

# Woman

WHY GIRLS  
TAKE TO  
THE STREETS

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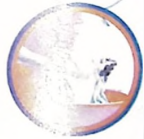


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Ready, Steady, Click our vivacious cover-girl seems to be saving with that broad, infectious smile.

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# LETTERS TO modern woman

Since we published Uche's article captioned "To My Daughter On Her Wedding Day" in the April issue of 'Modern Woman', the response from our readers has been fantastic. This makes us feel that a lot of people still appreciate what vital role good parental advice plays in the success of any marriage. Here are a few of the letters:

### SECOND CHANCE

I wish I could be given a chance to start all over again using as my guiding principles, the suggestions given in the letter to the would-be-bride which was published in the April issue of Modern Woman.

If every girl is privileged to be so well advised about married life and all its entails, the society will be saved from the ugly situation in which it now finds itself.

There must be mutual understanding between husband and wife and I must say that the woman's ability to accommodate the members of her man's extended family goes a long way in determining how successful their married life will be.

Now that I know what it takes, I'm surely going to try out most of the ideas in the letter and I'm sure it's going to work.

**Abeokuta.**

**Mosun,**

### FOR BETTER FOR BEST

According to the tone of Uche's letter published in the April issue of Modern Woman, every woman should be prepared for any eventuality in married life. This I think serves as the basis for the much chanted wedding slogan: "For better for worse." But as things are, most of our women are

not prepared to for the worse, hence the swelling number of divorce cases today.

If our women will follow, the advice in that letter, the world will be a better place to live in, since the world is ruled by man and woman.

**Oke-Ado. Ibadan. Bayo,**

### I DOT MY HAT

The writer of that letter captioned "To My Daughter On Her Wedding Day" deserves a gold medal for his well-written and thoughtful letter to the bride. I must say that the letter is not only good for just the bride-to-be but for all well-meaning women who want to keep their marriages going. I dot my hat for Uche.

**Surulere.**

**Chris,**

### INSPIRED LETTER

Whoever goes by the name Uche Nwani, the writer of that letter to the intending bride is surely to be recommended to the Marriage Guidance Bureau. I just wonder where he got the inspiration with which he wrote that letter. More of such meaningful articles will do us your readers a world of good.

**Ikoyi.**

**Ronke.**

### BRAVO!

To say that that letter written by Uche was written by a young man in present day Nigeria beats my imagination. I am a father of grown up children but I can never see myself conjuring all those wonderful words of advice to any of my children. More than anything else, it gives me a feeling of loss at my inadequacy and right from now, I'm going to be prepared to do that which is expected of a father for my children before they finally have their own homes. Bravo to Uche and to Modern Woman.

**Lawanson.**

**Ishola,**

### LESSON FOR ALL

That letter to the bride-to-be would have been rightly addressed to all women. As far as I'm concerned, that piece is simply super. I must also say that the writer must have been a man of vast experience to be able to give such advice. I'm not a newly-wed - in fact, some of my girls are almost ready to take the plunge, but I have also found some parts of the letter useful. I wish as a mother, I could have given thought to what motherly advice I would give to my children instead of running around for wedding uniform, "aso ebi" which is of no use to the bride-to-be. I hope many women will learn a lesson from the letter.

**Ibadan,**

**Joke,**

### I RECOMMEND IT

Let me tell you and other readers of Modern Woman that the letter published in your April issue is a master-piece. After reading it over about three times, I simply passed it on to all the female callers I had at my house during the next few days. We all agreed the article was super and a lot of them just sent for their copies of April 'Modern Woman' to keep. I sincerely recommend the letter to all women - both young and old.

**Benin-City.**

**Beatrice,**

### ANTIDOTE

As I read through Uche Nwani's letter which appeared in April 1974 issue of 'Modern Woman', I felt very proud that a man could care so much as to have thought of writing such a meaningful letter. It's the greatest gift any parent can give.

While I agree that the letter aims at keeping the bride-to-be on the right track in her marriage race, it also serves as a sort of antidote for those of us that might have fallen by the way side and are therefore not finding married life so pleasant. By going back to practise some of the points made in that letter, such women will surely recapture their lost love, while newlyweds are prevented from falling off. **Ikeja.**

### A GOOD START

I wish to say that letter in the April 1974 issue of 'Modern Woman' is a bold attempt to save a degenerating society. I particularly like the piece because it puts the young woman on the right footing in one of the most delicate races - human life - marriage. Our girls will be made to start on the right note by being given the right kind of parental advice. Then a lot of marriages will be saved. What else would I say is responsible for the rocketing number of divorces besides the young people's deviation from that which is right, that which is virtuous at that which is pure as well enumerated in that letter "To My Daughter On Her Wedding Day." Please keep publishing more such useful articles.

**Ilorin.**

### LEVEL-HEADED

Let me on behalf of myself and a lot of other readers send a word of thanks to Uche for his level-headed letter to the bride-to-be. I must say that I've gained tremendously from his advice despite my ten-years of marriage - More grease to his elbow.

**Ibadan.**

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modern  
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FORUM

# Why do girls take to the streets?

In the words of Whewel: "We deny the doctrine of the ancient Epicureans, that pleasure is the supreme good; of Hobbes, that moral rules are only the work of men's mutual fear; of Paley, that what is expedient is right, and that there is no difference among pleasures except their intensity and duration; and of Bentham that the rules of human action are to be obtained by counting up the pleasures which actions produced. And we maintain with Plato, that reason has a natural and rightful authority over desire and affection; with Butler, that there is a difference of kind in our principles of action; and with the general voice of mankind, that we must do what is right at whatever cost of pain and loss. What we ought to do, that we should do, and that we must do, though it bring pain and loss. And why? Because it is right."

Conducted by Ade.

If then the world is such a confused and conflicting entity, what does one consider as being right? What is the standard morally acceptable to an ever changing society — and how easy is it for the younger ones to keep up or adjust themselves to be acceptable. In the good old days, parents had absolute control over their children, but now, what do the parents gain for all their trouble. — Heartache and sorrow.

In recent times, there has been a lot of hues and cries about the fallen standard in the morals of our youths and the girls seem to be most hit by the accusations. There have been cases of underage girls who have defied their parents' instructions on protected living and have sort freedom rather too early and at very plastic age when they cannot even differentiate their right from their left.

Some of them have been bold enough to go far away from their homes because they no longer feel convenient with their own people. They have smelt a better life else where, and are determined to pursue it at all cost. Some have come to realise rather late that things are not finally as rosy as they expected on the other end. But how easy could it be for them to retrace their steps? How do they convince other young ones that it is not all that pleasant? How do they stand with a society of mixed unprecedented feelings. They are in a fix but one may be tempted to ask; where does it all start and why? Who really is to blame?

In the course of this investigation, on why girls take

to the streets, I gathered that the parents, the society, the girls have equal shares in the blame.

As to why these girls take to the streets though, the reasons are varied as there are individuals. For some is social maladjustment. To others it is economic imbalance. The reasons others give could be attributed religious fanaticism, while others may be psychological imbalance at the time they made their decisions.

I would not say it has been very easy to get through this interview and I'm sure you can understand why. Even though this type of interview is aimed at keeping the public alert to the ills in our society with a view to correcting them, the holier-than-thou ones among us frowned at those who might have been victims forget that they themselves may be immensely benefitted what the victims have to tell the public.

This is why I do not hesitate to respect the wishes of the affected people that their identity should not be disclosed. All names except that of Mrs. Aje which are used here, are therefore fictitious.

"A girl who is introduced to a life too flashy for her age may see nothing wrong playing around with men as old/rich as her father who in her point of view are just the right match for her status. In the same way a child who lacks parental love grabs at any prank that looks to her like affection. Before she knows what is happening, she has fallen a prey."

MOYI is 16 and an ex-dancer with a leading band based in Lagos.

"I feel a prick in my heart each time I have to discuss my experience as a band-hired dancer but when the answer is to stop other young girls from falling a prey, then I may be worth the while.

"I was in secondary class III when a drop-out friend who was a member of the band came to our house to tell me fantastic stories of what I would gain by joining the band.

"First, I would be free from the controls of my parents and my teachers and I would at least earn enough to buy myself latest dresses, accessories and cosmetics. I could

not dispute that these were far from the truth because each time she came to visit me, she made sure she came in a trendy outfit with up-to-date shoes. Sometimes, she would give me about two-naira or more before she left.

"At first, I closed my mind to all she was saying and told her nothing was going to stand between me and my education. Even though my parents are not well to do, they ensured that my fees are promptly paid and my school necessities provided. Whenever they could afford it, I was given some amount for one or two dresses for which I was always grateful. More important than the material provisions, my parents loved me and my mother always lectured me on what was expected of an ideal child especially a firstborn. Sometimes she would go down on her knees to beg that I should live up to the trust they have in me and be a good example for my brothers and sisters to follow. I always treasured her words and made up my mind I would not disappoint them. But what about the devil who would not leave me alone?"

"I must confess that my falling a prey was as a result of my weakness and love of money. I made up my mind to join the band the day my friend gave me a whole five-naira note. Oh! This girl must be in money and if it is so easy to be rich, why do I keep punishing myself all because I want to live up to the guided wish of my parents, I thought.

"I started visiting my friend and I must say I enjoyed the cordial relationship that existed among the girls in the band. One evening though, I packed a few of my belongings and made for the place without leaving any trace of my whereabouts."

"After the first week of rigorous training, I started to become sick but I could not send word to my parents out of fear. Gradually, with regular drinking and smoking I was getting a bit adjusted but far from being satisfied. I found the exercises quite rigorous and I could not reconcile the moral laxity demonstrated by the free love play between the male and the female members with what I was taught back home.

"But the pay was steady and in a few months, I was materially equipped for the job. All these did not give me the satisfaction I had expected and I would occasionally get myself apart and give vent to my feeling by weeping."

"Three months after I joined the group, I met a class-mate to whom I opened up and shared my experience. Even though we were asked to invite our willing friends to join the group, I could not imagine myself talking another girl into believing that all was rosy."

"About a week later, our manager sent for me in his office and there I came face to face with my parents. I would not know the content of their discussion before I joined them but from what I could see, it was apparent that my mother has been weeping for sometime. Much as I tried, I could not help breaking down into tears. I did not have long to stay there for the manager only asked whether or not I wanted to go back home and I readily replied in the affirmative."

"Most of my colleagues were all surprised at the snappy packing which I did with the aid of my mother. From their looks, I could deduce there were some who felt sorry for me for having my freedom disturbed but there were obviously others who wished they had parents as loving as mine. But no one ever could guess what any parent's reaction would be to such a careless decision. So we tried to live it up as if it were the best."

"When I finally got home, rather than bully me, my parent only called me to ask what they did that pushed me to such an extreme decision. I could not answer but I felt ever so guilty for making life so hard for them during my absence."

"I am now back in school and I shall always do my best to justify the love of my parents. Finally, I have made up my mind that there will exist no special friendly

relationship between me and any particular girl."

BEATRICE is 18 and has a furnished room where she entertains her visitors, mostly males. She has no regrets for her choice of profession since according to her:

"This is where I get my daily bread. After I attempted school certificate examination and failed, I looked for a job for two years during which period I lost my father who was the sole bread winner for the family. After his death, my mother was faced with the problem of having to cater for the six of us and so she did some petty trading and home farming. I realised that this wouldn't go far so I left our hometown in Owerri for Lagos where a friend promised to help me with a job."

"Two months after I came to Lagos, there was still no job. Every prospective employer either wanted me to go out with him for dinner or be a regular date. At first, I resented their moves and nothing seemed forthcoming."

During the third month, a married man fancied me and told my friend he would furnish a room for me and give me regular monthly allowance if I would be willing to have him.

"He was really loving and while we kept going, I discovered he was finding life difficult with his wife. He spoiled me with gifts and I was always ready to do his wish. For once, I forgot that I was a job seeker. I was always going places with him and I was meeting interesting people. At the end of each month, I never forgot to send some money to my mother and she always wrote back to express her gratitude. Things were smooth running for fourteen months to be precise, then my man was becoming less regular. He still paid the rent and gave me the monthly allowance but I was beginning to miss his company."

"I wouldn't blame myself for what I'm doing. If the society was not ready to help freely, I will be ready to give what I have to make a living—that thing of course is my God given body."

"It was during this period that one of his friends came to inform me that he had been reconciled with his wife and that he was actually looking for a way to dispose of me. Armed with this information the next time he visited me, I was all nerves and I really gave him a piece of my mind. He did not say more than that he never at any time promised me marriage, which of course was true. Since that day I never saw him again."

"I was wise enough to have saved some money when the going was good but how long that would last I wouldn't know. I therefore welcomed other men who were ready to finance me and present me with huge amount of money whenever I demanded it. You would not believe that some of the close friends of my first benefactor became my regular callers. Each of them tried to outshine my first man and I was the luckier for it."

"Now, I'm well established and may be starting on a trading business as soon as promised financial assistance comes through. It was not my fault to start with. I needed a job which no one was ready to offer me and I had a family to help, for which I needed money badly. Now, the money is steady and even though my mother does not realise how I get the money I send to her, she is ever so grateful that I care. I'm sure she always prays for continued success in my endeavour and I know her prayers go a long way. I wouldn't blame myself for what I'm doing. If the society was not ready to help freely, I will be ready to give what I have to make a living—that thing of course is my God given body."

"I've been married for two years during which I always craved the regam of my spinster's freedom. Now,

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# ABORTIONISTS AND COMPANY

—Imohimi Craig

Everyone does it and so why all the palaver and trouble? I mean what with pills and sheaths and loops no one should claim to be holier than others. We are all abortionists as long as we pre-empt even at the manufacturing stage. In fact the way I see it (there is no other but the cock-eyed way of seeing it) even the infertile male is an abortionist since something inside him destroys and prevents procreation.

The greatest argument in favour of abortion is that their civilized people do it. You see, we must prove that we are civilized and keep up with the Jones of Europe and America. We must show not through making cars but in our own land, not through inventing something in electronics but through abortion prove our pre-eminence in the comity of nations.

That is the trouble with Nigerians: our cockeyed sense of value, our superficiality, Our naivete.

When you read in the history book that some brilliant ancestor sold off his birth right for a mirror or cheap beads you were incredulous and attributed it to attempts by the colonialist to justify exploitation. But when you see the way some of us behave today you start wondering about the past.

You start wondering at the difference between book knowledge and good old mother wit.

You start wondering whether some learned fellows don't need a refresher course in the backwoods to bring them up to scratch where matters concerning human welfare is concerned.

Our liberalism is not skin-deep. And when one sees some of us justifying hippiness (confusing it with happiness) and attendant looseness of morals as something to be excused is some but decided in others, one begins to wonder.

I don't. I think I know enough of my countrymen to understand their way of thinking. We are very liberal-minded as far as it pertains to another man's wife, another man's daughter to another man's sister.

When we discuss abortion so hotly as if our lives depend on it — our lives really depend on it. Our other lives, that is our lives of private practice, of adultery of playing with other people's children like toys and ruining their lives.

You see, abortion is okay as far as it allows some of us to keep other women without having to pay for our profligacy, to sow wild oats without a fare of reward.

To be lecherous without any fear of publicity following a christening outside the home. No attendant divorce proceedings and no crippling alimony.

But in our selfishness, we forget that abortion is a blank cheque that also allows the wife to do her own samplings — like us — without any post-nine-month embarrassment.

It allows the daughter of the house to run riot without fear of consequences, without really having to work hard

and sweat for her looseness. But it has very little to do with the present arguments that bring in medical expediency.

You see you can cut off a man's leg on medical grounds, you can remove a woman's womb on medical grounds, you can..... There are a lot of things you can do to man on medical grounds. But you can't remove a man's virile parts on medical grounds even when he constitutes a danger to public morality. Even if he is a chronic rapist.

I have not heard it suggested that such an oversexed male is a medical case and that his case needs some drastic measures as cure. Which is not saying that medicine has no right to interfere in this matter.

What I am saying is that medicine has always had its place but that not all abortion cases under the so-called liberalism qualify for medical aid. A lot has already been conceded in the case of school children and the pill for us to add abortion. If any pupil is in danger of losing his chance of education, the case is hardly compassionate enough to warrant our condoning decadence.

Let us think of leaked papers bought with the bodies of school girls who feel little qualms about their act since abortion is always round the corner — all approved by the law. Let us think of more hemp smuggling carried out with the help of generous exploitation of sex without any fear of consequence (with the elements of deterrence gone).

Again some people mention spacing and unwanted children and abortion on purely medical grounds. I respond by saying grandfather knew nothing about post partum jazz and yet his family was well-spaced.

Let me say also that you can't stop a sexy man from running after women (just imagine what his wife suffers if you help a man space his family through the use of abortion, how are you going to help the woman space abortion itself).

I bet an abortion a month isn't good for the health! And this is the state of affair we are asking for if you justify it on medical grounds.

This is where I am amused by the effusion of certain writers who talk about the life styles of artists and suggest they are different from those of others less fortunate (I suppose).

As long as an artist relies on these less fortunate for fame and support he is an exploiter when he thinks only of his own enjoyment at the expense of his supporters. There is also what people call the responsibility of an artist to his public. But enough of that. The intention is not to talk about artists but profligacy and decadence. I am not a very religious man but I believe destroying a sperm before it acts is not the same as destroying a foetus. And thou shalt not kill.....

Even on medical grounds!

## FORUM

## WHY DO GIRLS TAKE TO THE STREETS, ?

Continued from page 5

"I'm free and I want settled life more than I want my daily bread." Thus lamented 'DOVIN' who, at twenty-two has had as much experience, if not more than a forty-year-old woman. She continued:

"I have been through heaven and hell on earth. I was brought up under the strict orders of my pastor uncle and while I was there, I dared not greet a man, I was also prohibited from being visited by a man. To make sure I lived as holy as expected, my uncle stopped me from living in the boarding house. When I was a day student, I was given set rules and regulations to live by and at first, I was a perfectly obedient child."

"You can always trust that school children know what they want and how to get it. When I was in the fourth year, I gradually started defying my uncle's orders, telling tantalising lies to cover-up. I was arriving home later than his law stipulated and because I was in an upper class, I sometimes told him the whole class was delayed for special coaching or that I was being punished along with others after school hours. At other times, I would even lie to him that because I was too afraid to ask him for money to buy some books or other school requirements, I was being punished. I would then start to cry and he would apologise and try to explain that I did not have to fear him as he was only trying to guide me against unscrupulous men. He would then give me the money which I was actually using for dresses and other accessories which I used after school hours."

Let me mention at this time that I had got myself a steady date who was in a good job. I was going to his place regularly and he succeeded in taking my mind off my studies. *At the end of that year, I failed my exams and I was sure heaven would be let loose if my uncle saw me. So, before my results got to him, I packed my things and moved to my lover's home leaving a note for my uncle.* The next day, he came running down, threatening to report to the police that I had been kidnapped. *I told him point-blank I was fed up with his rules and would commit suicide if he took any legal action. He was stunned at my boldness and just left without any further word - you know what those church people are like."*

"A few weeks later, I got a letter from my father in the North disowning me if after two weeks of the receipt of that letter, I did not return to my uncle. I could not be bothered because, when he did not disown me, I could not see any sign of his being my father in my life. He was paying my fees, so what? I only became a bit shaken when my husband woke me one night and advised me to go back to my uncle as he was not ready for any trouble. I became scared but I was too stubborn to retrace my steps. I stayed put and was prepared for the worst."

"There was no further action from either my uncle or my father but what happened in my matrimonial home for the two years I was married is better imagined. There were times I would not see my husband for weeks and when he returned, there would be no explanations whatsoever. He was fulfilling his financial obligations alright but our love - life was far below standard. I once tried talking things over but he only spat words at me that I could pack out if I was displeased with him. Where was I to go? To make matters worse, I had no child and he occasionally accused me of premarital corrupt practices. I then began to feel that if my mother were living, things wouldn't be as bad for me."

"At last, my health began to deteriorate due to consistent weeping and deliberate starving but I had no one to turn to. At last, I made myself up and got hold of a sugar daddy I was seeing him secretly at first, but later, he offered to get me into a flat - and who am I to refuse

a kind offer as I have never had one all my life? This man became too sexy for my liking and the affair did not last. As I began to see signs of his withdrawal, I started plying pub houses and I must say that I'm always booked. *I wouldn't say that this is the best way to live but who could blame me for seeking love outside when my home was burning*

"I know someday, I'll be rich enough and would probably have a child. If I ever get a child, of my own, that child will be given all the love in this world."

From MRS. A.J.E. an experienced mother came the following observations:

"When a girl takes to the streets, the first area to probe is her home. What is the history of her parent. What type of home training is she given? Then we talk of her school, her friends and then the society at large."

"In the words of one of the country's top men, Brigadier Hassan to be precise: "We are all sick from top to bottom." Some parents are directly or indirectly responsible for their daughters' misfortune. A child who is not loved at home is just in the same line as one who is being overloved."

"While a child has to be loved and understood, too much coaxing lands some girls only on dangerous grounds."

"A girl who is introduced to a life too flashy for her age may see nothing wrong in playing around with men as old rich as her father who in her point of view are just the right match for her status. In the same way, a child who

"It was not my fault to start with. I needed a job which no one was ready to offer me and I had a family to help, for which I needed money badly. Now, the money is steady and even though my mother does not realise how I get the money I send to her, she is ever so grateful that I care."

lacks parental love grabs at any prank that looks to her like affection. Before she knows what is happening, she has fallen a prey.

"What about parents who do not care a hoot how their daughters come about expensive materials like dresses, shoes and trinkets. Some school girls even have very fat bank accounts for which they have not worked. How do you encourage a child to be ideal when occasionally her fees is being paid by an unknown man? 'Nothing goes for nothing', goes the popular saying.

"Parents apart, the society also shares the blame. What moral justification has a man for going to bed with a girl young enough to be her daughter while the same man tries to keep his own daughter chaste? This is where the society comes in. If every man will take care of other peoples' daughters as their own, the society will be a better place to live in. Is it not given as a golden rule in the Bible that we should do unto others as we would like others to do us?"

"Conclusively, our girls are living too fast for their age. They want to live like those who are their mothers' age group, and come out daily with the latest in fashion. Because they are materially fastidious, most of them brush aside their parents' advice to live what later turns out to be regrets for them in later years."

# RESULTS OF WINNERS OF APRIL TRUST YOUR EYES

## APRIL SOLUTION

- (1) Dog is missing
- (2) Strap is different
- (3) Stripe is missing
- (4) Dollar bill is repositioned
- (5) Boy's shirt is different
- (6) Glass is missing.

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24, Dum-Omodi Lane,  
Onitsha. N2.10

10. Miss Laura Alimuwu,  
P. M. B. 1008,  
Benin-City. N2.10

11. Olusegun Olayiwola,  
3, Bakare Alley,  
Lagos. N2.10

12. Elizabeth Sharungbo,  
Nigeria Police,  
Lokoja. N2.10

13. Miss Mope Amudat Raji,  
Department of Chemistry,  
A. B. U. Samarua,  
Zaria. N2.10

14. Miss Funmilayo Oyebanmu,  
c/o C. A. Alade,  
P. O. Box 1,  
Ogbomosho. N2.10

15. Miss Louisa Enebone,  
52, College Road,  
Ijebu-Igbo. N2.10

16. Etim Eta,  
Geological Survey,  
P. M. B. 2007,  
Kaduna. N2.10

17. Mrs. C. C. Onuorah,  
28, Benjamin Street,  
Onitsha. N2.10

18. Adeyinka Adelakun,  
Ahmadiyya Gram. Sch,  
Eleyele,  
Ibadan. N2.10

19. Grace N. Amaizu,  
16, Ekwulugo Street,  
Fegge, E.C.S. N2.10

20. Peter Monu,  
Kwara Food Production,  
Idah. N2.10

## The Flop Family.

By Swan





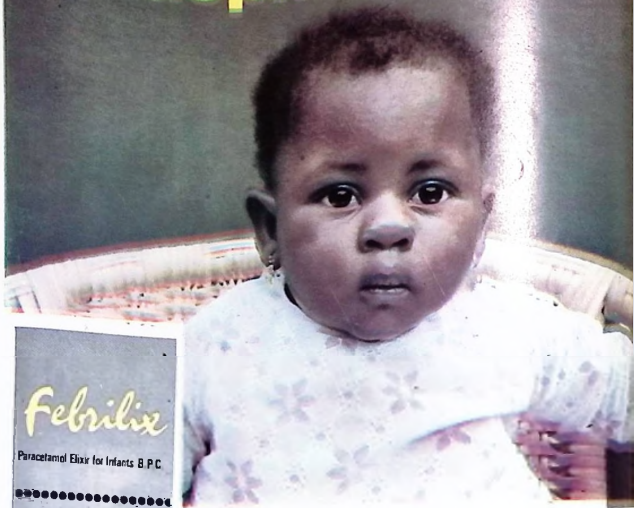
Johnson's... a  must for every baby.

Johnson's baby products protect  
and care for your baby's skin.



**Johnson & Johnson**

# Too young for aspirin?



*Febrilix*

Paracetamol Elixir for Infants B.P.C.

A palatable and  
effective preparation  
for  
relieving pain and  
feverish conditions  
in children

NOTTINGHAM *Boots* ENGLAND

Febrilix Syrup relieves feverish aches  
and pains in even the youngest  
babies. Febrilix is safe, and tastes  
good too. Baby will love it!

# FEBRILIX

## GENERAL HINTS ON:

# LAUNDRY

If soap is left in the fabric it forms a good base for future dirt to settle on, and if left for a long period it starts to decompose and causes the garments to smell unpleasant.

THANKS TO THE INGENUITY of designers and inventors and the research of industrial chemists, much of the drudgery which used to be associated with wash-day is now a thing of the past. Efficient laundry services take the entire operation off the shoulders of the busy housewife, and are particularly useful where there is limited space for drying and airing, or where local regulations forbid lines of washing being displayed in the public eye.

Many people use the laundry services for the household wash, and prefer to do the personal articles in the laundrette or at home. For those who do some or all of their wash at home there are now many efficient appliances, water-softeners and detergents on the market which combine to make the weekly wash as labour-saving as it can possibly be.

**WATER:** A constant supply of water, preferably hot, is the first essential for all laundry work. All water supplies contain mineral salts which lead to scale formation. In soft water these mineral salts are present in low concentration and do not affect the washing process, but in hard water the concentration is high enough to present the housewife with certain problems. Soap cannot begin to do its work in hard water until it has converted all the salts of calcium and magnesium in the water to lime soap, which is the substance which appears as scum. Much more soap than is really needed must therefore be added, which is uneconomical. Water softeners such as washing soda (not recommended as it is usually used to excess and may affect the linings of washing-machine and wash-boiler pans), ammonia, borax or commercial preparations of certain phosphates are therefore used to precipitate or render inactive all the "hardness" in the water and so save soap and labour. The phosphate preparations are the most comprehensive in their action, and should be used in preference to the others if possible.

Special water-softening appliances are also available; these may be connected to the main water system of the house so that all the water is softened at the source and nothing further has to be done. Many people who install these systems, however, like to have one tap direct from the main, so that they can still have the calcium salts present in their drinking water. Small individual softeners to fit a specific tap are also available, and are particularly suitable for the laundry tap in the home. When choosing either of these two kinds of softening apparatus it is as well to seek professional advice, as the type installed depends on the composition of the water in the locality.

Synthetic detergents are unaffected by water hardness, and so eliminate the economy disadvantages and the nuisance effect of soap scum in the wash, and more especially in the rinse.

**DETERGENTS:** A detergent is a substance or mixture which helps to remove dirt from materials, and today there are two kinds: soaps, which have been with us for years, and the new synthetic products which are what the housewife generally means when she talks of "detergents." Both do the same thing, i.e. they increase the "wetting" power of the water and attack the oil films which surround dirt particles by emulsifying them, which enables the dirt to be lifted by agitation from the clothes; after this the detergents help to suspend the dirt until it can be rinsed away.

Soaps vary according to the composition and types of fats and oils from which they are made. They can be made in several forms: pure soapflakes, which have a very gentle action and are only suitable for washing delicate fabrics in lukewarm water; soap powders, which contain alkaline builders and may contain a bleaching agent, have a stronger cleaning action and are suitable for the main weekly wash at all water temperatures right up to the boil; bar soap, toilet soap, and soft soap, which are not really suitable for laundry work but which have their specific uses. When washing with a soap compound extra care should be taken when rinsing, because the residual soap in the fabric reacts with the water hardness in the rinse and so forms scum in the fabric. If soap is left in the fabric it forms a good base for future dirt to settle on, and if left for a long period it starts to decompose and causes the garments to smell unpleasant.

Synthetic detergents are special mixtures which are formulated to give a good soil removal and soil suspension without the disadvantage of reaction with water hardness. They vary in their chemical content and are also specially designed for the particular job they have to do. Some are intended only for delicate fabrics and low-temperature work, and should never be used for the complete wash as they decompose at high temperatures, while others are intended for the complete wash, including the boil. The new detergents have made the greatest contribution to the weekly wash, although they are also used in varying forms as shampoos, as washing-up preparations, and for general cleaning purposes.

Because of their non-reaction with water hardness, relatively less detergent is required to give a good washing solution. In addition to their cleaning action the new detergent powders have good stain removal properties and impart a good finish to the white fabrics which made up an important part of the weekly wash. The detergents also have an advantage in the rinse, because the absence of lime scum enables the dirt to be rinsed away more easily.

**BLEACHING AGENTS:** Bleaching is a chemical process used to remove soils which cannot be removed by the physical process of detergency. Most domestic bleaches contain chloride of lime, and must be used with care, diluted as directed on the bottle, and kept away

Continued on page 14

Nigeria is a very rich country and the housewife has to thank her stars for the unlimited foodstuff at her disposal. Now that the rains are here, most fruits can be got cheaply and in abundance.

When we come to think of the basic sources of body building elements, fruits come among the most important suppliers of Vitamins A and C. Vitamin A is essential for growth and the proper functioning is abundantly found in red and yellow fruits. Vitamin C helps to maintain the general health of the body by helping the body to build considerable resistance against infection. The deficiency of vitamin C results in a general feeling of poor health.

Vitamins apart, fruits also contain some amount of starch and sugar depending on its ripeness. The type of sugar contained in ripe fruits is easily digestible and is therefore ideal for children.

Fruits also contain some mineral matters which help to purify the blood and strengthen the bones and teeth generally. The outer skin of some ripe fruits provide the digestive system with enough roughage that help free bowel movement.

Besides being very rich in food value, fruits are also highly refreshing and thirst-quenching. And because they keep the body in good health, they keep the doctor miles away.

Let's now try some out-of-the-ordinary recipes from the common fruits in season.

To make Orange Juice last longer you should, after squeezing out the juice, add a tumbler of sugar to every tumbler of juice and boil together for 15 minutes. Remove the foam as it boils. Leave to cool and bottle up and put in refrigerator, if there is one. This is concentrated Orange Juice which will last for about 3 or 4 days in hot weather. It is too sweet and should be diluted with cold water before drinking. Serve in tumbler.

## ORANGE FOR FRUIT SALAD

1. With a sharp knife cut off the orange peel right to the fruit. This exposes the orange without any covering whatever.
2. When the whole orange has been prepared, remove it in segments from the fibre.
2. Free from the pips and it is ready to use.
4. If too big, cut the segments into two or three smaller pieces.

## PAWPAW

It has been found that cutting this fruit into small pieces reduces its Vitamin C content. Therefore avoid cutting the pawpaw into very small pieces.

1. Wash and peel the pawpaw economically. Top and tail it.



## ORANGE JUICE DRINK

Cut the orange in halves and squeeze out as much as possible. A lemon or orange squeezer is useful or possess one. Strain and dilute with water and often to taste. Serve in a tumbler.

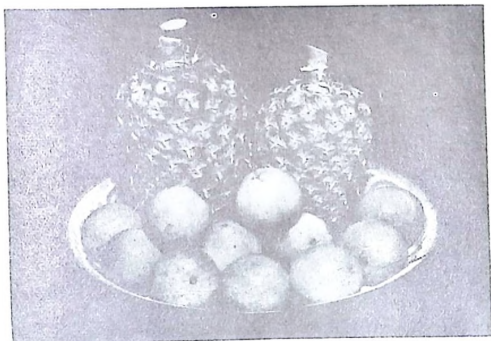
2. Cut into slices.
2. Use a spoon to scrape off the seeds and the string parts nearest to the inside of the pawpaw.
4. Cut the slices into neat even pieces.
5. Serve on plate with fork.

# ARE BACK

**Note:** To bring out the flavour of pawpaw, sprinkle lime juice on it. If this is objected to, you may sprinkle salt. It seems many Nigerians prefer salt to lime juice.

## BANANA FOOL

This is very suitable for babies. Mash the banana with a fork, and add a squeeze of lime juice and a little sugar and milk. Beat well.



## SLICING AND SERVING PAWPAW WITH THE SKIN

1. Cut off the top and the bottom part of the fruit.
2. Cut in two lengthwise, then into four, then eight.
3. Remove the seeds and clean the fruit with a spoon. Wash and wipe.
4. Sprinkle with salt or lime juice as desired and leave for a time. Put to chill if there is a refrigerator.
5. Serve on plates with teaspoon with which to scoop out the fruit.

## FRUIT SALAD IN PAWPAW

A small whole pawpaw may be cut into two halves, cleaned, and the cavity filled with fruit salad; or the pawpaw may be served on its own. This is served on a plate with a spoon to scoop out the fruit.

## PAWPAW FOOL

1. Prepare pawpaw, and sieve to a pulp.
2. Make custard and add equal quantity of custard to the pawpaw puree.
3. Sweeten to taste.
4. Put to chill and serve in a glass dish. Put the glass dish on a plate, glass plate preferably, and serve with desert spoon.

## BANANAS AND PLANTAINS

To serve bananas with the skin on, wash them very well and dry them. Cut off neatly with a knife the two ends; and put the prepared fruit on a plate. Make an effort to polish the skin by giving it a gentle but firm rub with a clean cloth. It shines and looks better than one just washed and served.

## PINEAPPLE SLICES

1. Peel the fruit and remove eyes.
2. Slice across the fruit to get the round slices.
3. Remove the hard fibrous inside if possible with a fanciful cutter to form rings.
4. Put on a plate and cut into convenient slices round the circle. Very finely chopped groundnuts may be sprinkled on the fruit. Serve with a fork.

## PINEAPPLE DRINK

1 pineapple  
Sugar  
Water

1. Peel a pineapple
2. Grate it into a basin.
3. Add water and leave for half-hour.
4. Strain off the water, pressing as much as possible of the fruit juice out of the fruit through the sieve.
5. Add sugar. Chill if there is a refrigerator.
6. Serve in tumblers.

## PINEAPPLE PUDDING

1 level cigarette tin flour  
1 level dessert-spoon butter or margarine  
8 lumps sugar  
2 dessert-spoons grated pineapple  
1/3 cigarette tin water  
1 level teaspoon baking powder.

1. Peel and grate the pineapple.
2. Rub fat into the flour. Add the sugar and baking powder.
3. Add the pineapple pulp and some water (not milk as the acid in the fruit will make the milk curdle) and mix to a soft dropping consistency.
4. Steam in greased tins in a saucepan of boiling water.

# LAUNDRY

Continued from page 11

from the clothes and hands of the user and the surrounding furnishings. They should also be very well rinsed out after use.

Optical bleaches or fluorescent brightening agents are quite different in composition and action from chemical bleaches. A thin layer of fluorescent material is deposited on white fabrics, principally cotton, and this results in more light being reflected from the fabric into the eye, producing intense whiteness which housewives appreciate and which is therefore popular with the advertiser. This process only occurs after the fabric has been satisfactorily cleaned, since the fluorescers will not deposit on top of dirt. Fluorescers in no way affect the composition of the fabric, its feel, or its durability.

**BLUEING:** Blueing also is not normally necessary except to counteract the yellowing of "whites," due to old age or to poor washing with soap in the past. Blueing compounds are sold in solid or liquid form, and must be used carefully; washed and rinsed clothes should be immersed loosely in the blue water and then wrung. Should the blue be excessive a further rinse in clear water with a little vinegar added will counteract the effect.

Many modern washing compounds contain blueing substances. When these are used no further blue should be added.

**STARCH:** Starch is, of course, a carbohydrate found in most cereals, and is used to add stiffness or "body"

to certain materials to prevent them from creasing and soiling quickly. The stiffness varies according to the type of material and the use to which the garment is to be put, and the proportions of starch to water, the various degrees of stiffness, usually given on a packet, should be followed faithfully.

Starch is made by adding about a quarter of a cup of cold water to a quarter of a cupful of the raw starch and mixing the two into a fine paste. This paste is then mixed with five cupfuls of boiling water, and the whole is then boiled for a little while longer to cook the starch. The mixture is then diluted as required to the appropriate stiffness.

Stiff starch is used for tablecloths and mats, shirt collars and cuffs, and even sometimes for shirt fronts. Medium starch is used for table napkins, cotton-linen blouses and dresses, aprons, etc.

Thin starch is used for pillowcases, baby clothes, curtains, lace, etc.

Sometimes an extremely stiff starch is needed: this is made by thinning down the original cold mixture into a thin paste and then immersing the article in it; the iron afterwards "cooks" the starch. Veiling and perle silk need a different kind of stiffening, and may be put into a solution made by dissolving 2 ozs. of gum arabic in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water, and then diluting the mixture with another  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water.

Starching is always done last of all washing operations, and after it has been done the clothes should be hung out to dry without further rinsing. It is important to have enough starch mixture to allow the clothes to be moved freely about in it, so that the degree of stiffness is uniform throughout the garment.

## Housekeeping: LINEN FOR THE HOME

In these days many young couples start housekeeping in a very modest way, possibly with the intention that the wife shall continue to work outside the home so that her income can go towards increasing and improving the home, its furniture and equipment. The very large stocks of linen and china with which our grandmothers started married life would be both unsuitable and unnecessary.

The following list is a guide to the woman who is setting up a household for two people. Where staff and relatives are kept, or the family is bigger, the requirements would obviously be increased proportionately, bearing in mind that children and servants are usually a little more lavish in their use of equipment, and possibly somewhat less careful with it, than the person whose responsibility it is to provide it.

- 1 best tablecloth, or 2 sets of table mats
- 2 everyday tablecloths or 2 sets of mats
- 2 tray cloths
- 2 afternoon tea cloths
- 6 dinner napkins
- 6 tea napkins
- 2 dish cloths
- 4 tea towels
- 1 oven cloth
- 1 pudding cloth
- 2 floor cloths

- 4 hand towels
- 4 bath towels
- 2 guest towels
- 2 kitchen towels
- 6 dusters
- 1 bedspread for each bed
- 2 pairs blankets for each bed
- 2 pairs sheets for each bed
- 3 pairs pillow slips for each bed
- 2 bolster cases for each bed, if used

**NOTE:** When buying bed linen, it is important to get the correct size. Not only are sheets that are amply big more comfortable and practical in use, but they are more economical buy in the long run because there is comfortable allowance for turning sides-to-middle later or for repairing a hem that may have got torn in the wash.

108 in long is the best length to buy; the width will vary according to the size of the bed; the 63 in. wide sheet is only suitable for a 2 ft. 6 in. bed. The three-foot bed needs a sheet 72 in. wide, the 3 ft. 6 in. bed sheet 80 in. wide and the double bed a 90 in. wide sheet.

Pillow slips, too, will give better wear if they are comfortably large: 20 in. by 30 in. is a good minimum.

The foregoing is a simple basic list for a simple household with the minimum of entertaining. Obviously much will depend on the family's mode of life,.... and how careful they are about damage and breakages. In these days when care of her equipment so often devolves upon the housewife, most women greatly prefer to keep things simple, if only to minimize work and save space especially while children are small. Luxuries, additions and refinements can always be added later.

It is, however, wise for the bride setting up home to bear in mind that good quality things (provided they are to be treated with care) will give more lasting satisfaction; and that it is often easier for the young couple without children to afford good things than it will be later on, when the arrival of a family means both more expense and, usually, a reduction of the wife's earnings in some cases.

# HANDCRAFT:

## TABLE MATS

Plenty of time on your hands?

Then give your tables exciting new look by following our simple guide that shows you how to make lovely table mats for next to nothing.

### Suggested Sizes

Place mats — 7 ins. diameter  
Glass mats — 3 1/2 ins. " "  
Dish mats — small and large.

### Materials Needed

Raffia  
Strong brown card for foundation.  
Selltape  
Sheets of paper ruled in 1 in. squares.  
Pencil

\*The amount of each material needed will depend on how many mats are desired.

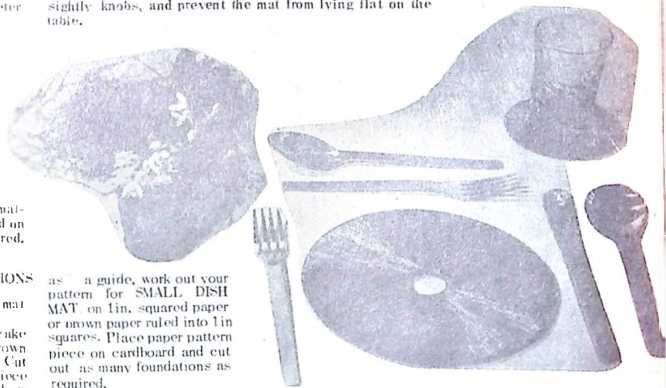
### TO MAKE FOUNDATIONS

- i. To cut out place mat foundations.  
Place a 7 in. diameter cake tin or bowl on the brown card and draw round. Cut out. Then place a 10k piece in centre of circle, draw round and cut out. Repeat to make as many foundations as required.
- ii. To cut out glass mat foundations.  
Draw round the base of a 2 1/2 in. jam jar or use a pair of compasses to draw a circle of 3 1/2 in. diameter on the brown card, and draw round. Cut out. Then place a 5k piece in centre of circle, draw round and cut out. Repeat to make as many foundations as needed.
- iii. To cut out small oval dish mats.

Using the broken lines of CUTTING OUT DIAGRAM,

### GENERAL HINTS

1. Wind raffia round a pencil to avoid it becoming loose and tangled.
2. It is best to flatten the strands between fingers and thumb before starting to ensure they remain flat and broad.
3. The cardboard foundations must be completely covered. The raffia strands should overlap a little round the outer edges and then more closely round the centre hole.
4. Do not allow any knots in the work — they make unsightly knobs, and prevent the mat from lying flat on the table.



as a guide, work out your pattern for SMALL DISH MAT on 1 in. squared paper or brown paper ruled into 1 in squares. Place paper pattern piece on cardboard and cut out as many foundations as required.

- iv. To cut out large oval dish mat.
- Repeat Step iii but use the solid lines on diagram.

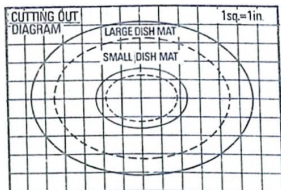
2. WINDING THE MATS  
Use a small piece of Selltape to attach one end of working strand to the found-

ation—see Picture

2 Hold the mat with this side facing you. Take the strand over the edge flow the back, and through the centre hole to the front—see Picture 2.

Working clockwise, continue winding, overlapping each strand until the card is completely covered. The Selltaped end will then be hidden. Make sure the work has the same appearance on both sides, so that the mat will be reversible.

Continued on page 16



## HANDCRAFT

### 3. JOINING ENDS

Use Sellotape again to fasten the end of the finished strand and the beginning of the new strand to the card - see Picture 4. Make sure that the ends are covered by further winding.

*Continued from page 15*



### 4. FINISHING ENDS

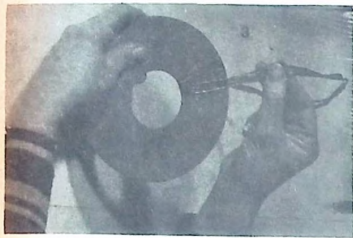
Thread the end through a bodkin and run a little way under the wound strands - see Picture 5. Ease the strands apart a little way - see Picture 6. Pull off bodkin and secure end of raffia to card with a little Sellotape. Work all mats in the same way until the whole set is complete.

### PRESSING

When finished the mats may be pressed carefully under a damp cloth, using a cool iron. This gives a neater and more professional appearance to the work.

### MAINTENANCE

The mats may be wiped with a damp cloth to freshen them up, but do not allow moisture to come in contact with the card centre or it will break and your mats will be ruined.

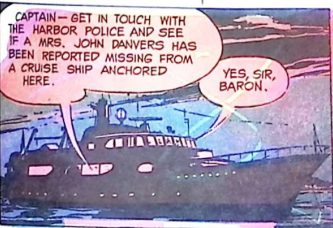
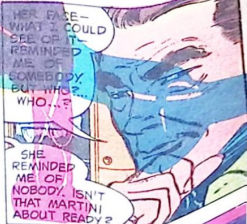


## JULIET JONES

by Stan Drake



OWEN THINKS HE HEARS HIS NAME WHISPERED FROM THE CORRIDOR...



# PATTERN SERVICE

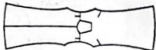
**Quick-Cut!**

**HIGH QUALITY  
PRINTED PATTERN**

*by Anne Adams*

QUICK-CUT pinafore and shirt or sundress! No waist seam—elastic creates smooth, easy fit.

Printed Pattern 4835:  
Half Sizes are 10½ (33-inch bust with 35-inch hips); 12½ (35 bust- 37 hips); 14½ (37 bust 39 hips); 16½ (39 bust, 41 hips); 18½ (41 bust, 43 hips); Size 14½ (37 bust 39 hips) pinafore takes 1½ yds. 34-in.; shirt 2 yds. 45-inch fabric.



**4835  
SIZES  
10½-18½**

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

Pattern Order Form

enclose Postal Order Value

Pattern Nos.      Size


Each pattern is 45k

Name .....

Address .....

Don't forget to check your size before ordering.

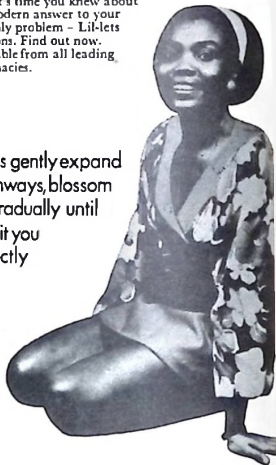
# It's time you knew

About tampons. You should know some are different, the best for you. They're called Lil-lets.

Lil-lets tampons are specially made to gently blossom until they fit you safely, softly, naturally. It's almost as if Lil-lets were made for you personally, with your very own shape, your very own needs in mind.

And with Lil-lets you can forget about bulky applicators too. Because Lil-lets are used in the modern, natural way. More feminine, more you. There are three absorbence you to choose from. Regular, Super and Super Plus, all small discreet packs of ten or twenty. One is just right for you. It's time you knew about the modern answer to your monthly problem - Lil-lets tampons. Find out now. Available from all leading pharmacies.

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



# Lil-lets

# \* HOROSCOPE \*

## AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th)

It will be an interesting, demanding time for the first two weeks. Mars makes you positive and aggressive still so that you will forge ahead with confidence, but you have also controlling elements in your solarscope so that you do not run silly risks.

## PISCES

(Feb. 20th—March 20th)

It is best to proceed under your own steam rather than rely so much on others, at least during the first part of the month. Any drawbacks can be overcome later.

## ARIES

(March 21st—April 20th)

Positive, decisive, frank and self-assertive, that's what you can be like if you are challenged, but you should be careful not to offend the sensitive people in your circle. Friendly rivalry can be expected. So be ready for events to occur to alter some of your best-laid plans.

## TAURUS

(April 21st—May 21st)

This month shows more activity and variety for you in a number of ways. After the 18th Saturn leaves Taurus and a whole new world will gradually open up as affairs become less tangled.

## GEMINI

(May 22nd—June 21st)

A deep sense of responsibility will be yours, tending to make you hesitant or doubtful about decisions. Don't expect things to come easy, beware of aggressive moves on the part of others.

## CANCER

(June 22nd—July 23rd)

Family affairs feature strongly so that you will be fairly busy coping with others people's lives and problems. Nevertheless, a change is going to occur which involves you whether you like it or not and you would be advised to accept change rather than reject it.

## LEO

(July 24th—Aug. 23rd)

A good month for travel, making changes, and it's quite pleasing, socially, too. Romantic diversions for single Leos, engagement or marriage for many.

## VIRGO

(Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd)

Long term interests come under the microscope. The 10th and 24th are days when something wonderful could happen for you.

## LIBRA

(Sep. 24th—Oct. 23rd)

It's a useful time for general progress and you can expect good results from most of your efforts. A very special occasion plays its part in your life, and there is the chance that you will meet "him" quite soon — there are wheels working within wheels to twist your fate.

## SCORPIO

(Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd)

Restrictions on your personal life will be lifted. Creative activity, fortunate decisions and lucky outcomes are in your starts. You will be feeling more content with yourself as a person.

## SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st)

Use your organising skill to keep certain commitments within comfortable limits. New moon on 22nd will give you a more energetic approach but don't be tempted into reckless action. The stars put the accent on romantic plans between 25th and 30th

## CAPRICORN

(Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th)

If you arrange a holiday or a break in June you will not be disappointed. But sleep on important decisions for it is not a time when you will be at your most alert. Younger people will have an increasingly vital role in your life now.



## does the most wonderful things for your skin

TCP medicated toilet soap is different to other soaps. First of all it does what all good soaps should do — it cleans you thoroughly from top to toe in its rich, creamy lather. The special ingredients in TCP Soap penetrate the surface of your skin, flushing out and destroying dangerous germs which cause body odour. TCP Soap soothes and heals unsightly skin blemishes and clears away pimples — makes you feel good, makes you look good. Gives you a brighter, lighter outlook on life!

Available in all Chemists Patent Medicine Stores and Supermarkets throughout Nigeria



These out-fits are informally elegant yet cosy and practical.

Both are in bold patterns and easy-care material. The three-piece modelled left has a gently fitted top with a deep V-neck, while the striped skirt is cleverly tailored in panels. It is complete with a sleeveless

blouse.

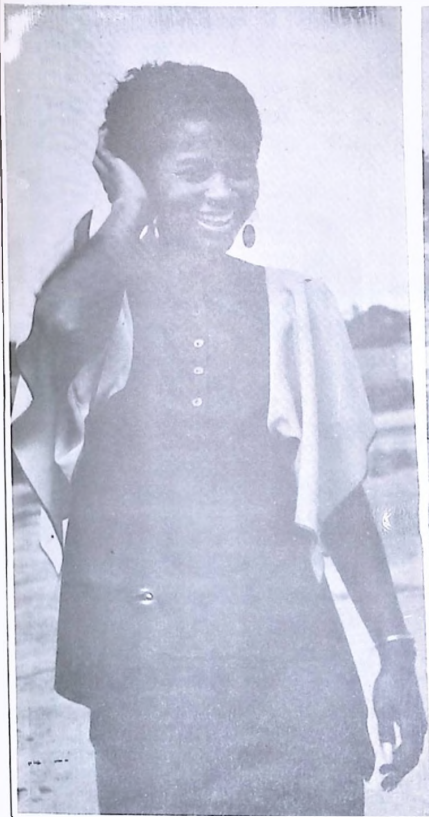
The model right, has a plain skirt highlighted at the hem with stripes matching the edge-to-edge cardigan. The blouse has tiny self buttons and fagotting on the broad collar.

Note the rich—full earrings.



Fell of life and pleased with herself, Tutula gives a hearty smile which sure means a go-ahead for anyone who dares to take the challenge.

Tutula Hodge, our cover-girl for this month is a seasoned model and a fashion pace-setter.



Here, in her trendy trousers with multi-coloured top, she walks confidently on God's own land.



THE MAGAZINE  
FOR  
YOUNG NIGERIANS

THIS MAGAZINE IS SPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE BETWEEN 8 AND 12 YEARS OF AGE.

- What does it contain? Learning and fun!
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# window of the world

BY ADE SOBANJO

Peeping through the window of my room, one can see the rearing and the women coming along the main road of our village. Such is the position of my home, in the heart of our little agrarian village.

I love to watch the children pass by and the youths walk leisurely in company, their humorous sonorous grins filling the air. I stand by the window most of my leisure hours, my eyes wandering up and down the streets in pursuance of the various passers-by, who are often remarkably various in their manner and appearance.

At times in the morning, I gaze at the school children playing joyously, unconcernedly around the road or hurrying hastily towards their school's direction.

I stare at them as they place their satchels on their little heads, marching like an unending stream of miniature soldiers to their distant schools.

I watch the college boys too, for there is a Grammar School situated in the village, in their clean, white immaculate uniforms, casting jokes and making smart boy-like pranks as they walk hurriedly laterly to the compound. At such times, I feel my mouth unconsciously wide-open, and for a moment, I'm lost in earthly paradise!

On other occasions, my eyes fail to turn towards the happy school-boys; they will rather focus on the simple farmers, who clutching their cutlasses and hoes tightly in their padded yet muscular hands, enter into the cool morning air, heading towards their far-away farms.

On a number of times, I'll watch some farmers call at the cigarette or tobacco-sellers. Some I often see, buying five-kobo worth of akara-balls, maybe to supplement their afternoon meal on their distant farms.

On many occasions, after the clocks have all struck two, I joyously but silently fix my voluptuous eyes on the school-children again, returning from school and jumping triumphantly towards their parents' abode. Their tiny voices are very high in the afternoon air, and from the look of their blissful, glittering faces, it is often apparent that joy is actually bounding in them at the thought of home after a five-hour arduous work in the class.

As I stare, eagerly stare at the little beings — streaming along in endless joyousness, my heart used to be overcome with happiness. I often become accustomed to watching them limping along intermittently from second to second, from minute to minute, from hour to hour, and alas! from day to day.

On a few evenings, too, peeping through the window, I see the red ball of the tropical sun, sinking majestically into the Western horizon, and seeming to wave his benevolent goodbye to the entire world. Gradually, the moon emerges through the door of the low, eastern sky; I watch daylight pass away and darkness take its place. Soon, the moon is trotting near the central sky and the stars beginning to come out of their hide-outs. Surrounding and seeming to minister unto the moon, they cast their miniature illumination upon the darkening world.

I see the men and women bidding each other good night and entering into their various homes, locking the doors loudly behind them. Then I behold tribes of sheep and goats, roaming and lying about on the lonely road, I stare at the moon growing brighter and bolder, intensifying its global light on the silent world.

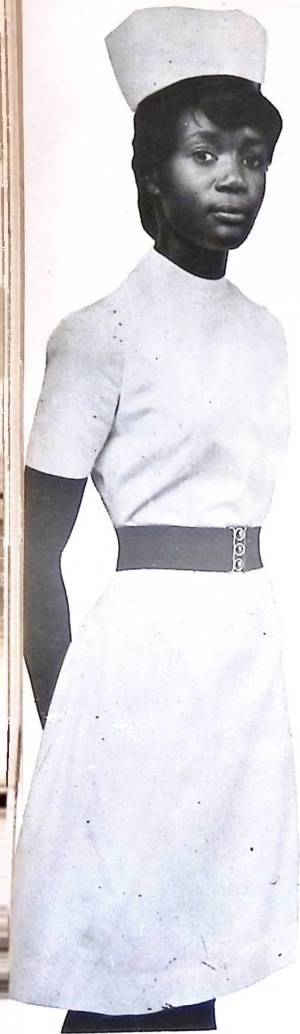
I watch all these things from the window of my room I watch them daily and often; and the more I watch them, the more I am thrilled by the wonderful work of nature and the mysterious course of human events. The more I gaze at them, the more piercing my eyes become; the more interested I become in man, in God and in the distant yet seeming stone-throw heavens!



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It's Uche Nwani in:

# SOMEBODY'S WIFE

A short story you cannot afford to miss.

"I am not the type of person who goes about looking for trouble. Well, it is not wise to do so, but I have a weak point: pretty women."

"What should I care, I shouldn't have married him. He is much too old for me and from the start, we never got along but...."

I have come across women before, but I had never met a woman quite like Mrs. Stella Agidi, I can tell you this unequivocally without giving you any wrong impression. I mean, I was not in love with her, but the fact is that she tickled me to the point of intrigue. Or was it that I was in the theatre of my own vanity? Christ knows.

Then I asked questions. The answers I got did not surprise me much, but what worried me was myself. Why was I so interested in somebody's wife? I asked myself. Why was I suddenly so determined to stick my nose into something that shouldn't concern me? I knew the answer, but that didn't bother me.

The first time I went into her office was out of sheer expediency and I had lied about my purpose. I really don't know why I went a second time that day, but when I came out, my heart was pounding hard against my chest. How much could I risk to lay my hands on this lady? How far could I go?

For days I kept thinking of Stella Agidi, knowing I shouldn't but found it impossible to keep her out of my mind. I am not the type of person who goes about looking for trouble. Well, it is not wise to do so, but I have a weak point; pretty women.

Mrs. Stella Agidi was about twenty or twenty-one, tall, slim and her light complexion was a contrast to her black glossy hair. She wasn't really beautiful but there was that aura around her that lifted her right out of the usual line of beautiful women and made her sensational. One other thing, she knew how to walk.

I should have minded my own business and let her walk on or take a taxi. If I had done this, I would have saved myself a lot of trouble, but I didn't do that. It didn't seem the correct thing to do. You see, we were co-workers: She was one of the clerks in the office and I was the newest teacher in the school. I studied Geography at the University and I had a Ford Capri to my credit, the only one in town.

I slowed down as I approached the school's gate because of the major road ahead; but she too was approaching the gate, so I stopped.

"Madam, are you going to town?"

"Yes please."

She was wearing a snow-white slim fit blouse that clung on her like wet cloth. Her bust line was something that is now accepted as standard these days. Her bust line made me stare as she opened the door and cased herself into the passenger's seat. Her skirt rode high above her knee and she placed her left hand between the legs. I didn't even look twice.

I reached forward and switched on the radio. As I adjusted the volume control I noticed my hand was not steady. Well, having her that close to me, the smell of her perfume and those thighs threw me off balance. But I did not complain.

We drove on in silence, then I asked abruptly, "Madam, where are you going?"

"Oh, drop me at the hospital", she said with a beatific smile.

"I hope there is nothing wrong?" My eyebrows lifted. She shook her head.

"No", she said softly. "A friend gave birth to a baby boy yesterday and I want to see her".

Just then, we got to the General Hospital and I stopped the car. She got out.

"Thank you Mr. Egbuna."

"Don't mention it."

That was how I started something I couldn't finish. That was how I walked into trouble.

I didn't quite know what to make of this. I mean, why should somebody like Mr. Isaac Agidi accept a lady like Stella Agidi as a wife. She was obviously not his type. Isaac was a short round man in his early forties. He had a face like a pig's and the top of his head was hairless. He owned a store along Lagos-Asaba Road where he sold motor-cycles. A few years ago, he had money.

Soon after eleven o'clock on the 9th of October, 1969, I went to the office. I was looking for some plain sheets of paper to write some letters with.

"Tony, I am thirsty and I need real cold Fanta". Mrs. Agidi told me after giving me some typing sheets. The long, slow look she gave me sent my blood pressure up and my heart pounding. In the past few weeks, we had grown fairly used to each other; enough for her to call me by my first name. Tony.

I looked at my wrist-watch, "I am free now and the next period," I said without looking up. "Call me when you are ready."

"Okay, I'll do that."

She was wearing a simple white transparent gown of knee-length. The dress was cut so low I could see the tops of her breasts. Around her slim waist was a gold chain. She came down the steps looking very lovely and got into the car without even glancing at me.

Have you ever fidgeted with electrical filament and got a shock? I am sure you know what I mean; a mild jolt that hurts but doesn't bruise although it leaves you a little breathless. She choked me.

"Tony, you have been here for almost a month, would

Continued on page 26

# SOMEBODY'S WIFE

Continued from page 25

you say Agbor is a nice place?" she asked suddenly as I swung the car through the old unlocked gate of the M.N.D.C. Rest House, (now Rest House Annex).

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Madam, I still need time for a better assessment. I can say this: it's not groovy enough, but a place like this without electricity has its limits."

"For goodness sake, stop calling me madam when we are alone, it makes me ten years older."

I didn't say anything; there didn't seem anything to say. But it bothered me. All the same, her change of attitude didn't come as a complete surprise. It only came quicker than I had anticipated.

My confidence was based on experience. I found out long ago that I had a way with women; some men have. It's a gift or talent. For a long time now, if in nothing else, I have had a lot of success with women.

At that time of the day, there were no customers around. We sat on stools at the bar. She took a Fanta and I had a beer, I couldn't take my eyes off Stella. I was looking right through her dress at the things underneath. Or was it my imagination?

My heart was hammering so violently I was afraid she would hear it. I kept pushing the thought out of my mind, but much against my will it stayed on. Look here Tony, I kept telling myself, this lady is somebody's wife: you better watch your steps.

As if she knew something was disturbing me, she came and stood opposite me, her hands resting on the bar, her eyes searching. I wished she knew she was too close for comfort, her hip touched my knee: that was how close we were together. She wanted to know what was on my mind and finished by announcing she was ready to go back to the school compound.

The laugh was on me.

I shrugged my shoulders, "I have seen your husband a number of times but it still beats me how low how you came to be his wife." As if that was my business.

Stella turned away and crossing the room, sat down on one of the cushioned chairs. "Oh, that silly ungainly creature, I wouldn't have married him even if he were covered with gold but I was very young when my parents pushed me into it to satisfy their desire for money. Now I know better."

Something in me told me we were going to stay there a long time, so I went back to the bar and came back with drinks for two; I also got the key to charlet 2 which was along the passage to the left of the bar.

"Stella, we could talk in private, you never know who turns up here next."

"What do I care, I shouldn't have married him. He is much too old for me and from the start we never got along but....."

"Please, somewhere else because I care about who shows up next. Remember you are somebody's wife." I finished on my way.

I was expecting her to call me back and ask me to take her back to the school compound. But she didn't do that; that little speech which brought back old memories filled her with a painful sense of desolation and impotence. It was as though she was faced by some flagrant, incomprehensible piece of injustice, such as makes a woman think she has lived and struggled in vain. She got up and followed me into the room.

She confided in me with a confused, agonized abandonment that was full of artful candour and involuntary astu-

teness. She talked of the narrowness, the dreariness and the tedium of her home. She said she needed a change in her life.

There was a pause as we stared at each other. She stood up and moved over to the window, leaning her back against the writing desk so that her full bosom under the soft folds of the gown made quite some picture. That posture was too tantalising and it turned my throat dry.

She was much relieved after that little "sermon" as if she had cast off a load of secret and intolerable suffering. A calm self-confidence replaced her former frenzied apathy and she looked more beautiful.

"Such is life," I said shaking my head in sympathy as I walked across the room. I got quite close and put my hands on her shoulders. Her right hand went up towards my face in a flash. I expected this. I got hold of her wrist, twisted the hand behind her, pulled her closer and pressed my mouth on hers. She struggled for a while, but turned rigid for a few seconds, had long unyielding. All of a sudden, she relaxed against me and her arms slid around my neck.

Two weeks after, on the 25th of October 1969, it was a Saturday. We left the school compound for Benin. I left Agbor at about ten o'clock. Stella left the office without permission and she didn't tell her husband she was travelling outside the town. Put it this way: she sneaked out of the town for a shopping spree. We got to Benin all right. The traffic was heavy around King Road and where we go to Kingsway Store there was nowhere to park. It took me fifteen minutes to get back to C.S.S. Bookshop before I could park the car. Then, we had to walk about a hundred yards back to the Kingsway.

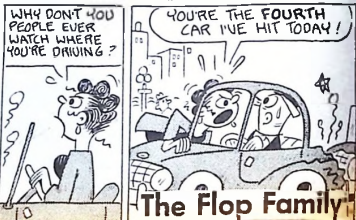
"Honestly Stella, I hate driving in this part of Benin at this time of Saturdays. People crowd this area as there is no tomorrow: all of them in a hurry. It is annoying."

I broke off suddenly realising that she was concentrating on crossing the road. It was at that moment that it happened.

She was already in the centre of the road, directly opposite present day Esquire Shop, and there was a cream coloured Opel Kadet changing up the road with screeching brakes. The car couldn't swerve to the right because that side was tightly parked with cars and on the left was the stream of cars going down Ekenwa Road.

I rushed forwards shouting at the top of my voice as I went. I can't even remember what I was shouting. I managed to reach her with the hope that I could drag her off, but just then, the car hit her and I was the one who was thrown off.

I was spun clean off my feet and hurled onto the side-walk. The last thing I remembered before I blacked out, was the sound of pounding feet coming towards me.



# misplaced trust

## trust

A complete short story by 'Bayo Adebawale

"Well, as I was saying Yetunde," Jolomi began again, "I am ready to help ..... but it all depends on you ..... You have to convince me that you really want me to help you ..... I am not sure you understand what I mean ....."

Yetunde smiled ..... and Jolomi nodded his head. The rain outside appeared to have subsided. The wind no longer pushed in with as much force as before, but the weather remained very cold. Yetunde and her boss stood up from the desk, got inside the lift, and descended downstairs. The rain had reduced to mere drizzle, but it was enough to drench clothes.

"Do you have your umbrella with you," Jolomi asked Yetunde.

"No sir, I left it at home ....."

"Then you can come inside the car and let me give you a lift."

"Thanks sir ....."

Yetunde got inside and they drove off in silence. When they got to Wayside Hotel, Jolomi jerked his car to a stop, got out, and invited Yetunde in for "a snack". Yetunde obliged and very soon they were alone to bottles of beer inside one of the hotel rooms. By common consent, they spent up to three hours together - and by the time they left the hotel, Yetunde had got a special re-assurance of securing the new post she was seeking, from Jolomi.

In the office during the second day, Yetunde felt too shy to look into the face of her boss. She did not know why this should happen. But it did happen, and she found herself dodging the steady gaze of Jolomi each time he talked to her. It took her many days to re-adjust herself to the new situation.

At last, the letter inviting her to the interview came. It was handed over to her by Jolomi himself during their seventh trip to Wayside Hotel.

"You have nothing to fear," Jolomi told her, "only four of you are invited for the interview - two people from outside and two of you workers of the Establishment."

"Who is that other person from the Establishment?" Yetunde asked her boss.

"It's Bola, the girl who is also a typist on the twenty-sixth floor."

"Bola, there?" Yetunde asked again, "then there is cause for alarm ....."

"Why, Yetunde?"

Yetunde then proceeded to tell Jolomi everything the rumour that Bola George was a favourite of the General Manager himself, how the girl was involved in a recent scandal with the G.M., the belief that the G.M. had even paid Bola's dowry; how they were often seen together in obscure places in town; and how they usually went on tour together.

It all happened after office hours. The rain had not stopped falling outside. A cold wind gushed inside through the louvres of the office windows raising a gentle commotion among the documents and files over the table. The whole city seen from the twenty-fifth floor of the skyscraper, where the office was situated, lay buried many fathoms deep - like the legendary City in the Sea. For the first time since she assumed the duty of a typist about six months ago, Yetunde noticed her boss smiling heartily to her every beautiful face and squeezing her hands affectionately. She felt uneasy but found herself smiling back too. They were alone - trapped inside by the rain which had started one hour before the close of office hours.

"So you have submitted the application letter in the General Manager's office?" Jolomi asked his typist ... they have been talking for some time.

"Yes sir," Yetunde answered back, "I submitted it the very day it was advertised in the papers ....."

"If your application is successful," Jolomi began after a moment's reflection, "it means you will move to the General Manager's office as the new Confidential Secretary and leave me alone here ..... you want to disappear from my life at this time when I have just started - you know - to develop ..... The Public Relations Officer swallowed the last words of his sentence because he observed ..... Yetunde looked worried and embarrassed.

Leave me here alone? Yetunde was confused at the use of that expression by her boss. Surely if she left the present boss' office, another person would be employed to fill up the place the following day. So, why all the fuss about leaving him alone. She was even more disturbed by the reference he made to disappearing from his life at a time he was starting to develop ..... Develop what? Yetunde asked herself. However, she decided not to jump into conclusion, and quickly curtailed her embarrassment while she allowed her boss to press on.

"I wonder if you understand what I am trying to put across to you Yetunde ..... I was saying that you ought not to leave me here alone at a time ....."

"But it is the same Establishment sir," Yetunde cut in, "So, I will always be around yet ....." Jolomi felt encouraged. He held Yetunde's two hands more tenderly and smiled more seductively.

"You girls want money, money and more money," he continued, "the salary of an ordinary typist is too small to cater for your soaring expenses ..... I understand that a pair of good high-heel shoes now cost as much as twenty naira ..... no wonder why you girls spend all your time looking for money ..... but this new post of Confidential Secretary to the G.M. you are seeking will considerably swell your purse ..... it is a good idea ..... I'll see what I can do to help you through Yetunde ..... it all depends, though ....."

Yetunde was now very eager. Her eyes twinkled with the anxiety of one expecting a tidings of great joy. She looked pleadingly into the bearded face of her boss:

"Help me out sir," she begged, "am really anxious to secure this new job ..... I know, it is within your power to help me secure the job ....."

CONTINUING...

# THE NAKED CORPSE

by Ralph Egbe

As Inspector Dike and his men continue the expensive, time-consuming and energy-sapping investigation into the mystery surrounding the death of Miss Menda, their line of action shifted to the girl's fiancé. During Dike's visit to Sylvester Otuli's flat, the detective cleverly got away with Otuli's diary.

After an intensive study of the diary back in his Lagos office, Dike still felt he could get hold of more vital information about the suspect. Another dare-devil call by Dike to Otuli's flat surely landed him almost in trouble but he finally got what he wanted. What was it that he so badly needed that he must have risked his life so badly for? Will the discovery finally give the clue to the riddle?

It was 2.30 a.m. when Davey Dike arrived back in his room at the hotel. At the break of dawn, he studied the letters and documents he had got. After reading them thoroughly, he nodded satisfactorily. The letters were of particular interest. They were private correspondence between Sylvester and Sophia. From the letters, he was able to discover that Sylvester Otuli had in fact known Sophia at least four years before the former's return from Canada.

After his breakfast, he drove back to Otuli's flat. He crossed the doorbell and waited. Seconds later, the houseboy came up. He opened the door slightly and saw the detective.

"Good morning, Sir," the boy greeted. Dike responded, "My master is not in," the boy said, in an answer to the detective's question. "He received a telegram from him yesterday and left for the town immediately. He said he would be back in a day or two."

"Very well," said Dike at length. "Let me come in and we will discuss something - something very important." "He noticed that the boy's heartbeat increased. The boy was silent.

"Did you hear me?" he asked. "Yes I heard you. But my master told me not to allow strangers into the house. He told me never to touch anything, especially that large cupboard there," he pointed to the one he meant. "He was very severe in saying that and said that I must not leave this house." "Now listen," Dike pursued, "I'm not telling you to enter the house. We won't touch anything either. I want to discuss something. You will be there with me and the cupboard won't be touched. Besides, I came

here a few days ago. Didn't you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you with your wife," the boys said recently.

"Then, you see, I'm not a stranger as such. Again I will pay you if you agree to answer my question."

"The boy's face brightened. "Like how much?" he asked.

Dike grinned. "Two Naira. And even more than that you co-operate with me."

"I will co-operate with you," the boy promised with a happy smile. "Ova, let's go in but please let's not touch the cupboard!"

"We won't," Dike promised solemnly.

They walked in, Samson leading the way. Dike sat comfortably on one of the chairs, and told the boy to sit opposite him. He did so.

"Your name is Samson?" the detective asked.

"That's my name," was the cool reply. Unknown to Samson, Dike had switched on his pocket tape recorder.

"For how long have you lived with him?"

"Since he came back from Overseas. He advertised in the papers that he wanted a reliable, appearance-looking house-boy and I wrote an application. It was that time my father died and I stopped my education in standard five. I was thirteen years old then. When he received my application he replied it and called me for an interview. When I came for an interview he said he would like me to be his house-keeper. I would also cook his food, wash and press his clothes and keep the flat clean. He would feed me and give me free accommodation. That time he was living in a small flat at Ogui Road near the Sports Stadium. And he promised....."

"That is alright," Dike interrupted gently when his patience was running out. "Try to make your answers as short as possible."

"The reason is that I'm trying to co-operate with you and I want to give you the details of everything as I know them," Samson said.

"Yes I understand, but try to be brief. You know we haven't the whole day. I have only a few questions to ask you and all I need are the facts. You have to tell me the truth as far as you know them; don't hide anything. This is the co-operation I'm expecting from you."

"O'lay, I will do my best, Sir."

"Right. Do you know your master's parents?"

"Yes, his father visited us last year."

"And his mother?"

"I don't know her."

"Is your master married?"

"He is not married. There was one girl who used to come here almost every day and it was that girl he wanted to marry, but at last they quarrelled and the girl insulted him and said that she won't marry him again. Then our master found another girl and....."

"Wait a minute," Dike cut in. "How long ago?"

"I think it was about three or four months ago. The thing with my master is that he likes girls too much. Even when that girl was coming, two other girls were also regulars here....."

"Hold on, please. How do you know he would marry that girl?"

"Ah," Samson smiled, "He told his friends. In fact everybody knew about it. He said he had been sending lots of presents to the girl from overseas."

"Do you know the girl's name?"

"Yes, her name was Sophia."

"You said was. Why?"

"Because she is dead now. She was killed in a Lagos hotel."

"How do you know that?"

The boy remained silent. He looked down-cast. He seemed to be feeling guilty of betrayal of trust and confidence.

"How do you know she was killed?" Dike repeated his question with more emphasis.

"I want the truth and remember my promise to give you more than two naira if you co-operate with me," the detective reminded him.

"I don't know how to answer this. It is very difficult for me to....." Samson broke off suddenly. Dike puffed his cigar and studied the boy with half-closed eyes.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are trying to hide something. It seems you don't want to tell me the truth. I'm not lying about the money I promised you. Here is four naira and I will give you more after this interview." He handed the boy the money. With trembling hands, Samson took the money, managed a smile and thanked the detective.

"Now, tell me the truth. Don't fear anything because your master can't hear about it. How did you hear that Sophia was killed?"

"My master said it. He told one girl - his new girl

lessly cancelled our proposed marriage in June simply because you feel the other is better off. It is no secret to me now. I read that letter from him..... and so on. I can't remember other things he said."

"And what did Sophia say, can you remember?"

"No, I can't remember very well. I think she was weeping then."

"Alright. There was a day I phoned your master from Lagos but he was not in. Perhaps it was you who answered the call and said that he had been away for two days...?"

"Yes I answered that call."

"Where did your master go for two days?"

"I don't know. He simply told me to mind the house and he would be travelling far. Clementina came to live here until he came back on the third day."

"But you're sure he travelled out of Enugu during that period?"



friend that she had nothing to fear because Sophia was now dead. And the girl was happy."

"Good! what's the name of this new girl friend, do you know?"

"She is called Clementina but my master calls her 'C'."

"Do you know the date Sophia was killed?"

"I don't know. But I know the day my master said she was dead. It was one Monday evening."

"Did your master travel any time that week before that Monday evening?"

"Yes, he went to Lagos on Saturday morning."

"And came back when?"

"On Sunday evening."

"Fine. That day Sophia insulted your master you were in?"

"I was cooking in the kitchen."

"Can you remember how the quarrel started?"

"I was busy cooking beans and yam in the kitchen but when I heard them talking harshly and in high tones, I listened."

"Did you hear what they were saying?"

"They were talking in very high grammar. You know educated people. But I heard my master saying, 'you can't get away with this, mark it. I'm going to deal with you ruthlessly and then you'll realise the sort of man you're dealing with. You're running away to that man in London to marry him after all I've spent on you. You have heart-

"I'm sure of that. He must have told Clementina where he was going."

"Do you know Clementina's address?"

"I don't know but I'm sure she is living in this Uwan."

Davey Dike checked his time and got up. "Alright, thank you very much, Samson. Here is another four naira," he pushed the money into the boy's palm, "and make sure your master does not hear about this interview. Do you promise?"

Samson smiled appreciatively. "Why should I tell him? I don't like him again since Sophia's death. Sophia was kind to me. She used to give me money and other things. She helped me in the kitchen and always smiled cheerfully. She was so nice. Now, she's dead and my master is only too happy about it."

Clementina is too harsh and wicked. Any time she comes here she treats me like a slave. I don't like her. And Sophia was more beautiful than her but she is more proud than Sophia. If my master marries her, I will resign and go away to another master. Since she's behaving like this when she's not yet the mistress of the house, how will it be when she moves in as a mistress? She will kill me. It only pains me that I have no father and mother to look after me. I'm alone in the world....." He broke off as tears hatched his dark eyes. Dike was moved to pity.

"Don't weep, my boy. Things will be alright for you."

Continued on page 31.

# misplaced trust

Continued from page 27

"It's nothing to panic about Yetunde," Jolomi cut in, "I know how to handle the situation. You are the most eligible candidate for the post ..... Bola George failed her school certificate examination whereas you passed. You don't worry ..... Just leave me to deal with the matter in my own way....."

The interview came up at last and Yetunde had every reason to be optimistic. The questions she was asked were quite simple and she answered them satisfactorily. And what was more Mr. Jolomi himself was a member of the panel. The bond between Yetunde and her boss thus became tighter and they met more frequently than before, at the usual place.

Yetunde's annual leave came up barely a week after that interview. She was to travel to her home town in light spirit - knowing fully well that she was coming back to the Establishment to assume the new post of Confidential Secretary. She was away for four whole weeks. During these four weeks, however, there was a sudden twist in the cause of events.

She got back to her office to discover that Mr. Jolomi was no longer around. In fact, that he had been sacked through a recommendation from the Board of Governors of the Establishment over a serious quarrel he had with the General Manager. The office boy told her all that happened and showed her a section of an old copy of "Daily News" where Jolomi was disowned by the Establishment. Under his picture in that newspaper, customers were warned not to transact any form of business through him

any longer - those who attempted it, the paper warned, did so at their own risks! Rumour had it that Mr. Jolomi himself had packed out of the town and had secured another job elsewhere. The post of the Confidential Secretary had also been filled! Bola George was the new accredited Confidential Secretary to the General Manager. The same Bola who used to type on the twenty-sixth floor of the sky-scraper!

For some time, Yetunde stood still as if thunder-struck. Her eyes roamed the roof of the twenty-fifth floor of the building and finally rested on the stair which used to belong to Jolomi.

In a sudden flash, Yetunde remembered all that had passed between him and her former boss. And the ordeal she had passed through to fight what appeared to be a low-battle now, Jolomi, the Public Officer, was Officer sacked? It was almost incredible. And he had not sent a message as to his whereabouts? Yetunde remembered that she had not taken the trouble to know his house all through. It would, therefore, be extremely difficult to locate him now. And in any case, his trouble was not worth it. The post she had her eyes on, had been filled by a "more eligible" candidate. Bola was more clever ..... she knew the best person to trust in a case of this nature - quite opposed to herself (Yetunde) who had misplaced her own trust.

Yetunde thought of all these things as she stood transfixed inside the office ..... She remembered all the incidents at Wayside Hotel and tears began to trickle down her cheeks. Later on she actually broke into a howl-wailing sob.

# THE PERFECT LOVE AFFAIR

A short story by Labake Mustapha

Peju was in love and her young man, Kola, was crazy about her.

Everybody regarded it as the perfect love affair as the couple seemed ideally suited to each other. They spent their days wandering together, amid the smiling approval of their respective parents.

Peju's real home was in Ibadan, where her father was Permanent Secretary. She herself had just passed her C.E. and had been booked to go to the University of Ibadan to read English Literature. But if she was to get married in a couple of month's, she would have to shelve the idea of going to the University. She didn't mind.

She felt that Kola had enough education and that however little education she had they could never get tired of each other's company. They were always with each other at every available opportunity. In fact, they hardly stopped talking to and about each other.

Sometimes he took her out to dinner at a smart hotel and on to a dance afterwards. As the daughter of a highly placed man, her mother had made it a point to get her the very smart clothes from the most expensive and up-to-date shops and also had some frocks made for her by one of the best dressmakers in Lagos.

Kola himself was always smartly dressed. He had a job in the Federal Information Service, bringing in some N240 a month, which considering, he was only 25, was something to message home about to support his

His father, Mr. Charles Gbola Abiodun, was a prominent Lagos business man, worth at least N400,000 and Kola was his only son.

Instead of sending him to a Nigerian University Mr. Abiodun had sent him to Oxford University. He had returned three years ago with a second class Honours Degree in English and gone straight into the Federal Information Service.

Mr. Popoola, Peju's father, was spending his leave in Lagos with his wife and daughter and staying with a cousin who was a chemist of some standing. He had a large shop a stone thrown from Tinubu Square where he dispensed as well as sold over the counter or rather where his three clerks sold over the counter.

He had introduced Mr. Popoola to Mrs. Abiodun and soon the middle-aged couples had become the best of friends. They were both (both sets of parents) particularly happy that their respective son and daughter had fallen for each other.

It was the middle of the dry season and both Saturday and Sunday afternoons found them at the Bar Beach either swimming or lying about in swim suits. Both were good swimmers and Peju had an excellent figure, which showed off a bikini to the best possible advantage.

Naturally, Kola had many male friends about his own age and, of course, a handsome young man in his financial position was a natural attraction to the girls. As a matter of fact, many girls in the three years since he

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# THE PERFECT LOVE AFFAIR

Continued from page 30

returned from Britain had tried to be friendly. But they had all been brushed off. He had acquired the reputation of not being interested in the opposite sex.

Whenever the couple put in an appearance at the Bar Beach, crowds of Kola's male friends gathered round and insisted on being introduced.

This was not quite ideal from Kola's point of view. He wasn't very fond of crowds and, in any case, he liked to keep his sweet heart to himself. But on these occasions politeness forced him to go in, at least to some extent.

Kola had not formally proposed, but the situation between the loving couple was obvious to every body. Both sets of Parents had spent much time talking about a possible wedding date. All four of them were agreed that the wedding should be within the next two months, and that in the circumstances, there would be simply no point in Peju going to the University.

One day her mother broke the long silence: "Why don't you get that young man of yours to propose? They can all sit down and fix the date of the wedding."

Peju was surprised and could not bring herself to think right before she said "Are there really all that hurry, Mama? Don't you think I ought still to go to the University first and take a degree."

Her mother had never been so shocked in all her life. Peju too could not believe these words were hers. She did not know whether she did it out of sheer perversity and irritation for her mother for taking so much for granted.

But now she began to think and the more she thought the more she doubted whether there was any sense in her getting married in a hurry.

It was not so much the degree she worried about, but time to grow up. "After all," she said to herself. "I'm sure Kola does not want to marry, a child either."

"I want to be a fully adult person and have something to offer to my husband. A child has nothing at all to give."

She did not explain all this to her mother. Having got a reply to her question, her mother just looked at her in astonishment and made no comment.

It was about three days later that Kola came up with the question. "Can we fix a date for our wedding now, darling?"

"No," she answered non-chalantly, "I don't think we can, I want to take my degree first and probably hold down a job for a year or two."

"Take your degree! Hold down a job! Why?" Kola demanded in astonishment. "I'm earning enough money to keep us both and any kids we may have. Besides, my salary is going up and up. I'm still at the beginning of my career."

"My father thought we'd get married next month or, at the latest, the month after. This delay will astonish and sadden the old man."

From Peju's point of view, this was the worst thing Kola would have said. If he had said that any long delay would break his heart or something like that she might have found it hard to tell him her true mind. But this talk of his father's peace of mind was making it easier for her. Not that she had anything against the old man, but she told herself, it's not the old man, she was being asked to marry but Kola himself!

"I'm very sorry," she told him, but there it is, I am really not for marriage yet as I want to take my degree first."

Kola bit his lip. "But you do love me, don't you?" he asked. "If I waited for the three years, whilst you study for your degree, would you then be ready to marry me?"

"That's where the problem lies," she responded, "I simply don't know. You are a grown up person but I'm not. I've got to grow up before I will know myself. I feel degree and a job will help the process. It would be still to make firm promises while I'm still a child. Surely you don't want to marry a child."

That's how he had to leave it. The engagement never came off, how much more the wedding. Her own parents did their best to hide their disappointment and sent her to the University as originally planned.

Before Peju took her degree however, Kola got married. A Lagos girl took advantage of the situation and snatched him on the rebound.

Peju did not die of a broken heart. She took her degree and, in due course, got a good job in the Federal Civil Service. She'll probably get married when Mr. Right comes along, but she does not feel there should be an undue hurry about it.

# THE NAKED CORPSE

he con-olled.

"Opa, I will be happy to live with you and serve you. You are very kind to me."

Dike smiled. "Not yet. Now what you will do is this: continue to live with your master until such a time as events will necessitate your parting with him. Then I will take you." Samson was hopeful.

Davey Dike parked his car in front of a newly-constructed one-storey building on Zik Avenue. It was four-thirty in the evening. He alighted, slammed the door and walked into the house tossing his car key playfully. He was now dressed in a thick brown suit but he still wore his black hat. He climbed the stairs and tapped on a door and waited. Instantly, the door was opened. The girl who opened the door appeared slightly taken aback when she encountered a total stranger to her, at her door.

Dike smiled and said apologetically, "I'm sorry to disturb you."

her consternation, "but who do you want?"

"I want to talk to Miss Clementine Agata."

The girl frowned. "Who are you?"

"I'm Davey Dike, a private detective."

"The reaction was repulsive, vehement.

"You're Davey Dike! That wretched, hungry detective! Go away from here, I've no time for you. I say go away! I call in the police to drug you out."

Dike grinned mockingly. "Is that the instruction you received from him?"

"You're fooling yourself," Clementine hissed angrily. "I'm Clementine but I can't talk to you. You can go to hell."

The door was forcefully banged and the entire house seemed to have shaken from its very foundation. The key was turned and Dike knew the door had been locked. He had seen the girl clearly: tall and shapely, she could not be said to be very beautiful. But she was attractive. Samson's words flashed back to Dike's mind. "Clementine is too harsh and wicked! How true! Dike stood there for a minute, smiled, puffed his cigar and walked to her car. He decided to drive to Owerri for more investigation before returning to Lagos the following day.

# THE NAKED CORPSE

Continued from page 31

Davey Dike breathed the hot Lagos air once more. The trip to the Coast had weakened his nerves and he now longed for a long rest. But he knew that he could not have such rest until he had successfully solved this crime puzzle. He was however happy that his trip to the East would see the end of the case soon. The much needed material, physical evidence had been found.

As he sat relaxed in his office that bright morning, his cigar burning between his lips, Paul, his Chief Agent, was briefing him on the results of his own investigations. Dike was digesting the information in his usual calm manner.

"My investigations," Paul went on with vigour, "revealed that Sam Duro was educated at the University of Wisconsin in the United States of America, where he obtained a B.Sc. honours degree in Political Science."

"Really? Please go on," Dike said enthusiastically. Paul looked at him and puffed his Pall Mall cigarette. Miss Dele coughed and drew her stool closer.

"Just listen, Davey. Let's not rush over it," Paul cautioned. "After graduating from Wisconsin, he went to Ontario, Canada, where he studied International Affairs and Law. While there, he was elected President of the African Students Union - a post he held for a year. Back to Nigeria, he was offered appointment in an important Ministry. There he met Mrs. Adeko. They became entangled in a sort of romantic adventure. Ugly rumours started to circulate. Mrs. Adeko could not face the music, so she resigned and got a job with the Mandor Hotel. But Sam Duro stayed put. Now, you may ask, how did Sylvester Otuli come into the show? Sylvester and Sam Duro had been great friends in both the United States and Canada. Back in Nigeria, they became closer friends, Sam Duro often visited Otuli in Enugu, and Sylvester had made Sam Duro's residence in Lagos his occasional rendezvous. In my own opinion, this is how these three people came together. But Mrs. Adeko was a flirt. She found Sam Duro her ideal man and she made his flat her second home. It was believed that she divorced her husband so she could conveniently marry Sam Duro who helped Sylvester to obtain his fiancée's passport and visa. Now what baffles me is why Sylvester willingly helped Sophia to obtain these important travel documents only to turn round and murder her?"

"Going through these letters and papers, you will find an answer to that question," Dike said. "But we are not going that just yet. Listen very carefully. Go immediately to the airport with this photograph of Sylvester Otuli. First, check the flight schedules and the list of passengers. Then post two operatives there. If this man is spotted, contact me at once or better still, any policeman on duty there. Get him arrested and contact me immediately."

Paul looked puzzled. "Do you mean.....?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. He is planning a flight to London. Now that he has realised he's sitting in a hot seat, he will certainly hasten his plans to get out. I know the Interpol will help us round him up in London when they're contacted, but it's better he's prevented from leaving the country in the first place. I made frantic efforts to get hold of his passport but my efforts came to naught. He was careful not to keep it as carefully as he had kept other documents and the instruments of murder." Paul got up with a smile. "At last," he intoned, "we are nearing our journey's end."

"With memorable achievements," Miss Dele said, "they laughed heartily."

When Paul had left the office, Miss Dele turned to

Dike.

"Well boss, what do you think of the whole episode? The detective looked at her. "I think that the drama is now charged," he smiled.

"And ready for the inevitable explosion," she put in with her usual smile.

Once more Davey Dike studied the letters and documents more carefully and nodded satisfactorily.

"Now," he said, "I'm set for a surprise."

Detective-Inspector Bruno Kadiri was pacing his office thoughtfully when Dike came in with his secretary. Kadiri whirled round to see the private detective.

"You look worried, Inspector," Dike said.

"I'm very worried, I must admit," the Inspector said sitting down on his chair. "This case is really taking longer than I expected. Your second trip to Enugu has no doubt unravelled most of the mysterious aspects of the case, but still a lot of questions remained to be answered....."

"Excuse me, Inspector," Dike cut in impatiently. "Is your landrover in good condition?"

"Y - yes - yes: but why? Kadiri sounded bewildered."

"If you are too busy to travel with me to an important place, assign Detective - Sergeant Konta to me. This is an emergency."

"Okay, wherever it is, let's go. Sergeant Konta and two other detectives will follow if the situation warrants it," Kadiri submitted.

"Yes, the situation does warrant it," Dike said gravely, rising to his feet. "Please time is nearly against us," he added as he glanced at his wrist watch.

The Landrover was geared at full speed with all sirens on. The time was ten minutes to eight in the morning.

"Tell me, Mr. Dike, where are we going?" the Inspector asked.

Dike grinned. "To Ikeja Airport."

"I see," the police boss nodded.

In a few minutes, they had arrived at the airport. The car had hardly been brought to a halt when Dike jumped down followed by Miss Dele. The police detectives jumped down and quickly followed. Just then, a large jet airliner was hovering overhead, ready to land. Dike checked his time and increased his steps. Miss Dele was trotting behind him and the police detectives were fast behind them. They entered the departure hall of the airport where the passengers were waiting for final instructions. A large London-bound aircraft was already on the field while the passengers of the landed jet airliner were disembarking.

Dike's sharp eyes darted round the hall and eventually spotted the man he wanted. He walked briskly up to him. Kadiri came forward and Dike faced him.

"This is Sylvester Otuli, all set for London," he said pointing to indicate the man he meant.

"You mean the murderer we've been looking for?" Kadiri said with a mixture of surprise and excitement.

"He's not the murderer you mean but all the same, he is a murderer. But first of all, let's get him out of here," Dike said, puffing his cigar. Kadiri motioned to the detective constables and they advanced on Sylvester. The man looked unflustered. He was elegantly dressed in a smart grey suit with a black tie to match. He rose calmly from his seat, grabbed his suitcase and followed the policemen out of the hall. He was led into the waiting police van and taken to the headquarters.

At the headquarters, Sylvester was told that he had been arrested for questioning. His briefcase was thoroughly searched and his passport impounded. He sat on a chair and asked to be allowed to smoke. It was granted.

For the exciting and action packed closing chapters of the great detective series, make an early booking for your July copy of Modern Woman - You just cannot afford to miss it.

# IN DEFENCE OF WORKING MODERN WOMAN

by Olu. Obafemi

With the sweeping trend in Woman's Liberation, and the concomitant complications of our modern society, the issue of a working woman has triggered more serious dialogue than perhaps most other issues involving modern women.

Especially in our society where cultural history seems to reduce the woman to that of a house keeper, the argument against housewives working has grown with some heat. Proponents of this argument hold that by tradition the woman takes care of the home, attends to the kitchen chores, rears the kids, and serves the husband.

Not surprisingly, the evidence some people cite to bolster this argument come from the Holy Book. In most cases, this has the stance of God's own commandment. They might have a point there, but such reference might be regarded by twentieth century experiences as an elegant anachronism.

Maybe, the strongest case put forward against the working housewife is that this practice is responsible for over 70% of broken homes. It is argued that once the woman gains some financial independence, she inadvertently develops some solid side against discipline from the husband.

Further, it is argued, she is exposed to veritable temptations from womanising male colleagues in the office. When this backlashes at the home, nothing is left to save the marriage. The arguments against the working housewife can go on for a mile on printed material.

"If the case of broken homes were to be any valid, there would have since been a revolution from women themselves. The truth simply is that women employment in itself is not the real cause of broken homes. In a few cases, doubtless, this might have some minimal influence but not the predominant one."

But what truly are the facts of the case?

First it is pertinent to point out that the situation of the world two or three centuries ago is tremendously different from that of the twentieth century. Whatever things held good for the 17th century could not — as a matter of course — hold same for today; for the determining factors are as far apart as the centuries.

Let's take a quick look at the trend in Education. Many more women are going into academic and profession-

al regions that had long been assumed the exclusives of men. There are — for instance — female medical doctors, pharmacists, automobile engineers, even mathematicians. We need hardly bother about the arts and social sciences.

Of what benefit is the education of such women if they could not use their skills for the upliftment of mankind? For the millions of naira expended on educating such women would have been money poured down the drain if they are confined to the homes simply because their forebears had traditionally been there.

Talking about the Holy Book and whatever it says of this problem, I cannot see its relevance to our present circumstances. Such pieces of advice might have done a lot of good for those they directly applied to but certainly not for our 20th century.

To expect to go back several thousands of years living the lives of the ancients all over again is to seek the impossible. Should revered Sages who insisted on the 'Home for Women' were to live in our time they would possibly have advocated something different. It just was a matter of the best for the time, and that was what suited them most.

If the case of broken homes were to be any valid, there would have since been a revolution from women themselves. The truth simply is that women employment in itself is not the real cause of broken homes. In a few cases, doubtless, this might have some minimal influence but not the predominant one.

Other social complexities, moral relaxation and popular twists in basic family concepts are more responsible for broken homes than is the phenomenon of women employment. For whether a woman is at home or at work she is equally exposed to varied shades of temptations from cassanovas. It is my considered opinion — even from personal experiences — that the woman at home could be worse off!

The present Nigerian economic situation can provide a rational basis for an objective view of this problem. Our earning power has been gravely reduced by the spiraling, upward cost trend of basic commodities and livelihood.

Incumbent social responsibilities have struck a jolt, speed, inflationary press button, and the demands on our slender finances are unlike anything our peoples have been used to. Thus the pressure on the family head is greater than his physical and psychological capabilities can contain.

The strain becomes thus obvious in the family which presents a ragtag picture in a ghetto-like living environment.

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# ARE YOU A GOOD MIXER?

Do you get on well with other people - or do you feel you're an "odd one out"? Answer these not-to-be-taken-too-seriously questions and discover the verdict for you below!

- (1) If you're introduced to some one for the first time, Do you.....
    - (a) worry if they like you or not?
    - (b) feel shy, but try to be friendly?
    - (c) greet them enthusiastically, telling them all about yourself, etc?
  
  - (2) At a Party, you see a girl in a dress she's worn many times before. Do you.....
    - (a) feel glad that at least one person is more dowdy - looking than you?
    - (b) say nothing about the dress and talk about something else with her?
    - (c) give her a few tips on how to dress?
  
  - (3) If a friend breaks something special of yours. Do you.....
    - (a) feel embarrassed and wait for her to offer to buy a replacement?
    - (b) Laugh it off and say it doesn't matter?
    - (c) Tell her it's only fair she buys a replacement?
  
  - (4) If there's a "LONER" in your School class. Do you.....
    - (a) take no notice of her and think it's her lookout?
    - (b) try to bring her into your group of friends?
    - (c) introduce her to another "loner" and let them get on with it?
- A game you think is silly is going to be played at a party. Do you.....
- (a) try to hide yourself in a corner?
  - (b) not like it, but try to enjoy the game?
  - (c) refuse to play it and get everybody to play another game?

Some girls are going to play a prank on somebody. Do you.....

- (a) think its not very nice, but keep quiet?
- (b) tell the girls not to be so cruel?
- (c) go along for the laugh?

Continued on page 39

# Unicorn A·D·M for the quickest relief of Stomach Cramps and Diarrhoea



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Wellcome

# MONEY MAKES THE WOMAN

A conclusion reached by Chuma Ifeji after a thorough examination of the contemporary Nigerian woman in her struggle for emancipation and equality.

"Money makes the man". So the old saying goes. Similarly, money makes the woman. In this modern age of emancipation and equality, the current maxim in the woman's world is that what a man can do, a woman can also do it even better.

Nigeria in the seventies has witnessed a craze for money unprecedented in our history. Some blame it on the last civil war. Others say it is the immediate result of our newly achieved economic freedom business-wise. What is most significant is the predominant commercial role women are playing in recent times — for better or worse.

When free women launched the National Union of Prostitutes, eyebrows were raised. Condemnations rained down from the pulpits, from the schools and from leaders of thought all over the country. The idea of free sex was also severely condemned.

Recently, the elite of Nigerian womanhood was shocked to the narrows when a number of them were arrested and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in certain European capitals. These criminals were trafficking in dangerous drugs worth thousands of Naira.

The fact of today's society is that women are chasing money all over the place by fair or foul means. There are always the executive Romeos to dole out money.

What they receive in cash, the women pay for in kind. The tragedy is that women have thus become toys in the hands of men. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" William Shakespeare was quite right.

In the warped world of women, the boy-friend fraternity has become a venerable institution — a golden source of naira and kobo that never fails. The sugar daddies, the nouveaux — riches and the executive Romeos constitute the cream of this club of lover-boys. They provide all the cash for the annual birthday parties. They award all the contracts, and of course they are by themselves powerful connections and influences. The modern woman regards them as indispensable in the art of social and economic climbing. They provide the ladder for success in every sphere. A woman who ignores their presence is regarded as naive and in fact an oddity. If therefore she fails in her bid to win contracts, achieve quick promotions, get scholarships for herself, and her relations, attain academic excellence with little work or become suddenly rich, she of course has herself to blame.

The get-rich-quick mania has given women a new place in society. They now own the best houses, cars and property. They can now dress like queens, even in the kitchen. Their hobby is

ostentatious display of wealth. Overseas holiday trips are no more a luxury, and of course their children may find themselves enjoying private school tuition in Europe or America at the prime of their lives. What does it then matter to them if in the course of these lofty achievements they lose their honour, their reputation and consequently their marriage? As far as they are concerned, the end justifies the means.

As moral laxity among Nigerian women increases, one gets an uneasy feeling about tomorrow. More and more women are joining the ranks of the get-rich-quick groups. School girls now troop in recklessly and their acceptance and patronage are never in doubt. Obsessed by their material needs of the moment, they are prepared to risk their future. Some perish in the process. As stated in Proverbs of the bible: "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent".

As women ruthlessly tighten their amorous hold over men, the rate of corruption, embezzlement and social injustices of all kinds soars. Feminists may disagree violently on this, but the truth is that modern woman's crazy materialism is driving this country into a moral precipice. If ever we fall over, we will never recover.

## POET'S CORNER IN EARNEST TO GOD

*It's not the times you go,  
To places, to worship God,  
It's what you do, here  
below,*

*That counts, in the eyes of  
the Lord.*

*To Church or chapel on  
every Sunday,  
Does not clear away a  
week of sin,*

*Do good at all times, and  
pray,  
Irrespective of the company  
you are in.*

*To be sinful is to be  
weak.*

*To be honest is to be  
strong,  
Cast out wicked thoughts  
and seek.*

*A right way from the wrong.  
It needs no preacher to  
show,*

*How followers of Christ  
should behave.*

*This was taught long ago,  
When to be a Christian was  
brave!*

*Offer God you praise  
or prayer.*

*In church or chapel as you  
desire,*

*But others may prefer the  
open air,  
Or just sitting beside the  
fire.*

*It matters little to Him  
your choice,  
From Disco-room to liquor  
bar,*

*It matters little how strong  
your voice,  
But how really earnest you  
are.*

SESAN

# MEDICAL

Continuing our series on:

## GUIDE TO YOUR BASIC HEALTH NEEDS

**OVARIAN TUMORS, MALIGNANT AND BENIGN** Cancer also can affect the ovaries and, more rarely, the Fallopian tubes and vagina. When it affects the ovaries, the first sign is enlargement of the ovary, which only can be detected in a physical exam of the area. There are no other early symptoms and, most often, by the time it is diagnosed, it is in an advanced stage, which often is fatal. It is most likely to occur in women aged 40 and over, so it is essential for this group to have annual checkups.

Most ovarian tumors, however, are not malignant. In women under 40, these usually are cysts (capsule-like structures containing fluid). Sometimes an ovarian cyst is watched to see if it gets bigger or disappears. Gynecologists say that any cyst larger than five centimeters should be removed surgically.

To help detect any kind of cancer early, every woman should be familiar with these warning signals:

- Change in bowel or bladder habits.
- A sore that does not heal.
- Unusual bleeding or discharge.
- Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
- Indigestion, or difficulty in swallowing.
- Obvious change in wart or mole.
- Nagging cough or hoarseness.

**ENDOMETRIOSIS** The endometrium is the mucous tissue that lines the inside of the uterus. Each month, just after menstruation, the endometrium grows in preparation to receive and nourish a fertilized egg. If an egg is not implanted, the endometrium disintegrates and is sloughed off in menstruation. Endometriosis occurs when the endometrial tissue is found growing anywhere other than inside the uterus. The tissue may be found at any of a dozen possible sites, including on the ovaries, cervix, abdominal wall and bladder. The causes of the disease are not understood.

Endometriosis is quite common in women 30 to 40 years of age. The symptoms usually include premenstrual or menstrual pain. When there is no pain, diagnosis is difficult unless there is an endometrial cyst large enough to feel. If endometriosis is diagnosed as relatively mild, it may not require any treatment. But any woman who has it should undergo follow-up exams to be sure that the disease has not advanced.

If a woman who has endometriosis is still in her child-bearing years and plans to have children, she may want to have them as soon as possible because infertility can be a serious consequence. Treatment usually consists of hormone therapy or surgery. Endometriosis does disappear by itself at menopause or when the ovaries are removed, as in a hysterectomy.

**VAGINAL INFECTIONS** Among the most common of all disorders suffered by women, these can cause acute discomfort. Fortunately, prompt treatment usually will bring quick relief.

All women secrete moisture and mucus from the vagina; it is a normal process and no reason for concern. However, if severe itching, irritation, pain or frequency in urination accompany a discharge, there may be a vaginal infection. This can be caused by excessive douching, hormone pills, pregnancy or even another disease in the body. The two most common infections are:

**TRICHOMONIASIS** This infection is caused by a one-celled parasite that is easily identifiable. It infects both men and women, but often causes no symptoms in men. In women, however, the infection typically produces a greenish-yellow or gray, thin discharge that is very irritating and malodorous. Burning and itching of the vulva and vagina also are symptoms. Oral doses of metronidazole usually clear up trichomoniasis within two weeks. Because the infection usually is sexually transmitted, the husband must be treated to eliminate the possibility of cross infection.

**CANDIDIASIS** This vaginal infection, also called moniliasis, is caused by a yeastlike fungus. Like many other organisms, it often exists harmlessly in the body, but sometimes the fungus erupts into an irritating infection. The most common symptoms are intense itching, burning and swelling. These may be accompanied by a secondary inflammation of the vulva and a whitish, cheesy discharge, often having a disagreeable odour. Sexual intercourse may be painful and urination may be frequent.

It has been found that candidiasis is more likely to develop after a patient is treated with an antibiotic drug. Elimination of other organisms by the antibiotic gives the fungus a chance to flourish without competition. It usually is treated with anti-fungal suppositories, and symptoms are relieved within two days. But yeast infections recur often and the medication must be used for the full time prescribed, usually two weeks, for a complete cure.

**CYSTITIS** This is an inflammation of the bladder. Symptoms may include abdominal pains, painful, burning or frequent urination and the presence of blood and pus in the urine. In mild cases, symptoms may be vague and difficult to diagnose unless a urinalysis is done.

Cystitis usually has two conditions contributing to its development. First, the urinary tract may not drain properly. Second, if the urine is not completely voided, it becomes a breeding ground for bacteria, frequently producing an infection. Bacteria can enter the urinary tract from the bloodstream, digestive tract or kidneys or through the

urethra (the tube leading from the outside to the bladder). Women are particularly prone to cystitis because the urethra is short and close to the vagina and rectum, so bacterial contamination is likely.

Poor hygiene and improper wiping after urination can add to the risk of bacterial contamination. (See Hygiene: Solutions to Personal Problems, page 179). Cystitis also is more likely to occur when resistance is low.

It usually can be controlled with sulfa drugs, a bland diet, rest and drinking plenty of liquids except coffee or tea. Severe cases may have such serious consequences as kidney damage, and then surgery may be needed.

**CERVICITIS.** Typical symptoms of an inflammation or infection of the cervix include an irritating discharge and spotting or bleeding after sexual intercourse or between periods. It is common after childbirth because dilation (stretching) of the cervix during labour causes many tiny lacerations on the cervix that can become infected.

Some mild cases may not need to be treated, but usually vaginal creams and suppositories are prescribed. Cauterization (burning away the infected tissue with an electrically heated knife) may be necessary. Cryosurgery (surgery performed on the abnormal area under local application of extreme cold) is a more recent treatment.

**VENEREAL DISEASE** The U.S. Public Health Service reports that gonorrhoea now ranks first among reported communicable diseases, and syphilis ranks third. In the past, it appeared that males acquired venereal diseases in much higher proportions than females—approximately four males to every female. But public-health officials now say that the reason for the greater number of reported cases of gonorrhoea in males is due to a failure to diagnose the disease in females who often have no symptoms.

Gonorrhoea and syphilis are different diseases but they are both most often acquired through sexual contact. Some preventive measures are available. For women, contraceptive foams, jellies and creams may be effective in preventing VD. The condom also gives protection, but it must be in place prior to any sexual contact. At present, detecting and treating the disease is the best means of controlling it. Laboratory tests for VD are available without charge in most states at VD clinics. Or you can visit your physician or a local hospital.

Gonorrhoea is a particular threat to women because in them it usually fails to produce symptoms. (Most men will have symptoms disturbing enough for them to seek medical attention.) When symptoms do occur, they include increased vaginal discharge, a burning sensation with urination, abdominal pains, chills and fever. Because symptoms may go unnoticed, women often do not see a doctor until the infection is in its later stages and a complication occurs, or until an infected male partner alerts them. The standard treatment is penicillin. If untreated, gonorrhoea causes pelvic inflammatory disease, which often requires surgical sterilization.

In its primary stage, syphilis also rarely shows early symptoms in women. Within ten to 90 days after infection, a sore forms, but it may be hidden inside the labia (the skin folds on either side of the vagina) or it may appear on the mouth, fingers, lips or breast. The sore goes away but the disease does not. In the secondary stage, six weeks later, a rash appears accompanied by mild fever and headache. These symptoms also disappear, but the organisms can remain in the body for ten to 30 years, destroying heart and brain tissue in its most advanced stages. Syphilis can be successfully treated with penicillin during any stage of the disease, and even in its last stage, the damage can be stopped from going further.

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## IN DEFENCE OF WORKING MODERN WOMAN

No average woman can, in the circumstance, stand hardship. Her concern for the family is equal to that of the husband.

The economic realities of our twentieth century places an equal onus of responsibility for the family upkeep on both husband and wife. Whatever the earning capacity of the wife, and with a reasonable degree of understanding between her and the husband, a pool in resources can upgrade the family living standard while reducing the

"Other social complexities, moral relaxation and popular twists in basic family concepts are more responsible for broken homes than is the phenomenon of women employment. For whether a woman is at home or at work she is equally exposed to varied shades of temptations from cassanovas. It is my considered opinion—even from personal experiences—that the woman at home could be worse off!"

strain on either parties.

If nothing else, this is sufficient justification for the case of a working house wife.

Assuming a different set of circumstances from the above (if the husband has the money and can afford to have the wife comfortably at home with the kids), the argument shifts from one of compulsion to that of preference and convenience. And experience has demonstrated that only a negligible handful of Nigerian men have any such means.

That some men still frown at the idea of their wives working is not hard to explain. Right here, we have witnessed several social changes. Experiences have shown that our women are more readily adaptable to social changes than the men. At the worst they have been on the lead.

On fashion trends (to mention just one) our women have the advantage of their sex and are lifting numerous eyebrows with their outfits — horrifyingly strange though some may look. A good number of them are even doing things their great grand mothers never would have dared in politics and — if you don't mind — crimes!

Not all of these seem to taste too good in the mouths of some men. Besides, these men don't seem to have grown up enough to shed their old-fashioned conservatism.

These considerations make some men particularly sceptical of a working wife, and as a result, insist that their wives must remain at home even if at the expense of the living standards of their families.

With the changes of our time, and the unpredictability of modern marriages resulting — oftener than not — in hardships for both the mother and (in some cases) her children, the necessity for earning money independent of the husband becomes more imperative as a guarantee for uncertain future.

More so as the male attitude in Nigeria towards marriage has changed considerably. Most young men attach minimal importance to the institution of marriage and are apt to show curious willingness to abandon wedlock once they've had a number of children, and for other flimsy excuses.

In the circumstances, a modern woman owes it as a responsibility to herself and her future to strive to strengthen her earning capacity and work really hard if she must meet the social demands on her.

To depend on any man for all her wants is to reduce her status to one of dependence and possible slavery. The chances are ten to one, she will be badly disappointed.

## ARE YOU A GOOD MIXER?

Continued from page 34

- (7) You've planned to go swimming, but your pal wants to go to the Cinema. Do you.....
- go to the cinema in case she gets annoyed with you?
  - go swimming, and say you'll go to the cinema with her another time?
  - persuade her to go swimming with you?
- (8) Would you call yourself .....
- dull
  - ordinary
  - the "life and soul" of your friends?
- (9) A girl of your own age has just moved next to you. Do you.....
- wait till she speaks to you first?
  - try to make her feel welcome to the new neighbourhood?
  - get yourself invited to her home so you can see if she's settling down all right?
- (10) It's sunny Saturday and you can do one of three things. Would you choose.....
- going for a walk by yourself?
  - visiting a lonely old aunt?
  - going to a barbeque party?

## VERDICT

Mostly "a's"

You don't allow yourself to be a good mixer because you spend too much time worrying about yourself. Even if you do feel shy, make an effort to be friendly to people and you'll find you're getting on with them quite naturally!

Mostly "b's"

You're a good mixer because you accept people as they are. You like people — and so they like you. Keep it up!

Mostly "c's"

You tend to be too frank in what you say and don't realise you're hurting people's feelings. Try to put yourself in the other person's place before saying the first thing that comes to mind!

# DEAR REMI



# Letters of love

## COLLOUS MAN

For a long time, a boy kept on pestering me with letters but I gave him no encouragement. One day, however, he wrote such a charming letter which made me decide to become his girlfriend. His next letter greatly surprised me. After saying how happy he was that I had accepted him at last, he wrote, that he was sorry he was not willing to marry me, I fumed and so in anger I wrote back telling him that I already had a boyfriend and if ever he wrote to me again I would report him to the police. Since then he has not written to me and I am now regretting my hasty action.

Benin-City. Christy.

*Use this experience to make yourself wiser. Next time a boy proposes to you consider your actions well before you put them across. Would you have fancied a police threat from a lover?*

## UNSURE GIRL FRIEND

I am a boy of 20, I have a girl friend of almost the same age with me. We have been going steady for the past five years, but sometimes ago we had a quarrel, which has since been settled. Since then we have been moving together as usual, but to my surprise my girl friend has changed her attitude to me completely. I am now in doubt if she would keep her promise of marrying me.

Agbode. Nicolas.

*Find out the cause of the sudden change from her and let her answer guide you in making a decision.*

## UNHAPPY GIRL

I am a girl of 16 years. I live with my parents at Ekpoma division. They did

not send me to secondary school after my primary education and I did not learn any trade besides than going to work on the farm. I'm not always happy with myself especially my staying at home. Very soon my parents will ask me to marry a farmer of their choice because that was what they did with my senior sisters. All of them are at home doing farm work. As for me, I want to marry somebody outside my home town. So I wrote my senior brother at Benin he said I should run down to him without informing my parents. Do you think this is fair enough?

Ekpoma Victoria.

*I think your brother's suggestion is the best thing. When you have settled with your brother you can then write home.*

## EX-WIFE

I am a 30 years old woman. Five years ago, I got married legally to a divorcee who is 34. We have two issues. He had two children by his former wife.

Now I have discovered that the former wife is expecting another child for him. Since I'm not the suspecting type, I never doubted his sincerity when he told me he had finished completely with that woman. Now that both of us are expecting, what steps can I take against him?

Onigambari. Kofo,

*Have a chat with your man on the issue. If he is apologetic, fair enough. First love is not very easy to do away with, you know.*

## COMPANION TO AMERICA

I am a Nigerian, fair complexioned, handsome, slim guy of about 16 years old. I need a girl to

accompany me down to America as a life partner.

Interested babes should reply with their recent photographs to the address given below.

30, Ikwerre Road, Henry Port-Harcourt. Jackson,

## LOST LOVE

I once befriended a lovely Yoruba girl, called Idowu Robert of Oke-Ado, Ibadan in 1971. She was then a Clerk at a 'Pool' house at Sabo, Ibadan. Due to my work, I lost contact with her. But now, I'm back at Lanlate, near Ibadan. If she is not yet married, she should please get in touch with me.

Lanlate, Ibadan.

A. Sodancti,

*Idowu, here's your chance if you're not yet hooked.*

## MY PROBLEM

I am a soldier in love with a school mistress. I so love her that I can give her half of my monthly salary if she should want it. But my problem is, she never replies to any of my letters. Because of her, I have stopped all dealings with my former girl friend. What can I do to get her attention? Or should I leave her and go back to my former girlfriend?

Ibadan. Sgt' Awolesi,

*Try combining personal contact with letter writing. Some girls are so sensible they cannot be deceived by sweet words on paper. If after trying both you still can't convince her, then look for another that might be meant for you.*

## FAITHFUL WIFE

I am a 26 years old man. I need a wife between the

ages of 17-21 years. She should be a christian or must be ready to be converted. She must also be from either Western, Mid-Western or Eastern State. She should have at least some knowledge of English. Interested ladies should enclose their photographs in their letters to this address.

Radio Station, N. R. C., Maiduguri. Emmanuel.

*Girls, this is your chance.*

## WORRIED MAN

I am a 23 year-old man and my parents have advised that I should marry. I refused their advice because I'm still young to carry the responsibility of a home. My problem now is that, in the day time, I feel like vomiting whenever I see any woman because I hate them all, but when I'm in bed at night, I feel like getting married at that moment.

Please Remi, help me solve my problem.

Sokoto. Cpl. Gbadamosi.

*Grow up and make up your mind what you want to do. Every ideal girl prepares herself for the challenges of womanhood. As a man, you still have plenty of time to decide.*

