burden seemed a lot to cope with. She went back to England in 1961 and brought back a lot of wigs, which were in vogue then. Already she had opened a salon called the Elegant at Appa Road.

In those days only the Kingsway Stores could boast of being in the wig business, but when she returned from another trip to London she imported a large number of wigs, and the monopoly which Kingsway had enjoyed was broken.

Asked how she came about the name Elegant Twins, she recalled that her first salon was known as the Elegant Salon, and was so named because customers always said she dressed elegantly.

In 1967 she opened another

salon in Ibadan and named it after her twin children. That she called the Twins Salon. Customers kept asking where the Elegant Salon of Lagos had its branch at Ibadan. A lot of people were confused about the Twins Salon, so she merged both names and the Elegant Twins Hairdressing Salon was born.

The opening of a hairdressing school in 1973 added another part to her career in hairdressing. She has trained many men and women who have set up their own salons or are working as paid hairdressers.

How does she feel about expanding her business by turning it into a private company, so that it may not die with her?

I would love to expand, but it's a pity I am a woman. I have my home to look after as well, or nothing would have stopped my expanding the business. My eldest child, a boy, is studying cosmetics chemistry and he hopes to work in my factory when he finishes. One of my daughters is doing a bi-lingual course and wishes to participate in the business when she finishes. I would not like to force it on any of my children to take up my business, but right now my four children, and my sister, they are all my company. It is indeed a private company.

What other plans has she got for her business?

I intend to build a factory where hair products and other cosmetics can be manufactured locally for Nigerian women. This will depend on Association of Nigeria is registered.

What keeps her busy apart from running the salon and school?

I sell hair products and try to find market for my own product, Queen-Elegan, which was launched in November last year. My home, of course, keeps me busy too.

Even though most businesses lay much emphasis on profit-making, it is not unusual to find that at times losses felt. Such losses may be by flood or robbery, and are often regarded by people as terrible experiences in the running of their business. Would she say she had any regrets or a fortune worth recalling?

"One of the saddest moments in my life was when my father died and five months later, my mother also died and I was an orphan. During that period there was a lot of tension for me without, and my shop became a target for robbers. Each time I brought new things into the place it was burgled, and I continued for quite some time. Then my business nearly collapsed."

Our conversation continues in a relaxed mood. I drop the question: "who does she think is a beautiful woman?"

A beautiful woman is one who looks good without a make-up. When she wakes up in the morning she looks as good and fresh as a morning rose, she said.

What are her predictions about hair fashion in Nigeria?

"Weaving and Afro hair can come back among women of between 40 and 50. Younger women may continue with perming. Some old women may still wear wigs, but to me it seems that weaving and hot comb will stand the test of time."

Does she encourage hairdressing among young women?

"I acknowledge the fact that it is contrary to our traditional hair culture, and that it tends to damage people's hair."

Hair relaxing depends on individual choice. Weaving can be done after a hot comb blow out. So it is the customer's choice that prevails, since the customer is always right. Most customers, though, are responsible for the damage to their hair, because they hardly take time to care for it.

We slipped out of the conversation and I could see she was watching the time. She sensed I had more to ask her, and cleverly reminded me of the Christian. She had to attend I asked her why she was to be alone at a christening. "What of Elizabeth Oshisanya? Is he not coming with you, and where is he? Can you see the only one in the house. I saw."

My husband is very shy and rarely attends social functions.





Moreover he's quiet and if he were in you would not have known it unless I had told you. As early as eight in the evening he is home, and he doesn't run after other women," she replied.

*Not many women can say that of their husbands with as much confidence. How would she react to rumours that she dominates her husband and what does she feel about bossy wives?*

"You can boss a man in a nice way, and not make him feel it. My husband understands me — I don't dominate him. It's a matter of understanding between a man and a woman. The important thing is that a woman needs to study and know the type of man she's married to. My husband is quiet, but I don't want anybody to think I overpower him."

*What is Mrs Oshisanya's view about polygamy?*

"She said 'I can't stop polygamy and I have nothing against it. It is wrong to believe that it breeds unhealthy rivalry. It depends on who the man and his family are. The polygamous man should learn not to take sides with any of his wives or have a preference for any of them. If a man must take two wives, he must be prepared to love them equally. Moreover, a

woman should not hold tight to the belief that she is the only capable wife for her husband."

In the course of our chat we took time off to look around the elegant bungalow. Everything had its place and I said "You have taste and I like it."

"Thanks," she replied, as she showed me into the children's room. I asked her what she felt about present-day girls.

A well behaved girl obviously portrays the kind of home she comes from. They are moving faster than their feet can carry them. These days girls of 16 don't see anything wrong in bringing home their boy friends. In my days my father would deal ruthlessly with such a girl. Mothers have significant roles to play in the lives of their children, especially their daughters.

*To what did she attribute the seeming moral decadence among girls?*

"Some mothers encourage their daughters to take money from me. They never ask or question whatever they bring home to them. These days working class girls prefer to stay under their own roofs, rather than in their parents' houses.

"Her pay packets can hardly cope with her way of living, but her parents should be blamed for letting her loose.

"Some parents also buy expensive things for their daughters, and thus put them on an unbalanced scale. When there is a misfortune and the parents cannot cope, such a child tends to seek financial support from other immoral sources. Good examples are the graduate daughters of rich people who own cars even when undergoing their National Youth Service Corps programme. Such girls try to rub shoulders with their parents by forcing themselves to live big on meagre salaries."

*Would she recommend beating as a corrective measure?*

"No. I don't advise beating. But at times it has to be done, depending on the maturity of the children. I think that between 12 and 16 is the age at which beatings should be stopped. Thereafter children should be talked to. But if my 20-year old son did anything to deserve a beating, he would get one!"

*I stood up to announce my departure when her secretary came in to say there would be a meeting the following Monday. I jokingly asked how she liked being a boss?*

"I am grateful to God for all I am today, and must stress that my father and husband have contributed their quota to my

life through. Lady Elegance presents a hairdresser's students.

well-being My own contribution, which has been hard work and perseverance, went a long way to bringing their

with thanks for their moral

supporting

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# Golf girl Renee blasts her way to the top

**E**VERY golfer has a handicap. Renee Powell has another two. She's black ... and she's female. But that hasn't stopped the attractive 32-year-old from becoming the first black woman club professional in the world.

American-born Renee has been appointed professional at a top club in Surrey, England, the Silvermere Golf and Country Club in Cobham.

She first took the golf world by storm when she became the only woman to compete on equal terms with men in a British professional tournament. That was in 1977 at the Surrey Open, when she overshadowed many of the men by scoring a second round of 76.

Renee took up golf when she was three years old. Her father Bill Powell, who runs a club in Ohio, U.S.A., found a special mini-club for his tiny protégé and cut down a full-length putter to teach her the more intricate shots.

From the day she first picked up a club Renee has never looked back.

But her climb to the top has been far from easy.

In the sport of golf, where the game is purely for the individual, being black is a sizeable handicap, as Renee has discovered to her cost.

"As an amateur life was very difficult for me," she admitted.

"I had to fight to get into a lot of tournaments because it was almost an all-white sport. One of the saddest things was that I couldn't even compete in my home state tournament in Ohio because I was black."

And even when she turned professional 12 years ago, Renee still found being black a problem. "In many cases I was the only black professional golfer. And even now I think I'm one of the few black women golfers on the world circuit."

But with the backing of the American Ladies' Professional Golfers' Association, Renee can't be banned from the tournaments any more.

"It's all right on the tournament circuits nowadays, as everybody knows I'm there and what to expect. Hopefully people

**This is the inside story of a black woman golfer's fight against racialism in a bid to reach the top in the world of golf. Renee Powell is the first black woman professional to coach at a club, and one of the only coloured professionals to tour the world circuit.**

are not as narrow-minded now as they used to be, but there is still tension in certain parts of the world."

But her early experiences of racialism haven't put Renee off her chosen sport.

Nothing would put me off golf, but the attitude I've come across has made me wonder what goes on in people's minds. The only way you can look at it is that they are smaller than you are."

As a woman Renee does sometimes have a definite advantage over her male counterparts. A 5ft. 5in. leggy lady bending over to take a putt in a mini-skirt is a sight guaranteed to turn the head of the most veteran golfer!

And Renee is certainly a stunning lady. As well as

playing she models golf clothes and wears a selection of fabulous outfits on the courses.

According to her new employers her arrival at the Silvermere Club has already boosted their membership figures.

"Golf is an area where you can get involved and still retain your femininity," says Renee.

"I enjoy being a woman, but golf is really my first love. I feel very fortunate to be able to be working in an area that I enjoy so much."

Renee actually gave up a career as a speech therapist to concentrate on golf. "I always feel that I can go back to it if I ever tire of golf. It's good to know there is something else you can do."



But despite her apparent dedication to the sport, Renee claims she is not totally committed.

"I don't want to play the circuit all the time. I like to add a bit more to life than just travelling around. Packing and unpacking every week becomes very tiring and unsettling after a while."

"At one point I was winding down and spending less time travelling, but now I've decided it's best to get more involved in the circuit and to do the other things I want in between."

"I don't really get a lot of time for myself and my private life. But I want to get involved before I get too old to play."

One of Renee's other interests is commenting. And her soft Ohian accent is often heard across the American network reporting on various tournaments.

"I find commentating very fascinating and it's something I'd like to get more involved with in the future," she says.

But this year looks like being an extra busy one for Renee. She is already due to play 23 tournaments around the world circuit. And in between that time she is having to fit in her coaching at Surrey and back at her father's club in Ohio.

Golfing fans in Britain can see her in full swing at the Colgate European Women's Open at Sunningdale in August, when she makes another visit to England.

But though her days are very full at the moment, Renee has still found time to think seriously about the future of women's golf. "I am very keen on getting youth involved in the sport, especially girls," she says.

"When I was growing up there weren't many tournaments for girls to play and my father started one up especially. It ended up being the biggest in Ohio."

"I'd like to think I could leave something behind for others to follow, and I want to use my career as a stepping-stone for the young golfers of tomorrow."

Certainly the story of Renee's battle to reach the top in her sport should encourage every beginner, black and white alike.



Renee Powell is seen in this picture giving advice and hints on golf to a young player at her club in Surrey.

# You can read the following in TRUST next month.....

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## PEN PALS



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Ighalo, Bendu State.  
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all over the world.  
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sic, movie, travel,  
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and sports. Age 30



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Oke Road, Warri,  
Bendul State, Nigeria.  
Wants pen pals from  
all over the world.  
Interests: Reading,  
novel, letter writing,  
exchanging photo  
graphs. Age 20



Ngomamsi Anigud,  
28, Little Road, Vello  
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**HAVE** got past caring about love. As far as I am concerned, it is one old-fashioned word which should have been done away with long ago.

All I care for these days is my life, my friends (jolly good fellows) and my booze! As I have said several times before, booze does not flirt, it does not succumb to shameful vanity, it is a loyal companion.

A good number of friends and foes have asked me why I prefer booze to women. Well, the answer is simple: in the face of two evils any sane man should choose the lesser one. Women and booze have one thing in common — they are both marketable! Pop into a whorehouse near to you, and with less than five naira you can purchase a daughter of Eve to quench your sexual thirst. And booze costs less than that!

If you present me with a bottle of booze on the right and a daughter of Eve on the left, you should know which of the two I would choose. The worst that can happen to a womaniser is death! So don't say you haven't been warned!

## FUTILITY

**NO THANKS** to the daughters of Eve, love seems to be a word in daily use. I don't know how to convince the world that falling in love is just another attempt at futility.

Let's face facts: no woman is capable of truly falling in love without strings of material consideration attached. Before a daughter of Eve can profess love for a man, he must have made it or be on the verge of doing so. Women seem to be experts at assessing a man's possible prospects. When a woman

# Love? It's a word to forget...

reckons that you have made it. If you don't make it, you will end up wifeless. But if, on the other hand, you become rich and prosperous, then she will hold her head high and relish quoting the stupid statement "Behind every successful man there is a woman."

In my arduous sojourn on this earth, I have yet to meet a woman who can honestly say she has been a contributing factor to my success in life.

Love is supposed to be an experience. You may call it a spiritual entity if you like, because it has metaphysical connotations. It is supposed to be a mutual thing; it essentially involves two people.

## WEALTH

**WHEN** poverty crawls in through the door, love flies out through the window. There is no woman who would like to see love and poverty as being compatible. As far as women are concerned, love and wealth go together. Never mind the deceptive idiots among women who claim that once they are in

love they can withstand anything for their lover's sake.

There is a difference between how your girlfriend looks at you when you have barely 20 naira in your pocket and when you are loaded with thousands of naira. To sustain the interest of the breasted fool, your "nairam-cine capsule" has to be readily available. If not, you are as good as dead!

The current wave of crime in our society cannot be unconnected with the attempts some foolish men are making to acquire wealth by hook or by crook to please their women. God save us! These days women are married to wealth rather than to men. If you have made it, then you've got to have your thinking cap on every time. Your wife is not married to you — she is married to your multi-thousand naira house, your trendy fleet of expensive cars, your social influence, and perhaps your talent (if you have any).

## CELIBATE

**JUST** over a decade ago I



arrived at my conclusion about the vanity of women, and decided that I would live and enjoy my life as a bachelor, and since no man is immortal I would also die a bachelor.

I entered a seminary with the hope of joining the crew of celibates. I tried my best to stay loyal to their doctrines, but somehow something went wrong somewhere, and I decided against celibacy. Later I started a one-man crusade against the blood-suckers who call themselves women. Tim was my first victim, then Carol, then Augusta, then Jenny.

I have had cause to be tied to a few women by engagement. The affairs broke down one after the other — at my own convenience. That was how I became Mr. Bachelor Boy, the country's number one Chronic Bachelor!

When Mr. Kay asked me why I am still single, I merely smiled. But when my jolly friend called me a divorcee, I protested, saying that I have only been deceived a few times. I am never a divorcee.

The only solution to the problem of falling in love is the injunction "love thyself!" Keep your love to yourself, extend some of it to your fellow-men, and throw your fellow-women into the dustbin. They are not worth loving.

## SEX

**LOVE** and sex are ideas that are associated together. Some people say "I made love to her!" Laying a woman can't mean making love. Like the French

philosopher Jean-Paul Satre, I think laying a woman is done out of a will to conquer and to subdue. It is a matter of one force of emotion attempting to dominate the other. I may as well recall again a white man's lamentation that "it is whites who make love, blacks screw." Whatever he meant, I don't believe in making love, I believe in conquering a woman's emotions.

It is easier to take a woman to bed when you utter "I love you." She throws caution to the winds the moment you utter this statement. Many years ago I had participated in such funny plays. Professing one's love for a daughter of Eve is the precious heat that breaks down the snow of her resistance.

Love is an appropriate word only when a man is bent on having his way with a stubborn girl.

Therefore, let all idiotic daughters of Eve be warned that I, Bachelor Boy, do not want to be loved. Leave me alone to do my thing the way I want it. The sort of love preached in the Bible and the Quran is not the type obtainable from the human vultures called women.

The boyfriend-girlfriend type of love is so old-fashioned that it should be donated to the museum.

So, woman, if you have been nursing the hope of falling in love with me or with any other Adam who is as reasonable as Bachelor Boy, you may as well jump into the lagoon with your love.

**BACHELOR BOY**

## PEN PALS

 <p><b>Philip Omada</b> 9 Inagbon St., Lagos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: reading music and photography. Age 18.</p>	 <p><b>Doughty M Oton</b> G. Orony School Box 87229, Monrovia, Kenya, wants pen pals from USA, Southeast Japan, East Indonesia, West Africa, West Europe, West Africa, West Europe, West Africa, West Europe. Age 26.</p>	 <p><b>John Lucas</b> Kapiti Box 87229, Monrovia, Kenya, wants pen pals from USA, Europe, West Africa, West Europe, West Africa, West Europe, West Africa, West Europe. Age 17.</p>
 <p><b>Phillip Agbara</b> 10000 Ogba, Rivers State, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, reading, music, photography.</p>	 <p><b>Madelon Trefay</b> Box 5068, Adida Box 5068, Adida, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing and lawn tennis. Age 15.</p>	 <p><b>Jude O. Ushieke</b> PO Box 9172, Lagos, Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: music, letter writing, exchanging about. Age 23.</p>
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## A day in the life of the Edaiken

THE HEIR to the Oba of Benin is entitled the Edaiken of Uselu. Seen here, receiving homage from chiefs shortly before his coronation, is Edaiken Solomon Akenzua. FULL STORY AND PICTURES OVERLEAF.



ABOVE: Titled Chiefs wait to pay homage to the Edaiken

## Paying homage to the Edaiken

STORY:  
Nelson Bankole

PICTURES:  
Abim Oladejo

WHEN AN Oba of Benin passes away, his first son — usually conferred with the traditional title of Edaiken of Uselu and invariably the heir apparent — immediately undertakes a chain of traditional rites. These are held in the ancient shrines.

The Edaiken also performs ritual dances and visits some traditional sacred places of Benin township and its environs.

One of the sacred places the Edaiken has to visit before his coronation as Oba is a tree called "Iden" which stands in the heart of Ughoton, a village about 42 kilometres from Benin township.

According to Benin legend, Iden was the barren wife of Oba Ewakpe who ruled Benin several centuries ago. When the people of the town became worried that their Oba might pass away without a successor, they consulted an oracle which told them that the Oba would not have an issue unless a human being was sacrificed. Since no-one was willing to surrender himself or herself for the ritual death, and as the Oba was getting old, his barren wife, Iden, surrendered herself to be killed so that some other woman could give birth to a royal successor.

Iden was sacrificed and Oba Ewakpe, in appreciation, ordered that her grave be declared sacred. The spot was marked by the tree which later grew on top of the grave, and which is still standing today at Ughoton. Now it is a taboo for anyone to move near it or touch it, except when a new Oba is about to be crowned. Even then, he visits the tree only once in his life-time.

Before the new Oba of Benin, Solomon Akenzua, was crowned, he received in audience some Benin Chiefs who had just received their titles. TRUST's pictures capture the spirit of the Edaiken's audience.

LEFT: "Iden," the sacred tree which grew on the grave of the martyred wife of Oba Ewakpe

RIGHT: Benin women in traditional mourning on the passing away of their Oba.





ABOVE: Veteran journalist, Chief Osula, was one of those with a new chieftancy title who came to greet the Edaiken. LEFT: Other new Chiefs exchange views during their visit to homage.

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ABOVE: Ethiopia's Head of State, Col. Mengistu, is greeted by Yugoslavia's ageing President Tito in Belgrade.



ABOVE You think YOU have a headache? Spare a thought for this Chinese acrobat who, once a night at New York's Madison Square Gardens, endures this form of paid torture



RIGHT Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi welcomes Rwandan President of Rwanda, Maj Gen Juvenal Habyalimana

# The organic of Harry

**A**T LAST Harry rang off and came out of the phone booth. He was smiling. She's coming! he said. I can land her any time now.

He was speaking of Ada. Nestar's daughter. Indeed, for months he had been talking about nothing else, except the Essentials, as he put it. Harry desperately wanted not so much to make it with Ada — it could have been any other girl — but to get at the heart of the matter and grasp those Essentials by the root. He needed that organic transformation. At the same time a woman like Ada who had made it with all sorts of white hard ons would give him the receptacle into which he could with satisfaction pour the baptismal waters. And the transformation would be complete.

He kicked the phone booth with pleasure. It's good, man. Damn good. Of course good and evil did not come into it. For Harry all that led to his success was good. Hence good was success. And to get at the heart of that divine aura was the ambition of all who would be good.

Harry knew evil. Evil was failure. There were a lot of failures where Harry came from. Uneducated folks who counted their pennies and paid the rent and made their wives pregnant for the umpteenth time and went without tobacco or beer in order to save up for a sewing machine. Calloused palms. Dirty bodies. Overall. This was evil, failure. Toiling in factories and mines and on the roads and bridges and in farms and fields for — what? Failure.

Harry also did not think much of women. Even Ada. He despised people for whom suffering seemed to be inbuilt in life. But he liked screwing the way some people like cheating others.

As Harry walked towards his room, a stinging cloud of flies suddenly swooped upon his head and he ran like a cat whose fur is on fire. He slammed the door behind him and leaned against it to regain his breath. And then he looked at it. He then released and shadowed the venetian blinds and stooped to open his metal trunk. It was half-full of *Playboy* magazines. He took out the one he wanted. She was an Afro-American model — wastful, longing, waiting. Success. Harry smiled tenderly down at her and unzipped his trousers.

He felt ready for Ada. Nothing would go wrong. The moth would emerge from the flame transformed into its more

angelic kin. And afterwards it would all have been a mere dream, and he would remember it as a pleasant irritation. Harry looked at his watch.

Later, as he absently chewed his dinner and with one eye and one ear looked and listened to the life around him, Harry had a premonition of success. It was a tiny spasm, blindingly delicious, as if heaven had distilled its choicest water and dipped a fine white feather into its essence and then delicately touched it to the christwood in his sphincter.

Harry did not like people who 'think too much'. They stink of failure, his father had told him. Hence Harry, after that phone call and after that thoughtful dinner, met a black detective in a crowded beerhall and casually exchanged white envelopes with him. He then returned to the Student Union, and over a shandy waited for Ada to appear. At one point he idly took out the envelope and ran his eyes over it lovingly. Smiling. He was ready for the last rite whose performance, though a mere formality, would seal the bond of his transformation forever.

But a hand suddenly tweaked his cheek playfully. 'Hello, arse-face,' Philip greeted him, and at the same time signalled to someone in the shadow.

Ada came and sat down. Philip tugged again — this time viciously — at Harry's cheek.

'This him, Ada?'

'Yes.'

'Let's hear it from your own lips, spylart,' Philip said. When Harry said nothing Philip reached down and grabbed Harry's shirtfront. And Harry licked his lips. Philip shook him. As he did so the envelope dropped to the floor. Harry winced.

'I've dropped something.' His voice was hoarse. He swallowed.

Ada was staring at the envelope.

Philip released him and turned

'Would you like a drink, Ada?' Harry shot up. But Philip, who had anticipated such a move, stuck out his foot and Harry smashed onto the floor. Philip picked up the envelope and walked over to the bar.

At this point I thought it better for all concerned for me to join that unhappy table. I did not look at Harry.

'Everything all right now, Ada?' I asked. 'Almost.'

'Harry, why don't you get out now?'

Ada smiled generously as she said:

'He tried.'

Philip returned with two gins. When he saw me he winked rather unconsciously.

'I thought I saw you skulking about with your notebook,' he said.

'I was.'

It was good to be with Philip again.

Harry licked his bruised lips. 'May I please have my envelope back?'

But Philip dipped into his coat pocket and brought out two identical white envelopes. And held them out to Harry.

'Take your pick,' Philip said. Harry stared and took a long gulping pull at his shandy. Harry could not bring himself to choose. To gamble. Harry, seeing failure everywhere, pleaded for a breathing space.

'Go and get another drink if you like,' Philip winked generously.

Harry rushed to the bar. Philip turned to me. 'I see you're still using your friends to make up improbable stories,' he yawned.

And sat up with a jolt. He looked at the letters and then his eyes lit on my empty hands.

'That's it,' he cracked his fingers. 'I knew there was something wrong.'

Amused, I asked 'What?'

Philip got up. He said: 'You don't have a drink. I'll get you one.'

He put the letters side by side on the table and walked to the bar. I had begun to wonder what

For Harry, all that led to his success was good — and evil was failure. And there were many failures where Harry came from. This is the second of three short stories from "The House of Hunger," a book by Dambudzo Maraire, a young writer from Zimbabwe who is now living in England. (Heinemann Books, London).

it was that was eating him. Harry returned. And could not tear his eyes from the two letters.

Ada, unsmiling, said: 'Harry, what you're going through now is exactly what you made me suffer all these months.'

The sweat had broken out on his forehead. But, unaccountably, Harry smiled.

'Yes, but I was right. I knew it. I was right.'

'And he added: 'You are quite a woman, too.'

'And what are you quiet?' I asked. 'I don't know yet,' Harry said. He seemed to be slowly coming out of a shell. Unshelling. Like a seed cracking out of its nutshell.

'I said take your pick,' Philip nudged him, and pushed in my direction the largest whisky and soda I had ever seen. He knew I hated — loathed — whisky.

I drank.

Ada shrugged, tossing off her gin. She and Philip had a sort of understanding. But Philip wanted a more conventional arrangement. And Ada did not want to deviate from what she saw was her destiny. And she was also having a bad time with her mother, who was the most famous whore in the town.

What she wanted to know was whether there was just so much predetermined trouble in her family. And this had made her irritable of late.

Besides, Philip was getting more and more disgusting about their whole relationship — marriage was what he wanted. And she had known Harry's game from the first phone call, and she had asked herself: why did he pick me for all this bullshit? When Philip had signalled for her to join him she had desperately wanted to ask Harry

Why, am I then so full of problems? But when she saw her she understood at a glance and her knowledge of him made her sick with herself. And what could she do about Philip? She could do nothing, because there was nothing about herself in her understanding of him. It made her impatient, this blindness which he was in her mind.

Philip had by this time brought a Gordon's bottle and refilled the glasses. I still had my whisky. I could not imagine an negro drinking Southern Comfort except at gunpoint.

And there we all were, in an uncertain country, ourselves uncertain. A land with a sly heart, and ourselves ready to be deceived. A morally corrosive atmosphere, and ourselves base metals ready for the acids of maturity.

And on the table — transfixed by Harry's popping-out eyes — the two envelopes.

I could see in Harry's promising look a monomania which could only lead to one end. I looked up hastily and, like Sancho Panza, knocked back every drop of whisky in one draught.

Philip pushed the Gordon's towards me.

Gratefully I reached out and refilled again and again. Where was hope — where was vision?

Something shrill tore into my eardrum.

Startled I looked up. Philip and Ada were also staring.

The maddening high-pitched needles were coming from Harry.

But he was not making any sound.

**RIGHT:** Harry slammed the door behind him and leaned against it to regain his breath. Then he looked

# transformation



**C**ONTINUING... identity...  
 ...of some of the...  
 ...and ailments...  
 ...affect the human body. I...  
 ...this. The Trust is look into a...  
 ...disease which is still common...  
 ...in many parts of Africa...  
 ...Tulparia.

# LADY DOCTOR

## The plague that is BILHARZIA

I receive many letters from readers who are worried that they have contacted the disease, and I hope that this article may help you to spot the symptoms and take appropriate action by seeking immediate treatment.

As you probably know already, bilharzia affects the bladder and intestine.

The disease is caused by a fluke picked up from infected water, either by bathing in the water or drinking it. What happens is that the parasites enter the blood stream and reach the portal vein — the one which carries blood from the intestines to the liver.

The young parasites mature in the vein, and then the male and female parasites copulate. After this act the female lays eggs in the membrane of the bladder, rectum or the lower part of the colon.

The eggs leave the body in

urine or faeces, and if one happens to fall into water it swims off in search of a water snail, in which the flukes develop into things called cercaria, which live in the water until the next human victim arrives and starts the whole nasty cycle all over again.

If you contact bilharzia, the eggs in the bladder or rectum will cause itching or bleeding, and in the case of the bladder,

blood is passed in the urine. Chronic inflammation produces pain, stones, frequent visits to the toilet to urinate, and possibly even worse cancer.

If the eggs are in the rectum they produce the symptoms of dysentery. The liver and spleen become enlarged, and discomfort is experienced in the upper abdomen.

A doctor will diagnose



Let me answer your personal problems

How much do you know about your body and the ailments which can affect it? Not much? If so, this TRUST column should answer some of the questions.

bilharzia if he discovers eggs in a person's urine or faeces, and the disease can be treated — so if you suspect that you have bilharzia, get to the doctor quickly. He will administer the drugs that can destroy the parasite.

It is unfortunate, however, that the drugs produce unpleasant side-effects, ranging from stomach pains to heart trouble and temporary madness. So a bilharzia patient really is

between the devil and the deep blue sea! Damage caused by the parasite to the bladder, rectum and liver may require surgery.

Bilharzia remains one of the plagues of the modern world and there is no doubt that the best way to avoid it is to steer clear of infected water. One has to drink and bathe, but don't do it in water that could be affected. Proper sanitation is vital.

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### Hole at tip— or top ...

I AM 23 and worried by a little hole on top of my penis. A doctor has told me not to worry, but is he right? I have another problem — after having sex I need about five minutes of stimulation before I am ready for a second round. Is this usual, Doctor?

**E.M.A., Onuoiuh**  
 If the hole is at the tip of the penis, then obviously there's nothing wrong, if it's on top, see another doctor to get confirmation that there is nothing to worry about. You seem to be OK, as you can have sex. And don't worry about having to wait five minutes between bouts of sex. You don't know how lucky you are! Many men take much longer to rise to the occasion again.

### Can I hang on to it?

HOW can I keep my virginity? I am a 19-year-old boy, and I am worried about committing adultery, as this is a sin. I go to my bed and have intercourse in my pillowcase, imagining that I am with a girl. Also my penis is small, and friends have told me I will not be able to produce children. Can you help me?

**Precious, Owari**  
 What a confused boy you are. You can lose your virginity without committing adultery. After all, any girl is capable of having sex — not just the married ones. Find a girl, and you may soon cease to be a virgin. Mind you, there's nothing wrong in waiting until you get married yourself. As regards what you call having sex with a pillowcase, you are simply masturbating, and there's nothing wrong with that. Finally, ignore your friends



the size of your penis doesn't matter when it comes to producing children

### Over to the left

I AM still a virgin, although I am 23. My problem is that when my penis is erect it bends to the left. As I am planning to marry, I want to know if I can have it straightened. **O.R., Lagos**  
 Stop worrying. Many men have penises which bend when erect, like trees in the wind. You can't have it straightened. Get married and good luck!

### Do it every day

MY problem is that I masturbate every day, and am worried that I will breed thin children when I marry. I am 19, and don't intend to marry for another ten years.

**A.T., Umahia**  
 You won't breed thin children but you could be pretty thin yourself if you masturbate every day for the next ten years! You will simply have to make an effort to masturbate less, although as you get older you should lose the urge a little. If you find the right girl, you shouldn't need to masturbate.

**Not the same time**  
 MY periods are irregular, and I am worried. Doctor, if my periods

starts on the 18th of one month, it may start on the 16th or even the 15th the next month. Does this mean there is something wrong, and I will not be able to have children? I am 19.

**Nora, Gussu**  
 There's no problem at all, and you have nothing to worry about. Periods are frequently irregular, especially at your age. The Pill often helps to regularise periods, so see if your doctor will let you take it. You will be able to have children, never fear!

### I feel depressed

I AM a student, aged 20, and I cannot study because a girl has spurned my love, broken my heart and left me feeling very depressed. My exams are approaching, so what can I do, Doctor?  
**Osoko, Uvo**  
 I sympathise with you, but you are not the first boy to have a broken heart? You must make a big effort to concentrate on your studies, which at this stage of your life are very important. I am sure Charly would tell you that another girl will come along soon — so put your heart and soul into your work, and try to forget the girl who let you down.

### It's much too big

At the age of 18, I am sure my penis is too big. Girls keep looking at the bulge in my trousers. Can I make my penis smaller, Doctor?  
**A.F., Kankara**  
 Many men would change places with you, so stop worrying. The time to worry is when girls STOP looking at the bulge in your trousers.



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## WOMAN'S WORLD



NEVER cease to wonder why men are obsessed with them these days. They go about with an air of self-importance, and walk into your flat at unscheduled times as if they have the whole world on the tips of their fingers. I was relaxing some time ago when a friend came in, almost in distress. Without beating about the bush she burst out: "Look, Bisi, I am through with Bayo. I can't stand it any longer."

"But why this sudden change, Titi? I thought you were getting on fine," I said.

"You see, Bayo is not getting any better. He is becoming a dictator. Imagine him coming any time he likes and expecting me to do all his oddings regardless of what I had previously planned for us. I wouldn't have bothered much, but he expects me to

# Let the men prove themselves...

by BISI OKETOGUN

inform him before I call on him."

"That's rather strange," I said.

Titi is not the only one facing this type of dilemma. Yes, it is a dilemma when your hubby can pounce on you whenever he likes, yet expects you to inform him before you call. Any woman faced with this type of situation should not need to be told she is heading for disaster if she allows this to continue.

In most cases romance never starts off this way. I mean, it never starts with rules about getting permission before calling on him. It is initially a situation of giving you the confidence that you are free to call on him any time you like. Apparently he has nothing to hide, and you continue to develop gradual confidence in him until you are completely captured. What happens later is that after the man has realised you are completely his, conditions change. It becomes a case of

seeking permission before you call.

Personally I feel this need not be, unless the man has a skeleton in his cupboard and is trying to have another bite somewhere before he is completely captured. After going out with a man for any length of time, and if you have been around together on many occasions, it is only to be expected that you should have the confidence to be able to call on him whenever you like unless both of you agree you are not serious.

What generally happens is that a man becomes difficult when he knows you are already recklessly in love, and there is no other man around the corner to share your feelings. Before you know it your ready-listening, tender hubby has changed overnight. He becomes full of himself and feels super-confident that he has secured someone who is madly in love with him. If allowed, he will display his dictatorial tendencies, even

though you may not be married.

Events have proved that a man becomes inconsiderate when he realises no other person competes with him. It is well that you love one man, but is it really good to let him know he is the only one in the race? The day he discovers this you can be sure you have staked his attention and tenderness. Attention and tenderness become available only when he wants to get you to bed. If possible, create a rival for him — even if he is imaginary.

Another trick is to turn his invitations down occasionally, even if you have nothing particular to do. This makes him jealous, and he imagines that he is not your only source of fun. This is why I feel it is good to have other friends, even if you are going steady with a man or you are engaged. He does not have to accompany you to every festive occasion, does he? I wouldn't blame a man if he turned hostile to you after you have declared your total love for him. Making a man feel there is no-one better than him — that he is the best you can get — makes him take you for granted. He can relax and feel he has the knife and the yam, and that he can cut it anyhow and any time he likes.

Bose is another friend who confided in me that she makes her boyfriend believe her former boyfriend still wants her back any time. As can be expected, her "steady" doesn't like it, and has threatened many times that Bose should stop other boys from talking to her. He even swore to fight it out with them if they met. The irony of it is that the "steady" gets more and more attracted to Bose, and puts on his best act to satisfy her and outdo any rivals. He sets out with the intention of diverting Bose's attention from her former boyfriend.

Poor man! There is no former boyfriend around — he is just a product of the imagination. But it works well. It makes Bose feel good. Who can blame Bose for inventing an imaginary boyfriend? Who does not enjoy the fun of courting, to what will the fringe benefits attached to divert your attention from any intending rival?

The fact is that most of us open our mouths too wide, and by the time we realise what we have said we have declared ourselves a one-man goodly, and toyed with us with something vital to our romance.

So, next time you meet a loving guy, get him to compete. Let him compete with any imaginary rival. It will boost your ego and make you feel secure and needed. It will

## ... AND WHO SAYS THEY DON'T GOSSIP?

FROM time immemorial women have been acclaimed as gossips, and hardly does it come as a surprise to hear a woman say to her friend, "That's Jim's latest woman". After all, she is known to be a gossip, so why pretend? But believe me, it seems that the trade is changing hands. Some men have explored it, and found it amusing.

In fact, many women have realised the need for individual wealth, and are all in the race for whatever they can get. They have more time for business, and little or no time for gossip.

If I were to ask many men about women they would condemn them outright without good reason. Only a few of them sincerely hold a brief for women, most of them shout crucially.

I hate to feel that women should be blamed for all those lies men have begun to reveal in themselves. Mind you it should not come as a surprise if my man friend tells you, "Don't

again. You matter more to me." Such utterances hardly move certain girls these days, although some still try hard to hold to steady affair.

Telling friends about another friend is back-biting, and if we could all be more realistic we would all see that every one of us is guilty of back-biting. A woman should not carry the tag alone, as many men are worse gossips!

Only recently a man at a party told a group of friends how he went out with three sisters without their knowledge. He seemed so carried away that he didn't think anyone could be eavesdropping. The three girls pounced on him from nowhere, and he pleaded: "I didn't mean it, really. I am sorry! The pleadings fell on deaf ears, as the girls were determined to show him how wrong it was to fool around with three sisters.

A few minutes later another

cat who had just caught a rat, and asked him to repeat all he had said about her to her friends. He was so scared I had to save him from what could have been real trouble. The woman cursed him and branded him with all sorts of ugly names. Yet he kept mute, and could only mumble in fear to himself.

Gossip used to be the pastime of idlers, but it is surprising now some men have suddenly found it so interesting to gossip about the parcel of land a man has willed for his girlfriend or the fantastic bill another wife has just settled. Even during business hours some men see nothing wrong in telling of the bitter experience a friend encountered in a mistress's house, or about how Mr. X lives big while his parents suffer.

It tends to be funny when such men are caught in the act. They don't seem to have spread the net very well, he

cause many of them don't have the courage to face their victims — believe they need more confidence.

Come to think of it, there is nothing we can do about gossips in this country. Gossips abound everywhere, but the rate at which they gossip differs. Since we have come to accept gossiping as part of our way of life, it is wrong to blame only the women for it. One thing is clear — more and more men have begun to indulge in those veils for which women have been condemned.

It grieves me, however, to find that these same men still point accusing fingers at women. Men are hypocrites and, given the chance, try to prove that women don't appeal to them.

This makes women begin to feel that, after all, someone else is taking over her role. I am sure a lot of them wouldn't mind doing away with it, and trying better ventures. It's a pity, though, that men have begun to fit into their shoes as gossips.

OMONE ADU

# FLYING SIKH OF THE DISCO



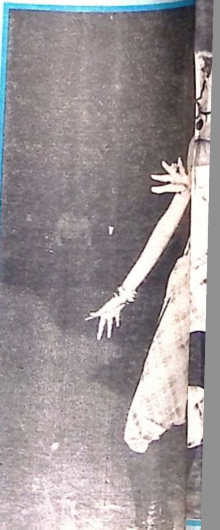
**TRAVOLTA DOUBLE** Andrew Mey goes through his paces on the disco floor. His combined disco and African style took him to second place in the contest.



**DISCO NOVICE** Manjit Singh is hoisted onto the shoulders of his friends after taking the coveted first prize. What was amazing was the fact that he had never been in a disco before.



**DISCO DIANNE** dances with a member of the Mombasa Roots group, who had travelled from the Coast to take part in the competition.




## Travolta in a turban is disco king

Nairobi's Kenyatta Conference Centre took on an unusual character recently when it became the venue for a competition to discover the country's top disco dancer. Only a single winner was sought — regardless of national status or sex. And the surprise winner was, amazingly, a young man who had never been in a disco before.

Manjit Singh, a 19-year-old, stunned the crowd and the judges with his free flowing style. The young Sikh was as astonished as everyone else at his success. How did he become Disco King? TRUST asked Manjit. "I never thought it could happen to me," he replied, "but the style just comes naturally to me. I just move my body and I find it goes naturally with the rhythm of the music."


Second was Andrew Mey, who said his style, part disco, part African traditional, was attributable to hours of practice. Third in the disco contest was John Mutua.



**KARATE STYLE** (left) from Nelson and Mary Ann had the fans thinking they were fighting rather than dancing. But their performance earned them a big round of applause from the crowd.



**BIG HAIRDO** for the big contest: Stella goes it solo (left) in boots and funky outfit.



**DISCO WINNER** Manjit Singh demonstrates the style that took him to the top. After his flying victory Manjit appropriately flew off to London to take part in an international disco contest, and he did very well — being placed in the final 16 of a competition that was won by an incredible Japanese performer.



## FOOT FLATTERY

**E**VEN the smartest men and women can let themselves down with shoddy footwear. New shoes can add style to any ensemble — and mean more comfort too. Our pictures show (above) Oh-so-comfortable walking shoes for men by Clarks. In beige, yellow or brown pure leather. (Below) Comfortable travel shoes for women. Pale beige leather with fashionable heel by Clarks and (right), black patent leather with easy low heel.



# Only the best



**R**ECENT fashion shows are being enlivened in Nigeria by clothes shown by city centre shops who concentrate on good quality textiles and top designs made locally—and with a ban on imported dresses, everyone is trying to do the same. Clothes from Prim and Pretty, Mode Afrique and the textile manufacturers, Rivatex, provided some especially interesting collections. Mary Orr, whose fascinating jewellery shop has been a great success over the years,

is still featuring lots of

wooden beads and knobby, bi-coloured necklaces, chunky earrings and "fun" bracelets.

Model Jane Nyakaira shows a cotton khanga dress by Prim and Pretty (above left). Irish green, turquoise, blue and white cottons were used for these two long dresses (left) from the Rivatex collection. Flowered cotton brought appreciative applause when Jane appeared wearing this pretty dress and jacket (above right) by Mode Afrique. Come on girls, there's some style for you to copy!



A SLINKY start to the sisters' floor show, but the music soon makes them lose their cool

## They're sexy soul sisters

**F**OR pop fans there's nothing to beat pounding soul sounds and swinging sweethearts. And when that recipe is served up in triplicate in the shape of a sensational new cabaret act known as Msondo, the fans really get turned on. Sisters Betty, Wamboi and Aida have been thrilling audiences in Nairobi with their routine, which has them throwing off their inhibitions — and most of their clothes — building up to a climax (below) which leaves them flat out.



AT THIS stage Wamboi has her boots on — but they soon go.



EYES half-closed (left photo)

# 100 - but still feeling young!

Yes, this is the 100th edition of TRUST. It's one of Africa's brightest and best-selling magazines — with sales of 80,000 each month in Nigeria alone.

Reaching 100 is to achieve quite a milestone — but we still feel young at heart, and are looking forward to hundreds more!

That's the cover of the first TRUST on the left. The magazine was launched to mark the 20th birthday of DRUM, and has been around ever since. Back in 1971 the publishers promised "high standards," "lively imagination" and a magazine "full of surprises." Well, we are sure you'll agree that it's lived up to those promises — and we will see that it continues to do so. Stay with us...



## KEEP READING TRUST — IT'S THE MAGAZINE WITH SOMETHING FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

### He's trying to start his own university . . .

DON KABEBA REPORTS FROM LONDON

A NIGERIAN who is trying to start an open university for black people in Britain to compete with the British Open University has written to African heads of state appealing to them to salvage his scheme, which crashed after he failed to get it legally registered by the British Board of Trade.

The heads of state to whom he self-styled "Doctor" Mathew Okenarhe has written have been slow to respond but he did get a note from the Nigerian High Commission saying they would like to know more about the scheme.

The Nigerian "academician" complains that his scheme was born slow to succeed but was "destroyed" by British press and television. Due to their coverage of his scheme he lost the premises in Temple Avenue, a prestigious address near London's legal district, where he planned to have his office and lecture rooms.

"The publicity in the *News of the World*, British Sunday newspaper and Thames Television was planned to kill my scheme. I gave their reporters all the facts regarding the scheme, but to my surprise what they read and saw on television was a distortion of the facts."

Dr Okenarhe is a short, last-tingling man of 43. His home in London is a South-East London district, is a two-storey flat in a dingy back street. He has a wife and six children. The youngest of whom was celebrating his birthday.

He started talking about his Thames Open University. It sounds impressive, for a fee of £35, and offers degrees in 49 subjects from arts to science.

zoology, including medicine and theology. His will be different from the correspondence colleges and the British Open University, because students will have their lessons delivered to their homes. They will also be able to go to lectures at the university to receive personal tuition from experienced lecturers.

In the faculty of medicine there will be several branches of medicine, which will include acupuncture (a Chinese healing), meditation and African therapeutics, including African herbs.

When I questioned him closely about African herbs and fruit, Dr Okenarhe quoted me the Bible. He asked me to read aloud Ezekiel chapter 47 verse 12 — "And on the banks on both sides of the river, there will grow all kinds of trees for food. Their leaves will not wither nor their fruit, but they will bear fresh fruit every month, because the water for them flows from sanctuary. Their fruit will be for food, and their leaves for healing."

"You see," he said with a grin, "the basis of medicine comes from the Bible. Priests have the right to heal, and Jesus used to heal and raise the dead. If you believe in healing like me, you can do it."

Asked about modern medicine in Europe and Africa he said "I do not agree with the drugs they give. Take, for example, drugs for depression. I think they add to people's problems, and some of them end up by killing themselves. You should not believe in hospitals. Look at me — I was not born in hospital, and since I was born I have never been to hospital."

Among the list of degrees offered by the university is Journalism — BA Mass Media. Students who pay £25 registration fee can, after paying a further £3, put MTCA after their names. Member of the Thames Careers Associates. For £4.50 they can become associate members, for £6.50 Fellows, and for £10 Doctors — or they could if his scheme ever took off!

Among his proposed lecturers were two Nigerians — one to teach zoology and chiropody and one to be head of management studies. Both are still in Nigeria.

Dr Okenarhe has tried hard to have his university registered. The British Board of Trade has rejected titles like the St. Mathew's Institute, the United Africa University, the United Careers Institute, the Institute of Professional Careers, and the

South Eastern University.

So he settled for Thames Careers Associates and Universal Careers — and called it Thames Open University any way. The organisation advertises in shop windows throughout south London, but the response was poor.

Mathew Okenarhe was born in Lagos, but his family moved

to Abara, in Bendel State. He grew up in Abara, and when he completed school he was trained as a teacher.

He taught from 1954-1960 before he came to Britain to study accountancy. In 1962 he switched from accountancy to medicine at the City of Westminster College, and later went to Chiswick Polytechnic to study physiology.

"I have done research for an American organisation in metaphysics, and that entitles me to call myself a Doctor of Divinity," he said.

"I was conducting research for my scheme, but the press blew it up out of all proportion. I am preparing a new prospectus, which I hope to release soon."



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