

JULY 1975

# DRUM

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AFRICA'S LEADING MAGAZINE

NIGERIA EDITION  
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**Sylvester  
Okereke  
and the  
Mafia**  
—EXCLUSIVE

**OBA WHO  
BURNED  
HIS JUJU**



**DRUM GIRL HAT  
—SEE INSIDE**



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# DRUM

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Kori was a kind-hearted, child-loving but barren woman. She went to Orunmila (founder of Ife Orade) for consultations and the latter told her to continue her generosity towards children.

She then got several calabash trays and stocked them with sweets and other food items which she gave children free. As a result, children liked the company of 'Mother Kori' and they always swarmed around her.

Later Kori herself was conceived of a baby and thereafter became so fertile that she founded a city almost exclusively populated by her own children.

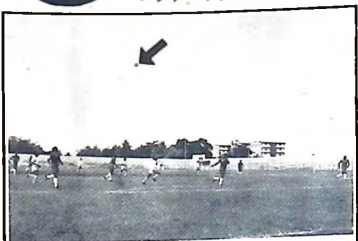
After her death her former wards and children decided to honour her by performing Kori plays. This goddess of children is worshipped in the high eastern part of Kori but children have made adaptations, and samba and maracas are freely used.

Kori dance is performed as many times as possible and at different times of the year, depending on the wishes of group of children in the community concerned.

The attractive young lady in the above picture is dressed in the special manner of the Priestess of Kori goddess during the worship of the deity.

The calabash which she carries on her head is meant to serve as a reminder of the way Kori went about her business before she died and was later turned to a goddess, as a reward for her kindness to children, even when she could not have a child of her own.

The above picture was taken at the Lagos State Festival of Arts and Culture in Lagos.



Last month the ball was in the position shown above

**THERE WERE FIVE WINNERS WHO SHARE THE FIRST PRIZE OF N400.00.**

1. Mr. Lawrence Topa Ayejuyoye, P.M.B. 1017, Ibeju-Lagos
2. Julius Okoro, 57, Adeniran Ogunsanya Street, S/Lee
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5. Mr. Bernard Amosun Obinko, P.O. Box 105, Ughelli

**RULES:**

On the picture below the ball has been removed, in this contest of skill, all you have to do is show exactly where the ball was on the original picture. You can mark up to 12 crosses on the picture. The person whose crosses shows the exact centre of the ball is the winner.

1. The entry fee must be paid by postal order, 10 Kobo for 5 tries, 15 Kobo for 8 tries and 20 Kobo for 12 tries. All payments which must accompany the whole of this coupon should be sent to DRUM Publications (Nigeria) Ltd.

2. The winner must mark the exact centre of the ball. If no correct

entry is made the prize will be added to the next contest. If more than one person marks the correct place the prize will be divided.

3. Not more than 12 crosses are permitted per coupon.

4. Entries will close on July 21 and the winner's name will be published in August.

5. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence about the contest is allowed.

6. Employees and families and persons connected with DRUM Publications are not allowed to compete.

7. Postal orders are not to be signed or entries may be disqualified.



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Here is my complete coupon for the DRUM Contest together with a postal order value

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Name .....

Address .....

(CONTEST No. 86)

# SYLVESTER OKEREKE THE MAFIA CONNECTION



THIS IS WHERE  
OKEREKE DIED

Nigerian-born Sylvester Okereke was a bright young businessman about to make the deal of his life-time, a deal which would certainly have made him a millionaire. But it was a deal with many hidden aspects and, before it failed, a British MP staged a phoney suicide, another businessman ended up inside a concrete block — and Sylvester Okereke died off a barge on the River Thames. Behind it all, lurked the shadow of the Mafia. DRUM traces the paths of one of the year's greatest mysteries.

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PRO-FORMA NO: 1159

YOUR REF:- TGE/JS

DATE:- 15th. Nov. 1974

Dear Sir, We thank you for your enquiry and have pleasure in offering to you, SUBJECT TO OUR CONDITIONS OF SALE specified on the back hereof, the following:-

Dear Mr. Stonehouse,

RE: CEMENT BUSINESS NIGERIA

This confirms we today met with Whiting Construction of Fort Lauderdale, and that their Mr. Asturizaga made a firm offer to supply cement in reply to the requirement from our Nigerian High Commissioner.

The price quoted is USD64.00 per metric ton, leaving a margin of USD0.50 per metric ton to be divided equally between APA Development Services and ourselves. We will pay you from our portion of the profits, and as requested the details of this arrangement are being forwarded to you under separate cover.

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We take this opportunity to thank you for all you have done and to wish you success on your forthcoming trip to Miami, and hope that you and your friend Mr. Shaver will be able to agree terms for a bridging letter of credit.

We look forward to a fruitful venture with you.

Yours faithfully,

Delivery:-

Special Remarks:-

Delivery:-

Packing:

Signed

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... this ...  
... for ...  
... Wall ...  
... and ...  
... of ...  
... Victoria ...  
... with Okereke ...  
... investigate ...  
... of his ...  
... efforts by ...  
... in the ...  
... identified ...  
... as that of ...



# BRITISH M. P. WHO RAN AWAY



**DISAPPEARANCE** of British M.P. John Stonehouse was a mystery until he was identified in Australia where he was using another name. Now his friends charge of fraud and forgery

...not called London  
...Group  
...the beginning of the  
...of a tragic train that led to  
...of Sylvester Okereke  
...River Thames in  
...1974. He had  
...and that his two partners  
...best men. But Bernard  
...had seen the inside of  
...Okereke's cells for business  
...agencies. And John  
...had fled to  
...having tried to  
...the world of his death.  
...his faces 15 separate  
...of fraud and forgery.  
...The last great deal these three  
...were to arrange would  
...made them all millionaires.  
...involved selling cement to the  
...Nigerian Ministry of Defence.  
...Okereke's job was to arrange  
...to supply the contract from  
...to pay also the much more  
...job of hiring the ships  
...the cement from  
...where Stonehouse  
...located 250,000 tons for  
...to the crowded port of  
...Lagos.  
...The world shipping shortage  
...the transport the toughest  
...of the deal. So Okereke  
...and to his friend Nigel  
...Okereke whose father was a  
...of Tough's Shipyard  
...company, based on the River  
...Niger at Richmond. Newman  
...tried to organise the shipping  
...the contract — for which the  
...Nigerian Government would  
...pay a float price of 15,000,000  
...pounds a ton — but his real  
...job was to make this just  
...the first step of a long term  
...contract for three million tons  
...of cement. On such a deal,  
...Okereke would have become a  
...millionaire.  
...On November 15 of 1974,  
...Stonehouse was introduced by  
...to three  
...businessmen from  
...Lagos, who claimed to  
...be a company called  
...Construction of Fort  
...They sold Okereke  
...250,000 tons of cement for  
...to organise the shipping to  
...On the morning of  
...November 17, Okereke received  
...a contract from the  
...Nigerian Government, offering  
...to buy 250,000 tons of cement.  
...Later that day, Okereke  
...told Stonehouse to thank  
...the Americans for the introduction to  
...the Americans, and wishing  
...Stonehouse good luck on his  
...business trip to Florida. In that  
...moment, Okereke referred to a  
...appointment  
...Stonehouse had with an  
...American financier called Mr.  
...Shaver.  
...The next day, Sylvester  
...Okereke was dead. He had

called upon his friend Nigel Newman at his houseboat on the River Thames. When leaving the boat, according to the testimony of Newman at the inquest, Okereke somehow fell into the water. It was a stormy night and he was not seen again until his waterlogged body was fished out of the River Thames six weeks later. Nigel Newman was the only witness to the fall.

After hearing his evidence — although not being informed of any business relationship between Newman and Okereke, and refusing to hear evidence collected by Okereke's family that Newman owed personal debts of £2,000 to the young Nigerian — the Coroner recorded a verdict of accidental death.

But the Coroner was never informed of the business deal which Okereke had arranged with John Stonehouse. Nor was the Coroner told that the day after Okereke died, John Stonehouse flew to Florida to stage a disappearance. He left his clothes on the bathing beach and disappeared to begin a new life under an assumed name in Australia.

And what of the appointment with the American financier Mr. Shaver? We will never know whether they met. Mr. Shaver's bullet-riddled body was later found inside a concrete slab.

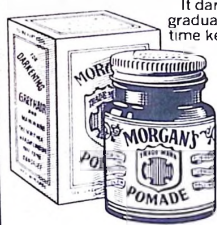
And the Whiting Construction company, to whose representatives Stonehouse had introduced Okereke, turned out to be a fake. The address on its headed notepaper did not exist. There had been a Whiting company in Florida — but it had never heard of the three men who claimed to represent it in London.

So what really happened? It is known that the American Mafia has long tried to break into the highly profitable international market in cement. It is known that one businessman with Mafia connections, Peter Vitale, worked with one of Stonehouse's companies on the Nigerian cement deal. And we know that something very frightening must have made John Stonehouse flee for his life last November. Did he try to cheat the Mafia? And did he involve Okereke?

The story is long and complex. It involves thousands of documents and the police forces of Britain, Australia and the US. But at the end of that story lies the death of the young Sylvester Okereke, the death of Mr. David Shaver, and the faked death of John Stonehouse. Were they linked by accident or will more evidence one day emerge? The Mafia always keeps its secrets.

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**N**O fewer than 13 diseases are now known to be transmitted sexually. Most of them can be easily cured or prevented. But they are still spreading at an increasing rate and it has to be admitted that the medical response to this world wide epidemic has so far proved partly ineffective.

The reasons for this failure and the means of correcting the situation were discussed at a meeting on health education in the control of sexually transmitted diseases in Geneva, attended by some 50 experts from 25 countries covering the fields of venereology, psychiatry, sociology and health education.

Of these 13 diseases, syphilis and gonorrhoea are among the most dangerous and, if left untreated, can have consequences just as serious as they had before the discovery of penicillin. Some 20 years ago the incidence of both syphilis and gonorrhoea had been successfully checked by the widespread use of antibiotics and in the developed countries had dropped to its lowest level ever.

The full scale of the problem is still not known, but both diseases are known to be on the increase, especially gonorrhoea which is much more common than syphilis and which is regarded as out of control in

several countries. In the USA, for instance, there are estimated to be 2.5 million cases of gonorrhoea, although only 800,000 have been officially notified. In Denmark and France more than one fifth of all cases, and in Sweden more than a third, occur among young people under 20. The medical complications of this disease are evident everywhere, particularly pelvic inflammation among women.

Venereal diseases especially affect young people. There are twice as many cases among those aged between 15 and 19 years than in the rest of the population of any country and four to five times as many for the age group 20 to 24.

The annual incidence of gonorrhoea in many countries affects 1 to 5 per cent of people in the age group 15 to 30 and may go as high as 16 to 20 per cent. The proportions are even higher among high risk groups.

Gonorrhoea is easier to diagnose among males, yet between 12 and 20 per cent of cases in men show no symptoms, while the same is true for 60 to 70 per cent of cases among women.

Several factors help to account for the present increase in venereal disease: ● better diagnostic methods;

● the increased mobility of young people in the population; ● faster urbanisation; ● the young providing the big contingent of new comers to cities; ● the migration; ● manpower. Among men estimated to number 200 million throughout the world the infection rate is 16 to 20 per cent higher than in the rest of the population; ● tourism, with over 200 million people on the move every year since 1972; ● greater sexual freedom. Since public health measures have so far failed to do so to the problem, the next one to be tried is public education. Strangely enough, the opinion is still very ill informed and what little knowledge spread about is incomplete or of date or fanciful.

Among health professionals such ignorance is even more excusable. A WHO survey of medical schools throughout the world shows that training in control is either negligible or non-existent. Among medical schools where VD control is taught, only 20 per cent give as a separate subject what remains 80 per cent concerned with dermatology, gynaecology, medicine or surgery. Considering the importance of sexually transmitted diseases all medical schools ought to teach this subject and to deal with social changes and new methods of control.

Physicians are the best to group. Nurses, medical officers, other members of the health team should also receive necessary training in control since they are in charge of health education in schools and also have necessary contacts with young people to bring this knowledge to them. It will do most good. There must be a concerted effort throughout the world to step up training in this subject for all health professionals, to include not only clinical aspects but also public health consequences and the psychosocial components of the spread of these diseases.

As for health education in public, particularly the young should be objective, free and offered without moralising tone. Available methods are especially useful.

The target groups are young people. 15 year olds are good ideas would be to get volunteers among them to do the necessary facts to classmates.

Schoolteachers are an important target group. Better use should be made of such institutions as youth centres, sports clubs and so forth.

Among methods of reaching the young, including use of mass media, the idea of telephone consulting services has been adopted in several countries with success.

# AJEGUNLE: THE JUNGLE CITY

AST of classy Apapa is a neighbourhood that just has to be experienced. The welcome to Ajegunle markets, at first, the eye and ear. The stalls and shops, people making here and there to catch a bus or one of the perennial casual sales; and of course the enthusiastic bus conductors. "A.K.K." they shout on one side. "Ojo Ojo" replies the driver on the other side.

It's a knock-out and just when you can not take it any longer, someone offers an explanation — this is the boundary. Between what? Between work and nonsense? Order and chaos? No, it's just the boundary period. But one begins to breathe and to feel the very breath of Ajegunle. That neighbourhood is alive! The

boundaries is busy day and night. Come there at two in the evening and you will see a parade of kaba jockeys, hawkers, roadside bread and tea stalls and patent medicine hustlers, trying to sell their omnipotent capsules. And there is entertain ment — record players booming out the latest sounds, sales

assistants putting up energetic dance shows to promote their wares, some people quarrelling lustreously and, just a few yards away, the famous (or so famous, you choose) Goriola Street where kind ladies, old and not too young, give men a taste of Adam's original sin — for a fee of course.

I had heard of "Good Evening Street". Let me tell you how I discovered it. Checking up a lead on the missing brother of a friend, he and I were walking up Goriola Street. We had to find our way amongst a motley crowd of passers by leaping over puddles of water narrowly averting three collisions with dreadful night-soil men who always seemed to appear from nowhere. Our journey along the street looking for house number 5 would have been ordinary but for the intermittent greetings of "good evening" from the women sitting on chairs or lounging by doorways trying hard to look seductive.

The streets and the clubs around the boundary constitute the beginning of the red-light district which seems to cover

## SEGUN BUCKNOR'S COLUMN



the whole of Ajegunle itself. For clubs, dubious hotels and brothels dot its streets. One such establishment does a brisk business just right across from the police station. The policemen must have a beautiful time keeping order there. And who says policemen don't score.

Well, talking about policemen — I am told that police, under a female station officer keep such a tight control on the neighbourhood that it now belies its reputation as the Jungle City. There are many misconceptions about Ajegunle. One is that it is rough, tough and dangerous.

Ajegunle may not be as clean and well-laid out as Ikoyi and its inhabitants may be melodramatic and loud but it is well under "Pax Nigerrama". One's conception about a place is a question of the mind and of familiarity. Most people bar their minds and live within their own worlds unable to think of life somewhere else.

A friend once told me of his amazement at hearing a pop record from a record shop along Kirikiri road. That was his first visit and he did not expect that of Ajegunle. What a misconception, for all the fads and crazes afflicting our big cities are present here. The young men and women step out in the latest fashions and dance to the latest pop tunes at the People's Discotheque or at the Sugar Daddy Hotel. I found the

audiences at Ajegunle the most receptive, ready to sing along with the performer and dance all night long.

Many people think of Ajegunle as predominantly populated by a particular ethnic group "Ajegunle, iju 'Sobo" (Ajegunle the land of the Urhobos) goes the popular saying. I found, on the contrary the neighbourhood to be what Lagos on the whole is all about — the melting pot of Nigeria. It would prove useful for any social scientist wanting to observe the process of urbanisation and how it conduces the much-needed Nigerian sense.

Serving as one of the settlement centres for the waves of migrating Nigerians, Ajegunle exhibits a colourful blending of people of diverse ethnic groups. The cluster of people gathering at the suya spots on Hausa line is a poignant example. Less happily, because it does not seem to grow fast enough to contain the uncontrollable influx of hopeful people in search of jobs and happiness they seldom find. Ajegunle cannot shed its slum character.

Some are tempted to call it a ghetto. I disagree. A ghetto denotes a neighbourhood distinct, both physically and psychologically. Its inhabitants belong to a caste that has neither the will nor the means to escape. Ajegunle might be an under-privileged neighbourhood but it is not closed to change from within and without. Fortunately the proverbial wind of change has started to blow over it as modern structures are sprouting up side by side with the slum houses. The farther section of Kirikiri road now boasts impressive buildings on a sandy area looking very much like a beach. Were it not for our heavy rainy season during which most of the road becomes water-logged, one would have loved to see the roads left un tarred — it makes the neighbourhood look different. The most impressive structures, however, belong to the Federal Prisons — three high walled buildings each with massive gates that make a mystery of what is within them.

Indeed Ajegunle is a neighbourhood of contrasts.

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# THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

At last Mozambique is free. From this point onwards her people can look forward to a life free of the shackles of colonialism. DRUM's writers look back over the past... and to the future that lies ahead

**F**ROM the moment the Portuguese landed in Mozambique and tried to enslave the African people they were met with courageous resistance. The records of colonialism are punctuated with brutal massacres as the invaders used firepower to destroy people resisting their subjugation with little but bravery as their weapons. The early victims of oppression are unnamed but not forgotten.

Their efforts to assert the dignity of the African set the scene for the contemporary fight for freedom — a struggle which has been crowned with success in the founding of an independent, sovereign Mozambique.

The development of the freedom struggle this century started peacefully with attempts to convince the colonialists of the subjected people's

rights to humanity. But the peaceful arguments met brutal suppression.

In 1960 Portuguese troops killed 500 Mozambicans in Cabo Delgado who had been holding a peaceful demonstration. The suppression continued and three years later dockers in Lourenco Marques striking for just wages were attacked by troops and many were killed.

Several political organisations were established with different philosophies but with one essential agreement — the need for independence. In 1962 these groups were forged by Dr. Eduardo Mondlane into the united Frente de Libertacao de Mocambique, better known as Frelimo.

Within two years Frelimo had put a fledgling military force into the field. The African population flocked to the cause, regardless of risk, and by 1969

Frelimo had liberated the major provinces of Cabo Delgado and Niassa. More than one third of the country was under Frelimo control, with schools, markets and welfare programmes provided by the freedom fighters.

The assassination of Dr Mondlane in Dar es Salaam in 1969 shocked the movement but it did not slow the struggle for an instant. The military leader Samora Machel took the helm of the movement, although it was never a one-man show and maintained a strong leadership structure, and the fight was extended.

As the military successes of Frelimo grew it continued to drain men and money from the central government in Lisbon. The whole of Portugal was merged to maintain a colonial war which, it became increasingly clear, it could not win.

More than 8,000 Portuguese homes mourned the death of a son in colonial wars. About 100,000 young Portuguese fled into exile to avoid having to fight in Africa and the economy suffered constant depletion.

By the irony of history it was a man who had earned his reputation by fighting against Africans in colonial wars, who first publicly pointed out to Portugal the dead end it faced. General Antonio de Spínola concluded that the African situation could only be solved politically. The furor shook the conservative Portuguese regime to its roots — and it fell. Spínola himself survived, the fall only briefly but by then it had become clear that for Africa the end of Portuguese rule was in sight.

Mozambique was free.

**OUTSPOKEN** general Antonio de Spínola (left) pictured 'somewhere in the Mozambique bush' when he was directing the colonial war there against the Frelimo freedom fighters. After his return to Portugal as a hero he gradually came to believe that his country's role in Africa was immoral. He led a coup against the right-wing government of Dr Marcello Caetano (bottom far right) but was eventually ousted from power himself. Caetano had perpetuated the iron rule of Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar (bottom right) who ruled Portugal as unchallenged dictator from 1932-68. The two key men against them were Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, and Samora Machel (pictured at right). Mondlane built up the Frelimo movement to fight the Portuguese and, after his assassination in 1969, Machel led the liberation army to victory.



# ... AND THE PATH AHEAD

On June 25 500 years of Portuguese colonial domination came to an end. Mozambique became Africa's first independent country. The new nation's future will lie in the hands of a political party unlike any that has yet existed in Africa. The Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo) will be dealing with some problems familiar to all of Africa, others unique to Mozambique, and they are all formidable.

Although Mozambique is geographically rich, centuries of neglect and exploitation by Portugal has left the country backward and the economy in a state of chaos. Despite the former Portuguese government's claims of "multi-racialism" (there were 1,500 Blacks among the 500 students at Lourenco Marques University) racial prejudice and mistrust is strong among both Black and White Mozambicans. Possibly 30 per cent of Mozambique's 10 million whites have left the country since the independence agreement was signed in September. They have left in fear of losing their privileged positions to the nation's nine million Blacks. As they leave they take with them skills which the new government will need.

Frelimo will also take over a country with an economy largely dependent on servicing their ideological opposites, the governments of South Africa and Rhodesia.

One European who knows Frelimo well is Rear Admiral Vitor Crespo. As Portugal's High Commissioner to Mozambique since the Frelimo dominated transitional government took power in September, Admiral Crespo has worked closer to Frelimo on a day-to-day basis than any other Portuguese official.

In an interview he expressed confidence in Frelimo's ability. He said that Frelimo was "ideologically prepared" and that this was the most important factor.

Admiral Crespo does not foresee Mozambique facing serious problems due to a shortage of people with technical skills. He said that at present enough of the Frelimo party, but many of them do exist within Mozambique. He said that since Frelimo enjoys widespread support among the populace there should be no

problem in utilising available skills.

He said that Frelimo's experience in mobilising the population for the war was now the party's greatest asset.

The Admiral admitted that, like other African countries, Mozambique would require technical and capital aid, but after independence Mozambique will be on the receiving end of help from a wide range of countries. China, the Soviet Union, eastern European and Scandinavian countries will increase their existing assistance and countries like United States and Britain, which gave Frelimo a cold shoulder during the fight for independence, are now anxious to give aid. A U.S. aid survey is underway and an agreement has been concluded with Britain.

The British aid package is particularly significant in that it is intended to be large enough to enable independent Mozambique to apply United Nations sanctions against Rhodesia. Recently 80 per cent of the goods entering Rhodesia in defiance of sanctions passed through Mozambique. The Mozambican economy was dependent on the transfer fees derived from this traffic and the British aid will solve a difficult economic and moral problem for Frelimo.

A similar dilemma concerns relations with South Africa. While politically abhorrent of the White minority regime in Pretoria, Frelimo is faced with the hard fact that the economy it is about to inherit is dependent on economic relations with South Africa.

Most of the traffic passing through the large Lourenco Marques port complex is destined for Johannesburg.

Each year tens of thousands of labourers from southern Mozambique go to work in the South African gold mines bringing back with them sorely needed foreign exchange. South Africa is Mozambique's second largest source of imports, surpassed only by Portugal, and is the third largest consumer of Mozambican exports, following Portugal and the United States.

Finally, Mozambican independence is coming just as the huge Cabora Bassa dam and hydro-electric project is being completed. The dam was built to supply power to South Africa and there is no alternative consumer for its 2,000

megawatt output.

Frelimo has not rushed into hasty decisions on any of these problems. A committee to study these and other economic matters was set up in September and is still hard at work.

One question that has been answered is what to do with the Cabora Bassa complex. The dam cost \$400 million which was put up by a South African consortium which includes Portuguese, French and German interests. The new Mozambican government will be unable to raise enough capital to buy out the foreign interests and Frelimo would feel less than easy about involvement in the supply of power to run South African industry.

The solution has been to set up a new corporation made up of the Portuguese government and those interests which have invested in the dam, but not including Frelimo or the new Mozambican government. The new corporation will administer Cabora Bassa and sell the power to South Africa. The rate at which South Africa will buy the power has been renegotiated sharply upward in light of the rising world price of energy.

The corporation will cease to exist when all participants have recovered their investment, and Cabora Bassa will become an asset of the government of Mozambique. Frelimo is hoping that by that time either the situation in South Africa will have changed or neighbouring Black ruled African countries will have developed the capability of using Cabora Bassa power.

It appears that, for the time being, Lourenco Marques port will continue to serve South Africa and Mozambican labour will continue to work in the South African mines. The mine labour contract will be renegotiated and workers will receive special political education before leaving Mozambique.

While Pretoria will make much of this economic cooperation with its newly independent neighbour, Frelimo has not weakened in its resolve to see the total liberation of all of southern Africa. But as Joaquim Chissano, the Frelimo Prime Minister in Mozambique's transitional government, said in September, "We cannot liberate South Africa. That is a

task for the South Africans themselves."

Frelimo is a revolutionary party. Its leaders are committed to eliminating class and race privilege. In recent speeches Frelimo's President, Samora Machel, has pledged to transform the consciousness of all Mozambicans. School curricula will be transformed. Workers' committees will be set up. The economy will be based on agriculture

and rural villages will be run on a collective basis. Manual labour will be looked upon with respect and all Mozambicans will be expected to participate in it.

In a recent speech Machel elaborated on some of these themes. Broadcast around the country on radio, the speech shocked a small percentage of Mozambicans but elated the vast majority who are peasants and low paid workers.



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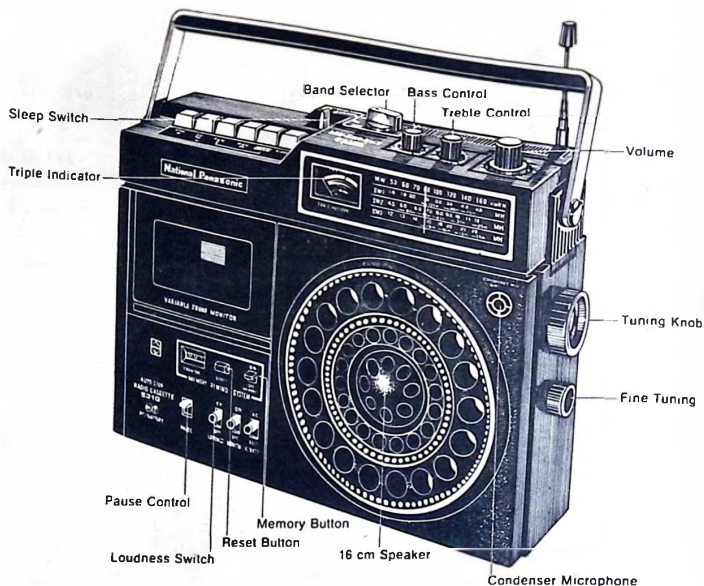
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## DRUM MEETS THE TIMI OF EDE

# OBBA WHO BURNED HIS JUJU

Story: DAYO DUYILE

Pictures: ABIM OLADEJO

"Oba Adetoyese Laoye ruled over the people of the ancient Yoruba town of Ede for nearly 30 years. Shortly before he died last May he gave the first ever account of his childhood, his career as a pharmacist, his struggle for the throne and the fame which he won through the talking drum. Dayo Duyile had this exclusive interview with the Timi of Ede whose powers were said to include a poisonous arrow which, if shot in anger, could set a whole town ablaze".



**DRUMMING** Oba (right) pictured shortly before he died. Picture above shows Oba Adetoyese Laoye pictured a few days after ascending the throne in 1946.



"I was embarrassed. On returning home I wondered why I should throw away all my juju having spent so much money on them. But when I remembered that the prophet actually listed most of the charms and juju pots in my possession with their functional powers, I became convinced about the genuineness of his message. He told me to fast for three days and to pray ten times daily. I did. On the third day I fell into a trance while praying at home. In my trance I saw a vision. There was one human eye on the wall, with grey hair and an old voice saying: 'Thou child, walk thou before Me and be perfect.'

"I wondered how I could be perfect with all the juju and charms in my possession. I took my houseboy to the room where I stocked them and asked him to clear the messes out. He assembled the whole lot in one large heap. I poured kerosene on it and set it on fire then threw away the ashes. I must confess, it took a lot of courage to do this.

### Vacant stool

"But two months after the burning of my charms, my promotion to the post of first class dispenser was announced. This was the post I had spent 11 years struggling to attain with the aid of juju, but which was impossible. The post carried a salary of N440 a year but instead, I was given N500 a year. This promotion brought me to Jericho Nursing Home, Ibadan, on transfer in 1941. I served in this post in Ibadan for five years.

"In January, 1946, the stool of the Timi of Ede became vacant. The elders of my family, 32 other contestants and I vied for the stool. The rivalry lasted 12 months. On December 9, 1946, the Governor's approval of my selection as the new Timi of Ede was gazetted and handed to me while on duty at the nursing home. The most remarkable thing that day was that my boss at the hospital was the first to prostrate before me and greet me 'Kabiyesi Oba Alaiye Luwa, the Timi of Ede.'"

Thirteen months later, one of the contestants filed a high court motion seeking to have his appointment to the stool declared null and void on the ground that he had been wrongfully appointed.

"The court ruled in his favour and I was exiled 100 miles away from Ede. I was given 48 hours to pack out of the palace, but I left Ede within 24 hours and stayed in Lagos to await the verdict of my appeal to the West African Court of Appeal.

"In 1952 the court recorded

In a desperate effort to gain promotion in the Nigerian Public Service under the then colonial administration, the late Timi of Ede, Oba Adetoyese Laoye, said that he resorted to juju. He collected various items of magical medicine from herbals in different parts of Nigeria.

He used these charms regularly as directed, but the promotion did not come. Instead of trying other methods, he stuck to the use of native medicine in the hope that one day he would get the promotion he very much desired. Still, promotion was not forthcoming.

One day he assembled all the magical medicines for which he had spent a big sum of money, poured kerosene over them and set them on fire.

This bold action by the eager Oba Adetoyese Laoye, a chemist and druggist, then aged 40, was the outcome of the religious influence of his wife, a devoted member of an Aladura Church in Akure where the Prince worked at the Government General Hospital.

Recalling the incident, Oba Laoye said: "I found that I wasn't getting any promotion to compensate for my hard work. My bosses were either selfish or simply envious. In order to win their favour and obtain my promotion I resorted to using charms and juju. I spent a lot of money on native medicine to achieve my intention. At one stage I had a room so full of juju and native charms that my wife was barred from entering.

### Prophet's trance

"One day my wife returned from a revival religious service. She was so moved by what she saw that she came back home to play gospel songs on our piano. The next day we both got ready to go to play lawn tennis, but suddenly she changed her mind and persuaded me to go with her to the revival service at the church.

"There the prophet fell into a trance and pointed his staff at me and said: 'You this man, it is said of you that at the end of this year, you must not be staying at Akure. You must go to the place prepared for you by God. There your honour will be made great. Five years from now everybody will be paying homage to you and a multitude of people will prostrate before you saying, Your Highness.'

"The man further said: 'You have been looking for promotion for 11 years now and you have not got it. You have been going to native doctors to buy charms and juju, but be warned, you will not get promotion unless you throw them away now and pray to God. Then your prayer will be heard.'



## Prophet's prediction came true

continued

its verdict in my favour, a verdict upheld by the Privy Council, and the subsequent Murphy Inquiry into my appointment declared my selection as proper and valid.

"Thus the prediction of the prophet whom I met at Akure came true. I have since become a devout and practising Christian."

Oba Laoye is a renowned drummer and Yoruba poet. Many people who watched him

perform at this year's NRC cultural night in Lagos wondered at his dual personality — as a talented drummer and an Oba. His education and obaship are fairly recent, but his talent has been with him from the age of four when he was staying with his maternal grandfather who was a professional drummer.

"My grandfather taught me how to drum and the art of using drum to communicate with people. In two years I became so perfect that I wanted to go on the streets drumming for people's pleasure. But my father seized my drum and it wasn't until I grew up that I took it up again. Today, I have a large collection of drums and have appeared in several cultural shows in Nigeria and abroad."

Oba Laoye is the 22nd

successor to the Timi dynasty. In the olden days, the Timi would often be absent from his palace, usually in the war front as a war commander in his infantry brigade with his two victorious bow and arrow arrows. It is said of the Timi that he possesses a fire-spitting arrow which is capable of setting a whole city on fire if it is shot in anger. It is this arrow bequeathed to the successive Timis over 800 years of the dynasty which gives the Timi the title: "Timi Agbale Okin Ina" meaning "Timi, man with the fire-spitting arrow." A carved image of the legendary consequence

arrow was printed at the gate. He said: "My childhood days were full of little problems and troubles. There was no school in Ede when I started schooling. I went to Oshogbo in 1908

**TALENTED** pianist, the Olori, Mrs Flora Egun Laoye. She took her husband to the Akure Prophet who saw the vision.



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ending All Saints School at the age of ten. The missionary who came to Ede in 1909, Bishop Smith, visited my father in a evangelical mission; his wife was called my father to allow me to go with them to Oshogbo. My father agreed and I stayed with the Smiths at Oshogbo and came to Ode. At Ode, I prained my neck in a wrestling duel with a colleague. My neck became stiff and painful and incurable for a long time. I had to tell a lie about the true story of how I prained my neck or else I would have been punished severely.

My father, then a missionary in Togo, returned home when he heard of my neck pains and took care of me one evening. I was brought to another fight with a woman, wounding her severely. All these childhood incidents made my father decide

PROSTRATING subjects pay their respects to Oba Laoye during a cultural festival.

to send me to another missionary. I resumed my schooling at Baptist Day School, Ogbomoso, and in 1915 I prepared myself for entry to the Baptist Academy.

"But because I was born into the Muslim religion, my father insisted that I must study the Koran. I did not like the idea of stopping my school to learn the Koran, so I escaped from home and I was in self-exile at Shaki a town near Oyo. Here, the Canadian priest of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Duval, and his wife, took me as their boy to look after the pantry and bedroom at nine pence (9 kobo) per week. Later I attended the

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Mr. Henry Musyoka Mulli, his wife, and six children photographed in front of their Nairobi home on November 28, 1974.

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## Oba first wanted to be a doctor

continued

Baptist Academy, Lagos, 1916. Professor N. D. Oyedele now the Oton Showa Baptist Academy, Ogbomoso, was my main teacher.

"In 1918 I left the school which I would go to the Baptist Seminary to learn how to preach so that I could be a doctor and an evangelist. The was my ambition. Studied chemistry and physics were taught at the Baptist Academy. I went to Kings College to have grounding in the two subjects.

"Professor Oyedele, another encouraged me to drop my plan and instead plan to become a pharmacist since it would be difficult to obtain a degree in medicine. I agreed. At Kings College my classmates included the late Mr. Ibrahim Richard Doherty and Mr. Izah Pinfo, a former Dalmeida minister of justice.

"I later became an apprentice to Dr. G. Gray of Cross Hospital fame 1919-22 and later worked for him as his dispenser and clerk. In 1924, I passed my qualifying examination in the drugstore and joined the Ministry of Health. I was posted to Sokoto on a salary of £88 per annum (N176). I served in Keno, Kaduna, Forcados, Benin, Borno, Warri, Forcados, Sapele, Lagos, Jos, Ibadan and Akure between 1924 and 1946."

## Drumming to wake the Oba

At the Timi's palace at Edo five drummers keep 24 hours vigil to announce the arrival of visitors to the Oba. Even when the Timi is asleep and a visitor comes to the palace, drummers, whose post is about ten yards away from the bedroom, drum rhythmically delivering the message to wake up, wake up, Kabiyesi.

"Kabiyesi, get up from your sleep. You have visitors. Wake up, wake up, Kabiyesi."

Quite apart from his own to his subjects over the past 30 years, the Timi of Edo, Oba Lahe has made great contributions to the upliftment of Yoruba culture with his talking drums.

He has sweetened his life and enjoy the sweat of his labour. And when his comes to go to eternal sleep, his predecessors he can fit into the land of no return peace with himself and with creator, because he worked while he played which is often than not, was with him most of his interest and fame.

# What it was like to be a slave

It is estimated that 50 million people were taken from the continent during the years of the slave trade. These 50 million were, of course, the youngest, the strongest, those most capable of bringing great profit, first to their leader and later to the slave owner.

These Africans were scattered throughout South America, the islands of the West Indies and the United States. Africa's citizens became the labouring backbone of the Western hemisphere.

Slavery differed from country to country. But it was in the United States that

a system of slavery evolved that was more cruel and total than almost any other system of slavery devised by any group of men against another.

No other country where blacks were enslaved destroyed African culture to the extent it was destroyed there. Today there still exist, in South America and the Caribbean Islands, African religions, music and language, which came over on the slave ships. Only fragments of Africa remain among the blacks of the United States.

The slavery instituted by the founders of America has

few comparisons for its far-reaching cruelty.

The words above are from a new Puffin book *To Be a Slave* by Julius Lester (Penguin Books Ltd.) which reconstructs from the memories of ex-slaves what it must have been like to be owned by somebody else just as you would own a dog or a bicycle.

The excerpts — from the archives of the American Anti-Slavery Society and other abolition groups — are linked together by Julius Lester into a history of Black Americans from the time their abduction from Africa

until the victory of the north brought about the abolition of slavery.

The book concerns itself with the description of slavery from the point of view of the slaves themselves — what it was like to be whipped until the blood flowed like water, what it was like to stand on an auction block and be sold — like a horse or a table are sold; what it was like, in short, to be owned by another human being who could do with you what he wished; who had absolute power even over your life or death.

This is a typical excerpt: *My mother told me that he*

(the slave) owned a woman who was the mother of seven children and when her babies would get about a year or two of age, he'd sell them and it would break her heart. She never got to keep them. When her fourth baby was born and was about two months old, she just studied all the time about how she would have to give it up, and one day she said, 'I just decided I'm not going to let of master sell this baby; he just ain't going to do it.' She got up and gave it something out of a bottle and pretty soon it was dead.

PLEASE TURN OVER

## Who can guess the identity of this 'leader'?

One Finger, by Fergus Macpherson (Neezam, Lusaka).

WHO is Dr. Joshua Katili? This is a question which every reader of Fergus Macpherson's 'One Finger' will ask himself. He is no doubt supposed to portray an African leader depicted as a blockhead and sell-out of the African cause. It is a very scurrilous novel.

It is the story of an African child who wanders through South Africa, studies medicine in Britain, returns to his homeland and is ultimately assassinated at a public rally. This assassination is indeed merely symbolic, showing the frustration of the dreams of one Central African nation. The prodigal son returns to lead a nation to independence, but he becomes a dictator and causes disaster to himself and to his country.

Dr. Joshua Katili comes from a fictional country, Ndzuinkulu, which lies at the border of Tanzania, Zambia and Malawi. He is born in a decidedly primitive African setting just at the time of the arrival of missionaries.

But his desire to learn the medicine of the Europeans takes him on a long, eventful sojourn that ends up with a doctorate in the United Kingdom. Meanwhile political developments at home demand his return and his leadership of the African masses fighting for national freedom.

What the African nationalists do not realise, however, is that Katili's return and leadership is not only supported by the country's colonial rulers, but he is in

## BOOKS

fact being prepared for it by the colonialists.

Not recommended reading.

### In Brief

Moshoeshe, Chief of the Sotha, by Peter Sanders (Heinemann). Peter Sanders tells the story, still current in Lesotho, of how the ageing Moshoeshe (or Moshesh) took an egg and told his followers, he was about to drop it: if it broke, his chiefdom would collapse; if it remained intact, so would his chiefdom.

The egg did not break — and Lesotho, the independent nation that was primarily the creation of Moshoeshe, remains too.

Peter Sanders' history of Moshoeshe is comprehensive and important — certainly the definitive work — and a fascinating insight into the life and style of the man who took on the Boers and won and who emerges as one of the shrewdest and greatest Africans of the 19th century.

Ghana, Nkrumah's Legacy by Kwesi Armah (Rex Collings).

Kwesi Armah, lawyer, diplomat and politician, was a minister in Nkrumah's government and a friend and a confidant of the late president.

He is, therefore, able to present a balanced picture of Ghana and its problems. His book also shows how imperative it is now for Ghana and for the other nations of Africa to make proper use of the inheritance that Nkrumah left.

More Voices of Africa edited by Barbara Nolen (Fontana).

This paperback issue is the latest in the Modern African Novels series. It is a wide collection of short stories and poems from well-known writers such as Chinua Achebe and Cyprian Ekwensi and others less well known.



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# PICTURE THAT PROVES SLAVERY STILL EXISTS IN AFRICA



## A long whip made from rawhide

Another excerpt:  
*I was born in Georgia in Norcross and I'm ninety years old. My father's name was Roger Stielzen (slaves are often given the name of their owner) and my mother's name was Betty. My father Earl Stielzen captures them in Africa and brings them to Georgia.*

*His son was a killer. He got in trouble in Georgia and got him two good stepping horses and a covered wagon. Then he chains all his slaves round the necks and fastens the chains to the horses and makes them walk all the way to Texas.*

*My father have a great long whip plaited out of rawhide, and when one of the slaves fall behind or gave out, he hit him with that whip.*

*Mother, she gave out on the way 'bout the line of Texas. Her feet got raw and bleeding and her legs swell plumb out of shape. Then massa, he just taken out his gun and shot her, and while she lay dying, he kicks her two, three times, and say, 'Damn a nigger what can't stand nothing.'*

PICTURES that purport to show the existence of slavery in Africa in the 70s. Circulated in 1973 the picture below seems to show a white man buying slaves somewhere in the Sahel. The photograph above, released at the same time, shows the slaves being led off to captivity. The photographs are certainly not faked, but are people really still being bought and sold in Africa today? This is the question that the author Jonathan Derrick sets out to answer in his book 'Africa's Slaves Today.'



**E**VERY year hundreds of people go missing in Nigeria alone. What happens to them? Over the years 'DRUM has exposed the racket that exists in finding victims for human sacrifice. This evil practice still continues in Africa today.

But side-by-side with it and equally a major reason for the disappearance of people is, slavery. Over the years there have been countless cases of people who apparently vanish off the face of the earth. In the late 50s in Abakaliki in Eastern

Nigeria (now East Central State) the police uncovered a den of slave dealers who had kidnapped dozens of young girls and sold them for £60 each.

Thirty of the girls were found. This is just one of many of cases described by Jonathan Derrick in his book Africa's Slaves Today (George Allen & Unwin Ltd.).

Does slavery persist in Africa today? What is the distinction between slavery, serfdom and forced labour? Mr. Derrick examines the many different forms

of bondage in Africa, and argues that slavery is by no means dead in certain areas, although clear-cut definitions of slave and free are often impossible to establish.

Recent instances of Africans sold into slavery in Arabia are examined, and a detailed survey of slavery throughout North Africa and Ethiopia is made. In a full investigation of the forced labour system prevalent in White South Africa, the author reveals the atrocious and degrading conditions suffered by blacks under Apartheid.

Forced labour in the Portuguese colonies is also traced through all its stages up to the 1974 revolution. Contrasting examinations of the historical situation, especially in the chapters on 'The Slave Trade' and 'Action on Slavery' put the whole subject of slavery into perspective.

The author illustrates the complexity of the situation throughout Africa, and poses the provocative question whether in fact the existence of some forms of bondage is always entirely undesirable.



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...ictures by Abim Oladejo.

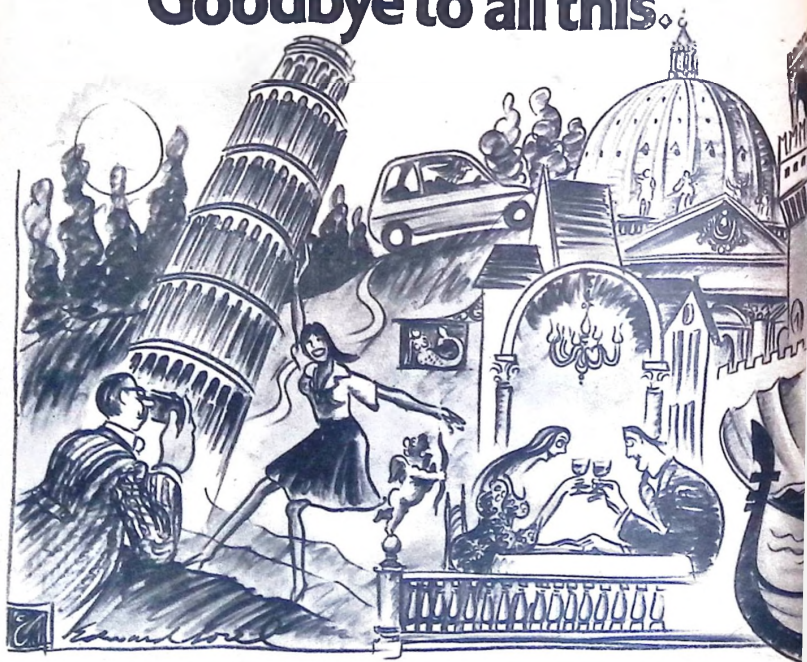


Italy is Florence, Naples, Rome, snow on the Dolomites, Milan, Lake Como, Sicily, Spaghetti alla Carbonara, Pizza, the Alps, Cappuccino, a gondola in Venice, the sea at Rimini, Siena, the music of La Scala, Lake Maggiore, St. Mark's, the Sistine Chapel, Verona, gnocchi dumplings,

Michelangelo's David, Botticelli's Venus, the Leaning Tower, Pucci, Gucci, The Spanish Steps, Capri, Gorgonzola, Chianti, Lampedusa... and the sun everywhere.

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MOTHER, Mrs Maunmoney Naidoo, hugs her son Indries after his release from ten years in South Africa's political prison on Robben Island

# A mother's joy after ten long years of waiting

EW my prayers would be answered, a widowed grandmother sobbed as she hugged her son she had last seen more than ten years before in the South African Supreme Court, Pretoria, shabby and unshaven, with his arm in a cast.

The happy reunion was that of Mrs Maunmoney Naidoo and her son, Indries, at their modest home in Johannesburg. Indries had served ten years for sabotage on Robben Island, the notorious prison.

Mrs Naidoo, whose family must hold the record for political casualties, had shortly before bid her son farewell to her daughter, Shanti, who left for London on an

exit permit after a series of detentions.

"While Indries was in jail I knew he would pull through because of his background," Mrs Naidoo said as she stroked her son's shiny black hair.

By that Mrs Naidoo meant that Indries' grandfather, Mr Thambi Naidoo, a close friend of Mahatma Gandhi and president of the Transvaal Indian Congress, was jailed 14 times for political offences. His grandmother, Mrs Veermal Naidoo, gave birth in jail while being held for a political offence.

Indries' father, Mr Naran-swami Naidoo, also a president of the Transvaal Indian Congress,

served two jail sentences during the Defiance Campaign of 1952.

Mrs Maunmoney Naidoo was twice sentenced while an active member of the Indian Congress and always at the side of her husband.

"So as you can see it seems that God has intended my family to suffer but we know in the end all will come right," said Mrs Naidoo.

"I lost Shanti when she left on a one way ticket for London to join her sister, Mrs Ramney Dinath, who also had to leave the country to join her husband who was living in exile. But now I have my Indries back," she smiled once more.

"Ten days before he was released from jail Indries was able to travel all over the country seeing old friends, the restriction order gives me more time to see him and talk to him and make up for the ten years during which I missed him so much."

Mrs Naidoo looked at her son who clearly also saw some relief in lining to the house arrest order.

When a humble teacher from the rural areas becomes a big-shot in the city, his sense of values is bound to change. The innocent country girl he married becomes an embarrassing burden; he succumbs to the charms of the young sophisticated city girl. This is the theme of the story which wins joint third prize in our short story competition — a portable typewriter and N20.

3RD PRIZE  
IN DRUM'S SHORT  
STORY COMPETITION

# All flesh and no bones

A story from Zambia by H. E. Haangala

HERE is a Zambian proverb which, more or less, tells us that a young man can outrun but cannot out-think an old man. I guess this is quite correct. In my case, at the ripe age of 33, I find it rather difficult to out-think some of my younger comrades.

I have spent countless hours, night and day, trying to find a solution to my problem, but all these hours I have involuntarily kept my eyes and my mind open have not brought me any nearer to the solution. What makes it worse is that all I have to do is emulate the actions of what some people faced with my kind of problem have done in the past, and are in fact still doing, and then be able to live it up without holding any post mortems. At least I imagine this is what is happening to those who have done what I understand I have not got the guts — or as I prefer to put it — the cruelty to do.

You may already be wondering what this problem is, and why I keep on rambling instead of putting down in clear black and white what is bothering me. You can't imagine how many times I have feverishly scanned the Dear Dolly and Charity advice columns, hoping to find someone with a similar problem asking for advice. Don't ask me why I haven't written to them myself because I am not sure, but I think I am afraid — afraid that I will be told to act like a man and do what I really want to do. Right now, I feel man enough to tackle a lion bare-handed, but I am still afraid of doing

what I really want to do!

However, since I have to tell you my story sooner or later, I might as well take the plunge now. The fact is I am in love and I want to get married. Simple — that is what you are thinking, but then you don't know the circumstances or you wouldn't mete out your instant judgment so instantly!

A FEW years before we attained independence, I finished my teacher training course, and I was posted to a mission primary school, somewhere west of Lusaka. I had no complaints. The missionaries did not treat us Africans that badly, and the political turbulence of those times was just a piece of gossip we got now and then from passing travellers. I might as well add that if I contributed in any way to the independence struggle it was in teaching the young generation of that time the rudiments of arithmetic and English, although none of my pupils ever made it to secondary school. This was not because they had no brains, and not because I was a bad teacher, but simply because at that time there was no free education, and parents were not affluent to finance further education for their offspring.

As I have stated, I was a teacher and I was far from home. As time went by, I felt the need for a companion in life, and since my father had brainwashed me into believing that the only happy marital union is one between people of

the same tribe, I did not search for my partner among the local girls. I decided to let my old man do the donkey work and I wrote to him, informing him that I was coming over during the next school holidays, so could he please find a suitable girl to accompany me to the altar! In due course, I got a reply, no doubt dictated to one of my young brothers because the old man could neither read nor write. The old man informed me that all I had to do was go over and take my future wife to the altar, as everything else had already been finalised!

So I went home, and found Mukanosondo waiting for me. We took one look at each other and our hearts vibrated in unison, attracted to each other like opposite poles of a magnet. Some Sundays later, I said 'I will,' and she said 'I will,' and from then on no one had the right to put us asunder, come what may, forever and ever, AMEN.

As Mukanosondo smiled at me in the presence of Father O'Donnelli, the words of a popular song at my school came into my mind, and it seemed as if the lyricist had my bride in mind when he thought of the words:

*Meto inge a ka namani,  
Meno inge musilili.  
Ku sa bulwili figa ya hao,  
Yona, ki sileki.  
Sileki nama ya musika.*

*Yona, ye sina lisapo . . .  
Eyes as big as a calf's,  
Teeth as white as fresh milk.*

*Her figure?*

*Oh, like a piece of steak,  
which we see at the market.  
All flesh and no bones . . .*

That is how much I loved Mukanosondo, and in the following 12 years I had no eyes for any other woman. She satisfied me in every way and our six children — four girls and two boys — serve as a constant reminder of Mukanosondo.

I took my wife with me to my school, and I was the envy of the community, villagers and teachers alike. I really loved her, and all my thoughts were of her, so much so that in class I made my pupils sing the song over and over again, until some wise pupil discovered the connection, and promptly named her *Kanamani* the big-eyed, milk toothed calf of mine. The song became my personal anthem and I was always humming it. Oh, I loved Mukanosondo, my *Kanamani*.

We spent the five years before and after independence at the same school. Then I was transferred to Lusaka. I was happy to be in town, and I took this opportunity to advance from Form 2 to Form 5 through a correspondence college. At this point, one of my friends advised me to quit the teaching profession and join the civil service proper — which I did. My rise from cleric to officer to assistant education officer in the Ministry of Education is still remembered with awe by civil servants. The reason for my meteoric rise is that

PLEASE TURN OVER

# 'I was really annoyed. I went into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of

continued

I am a dedicated man, and I really put my teeth into any job I am given.

A few years back, parastatal organisations were established, with all the Zambianisation spree that followed, and I wasn't left behind. I found myself deputy training officer in one of the organisations; next year my white boss will be leaving, and I am automatic choice for the post of chief training officer.

However, my new status did not bring me all the happiness that I wanted, all because of Mukansondo. When I had married her, I had not been bothered by the fact that she had only a Standard 4 certificate. I had never anticipated that I would rise from my humble self to my big self, the self that I am these days. Even after I was transferred to the big city, I neglected her education, so that she remained semi-literate while I involved myself in further educational adventures which have enabled me to own a Mercedes-Benz and a Ford Escort and earn the label *apamamba*, as the common man calls us big shots.

My dissatisfaction with Mukansondo did not come as soon as I had bettered myself. I was still content with her, and as far as I was concerned, she was the best woman around town. My house was ever clean, my children healthy and she still had her beauty and strength. It was only after a friend had dropped in for a quick beer after work that my love for *Kanamami* took a dive. She brought us the drinks and addressed my visitor:

"Good afternoon, Sir." It was actually evening. My friend thought it was a joke and responded:

"Good evening. How are you?" She looked down at her feet, obviously embarrassed by the laughing stranger, and answered in an almost inaudible voice:

"I am very well thank you, Sir." My friend looked at me quizzically and discontinued the conversation. I was just thinking of an excuse to send her from the room when one of the children started crying.

"The child is crying," I told her, and she bolted for the door. After she had gone, my friend asked in an incredulous manner:

"Is that really your wife?"

"Of course," I answered, adding,

"Why do you ask?"

"Well I er... I mean er... she looks or... I mean I thought she was your servant or something."

"My servant? You must be joking."

"No. Seriously, she is not fit to be your wife. She looks so simple and unsophisticated."

I had never considered my *Kanamami* to be any of these things, although the previous conversation had made me feel ashamed of her. I got annoyed because my friend was voicing my opinion.

"Are you trying to annoy me?" I

asked, with an edge of anger in my voice.

"I meant no harm. I am just stating facts. Imagine the wife of a man with your position speaking like that. What education has she got?"

"It is none of your business," I retorted, pouring the beer down my throat fast.

"Okay, okay, don't get annoyed. I am just telling you that she looks like a simple villager and that she is not fit for you."

I rose from my seat and said: "My friend, I think you had better leave my house. Right now."

He looked at me with surprise and rose from his chair.

"You mean you are angry because of what I said?"

"Just get out, out of my house," I said, pointing towards the door.

He started to say something, but he thought better of it and went towards the door.

I was really annoyed. I went into the kitchen, grabbed a bottle of beer from the fridge, and poured the contents down my throat. I grabbed another and gave it the same treatment.

That night, I had my first real row with Mukansondo. As I looked at her, I saw a new Mukansondo, clumsily dressed in the expensive clothes I had bought for her, and looking very simple and unsophisticated. I thought of the smart girls at the office, and for the first time I wished I had not married Mukansondo.

She was surprised when I started shouting at her, calling her names and asking why she couldn't take care of herself and so on. She never said anything at all. She just looked at me with a pained expression on her face, and then started to sob silently. That stopped me. I went over and held her in my arms and started apologising, saying I was just drunk and that I did not mean what I had been saying. All the time she said nothing, but in giving herself to me later on, I felt as if she was answering me, assuring me that education has little to do with sex and love. I forgot that she was a simple uneducated woman. But not for long.

\*\*\*

**T**HE next morning, I went into my luxuriously decorated office. My secretary greeted me. Usually, I did not think of her as a girl with whom I could have some fun. Not me, a full-blooded Catholic! That morning however, I found myself staring at her and taking in her looks, her smart hair-do, her face, and unconsciously comparing her qualities to Mukansondo. I felt ashamed of my wife. My look of disgust must have shown on my face for Sylvia quickly adjusted her mini and put her thighs close together. I laughed softly as she strode into my office, thinking how funny it was that she thought I was laughing at her.



# 'I didn't feel like looking into her big round

ear from the fridge and poured the contents down my throat.'



There wasn't much to do that morning and I spent most of it thinking of Mukansondo and what my friend had said about her. I could see the sense in what he had been saying. Mukansondo was certainly not fit for me and . . . the ringing of the phone woke me from my day-dreaming. I picked up the receiver.

"A gentleman wants to speak to you." It was Sylvia's voice. I noticed how beautiful it was, so calm, so assured. The sentence, "I am very well thank you, Sir" — a typical sentence they used to teach us in Standard One. Even her accent . . .

"Are you there, Sir?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, startled from my dream.

"What is it?" I asked.

"There is a gentleman who wants to talk to you."

"What is his name?"

"I am sorry, Sir, but he refused to give his name. But he says it is important that he speaks to you."

"All right, all right." I gave up, thinking maybe it was one of my *apamwamba* comrades trying to fix a deal with me so that I could make one of the members of his family go through our tough aptitude tests. The phone clicked and I said:

"What do you want?"

"Oh man, are you still angry?" It was my friend who had called my wife a simple woman, a villager.

He went on to say that he had rung up to apologise for being rude. I told him that he had nothing to apologise for because he had been telling the truth.

"In any case," I added, "she is not really fit for me as you said but what can I do about it? We are married and that is for keeps."

"Why for keeps? You can divorce her."

"I am a Catholic, my friend. For better or for worse."

"Nonsense," said my friend. "I am a Catholic too but that didn't stop me from divorcing my wife."

I was surprised.

"You mean that woman is your second wife?"

"Didn't you know? I was in the same boat as you, but when my friends started mocking me, I booted her and got an educated one. The old bag was really an embarrassment. She couldn't even speak English. I would advise you to do what I did."

"Well, I have never thought of that. I can't imagine myself divorcing my wife. I love her, you know, and then there are the kids. They suffer most from broken marriages."

"Look, love does not matter these days. These young girls are dying to get married to top names like you and me. Why, even that pretty secretary of yours could marry you, and as for your wife, what makes you sure that you loved her when you married her? Was it not because your father forced you

or because she was the most beautiful around?"

He was right in a way but I still couldn't agree to his proposals.

"As for the kids, they can be looked after by the new wife, and after all what looking after do they need? You can get a good nanny for them and your troubles will be over."

We talked on a bit longer until he finally convinced me that re-marriage was the 'in' thing. He ended by predicting that Mukansondo would shame me one of these days if I didn't divorce her.

**W**HEN he finally hung up, I decided to act. I called Sylvia on the intercom. She came in, complete with pad and pencil, but I was surprised her saying:

"I am taking you for lunch today." I was that direct!

She hesitated, not sure whether she had heard right, after all didn't I have the reputation of being 'square'?

I took her to an expensive eating house where I knew that her boyfriend could never afford to take her, and by the end of the meal we had become fast friends. All that was left was to consummate the friendship, and the hour wasn't far off.

I got home around three o'clock the next morning, very drunk and physically washed out. Sylvia was the first woman I had been with since the day I married. My wife was fast asleep, and the dim light from the bedside lamp revealed rivers of dried tears running from her eyes to the pillow. As I settled between the sheets, she opened her heavy eyes and looked at me. She said nothing but I could see the question in her eyes. I didn't bother to answer it. I just switched off the light and settled down. She moved close to me; after a while she realised that I was in no mood for it. She turned her back to me and I did the same. As I dropped into sleep, I heard her sobbing quietly.

When I awoke she was already out of the bedroom. Ten minutes later, I got into my car. There was no sign of Mukansondo but I was thankful for this. The beastliness of my actions the night before was gnawing at my conscience, and I didn't feel like looking into her big round eyes, full of misery, hurt, and questions.

Sylvia was waiting for me and kissed me hard. She told me she had fallen in love with me. On my part, I was torn between two worlds, one with Mukansondo, the other with Sylvia. A voice inside me told me that Sylvia was the right girl for me. However, that evening I took her to an hotel and then, after two or three drinks I complained of a headache and suggested she should take her home, she didn't like it.

"You want to run home to your wife."

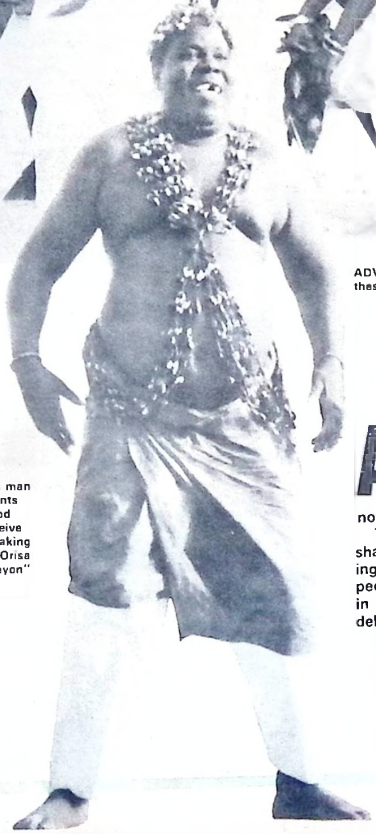
"I am still married to her, you

PLEASE TURN OVER

eyes full of misery, hurt and questions'



ADVANCING towards the hefty man who represents the Iroko God, these grating women dancers carry cockerels in their hands.



Hefty man Akimbo, this man who represents the Iroko God waits to receive the women taking part in the "Orisa Iroko Megbeyan" dance.

## Getting to the festival mood

**A**T the recent 4th National Festival of Arts held in Ahmadu Bello Stadium, Kaduna, in obvious preparation for the D-Day — World Festival of Black Arts and Culture coming up in Nigeria later this year, this group of cultural dancers is not taking any chances.

The hefty looking man in embroidered cowrie shawl, surrounded by women holding cockerels, is doing the "Orisa Iroko Megbeyan" dance of the Badagry people. This is essentially female elders' festival dance in honour of an Iroko God, who is believed to take delight in being surrounded by women dancers.

Photographs by Mathew Faji.

"I said jokingly, and to make her happy. I told her what had happened. She said to get home the night before. She was pleased to hear that she had been so safe."

"You were all flesh and no bones." We had a good laugh at that, but she was not so used to it, the laugh was not so free. However, that evening I took her home. I said her goodbye and went on my way. It was on the way that I thought of the *kanamoni*, all flesh and bones. There were three when I got home. I tried to talk to her but her answers were short and simple, just like her!

"Get on, in bed, she said:  
"You don't love me any more."  
"What do you mean?" I asked, not knowing I wanted to know what she meant but because I had to ask. She just gave a short laugh and her big, round eyes looked at me accusingly. I was forced to lower my arm.

"I am sorry but I was very drunk last night. I don't know what got into me but I won't do it again. I promise."  
At that moment, I meant every word I said, but when I got to the office, I regretted my promise.

For a month, I kept going with Sylvia, but I never stayed too long at her flat, and I made sure there was some reserve for my wife. I always took one or two beers after seeing Sylvia so that when I got home, I told Mukansondo that I had been drinking. I never said anything.

\*\*\*\*\*

As usual she had been angry or depressed, or even told me that I was boring. I could have led my double life myself if I desired. I could not bring myself to divorce her. No. Adultery was sinful enough for me, although Sylvia was and again implored me to do otherwise. She was so quiet about the whole affair and it was really getting on my nerves to see her mocking eyes staring at me as I tried to convince her that I was not lying.

I was actually getting to a point where I decided to boot her and marry Sylvia when two things happened which have brought me to this confused state of mind.

I got to the office one morning, and, as usual, Sylvia came for her "good morning" kiss. Then she told me that she was pregnant. The sweetness in my mouth left me and was replaced by a bitter dryness. I asked if she was sure.  
"Yes. I went to see a doctor." I was told.

"What are we going to do? I am a married man and . . ."  
"We can get rid of it."  
"I protested, "that is against the church."  
"Well, we could get married," she said with a pleased laugh.  
"I am already married," I reminded her.  
"Don't you love me then?" she pleaded.  
"Of course I do. I love you very much." And I meant it. I love Sylvia more than I ever loved my *kanamoni*.  
"Then you can divorce your wife."  
"I can't. It's against the church."  
That is when she got annoyed. "Everything I have suggested you say is against the church. Is adultery not against the church?"  
"Well, it is but . . ."  
"But what? So you just wanted to



**'You may call me mad, but I have resigned myself to my fate...'**

have a good time with me! You didn't care about your church when you were enjoying yourself, but now that I am in trouble, you care so much about your church."

"No, Sylvia, don't get me wrong . . ." "Shut up. I hope you had a nice time. I thought I was clever and I thought you loved me when you were saying I was good. All you wanted was me, you swine. You are a stinking old man."

I could say anything. She picked up her bag and made for the door. She turned in the doorway and said:  
"I was right about you old man. You are all flesh and no bones."

There was a big bang as she smashed the door after her. I made no attempt to follow her. I sat down, then picked up the phone and rang my friend for advice.

"Well, this gives you a golden opportunity to kill two birds with one stone." He chuckled at his wit.

"It's not that easy."  
"Why not? Kill the old bird and capture the young one."

"But you know that I can't divorce."  
"Why not? You divorce her and marry Sylvia and you will be all right."

"I said I can't divorce her. It is against . . ."  
"It is against the church," he finished for me. I could almost smell his mockery over the line. "I know that it is against the church but how about adultery? Thou shalt not commit adultery. Ha ha. You better make up your mind about your church or else you will end up in a mess. Well, we can talk it over at the reception."

"Which reception?" I asked.  
"The one being thrown in honour of our football team at the hotel."

"Oh, I see. Okay, see you."  
I remembered I was supposed to take Sylvia to the reception. Well, I was sure she would rather die than be seen with me again. If only I had known then how she was longing for me, maybe things would still be fine.

I went home early and told my wife that I was taking her to a reception that evening.

"What reception?"  
"Just get ready by 1900 hours," I snapped and went to the bedroom hoping to get some sleep. I couldn't. Sylvia was on my mind. Sylvia, I started cursing Mukansondo and I made up my mind that I would go and see Sylvia, but then I got a better idea. I picked up the phone and rang her flat.  
"813 5691."

I feared she would bang down the receiver before I got through my news.  
"Look, Sylvia, I have made up my mind. I will marry you. I mean it."

I had to stop for breath. She said:  
"Are you sure?"

"Dead serious. Look, tomorrow I will send her packing, but tonight, I want to thank her for all she has done for me. So I shall take her to the reception, then come back here and stay with her. Tomorrow I will tell her to pack."

Sylvia believed me. Just like that. She wasn't too happy about not going to the reception, but she saw the sense in what I was intending to do, although she complained that she needed me that night. I promised her that I would see her somehow. We hung up. All fixed. I felt so good I started singing the *kanamoni* song. Mukansondo heard it and I could tell from her smile as we drove to the hotel that she was in my good books again. Oh well!

The reception was a disaster for me. Mukansondo had not aged too much and since my outburst about her dressing she had improved, although her efforts had been wasted on me as all my eyes were on Sylvia. The young footballers were eyeing her and some brave ones winked at her when they thought I wasn't looking. I decided to give them their chance and told her that I was going to look for my friend. The boys came around her. I felt a bit jealous. What did these young punks think they were? Pele or Eusebio? Just because they had won the cup.

I saw my friend talking to some beautiful girls and I went over to him. He excused himself from the giggling girls and I told him my news.

"Great, great," he shouted. "Come on, man, let's have a real ball tonight. Hey, waiter, bring us some gin — dry."

The gin came and I took it, dry. Actually it was my first time to drink spirits and I was a bit scared but when I saw my friend drown his at one gulp, I did likewise. It burned my throat. My friend handed me another and down it went. Before long, I got drunk. I think I must have started staggering around because I kept bumping into people. Then I felt a hand pounce me and I heard Mukansondo whispering to me in our mother tongue.

"You are embarrassing me. Why do you stagger like that?"

That annoyed me. Me embarrassing her and not vice-versa? I waved her hand away and glared at her. I searched for a stinging remark in English but I could only come up with:

"Do you think you can stagger better than me, you old goat?"

Suddenly I was held by my neck by one of the ladies, who said:

"Don't insult the lady, you swine." With that she slapped me and I fell down. As I got up, he made as if to kick me, but my wife pushed him away and helped me get up, saying: "Let's go home, my dear."

I was angry and I wanted to fight. But I knew that I was drunk and some of these footballers pack a punch — I have seen them in strict action on the football pitch. So I let Mukansondo lead me to where my Benz was parked. As I drove off I was literally seeing red because of the humiliation. Perhaps that's what made me miss the red lights. I drove through them — and crashed! Up to now I don't know exactly what happened, but I know that Mukansondo was badly injured and I got some nasty bruises. The car was a write-off.

I understand from my friend that me and my wife and four young men in the other car were taken to the hospital unconscious and two of the young men were dead on arrival. I was discharged from hospital three days later. Sylvia had come to see me every day. I should have been happy.

The day I was released from my ward, I inquired about my wife. When I was bedridden they had told me that she was getting better.

Later they confessed: "We told you that because you might not have stood the shock of knowing the truth." I cannot describe what I felt. It was a mixture of sadness and happiness — sad because she was my faithful *kanamoni* and happy at the thought that I could now marry Sylvia without committing a sin.

I made a show of being sad and said: "I'd like to pay her my last respects."  
"What?" The nurse was surprised, very surprised, and added:

"But she is not dead."  
It was my turn to be surprised. "But you said . . ." I couldn't finish.

"She is not dead, but her legs are badly injured and she will be paralysed."

No words can describe what I felt. I remembered the words for better or for worse. Well, now the worse had happened, in the worst way possible. Now do you understand my problem and why I am awake, night and day?

**P**HEW! Now that I have got it off my chest I feel a bit better, but I am no nearer to solving my problem than before. Of course, you understand that on that fateful night I really wanted to boot Mukansondo, but how can I do it now? She is a permanent invalid, restricted to a wheelchair, and I haven't got the heart to kick her out.

As usual my friend offered me some advice. He told me to surrender her to the council for the blind and handicapped and then marry Sylvia, who is in her eighth month, and has been crying for me to marry her. But tell me, how can I? When Sylvia gets annoyed she says I am all flesh and no bones, that is why I stick to Mukansondo, legless as she is, also all flesh and no bones. I love Sylvia very much and I really want to marry her, but I cannot forsake Mukansondo because she is crippled.

They may call me mad, sticking to the church rules and breaking some of them, but I have resigned myself to my fate. I sinned and I am paying for my sin. Sometimes I console myself by saying that the punishment fits the crime, but it is not much of a consolation. I can assure you.

## AFRICAN COOK-BOOK

SPECIAL CARE OF CERTAIN FOODS

1. Milk. Boil milk as soon you get it. Put it in a clean jug and put it away in the refrigerator. You have no safe, cover jug with a thin cloth that will let in air but no flies. Strain the jug in a bowl of water and let the cloth be in it. As the water runs the cloth and evaporator will keep the milk in cool. Even if you have a good plan to do this hot weather before you put the milk in the safe.
2. Meat. Put meat on a dish plate in the safe until it is cooked. If you want to keep it a few days before cooking:
  - (a) rub all over with salt and put in the safe;
  - (b) next day pour away liquid that has run out and rub over with salt again;
  - (c) do this every day if wanted, then wash salt before cooking.

In very hot weather cook a little, then put away in the for the next day. Meat cooked in fat — fried or roasted keeps better than meat cooked in water. If you do boil it off the liquid and use it for soups. Dry meat will not go so quickly as meat left in water.

3. Sugar. This should be kept in a tin with a well fitting lid to keep out ants.

4. Salt. This should be put in glass, china, or clay pots. It is put in a tin in the safe away the tin and is rusty. If you can only tin, put in a paper lining.
5. Jam. May be left in the tin which it is bought in, if the safe away from

6. Tea and Coffee should be put in tins with lids. If tea and coffee in their paper packets, flavour is lost.

# HOW TO WIN OVER YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

**T**HE word 'mother-in-law' means different things to different people. To some people, it does not mean much — just a woman who must come between you and your husband, but to others it spells doom and disaster.

In the first instance, we need to know the true definition of the word. She can be the dominant type, who will almost want to marry her son so she can dominate him. Then there is the callous type who will always complain.

There is also the greedy type — who will cause trouble all the time. Before I go too far on the bad ones however, let me quickly add that there are good ones — but they are very rare to come by.

Now back to the question: what is a mother-in-law? If you ask this question of ten women, six will reply: "a mother-in-law is someone's husband's mother." In a sense, this answer will be good but the correct definition of a mother-in-law is a woman that the law of marriage, imposes on you as your second mother and you have to treat her like your real mother.

If your mother-in-law is in the first group, my advice to you is that you should try not to

get in her way when she visits you and her son. If you are not called upon to have a say in their discussion, try not to contribute and — if you do — you have to be careful not to say the wrong thing at the wrong time.

When you visit her (which should not be too frequent) always make sure to tell her about her son's health and say nice things about him. This way, you will be able to get on well with her.

If she is in the second group try to be modest in all your dealings with her. When she visits you try not to entertain her too well because she will tell people that you are draining her son's pocket.

If she is staying some days with you, you may need to

serve more economical food just to please her. This will soon be over since she is not going to spend the rest of her life in your home and you can go back to your normal life once she is gone, but you have to put your husband into consideration when doing this.

If she is in the third group don't quarrel too often with your husband, as this may create a loop-hole for her. One thing with this type of mother-in-law, however, is that you need a lot of prayers and you have to be very cool-headed to survive.

A lot has been said about the bad ones but now let's take a quick look at the good ones because there are always two sides to everything. A few are

good but you only rarely come across them but if you are lucky enough to have one of them, always give her the right treatment. Let her know you appreciate her attitude towards you. Don't give her any cause to regret treating you like her own daughter. With this type of mother-in-law, there is no such problem — only do what you know will please her and at the right time and you will just thank your stars for having such a wonderful mother-in-law.

My advice to women is that you must remember that whatever your mother-in-law does to you she will be your mother-in-law for as long as she lives. So make the best of it.

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**M** with birth control (DRUM, September 1974) has opened a debate on a controversial topic affecting all Nigerian families.



**CYPRIAN EKWENSI**

## Birth control: It's not an alternative to poverty

I tried then to make the point that family planning in itself is not a bad thing. In fact it is desirable. *BUT* at this moment in Africa, our priorities lie in other fields — education, medical services, communications, employment, industry.

This month, I would like to present two other points of view.

One view comes from an Indian sociologist, Dr. Mahmood Mamdani of Harvard University in the U.S. His arguments are set out in a book entitled *The Myth of Population Control*, published by the Monthly Review Press.

The other view comes from a fellow Nigerian, Dr. S. K. Gyoh, M.B., B.S., consultant surgeon and lecturer in surgery at Ahmadu Bello University.

The two viewpoints come from giants of science and academics and must therefore be viewed very seriously.

Dr. Gyoh writes: "I am one of your many admirers, and my conviction that you are correct in your views on family planning does not diminish your stature. It merely helps to remind me that you are in fact human despite your near superhuman abilities."

"Family planning or birth

control is currently being misunderstood widely in Nigeria, and is opposed by the educated and uneducated alike."

Dr. Gyoh then goes to show how conditions have changed and how "many of us have a fixed income and because of the prolonged training of our children, the standard of living drops as the number of mouths to feed, bodies to clothe and minds to educate increases. Many Nigerians find that their income is unable to maintain the standard of living they feel is commensurate with their social status. This is the foundation of corruption."

"With maximal utilisation of the soil of the earth, there is a limit to the amount of food it can produce. Man, however, is nowhere prepared to do this — he spends most on armaments and prestige projects . . .

Cyprian, try getting volunteers to leave the overcrowded Lagos and Kano to settle in the Sahara Desert, Anchau, Nkwelle and 'the empty lands in between!' Experience in other countries has shown that development of

'provincial towns' has reduced, but not stopped the drift to big cities . . . Have you spoken to industrialists and found out their economic reasons for preferring to build factories in Lagos and Kano rather than in small towns and villages?"

"To talk of not imitating the super-powers as far as family planning is concerned, yet accepting their medical science which has reduced mortality is naive . . . uncontrolled reproduction does not necessarily produce many geniuses as you suggested . . . it is the quality of life, and not its quantity that matters most . . . uncontrolled reproduction causes overcrowding, crime and wars, civil and international."

I have quoted Dr. Gyoh's letter at length because of his hard-hitting style, his cogent arguments and the strong beliefs he has in family planning. Many readers, including myself, will agree with his views.

Now, let us turn to the other side of the coin. While not actually refuting Dr. Gyoh's

point of view, the Indian Dr. Mahmood Mamdani dramatises a number of points which are relevant to our Nigerian situation.

Dr. Mamdani himself argues: *People are not poor because they have large families. Quite the contrary: they have large families because they are poor.*

He goes on to say that most couples accept contraceptives, are interested in family planning, but do nothing about it. Why? Because, according to him, family planning has both scientific and political reasons. "One follows from the other. If population control is to be a substitute for fundamental social change, then the theorist must look at the problem independently of other aspects of social relations."

To prove that he is not anti-family planning, Dr. Mamdani quotes from a report on family planning by the Population Council of India: "No matter how primitive he may be, man seems to have the rationale to adjust his numbers in accordance with the resources available, and the environment to which he is subjected."

The report is saying that if more people have more money, they will have less need for more children, because the money and social conditions will be right.

Among the factors which contribute to the control of birth, Dr. Mamdani mentions the rising age of marriage in women. In 1956 it was 17.5

years in India. Now the age has risen to 20 years. He also mentions infertility and barrenness in women. A man may want a boy child, but keeping only girls, so the coastal family, takes no more child.

Family planning programmes will always fail where the practice contradicts "the vital interests of the majority of people."

In a test study, he shows how a rural agricultural community was transformed into a technological agricultural community by a co-operative society and a development bank. Gradually the village came to rely less on manual labour, and is, people. The bank provided loans which farmers bought chemical fertilisers instead of dung, a new variety of wheat, and motorised pumps for their tube wells. Production increased. Time became more precious. New flour mills were established in the village and people prospered. There were more bicycles, more radios, more watches.

The point of this article has now been made. Family planning is not a substitute for poverty and hardship. People want to have something to plan for the large family. Until you can give them that something — technology, money, progress — they will never understand or even accept your plans to help them limit their families, however logical that may be to you.

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**Sayings OF THE WISE...**

Where the broom does not reach, the dust will not vanish by itself.  
— Patrick, Lagos

The politician says: "Elect me as your leader and I will solve all your problems," but forgets to add "Do not be curious at the size of my belly."  
— Paul Agbolaji, Kabiye

We never know the worth of water until the well is dry.  
— Goody Katsiga, Entebbe

True valour lies halfway between cowardice and rashness.  
— Harrison Pamba, Nairobi

Conversation is like a boat; if everyone crowds on the same side it sinks.  
— Peter N. Charles, Nairobi

Education makes the wise humbler and the foolish prouder.  
— Joshua Atsebi, Ibadan

"Had I known" is the constant excuse of the fool.  
— Dela Fadoyie, Ilesha

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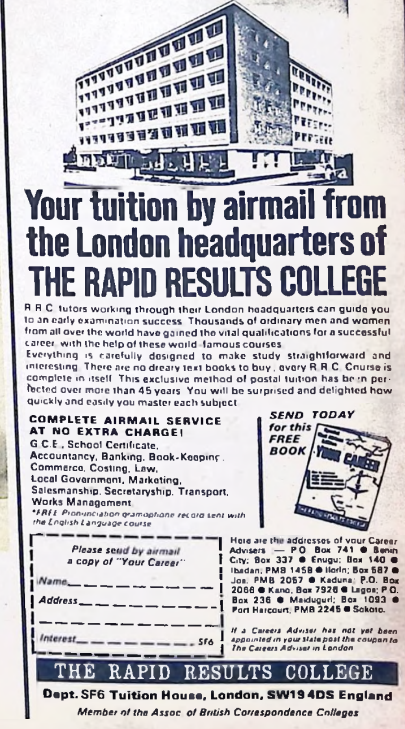
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**El Mohr**

**WHAT YOUR DREAM MEANS**

Your dream takes you into the heart of a celebration or festival, among a joyous and colourfully-attired crowd of people. The white community is taking part in the celebration, and you are kept along in the dancing and high spirits. Family faces appear among the crowd and you are happy to be at one with your friends and acquaintances. In your dream, an old man appears and addresses the throng. His words are ominous and the crowd falls silent as they listen to him. But the festival spirit is strong, and the merry-makers move away from the old man to continue their celebrations. You are torn between joining them, and trying to listen to the words of wisdom. Eventually you move on to your friends content to be again in their company but uneasy that the warnings of the old man have been ignored. The dream signifies the serious qualities which creep on the Cancer character. You enjoy taking part in the lighter, stroller life, but your awareness of the serious issues is never far below the surface. Your loyalty to friends at times can defeat your better judgment.



**AQUARIUS**  
JANUARY 21 — FEBRUARY 20

Favourable influences for Aquarians who are handling legal matters, especially those involving partnership deals. On the home front, you may encounter some moodiness, even mild deceit. You would do best to ignore these problems and get out and about.

**LEO**  
JULY 21 — AUGUST 20

One member of the firm appears to be the cause of an unnecessary friction this month. You are personally bored by the squabbles but be careful not to lose your temper as a result. You find much contentment in the company of an older person.

**PISCES**  
FEBRUARY 21 — MARCH 20

You will be tempted into various undertakings with other people, but make quite sure that you know the motives before committing yourself! One proposition in particular needs to be judged with especial caution. You have to choose between the old and the new.

**VIRGO**  
AUGUST 21 — SEPTEMBER 20

An expansionist period, socially and emotionally. You find yourself busy on the social scene while a new emotional involvement will lead to much heart-searching on your part. There is a risk that your work will be neglected while this is going on.

**ARIES**  
MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

A busy period socially this month, and you will hear one item of intriguing gossip. You would be wise to keep this confidence to yourself even though tempted to pass it on. In the home, temporary changes may cause some discomfort. Someone you knew returns.

**LIBRA**  
SEPTEMBER 21 — OCTOBER 20

A dispute with a neighbour has been nagging at you for some time. You now have the opportunity to clear up the matter to everyone's satisfaction. Socially your dealings with a younger member of your circle will need much tact. There can be trouble with your loved one.

**TAURUS**  
APRIL 21 — MAY 20

You are entering a contradictory period, in which new developments at work contrast with a lull in your private life. At last career-conscious Taurus can look forward to a lively, progressive time in which their talents are fully stretched.

**SCORPIO**  
OCTOBER 21 — NOVEMBER 20

You may be affected by changes in your work or place of residence. Despite a temporary pang of regret at these changes, the overall effect will soon be found to be beneficial. Travel arrangements in the plans of young Scorpios. You meet someone unusual.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21 — JUNE 20

Parents take pride in their children's achievements this month, but otherwise this is a quiet phase in which you are content to swim with the tide of affairs. A long-term plan may materialise earlier than you think, so do not take things too lazily.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOVEMBER 21 — DECEMBER 20

You may be upset to find that an intrigue has been going on among one of the people in your circle. It will be best to be circumspect in the future. You take the news calmly, secure in the knowledge that these jealous rivalries cannot seriously harm you in the home. A quiet, dullish period.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 21 — JULY 20

Important developments are now taking place behind the scenes, and the long-term effects on your future will be considerable. Someone who visits your home may play a big part in these changes. A letter arrives which will surprise you.

**CAPRICORN**  
DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 20

You enter a phase when you buckle pressures, both at work and at home, seem to be increasing. In order to succeed it will be best to rise to these difficulties with as much patience as you can muster. Your life shows signs of lowering tides.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our beloved father



**JAMES OJEINDE DOMINGO**  
(Formerly Chief Accountant P.W.D. now F.W.M. & H) Died 3rd July 1934. Aged 47 Years.

You left us at a time we needed you most but it has pleased God in His tender mercies to spare our lives to remember your departure to eternity 41 years today Rest in peace.

*Ojifini Arawa*  
*Omobadu*  
*Esakoyi*      *Sunre O!*

Children. *Oluremi Domingo*  
*Hadja A. Kotun*  
*Olori Remilekun Agunlejika*

**John Friday Henry** 72, Box 8444, Mombasa, Kenya, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: reading. Age 20.

**Imogene Ann Irving** 22 Market Road, P.O. Box 6 Abak, S.E. Nigeria, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 19.

**Muhammad Bakari**, P.O. Box 8444, Mombasa, Kenya, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: general. Age 22.

**Mark K. L. Mpororo**, P.O. Box 41, Dar-es-Salaam, Tanzania, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: writing, singing, photography. Age 22.

**Gregory B. Olu**, Shamba, 16, New Hope School, Box 30143, Mombasa, Kenya, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: photography, music, cinema. Age 17.

**Francois Kanyondo**, P.O. Box 328, Sogoo, Uganda, wants pen pals from all over the world. Interests: horse riding, drama.

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Canter 6D June 22nd. to July 22nd.

Canter is a water sign and is the fourth sign of the Zodiac with its symbol of the crab. Ruled by the moon, its metal is naturally silver, and the colours preferred by this sign are also the silvers and all the soft hues.

The gemstone for this sign is the natural ruby which is paired in all horoscopes with the moon. It is a rich deep red. The symbol of destiny during winter and passion is said to be only to re-double love that has warmed it. It is said the eyes pale when mysterious beauties of women.

The Cancerian person, of sensitive and timid reactions to emotion rather than logic, like the crab they cast their shell away and need the protection of their home life shell.

However when cornered they are remarkably brave. Cancerians are constantly giving the warm impressions and encouragements are taken deeply to heart and they have no tolerance with not to be treated, so they are not so soft or so hard as first imagined. Cancerians make wonderful language as they are able to communicate their passion for a subject to their public. An extremely intimate memory is the enviable gift possessed by many of their home loving sign.



It is for the Cancerian or broad and emotional, with a dreamy romantic quality. Others would be careful not to let their sensitive point as they easily become moody and they can let for days. Usually Cancerians are unknowningly they are not combined with their charm makes their unassuming 'outbreaks'.

Suitable partners for the Cancerian are also to be found in signs and those the other water signs, or even another Cancerian would be a very good choice.

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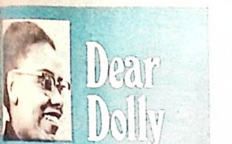
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## Caught my girl with another man

I am 25 and my girl is 18. I love her very dearly but she has run away to another man. We promised to marry soon but her brother-in-law is threatening black since we live in the same town. In the end she had a clash with her brother-in-law and she decided to leave the house. My girl reported the matter to me but I advised her not to leave. She came down my advice and left with another man. After her departure from my house I have not seen the man in my best friend and we were so free with each other we used to change houses from time to time. One day when I entered I met my girl with another man doing their thing. My girl was shocked and I went to the kitchen. I was very much angry and I walked out. My girl sends her brother to get me to get my girl back for I would not have her. How?

**A.O. Nairobi.**  
Please do as if it's all in your court. Why not answer their pleas to return instead of referring them to me.

## Should I wed my beautiful college girl?

We all in love with each other when we were at school. She is 17 and I am 19. When I asked her to marry she asked me to marry her before taking her to college. But Dolly, I have another girl who I promised to marry in the college. She is very beautiful. Please - shall I do?

**Mark Amek.**  
In love with the one you are serious with and let the other one have the chance of meeting someone who cares for her. You shouldn't be a dog in the manger.

## Please help me escape from this wizard

I am a boy aged 16 and fell in love with my wizard of the same age. At first we shared our feelings but later I was informed by her wizard that she was a wizard and she has killed two children. I don't believe this until one day when we were in the forest at night and she walked out naked. When I returned home I found that she was running from the house. I am worried. Help me to escape from this girl because I have tried many ways to ignore her but she still does not want me to leave her.

**Wounded Boy, Kericho, Kenya.**  
If your girl was sleep walking, or sleep running, you can only help yourself to leave her. You must do it. Nobody can do it for you. But I suggest you don't really want that to happen. Be happy. Don't be hostile and ignore evil gossip.

## Should I leave this wife-beating husband?

I am a beautiful girl of 19. In 1969 my parents forced me to marry a man I had not met before for financial reasons. I have had two children for him. After some time when my parents withdrew me to take to his station. After I had my first child I appealed to him to let me go and finish my studies but he refused. He beats me always. The first time I was in hospital because I refused to have his girl

friend to be the godmother of our child. He beats me so much that I was on admission for three days. He wastes his money on smoking, drinking and gambling as a result my children and I starve. I feel like leaving him but I would not like to leave my children to suffer. I thought of having a boy friend but I do not know whether any man will have me when he discovers that I have children. I never had a boy friend before. I am still beautiful and trim. Dolly please advise me.

**Ngozi, Owerri.**  
It is a pity there are still parents who trade with their daughters. I would advise you to call the attention of your parents to your plight before you take any decision.

## I gave her the fare — but she doesn't come

She is 20 while I am 22. We love each other very much. The problem is she does not visit me despite the fact that I try my best to please her. I even give her transport fare to my place yet she does not come. Do Dolly help me.

**Billy, Calabar.**  
She does not visit you because she is being sensible. She knows what you boys are capable of doing. It is up to you to allay her fears.

## Had to give way to my temptation

She is a 16-year-old secondary school student. I am 26. She told me that she loved me very much. I had tried to avoid having sex with her so that she would not get pregnant and then drop out of school. But one day I was tempted. Since then she does not visit me. I have appealed to her. I have sent friends to go and beg her to visit me but she refuses. Even when I was ill she bluntly refused to see me. I know she still loves me by the way she receives me when I visit her. Please Dolly what shall I do?

**Moore, Kafanchan.**  
You are lucky that she did not take you in. She is sensible by refusing to visit you. You should make do with visiting her since she still loves you and she still welcomes you. Please don't tempt her any more. Give her time to concentrate on her studies.

## My parents are forcing me to get married

I would like your advice. My problem is that I am a boy of 17 and my parents are forcing me to get married and I don't want to get married quickly.

**G.M.P., Chirundu, Zambia.**  
Nobody can force you to marry. You are old enough to leave home and work but before you do that why not seek the advice of your tribal or village elders and get them to intercede with your over dominant parents.

## Boyfriend had two girls at his house

I am a girl of 17 while my boyfriend is 24. One day I went to visit him but I met two girls at his house. Then after a few days when we met again he consoled me and told me he had no connection with these girls. In fact I love this boy so much I would not like to lose him. The problem with me is that since that awful occasion I still suffer from a perpetual sensation of anxiety when I remember those girls. And every time I go to sleep and still see their pictures in my mind and still it is nearly two months. What can I do to forget those girls? Or was my boyfriend fooling me that he had no connection with them?

**Betty, Shotee, Nanyuki, Kenya.**  
I think you are far too jealous. All you have to worry you is that you found two girls visiting him at his house. The fact that there were two of them leads me to think your fears are not only fanciful but foundation. Stop worrying.

## Boyfriend's mother doesn't like me

I am 15. My boyfriend is 16. The problem is his mother's attitude. She does not give him time to attend to me. We love each other very dearly. Tell me what to do dear Dolly.

**Beauty, Appa.**  
His mother wants the best for him. I suppose he is a schoolboy. His mother does not want his attention to be diverted from his studies. You're only infatuated.

## Can't keep my hands off my students

I am a teacher at a girl's secondary school and my trouble is that I can't keep my hands off the young students I teach. Last year I got one of my girls pregnant and I had to pay two goats and a cow to her parents as compensation. This year I have made another one pregnant and to make matters worse I am already married with two children. I have tried praying for guidance. But every time I am in the class and look into those young eyes of my schoolgirls religion simply flies out of the window. I have stopped drinking for I thought it was the cause of my troubles. But all is in vain. I am still attracted to these girls even more. What shall I do? Should I quit my job and try working somewhere else? If so where do you suggest I get a better job?

**N.M., Bungoma.**  
You need more than guidance. You need self control and a sense of responsibility. I do suggest you quit and get a job in a boys' school. And if you are bothered by girls outside of your work why don't you use your commonsense and take proper contraceptive precautions against pregnancy.

## Was I right to refuse to have sex?

I love my boy friend very much but not to the extent of agreeing to go to bed with him. Rather I advised him to keep any girl who could satisfy him sexually. He has got one and we still love each other. He assures me that his love is still for me and not for the other girl. He tells me that he is going to marry me. I love him very much and I have no cause to doubt his sincerity. He is 19 while I am 18.

**Funmi, Lagos.**  
What a strange association. You did the right thing by refusing to have sex with him.

## Is this girl trying to confuse me?

I am 17. I fell in love with a girl. When I approached her she turned me down because according to her she was already in love with another boy. Later she wrote that she would like to be my college sister. She demands money and all sorts of things from me. I have the feeling that she is not sincere with me. Please advise me.

**Olu, Lagos.**  
She is trying to dupe you. Tell her off and get another girl. This college brother-sister business is a smokescreen.

## I'm pregnant — and now he doesn't want me

I am a girl of 18. He is 20. I love my boyfriend so dearly that if he doesn't kiss me every day I get very sad. He asked me so much to go to bed with him that at last I gave in and now find myself pregnant. He does not even look at me now. Please help me.

**P.C., Mombasa.**  
There's little help I can give you but let this be a lesson to other girls. An explorer never likes to retrace his steps.

