

modern

WOMAN

March 1974

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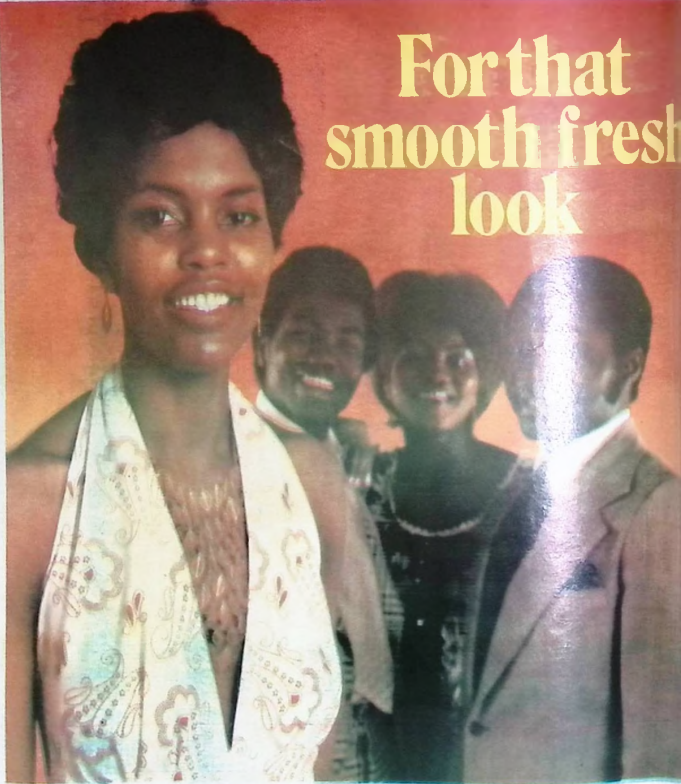


**What
Men
Gossip
About**

**ADULT
DELINQUENTS**

- Imohimi Craig

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MARCH 1974

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Meet lovely Vic, this month's Modern Woman cover-girl. Vic is a fashion designer and enjoys modelling as pastime.

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LETTERS TO

modern woman

SEX BATTLE

My two-year son is always being mistaken for a girl. He's dressed the way all boys are. With long trousers, lace up, shoes, e.t.c. whenever a friend or anybody who knows me, meet me on the way and wanted to ask about him, they always ask; "How is your beautiful little girl?"

Apapa Elemu, Mrs. Dinna,

In these days of unisex the dresses might not be easy to determine the sex with.

STIFF NECKED NEIGHBOUR

A young friend came dashing into me one day and said; "Has your son got any spare collar-bones I could borrow for my son? He seems to have mislaid his". What a question to ask?

Akoka, Iyabo,

HARDWARE-HANDBAG

I was surprised to see my friend holding a kettle as she was ready for a party recently. I asked if she was taking it for repair. She didn't say a word. She dashed back into her room and reappeared a few seconds later with her handbag.

Ibadan, Miss Sekinot,

HELTER SKELTER

One night as I was busy sleeping outside my house, was suddenly woken up by a noise. On getting up, I saw the other two girls sleeping behind me running helter-skelter towards the house. I quickly joined them, and ran inside another man's room later I discovered it was just a play between the two girls, what a funny thing it is.

Orin, Akanko,

GREEDY GIRL

Some girls are very greedy and are never satisfied with what they are given. I had a girl friend who is always begging for money. Just to test her I gave her N2 instead of N10, she asked for recently. She threw it at me and went away. I advise girls to be satisfied with what ever they have and not to live above their means.

Ibadan, Ayinla,

MAKE-UP

Today one can not differentiate between young and the old women, because of the make-ups they use. They all seem to be competing with their younger sisters in the use of frocks, wigs, and all other new forms of face and body make-up. Is this a new way to grow.

Ondo, Talwo,

RUNNING FOX

On arriving home from work one day I asked my seven-year-old daughter what she did at school. She told me her teacher taught them to read a passage after her. Asked what the passage was about she said; "Fox run". "Fox trots you mean". I quickly corrected. "No, run, the rhythm was too fast for a trot", she explained.

Enugu, Cocilia,

CLEVER GIRL

One day I went to the market with my daughter. As I was busy buying things, not knowing she was watching me she quickly reminded me of something which I had left out of my list. I was surprised when she said "Mummy aren't we buying thyme and pepper for the meat". What a clever

girl she is.

Lawanson, Mrs. Ibikunle,

EQUAL RIGHTS

How about having equal rights for men? Why can't we at least occasionally share in the cooking, shopping and housework so we can fend for ourselves if it ever became necessary?

Oshogbo, Jide,

BIG SWIMMING POOL

The other week-end I took my three-year-old son to the beach. He stared at the sea and the sun-bathing and swimming people, then said, "Mummy, this is the biggest swimming pool I have ever seen."

Ikoyi, Mrs. John,

BOWED DOWN

Tired of having everyone mistake her little girl for a boy, my aunt decided always to put a bow in the baby's hair. This worked beautifully, until one day she heard a young girl say to her friend: "What a shame! Fancy putting a bow in a little boy's hair!"

Kano, Kemi,

MINI SKIRT

I overheard a conversation the other day in the bus between two elderly men. One of them said, have you noticed the short dresses some of the girls wear these days. They call it the mini-skirt. The other man said in reply, Yes I have seen them and they are disgusting. I don't know why they are now wearing their junior sisters' dresses these days.

Apapa, Folake,

BUDGET

When you go shopping and find that you want to buy something which is not on your budget, do it to yourself. I will buy next week, and when next week come round you'll find that you have forgotten all about it.

Yaba, Adm

SO EXPRESSIVE

My daughter, who is so expressive, manages to find an excuse for almost everything she doesn't want to do. Latest: "I am really too young."

Ikoyi, Mrs. Pa

HEAVY RAIN

I asked my six-year-old nephew why he was coming back from school. His excuse was, "It rained heavily and I was very fast but the rain wouldn't let me pass."

Lagos, Mrs. Ban

BAD COLD

For some days I was down with a bad cold. I kept sneezing and blowing my nose. One morning my little boy asked me what was wrong. I told him my nose was running. He said he was going to look for it and immediately ran out of the room. I looked for it in all the rooms. He came back and told me he couldn't find it. I asked him if he looked for it thoroughly and he said he did. Then suddenly he said, Mummy I know where it is. Daddy I taken it to the office with him.

Ilupeju, Mrs. Oyebo

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FORUM

WHAT MEN TALK ABOUT WHEN NO WOMAN IS AROUND

"Men's discussions about women are focussed on women's pretence, their craze for fashion which goes with their love for money and other mundane things."

Perhaps it has happened to you - seeing a group of men giggling and gesticulating and at your appearance (a woman) in their midst, they replace their cheerful countenance with a sober almost serious one ... trying hard to pick up a different topic which evidently has no bearing with the previous gay one before your intrusion... You are embarrassed and wonder what they might have been saying. You have become "one-too-many" and are not expected to join in a topic strictly for men.

But, talking seriously now, is it correct to assert that there are topics strictly for men or topics strictly for women? Do men converse more freely when they are together than when they have a woman among them? Which are these topics men find so stimulating when no woman is around? Is it that women are mentally or emotionally unqualified to absorb certain things? Some men of calibre were confronted with these and many other searching questions; listen then o ye ladies, to what men say when you are not around... or things they would not mention when you are around:

"When no woman is around, men may take time off to discuss a particular woman or women in general—their looks, their idiosyncrasies, their attitude to life. . . their limitations and their ego. The comments may be complementary at times but in most cases definitely derogatory."

DR. KOLE OMOTOSHO - an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan: "People of identical sex feel and talk more freely when they congregate than when they are together with the opposite sex. In other words, this is an instinctive tendency rather than a habit... I have little regret in saying that all women are by their very nature hypocritical. And so, subjects of mutual interest for discussion about women are focused on women's pretence generally; their craze for fashion which goes with their love for money and other mundane things one could think of. Men are professed gossips about women's sensual lives. Strictly speaking, whatever we reveal to or conceal from a woman when we are speaking depends largely on our relationship with the woman concerned and the circumstances surrounding such things. However, it seems to many men are inclined to discussing their private accounts in the presence of women. Another vital point which to some extent should be concealed from a woman is that of man's love exploitations of other women.

Conducted by Bayo Adebowa

DR. KOLE OMOTOSHO - Lecturer in the Department Arabic and Islamic Studies, University of Ibadan.

"Yes, men converse more freely when they are together than when they have a woman around.... but this depends on the type of woman around and the type of relationship she has with the men in question. It may not be strictly true to say that women lack the sense of humour the difference may be in the fact that women take themselves more seriously than men and are perhaps not flippant.

When no woman is around, however, man may take time off to discuss a particular woman, or women, in general—their looks, their idiosyncrasies, their attitude to life, their limitations and their ego: the comments may be complementary at times but in most cases definitely derogatory. All these are kept away from the woman, because she has a capacity for taking apparently slight matters seriously. Women generally like to be flattered.

"Nevertheless it must be noted that men do not indulge themselves in gossips and whenever they discuss things like these, they are fully aware of the trivial behind it all."



A. U. Ashaolu ... Often men discuss among themselves their affairs with women.

MR. A. O. ASHAOLU - Lecturer in the Department English, University of Ibadan:

"If the common belief ever exists that women lack sense of humour, I do not subscribe to it. Granted, we tend to be more sensitive and more emotional than men but like any man, a woman can appreciate and can laugh at a joke, at least if she is not the butt of a caustic sarcasm."

"Men or women, we live in the same world and we are exposed to practically the same stimuli. It is the difference in our responses to these stimuli that tends to identify some topics as strictly for women and others as mainly for men. Occupational differences, for instance, will make an army officer discuss war tactics while his wife may enjoy discussing the skill of a galloping gowment. Men's interest naturally differs from women's and this may make all the difference in what men and women discuss.

"When men have the leisure, they gossip about the frailty of women, their vanity and their susceptibility. Often men discuss among themselves their affairs with women, though not all men do this. It is not uncommon also to hear men discuss the growing power of women at home and in the society.

When a lady is around, men should be courteous enough to avoid saying anything that can embarrass her. Perhaps one of the most inhibitory topics for open discussion is sex; but one can discuss this at any length before a lady who is mentally or emotionally prepared for such a discussion... Men and women are discussing together more freely nowadays."

MR. ARIN — an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan.

"When women want to be hypocritical, they tend to keep their sense of humour. But most of them are highly humorous, when they choose to be. There is no doubt that some hide their humour only to snob unnecessarily. Majority of them are quite at home in the company of men. And, as at present, there is no rigid restriction to topics of discussion between these two parties. Women are by all means asserting their identities. Invariably, they contribute to many socio-political-economic topics. They do not want to hear being kept at home because according to them, "want a man can do, a woman also can do.

"When men gather together, they talk about all sorts of things concerning women — they talk about sex, and gossip over women's hair, legs or their "head lamps." These are no secret topics and men of nowadays tend to share all these with women."

VICTOR GUNU-OCHENI — an undergraduate of the University of Ibadan.

"Most men converse more freely when they are away from women. A few men can, however, discuss anything in any manner in the presence of women. The most common topic of discussion among men about women is no doubt the bare delicacies of the latter... Anything which can be regarded as exclusive topics for either of the sexes probably have to do with the peculiar egos of each. At times, it is necessary to keep things away from women because generally speaking they lack the sense of humour — most of them haven't got the mental capacity to appreciate humour."

"When men have leisure they gossip about the frailty of women, their vanity and their susceptibility. Often they discuss among themselves the growing power of women at home and in the society."

MR. GBADE ALI — Film Editor, WNBS/WNTV, Ibadan:

"I don't see anything that should hamper free discussion among people of both sexes — especially nowadays — and bearing in mind the fundamental human right of freedom of speech.

"We can, for the purpose of this discussion divide men into two groups: married men and bachelors. When married



Akin Fatakun ... Men talk about sex and gossip over woman's hair, legs, and their 'head lamps'

men gathered together, topics like the marital problems created by their women may be discussed — for instance, wife and husband relationship, care of children and family budget. If on the other hand, a group of young unmarried men congregate they may gossip about sex and fashion as concerning women. But what on earth prevents men sharing these topics with women? There is nothing secret under the sun and I don't believe that there are topics strictly for men or topics strictly for women in our modern age.

"In almost every sector of life nowadays, men discuss freely with women on any topic — though the two parties may disagree or take different stand on such topics, it does not mean that the topics have become taboo that should not be discussed — mora or ethic aside."

MR. SOLAJONGBAJO — medical student, University of Ibadan.

"Some men don't care a hoot whether a woman is around or not. They talk freely because they are by nature very cordial and not discriminatory. Same with some women too — they possess the sense of humour and are familiar with popular slangs and jokes — though at first meeting they may pretend to be sober and reserved... I would say 'shy'.

"I wouldn't say that there are topics that are strictly for men or strictly for women. The most secret topic one can think of revolves around sex. But you will discover that this is discussed freely nowadays among boys — whether or not a woman is present. Everybody appears conscious of it and it's no use restricting the topic to a particular group of people. There is nothing secret under the sun.

"Men talk at length on women's pretence, unfaithfulness, and how expensive some of them can be to keep. Some of us even tell them all these and the girls always seem to enjoy the jokes."

I presume men keep certain things vital to their hearts away from women because of the latter's lack of power to keep or retain secrets. It is generally said that women keep only things they haven't heard!"

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PROBLEM PARENTS

—Imohimi Craig

For those Nigerians who like to berate the youth and show a lot of indignation about their shortcomings, I have a few words. It isn't among the young ones alone that you have delinquency, I am not out to defend the excesses of today's youth, I'm only trying to wake some of us from the smug complacency — and unjustified 'holier-than-thou-ness' — from which most of our adults suffer.

You see, adult delinquency is as serious a problem with us as juvenile delinquency. It is responsible for that phenomenon most of us are not always ready to admit exists. The problem father or the problem mother.

It is not the intention to moralise, but uxoriousness is one characteristic of the problem father. A roving eye is not a crime but something to be controlled. Private practice by the very nature of that expression is something to be kept secret — so as not to offend.

Private practice is something to be hidden — as least from those members of the family whom familiarity with or knowledge of it would cause offence and unpleasant consequences.

One thus expects the roving eye to be confined — in the presence of the children — to those glimpses from the corner of the eye of mini-skirted thighs and straight-pointing busts that flash by as one drives past with the family aboard on a Sunday.

It (the roving eye, that is!) should go to rest at home — not marking down the house maid for more leisurely appraisal and exploration. You see, although not inducted in the ways of the world, those little things round the house (your children, that is) have got the instinct of the predatory animal.

Again, there is that other habit of the problem father who fires of spending money to provide a 'base'. The use of the boys' quarters with the Missus out of the way or at night when she is asleep is not in the interest of the morals of the children some of whom have very sharp eyes.

Nor do I recommend (although this is not one of those 'How to avoid....' type of writings) a base far from the home. This is not because of some moral prick of conscience against P.P. The reason is economical: a base maintained at the expense of the children's school fees and so on is a base unwisely made. This is another mark of the problem father.

Then there is the temporary 'bachelor' (often known as the married bachelor) who seizes the opportunity of the wife's trip to entertain female friends in the marital home. I'm not condemning a man just for sowing the wild oat and all that, only mentioning that the wife's absence is not the be all and end all.

Children naturally talk — if the neighbours don't! An age is not the factor in this wise. A child of one is good mimic. That apart, there are things like eyebrow pencils left carelessly around by scheming other women. This is however not to say that only men are problem parents.

There is the modern woman for whom a boy friend outside the home is the common run of things. If mada does not use her marital home as a base, she often infects her children with moral turpitude through conversation with members of her group who come to visit her at home.

Children are very impressionable and pick up new expressions quickly — including things like 'passerc' and the other terms which are the trade mark of extra-marital activities.

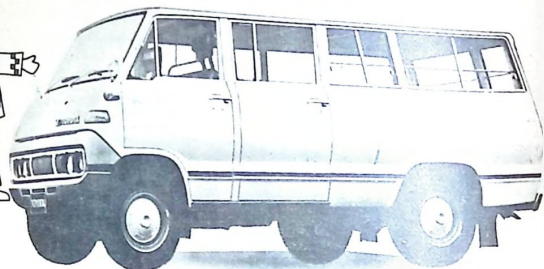
Language apart, the mother's outlook of life reflected in her utterances and reaction to certain moral values is easily transferred to the children. If you want proof watch children brought up in overcrowded slum areas and their reaction to certain moral situations.

It's not all sex that show up the problem mother. A working mother often turns a problem mother. She comes back home too tired to have any time for the children. It's all impatient screaming at very little things and no time to help with the homework. And the children pick up a lot using Mummy as a model.

Finally, there is the urge most female feel to keep up with the Joneses. Of trying to keep up with the lifestyle of members of their societies or Association. Resulting in the diversion of money for feeding the children or clothing them well — the purchase of Aso Ebi and other fineries.

You can now see that our problems are not little. A lot of our headaches with the young ones start from the home. We still have a lot to contend with in problem fathers and mothers!

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When ordering or choosing a pattern therefore, keep the following points in mind:

- Take your own current measurement especially at the bust and the waist.
- Order patterns in your bust size if you have to make an order by post.
- Study the size chart at the back of the pattern when choosing a pattern from a shop.
- The patterns give a suggestion on how much material you need, so choose your pattern before buying the material.
- When making a pair of trousers, measure the length

of the pattern before cutting. Lengthen or shorten on the pattern before cutting to size on the material. Remember that trousers cut too short are impossible to lengthen.

Use the coupon provided in every issue of Modern Woman to order for more simple and up-to-date patterns.

A dressmaking beginner like a beginner in any other field should restrain her ambition and choose simple patterns that require minimum effort to make. To start with, choose patterns without collar or set-in sleeves. A start made on the most simple designs will instill confidence and help the sewer to get more acquainted with her equipment without having to cope with unnecessary details.

What goes for the pattern also applies to the material. The choice of the right type of material can also make the cutting and sewing of the garment much easier. For instance, nylon or chiffon shift in cutting and are difficult to sew.

For a beginner, cotton and wool flannel are some of the easiest to work with since they do not distort easily. So, as you choose a right size, design for your figure, buy also the right type and yardage of material.

PRINTED PATTERN SIZE AND MEASUREMENT CHART

Size	6	8	10	12	14	16	18
Bust	30	31	32	34	36	38	40
Waist	29	29	29	29	29	29	29
Hip	32½	33½	34½	36	38	40	42
BackWaist Length	15½	15¾	16	16¼	16½	16¾	17

Continued on page 10

PERSONAL MEASUREMENT CHART

YOUR MEASUREMENTS

Bust: 35

Waist: 25

Hip: 36

Neck to

Waist line 16½

Beginning next month:

The well illustrated story of Juliet Jones in colour---It's full of drama and beautifully illustrated.

SEWING

Your personal measurement should be kept readily available when you are choosing a printed pattern. This will help you to choose the pattern with measurements as close to yours as possible.

For a start, shall we try making this girl's pinafore designed by Mrs. A. O. Abloyo in Ibadan? Write back to tell us how the finished article looks.

GIRL'S FROCK/PINAFORE.
AGE: 3-5 years.

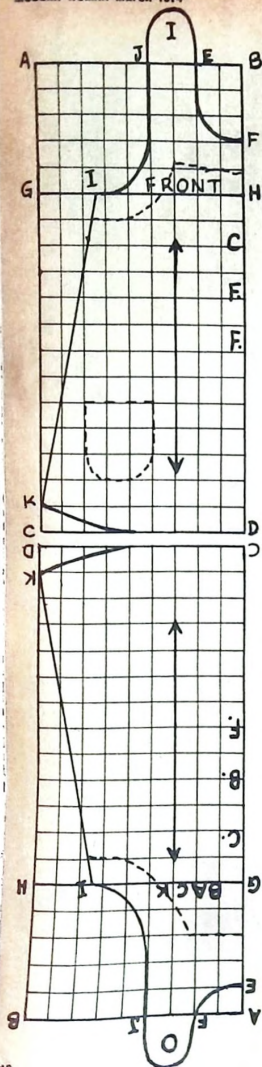
Scale:- One square represents 1 inch

Measurements

Breast = 24"
Length = 18"



The style



LAUNDRY

No woman likes herself or any other member of her family stained but occasionally it does happen, and sometimes to some of our favourite wear. While we find some stains readily removable, some others prove rather stubborn. The simple chart provided below helps you out of the simplest as well as the most stubborn stains. Mount it on a hard paper and display it in your laundry.

Non - Washable Fabric

TYPE OF STAIN	METHOD OF REMOVAL
BLOOD or SUGAR	Sponge with cold water. If persistent, swab with hydrogen peroxide.
CHEWING GUM	Swab with carbon tetrachloride or denatured alcohol.
COFFEE or TEA	Pour boiling water through stain from wrong side of fabric.
EGGS	Sponge with cold water. If persistent, use carbon tetrachloride.
FRUIT	Swab with warm water.
GLUE	Dampen, sponge with vinegar, then with water.
GREASE	Swab with carbon tetrachloride. Place gauze underneath to absorb the excess.
INK	Make a paste of comstarch or French chalk, apply, let dry and brush off.
LEAD PENCIL	Swab with clear water. If persistent, immerse in alcohol, brush off with soft cloth.
LIPSTICK	Sponge with mixture of hydrogen peroxide and sodium perborate. Or, sponge with carbon tetrachloride.
MILDEW	Sponge off.
MILK	Same as for grease.
NAIL POLISH	Apply Incequer thinner or alcohol.
PAINT	Place gauze over spot on right side of fabric, apply soft soap jelly from reverse side until colour works out.
PERSPIRATION	To restore colour, hold spot over an open ammonia bottle.
RINGS LEFT BY STAIN REMOVER	To remove water ring, rub with a wet cloth. Dry clean.
RUST	Apply lemon juice and salt. Sponge with clean water.
SCORCH	Silk or wool may respond to sponging with clear water.
SHOE POLISH	Apply denatured alcohol or carbon tetrachloride.
STARCH	Swab with cold water.

Removal of Stains

Washable Fabric

TYPE OF STAIN	METHOD OF REMOVAL
BLOOD	Soak in cold water. Then wash as usual in warm water.
CHEWING GUM	Remove what you can't pick off with carbon tetrachloride.
GLUE	Soak in warm water.
GREASE	Rub soap on spot and soak in cold water.
INK	Rub glycerine on spot, then rinse with cold water.
LEAD PENCIL	If a soft eraser doesn't work, rub on soapsuds and rinse.
LIPSTICK	Rub glycerine on spot, then wash.
MILDEW	Bleach with javelle water.
NAIL POLISH	Swab with peroxide or nail polish remover, then wash.
SCORCH	Wash. Bleach in the sun.

CAUSTIC SODA

In the January issue of *Modern Woman*, there was a section that had to do with the making of hard soap from caustic soda. Whereas, two of the ardent readers of *Modern Woman* Mrs. Bisi Aroola from Ibadan and Mrs. Aminat Yakubu from Ilorin have written to tell us that they have tried the recipe with success; another Mrs. Yemi Kehindo has written to suggest that food colouring agents could be added to the finished consistency before its put in the mould to give desired colours.

Two other *Modern Woman* fans, Mr. & Mrs. W. P. Palmer of the Federal Inspectorate Service, Kano sent a word of advice that caustic soda be kept away from residential apartments and far from the reach of children. It should also be carefully handled by adults because it is a very dangerous chemical which can seriously damage the skin.

CHICKEN FOR YOUR EASTER FARE

COOKERY

Its Easter season once again and as usual, its going to be marked with a lot of festivities with lots to eat and to drink. For Christians, the celebrations start on Good Friday which has come to be accepted as a meat-free day. For this day, Frejon has become the widely accepted menu.

SIGNS OF QUALITY IN CHICKEN

Plump breast,
Pliable breast bone
Firm flesh.

Skin white, unbroken and with a faint bluish tint. Old birds have coarse scales and large spurs on the legs and long hairs on the skin.

CLEANING

Pick out any pens or down, using a small knife. Singe in order to remove any hairs, take care not to scorch the skin.

Split the neck skin by gripping firmly and making a length-wise incision on the underside, cut off the neck as close to the body as possible.

Cut off the head.

Remove the crop and loosen intestines and lungs with fore-finger.

Cut out vent and wipe clean.

Loosen intestines with forefinger.

Draw out the innards being careful not to break the gall bladder.

Wipe vent end if necessary.

Split and clean the gizzard.

Cut off the gall bladder from the liver.

Keep the neck and heart.

TRUSSING FOR ROASTING

Clean the legs by dipping in boiling water for a few seconds then remove the scales with a cloth.

Cut off the outside claws leaving the centre ones, trim these to half their length.

To facilitate carving remove the wish-bone.

Place the bird on its back.

Hold the legs back firmly.

Insert the trussing needle through the bird, midway between the leg joints.

Turn on to its side.

Pierce the winglet, the skin of the neck, the skin of the carcass and the other winglet.

Tie ends of string securely.

Secure the legs by inserting the needle through the carcass and over the legs, take care not to pierce the breast.

For the days that follow though, meat especially chicken feature very prominently on the menu. It is in this view that our cookery editor has brought a wide range of chicken recipes and that of the traditional Easter dish: "Frejon". Make your choice from them and make this an Easter to remember in your family.

TRUSSING FOR BOILING AND ENTREES

Proceed as for roasting.

Cut the leg sinew just below the joint.

Either,

- bend back the legs so that they lie parallel breast and secure when trussing, or
- insert the legs through incisions made in the skin at the rear end of the bird and secure when trussing.

ROAST CHICKEN 4 portions

1¼ - 1½ kg	1 chicken	2½ - 3 lbs.
125 ml	bread sauce (27)	1 gill
25 g	game chips	1 oz.
50 g	dripping	2 ozs.
125 ml	brown stock	1 gill
	1 bunch watercress	

Season the chicken inside and out with salt.

Place on its side in a roasting tin.

Cover with the dripping.

Place in hot oven approx. 20-25 minutes.

Turn on to the other leg.

Cook for a further 20-25 minutes approx.

Baste frequently.

To test if cooked pierce with a fork between the stick and thigh and hold over a plate. The juice from the chicken should not show any signs of redness.

Prepare roast gravy with the stock and the sediment from the roasting tray.

Serve on a flat dish with game chips in front and watercress at the back of the bird.

Roast gravy and bread sauce are served separately.

Always remove the trussing string from the bird before serving.

ROAST CHICKEN BACON

As for Roast Chicken with four grilled rashers of bacon which may be rolled.

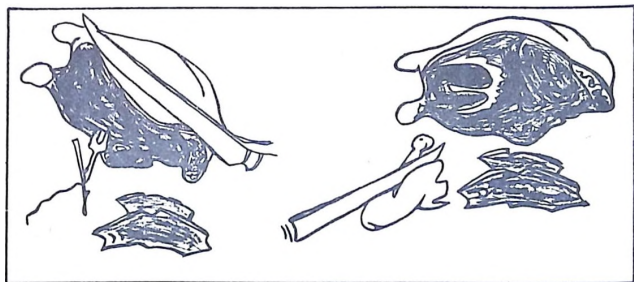
ROAST STUFFED CHICKEN

As for Roast Chicken, but before trussing stuff with the following:



Remove the leg first. To do this, insert carving fork into leg and cut skin with carving knife, hold knife against carcase and push leg out to include the tasty oyster, then cut right through the joint.

Next remove the wing by making a cut fairly high up in the breast and drawing the knife straight down to the knuckle joint. When you have done this, it will be easy to cut through it and detach wing.



Insert the fork into carcase to hold it firmly and slice the breast down in thin slices. A chicken is usually stuffed and a little of this forcement should be carved and served with each portion of meat.

Cut the leg in half and, if you like, serve a portion of this with the breast. Or give leg meat to men, breast to women guests. After you have carved one side of the bird deal with the other in the same way.

- 25 g Chopped onion 1 oz.
- 50 g White breadcrumbs 2 ozs.
- pinch powdered thyme
- the chopped chicken liver
- 50 g good dripping
- pinch chopped parsley
- salt, pepper

Gently cook the onion in the dripping without colour. Add the seasoning, herbs and crumbs. Mix in the liver. Correct the seasoning.

GRILLED CHICKEN

Seasoned the chicken prepared for grilling with salt and mill pepper. Brush with oil or melted fat and place on pre-heated greased grill bars or on a flat baking tray under a salamander. Brush frequently with melted fat during cooking and allow approx. 15-20 mins. each side. Test if

cooked by piercing the drumstick with a skewer or trussing needle; there should be no sign of blood issuing from the leg.

Serve on a silver flat dish, garnish with picked water-cress and offer a suitable sauce separately, e.g. Poule Grille, Sauce, Diabla.

Grilled chicken is frequently served garnished with streaky bacon, tomatoes and mushrooms.

CHICKEN SAUTE WITH POTATOES

- | | | |
|----------|------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1¼-1½ kg | 1 chicken | 2½-3 lbs. |
| 250 ml | demi-glase | ½ pt. |
| 200 g | potatoes | 8 ozs. |
| | Chopped parsley | |
| 50 g | butter | 2 ozs. |
| | 3-4 tbspn white wine salt, pepper. | |

Cook and dress chicken. Pour off the fat. Add wine and reduce by half.

(Continued on page 14)

COOKERY (Continued from page 13)

Add the demi-glace.
 Simmer for 5 mins.
 Pass through fine strainer over the chicken
 Meanwhile peel and wash the potatoes.
 Cut into 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) dice.
 Wash well, drain and shallow fry to a golden brown
 in hot fat in a frying-pan.
 Drain, season and sprinkle over the chicken.
 Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

BOILED CHICKEN WITH RICE AND SUPREME SAUCE

2-2½ kg	1 boiling fowl	4-6 lbs.
	For the chicken	
50 g	Onion	2 ozs.
	bouquet garni	
50 g	carrot	2 ozs.
	6 peppercorns	
	For the rice	
50 g	chopped onion	2 ozs.
50 g	butter	2 ozs.
200 g	rice	8 ozs.
500 ml	chicken stock	1 pt
	For the sauce.	
75 g	margarine	3 ozs.
1 litre	chicken stock	2 pts.
	few drops of lemon juice	
75 g	flour	3 ozs.
	4 tbspn cream	

Place the chicken in cold water.
 Bring to the boil and skim.
 Add peeled, whole, washed vegetables, bouquet garni
 peppercorns and salt.
 Simmer till cooked. To test, remove the chicken from the
 stock and hold over a plate to catch the juices from the
 inside of the bird. There should be no sign of blood. Also
 test the drumstick with a trussing needle.
 Prepare ½ litre (1 pt.) of veloute from the cooking liquor,
 cook out, correct the seasoning and pass through a fine
 strainer.
 Finish with cream.
 Prepare a plate of rice.
 To serve, cut into portions. Dress the rice neatly in an
 entree dish, arrange the portions of chicken on top and
 coat with sauce.

CHICKEN GALANTINE

This is a simple basic recipe which may be garnished
 with strips of tongue, truffle, fat pork and pistachio nuts:

2-2½ kg	1 chicken	4-5 lbs.
¼ litre	cream	½ lb.
	nutmeg	
	2 egg whites	
	salt, pepper.	

Bone-out the chicken whole, taking care to leave the
 skin unbroken.
 Remove all the flesh from the bone and pass the flesh
 two or three times through the mincer.
 Place in a pan in a bowl of ice water and using a wood-
 en spoon, beat in the egg white and seasoning.
 Gradually beat in the ice-cold cream.
 Spread out the chicken skin.
 Lay on the prepared mixture (farce)
 Roll into a neat roll
 Roll securely in a cloth.

Tie at each end and in the centre.
 Simmer gently in chicken stock, made from the bones,
 approx. 1-1½ hrs.
 When thoroughly cold remove cloth.
 Cut in slices, serve on a silver flat dish and garnish
 with salsa.

Galantines may be coated with a white chaud-froid
 decorated and masked with aspic jelly.

CURRIED CHICKEN

1¼-1½ kg	1 chicken	2½-3 lbs.
10 g	1 clove garlic	
10 g	curry powder	½ oz.
10 g	tomato puree	½ oz.
10 g	sultanas	½ oz.
25 g	chopped chutney	1 oz.
50 g	fat approx.	2 ozs.
200 g	onion	8 ozs.
10 g	flour	½ oz.
5 g	desiccated coconut	¼ oz.
½ litre	chicken stock	1 pt.
50 g	chopped apple	2 ozs.

Cut the chicken as and, season with salt.
 Heat the fat in a sauté pan, add the chicken.
 Lightly brown on both sides.
 Add the chopped onion and garlic.
 Cover with lid, cook gently 3-4 mins.
 Mix in the flour and curry powder.
 Mix in the tomato puree.
 Moisten with stock.
 Bring to the boil, skim.
 Add remainder of the ingredients.
 Simmer till cooked.
 The sauce may be finished with 30 ml ($\frac{1}{4}$ gill) cream.
 Serve in an entree dish.
 Accompany with 100 g (4 ozs.) plain boiled rice, gillie
 poppadum and Bombay duck.

CHICKEN SALAD

400 g	cooked chicken free from skin and bone	1 lb.
	2 tomatoes	
10 g	anchovies	½ oz.
5 g	capers	½ oz.
	1 lettuce (washed)	
	1 hard-boiled egg	
10 g	olives	½ oz.
	4 tbspn vinaigrette	

Remove heart from the lettuce.
 Shred the remainder.
 Place in a glass salad bowl.
 Cut the chicken in neat pieces and place on the lettuce.
 Decorate with quarters of tomato, hard-boiled egg,
 anchovies, olives, heart of the lettuce and capers.
 Serve on a doily on a silver flat dish. Vinaigrette sep

FREJON

2 cups of beans
Coconut milk
30g. sugar 1½ oz.
Fish stew
Fine gari.

Pick, wash and boil the beans in part of the co
 milk until very soft.
 Make the beans into fine smooth paste by grindin
 pass through a fine sieve.
 Add more coconut milk, sweeten (flavour) and coo
 til it is thick.
 Stir well to get a smooth poaste and serve with
 stew and fine gari.

WHO TAKES THE BLAME ?

asks Victor Urigwe

Gladys Ibe has been sweeping all the School Hostels and making the beds since morning, and it's now 1 p.m., but she hasn't finished. She was tired, panting, and hungry. She sat on a bed to rest a while.

Sweeping six large dormitories and making 300 beds in a girls' secondary School is a very severe punishment, she thought. And even for an offence she didn't commit.

She looked out through the window and saw her class mates going to the Laboratory for practical Chemistry with the Principal, Miss Ume. The sight of the Principal disgusted her, she remembered that she's under punishment, got up, picked the broom and continued sweeping.

'Gladys; why are you sweeping?' asked her friend Adaugo who has just entered the dormitory to take her practical Chemistry book.

'I was punished by the Principal', replied Gladys.

'Why?' asked Adaugo.

'I don't know' said Gladys. 'She called me up very early in the morning and told me to do this as a warning punishment for behaving callously', as she said it. She didn't tell me what I did - and didn't allow me to ask'.

Adaugo laughed a little. 'Did you talk to Mr. Uzo yesternight?' she asked 'Yes, why?' replied Gladys. 'He came to the class room yesternight and called me out, and started to ask me for you know that I visited him last weekend during Friday; and he was very 'kind' to me that day and I repaid him with you know'.

'I think that's why the principal punished you' said Adaugo. 'You know she has got a very big idea about Mr. Uzo, and is therefore very jealous of any student talking to him'.

Gladys Ibe has been a very pretty girl of 21, a final year student of Queen's Secondary School. She had been a brilliant quiet girl, and the principal and all the other mistresses in the school liked her. She was made the senior prefect of the School.

But in the middle of second term, things started to change for her. A young male graduate, Mr. Uzo, was employed in the school as physics master - the only male teacher in the school. And so, all the female teachers, including the principal were after him.

They would offer cups after cups of coffee and biscuits to him during recreation, try to sit near him in the staff common room, sought opportunity for a chat with him, smile to him at the slightest issue, and sling wishful looks at him.

It was a great competition with each dressing up to kill in her best. They couldn't bear the thought of any student joining in the game! Such was visited with severe punishment.

Mr. Uzo noted all this with boyish satisfaction,

but decided to pursue a via media policy with them. It was better for him to fall for a student than to fall for one of the husband-hungry ladies.

And Gladys Ibe, the senior prefect and the most beautiful, was his choice.

He fraternized with her, invited her to his house during weekends, bought milk and other necessities for her, all to the jealousy and chagrin of the lady-teachers.

Within two months of Mr. Uzo's stay in the school, the badge of the senior prefectship was removed from Gladys Ibe for "not adhering to the standard required of the holder of such a post"! Mr. Uzo's efforts to defend the girl was all in vain.

Since then, Gladys was subjected to all sorts of victimizations by the lady teachers. She was punished at the slightest offence, called names, and some teachers gave her poor marks in her class works. She was once suspended from classes for one week by the principal for "gossiping".

But inspite of all these, she found consolation in Mr. Uzo. He knew why she was being victimized and tried very much to comfort her, and make her forget all these "pettiness" of the lady-teachers and face her studies.

'It's only a question of four months' he would console; "and then you leave the School better qualified than some of them. After all some of them possess only High Elementary Certificate".

The more Gladys was punished, the more she 'attached' herself to Mr. Uzo, and the more she received assurances of 'love' from him!

During the second terminal holidays, she didn't go home, but spent the holidays with Mr. Uzo. It was enjoyment and love-making all through. He even hinted upon marriage!

In October, Gladys was noticed to growing fatter. She looked more beautiful than ever, her skin looked more like a complete oil painting and provocatively more attractive.

But her mates also noticed that she was more irritable, quarrelled with everything - her books were rubbish which couldn't be understood, homeworks were unnecessary headache!

She has started to isolate herself; and School Certificate examination was approaching.

One cold evening she walked into Mr. Uzo's room dejectedly and slumped into the sofa, and started to sob.

Mr. Uzo who was reading a Physics book looked embarrassed. He was afraid to ask what was wrong because he was suspecting

At last he mustered up some courage and asked; "What's wrong Glad, dear?"

"I am pregnant!" was the reply.

Mr. Uzo froze to the marrow. He got up aimlessly from his seat and sat down again. He

Continued on page 16

PATTERN SERVICE

Half Size Success

HIGH QUALITY PRINTED PATTERN

by Anne Adams

JUMP into something that feels as smooth, good as it looks! Jump into this princess-inspired pinafore; team it with a wardrobe of tops.

Printed Pattern 4934: NEW Half Sizes are 10½ (33-inch bust with 35-inch hip); 12½ (35 bust, 37 hip); 14½ (37 bust, 39 hip); 16½ (39 bust, 41 hip); 18½ (41 bust, 43 hip); 20½ (43 bust, 45½ hip). Size 14½ (37 bust, 39 hip) pinafore 1½ yds. 54-in.; top 1½.

4934
10½-20½



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WHO TAKES THE BLAME ?

Contd from page 1

wanted to say something, but could not voice out, he stared vacantly on the ceiling. And then he knew the answer, he managed to ask absently.

"And who's responsible?"

"You are responsible, Sir" Gladys sobbed answer!

He said sternly; "I am not. Didn't I warn about flirting with other boys? And before we anything, I took the necessary precaution to necessary questions, and even provided some Gladys wept more profusely.

"Sir", she said "I haven't done anything with any other boy. You responsible!"

"O.K." he surrendered unwillingly. "Go to the Hostel tomorrow we shall discuss the step. But fear not, I will make amends!"

Gladys sighed "But I took permission yesterday and went to a native doctor to remove it, but said that it's too late. And my parents will kill if they hear the state in which I am". she said "Worry not" re-assured Mr. Uzo, "There are ways to solve the problem; more permanently with scandal. Or have you forgotten that people can ... marry!"

Gladys' mind was at once filled with joy and prospect. She went back to the Hostel with confidence!

One of those things, thought Mr. Uzo. He was up, dressed up and went away to the town. At 11 p.m. in the night a big lorry pulled up in front of the house.

He ordered his houseboy to help in loading the properties into the lorry.

"Master, where's my de go noe?" asked the houseboy.

"Shut up, and pack the things quickly" ordered Mr. Uzo.

The next morning the School was thrown into great confusion at the sudden mysterious disappearance of Mr. Uzo.

Rumours and speculations quickly spread throughout the school. Some said that he might have quarrelled with the principal. Others claimed he might have got a better job in the Civil Service or he might have been suddenly informed to proceed to United States for further studies on scholarship.

"It happened like that to my boy friend", said one class-five girl, "he suddenly received a telegram to proceed to the States one evening; he left immediately. And nobody knew until his letter from the States was received. He's doing research in Physics now!"

Each group wanted to make its own speculation, more plausible.

Gladys nearly collapsed at the news. She went to the toilette and wept bitterly. She only knew Uzo has gone.

But before anybody could ascertain the truth, she packed her things and left the School unaccompanied.

She never heard from, or saw Mr. Uzo again. Her parents were terribly enraged when she went home and told them the cause.

Her father even threatened to shoot her, but she was at long last overjoyed when she gave birth to a baby boy, for he had only six daughters and no sons.

But was she overjoyed? Who cared to know? Not even Mr. Uzo!

Continuing our series on the women who did us proud:

CHARLOTTE OLAJUMOKI OBASA

Today thousands of women are employed in government offices throughout Nigeria. They do not doubt accept this as a right without realising that they owe this not to the benevolence of the menfolk, but to one of themselves, an inspired fighter and champion of women's right in the person of Charlotte Olajumoke Obasa affectionately known as 'Sissie'.

A slim delicately-built woman with the natural dignity of good breeding she was a great personality whose presence dominated Lagos without appearing to be so. Dressed in an outfit of Victorian vintage - an expensive costume, a blouse with dog collar made of the finest quality lace and boots reaching up her knees, she cut a striking figure quietly defiant of that Georgian era which she dominated. Her constant companion was a black umbrella, the type used by men, which served as a protection against the hot sun - she nursed throughout her life an aversion for cars - a shelter from the rain and a handy weapon of discipline.

Many a schoolboy from the late twenties to the late thirties caught talking to, or walking with his schoolgirl friend had felt the prod of that umbrella on the small of his back and ordered to go home. And before that day ended both the boy and the girl would face the wrath of their respective parents.

While the boy would at the very worst, get off with a light punishment, the girl would at the very least, be caned by an irate father. In those days parents disapproved strongly of such an innocent association, thinking it improper at that phase of life.

A strict disciplinarian and a devout Christian she remained throughout her life, true to her conventional upbringing in her frugal habits, unbending outlook of life, hatred of waste, rigid principles and choice of clothes. Indeed when she ran out of her Victorian outfit, she adapted the national costume to suit her taste with a foresight far beyond the understanding of the young generation of her day who, rather than follow her lead an improve on it, laughed. Time, however, has proved that she was a pioneer leader of fashion.

But behind this mask, this seeming barrier lay a kind heart, a resolute nature, an indomitable spirit lasting faith in humanity and the sense of mission which has made her role as a pioneer unique. She was a woman of action rather than words, a fighter who never lost a cause and an inspirer who was held in awe by all strata of the community. She championed the cause of the women, rescued them from the plight of being down-trodden and fought for their rights.

Born on January 7th 1873, Charlotte was the eldest of six surviving out of thirteen children - four girls and two boys. Her father was Richard Booile Blaize one of the wealthiest merchants on the West Coast of Africa in that era of free trade and limitless opportunities, and a pioneer in his own right. Among other things he introduced the Bank of West Africa to Lagos with a personal account of N120,000, became the first African Printer in Lagos and was friend and adviser to successive governors.

At an early age she had shown an indomitable spirit and deep sense of religion for the school, the Female Institution, later the Girls Seminary and now the Anglican Missionary Society, one of the five religious societies on the island at that time had the exclusive run of schools, in 1879. In allowing her to attend the school, her parents, staunch methodists, bowed to her decision to be an Anglican which she resolutely stuck to throughout her life. Even when she fell in love with and married a methodist, she made him understand that she would on no account change.

Education being in the hands of missionaries had a strongly religious flavour, this suited Charlotte's serious outlook of life. On leaving the Female Institution she was sent to England to finish her schooling and acquire a liberal education in keeping with the social status of her father. This meant a training aimed at making her a good wife and an enlightened mother in keeping with the belief, prevalent in those days, that women's place is the home.

Part of her training included travelling and learning the social graces which are the indulgence of the wealthy. In keeping with the prevailing custom she travelled all over Europe accompanied by a chaperon—an elderly lady whose role was that of a friend, companion and guardian. However, tragedy curtailed her stay in England and thrust responsibility on her.

While the family were holidaying with her in England, her mother, who had been ailing for some months, died and Charlotte found herself at the age of twenty having to be mother to a family youngest of whom was a ten months old baby. Quietly and with determination she took up her new role and returned with the family to Lagos. Though devoted to her family, she nevertheless took a keen interest in the social conditions of the island. As it was difficult to get around either on foot or by carriage owing to the sandy pathways that passed for streets, she decided to use one of her father's horses. This of course meant learning how to ride which was quite an undertaking. For, to the physical pain of repeated attempts to mount and stay on the horse, was added the ordeal of mastering the technique of riding side-saddle.

Instead of sitting a stride a horse, convention of those days, demanded that such a thing was not for the 'fair sex' as it was undignified. But should they ride then they must do so in the dignified position of sitting on the horse with both legs on one side, one neatly tucked under the other, without appearing to be uncomfortable.

But by sheer determination and persistence she became the first Coker.

(Continued on page 24)

PATTERN SERVICE



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by Anne Adams

4881
SIZES
8-18

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POET'S CORNER

DON'T ASK ME WHY

You can ask me why
Camels love the desert.
You can ask me why
Fish hate the desert.
Please don't ask me why
I love you so much.

If you want to know why
Lovers value moonlight,
Clear sky and starlight,
Hold me in your arms -
And don't ask me why
I want your sweet kisses.

You are free to ask
Why I always forgive
When I should ask
You to please leave;
When you fail the task
Of take and give.

Don't ask me why
I am yours for life.
You should know why
I can stake my life,
My all, myself,

Just to share your life.
Unless you want to die
You need fresh air,
If you don't want a lie,
You are my fresh air -
Don't ask me dear,
To tell you why.

Without their feathers
Birds can't fly.
Without the rivers
Fish cannot live;
Need you ask why
I need you forever?

Darling I don't know why
I can't live without you.
Darling I don't know why
I always long for you.
Darling do you know why
I love only you?

Adam did not ask
Why Eve was created.
Darling need you ask
Why you are mandated
By me to have and hold
My heart till we are old.

A. Olusegun Williams

THE ME I WANT TO BE

I want to go on a diet and do it till I lose ten pounds.

I want to say the things I really think in an open discussion without worrying about sounding dumb.

I want to go through a whole month without feeling "blue" or "down".

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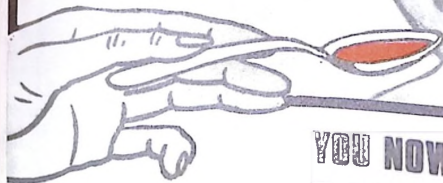
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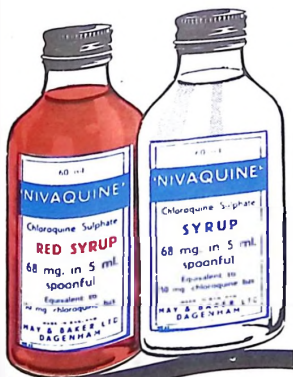
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STAND

OUT

Here comes the designer/model. Her type of fashion—smocked blouse over batakoto trousers. How about that?



Hmmm! It's Olori dress with majestic fullness of sleeves and body. This style comes out particularly well if made from plain soft cotton and laced with equally soft spotted material—Graceous as evening wear.

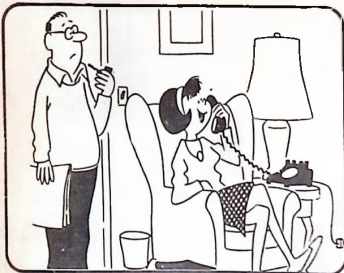
This month's fashion selections are from Debet Enterprises, Jubril Martin Street, Surulere, Lagos.



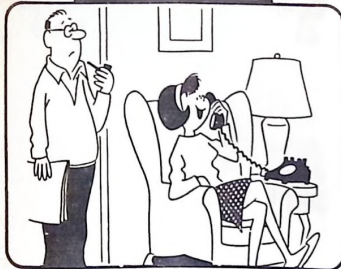
Debet turban specially designed for Debet Enterprises.



As the colour rightly depicts, this 'Black festival' design is all black—Note the baggy skirt and the full sleeves well set into the gathered blouse—Ideal as indoor party wear or for evening out.



HOCUS-FOCUS



CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES? There are at least six differences in drawing details between top and bottom panels. How quickly can you find them?

JANUARY SOLUTION

- Cone is different.
- Light pole is missing.
- Ice cream is missing.
- Garbage can is missing.
- Man's hand is missing.
- Woman is missing.

WINNERS OF JANUARY TRUST YOUR EYES

- 1ST PRIZE**
 Mrs. F. Sanni,
 1, Salako Street,
 Palm - Avenue
 Mushin. N40.00
- 2ND PRIZE**
 S. Lambe,
 Notre Dame Girls Secondary School,
 Oro via Ofa,
 Oko-Maria. N20.00

CONSOLATION PRIZES

- Samuel E. Udokpan,
 c/o Sec. Comm. School,
 Minya, c/o Minya P. A.
 Opofo, S.E.S. N2.10
- Easter Ngozi Obi,
 Pathology Lab General Hospital,
 Eguu, E.C.S. N2.10
- Victoria Ifemude,
 c/o Bala Odekunle,
 Box 653,
 Jos. N2.10
- Miss Helen Olu Osigbesan
 Wesley Guild Hospital,
 Hlesha. N2.10
- 5. Olusegun Folarin,
 2, Odumasa Street,
 Makun, Shagamu. N2.10
- 6. Master N. Ademola Alebiosu,
 P. O. Box 210,
 Kaduna. N.C.S. N2.10
- 7. Theresa Uche Metuh,
 79, Venn Road South,
 Onitsha. N2.10
- 5. Abraham Saidu,
 Fed. Min. of Trade,
 P. M. B. 1361,
 Ilorin. N2.10

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES? YOUR CHANCE TO WIN **₦ 102**

1st Prize	N40	(£20)
2nd "	N20	(£10)
20 Consolation Prizes	N2.10	(£1 : 1/4)

CAN YOU REALLY TRUST YOUR EYES?

March Entry Form

Read through, cut out the coupon and send it with an entry fee of 10k (1/4) Postal Order (crossed) addressed to:- Editor, Modern Woman, P. O. Box 2583, Lagos.

You are free to send in not more than three entries but each entry must be accompanied by an entry fee. These are the differences.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Name
 Write in block letters

Address

I enclose postal order No. for

We regret that the editor will not entertain any correspondence about the results of this exercise.

- 9. Olawade Abasi,
 23, Glover Street,
 Lagos. N2.10
- 10. Beatrice 'Nke Bungboye,
 P. O. Box 25,
 Kaba. N2.10
- 11. Joseph Oderinde,
 B. 252, Wunti Street,
 Bauchi. N2.10
- 12. E. Akiyode,
 Min. of Local Govt. & C. A.,
 Secretariat,
 Ibadan. N2.10
- 13. Anthony Anugwom,
 Dept. of Economics
 Unife - Ife-Ife. N2.10
- 11. Abiola Kolapo,
 c/o B. Kolapo,
 P. M. B. 524,
 Lagos. N2.10
- 15. Miss Funke Akintola,
 No. 15, Loro Street,
 Ondo. N2.10
- 16. Stephen Olu. Akins
 Daily Sketch Office
 Ado-Ekiti. N2.
- 17. Omorodiori Newton,
 20, Nekpenekpen Str
 East Circular Brnin C
 N2.10
- 18. Tunde Adeleye,
 P. M. B. 510,
 Ogbomoso. N2.
- 19. Mr. Sabinus Akan
 Wusasa Hospital,
 Zaria. N2.10
- 20. J. B. Agboola,
 P. O. Box 24,
 Samaru. N2.

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GREAT AFRICAN WOMEN

(Continued from page 17)

With so much to do, the idea of marriage never occurred to Charlotte. Indeed she confided to her sisters that she disliked children and did not want any. None of them took her seriously, convinced as they were that she would make an excellent mother. Though she had no children, she however, overcame her dislike of them to the extent of adopting an orphan, whose mother died at childbirth. Despite her selflessness, she fell in love with a doctor who had a zest for life even when it meant living beyond his means. Her father disapproved of Dr. Obasa very strongly in her determination to marry him, but instead of defying her father, she decided to win him over. To this end, she undertook a perilous journey to Oyo to seek the help of the Alafin of Oyo to whom she was related on her father's side. She went by hammock and her mission was successful.

Shortly after her 28th birthday she was married at St. Paul's Breadfruit Church. But marriage did not end her many interests. Moved by the lack of individual care for mothers and the high rate of infant mortality, she persuaded the then Governor's wife Lady Clifford to be Chairman of a Committee set up to raise funds for the building of Massey Street Dispensary which became a maternity hospital and now a children's hospital.

Placing the needs of the community above her aversion for motor cars, she ran a bus service from the Island to Isheri on the mainland. But her good intentions and her charitable motives were foiled by the attitude of the government thus the Anansi Bus Company went into liquidation. True to her character, she bore the loss bravely and turned her attention to other worthy causes.

One of these was to encourage the preparation of 'Ogi' in a hygienic way. Noticing that during the Moslem festivals no 'Ogi' could be purchased because it was made by Moslems exclusively, she started making it and when it caught on she stopped.

Despaired at the poor prospects of women, who apart from learning how to sew, embroidering canvas for carpet slippers, marriage and childbearing, had nothing else to do apart from incessant quarrelling and malicious gossiping.

She approached and by persistence succeeded in getting the government to employ women in the printing department. Today there are women in all departments.

Tragedy struck again when her husband was stricken with an ailment that rendered him an invalid for the rest of his protracted life. Such was her devotion to him that she entrusted to her special care and attention he needed. Though this must have been a deep blow, she did not let it affect her mission in doing all she could for the poor and needy.

Kind almost to a fault, she grudged none her time or strength for help. Even when advantage had been taken of her kindness and faith in humanity remained unshaken. Her capacity to bear other people's trouble left one speechless with admiration. She was called white eating, she would leave immediately if she might be several hours away.

People flocked to her with their troubles and she managed to send them away satisfied. She settled various sorts of problems, mended broken homes and found work for the jobless. Her house at 25 Breadfruit Street was known as 'Court of Law', a bureau and a refuge for the poor and needy. She surrounded herself with dependents and friends to whom she was deeply attached.

As a champion and a fighter she led delegations of ratepayers to government house many times with commendable results. Indeed under her leadership the market women organized the respect of the government and became an important force. But for her the cemetery at Ikoyi would not have been extended.

Above all she was a deeply religious woman and an ardent church goer who made it a habit to go to church once a week for quiet meditation. She was an active parishioner, regularly visiting the sick and old and even set up a fund for those who were penniless to be given a decent burial.

In her 80th year she fell ill and was confined to bed. Her life of inactivity did not suit her and as soon as she felt better she slipped out and made for the church. On her way she started to talk to an elderly woman and a careless lorry driver revved up, knocked her down and she broke her hip. Owing to her poor condition there was very little the surgeons could do for her.

For a long time she lay in the hospital and deeply moved by her incessant cries to go home, the doctor agreed. Back in her familiar surroundings she was rallied round but only for a short time. Two days before Christmas in 1953 Charlotte Olatumoke passed away peacefully in her sleep.

Linking the past with the present are Funso Blaize, Mr Oladipo and Mr Olakunle Akinsemoyin, nephews and Miss Yetunde Blaize, niece.

Let's talk fashion

The beginning of each year finds the womenfolk anxiously looking round for what the fashion trend for the new year will be. In recent years, our designers have come out with some ghastly designs that are quickly adapted by our women. For instance, the year 1973 appeared so packed full with various designs that a lot of us wondered if there was any new designs that are yet to be introduced. In that year, there was real fashion revolution. One time it was the mini which jumped up to give us the chronic mini followed by the midi and the maxi in various sizes, shapes and patterns. In between these came the unisex outfit in both Nigerian and western styles.

Now, it seems whatever you have the courage to put on is accepted as being fashionable. Will our girls be forced to go nude if nothing new comes up or have the pace-setters more designs yet on their sleeves?

Take for instance the other day, I went shopping with two of my friends and right there in one of the shops stood two girls in identical outfit comprising white 'Iro and buba', white pair of shoes and white stockings and to top it all, they had their white turban, proudly stuck on their heads.

From the other shoppers I could hear various comments. While some of them condemned the girls for contaminating our custom some of the younger people looked

on, admiringly. 'Oh, that's a new style they seemed to be saying'. I have a feeling we may see more ghostly figures on our streets very soon. Where then do we go from there? What's on for 1974. To supply an answer a few of the leading fashion designers were contacted and they all agree that the manus maxi comes first in 1974.

I also called on one of the most versatile fashion designers hairdressers to find out the new trend in head-fashion.

As soon as I came up with a question on latest hairstyles, she departed from her usual lively self and added nonchalantly: 'There's nothing spectacular in the hairdressing market at the moment. It appears the turban and native plait are fast gaining ground. You know our women are very fashion conscious and we

all want to identify ourselves with the latest vogue. The turban was first in 1974 head-fashion and the native plait, though they do a lot of it to the hair follicle is fast to be in vogue for a part of the year.

To back up her point, hairdressing business no longer lucrative, hinted that a lot of room hairdressing salons have infested the market and as our women prefer the cheaper article they rush to the inexperienced hairdressers for the professional styling of their hair.

Most of the time, they cannot get the satisfaction they hitherto serve, they eventually come back to us. Even the side hairdressers appear in trouble.

We keep our fingers crossed as the year goes by.

THE LADY PREFERRED MEN NOT MURDER

A True Crime
Detective Story

BY WILLIAM T. BRANNON

It had been one of the most spectacular cases in the history of Florida and it had all the elements of a juicy scandal story.... back street romance, secret rendezvous, illicit sex, excessive drinking, millions of dollars at stake and, finally, murder.

Now one of the final chapters was to be written in the Dade County Criminal Court of Judge Alfonso Seppe in Miami. There had been plenty of time for the defendant, who sat impassively at the counsel table, to review the events which had led to this moment, Friday night, September 11, 1971.....

The case began in Sebring, Florida, a community known principally as the place where the International Grand Prix automobile races are held annually. At about 9:45 p.m. on Monday, October 3, 1966, Highlands County Sheriff Broward Coker received a tearful telephone call from a woman who identified herself as Mrs. Irene Maxcy. She said that she and another woman had reached the Maxcy home a few minutes before and they had found her husband lying on the deep-piled carpet in the master bedroom. He had been stabbed and she believed he was dead. The sheriff summoned Deputies Bob Barringer and Bob McIntyre and then, with Investigator J. C. Murdock, he sped to the Maxcy home, a huge, sprawling, luxuriously furnished ranch type house. Charles Von Maxcy, widely known as "Von", a millionaire businessman, was one of most prominent men in Florida.

At 42, Von Maxcy held widespread citrus and cattle interests in several countries; he also owned a number of other businesses in the Sebring area, was a director of a life insurance company, and had a real estate business in Honduras.

Mrs. Maxcy and another woman, who identified herself as the mother-in-law of Mrs. Maxcy's daughter by a previous marriage who was paying a visit, led the officers into the big master bedroom. Lying on the carpet beside the bed was Charles Von Maxcy. There was no doubt that he was dead. Maxcy had been stabbed several times in the back and had been shot once in the back of the head. The spent bullet lay on the carpet just a few feet from the body; apparently it had passed through the top of the head.

When Mrs. Maxcy had partially regained her composure, she told Coker that she and her companion had been at a Sebring restaurant that evening. Von was supposed to pick them up about 7 o'clock, but he didn't show up. They waited two hours for him, but when he still did not come and there was no response to telephone calls at home, they decided to drive to the house.

Looking about the big bedroom, Sheriff Coker and Investigator Murdock could find no evidence of a struggle. It appeared that the killer had entered the room, creeping silently on the deep-piled carpet, and stabbed Maxcy from behind before he was aware that anyone was in the room.

The reason for the gunshot was not apparent at the time.

The two officers completed a search of the room. As far as they could determine, nothing was missing and this seemed to rule out robbery as a motive.

Coroner Merwin Reher made a preliminary examination of the body. He said there were four stab wounds in addition to the bullet wound. There were two knife wounds in each side of the back, as if two men had wielded knives.

This made some sense. If two men had sneaked up behind Maxcy and stabbed him, he probably would have gone down without a fight. Possibly something had happened to make one of the men panic and shoot the victim in the head.

A look outside the lavishly furnished house showed only one car, although there were two carpools. Mrs. Maxcy said her husband had driven a late model Ford and that he had been using it that day. Sheriff Coker telephoned the Sebring city police to ask them to look for the car. As it happened, they already had found it.

Patrolman Robert Haygood had seen the car about 7:30 p.m. at a shopping center. He had noticed it because there were few cars in the lot and because it had been parked obliquely, as if abandoned by a driver who was in a hurry. The officer recognized it as Von Maxcy's car, but thought little of it at the time.

Later, after all the stores had closed and only Von Maxcy's car remained, Patrolman Haygood noticed it again. He glanced inside to make sure nobody was in the car, then notified headquarters. The car was still there when Sheriff Coker telephoned. He ordered it towed to the sheriff's garage, to be held for the arrival of the state technicians.

Then Sheriff Coker and Investigator Murdock set out to try to trace Von Maxcy's movement that day. This proved to be not too difficult since Maxcy moved about a great deal and had become a familiar figure.

Maxcy had gotten up about 7 o'clock that morning shaved and dressed, then ate his breakfast. He turned on a radio for news about Hurricane Inez, then gambling in the Gulf of Mexico, and stalking Florida's west coast. If she swept inland as threatened, she might strike at Sebring, but she was still several hours away in any event.

Maxcy had decided to drive his six-year-old daughter to school; if the storm drew closer, he would pick her up later in the day. However, the hurricane continued to dance uncertainly in the gulf and Sebring weather that day was normal.

It was about 8:15 when Von Maxcy dropped his daughter off and he drove on to his Sebring Office, about three-quarters of a mile from the school. But he seldom spent much time behind his desk there; more often he went to

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SHE PREFERRED MEN NOT MURDER

(Continued from page 25)

one of his graves or drove around to see about the operation of some of his numerous other enterprises. He visited several that morning, but at 12:15 that afternoon, he appeared at the Sebring Hotel for a meeting of the Rotary Club.

He was not in a good mood, according to one colleague. He seemed to have some heavy problems on his mind, but whatever they were, Maxey didn't reveal them.

About 1:15 p.m. Maxey returned to his office, signed some papers and talked on the phone. But he was gone again in mid-afternoon, returning home to meet a man who had come to repair the air conditioning system.

Sheriff Coker learned that Maxey had stayed a few minutes, leaving the repairman there when he returned to his office. The air conditioning man had left a few minutes later. Von Maxey left his office again to go home at 5:30.

That was the last time he was seen alive.

Since the hurricane had not struck, Maxey's daughter had been picked up and taken to the home of a baby-sitter who had often cared for the child. She said the phone rang about 3:40 and the little girl answered. Apparently it was her father.

The little girl told her Daddy she didn't want to go home because she loved it at the sitter's. They had planned to visit a friend and she turned around and asked the sitter what time they would be back. The sitter told her about 6:30, and the child turned back to the phone and gave this information to the caller, addressing him as Daddy.

Maxey's only neighbors, a young rancher and his wife who lived across the road, said they had not seen anyone entering or leaving the private, dead-end road which was the only means of reaching the Maxey home by car. Nor had they heard the sound of a gunshot, or any other unusual sounds, such as an outcry. But their air conditioning system, which had been running at the time, could have drowned out any sounds from the Maxey home.

When the autopsy had been completed, the pathologist's best estimate of the time of death was between 5:30 and 9:30 p.m., but Maxey's failure to keep two appointments had narrowed this to a one-hour span between 5:30 and 6:30.

With the coming of daylight, a search for the murder weapon, or weapons, was launched. Nothing was found in the swimming pool or anywhere on the spacious lawn. However, there were drainage ditches on both sides of the road where weapons could have been disposed of.

Sheriff Coker arranged for a bulldozer and metal detector equipment to be used in the search.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Coker and Agent Roma Trulock of the Florida Bureau of Law Enforcement decided their best bet was to interview the victim's close friends and business associates.

By this time, the officers were beginning to hear rumors about the Maxeys. One suggested that Maxey was having an extramarital affair. The other ... and more persistent ... rumor was that Mrs. Irene Maxey, the 44-

year-old brunette widow of the slain millionaire, carrying on a torrid affair with a man who supposedly was one of Von Maxey's best friends.

Almost immediately, John J. Sweet, 51, a balding man with a stumpy figure who was a real estate operator and over manager of the vast Maxey enterprises, at the behest of the widow, Mrs. Maxey and a bank in Orlando had been named executors in Maxey's will.

The estate was valued at \$1,864,000. Of this, property valued at \$455,000 had been held jointly by Maxey and his wife and became hers on his death. In addition, she collected more than \$300,000 insurance that was not part of the estate. This went into a trust fund for his daughter to provide for her future needs.

Agent Trulock heard that Irene Maxey and John Sweet were lovers. The records showed they had been together in an automobile accident in March and witness said they had been together frequently prior to the murder.

Other witnesses said that Maxey himself had been the center of an affair and there were times when the two were openly hostile to each other. At other times, they seemed to be the best of friends.

Thus it soon became clear that money and sex ... were the most common motives in murder cases ... very often were the motives in this one.

A break came on November 19th, when a representative of the bank in Orlando authorized a \$25,000 check Mrs. Maxey drawn on a bank in Sebring. She asked for money in cash, all in \$100 bills. Before the money was delivered to Irene Maxey, officials of the bank ordered the delivering employee to make a record of the serial numbers.

John Sweet had made a loan at the bank and a few days after the bills had been delivered to Irene Maxey, \$25,000 of them were tendered to the bank by Sweet in repayment of his loan.

According to the rumors, Sweet had made numerous trips to Boston by air. Trulock verified this by checking airline records. From other sources, he learned the names of two Boston men reputed to be hoodlums ... Al Von Etter and Walter Bennett; both reportedly had been engaged to murder Von Maxey.

Trulock flew to Boston, where authorities said both men were quite well known to them, but when the police tried to find them, both had vanished.

Agent Trulock returned to Sebring. There, he set up an "audience" with Mrs. Maxey, but he was not allowed to see her alone. Every time, John Sweet was also present.

The mystery of the two Boston men was partially cleared up on February 2, 1967, when the body of Al Von Etter was found stuffed in the trunk of a car in a gangland execution style. Walter Bennett was still living, and police said they believed he was dead.

Trulock concentrated on Irene Maxey; he felt she held the key to the solution. He had learned that Von Maxey had been her third husband.

On a rise, Sweet was lured out of the County. When he was away, the investigators talked to Irene Maxey. Prosecutor Glen Darty offered her immunity in return for her testimony. She said that Sweet had lured two men to Boston to kill her husband and that she had given \$36,000 to pay them, plus an additional \$5,000 to the car. She made a written statement and agreed to testify against Sweet, in return for which she was to be given immunity from prosecution.

Sweet was arrested in St. Petersburg on his way to Sebring. When he was booked into the St. Petersburg city jail, he had a total of \$1,984 in cash on him, including nineteen \$100-bills. These later were identified as some of the bills whose numbers had been recorded when the bank in Sebring had delivered \$25,000 in \$100 bills to Mrs. Maxey.

Mrs. Maxey and Agent Roma Trulock, testifying

the grand jury, accused Sweet of hiring two men to kill Von Maxcy and he was indicted on a charge of first-degree murder. The trial was moved to Bartow, in adjoining Polk County, on a change of venue. It began on October 30, 1967.

The lead-off witness was the buxom brunette widow, Irene Maxcy. She was asked if she was acquainted with John J. Sweet and when she replied that she was, she was asked to identify him. She pointed out the defendant.

When the prosecutor asked if there was a love affair between her and the defendant, she replied she was sorry to say there was.

According to Mrs. Maxcy's testimony, the affair began a month after she and Sweet had met at a dance that she attended with her husband. She told the jury that Sweet began seeing both her and her husband and went on trips with them. When he wasn't wanted, the widow testified, he "just followed" them.

She said that the affair continued for almost three years. She described one occasion when she went to see Sweet at his apartment in Sebring and he said he wanted to get rid of Von. She added that he said he knew some people in Boston. He referred to one of them as "Walter", she said, and told her he was going to have Von killed.

She said she cried and begged him not to, but that he told her he had already spent \$75,000 on this and it was going through.

Mrs. Maxcy testified that on the day of the murder she and another woman went to a hospital to visit her daughter. They were still there when the phone rang about 8 p. m. She said it was Jonny Sweet, who told her it was all over and hung up.

Mrs. Maxcy said that Sweet had murdered her husband to get her and through her, to gain control of the Maxcy million-dollar empire. He had said he meant to have her, she testified.

Defense Attorney James "Red" McEwen contested the widow's testimony charging that she was a principal and not an accomplice, as the prosecution claimed.

To substantiate his claim that men from Boston had done the actual killing, State Attorney Darty introduced Mrs. Annette Etter, the shapely, attractive young blonde, widow of Andrew Etter. She testified that she, her husband and their small son flew to Florida on September 25, 1966, and checked in at a motel in Daytona Beach. Her husband later returned to Boston.

On October 1st, Etter drove back to Florida with another friend, William Kelly, and his girl friend. On October 3rd, the day Maxcy was murdered, Etter and Kelly left Daytona Beach after 1:00 or 1:30 p. m. Mrs. Etter testified.

The next morning, he told her to pack, that they were leaving. The next month, she testified, Etter came into a large sum of money, and told her he had gotten it from Walter Bennett.

Trulock, who was also a witness, said that Sweet had offered to make a deal if the charge against him was reduced, he would testify against the Boston gunmen. Trulock said he refused to make a deal, and testified that Sweet claimed he was the errand boy and Mrs. Maxcy was the real murderer.

When John Sweet took the stand in his own defense, he told the jury that he loved Irene Maxcy, but he charged that, while he was being investigated for the murder of her husband, she was having sexual relations with Roma Trulock.

Tracing his relationship with Irene Maxcy, Sweet testified their romance lasted 18 months, and during that period they had trysts as often as four times a week.

He testified that he saw Mrs. Maxcy after his arrest

and that she told him "those no good S.O.B. sheriffs brainwashed" her, and that's why he was in jail. She also told him not to worry, that if the case came to trial, she'd tell the truth, that she had immunity. Sweet said that Irene Maxcy told him she had carried on an affair with Roma Trulock.

He stated that Mrs. Maxcy had suggested several times that he put water in the gasoline tank of her husband's private airplane.

The defense rested its case on November 10th, went to the jury the following day. After four hours of deliberation, the jurors reported to Judge Love that they were hopelessly deadlocked. Judge Love declared a mistrial and dismissed the jury.

The third attempt to try John Sweet began in Bartow on Monday, October 28, 1968. The testimony in the second trial had been largely a repeat of that in the first trial. With the jury excused, Mrs. Maxcy accused Roma Trulock of improper conduct.

This time, the jury found John J. Sweet guilty of first-degree murder, with a recommendation of mercy. Judge Love sentenced him to the mandatory term of life imprisonment.

Although John J. Sweet was sent to Raiford Penitentiary to begin serving his sentence, he didn't stay long. The case was taken to the appeals court, which ruled that he could be freed on bail pending the outcome of his appeal. On January 4, 1969, Sweet was released from prison on \$50,000 appeal bond.

Meanwhile, in January, 1969, Mrs. Maxcy had gone to Georgia with a Florida East Coast businessman and when she returned to Florida she had become Irene Maxcy Wells. It was her fourth wedding.

While she was honeymooning, Prosecutor Darty was studying the records of the trial. He noticed that there were times when Irene's story of an incident varied from what she had told at the first trial.

In less than a month, it appeared that Irene's fourth marriage was on the rocks. On February 11th, she filed a suit for divorce. About that time, Prosecutor Darty was filing a complaint, charging Mrs. Maxcy Wells with four counts of perjury during the two trials. Under Florida law, perjury in a murder trial is not to be taken lightly. The top penalty on conviction is life imprisonment.

On February 27th, John J. Sweet, still free on appeal bond and living in Sebring, filed suit against Mrs. Irene Maxcy Wells in which he charged that her testimony accusing him of participating in the murder of Maxcy was false.

Legal maneuvers kept Mrs. Wells from going to trial immediately on the perjury charges. John Sweet remained free on bail and on Friday, April 17, 1970, the Second District Court of Appeals in Lakeland ordered a new trial for him.

Meanwhile, after various legal maneuvers and delays, attorneys for Irene Maxcy Wells were slated to argue on April 19, 1971, for a change of venue in the perjury trial. Attorney Frank Ragano, representing Mrs. Wells, said that Miami appeared to be the only place where Mrs. Wells could get a fair trial.

The trial finally began in the Dade County Criminal Court in Miami on Tuesday, September 7th, before Judge Alfonso Sepe. The prosecution was handled by Polk County Solicitor Gordon MacCalls and his chief trial assistant, Monterey Campbell.

The first witness for the prosecution was Polk County State Attorney Glen Darty, who said that investigators were unable to piece the case together until Mrs. Maxcy agreed to testify.

Darty said that at the second trial, Mrs. Maxcy appeared as a court witness rather than a State witness because the prosecution was afraid she might be unfriendly since

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SHE PREFERRED MEN NOT MURDER

(Continued from page 27)

she had resumed her association with Sweet.

Mrs. Maxey had testified that she had given a go-between \$20,000 to deliver to Sweet to pay the hired killers and that Sweet had acknowledged he had received the money. It was brought out that the \$20,000 was part of \$25,000 in marked \$100 bills Mrs. Maxey had withdrawn from a Sebring bank.

Most of the testimony was not new, but some of it was. Mrs. Maxey was quoted as saying that Sweet often threatened to have her killed. She said he was insanely jealous.

The next witness was Roma Trulock. In an effort to discredit Trulock's testimony, Attorney Ragano brought out that, in a deposition he had given the defense, Trulock said he had not seen Mrs. Maxey after the second trial.

Then Ragano read into the record a letter from Trulock to Darty in which Trulock said he had made some mistakes in the deposition and that he actually had seen Mrs. Maxey four times a week while they both were in Sebring.

Attorney Ragano said Trulock called them mistakes, but that the lawyer called them lies.

At Sweet's second trial, Irene Maxey testified she didn't remember getting a call, in the hospital room where she was visiting her daughter, from Sweet, saying it

was all over, an indication that Maxey had been killed.

Mrs. Maxey's daughter, who had been in the hospital room as a patient, testified that her mother did receive a telephone call that night, but she didn't know who the caller was.

The case went to the jury Friday, September 14. Judge Sepe dismissed three of the perjury charges, and the prosecution had not produced enough witness evidence to prove them. The jurors found Mrs. Maxey guilty of one count of perjury. Judge Sepe postponed sentencing to a later date and permitted Mrs. Maxey to remain free on the \$25,000 bond she already had posted. As this was written, a pre-sentence investigation was still going on.

Under a recent "speedy trial" ruling by the Florida Supreme Court, any defendant who asks for a speedy trial must be granted one within six months. State Attorney Darty said that this ruling, the lapse of time, and the fact that a trial would cost the taxpayer more than \$100,000, make it impossible to bring Sweet to trial.

On November 11, 1971, John J. Sweet was released from the five-year-old charges by order of Circuit Judge William K. Love, who, it was reported, did so reluctantly.

The End.

Crunch Point

by Roderick Wilkinson

A Story with Something Important for Everyone that has loved.

"Yes—reality, Connie. You're married to me. You're not married to Ed Chambers. He doesn't have a wife. All he has is a degree in Chemical Engineering. I have a wife—you. And that's the reality of this crazy situation. You are my wife."

Henry Collitz walked in the autumn sunshine through the university courtyard with his raincoat over his arm and a slim briefcase under his other arm. He was a man about forty, tall, black-haired and it was his tight-set mouth more than his liquid dark eyes that reminded you of many people you had seen from places inside Europe. He was an intense man.

Collitz lectured at the university on business administration. He was a good lecturer - terse, sharp and lucid - and he had the reputation for reducing big-headed managers to their proper size from the lectern when he was conducting a session. He had a cutting tongue and suffered fools rarely.

His speciality was the reality of management, on which he had written books and articles for years. Harvard Review of Business had quoted his material many times and his fee for in-plant training sessions was expensive.

Now he was losing his wife. He had the sense to see this months ago when Ed Chambers joined the university faculty from Cornell and he turned out to be an old friend of Connie's. There is every difference in the world between an old friend and an old sweetheart, and only a blind man could have missed seeing the difference that night when the three of them dined together in the restaurant in Chicago. Chambers was still single, Connie was still beautiful and Henry was feeling some-

thing he had never experienced before in all his life - jea- Connie and Ed Chambers were picking up something in the garden of their younger lives that was enshrouding in eye-misting happiness. She couldn't hide it. Chambers could. A whole world of talk and glances and laughter was woven around these two - a world Collitz didn't know or care to grasp.

Nobody was trying to hurt anybody. It was just happening under their noses. Collitz knew their lives were changing only insurmountable handicap was that he could not catch it. He knew it before the blow fell at all. He dreaded the when it did come because nobody had ever told him his life before that there could be a possibility of one half of his life being destroyed, leaving him with the half he could not tolerate for a second.

He loved Connie. She was nearly ten years younger than Henry and it was as simple and as complicated as that. If he had loved only part of her - her figure or her hair, for instance - it might have been different. Had her husband's love of ALL of her - her mind and personality, her talk, her walk. She returned only part.

How small a part this was never crossed her mind until she met Ed Chambers again after all the years apart. She knew that the part she gave her husband was not

Somehow he knew it, too. Like a man under death sentence afraid to ask the executioner for the precise date and Henry lived, ate, worked, slept under the same roof as a young wife knowing that the end was near. And he knew living without her was not possible.

It took him quite a long time to start hating Chambers surprisingly long for a man with such ferocity of feeling. First he blamed it all on himself; this did not last long but the man who lectured on The Reality of Management was

tionist. And common sense told him that he had done nothing to stonify their marriage. Then he blamed Connie for a time. Although he could see and feel the struggle she was putting up to save herself and Ed from the cauldron of their love, he mentally demanded more of her.

As he walked through the archway to the carpark he remembered with agony how, inevitably, it had all come out of the previous evening before dinner. It was their wedding anniversary.

Connie was lighting the candles at table. She was wearing a royal-blue dress and her blonde hair took on the sheen of the low lights. Her face was pale. She put the spent match in an ashtray and looked across the table at her husband.

"Henry," his black eyes glowed and his whole body stiffened, waiting. "Yes?"

"It's no good." "There, it was out. He even felt the warm glow of relief as he walked slowly to the sideboard. "Connie - don't say any more."

She was staring at the gleaming silver on the table. "It's no good, Henry. No, no good at all."

He poured drinks. "We'll move to Pennsylvania." She said nothing.

He brought the drinks over. "Connie - I love you." She remained staring at the table. He laid her drink beside her. "Tomorrow, we'll move right out to Pennsylvania University. No explanations. No goodbyes. Nothing. They've been wanting me through there for months to teach management subjects."

She looked at him and her eyes were glistening. "You don't understand, Henry, do you?"

"Yes, I think I do, honey. I think I do. Everything is loaded against me. We have no children. You know Ed out east years ago. He's unmarried. He's your own age. I've been away too often lecturing. You've been seeing him. It's a fever....."

"Henry, it is NOT a fever." "It's a fever, honey! Give it time. And distance. And reality." He knew as he used the last word that it was a mistake.

She spoke softly, pitifully. "Reality?" "The storm broke. He banged his glass on the table. "Yes reality, Connie. You're married to ME. You're not married to Ed Chambers. He doesn't have a wife. All he has is a degree in Chemical Engineering. I have a wife - you. And THAT'S the reality of this crazy situation. You are MY wife."

She was crying. "Henry, I LOVE him."

love is a matter of emotion. It is not a matter of logic. No cybernetic device or biological analysis has ever been developed which can explain to a man or a woman why they happen to love or should love each other.

"You can't. You're INFATUATED with him - and he with you. You've hypnotised yourself into this romance....."

"Oh, stop psycho-analysing me. You don't understand. I'll die without him. I LOVE him."

His voice was low. "How can you say that? You married me. And I say I'll die without you." His eyes were glowing. "Connie, this is a sickness....."

"It is NOT a sickness, Henry." Her face was pale and cold as she faced him. "I want a divorce."

His hands were gripping the tablecloth tightly. His knuckles were white as he crouched, head bowed.

"Henry!" Her voice had a sob. "I want a divorce, Ed wants to marry me."

A strangled cry of savage rage came from his lips as he heaved the tablecloth and lurched back, holding it in his hands.

"No." The crash of dishes, silverware, glasses, food and cutlery was deafening as they exploded over the room.

Now it was today. Now he was walking over to the carpark where Connie sat in their open-top Vulcan. He could see her gleaming blonde hair and the red of her woolen jacket. She smiled bleakly as he opened the car door and got in. She switched on the ignition. "Did you have a good day?"

He threw his raincoat and briefcase over to the back seat. "I was lecturing all day. As usual."

She steered the car towards the university exit gate.

"I thought we'd talk it all, Connie."

She said nothing as she drove them down Stato Street. The sky was ice-blue and there was the first faint feel of an autumn wind come up from the lake. The shafts of brilliant

sunshine beamed between the grand shadows of the tall buildings, gleaming on the thousands of cars.

Connie said, "Let's go up the Prudential Building."

"Oh, okay." She turned the car towards Grant Park. "We'll be able to see for miles on a day like this."

He put his arm along the back of the seat and turned to look at her beautiful face sadly. "D'you remember the last time we went up on that tower?"

"Yes I think so." Her voice was small. "We'd only been married a month."

She parked the car and they walked through the echoing vastness of the marbled vestibule towards the row of elevators. One was signed, "Express to Observation Tower." They went in with other four people. The elevator sighed its swift climb up forty-three flights to the azure sky.

All the vast geometry of Chicago and was below them as they looked down through the double-glazed windows. Sun-drenched buildings stretched for miles along the lakeside, ribbons of streets, roads and railway tracks snaked into nowhere. And the anti-like cars crawled in thousands through the labyrinth of the big city.

Behind them, on the rooftop restaurant, low-lit and modern in its sheer luxurious decor. As they watched the city's crawling millions below there was a voice just at their shoulders. "Hello, Henry, Connie." Collitz turned round quickly. The man who spoke was short-statured, bulky, well-dressed and he held out his hand.

"Hello, Walter," said Collitz, shaking hands. "What brings you....." He stopped and his face hardened in anger as he looked at the lawyer.

Connie said, "Henry, can't we sit down in the restaurant?" Walter Heburn looked a little ill at ease. "Sure. Let me buy you a drink."

Collitz looked at Connie then at Heburn. "Who asked you...?" "I did, Henry." Connie touched his arm. "Please let's talk - with Walter."

"Talk about what?" Now his eyes were gleaming with fury. "You never give up, do you?" He raised his voice. "When I need a lawyer, I send for one, Heburn. And you can bet it won't be YOU any more." He turned towards the exit then looked at his wife. "You conniving bitch!" He left them.

Through the echoing corridors and empty halls of the university his footsteps click-clacked as he walked down to Conference Room 80. Ed Chambers frowned as he passed the darkened, empty classrooms.

He opened the Conference Room. It was a room set out semi-circularly with seats and desks. Although there were switch-on lights at every place, none of them was lit, and the room was in darkness except for the floodlit podium and small stage. The large, sweep-round blackboard, the rolled-up cinema screen, the tape recorder, the flip-chart and the felt-board were all illuminated sharply in the bright lighting. The auditorium and the desks were in darkness.

Henry stood behind the podium. He said, "Come in, Ed." Ed slowly walked into the room and closed the door.

Henry said, "Will you take a seat, please."

Ed slowly sat down near the middle of the room and said, "What's the idea, Henry?" He looked puzzled.

Collitz came forward to stand beside the podium and leaned one arm casually along its edge. "I'd like an hour of your attention, Ed."

"What for?" "I promise I won't waste your time."

"I thought you asked me here to talk tonight. About Connie and me."

"That's right. I did, Ed. And that's what I intend. What I'm asking is that you let me talk first - for an hour."

"Just you?" "Just me. Then, I promise, I'll be quiet or I'll answer any questions you put to me or join any discussion you want. Will you give me an hour?"

"Okay." Ed sighed and crossed his legs.

Henry softly and slowly walked to and fro across the brightly-lit stage. He said, "You and I are here tonight because we have a problem - rather we have three problems. I am in danger of losing my wife. You want my wife. My wife wants me to divorce her." He turned and wrote these things rapidly on the blackboard, then continued. "Now, love is a matter of emotion it is NOT a matter of logic. No cybernetic device or biological analysis has ever been developed which can explain to a man or a woman why they happen to love or should love each other. It would be useless, therefore, if I made any attempt to reason. It would be useless, therefore, if I made any attempt to reason a way out of ANY of these problems. All I can say is that I

CRUNCH POINT

(Continued from page 29)

love Connie; I have always loved her and she is the only woman I have ever needed or wanted. That is how I FEEL. But what I am going to try to do tonight, by the production of certain facts, is save my marriage, keep my wife and therefore save myself from a fate, as the old-time dramatists said, worse than death. And I mean that - every word."

From that point onward, Henry gave the professional lecture of his life. He used the flip-chart to show exactly in dollars and cents the monthly standard of living to which Connie had become used and he showed her outstanding debt. He used the left-board to show estimated examples of Ed's salary and bachelor expenses. He rapidly drew up a balance-sheet on the blackboard and reasoned the figuring to show the hard economic facts of Connie living with Ed. Then he moved to the blackboard and as he wrote occasional headlines, said, "The real problem about living with a woman, Ed, is that there's no text-book to tell you what it'll be like in advance because every woman's different and most men are liars. What I am now giving you is privileged information. My wife - the woman I love - sleeps till ten every morning, never dries socks, can't cook anything except by frying, has an expensive mania for handbags and hats, plays bridge atrociously and has dandruff which is difficult to detect. In our years of married life she has taken to her bed for at least four weeks every year with one of these illnesses - laryngitis, gastro-enteritis, migraine, fibrositis, shingles, chickenpox, a broken ankle, slipped disc and influenza." He held up a heavy file of papers. "And here is all the documentary proof of what I say - morning calls at ten charged on my telephone account every day for years, bills for new socks, her unsuccessful enrolment in evening cookery classes, bridge scores, bills from downtown stores for hats and handbags - and doctors' prescriptions for the ailments."

The lights went out. Henry pressed a button on the podium. The screen rolled down automatically and was illuminated by a projector switched on at the rear of the room. Henry said, "Let me show you some colour-slides of parts of our domestic life. These are the ones we always remove before showing slides to our friends at home."

He flicked the handswitch and there was a picture of Connie frowning shrewishly and looking like a woman of sixty as she looked into a shop window. "This one caught Connie off guard one Saturday morning at our supermarket." There were dozens of

"The real problem about living with a woman, Ed, is that there's no text-book to tell you what it'll be like in advance because every woman's different and most men are liars."

other pictures - Connie with her hair in curlers, Connie a little drunk at the Meburns' New Year party, Connie asleep in the sunshine with her mouth open, Connie in a swimsuit, ("Did you know she is slightly bow-legged?"), Connie grinning foolishly as she waved goodbye to someone at a bus station.

"Now let me show you something you haven't even existed, Ed - Connie's family. I'll bet you never thought Ed - First - Connie's mother". Henry showed a slide of a thin, middle-aged woman with a pale, dry face. "I have her to take care of within a year". Then there slides of the cousin ("That's him on the left") who's stuck-off doctor in Ohio, her gap-toothed young brother wouldn't surprise me if he never makes High School dead father ("He began retiring at thirty-five") and his sister ("She insults all your friends when she meets them. There were two aunts ("you'd better send them money regularly - they've been broke all their lives"), an old uncle who a lush ("He turns up once a month drunk") and an older who has to be financially bolstered occasionally because of gambling.

The lights went up. Ed's face was drawn and pale. He "Everybody has problems. What're you trying to prove, Henry?"

Collitz pointed at him, his eyes blazing. "I'm to prove to you that you HAVE to love a woman Connie to live with her. Sure, Connie has problems. For example, she snores. She has hiccups after a glass of lemonade. She can't stand the smell of coffee. She's more than most other people. Sure, she has problems, but I'm going to show that YOU can't live with the rest of your life. You don't have the emotional sources. Now watch this movie. I took it at a local summer camp two years ago. It shows Connie up: fish for pike!"

The lights went out. Henry talked on and on, despite that vacation at Kurville.

When the room was lit again Ed had gone. His seat vacant, the door was closing gently and Henry could hear his footsteps fading down the corridor.

Quietly, almost sadly, he picked up a duster, erased notes from the blackboard. Then he turned down the film pages, removed the felt-board signs and went behind the screen, leaning on it heavily with his elbows, his shoulders hunched. He stood there a long time.

The light click-click sounds of a woman's heels grew from out in the corridor. The door opened and Connie looking at him. Her eyes were red. She said, with a soft throat, "What - happened to Ed? He - passed me down. Wouldn't look at me!"

Henry looked up at her from his hunched position as quietly, "Ed? I think he found what he was worth, Connie. She leaned on the nearest desk, staring. "What - tell him? What did you talk about?"

Henry straightened up and said, "Connie, I told her I want to tell you now, I married YOU because I loved you, you now dearer than ever before. To me, you're my dream-girl come true, the only woman in my life for all of my natural days on this earth, in sickness and in health, in richness and in poverty....." his voice dropped,..... "I'll do us part, I love you - forever and ever." He stopped. "What I told him".

She sat down slowly, slumping, her shoulders heavy. She sobbed. Henry came over to her, put his arm about her and said tenderly, "Let's go home, dear".

They went out together.

Another chapter in Ralph Egbe's Detective Serial:

THE NAKED CORPSE

In the words of Longfellow, it is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces such disappointed men can never look upon without emotion,

there are names they can never hear spoken almost starting. It is with this awareness that the detectives decided to make a call at the murdered girl's home to hear his own version of the story.

The dull, cold, foggy weather was still hanging over Enugu when Davey Dike and Miss Monica Dele left the New Moon Hotel for their destination. The night sky was heavy with clouds, promising a heavier and colder rain to Enugu inhabitants. The street lights battled to brighten the atmosphere, while the tyres of the passing vehicles made screeching sounds on the wet roads. Behind Dike and his secretary, the New Moon Hotel Building was blazing with lights.

"But, boss, why have you chosen night for this kind of business? Why not morning?" Miss Dele asked.

The detective grinned and puffed his cigar. "The character of the man we are meeting is congenial to a night's encounter. I have chosen my time well."

"Do you know this address?"

"If I don't know, where are we going then? My dear girl, I always have my information correct before starting on an adventure."

"That's a drug store," Miss Dele pointed to a neon sign advertising a medicine shop, a few houses ahead of them. "Let's get the tabs there."

"Okay," Dike agreed, "you'd better hurry up."

Miss Dele rushed to the drug store and soon rejoined her boss who stood on the road waiting patiently. It was exactly seven on the dot when Dike knocked on the door of a magnificent flat in the heart of Uwani. There was no answer. He knocked again and waited, smoking his cigar with an air of confidence.

"Somebody is there. The radio is on," Miss Dele whispered.

"I know," the detective answered.

Just then, the door was slowly opened and a man's head peeped between the door and the velvet curtain and surveyed the visitors. The curtain shaded his face from the light in the room. The corridor light was farther down near a light of steps. So, Dike could not see his face.

"Yes, who are you looking for?" the man asked in a tone which indicated that he was terribly embarrassed by the disturbance.

"Is this number 5A Acera Crescent?" Dike asked.

"Yes - Yes; who do you want?" the man still felt

hurt.

"A Mr. Sylvester Otuli."

The man then held the door open wider. "Yes, I am Sylvester. Who wants me?" He was now backing the room as if barring the detective and his secretary against entrance. Dike merely grinned, dropped the stub of his cigar, and lit another one.

"I want you, Mr. Otuli and my mission demands immediate attention."

"I see," Mr. Otuli said in a voice that clearly showed that he did not see at all. "You can come in, both of you." He drew aside the curtain and Dike stepped in, closely followed by Miss Dele. Mr. Otuli closed the door, kept the magazine he was reading on the big shiny Grundig radiogram and sat down on a chair with his legs crossed. Dike and Miss Dele were already seated.

Sylvester Otuli was a broad-chested man, tall and exceedingly handsome. His triangular face, and sharp little eyes, the neatly trimmed beard and the bushy, nearly-wavy hair, all combined to give him a charming personality. He was light-complexioned, smooth-skinned and had rounded shoulders. He must have been aged thirty-one or thirty-two years and his soft voice and cool, calculated manner left no one in doubt that he had been through the four walls of a University.

"Yes, you said you want me and that your mission is urgent. May I know who you are, please?" Sylvester said after a short silence during which he studied his visitors.

"Don't think I have ever met you before," he added "you haven't." Dike cut in sharply.

"We have accommodation in an hotel here."

tions Agency, Ebute-Metta, Lagos. This is my secretary, Miss Monica Iyabo Dole."

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Otuli," Miss Dele said. Sylvester smiled in a subdued manner, got up and shook hands with the girl, and her boss.

"I hope," Miss Dele went on, "you will co-operate with us to make our task easier for the interest of both parties."

"I will do my best if I am introduced to the case."

"And that's exactly why we're here," Miss Dele said. Dike took over. "We are here in connection with the murder that recently took place in a Lagos hotel. You remember it? The murder of Miss Sophia Menda."

Sylvester's face darkened. He uncrossed his legs and buried his face in his arms. Dike was watching him with great interest. He puffed his cigar, obviously fascinated by the effect of this preamble to the case. Miss Dele looked at Sylvester with pronounced sympathy mingled with suspicion, then transferred her gaze to her boss.

"Yes, Mr. Dike, I remember it. That news still shocks me. I don't think I will ever get Sophia out of my heart. By her death, a greater part of my life has gone with her. You are undertaking the investigations of the murder. I think."

"Yes, and I am here to put a few questions to you," Dike answered.

"Good. You are competent for this job because I've been reading about your baffling exploits in the papers. And I will do all in my power to help in tracking down this criminal. Please just a minute." He got to his feet and walked a few paces towards the kitchen, then turned abruptly.

"By the way, Mr. Dike, what would you take? I mean drink."

"Oh, thanks a lot. I'd like strong whisky for this cold weather," Dike said.

"And you, Lady?"

"I'd rather take nothing, please. It's too cold," Miss Dele said with a smile.

"Then you better take whisky too. It will clear the cold in your chest instantly. Or alternatively, let my boy prepare coffee or tea for you," Sylvester pleaded.

"Alright, I'll take coffee," Miss Dele consented. Sylvester pressed a bell push and a tall, slender boy in his mid-teens appeared from the kitchen door.

"Samson, please light the cooker and prepare some coffee. Be quick about it."

Samson eyed the visitors, bowed respectfully and disappeared as dramatically as he had appeared. Sylvester retired into the kitchen to fetch the whisky.

Davey Dike and Monica Dele had time to look round the living room. It was moderately furnished. The large book case standing in the corner of the room contained several hard-bound volumes and paper backs.

"He does real reading, boss," Miss Dele said, following Dike's interested gaze at the shelves. Dike nodded and got up. He moved closer to the book case and studied the titles. They were mainly science books and the paper backs were crime, spy and other western wild life novels. There were magazines too. Later, Sylvester re-entered the living-room carrying a bottle of whisky and some tumblers. Dike resumed his seat.

As the men drank, Dike opened up the interview. "I must apologise, Mr. Otuli, for intruding at this time but I figured that this is the time you will be more relaxed and the nature of this business does not require any rushing."

"That's true indeed. If you had come earlier than this time, you should not have met me. By the way, where are you staying for the night?"

"We have accommodation in an hotel here."

THE NAKED CORPSE

(Continued from page 31)

Sylvester smiled. "If I had been contacted earlier, one or two of my rooms should have been yours for the asking".

"Thank you for the kind gesture", Dike put in, "we are alright in the hotel. Now, I think we should start".

"I'm set", Mr. Otuli said, sipping some whisky. At this juncture, Samson came in with a tray of the hot coffee he had prepared, set in on the tea table beside Miss Dele and quietly left the room. From her handbag, Miss Dele drew out her pencil and note-book before she sipped the coffee and put the cup down again.

Dike began, "Well, Mr. Otuli you knew Miss Sophia Menda very well during her life-time?"

"I not only knew her, she was my fiance. We were engaged to marry".

"For how long had you been engaged before her death?"

"We were formally engaged on New Year's eve this year. And we planned to marry in June - that's six months later. But in April she told me that she would like to go further in education and she would go to the United Kingdom to study fashion designing. She explained that she took the decision in the interest of both of us because she would not like the educational gap between us to be too wide. I was delighted. We then planned that I would join her in London in January next year since it had been my ambition to do research work in the University of London. The June 18th was set aside as our wedding day. We chose this date to coincide with her twentieth birthday anniversary celebration".

"Interesting", the detective said, "If you don't mind my asking, Mr. Otuli what are your educational qualifications and where were you educated?"

"I don't mind at all", Sylvester said simply "I hold a B.Sc. degree in Physics from the University of Wisconsin, United States. I again went to Canada to study in Ontario where I obtained my M.Sc. in Biochemistry".

"When did you return to Nigeria?"

"Two years ago".

"How many years did you spend in the United States and Canada?"

"I spent four years in America and six in Canada. This is because my studies were at one stage interrupted for lack of funds. But when I received a scholarship from the American government, there were no obstacles again".



"You knew Miss Menda before you left for the United States?"

"Oh, no. I met her for the first time at the Sports Stadium here a few months after my return during the Festival of Arts that year. She led her school's dancing

troupe which won the first prize then. That was I became interested in her".

"Did you ever know of her other boy friends who you stepped in?"

"To the best of my knowledge, I don't think she had a serious boy friend. In any case, she didn't tell me".

"What was the reaction of her parents when you learnt of your association with her?"

"They never objected. Indeed, they always gave a warm welcome each time I visited them. When we had the news of our engagement to them, they were happy".

"You had never had any clash or misunderstanding however minute?"

Sylvester gave a short laugh. "We had never had a minute exchanged harsh words. Sophia was an ideal. She was not only strikingly beautiful, she had qualities that are rarely found in girls nowadays. She was intelligent and responsible and understood the feelings of others. Sophia was tender, graceful, elegant, lovable. I loved her dearly and could do anything for her sake. She loved me too and was looking forward to the day we would be one".

"How did she get her passport and visas? Did you know anything about it?"

"Yes, I helped her in this direction. Her getting a passport and British entry visas depended largely on my efforts".

"Can you remember the date?" Dike asked.

"Er, wait a minute, let me get my diary".

Mr. Otuli rose to his feet and went to the bedroom. Soon came back with his desk diary. Swiftly he turned the pages and finally settled his searching eyes on a date.

"Yes, we got the passport on 20th July and the visa in September".

"What of the air ticket? How did she get that?"

"Mr. Dike, I did everything for her. I made arrangements with the Regional offices of the Airways here. Both my father paid the fare".

"I understand. Now, why didn't you accompany her to Lagos, where she was to board a plane to London? Was leaving you for a considerably long time?"

"I didn't consider it necessary, Mr. Dike. We discussed all we had to discuss and I had done my best for her. I never dreamt it would end so disastrous".

Dike thought for a while. Then, "Don't you believe that this murder could have been avoided if you accompanied her to Lagos?"

"It might have been avoided. But I never thought that direction", Sylvester answered.

"Now, Mr. Otuli" Dike said gravely, "we come to a very important question. You must be cautious in your answer. Where were you between six p.m. and ten midnight on Saturday September twenty-one?"

"That is the day of the murder?"

"Exactly".

"I went to the cinema with friends at that particular time and when I read in the papers the following day that Sophia had been murdered in a Lagos hotel suite, I almost ran mad. I dashed down to our town to see her parents".

"Why?" Dike demanded.

"I felt it was the best thing to do at that moment. I was totally confused".

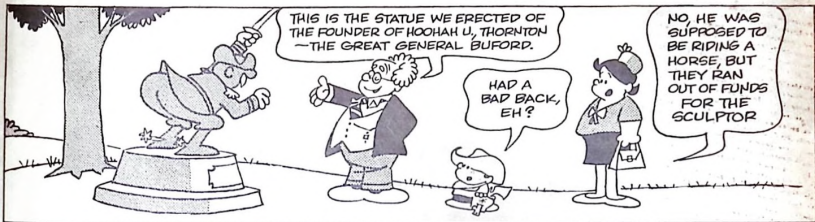
"Another important question, Mr. Otuli. Have you returned to Lagos recently?"

"Oh yes. I went to Lagos in connection with her passport in the middle of July and went again to conclude the arrangements for visas in the middle of September".

* Be sure to read the next thrilling instalment in the March issue of Modern Woman.

Professor Phumble

By Bill Yates



Astral loves skin



Keeping skin lovely, cool, smooth and fragrant . . . that's what Astral is all about.

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LOVE PREVAILS

A Complete Short Story
by 'Gbemi Olatunji

When two people are in love, whatever might have transpired between their families or tribes many years back should not be considered vital enough to fall them apart.

That reminds me of Peju who was in her late teens and was working in one of the private companies as a copy typist. She was going for lunch one afternoon when she met Dapo who happened to be an assistant secretary in a commercial company in the same city as herself. Dapo had walked up to her and introduced himself and she too had done the same thing. She had introduced herself with the hope of going on to have her lunch and get back to the office but Dapo insisted that she should have lunch with him in their staff-canteen. After much talk she agreed and together they had lunch that day. After lunch and since they both still have some minutes left before going back to work, Dapo spent the few minutes left to tell Peju about his feelings toward her. As she was not attached to any boy then, she gave it a thought and from then on they were always seen together during lunch-time and after office hours before parting for the day. They soon started to visit each other at home and the affairs flourished further.

The parents of both Dapo and Peju lived far from where both lovers were and so could not know what was going on. But as for the two lovers they had made up their minds to get married! but each of them felt the consent of both parents should be sought before making plans for the wedding and this was to be done in a way they had both thought to be right.

As a girl, one would expect Peju to put her mother in the know of the affair before her father and this she did. She however told her mother not to inform her (Peju's) father until such a time when it became necessary. Peju's mother heeded her daughter's plea and all went well. As some boys are sometimes closer to their mothers than their fathers, (and Dapo was one of the type) he too told his mother about his love affair with Peju. He warned his mother too not to inform his father yet. To this his mother consented and everything went well for a while.

Then came the turning point in the whole affair. Both lovers had agreed it was time to inform their fathers and they had both chosen to travel to their different home towns the same weekend for the purpose only to come back the following day and exchange ideas on what went on at the two different homes. It was Peju who returned first. On her arrival she had gone to check if Dapo was back and was just settling down when he too came in, looking worried and unhappy. In his state of mind, he did not notice that Peju had almost cried her eyes out. What? The result of their trip proved negative on both ends. They both wanted to explain to each other what transpired between them and their parents but instead they both burst into tears at the same time. After regaining their composure, they exchanged views and they found out that both fathers had disagreed for similar reasons - tribal difference and a long-term strained-relationship between the two tribes.

The two lovers then thought of how best to approach the situation. They later came to the conclusion that they would have to get married even if it would be without their parents' consent - after all they were old enough to be man and wife. The reaction of their parents only made their affection for each other stronger. Then Dapo came up with an idea. He told the elder in his church about his problems and to his joy, the elder promised to send a prophet to the two towns to preach. The prophet had chosen different passages from the Bible with which he meant to preach to them. For the first time the prophet visited the towns, only a few people listened to his preaching but as God works wonders, he had more listeners the second time and on his third visit he discovered that the heads of the two tribes were making frantic efforts to reconcile and by under one accord for the first time in many years. After that, both fathers sent for their son and daughter and gave their approval for the union. Dapo and Peju got married soon after and it was on the wedding day that the two families knew the trick behind the timely visits of the prophet. However, the two tribes remain friendly till today all because of the genuine love that transpired between a son on the one side and a daughter on the other side of the warring tribes.

OFFICE HOURS



"I have NOT wasted an hour of office time having my coffee. I overslept and just got here five minutes ago."



"You're fired, Bradley, for doing that impersonation of me—and I'm firing you, Jones, for laughing so hard."

Our Medical Correspondent Writes on:

POSTNATAL CARE FOR MOTHERS

Too often, new mothers are inadequately prepared for the six to eight weeks immediately after childbirth, known as the postnatal or postpartum period. Advance knowledge of what to expect and how to plan for this time will help answer many questions and worries expectant mothers may have about themselves and their babies.

General preparations for the post natal period.

Good health habits prior to conception will help to ensure a healthy woman during and after pregnancy. A woman should seek competent obstetrical care as early as possible in her pregnancy for an uneventful labour, delivery and normal recovery. The expectant mother should become actively involved in preparing for herself and the baby's needs. She should plan ahead for her hospital stay. She also should purchase any garments, such as nightgowns, a bathrobe and slippers, that she might need.

Clothes for taking the baby home from the hospital should be purchased and packed with her own things. Any necessary furniture, such as a crib, dressing table and chest of drawers, can be ordered in advance and then be delivered as soon as the baby is born. Bedding, linens, a layette and equipment should be bought. The expectant mother might want to consider asking a relative or neighbour to help with the baby and housework. Her doctor can recommend baby care books to help her prepare herself.

The physical changes a new mother should expect.

The physical transformation that took nine months to complete almost reverses itself in a matter of weeks. The first thing a new mother notices after childbirth is her flattened stomach. In general, one hour following delivery, the average patient has lost about 13.5 pounds. By the twelfth postpartum day, another 3.5 pounds is lost. At the end of the sixth week, if the mother still weighs more than before she became pregnant, she has gained weight that she may not lose spontaneously. For those who are nursing, some of the weight gain consists of breast tissue.

The breasts undergo some changes. If the mother decides not to nurse, her doctor will give her drugs right after delivery to help inhibit the flow of milk. Despite the drugs, her breasts may be sore and swollen for a few days, and ice packs plus a limited fluid intake will help ease any discomfort.

If the mother does nurse, it will take about two to three days for the breasts to fill with milk. Nipples need to be kept clean and dry, and any tenderness, bleeding or raw cracks should be reported to the doctor at once.

A good-fitting maternity bra should be worn at all times for proper support.

If the woman has had an episiotomy, (a short incision in the area between the vagina and rectum), she will experience some pain. Heat treatments, salves and ointments will help alleviate discomfort. Some women will experience constipation, hemorrhoids and bladder problems, but these conditions are normal and usually are quickly corrected spontaneously or with treatment.

Possible emotional after effects.

"Postpartum depression" or "maternity blues" are two popular expressions used to describe the occasional but normal emotional distress that some women experience after childbirth. The causes for it can range from hormonal changes to disappointment over the baby's sex or lack of rest or to a general letdown feeling. This type of depression usually is mild and can occur in any well-adjusted stable woman. It most often disappears in a short time.

Happily, obstetricians today are seeing fewer cases of postpartum depression. This decrease is attributed to the more active role both mothers and fathers play in preparing for the new baby, including prenatal childbirth, rooming-in facilities at the hospital and a better knowledge of pregnancy and baby care.

What a new mother should know about after leaving the hospital.

Most obstetricians will tell her to:

- Stay home for a few days and then increase activity gradually.
- Try to rest for one or two hours in the afternoon each day.
- Restrict visitors to close friends and relatives.
- Allow friends and neighbours to help with the baby, laundry and errands.
- Wear comfortable clothing.

The mother will be concerned about diet and exercise. Her obstetrician will give her specific instructions. Ordinarily, she can eat or drink practically anything she wants, although a nursing mother should not smoke, drink or take any drugs that could affect the baby's health. If there is excess weight to be lost, a high-protein diet usually will help get rid of extra pounds, and this should be started immediately with a physician's approval.

Exercises to improve flaccid stomach and abdominal muscles usually can be begun quickly, although nursing mothers will need to wait four or five weeks before

ing. The obstetrician will advise what specific exercises to do and when to do them.

Ideally, couples are advised to wait six weeks before having sexual intercourse. At six weeks, both the mother and the baby should have a checkup. Contraceptive techniques will be discussed at this visit if not discussed previously. A mother can be fitted for an intrauterine device or diaphragm at that time or, if she already has a diaphragm, it should be checked for proper fit. Birth control pills usually are prescribed only for non-nursing mothers.

To avoid pregnancy, some type of contraceptive device should be used whenever intercourse occurs, even in the early weeks, because conception is possible. Non-nursing mothers begin to menstruate within three months, but ovulation occurs before menstruation resumes which is why contraception should be used. Nursing mothers may or may not menstruate, but it is possible to become pregnant while nursing.

Finally, the new mother should watch for any of these danger signals and report them to her obstetrician immediately: heavy or irregular bleeding, fever, painful congestion or reddening of the breasts or frequency of urination combined with a burning sensation.

Your baby's buttocks get red and sore because wet napkins have been left on the baby for too long. If the baby's buttocks come in contact with any dirty object, the soft skin becomes chafed and the baby's fretful because of the sore. The buttocks should be kept very clean and dry napkins be used on the baby. If the sore is slight, dusting or talcum powder, applied after each napkin change can heal it. However, strict cleaning should do the baby a lot of good.

HOURLY FEED

My sister's baby weighed only 5lbs. 10ozs. at birth. She insists on putting her on a four-hourly feed and I think the poor thing ought to be fed every three hours. What do you think?

You are right to think that a 5lbs. 10ozs. baby should be fed three-hourly, but this does not mean that a baby born weighing 5lbs 10ozs. will continue with that weight for long. Your sister's baby might have gained more weight by the time of your writing to us, so she might be right to insist on four hourly feeds. If you think your sister's baby looks poor on the mother's method of feeding, you can have the baby weighed at a clinic or health centre. If the baby's weight is still under 7lbs, and it cries for food between the four-hourly feeds, you can tell your sister in a nice way that the baby will do better on three hourly feeds until it has gained more weight.

CRYING AFTER FEED

My baby keeps crying after she has just been fed. Can you tell me what is responsible?

One or two things can be responsible for your baby's crying after she has just been fed. If after every feed you don't break the baby's wind, the wind is likely to make her feel un-

comfortable. You must therefore hold your baby upright, rub her gently on the back until she brings out the wind, after every feed. If the baby has not had enough feed to keep her satisfied, she may cry after she has just been fed. In this case, try and let your child's welfare officer check the child weight and advise you on how to feed her adequately.

How early should one stop breast-feeding a baby?

There is no hard and fast rule about how early one should stop breast-feeding a baby. For instance, working mothers may not have enough time to breast-feed their babies regularly some babies may do better on artificial milk than their mother's milk. Some mothers may be advised by their doctors to stop breast-feeding for health reasons. The earlier these people stop breast for such babies the better. Besides these reasons a mother may breast-feed her baby up to 4 or 6 months provided semi solid feeds are introduced from about the third month, breast-feeding may be stopped and artificial milk with semi-solid feeds given to the baby.

COUGH

My 2-year-old child suffers a lot from cough during her teething period. Now that she has almost cut all her teeth the cough comes and goes. Sometimes it's very serious at night. How do I stop it?

It is the usual practice for most mothers to associate teething with various childhood ailments e.g. diarrhoea, vomiting, cough etc. Cough is one of childhood ailments, but when it lasts for 2 years I would advise you to consult your family-doctor or your health-centre.

These are a few questions the doctor may ask you: (1) Has your child got her BCG vaccination? (2) Is she losing weight? (3) Does she sweat a lot particularly at night? (4) Does she cough up or spit any mucus or blood when she coughs. These and a lot of other observations need be made so the doctor will be able to determine precisely what the trouble is.

Mother's Information Bureau

DIARRHOEA

My baby keeps having diarrhoea. My mother-in-law says this is normal during the teething period and I should not worry but I am worried as he does not look well at all. Can you advise me?

Your mother-in-law is wrong to say that it is normal for a baby to keep having diarrhoea and you are quite right to be worried because your baby does not look well as a result of this.

During the teething period a baby's resistance to illness can be less than in the non-teething period, therefore any little germ that may accidentally get in to the baby's food can irritate the baby and develop into serious illness. You must keep your baby's feeding utensils absolutely clean, prepare the feeds with clean water and make sure what you put in his mouth is kept strictly clean. You should also see a medical practitioner or attend one of the health centres and have some drugs to stop the

alleged diarrhoea.

PROTRUDING NAVEL

Each time my baby cries his navel protrudes. I don't want him to be embarrassed by a big navel when he grows up. Is there anything I can do to prevent this?

The best thing is to try as much as possible to see that your baby doesn't cry often. The navel protrudes because some air forces its way into your baby's navel each time he cries. If however, you think your baby's navel is bigger than the normal size, you can approach a medical officer who may arrange to have the navel strapped down to prevent it from getting abnormal. There is nothing to worry about because most children get over protruding navels as they grow up.

SORE BUTTOCKS

My baby's buttocks often get red and sore and this makes him fretful, what do you think is the cause and how can I treat it?

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If you're overweight and worried about it, all you need is Limmits. Limmits biscuits contain all the essential ingredients your body would normally obtain from a bulky meal without the part that makes you put on weight. So, just leave out one meal a day and replace it with one vitamin-packed meal of Limmits and a glass of unsweetened milk. No need to starve, no dangerous drugs. Limmits is not only meant for women but for men too. So, why not ask your man to try Limmits with you.

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EXPERTS' ANSWERS ON

HOW TO HELP YOUR MAN GET A RAISE

Ultimately, the best way for a wife to help her husband get a raise is to provide a home climate that enables him to do his best work. If a woman can bolster her husband's confidence so that he believes in his ability, if she can provide a home from which he sets forth refreshed and at ease, she will be helping her husband get a raise in the best possible way—by earning

Is there any way a wife can help her husband get a raise?

I'll start with some don'ts. Don't put pressure on your husband by reminding him of all the reasons why you need more money (food prices are sky-high, one child is off to college and the other about to have his teeth straightened). In our society, wages are closely tied to the value of work done: an employer doesn't offer more money just because an employee says he needs more. If the chief argument for a raise is a tight financial situation at home, a wife would be ill-advised to push her husband into a request that may produce a humiliating NO.

What if your husband is convinced that he really should be paid more for his services? Then he's understandably dissatisfied. He'd

like a higher standard of living for his family, he'd like to feel appreciated. In this situation, you help him prepare himself in an honest, confident, convincing way. Discuss together points to bring in the crucial interview: his boss; his accomplishments in the past year; plans for the future; special strengths as an employee, his value to the company. It may be to do a little role-play before the actual request for a raise. First you tell your boss while he prepares the case for more money then he plays boss and to pick holes in your argument. If your husband's estimate of his own value is accurate, this will probably succeed, not, deficiencies will be pointed out and he'll set new goals to work

EFFECTS OF CONFINEMENT

My ten-year-old son was in a bad bicycle accident and has to recuperate in bed for months. Is this long confinement likely to have damaging psychological effects?

Your son may actually benefit from his painful experience, as a result of what psychologists call "the Teddy Roosevelt effect". For, like the former President, children who are unusually delicate or sickly often become notable achievers in later life. They may even excel in outdoor

activities as well as schoolwork.

It's easy to see how this happens. We all try to compensate for short-comings by making up in one area deficiencies or losses in another. A woman who knows she's a poor keeper may concentrate on being a good cook; a man who dislikes reading time stories may be an instructor in swimming, carpentry, and so on. He's obliged to spend more time in bed may later come out for enforced inactivity, vigorous participation in sports.

STARS

AQUARIUS

Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th

February is the time for making every effort to capitalize on your talents. There is a stronger family support and encouragement by 24th for your plans. Lucky breaks, goodnews, and fortunate contacts.

PISCES

Feb. 20th—March 20th

The sun enters your sign this month and there is something you know you must do now, so get cracking. There is a great deal of routine and detail to attend to in everyday life and it is essential that you cope fairly well.

ARIES

March 21st—April 20th

Give careful consideration to the family plans that you have; two responsibilities occur and you would have to make a choice.

TAURUS

April 21st—May 21st

The warmer breezes of spring are around the corner. It is better to accept situations mid-month. Spare time activities could come under the spotlight and you will probably be asked to take an important position in your circle.

GEMINI

May 22nd—June 21st

Don't be impulsive. Consider everything carefully and then take advantage of opportunities coming your way. Your financial affairs could be rather confused for most of the month.

CANCER

June 22nd—July 23rd

There is a good deal of persistence required during the 2nd and 3rd weeks. A difference of opinion with a colleague or member of your family will occur, and you may find it a trying time.

LEO

July 24th—Aug. 23rd

Two distinct influences are at work during February conditions in the home and in your career may produce awkward situations, business requires careful handling.

VIRGO

Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd

Another month of toil? Look after your health and keep home and family matters on an even keel if possible. A marital stiff could cause temporary rough seas, and relatives could be involved.

LIDRA

Sept. 24th—Oct. 23rd

Better be strictly practical. Quarrels, will be about money or relatives. You may have to cope with a family health problem but by middle of the month the dangers are less and you will receive news that throws a better light on some future plans you have made.

SCORPIO

Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd

You will be kept busy, but you will discover that you receive strength from a loyalty, and you will manage. It would be silly to turn the chance to travel later in the year just because you don't think you'll ever get to it.

SAGITTARIUS

Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st

Your acute intuition assists you now in solving problems and in doing so you should not hesitate to follow a hunch.

CAPRICORN

Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th

Temporary worries due to aspects which occur to saturn have been snowing signs of easing. Unexpected changes and readjustments are shown because Venus is square to uranus mid-month; Emotional life may go through a tense phase.

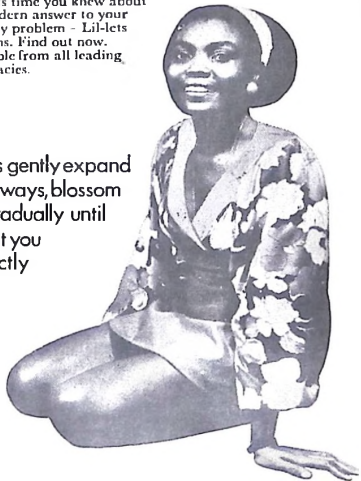
It's time you knew

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

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

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

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



Lil-lets

DEAR REMI



NEVER WRITE

I am a girl of 19. I have a boyfriend whom I promised to marry. In October last year, he went to the United States for further studies. While going he promised to complete the arrangement for my joining him immediately he settled down. Up till now I have not seen his letter, I have decided to forget about him entirely because I'm tired of writing him but his people are still pressing me to hold on until they heard from him to know why he has refused to write me. Please advise me.

Bariga. Olasunbo,

Since his people have asked you to hold on you can do so, so as to know what really happened. Things may not be as easy as he envisaged.

SHY GIRL

At 29 I'm in love with a beautiful charming girl who can make a man crazy. Her love has so much occupied my mind that I can't do without seeing her for a day. My problem is that my girl feels too shy for me. When I visit her at her house she will never look up into my eyes. Even if I took her in my arms she did the same thing. The worst is that whenever she is in need of something instead of telling me she would send either one of

her sisters or brothers to tell me. Do you think our marriage is going to be a happy one if ever we go that far? How do I bring her out of her shell?

Enugu. Okorocho,

Discourage her from engaging middle men. If she faces you to ask what she needs, she may gradually over come her shyness.

HER MUM INTERFERES

I wonder when this illiterate idea of choosing husband for a lady will be given up. My girl who loves me dearly has been disappointed by her mother. Both of us have agreed to marry but my girl insisted that we should both go to her father to present ourselves to him, since my people have also been contacted and they have agreed.

The father was about letting out his decision when the mother caught in and said her daughter is not going to marry me that she must not see me with her any more because she is going to choose a husband for her. Hearing this my girl broke down in tears but the father assured me that she will be mine. Do you think her mother wouldn't convince her?

Obalande. Tokunbo,

The decision rests solely with you and your girl. If

you both love each other, nobody will be strong enough to come between you.

WORRIED WIFE

Please dear Remi I want you to help me with my worries. I'm a married woman but have no child. I married my husband 2 1/2 years ago. Since then I have not been able to enjoy him for one day. My husband develops different types of trait everyday. Today he would be drunk, tomorrow he won't even come home to sleep at all. At times for a whole week he won't bring half kobo for feeding and yet he tries to snatch the little profit I make from my trade. Do I leave him and marry a responsible man or what do you advise?

Oshodi. Christiana,

How do you know a responsible man when you see him? I'll advise that you have a heart to heart talk with your man when he is free of his vices. You should also make the home more pleasant. Nagging will not solve your problem, madam.

I LOVE MY LADY BOSS

I am a 27 year old, reliable, faithful and well behaved man. I studied in one of our higher institutions of learning where I obtained

my Diploma and First International Certificate on the field pursued. My problem is that I love my lady boss who works in the editorial department, where I work in the production department. I'm always anxious when I see her.

I can not determine if she is married or a spinster. Sometimes she offers me a lift, in her car and at that time, I almost let out my love for this lady and I always dream of her. I am afraid to transmit this feeling to her, even though I can do without seeing her for a day. I will surely die if I don't marry this lady because the love is extremely great. Please advise me, should I forward a request to her or abstain?

Lagos.

If you find out she is a spinster go ahead and propose. If on the other hand she is married, keep your love and look else where for your love!

TROUBLE

I am in love with a girl of the same age with me. We started our love for school and we promised to marry each other in 1 1/2 years.

The trouble we are facing now is that my father and the mother of my girl are in love with each other. I have my doubts about them giving us their consent because my father has never seen me with this girl and my girl's mother does not know either.

Ikorodu.

Approach your parents and make your feelings known to each other known to them. You never can tell the extent of their involvement. Don't let that put you off.