

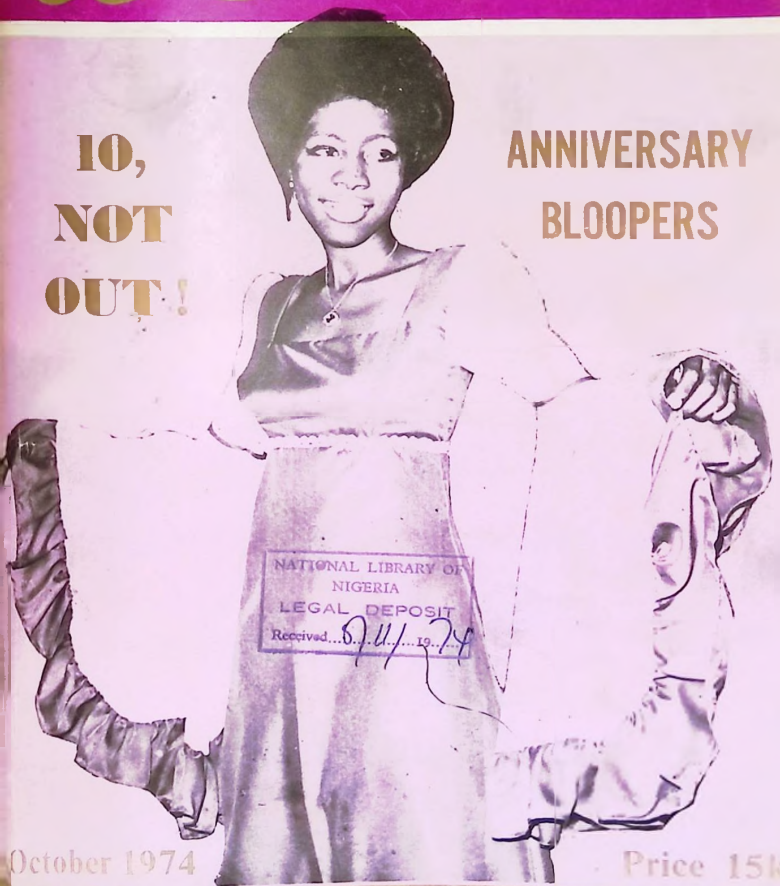
modern

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Woman

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**ANNIVERSARY
BLOOPERS**



October 1974

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for all fabrics

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Elephant Blue Detergent washes cleaner, brighter

modern
woman

The Family Magazine



Isn't she graceful in this gracefully designed dress in wine and white. Guess what it's called — "Obey spoil" Pat, our model is surely an eye-catcher.

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LAGOS LIFE

During a visit to a family friend one Sunday, the father was telling me about the ordeal of working in Lagos. He said:

"I wake up at 4.30 a.m. every day and before 5.30 a.m. I leave the house to avoid transport difficulty and traffic jam. This is usually a few hours before my children are out of bed.

"Due to pressure of work in the office, I normally come here late when they might have gone to bed. As for me, Saturdays are not meant for rest, as I also have to go to the office to do some work. There are times when I do go on tour for about two weeks and when my children ask for me, their Mummy always says I am away to work.

"So it happened I did not go to work one Sunday that the youngest of my children turned to his Mummy while we were at table and came out with the embarrassing question:

"Where is this uncle from, Mummy?"

It took us so much by surprise but she finally questioned him back:

"Don't you recognise your daddy again?"

But daddy is always at work so we've not seen him for: long, long time," answered the boy.

"The whole incident weighs heavily in my mind but what can I do? This is Lagos and I'm sure this pattern of life is not peculiar to me," concluded the man.

Lagos. Mrs Damidele.

NO JUSTICE

Is there any explanation as to why our men always exaggerate every little mistake made by lady drivers? Even though 95% of the accidents that happen on our roads are caused by men, everyone flares up whenever a lady's leg slips off the clutch of her car and she hits another one even slightly.

Can anyone explain why our men assume every lady driver is a nuisance and a block head? I have a feeling lady drivers in this country will

never have fair treatment from the men.

Lagos. Bose,

OUT OF MIND

I have a friend who lives around the corner yet we hardly meet from one year to another. But I get news of her from other friends who lives about 100 miles away because they exchange visits. I've heard similar complaints from my neighbours and co-workers. Does it then mean that the nearer we are physically the further our minds go away from each other?

Surulere. Yomi,

LETTERS TO modern woman

CHEMICAL STAIN

Washing my husband's shirt, I noticed a red stain on the collar and faced him with it for an explanation.

"Nothing," he said, "could be a stain from one of the chemicals used in the office."

I left it at that but I was convinced the shirt was stained with lip-stick. Can't our men learn to be honest?

Ibadan. Biodun,

I wish someone could answer the question.

SPECIAL

After we were married, my husband confessed to me he knew I was the right girl for him when I refused his kiss after our first date. According to him, most girls found it difficult to resist him and he even took some to bed the very first day.

That was ten years ago and we are still in love as we were on our wedding day.

Do the present day suitors have any criteria by which they determine if any girl is special?

Yaba Lagos. Pat,

WORRIED MUM

I have the luck for each of my children to fall sick only in the night. It's becoming a sort of pattern that now bothers not only my husband but myself. The worst aspect of it all is that, by the time the sick one recovers, I'm just like an empty sack myself.

If with two children we are finding things so diffi-

cult, won't we just consider stopping it at that. I'm not sure all mothers are finding things so difficult.

Lagos. Bola,

Pack it up? What stories would you be telling as a mother when your grown up children have similar problem? That of course is one of the joys of parenthood. Take heart.

HOME ECONOMICS

When I received my March issue of Modern Woman that contained the pattern sketch for girl's rock/pinafore, I made up my mind there would be nothing stopping me from making the dress for my daughter. A week later, I got all the materials needed and cut out the dress.

The following weekend, I joined all the pieces together leaving only the hem and the buttonholes.

Now, I have completed the work and you just need to see it on my girl. I

couldn't even believe it was my handwork - thanks to Modern Woman for giving me the opportunity to re-discover myself as a well talented needle worker.

Oke Ado, Ibadan. P. Florence

WHAT A MESS

My sister-in-law came to spend a weekend with us last month. Before she arrived, I spent a whole day studying the children's room where she would stay. When I had finished, I placed the flower from the dining table to the top of the table to some magazines and story books on the bed. When she finally arrived I ushered her to the room with a note that she should please excuse the mess as the room is being used by the kids.

As soon as I left the room, my daughter who had been standing with us went to the visitor and said:

"Mummy has been arranging this room all day. It has never been so neat."

My visitor commended my effort when I came in and thanked my girl for revealing the secret. We all laughed.

Oshogbo. Funmi,

PENT UP

It appears conversation is dead and with it the much cherished personal touch. Visiting friends and close relations, I get only a barrage of "what we have bought, and where have been" chatter.

An exchange of views is non-existent. It is all pent up as no one really cares about another's feelings. No wonder why the rate of mental breakdown is steadily on the increase. Is it too late to reestablish the lost link and live a more worthwhile and happier life?

Funtun. Bicia,



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GENTLENESS and PURITY
 (even when you're no longer a baby)
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Add to this, its superior fragrance so captivating, then you'll know why Pears is such a firm *family* favourite — with young and old!

We all need Pears.

CONGRATULATIONS

When Chief Bisi Onabanjo first told me he was starting a woman's magazine, I did not, I must confess, take him seriously because I felt he could not find the time due to his heavy and important commitments. But alas! the magazine became a reality and he again approached me for articles, short stories or any material that was suitable for women. I promised him I would and due to one reason or another left it at that. Meanwhile the magazine thrived and again, I must confess, I forgot about its existence.

Then I met Kayode Onabanjo and he asked me to write for the magazine. But he - may his dear soul rest in peace - did not stop at mere asking. He reminded me that I had written scripts for women for the N.B.C. and that if I gave him any spare copies he would use them.

Believe me, Kayode was a great journalist in the making, calm, persistent, patient and never angry no matter the degree of provocation. Every time we met, and in those days we did quite often, he asked me for an article. Thinking I would put him off, I said that his office was out of the way and that I could not be bothered making endless and fruitless journeys for payment. He calmly assured me, this would not be the case with the magazine and that he himself would see that I got paid. And I believed him for he was a transparently honest man.



'Kunle Akintsemoyin

Not long after, I dug up a talk I wrote about women for the N.B.C. and gave it to him. He was delighted. For the next month or so I saw nothing of him. Then one fine day he gently breezed into my office and handed me a cheque for five pounds. "What is this in aid of?" I asked with surprise.

"That is for the article you gave me. I'm sorry I couldn't give you cash" he replied and explained the reason why. He then produced a copy of the magazine 'Modern Woman' and gave it to me.

Comparing that magazine with the present day one showed real progress. The print, the quality of the paper and the

general standard of the articles have improved beyond expectation which said much for the enterprising spirit of the calibre of its founder, who somehow has guided. Editors of the magazine and there no doubt will continue to do so.

Another thing that struck me about Modern Woman that, compared with other long established and able publications, payment is most encouraging. I must say the five pounds Kayode handed me that day stirred me into writing more articles for the magazine.

Modern Woman has come a long way. It has passed her teething stage and will continue to grow in strength to strengthen its usefulness and service to the men and women of Nigeria, but also in Africa. I shall always feel honoured to write for the magazine.

Lagos.

Kunle Akintsemoyin

I have great pleasure in sending my hearty congratulations to the Modern Woman magazine on this momentous occasion. My association with the magazine dates back to the maiden issue and I observe, with a note of satisfaction, that progress ever since, has been steady and unbroken.

Looking through the fascinating contents of that maiden issue, I was at once convinced of the birth of a major family magazine that would surely make a significant impact on the domestic lives of the reading public. I remained merely an enthusiastic reader up till September 1969 issue of the magazine; then the urge to play the dual role of a reader and writer for the magazine became irresistible and I made my debut in the October edition that year.

I can say with every degree of confidence, that Modern Woman Magazine is successfully going through the important task of keeping the home intact by publishing articles that help to make partners feel alive to their domestic responsibilities. Many of these articles remind one of certain salient features of the matrimonial life which at first appear insignificant to the unwary but which nevertheless, contribute immensely to making the home a paradise to live in.

Perhaps the most significant thing about these interesting articles is their didactic contribution. In a society where moral integrity is in partial slumber, this a laudable role. . . . The jealous in the public are rebuked; the embittered are appeased; the jilted comforted; the honest applauded, the corrupt and wicked ones are advised to have a change of heart and stop treading the path of rectitude. Each edition of the Modern Woman is indispensable because it always has something new to offer the readers - irrespective of differences in social, ethnic, cultural and educational background.

I hope that the Modern Woman will continue to give the meritorious services to its readers, both at home and abroad. Let's have a page or two in future for sports; we can also create literary and argument columns. The use of cartoons can be intensified too and the cover page made as attractive as possible. Let circulation be extended to all parts of the country - especially the north - where I once had the experience of sharing a copy of Modern Woman magazine with over twenty other anxious passengers inside a bus.

Once more I say congratulations to the Modern Publications Company, members of Staff of the magazine, and also to our

LATIONS!



Bayo Adenwale

reads all over the country. Three hearty cheers!

Italo.

Bayo Adenwale,

magazine like this. For housewives who find living difficult, who cannot live within their pockets, there is hope in the pages of this magazine. A lot of domestic problems have been solved before through other peoples mistakes and experiences. You can give your living some touch of nuance, decency, maturity and arstry by learning through these pages.

Many homes, mine inclusive, have gained quite a lot from the division of Home Economics. Those sparkling distillates of reading pieces have made the name *Modern Woman* unique in many homes. It has a tone of appeal which compels the urban and rural alike to take interest in what moves and motivates life in and around them.

The only snag is that the circulatory mechanism of the magazine does not seem comprehensive enough to me. I mean, there are certain major towns like Agbor and Asaba which are quite close to the source of the magazine but can only get it through individual subscription.

Some twenty-three months ago, I was a guest at a house in Fagbenro Square, off Randle Avenue in Surulere. I picked up the then previous month's issue of *Modern Woman* and I found my attention riveted by one short story and then another and yet another, until I was compelled to borrow two other volumes for my leisure hours at home.

Ever since, *Modern Woman* has become my regular magazine quiet hours, and a first choice for a casual gift to friends and well-wishers. I have long discovered that as a gift it compliments the taste of the recipient.

I know these past ten years have not been easy, but it is comforting to observe that the efforts of these past years have infused into the editorial body an awareness of the responsibility they owe the reading public. This much I have gathered from the monthly facts, opinions and humour which are handsomely presented.



Uche Nwani

(Continued on page 40)

It is here with us already, I mean the heart-aches of civilization. A few years ago, people could secure jobs with apparent ease in spite of less-than-full education. In those days it was common sight to see people developing the necessary skill on the job, but it is different today. Today, most vacant posts in industries and government institutions pose a barrier, an obstacle that is too high for the uneducated and too complex for the unskilled to cross.

Housewives will confirm this, husbands too. They will agree that modern living is now a science; a science which requires quick wits and tricks of the trade. You will need retouches here and there to stay abreast with the time so as to run a home successfully. Well, if you don't know how to live, you will be thrown out.

The point I am making is that even with all your chains of degree, you will still have to learn through the pages of a

The questions have often been asked time and again—To what extent is a married man free to dispose of his property by will? Can he deprive his wife and children of all or part of all his earthly belongings? Why should he not leave everything to them since it might be presumed that they had contributed to the acquisition of all or most of the properties to be willed of?

In order to answer these questions, the reader must know the legal definition of a Will which has been described as a voluntary disposition or declaration by which the person making it (the testator) provides for the distribution or administration of his property after his death.

As described, the declaration or disposition by will of his property must be free and voluntary and must satisfy all legal requirements as to the making of the Will. When these conditions are fulfilled, and the document is clear, unambiguous and uninfluenced by anyone whatsoever, as well as not being tainted by immorality, the Courts will enforce its provisions in order to carry out the intentions of the maker.

A question had once been asked whether a husband could will half of his property to another woman (not his wife) with her children born to him but unknown to his legal wife. The answer seems to be in the affirmative. This

Finally, it must be pointed out that as a Will is a sacred document containing the expressions of a man's last wishes, his wife has little or no control and cannot make an exclusive claim to his properties after his death where a valid Will has been made disposing of the properties.

is often referred to as the case of the "other woman" and it seems there is nothing preventing him from doing so. Quite apart from the fact that he has the right to dispose of his property the way he likes, the children unknown to his wife might have been registered in his life time and thus the later-

WHAT THE LAW SAYS ON:

YOUR HUSBAND'S LAST WILL

nity acknowledged. And when we talk of legal wife, we must not forget that we have in this country a varied type of marriage which are equally legal.

It does not matter that half of the testator's property had been left to the "other

A man is free to dispose of his property to whosoever he desires and although one would normally expect him to satisfy his wife and children, there is no law which enforces him to make these provisions. In fact, he can will his property to charity!

woman" and little or nothing is left for the married wife because the cardinal principle of law is to respect the last intentions of the dead man if these intentions are clearly expressed free from ambiguities.

However because of the modifications in law relating to Wills; where a testator has so dispossessed his wife and children of his property to the extent of leaving them to suffer in the midst of plenty, then the Court may come to their aid by making some provisions for them within the will itself.

It has sometimes been suggested that the husband and wife being one in "flesh" and even in law, there should have been some obligations imposed by law on the man to will all his property to his wife and children especially

when he was responsible for them in his life time. But the position when they were together alive is quite different from when the man would be no more. Although he was the breadwinner for the family when he was alive, he would be no more under an obligation after death to do any of these things.

Having said all these, one now examines the rights if any of a married woman over her late husband's Will. If she can prove that the making of the Will has been influenced directly or indirectly by the "other woman" or any one else to the extent that the testator's intentions were not freely conveyed into the document and by that interference, his mind had been disturbed or biased, she could successfully set aside the will at the Law Court whereby the whole property falls into residue for her to administer in the interest of both herself and her children.

10,
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To All
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With The
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Seamed-To-Slim



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9452 34-48



4974
34-48



9108
SIZES 34-48

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- 38 (42-inch bust, 44-inch hip)
- 40 (44-inch bust, 46-inch hip)
- 42 (46-inch bust, 48-inch hip)
- 44 (48-inch bust, 50-inch hip)
- 46 (50-inch bust, 52-inch hip)
- 48 (52-inch bust, 54-inch hip)
- 50 (54-inch bust, 56-inch hip)

Size 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip) takes 3½ yards 45-inch fabric

Printed Pattern 9452

Women's Sizes are:

- 34 (38-inch bust, 40-inch hip)
- 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip)
- 38 (42-inch bust, 44-inch hip)
- 40 (44-inch bust, 46-inch hip)
- 42 (46-inch bust, 48-inch hip)
- 44 (48-inch bust, 50-inch hip)
- 46 (50-inch bust, 52-inch hip)
- 48 (52-inch bust, 54-inch hip)

Size 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip) takes 3½ yards 60-inch fabric

Printed Pattern 4974

Women's Sizes are:

- 34 (38-inch bust, 40-inch hip)
- 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip)
- 38 (42-inch bust, 44-inch hip)
- 40 (44-inch bust, 46-inch hip)
- 42 (46-inch bust, 48-inch hip)
- 44 (48-inch bust, 50-inch hip)
- 46 (50-inch bust, 52-inch hip)
- 48 (52-inch bust, 54-inch hip)

Size 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip) takes 1½ yards 60-inch fabric

Printed Pattern 9108

Women's Sizes are:

- 34 (38-inch bust, 40-inch hip)
- 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip)
- 38 (42-inch bust, 44-inch hip)
- 40 (44-inch bust, 46-inch hip)
- 42 (46-inch bust, 48-inch hip)
- 44 (48-inch bust, 50-inch hip)
- 46 (50-inch bust, 52-inch hip)
- 48 (52-inch bust, 54-inch hip)

Size 36 (40-inch bust, 42-inch hip) takes 1½ yards 60-inch fabric

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CROSS-COUNTRY

NORTHERN STATES

FUNKASO

- 4 cups of wheat flour
- 1 cup of white flour
- 1 teaspoonful of yeast
- 4 cups of water
- 1 1/2 bottles of groundnut oil
- A little piece of kanwa

Sift the wheat and white flour together in a clean bowl.

Dissolve the yeast in about 2 cups of water.

Use this in mixing the flour into a stiff paste.

Add about 2 tablespoon of groundnut oil and mix well.

Cover it and place in a warm place or outside in the sun for about 4-5 hours, to rise until almost double in bulk.

Bring it in and mix into a nice soft paste with about 2 cups of kanwa water. Have about a bottle or more of groundnut oil in a big frying pan on a moderate fire.

When the oil is hot get a small calabash with a smooth back, wash the back (do not dry) and apply oil all over it.

Take about a handful of the paste, spread it all over the back of calabash, carefully lay it in the hot oil. It will not stick on the calabash if it is well wet before spreading on the paste. Fry until brown, keep on frying one at a time till all paste is finish. Serve warm, with stew or vegetable soup.

TARMOTARMO

Same method as Funkaso, the only difference is that you fry this in tiny balls.

Fry until golden brown.

Remove and soak in honey or boiled sugar for about 5-10 minutes before serving.

Can be served as sweet or on cocktail sticks as small chops.

DANWAKE

- 2 cups of bean flour
- 1 1/2 cups of water
- 1 tablespoonful of kuka (luru)

DISHES



MID-WEST

Small kanwa (kawn)

- 4 tablespoonfuls groundnut oil.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Sift bean flour and kuka together. Soak the kanwa in 1 1/2 cups of water and mix the flour with this water into a nice soft paste.

It will turn greenish because of the kuka.

He have about 4-5 cups of water in a pot boiling on a moderate fire.

Form the paste into little balls and keep dropping them into the boiling water.

Cover and let cook for about 5 minutes, remove and wash it thoroughly with clean water.

Drain out water thoroughly sprinkled with salt and pepper to taste with about 3-4 tablespoonfuls of groundnut oil.

Serve warm.

Funkaso and Tarmotarmo are common dishes among the people of North-Eastern State of Nigeria, particularly the Kanuris. While Danwake is common in all the six Northern States.

- 1 or more cooking spoon
- Crayfish
- Locust bean
- Very little kawn or potato
- 2 cups meat stock or water

Top and tail the crayfish wash well. Cut into small pieces.

Put water in the pot and cook the meat or the fish in it. Add ground locust beans, then add kawn. The stock or liquid should now be about 2 cups.

Add the okro and beat well the stock.

Add the ground pepper, crayfish and the oil and leave to boil. Add salt last.

Stir well whilst it is cooking and leave uncovered.

Serve with pounded yam, amala or eba.

OKRO SOUP:

- Meat or fish
- 1 cup of prepared Okro
- Ground pepper



For plain okro soup use oil and serve together with meat or fish stew or palm oil soup.

YAM POTTAGE AND PALM OIL CHOP

Like yam balls you need a good white yam, not wateryam, chop ingredients, and in addition a good quantity of fish or meat of good quality.

Palm oil Chop is also called Yam Stew or Yam Pottage, the difference being that palm oil is the only kind of oil that is used in making Palm oil Chop whereas groundnut oil or any other kind of oil can be used in Yam Pottage.

Usually the yam is cut into much smaller pieces in Yam Pottage. The size of yam of course depends upon individual taste. Some people like to see the lumps of yam un-broken whereas some prefer as much of the yam as possible broken to make a thick yam pottage. Two ways of making this dish are given.

- 1 1/2 yam
- 1 big onion
- 11/2 cigarette tins of water
- 1 or 2 desert-spices ground-pepper
- 1 big pepper
- Tomatoes if liked
- 1/4 onion
- 1 cooking-spoon of palm oil
- 1/3 bottle palm oil
- 1/2 milk tin crayfish or more as desired.
- Prepare meat and boil in a little quantity of water until tender.
- Remove from the water and fry.
- Add more water to the meat stock water and bring to the boil.
- Meanwhile, peel and wash and cut yam into pieces of desirable sizes, but the yam pieces must be of even size.
- Add the yam to the boiling meat stock. Add oil and cook until nearly ready.

It should not be water with pieces of yam floating in it neither should it be too dry like fried yam mixed with sauce. The ingredients should bind with yam and the pottage should be of a nice moist consistency; and rich palm oil colour if palm oil is used. Otherwise it should be of the colour of any

Recipes by Courtesy of the Mid-West Ministry of Information. Recipes prepared by Mrs. Esther Ebo.

EKPAN NKUKWU (EFIK)

- 1 cigarette tin wateryam or water yam and cocoyam grated
- Fresh gourd or tender cocoyam leaves
- Shrimps and periwinkles if available
- 1 small fish
- 1 tablespoon ground crayfish
- 1 tablespoon palm oil
- 2 large peppers (or to taste)
- 1 large tomato or onions (or to taste)
- Peel, wash and grate the yams.
- Put a kettle of water on to

Add the fried pieces of meat, ground pepper, onions and other ingredients and stir well.

Cook gently for about 10-15 minutes or until the ingredients are well cooked and have had chance to simmer into the yam.

Stir well but gently; taste for salt. If extra is needed, dissolve in very little hot water and add to the yam mixture.

Second Method: Boil the meat. add oil and fry.

Put ground ingredients in water and bring to the boil. Add oil.

Add the prepared yam and cook in the meat stew taking great care not to let it burn.

Serve when the yam is cooked and has absorbed the oil and the ingredients.

Mix well and add salt to taste.

Rub palm oil on the bottom of a pot to prevent the food from sticking and burning.

Prepare the leaves, and wrap a little of the grated yam in each leaf putting it in the pot as ready.

Arrange the wrapped yam neatly in the greased pot.

Put the pot on the fire and add boiling water, do not let the water cover the food.

When the tied yam balls are cooked, add the fish, the prepared ingredients and any flavouring used. Nion, a leafy flavouring, may be used. Add

the crayfish and the oil lastly. Stir gently with a flat wooden spoon. If more water needs to be added, add boiling not cold water.

Finish cooking by simmering. **Note:** Do not grease the pot when using cocoyam leaves.

ANYAN EKPAN

This is like the Yoruba's (Ijebu) Ebiripo and the Ibo's (Awka) Mbili. For Anyan Ekpan the wateryam or cocoyam and wateryam are grated, salt added to taste and water if necessary. The mixture is wrapped in greased leaves and put to steam. It is wrapped into long strips, hence the name Anyan Ekpan meaning long ekpan. Ebiripo is an adaptation of this, in fact it is prepared in the same way only wrapped differently.

MBILI (AWKA IBO)

The wateryam is grated and seasoned and steamed as above; it is then cut into small pieces and mixed into a rich vegetable soup. With a cigarette tin of grated wateryam mix a cigarette tin of grated cocoyam, 11/2 cooking-spoons of water may be needed for mixing it.

IKOKORE (IJEBU—YORUBA)

Those who know how English Norfolk Dumpling is prepared would notice that the cooking of the starchy food in both dishes is based on the same principles - cooking balls or lumps or starchy food in boiling liquid.

- 1 cigarette tin grated wateryam
- 1 small smoked fish
- 2 spoons palm oil
- Salt to taste
- Shrimps as desired
- Pepper - large and small
- 2 small tomatoes
- 1/2 onion

Peel and grate the yam. Put water in the cooking pot and put the prepared fish and the ingredients in it.

When the water has boiled and the fish has given some flavour to the water, remove fish. Stir.

Add the grated wateryam to the water in lumps, leave to cook first before stirring.

Add the fish, the oil and the salt, stir gently with a wooden spoon and leave to simmer gently.

When cooked serve hot either on its own or with cold Eko (Agidi).

Note: Compare this dish with Ekpan Nkukwo. The difference is only in the wrapping of the wateryam with edible greens. Also compare with Oto, the Efik invalid dish, prepared more or less like Ikokore but without oil.

DISHES WITH COCOYAM:

In many Nigerian dishes cocoyam is mixed with wateryam so that the wateryam dishes already discussed can also be prepared with cocoyam on its own. Cocoyam Palm Oil Chop is prepared like Yam Palm Oil Chop, but cocoyam takes a longer time to cook than yam. It can also be used and prepared in nearly all the ways white yam is used, except that it does not make good flour.

OTO IWA (IBIBIO)

- Lumps of grated cassava cooked in stew.)

- 1 cigarette tin grated strained cassava.
- 2 peppers
- Shrimps
- Salt
- Palm oil

- 2 1/2 cigarette tins of water
- 1/2 onion
- Peel, wash and grate cassava.

If too soft squeeze out some water with a clean cloth.

Put a pot of cold water on fire, when it boils add the ground ingredients.

Make the grated cassava into very tiny balls.

(Continued on page 14)

COOKERY (Continued from page 13)



MID-WEST DISHES

When the ingredients are cooked, put in the balls stirring all the time until all the balls are added.

This is done to prevent them from sticking together.

After they have all been added leave to cook undisturbed.

Lastly add palm oil and

leave to cook, until the cassava balls change in colour.

Taste to see if the salt is enough, if not, dissolve some in hot water and add. Finish cooking by simmering.

Note: If the stew is too thick, after adding the balls add really boiling water to prevent the balls from scattering.

ASA IWA

(Grated cassava wrapped in edible green vegetables and cooked in a stew.)

This is like Oto Iwa but the cassava is grated and wrapped in edible green vegetables. The wrapped cassava balls and some unwrapped ones with more green vegetables are cooked in the stew. As with Oto Iwa, Ikokore, etc. the palm oil is added last.

Compare this with Ekpar Nkukwo. It is like Ekpar Nkukwo using cassava instead of wateryam, or cocoyam.

BEAN STEW WITH STOCKFISH:

- 2 1/2 cupsful of beans
- 1 lb. bones for stock
- 12 large peppers
- 1 medium sized onion
- 4 medium sized tomatoes
- 5 pieces of stockfish
- 1/2 level tablespoonful of locust bean iru
- 1 teaspoon ground shrimps
- 3/4 cigarette tin of palm oil.

Break the beans into small pieces on a clean grindstone and remove skins. Put to soak in cold water. Soak stockfish in boiling salted water to soften.

Wash the bones, place in a clean pot, season to taste with salt and cover with cold

water. Bring to the boil and then simmer. Remove scum as it comes to the surface of the stock.

Cook beans in a separate pot until water dries and beans are nearly cooked.

Grind the rest of the ingredients e.g. onion, peppers, tomatoes and iru and cover.

Add about 2-2 1/2 pints of the bone stock to beans. Leave to cook for 10 minutes.

Add oil and other ingredients. Add stockfish and leave to cook.

Season to taste with salt and add dried ground shrimps. See that the beans have turned into a smooth paste.

Serve hot in a dish with Eba.

BLIND—BUT THEY MAKE THEIR OWN CLOTHES



Dress-making for the blind at Mrs. Dorothy Hankinson's special class for sightless people at Salford, northern England.

Is it possible to teach a blind woman to sew? Until recently, anything more advanced than simple tasks such as replacing a button have been thought to be impossible for those without sight.

But in Salford, Lancashire, northern England, Mrs Dorothy Hankinson has perfected a system of teaching the blind to cut out patterns and operate sewing machines — and her nine blind students can now make their own clothes with confidence.

She decided to start a special further education course after seeing a blind girl using a sewing machine, and though she was immediately enthusiastic about the idea it took a good deal of thought to work out all the many problems involved.

Special Patterns

"The first major hurdle was the paper pattern," she said, "because the ones on general sale are very thin tissue and the blind need something much more substantial. So I have made special patterns in thick paper which have proved much easier for them to handle and I have devised a system of pin-prick markings, rather like braille. These are very quickly learned and indicate things like darts and folds."

Many of the gadgets the blind students use to simplify their tasks are already on the market. Punch marked taping devices are readily available at a moderate cost and Salford Education Authority runs the course, specially which has a purpose-built sewing machine.

The biggest risk in the use of a conventional sewing machine is that the blind may let their fingers stray under the rapidly moving needle and this can be solved by fitting a to a normal machine.

Easier to Teach

Though Mrs Hankinson also teaches sighted classes she reports that in many ways her blind students are much easier to teach. "They are not so easily distracted and give everything their total concentration," she says. "They have never had an opportunity like this before so they are very eager to learn and do their best. In fact they have very few opportunities to learn anything which is a pity — though there are inevitably extra difficulties involved for a teacher if they join a conventional evening class."

Mrs. Hankinson believes that classes and courses run by special organisations for the blind are not the complete answer. She feels that blind people need to mix with normal society and not be segregated because of their handicap.

The Highlight

Many blind people lead a comparatively lonely life and for some of her students the Saturday morning classes are the highlight of their week, providing a social occasion and a chance to get together in a school building which is used by all sections of society.

She reports that all of her blind students are much livelier, more talkative and also prouder in their appearance

than when they first began the classes in September 1972. In addition they seem to have no problems in assessing how a garment "looks". Just like a sighted person, they can tell if a dress fits by the way it feels. And those who have been blind from birth with no concept of colour choose their shade of fabric by the way other people describe it.

When Mrs Dorothy Griffiths went to select her fabric for a skirt she found the store salesgirls extremely helpful and she made her selection first on texture. Fellow shoppers were eager to assist in describing the colour to her and she could tell by the tone in their voices that the pink material she had selected was a pleasing shade.

Interest in Fashion

Though the average age of the class is around 50, the members are all keenly interested in fashion and are as fanatical about the length they wear their hems as any sighted woman.

Now Mrs Hankinson hopes that other towns in Britain may follow her lead and copy the course. Her next ambition is to integrate the blind students into her sighted classes.

"Obviously the blind do need special help at the beginning," she says, "but I see no reason why the more advanced classes cannot be combined. It would be of great benefit to them and help them feel a part of society. Already, one blind student has joined a conventional class and is coping extremely well."

"Like all handicapped people, the blind tend to be left out of society. Other people feel sorry for them but tend to regard them as different and they are not encouraged to join in."

Sense of humour

Mrs Hankinson has found her students very appreciative of her patient efforts and quick to show a sense of humour when she makes mistakes.

"One of the most foolish things I did was to organise the classes of Saturday mornings instead of during the dark evenings when the other classes are held," she said. "I thought they could cope more easily with the journey in daylight — but of course they laughed when I told them, because to the blind it doesn't make any difference."

Help To Stop The Jargon!

by a correspondent

Do you remember the first day you started work? How strange you felt? How big and cold and inhuman the organisation seemed?

Then you got to know people. And what did you find? You probably discovered that a business company is just a group of people - all at different ages with different skills and different attitudes to life. People. Like yourself.

What were the things that scared you? What are the things today that still make people in a company feel just like cogs in a machine instead of human beings? I believe the most important of these "putter-offers" are the words we use in business. And - never forget this - in your job particularly words are your main business. You are a communicator.

It seems to be the larger companies and organisations which do it most. People become personnel; a man or woman becomes a badge number; and somehow the whole trend towards George Orwell's 1984 is speeded on its way by an anti-human language that takes the heart out of personal considerations and replaces them with dossier-language.

Then we wonder why some girls are not loyal to their companies, think that they just work for a big, heartless machine and don't really take an interest or enjoy their work at all. So everybody suffers in the long run.

You can help to stop this trend. You have to be tactful, of course - specially with your boss - but when you feel that he or anyone else in your department is starting to look upon human beings as numbers, you can bring them back to earth by referring to their name or something you may know about them.

Never join the jargon-mungers. People are individuals and should be treated as such.

Do you know what I discovered one day last year in our personnel department? We have a system in our company which makes it necessary for us to photograph each new employee so that we can have a picture of him on the inside cover of his employee history folder.

Funnily enough, the reason why we do this is to improve management's understanding of the employee as an individual by having good recognition of him. This noble intention got all fouled up by the unthinking neglect of our girl who took the photographs. The camera she used took ten shots on a roll of film. This is the conversation I had with her.

"Peggy, after you have taken ten shots of ten new employees, how can you tell who's who? How do you relate the names with the prints?"

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "I thought that one out. I get every person to show his own number on a card."

"How does he do that?"

"He sits down to be photographed and he holds a card over his chest. On that card is his company identity number."

"You're joking!"

"No, I'm not." She stared at me. "What's wrong with that?"

"Women too? You ask girls to hold the card up?"

"Yes. Every new employee."

"Peggy, sit down on the chair and hold up your own card

I'll take your picture."

When she saw the result later - a black photograph of her holding a card in front of her showing her identity number - she saw at once that it looked exactly like an American convict photograph like the ones they use in Sing-Sing.

I think she got the point. Today Peggy uses some other method of identifying photos with persons. We do not humiliate the incoming new employee by photographing him as a convicted criminal!

The words we use, are all wrong if we are trying to retain humanity in our places of work. When new employees are asked on their first morning to come into a conference room and hear all about the company, why on earth do you organisations call it an Induction Programme? This is another jargon word which turns people off - not on!

How should we be talking about Procurement Expenses in our Budgets when we really mean what it costs us to find and interview new employees for jobs. You procure things - not people.

U.S.A. is the source of many of these high-falutin' business terms and it is my belief that many big companies can improve their relationships inside and outside by overhauling words like these where they apply to human beings.

Who can blame new employees dreading a company on their first day? Who can blame them for being scared at a company's attitude to employees when they are referred to as "new hires" or if they are "oriented" to the company's beliefs or if they are openly and coldly classified as "redundant" or "quits" or "intakes" or "layoffs". Goodness knows, even on these days - specially secretaries and typists - has a hard enough job maintaining good working relations with each other. And all those jargon-words only make the problem more difficult.

An employee has a name.

You don't procure people - you find them and attract them to your company.

You don't hire people - you employ them.

They don't go into a training tube - they are involved in a training scheme.

An employee is not compensated - he is paid.

We don't orient people. We expose them to our beliefs and insist on our standards.

People are People. Like you.

You have a good opportunity to use your influence in improving relations. In the things you type, the things you say, the words you use on the telephone - try to avoid these cold, off-putting jargon-words and talk about people as you would prefer they talked about you. As a person.

OFFICE HOURS



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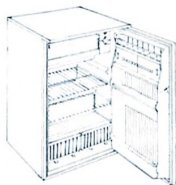
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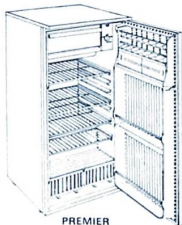
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THERMOCOOL

THE NAME TO TRUST AND DEPEND UPON

ANNIVERSARY BLOOPERS

—*IMOHIMI CRAIG*

Have you ever opened your mouth in a crowd to criticize the man attracting a lot of attention saying some rather rude things and seeking confirmation of your judgment from the spectator nearest to you only to discover she is the wife of the object of abuse?

Have you ever tried to impress the children during a day out, lashed out at the ball from the play-ground nearby and in the process torn your trousers from back to front?

Have you ever...? The list is endless. The discomfiture often self-inflicted. At times it's just Nature's way of catching up with either a profligate or an irresponsible adult.

Or how would you describe coincidences like husband and wife 'jamming' in the corridor of a 'guest house' each just emerging from separate rooms accompanied by the wrong person?

How do you account for the million to one chance of a letter written to a girlfriend turning up in the envelope of the wife's letter?

It is the type of blooper one prays not to experience during one's important dates like the anniversary.

And, just like poor old me, this magazine's particular celebration brings to mind vivid pictures of bloopers many of my fellowmen have committed - and on special occasions like this.

The favourite victim of miscues as far as wedding anniversaries are concerned belong to the Western world where such dates are observed with such religiousness that the man who forgets and comes home late from a pub (out with the boys) may never be forgiven for the rest of his marriage.

Here among the ordinary people, once you have taken the plunge you have taken the plunge. It's forward ever after that. No looking back even sentimentally to the beginning.

You look ahead to receiving the first fruits of your labour, naming them, giving them out in marriage and pegging off when you have served your time.

But the good old days are passing away with growing sophistication and education. And things have gone so bad (trust us copycats to overdo it!) that it is not enough to just remember the Wedding anniversary and perhaps celebrate it by taking the wife to the pictures. You have to take her out to dinner and live for the rest of the evening in a world of make-believe.

The snag really is when you turn up in the same night-club as the one to which you are fond of taking the girlfriend and one of her friends not knowing it's the wife you came with.

plants a kiss in on your cheek and gives the wife a familiar pat. You just imagine what the rest of the evening would be like. Again let's get to more serious matters. The worst bloopers have resulted out of our attempts to revere the memory of the dead. Some of us come out in the press with a complete press release for the benefit of the dead one informing him of events affecting the family since his departure.

But the most distressing point is when one man described as 'a Christian without equal', a man of upright character 'the best husband in the world' has two In Memoriams to his memory from two women who claim to be the wife. On the same page of the same newspaper!

It is not just the contradiction between the evidence and the claim that one finds rather embarrassing, it is the discovery that efforts to mark the anniversary show no love lost between members of the same family.

The blooper to beat all bloopers however concerns Christmas and birthday cards. Like the messenger popping the girlfriend's card in the wife's and vice versa.

Care for your picking up a card at the store without looking carefully and posting it to your child of six. And the child writing back in her peculiar writing that she is not 'Granny'.

Or hasn't it happened to you before that you pick a good card intended for an adult only to discover to a 'loving child' written on it?

The grand-daddy of bloopers is not when you forget your loving wife's birthday and cannot catch on to hints thrown without guile in your way: it is what some people say when they are asleep.

Like 'Happy Birthday, Miriam' when the wife's name is 'Funnilyayo'! Like the case of the man whose wife was charged for assault and battery for beating up a neighbour. Because during love-making he was shouting the neighbour's name!

Or even worse, the loving couple who meet far away and discover only when they come together that they share the same uncles and cousins and so on. And the younger lover has to call the other 'Brother' to avoid discovery.

You see each one of us has experienced it before. One of other of us has been caught with a long face after commenting on the ugliness of a baby at the Children's Clinic and wondering aloud how ugly the father would be only to discover the mother is sitting next to us on the bench.

As we celebrate the anniversary of this exciting magazine (let's part ourselves on the back at least on this one occasion) let's remember what anniversaries have meant to a lot of our unluckier friends recovering from bloopers hoping that the little misdeeds we are also guilty of don't force themselves into the open. We have succeeded in retaining your patronage and enlarging it and it's thanks to no bloopers at all!

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SLEEPLESSNESS: DRUGS NOT ONLY ANSWERS

Says Our Medical Correspondent

Everyone has trouble sleeping at one time or another. People who toss and turn one or two nights a week over a stretch of several weeks may begin to believe they have insomnia. But true insomnia is an inability to sleep that occurs every night over a prolonged period of time, and only a very few people experience it.

Fortunately, moderate sleeping problems can usually be successfully treated by a doctor or trained therapist. Some of the newest and most promising treatments include:

Hypnosis: Because many people are susceptible to hypnosis, an increasing number of doctors are using this technique.

They have found it valuable not only in treating patients with moderate sleeping problems but also for more serious disorders.

In hypnosis, the doctor first determines possible causes for the patient's sleeping difficulties and next places him in a trance.

Then, through posthypnotic suggestion, the doctor "programs" the patient to relax at bedtime.

Patients may also be instructed in self-hypnotic exercises they can use at home to help them sleep.

Biofeedback: This technique is being studied in connection with many health problems including heart disease, headaches and control of pain, as well as sleep research.

The basic theory is that the brain, through training, can learn to control bodily functions such as the heartbeat and blood circulation that are ordinarily autonomous.

Stimulus Control: Often a person with a continuing sleeping difficulty has established a pattern that, the moment he lies down, interferes with sleep. The most common examples are worrying about a

personal problem, planning the next day's business events or even deep concern about the ability to fall asleep.

Stimulus control, originated by Dr. Richard Bootzin, associate professor of psychology at Northwestern University in the U.S., is used to recondition a patient so that the bed and bedroom become places to fall asleep quickly.

Some of the instructions the doctor gives patients are: Go to bed only when you are sleepy. Do not use the bed for worrying about either business or personal problems.

If you cannot go to sleep, get up and go to another room and repeat this until you do fall asleep quickly no matter how late that is. Set an alarm clock and get up at the same time each morning and avoid napping.

Progressive Relaxation Therapy: The aim of this treatment is similar to that of biofeedback in that it helps the patient to increase his awareness of which muscles are tense. Then he can be taught to relax by systematically tensing and releasing various muscle systems throughout the body, learning to focus his attention on the feelings of relaxation that result.

The therapist works with the patient on relaxing the entire body, starting first with the feet, then working upward through the calves, the thighs and so on.

Relaxation training is often used with another therapy called systematic desensitization, in which patients are taught to recognize the anxiety situations that are interfering with sleep and how to handle them.

Drugs: Recent studies comparing the effectiveness of various drugs for sleeping problems have shown precisely which drugs are useful and which are not.

Mother's Information Bureau

STARTING SCHOOL

by SISTER ADERINOLA

Most of the school children are definitely happy to go back to school after the long rest; but not all the newcomers take kindly to the idea.

It is a shattering experience for them, particularly those that did not have the opportunity of attending a play-group or nursery school. In showing their anxiety for going to school they may present various patterns of behaviour problems. If parents anticipate these things they will find these children easier to cope with and be able to help them through trying periods.

Let us examine some of these problems which of course are usually short-lived.

be prolonged if not properly handled. Usually the child feels lost and unsure of himself. So he needs to be reassured from time to time.

BEDWETTING

This can be disheartening to both parents and child. Parents also need be reassured that nothing is wrong with the child's kidney's. He is just going through an emotional period. The school to him is a new world where the other children appear to be his boss. With love, understanding and help from the parents, he will grow out of it in no time

CRYING ON WAKING UP

This is not unusual for most school beginners. He or she may state categorically that he does not want to go to school. He does not only resent the idea of discipline but he also misses his brothers, sisters, friends in the neighbourhood and his tax daily routine. He may even refuse to eat because he does not fancy the idea of being separated from his mum so he has no reservation in expressing his disapproval of the sudden change.

INDISPOSITION

I'm not feeling well is a very common language among the newcomers. To most of them, it is a self-defending trick. If a child says to his mother that he is not well, he has precalculated his mother's reaction that she will probably keep him at home.

Considering all these problems parents have to face, it will make most of us appreciate the magnitude of work and strain experienced by teachers generally and particularly by those in charge of beginners.

NAIL BITING

Nail biting is a sign of hidden fear and can be worrying for parents whose children engage in such acts. Very often parents remark that the child did not do that before he started school. This fact notwithstanding, the habit may

One of the most important recent findings is that widely used prescription preparations, such as *barbiturates, chloral hydrate, methaqualone and glutethimide* may lose their effectiveness within weeks.

In addition, over-the-counter preparations can have bad side effects when used over a long period or if taken in larger amounts than recommended on the package because of certain ingredients in these preparations, such as *scopolamine and bromides*.

For serious sleeping disorders, however, recent studies have shown that certain drugs can be very helpful. For example, *tranquilizers* seem to be effective in helping those with night terror attacks, in which the sufferer suddenly awakens from sleep screaming and in an almost inconsolable state.

If your sleeping problem is fairly minor, several practical measures can help you sleep. They may seem obvious, but doctors say they are too often overlooked.

*Try to relax before bedtime. The most important factor in sleeping is to be relaxed and ready for sleep. Avoid activities that stimulate you either mentally or physically, such as reading a difficult book or performing strenuous exercises. (Contrary to popular belief, strenuous exercise performed just before bedtime can cause stress and prevent sleep rather than help it.)

*Avoid foods and beverages that can prevent sleep. These include stimulants such as caffeine in coffee, tea and colas, and heavy, spicy foods.

Milk, on the other hand, can be helpful. Recent scientific evidence indicates milk may have a positive effect on sleep because it is a source of *tryptophane*, an amino acid proven to help induce and maintain sleep in studies by Dr. Ernest Hartmann, associate professor of psychiatry at Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston, U.S.A.

*Check your bedroom for discomforts that may interfere with sleep. Is the temperature suitable? Do your nightclothes fit loosely, but comfortably?

Finally, if the problem continues over several weeks, see your physician. It can mean a more serious emotional disturbance or be a symptom of a physical problem, such as hyperthyroidism (an overactive thyroid gland), a brain dysfunction or tuberculosis.

One recently detected problem is *sleep apnea*, an abnormality in a person's respiratory control center. This often stops a person's breathing for a few seconds at a time during sleep. When this happens, brain activity causes him to stir, begin breathing again, and awaken.

Several research centers are particularly interested in sleep apnea because it might be related to the Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, the condition in which a baby dies in his sleep for no apparent reason.

Very few things surprise me these days, least of all women. They are all over the place in different shapes and sizes. But a few days ago, I came across one that beat me hands down. It was at a party, a birthday party by a Benin-based mini-Cash Madam who was celebrating her Xth anniversary. Here X stands for anything from forty to sixty. She didn't tell us her age.

"U-C..."

I turned my head towards the sound. Not many people call me by that name. The turning motion brought a wave of silent thunder with it like the surf crashing on a beach. I closed my eyes. When I opened them, the light hurt but I kept them open.

You don't think at a time like that. You try to remember first, to recollect events that led to the end, to get things relatively sorted in their proper places so that you can look at them and study them and find a beginning and an end.

But on that occasion, nothing made sense. I didn't get it at all; I didn't know her. Yes, her. A woman. I just stared in honest surprise for a few seconds.

"Do I know you?"

I asked her a little bewildered.

"Not personally. We have some mutual friends."

She mumbled with a smile.

Mutual friends my boot! She was soliciting for a man and she knew it. That is what they do in parties - angling for men, wearing the

smile that only the thought of making a few extra naira can put on a girl's face or is it a woman's face? Shameless old mamas.

A couple of years ago men wooed women. But today, it is the other way round. I have seen women give parties just because they want to see a particular man around. If he is stubborn; I mean, if he tries to keep his distance and make himself inaccessible, he is seduced through the use of love charms and love potions.

They parade in gorgeous but borrowed clothes and "turn" their great grandfathers who died a hundred years ago with bank loans just so they can eat and drink until morning with lights from candlesticks.

With characteristic certainty, obituaries of today (backed by Madams) in order to do befitting honour to the status of the dead must consume acres of space in our daily papers. And because they do it for money they call in the best Jujuband in-town and invite their potbellied godfathers and boy-friends to come and spread the otherwise scarce naira.

When you remember the dead died of starvation you are tempted to search for the rationale behind that lavished burial ceremony. Then you wonder whether the celebrants are actually mourning the dead or making merry because the dead is at last out of the way.

But have you ever

WOMEN WHO REFUSE TO GROW

—UCHE NWANI

given thought, no matter how little, to the moral damage these elderly young women are doing to the female sex? Unless these mothers of today can maintain a moral standard that befit them in the community, they are bound to produce irresponsible children who will constitute a danger to the community.

I agree this age is one of enlightenment and progress and discoveries which start a completely new path of investigation. I have nothing against the pursuit of knowledge but in doing so, it is good to remember that a big difference exists between material things and those that are not.

One is abashed by the total lack of respect for womanhood and the opportunism in our modern business-woman. Have you seen the cloth-sellers, or cloth hawkers to be more precise, among them? They have a completely revised code of conduct which now threatens the very foundation of decent behaviourism. They don't only sell clothes, they sell their decorum also.

One malady that perpetually engulfs this class of super Nigerian

women, is their bid to act independently of men. They no longer subscribe to the traditional or biblical view of matrimony. Where a husband exists, he is considered inferior to himself the new social evolution.

In spite of this atmosphere of might and unchallenged authority surrounding our petty Cash Madams, their futile attempts in search for a new self have only succeeded in debasing womanhood.

I submit that a life permeated by sexual promiscuity, drug trafficking and love potions is morally inadequate to mould today's Youth. I say that these persons have ceased to have noble ideals and their objectives in life are questionable; in which case, they constitute a threat to national security.

If you want my opinion, I will tell you that I do not envy today's "business" women for their "noble" position rather I pity them. I pity them because they are a group who do not see anything wrong in all many things they are doing. So I say, "forgive them Lord for they know not what they are doing."

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"... can't seem to stay alert these days. Feeling so tired, drabby... I don't know what to do..."



"Hello Daddy, you are home early today. Mummy's been busy cooking."



"Looks like you had another tiring day at the office, honey. You must have worked very hard..."



"Your problem must be tired blood. And here's the solution - Kepler Blood Tonic in the KING SIZE BOTTLE. It gives new life to tired blood."



"Work... I feel tired even before I go to the office. I never seem to get anything done. What could be wrong with me?"

"Oh, boy... I'm feeling fit again. Like I was 20 years younger... thanks to Kepler Blood Tonic. I'm going to make sure my whole family drinks Kepler Blood Tonic."



Wellcome

**STAY STRONGER
LONGER with
KEPLER
BLOOD TONIC**

The FLOOD

It was useless writing more applications; you only got a job if you had good connections who could pull strings. Big men's children and relations had all the opportunities—they and a few others who were born with silver spoons in their mouths. There was no hope for the poor.

But it once looked as if John's luck would break. One day his brother had come home in the evening and told him that they would go to see a Chief Tayo Kanbi, employment officer at a Ministry in Lagos. They had just had their dinner and John was trying to read a novel. His face lit up with smile. Perhaps things might be different this time.

"I met the man at Apapa and he informed me there would be a mass employment in his ministry on Monday. Applicants would be interviewed by eight o'clock that day", his brother, Azuka, explained.

"But can we depend on his promise? He may not want to do it for nothing", John put in.

"That is true", Azuka agreed. "Nothing goes for nothing in this country — especially in Lagos. Of course he will want something and I must be able to meet his demands. That is why I want to see him in his house and not at his office, before the day of the interview. And I want him to see you personally so that you will not have to write another application which may again remain unanswered. Perhaps this is your last chance."

The following evening, Friday, they went to see the p-bellied Chief. After some discussion, the chief demanded total of fifty naira so that, as he put it himself, he could "s the wheels turning". Azuka would have protested that the money was rather too much, but he was desperate to get job for his brother. He paid the money. Chief Kanbi smiled and told them that John would certainly get the job. John was in high spirits. The job was practically in the bag.

Then came Monday morning. John went early and was outside with hundreds of other job seekers. When it was his turn, he went into the office for the interview. Chief Kanbi was not there, despite the fact that he had assured him he was one of the members of the interview panel. John was dismayed and nervous, he failed the test and lost the job.

Azuka could not believe his ears when he was told what happened. He dashed to Chief Kanbi's house in Surulere to be told by a servant that the Chief had gone on to some European countries.

Endless journeys to the Chief's house proved fruitless. The Chief had disappeared and there was no trace of him was two months later that Azuka learnt that the Chief had been transferred to Ibadan. To John, it seemed as if the hope of the world had come. Even his brother had given hope. That was a year ago.

John was still sitting on the cushion chair when somebody knocked on the door. He went to open it. A girl stood there, in her hand was a letter. She greeted him and gave him the letter and went away. John quickly took the envelope and examined the letter. It was from Rojer & Co Lagos.

It was a reply to the application he had written some time ago. He was asked to come for an interview on Wednesday, 18th of June — just four days ahead. The interview was to take place at 8 a.m. precisely and he was required to bring with him all his credentials — Certificates and test results.

John could not believe his eyes. He read the letter and then he sat down, holding the letter in his hand, listening to the rain which was falling steadily outside. He got up, took the box in which he kept all his documents from under the bed and checked carefully whether they were there. He put the box back under the bed. He was excited.

He decided to keep it as a surprise for his brother. On Wednesday, when he would know whether he had the job or not, he would casually tell his brother all about it then they would celebrate the good news. Contd

John Ukpo got out of bed, glanced at the clock on the table which said half-past nine, yawned, and slowly put on his slippers. It was raining steadily outside. Infact, it had been raining steadily for the past five days — occasionally becoming a heavy down-pour as if the sky would break loose.

This morning, however, it was just a shower, apparently harmless, but which infact would stubbornly drench one within a few minutes if one waded into it. John opened the door and looked outside, cold wind invaded the room and he quickly closed the door. He went to the only cushion chair in the room and sank into it.

His brother had left long ago for his office at Apapa, where he worked as a cashier in a commercial bank. John closed his eyes wearily, and several thoughts zig-zagged across his mind. Another day lay in front of him, one in a row of endless days and months filled with hopes and expectations, disappointments and frustration.

For three years now, John had been staying with his brother in Lagos while he was trying to get a job. While he was still in School in Ipanra, he never dreamt that job hunting would be so difficult. He had always thought that once he managed to obtain the West African School Certificate, the rest would be easy. And there was always his brother in Lagos who would help him get a job easily. Well, it had not been easy.

Three years without a job was really a long period to wait with it. He had to depend on his brother for practically all his needs, but his brother was beginning to show signs of distrust and indifference. John was a burden to him and John had quick to observe the gradual change in his brother. This was John's cousin, David Ibezue, was a rich trader in Onitsha.

David himself an illiterate, his ambition was to provide all necessary education for John. He sent John to a grammar school and arranged for him to go to England for further studies when he obtained his School Certificate. John was hopeful and confident. A brilliant student at school, he studied even harder in preparation for the impending trip to Britain. He was determined not to let his cousin down. But it seemed he had been destined to suffer.

A tragedy had suddenly struck — a tragedy that spelt doom to his brilliant academic career. He was in his final year at grammar school in Ipanra when he got a telegram from home. He was killed in a motor accident on the Asaba-Benin road. John's hopes and aspirations. He wept like a child and he had his series of tribulations.

His only consolation was his senior brother in Lagos who had indicated that he could not sponsor his (John's) proposed trip abroad for further studies. Rather he suggested that he could help John find a job in Lagos. John's hope was rekindled when he realised that once he got a job, he could save and still go ahead with his plans to further his studies in England. John had gone down to his brother in Lagos after his final examinations. His brother tried his utmost to find him a job without success. John wrote one application after another but the replies were the same, short, and to the point: "regret, there is no vacancy....." He gave up trying.

THE FLOOD

(Continued from page 25)

John was a Christian but these last years, he had stopped going to Church, partly in protest against God's apparent indifference to his prayers and partly out of sheer weariness. But this Sunday he decided to attend the morning Mass and thank God for this wonderful news and pray to Him to help him secure the job. Enough was enough. Yes, he had suffered enough and he would ask God to come to his rescue.

The rain had not stopped. John had woken earlier than usual. It was Sunday morning. The rain had become a regular down-pour and he arrived drenched at the Church. The streets were flooded and small lakes formed round many houses. It was a real cloud-burst and one could hardly hear the priest preaching from the pulpit. The doors and windows of the Church were closed. John started to get worried.

He suddenly remembered that he had left the door of his brother's room open when he hurriedly waded into the rain and hurried to the Church. His brother had gone for the day

and would not be back until the evening. As soon as the storm was over, John hurried out and tried to run home. The streets were nearly impassable now. The drivers had to stop their cars, abandon them somewhere, and go on foot. Several people were forced to leave their homes, carrying their belongings.

John saw all these things and his heart sank. He was wading knee-deep in the water but he plodded determinedly on. Finally he reached his home. He stopped dead in his tracks. Terror gripped him. The entire compound was like a tributary of the Lagos Lagoon. The tents had all gone. His room resembled a small pool. Various objects were floating about in the room. John was blinded by hot tears. He searched frantically for the little cardboard box that held his Certificate and testimonials. It was gone.

He splashed wildly about in the water hunting for his papers. Apparently, they had all been washed away with the flood. Gone too were his clothes and other things in the room.

The documents were gone and with them his last hope of landing a job. The thought of his sick mother at home, the lost Certificate and testimonials, the interview that would never take place, the life that lay ahead..... it all became too much to bear. He crumpled up on the floor and his teeming with the water that had washed away his chance of a life time.

by *Ralph Egbe*

Including TAM

by *Roderick Wilkinson*

The young advertising executive suddenly felt a twist in his system. He envisaged the sudden end to his career because he had used a wrong word in a client's advertisement which was worth a lot of money.

The telephone barrage opened up and the whole establishment immediately became a madhouse.

He flee from it only to discover he was not alone with the problem.

The two in trouble worked out miraculous solutions to their problems.

The last time the telephones had been so busy was when somebody in the Layout Department had forgotten to put the holly border round the Christmas announcement for Benbow's Watches.

Life is like that in an advertising agency. Let one man or woman forget a word in a client's advertisement, let them slip up on one little picture, and the telephone barrage opens up. The world has seen the mis-spelt "too" or the incorrectly drawn policeman. Thousands - sometimes millions - of readers have lifted their eyebrows at the offending horror. Scores of outraged citizens write to the manufacturer, to their politicians, and even U.N.O., expressing indignation that their favourite TV star's name has been spelt the wrong way or the Indian rope trick is a fraud. These voices of protest eventually lead to the source of all evil - the advertising agency. And some poor artist or copywriter withers in degradation until the next time - if there is a next time.

Life is that in an advertising agency, and life was like that on this dull, wet morning in the offices of Mayer and Paterson, practitioners in advertising and the persuasion of the masses. This time it was no artist to blame. It was a young junior executive called Roger Sweeney - a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth with a smile that stopped shining at 9 a.m. on this dull wet morning.

When Roger opened the boss's door, the room seemed to be covered with advertisements for Easygo Perambulators. They screamed his sin from every flat surface that would hold an open newspaper or magazine - including the floor. The room was a maze of print from which the Easygos yelled their horror at each other. At the edge of the maze sat the boss - broad, calm, grey, sphinx-like, as if nothing had happened this dull, wet morning or as if no one but him would ever see these mass-circulation journals which surrounded him.

"Come in, Sweeney."

Roger stepped over the *Woman's Bulletin*, the *Home Arts* and five newspapers, and moistened his lips.

"Sit down, Sweeney."

Sweeney removed the *Ladies' Weekly Journal* and sat. The boss took off his rimless glasses, sat back and began polishing them.

Sweeney's blue eyes tried to fix themselves on the boss' neat, grey head. Then they rested on the *Weekly Home Budget* and closed.

The boss replaced his glasses, lowered his thick eyebrows and glared at the fresh-faced Irish monarch. In a deep voice he said: "I want you to take a good look at these advertisements." (Continued on page 31)

The Avenging Divorce

—Kinle Akinsemoyin

A sensational divorce case that rocked the old city of Lagos:

Marriage, according to the Law, is the union of one man and one woman to the total exclusion of others. Such a union involves obligations on the part of the parties concerned. If either of them fails to carry out his or her obligation to the detriment of the other, then the wronged party can ask the court to dissolve the union. But this is not the only function of a Divorce court for a wife or husband can petition the court for a Judicial Separation. The advantage of this to the wife is that she is still maintained by her husband though they live apart. Furthermore, the amount she gets is fixed by the court and should her husband refuse to pay he will find himself languishing in jail — recently I read in an English newspaper that 40,000 husbands in Britain chose going to prison rather than pay maintenance to their wives!

If of course, they decide to live together again, then one of them can petition the court for Restitution of Conjugal Rights. It is an order which the court cannot enforce. I know of a case where the husband successfully petitioned for restitution of conjugal rights but his wife refused to go back to him. He then went to court to report that 40,000 husbands in Britain chose going to prison rather than pay maintenance to their wives!

In other cases the wife would have forthwith been sent to prison for contempt. In this case the judge said that he could do that for the court cannot compel a woman to go back to her husband as that would be interfering with her private right.

In the Divorce Courts one experiences the tragedy of what should be the closest of all human relationships and often, after a day's listening to things husband and wife do to each other, have I wondered what really is the relationship that exists between a married couple. Whatever it is, certainly defies knowledge and baffles understand-

...chaps man has yet to learn the secret of living with his mate! Time and time again have I had

the searing experience of witnessing one wife after another admit in a tone of aching despair that no woman likes to admit that her marriage has broken down. In that tone I could detect the burning hope with which she entered marriage.

I have yet to hear a husband express such sentiments! Nevertheless husbands are vindictive sometimes to the point of persecution when they can lay hands on the man who broke their home.

Such a case is that of Williams v Williams and da-Silva (Co-respondent). Richard Bankole Williams married Matilda Clarissa John in Sierra Leone on 9th December 1922. In those days, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast (now Ghana) were the same territory and the citizens worked in any of the countries of their choice irrespective of the fact that they did not belong there.

So, after living for a while in Sierra Leone, the couple moved to Lagos on Mr. Williams getting a good job at the Town Council. They lived happily till 1930 when they went on leave to Sierra Leone. During the leave, some differences arose between them and Matilda did not return to Lagos with her husband.

Subsequently she took an order against him in Freetown for £4 : 10/- (N9.00). She returned to Lagos and a deed of separation was drawn up under which he paid her £6 a month — a lot of money in those days. He paid regularly without a murmur.

All things would have continued to be alright for Matilda's behaviour. Her activities in Lagos became an embarrassment to her husband. She became a demi-monde and entertained lavishly. Indeed, she brought a touch of Paris in the dress of Madame Pompadour to Lagos. In desperation Williams petitioned for Divorce, in 1933. N

months later it was struck off with costs to

(Continued on page 28)

THE FATEFUL VISION

by VINCENT ADEMILU

Not much about young Mike was known by most of his colleagues living at Yemeta in Ibadan.

"He's given much to secrecy", says one.

A teacher in a Commercial School where he takes English and Religious Studies, tall and husky, with a frame that makes women turn their heads to have a second envious glimpse at him. Mike had led a reserved gentle and easy-going life. He is very sensitive and strong in his sentiments. In times of rapture and in times of despondency, he goes to the farthest end. He is also a man of strong will and grim determination. He could forfeit everything in life in loyalty to a person or in defence of a cause and he is quite sincere to the utmost in his loyalty, service and love. But one aspect of life proved fatal for the handsome loving man of many facets. He was unlucky in love.

He was yet to find a girl who would share his idealistic opinion about loving and love making in this permissive society of today.

To this very day people who knew him still talk about his mad infatuation for lovely Helen.

Helen was a beautiful girl of 21 who worked as a Clerk-Typist in a departmental store. She was warm and friendly—and well loveable—the kind of girl men just can't help gazing at with unabashed admiration. That was because there aren't many of such enchantingly beautiful girls around. She attends the Aladura Church, not out of true vocation or pure conviction, but because she believed in the fact that the Aladuras had some supernatural power to know the seed of time, to know what the future held for her.

This was gentleman Mike's girl-friend and they went steady for about a year during which period Mike was sincerely madly in love with her. "You know.....that.....I... won't forget.....you" began Helen one day, singing one of Jim Reeves' populars:

"I won't forget you". She loved sentimental songs and Mike admired her talent.

Life is too serious to be taken seriously. Mike took Helen's words as the gospel truth. He was head over heels in love with her. He had forgotten that it is doubt that unites and convictions separate. He assured himself with Helen's ironical song.

"Before you let yourself go, be sure you can get yourself back", goes a popular saying, but Mike had flung himself into it all. Both of them had pledged their sincerity before each other. As if this was not enough, they even swore an affidavit to this effect. This was duly signed and stamped, by a notary public! A crazy idea of young lovers!!

There was no palmist to tell Mike of the great events in the womb of futurity. He would never believe that all his hopes of a bright and happy future were to be shattered by an Aladura priest.

He was a Roman Catholic. His belief was that Aladura priests were fake and that they tell a lot of lies to their unfortunate victims for some fees.

Helen was a member of this sect and their Chief Priest, Prophet Joseph had seen many visions which had later come

true. Helen could not see these visions as mere co-incidents. She was not objective as to their authenticity.

Prophet Joseph had predicted that Helen would pass her School Certificate Examination, and that her future partner would be a teacher. It was on the strength of this vision that she fell helplessly in love with Mike.

And so came the fateful day when Helen was to hear her horrible vision. She had gone to the Church as usual. After the normal prayers came the vision. The Prophet had another vision! The revelation sent her sprawling and crying on the floor praying the priest to pray to God on her behalf.

Prophet Joseph's vision! Can you guess?

"It was brought to my knowledge during the course of the prayer that the man now in your life is not the man for you. Your man's coming, so says the Lord. The association between you and the present man would not be fruitful", the priest gave out.

Helen collapsed. She went into a coma and she never came round till about thirty minutes later. She could not just believe the authenticity of Prophet Joseph's vision this time.

"Unbelievable", she murmured.

"But then", recollecting the other occasions when his vision had come true, "this same priest had seen visions which had come true. This is just too unfortunate".

How to break this news to her love was another problem. "I shall cease going to his house and I pray he doesn't come to mine. I shall write him afterwards and give out the herald's fact".

She remained in her house suffering silently. She could not even tell her mother about this last vision as was her wont. Coincidentally, Mike too fell seriously sick at home. He could not go to Helen's house and he was annoyed for her failure to pay him a visit. So he decided to write and tell her of his sickness.

If Helen had known what repercussion would follow the sudden breaking of her sad news, she would not have done so now that Mike was sick. Having read Mike's letter to her, she replied. "Sorry about that Mike, I didn't know you were sick. I have been heavily laden with some sad news for over a week. It's rather sad and unfortunate that our love life would be broken by a man of God. There is no disputing the fact that I love you, Mike darling. Sincerely at that. I quite appreciate how loving you had always been, how like a sister you had always treated me. If only we had a fore knowledge of what there was in store for us, we wouldn't have started at all. For a moment Mike's heart beats were faster than usual as he was sweating profusely.

"But what is the vision"? He asked himself and read it. "There would not have been the sad revelation from the Prophet that we were not made for each other, that in the long run our association would be unfruitful. Be of good cheer my love. Don't try to come to our house. I can never be able to face you. Love, Helen".

Mike was not a strong man for such hot news. Having gone through the letter, he buried his head in his hands and wept bitterly, all alone in his little room. "What else could I b

long for if my only sweet Helen could be snatched from me in this manner? My Helen on whom I've spent my fortune. Had better die than live to regret all I have done and sacrificed to make Helen love me."

A coward! He could not face the rigours of life. He had forgotten that a man was happiest when he was most miserable. He had failed to see life as a looking glass, which if you smile at would smile back at you. He had lost all hope.

Unexpectedly, he got out of bed, went into the pantry and grabbed a tin of Gamallin '20'. He took many mouthfuls of this innocuous. His action was instantaneous. He collapsed on the floor moaning and crying in pain. His mother and others in the house came to his rescue. They asked him many questions, but he could not answer. Nobody could guess what had gone wrong with him until his sister saw the tell-tale tin of Gamallin '20', and on the ground, the letter written by Helen. He was rushed to the hospital. Mike spent about six days in the hospital where he was purged of the poison. Though he had been cured of the poison he swallowed, no doctor could yet cure him of his troubled state of mind.

"I am not going to loose Helen like that. Something must be done". Mike muttered with something like real viciousness moaning on his tone. He was in this state when Olu, his friend entered his room unannounced and stood gazing at him for some minutes before he spoke.

"What's the matter, Mike, you look as cheerful as a funeral".

"Helen is driving me mad. I can't take an interest in anything, can't eat or sleep, have no interest in my work," was Mike's reply.

"Can't you bear this like a man? Why should you get hung-up because of a mere disappointment? It happens sometime in one's lifetime. Count it as part of life. Play it tough next time and make sure your next dame commits suicide".

Olu's sermons, lectures and his ideas of playing the tough guy had only tampered with the loving nerves of Mike. Mike was the truthful-lover-type of boy, trustworthy and religious. He would rather take solace in the words of the scriptures which says: "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee". He decided to pray to God to bring his Helen back to him.

Olu watched him delving into religion and its implications. He giggled sometimes and winked at him. Olu should not be blamed. He says religion and life are the same nuts and he was neither a Christian nor a Moslem. To him, true love is like a ghost which everyone talks about, but few have seen. Olu had played the flirt all along and had not been involved in any serious love affair.

But this a fast world, fast life. You can't reconcile a plain man's time-will-tell, wait-on-God's idea with the I-don't-care bubbling type of life with all its sophistication. Men like Mike are quite rare to come by and it would take him almost all his whole life-time before he can find his ideal girl. Good wines are never found in common jars. That was how the world was made. Human nature is the true riddle of the ruin of mankind.

Meanwhile, Helen had forgotten about what ever might have happened to Mike. A difference of only two years and she had shed off all sentiments. To her, religion had become nuts. The Prophet had failed her. But she could not possibly come back onto Mike's life because she's now a sophisticated good time girl. Her new-found love was a young roving journalist whom she met by chance at a party. She had now realised what she thought she had missed while with Mike and that all along she had probably been cheated, drifted into Mike's own way of life, that dull, amorphous world of Mike.

Helen and her new love were to be married at St. John's Church, Yemeta. It was to be a rich white wedding. Invitations had already been sent to the cream of the society.

Mike heard of their wedding and decided to attend if only to see Helen again. Then came the Saturday afternoon and

Mike got up to go to the church with conflicting ideas in his mind.

All of a sudden, he could not know whether he wanted to go or he must go. He sat down and thought it over. He stood up again, resolved now to go. He had gone half-way to the Church when he suddenly turned back, homewards. His determination failed him. He got home and without undressing slumped into his bed and started to think. "How much people would laugh and jest at me? The time would then come when the priest would give away the girl I once loved and still love. How crazy I would feel. Perhaps she was snatched from me by this damnable roving journalist and there had been no vision after all. Perhaps it was all his cooked up life. Perhaps. Yes, . . . why not . . . I could go to the Church, rush at the couple, terrorize the congregation out of the Church, make away with my beloved Helen, hit the first to make a move, disappear from Ibadan with the girl and damn all consequences".

He fancied himself doing all this, and it was when he was overpowered by the congregation and handed over to the police that he woke up. And alas! it was a dream.

By his bedside were his sister and junior brother looking and gazing, wondering why their brother had slept in this manner with his tie, his coat, and shoes on!

He stood up, gazed round, rubbed his face with his hands and realised he had lost Helen and had almost lost his head with her.

THE AVENGING DIVORCE

(Continued from page 27)

wife. There was nothing he could do.

Matilda, on the other hand would not dream of instituting divorce proceedings against him. Why should she? She had everything to lose and nothing to gain. So Williams suffered in silence but only for a while. He engaged a private detective to watch his wife. The detective reported she was having an affair with Mr. Da-Silva. But Bankol wanted concrete proof—One that is irrefutable in a court of law. And he got it in a dramatic way.

On the night this happened Lagos was treated to a spectacle only the aura of which could be captured by description. Everything was so carefully and secretly planned that neither Mr. Williams nor Mr. Da-Silva got wind of it. It was something in Lagos of the thirties when anything you discuss in the privacy of your room becomes common property in a matter of minutes.

Empire Day - May 24th 1934 was a memorable day in Campos Square. At exactly 8 o'clock in the night, Bankole Williams accompanied by a Private Detective and a few trusted friends walked into Campos Square and made for number 10.

Williams went upstairs and burst into the bedroom. There was his wife and Da-Silva in the

(Continued on page 30)

THE AVENGING DIVORCE

(Continued from page 28)

The latter, in a shirt and a pair of socks was fast asleep. Mrs. Williams was in her night dress. Williams shouted at Da-Silva, woke him and holding on to him demanded what he was doing in the bedroom. Mrs. Williams began to shout and came to Da-Silva's rescue with little success.

Williams however allowed him to dress, but when he got outside he held on to him and marched him off to the Police Station to report. Campos Square was agog that night and long after the chief participants had gone, groups of people still clustered around to discuss, argue and fight over the incident.

For reasons best known to him or perhaps he was acting on sound legal advice, Williams bided his time and as luck would have it events forced him to act. First from Chief's Draughtsman he was promoted Town Warden.

Matilda applied to court for an increase in her maintenance fitting to the affluent position of her husband. This indeed was the last straw and Williams decided it was time he did something. So he consulted the late E. J. Alex-Taylor, known in his heyday as the cock of the Nigerian Bar. He was advised to stop paying her maintenance and to institute Divorce proceedings.

Thus early in 1937 Lagos was rocked by a Divorce case featuring two prominent citizens. Williams, the Petitioner and Da-Silva the co-respondent. At that time Lagos was still very much Victorian in outlook and Divorce was regarded as a social stigma.

What was most objectionable to the women was the ungentlemanly conduct of a husband suing his wife for divorce. It was not an enviable position for both men. And eagerly the more curious awaited the proceedings.

The case was heard by Mr. Justice Victor Carey. The late, E. J. Alex Taylor appeared for Williams, the late Adedapo Kayode for Mrs. Williams and the late Olayinka Alakija for Da-Silva. The Respondent, Mrs. Williams put in an appearance through her Solicitor but did not contest the Petition.

So it was a straight fight between Williams and Da-Silva who apart from being cited as co-respondent was sued for £500 damages as well. He of course denied every allegation of adultery with the respondent and asked that the damages be rejected.

No doubt it was a question of honour with Mr. Da-Silva which, he felt must be defended at all costs. But that it was folly in his case was proved in court. The case was adjourned three times before it was finally heard. Mr. Alakija put up a brave fight for his client, Mr. Alex-Taylor, on the other hand, was in a ruthless mood and subjected Mr. Da-Silva to a stinging vituperative outburst during cross-examination.

"Where were you on the night of May 24th 1934?"

"I don't know".

"I suggest to you that you were in the bedroom at 18 Campos Square".

"I don't know".

"Of course you don't, shameless braggart".

He was then handed a copy of the police report for that night.

"Can you read?"

"I can".

"Then read that".

He did.

"Does that refresh your memory".

Da-Silva did not answer and shook his head instead.

"Your silence admits you're a pest to Society". And that was the end of Da-Silva's case. The Judge found the allegation proved and Williams was awarded £50 with 25gns. costs.

But that was not the end of the matter. With the relentless persistence of a Shylock, Williams demanded his judgment debt which Da-Silva was unable to meet. He then issued a writ of Fife followed by a motion for an order to sell the house of Da-Silva. The Order was granted and Da-Silva's house was sold.

Williams got his Divorce and Da-Silva his just reward.

INCLUDING TAM

(Continued from page 26)

Roger gulped. "Yes," he said. "I've seen them, Mr. Mater." "We don't have to offer prizes to find the mistake," continued the boss.

"Is there — not at the foot of the ad, or at the edges, or anywhere in the picture?"

"His voice rose. 'It's there — smack in the boldest headline they ever been printed for Easygo'. He rose to his full height and walked round the desk as if he were addressing a gathering. "Read what it says. Read it to me slowly and slowly just in case I've been a-dreaming this dull, at morning."

Roger half-rose, gripping the chair's arm. "I know this has been a terrible"

"Read it to me." The boss was looking out of the window. Roger picked up the *Home Review* and read the advertisement headline.

"And the price—" he breathed—"includes tam."

There was silence for a minute. Roger sat down and watched the broad back against the window, awaited the tornado. The boss turned round and said sweetly. "Now tell me what it would have read."

"Tax," said Roger to his drumming fingers on the desk. "Including tax. That's what it *would* have said. Instead, there is a senseless headline at this moment shouting its senseless message to millions of women the length and breadth of the land. 'And the price includes tam.' He put his hands in his pockets and strode up and down the advertisement-covered carpet. "Tam!" he breathed nostrilily. "Including tam!" His glasses flashed.

"It was a rush advertisement. It happened when we were ordering the typeset....."

"When we were ordering the typeset! You have your pronouns mixed, Sweeney. You mean — when you were ordering the typeset. Don't associate this agency with your....."

The telephone rang. The boss moved round to his desk, and pointing at Roger, said: "If this is Mr. Andrews of Easygo, you'd better start looking up a railway time-table." He picked up the receiver. "Mayer here. Yes..... yes, Mr. Andrews..... Yes, I've seen them....."

Roger closed his eyes and thought about emigration. He shut his ears to the conversation. He couldn't bear it.

The boss laid down the receiver and, hunching his shoulders, glared at Roger.

"I repeat Mr. Andrews' own words, Sweeney. He feels certain there must be some justifiable reason for 'tam'. All he wants is that reason. He wants to have a word with the clever executive who obviously had something magnificent up his sleeve. He is sure there is a very good reason for 'tam'."

The boss rose. "And all he wants is that reason — at three o'clock this afternoon." He sat back. "Knowing Mr. Andrews' worth a penny as I do, Sweeney, I would say that your life isn't worth the typesetting. Of course, after you've seen Mr. Andrews, you'd better start looking for another job — if you can find one by 11 a.m. almost every advertising man in the city had seen, talked about or heard about the Easygo advertisements. The telephone rang all morning. Journals which carried the advertisement wanted to know if it was their mistake.

"No? Well, how did it happen? The copy instructions said 'tam' quite clearly. Oh, it was an error? A rush job? Too bad. Whoever where it hurt most and said he was lucky getting out of the business so young. Already they were referring to "Tam" Sweeney.

By 12.30 Sweeney had had enough. He grabbed his hat and almost ran from the Mayer and Patterson madhouse.

In the Prince's Restaurant there is one table reserved for people like Roger Sweeney on dull, wet days like this. It is a small two-seater in the corner far from the madding crowd, where all is quiet and there are no mirrors. It is a dreary corner which attracts sad people who want to get away from everything. At this bleak table, Roger tried to read a newspaper—until he came to the Easygo advertisement on page two. He laid the paper down, cupped his chin in his hand and tried to catch a waitress's eye among the crowds of happy, happy people.

At that moment a girl looked around the crowded restaurant then sat down on the seat opposite — an auburn girl in a dark-green suit. She was slim, fresh, hazel-eyed and the hands which picked up the newspaper were graceful. Sweeney began to notice the lowered brown eyelashes. He uncupped his face and straightened up as the waitress appeared. She took Roger's order then—

"Soup, madam?"

The girl laid down the menu and sighed thoughtfully. "Yes, please—dolls."

"Pardon, madam?"

Roger lifted his eyebrows. "I — I —" she smiled in embarrassment — "I'm sorry. I mean broth." She was blushing slightly even after the waitress had gone — the blush was the prettiest thing Roger had ever seen in his life. She looked across and returned the young man's smile. "That's what comes of thinking too much about the one thing!"

Roger required no loftier opening than broth or dolls. "Maybe you'll be seeing dolls in your soup."

She raised an eyebrow. "I know I will. In my soup and in everything for years."

"You make dolls, then?"

"No," she said, "I sell them — at least I did until this morning."

Roger pulled his chair closer to the table. "Don't tell me you're in trouble. This is Misery Corner, y'know — a table specially reserved for people in the dumps."

She laughed. It was like evening sunshine. "Perhaps that's why the waiter sent me over here too. Maybe he heard about my dolls."

"I didn't," said Roger. "Tell me about them."

She gave him a sort of quizzical look, surrendered to his grin, and began. "I'm manageress of a good-class toy shop in the city. Last week I ordered three hundred toy dolls from a bankrupt manufacturer. They arrived this morning — six truck-loads of them."

"Six truck-loads—!"

"Yes — three thousand dolls. I made a mistake in the order."

"But you can send the remainder back."

"That's the trouble — I can't. It's a bankrupt factory. They won't take them; they're holding me to my order."

Roger sat back and whistled softly. "What happens now?"

She shrugged her slim shoulders. "What would you do if you were my boss or director of four high-class toy shops with three thousand toys there wasn't a hope of selling — even at cost price?"

Roger nodded. "Pretty gloomy."

She sighed. Then, as if spiritedly dispelling the gloom, she smiled and asked: "Now, what's your trouble?"

Roger told her.

She broke a roll. "They should re-name this corner Scotch Corner."

"Why?"

"Well, it is Scotch, isn't it — your Tam and my kilty dolls?"

Roger's spoon stopped half-way to his mouth. He laid it down.

"Would you mind saying that bit again slowly — the bit about the dolls."

"They're kilty dolls." "You mean — little Scotsmen?" "Yes".

(Continued on page 32)

INCLUDING TAM

(Continued from page 31)

"With little Taira-o-Shenter caps!"

"Yes"

Everyone in the restaurant heard the yell

"Don't interrupt me!" Andrews' voice could be heard three floors down in the factory. "Let me tell you this, young man— His hand, raised for emphasis, poised in the air when he saw the object Roger laid on his desk. He stared at it then looked up at Roger. His voice was hushed and ominous: "Are you mad? What's this?"

Roger gulped. It was now or never. "It was the only way I could let you see what I'm getting at, Mr. Andrews - if you'll listen."

Andrew sat down heavily and looked at Sweeney as if he were a lunatic. "I'll give you two minutes."

Roger talked fast. "I know the 'tam' business was a tragedy, Mr. Andrews—"

"A tragedy! You—"

Roger pointed his finger. Andrews shrugged his shoulders. "All right. Go ahead two minutes."

Roger picked up the little kilty doll from the desk. "I think we have something here which may save the day, Mr. Andrews. This is tam. Why not give one of these dolls away with every gram bought? It's an ideal soft toy for a pram-age baby; it's new; it's never been used before. Nor has tam ever been seen before. Mr. Andrews, you could create a new national figure overnight with this. Tam will win everyone's heart - children and grown-ups."

Andrews leaned back. The lines began to leave his forehead.

"Think what you could do in advertising, Mr. Andrews. You could feature Tam as a theme for a new spring campaign. You could make a Tam Pram. You could run your own cartoons - strips in your ads - right at a time when your competitors are thinking of all the corny, hackneyed stunts under the sun

to sell paramulators. You need this, Mr. Andrews - and it's now or never." Roger wiped his brow with his handkerchief, then said: "That's all."

There was silence for a moment. Andrews looked out of the window. "Young man, I don't think that even your small brain can grasp what you have hold of her. I think you have something."

Roger went over to the door to admit a tall, slim, smartly dressed girl with auburn hair. "This lady has your first supply, Mr. Andrews - three thousand of them."

Almost as soon as Roger returned to the agency, the internal telephone buzzed.

"The congratulations have started already, it seems," said Lillian, sitting down opposite him. She adjusted a wisp of auburn hair.

"Yes?" said Roger into the instrument.

"Mr. Sweeney, did you get the message about Miss Fraser?" came the amplified voice.

"Miss Fraser? What message?"

Lillian, obviously alarmed, rose to go but she was stayed by Roger's hand.

Again the voice. "There has been a Miss Fraser trying to get hold of you all day. She phoned five times - then she asked where you usually lunched—"

Roger switched the instrument off. He stroked his chin and looked at Lillian. "You go on from there."

She sat down and looked at her handbag. "The head waiter pointed you out to me at the Prince's."

Roger stared at the pencil in his hand. "How did you get on the track of this 'tam' business?"

"I was desperate. I had to get rid of these dolls somehow. I saw the advertisement in this morning's newspaper - and I knew it was a mistake."

I saw my chance. I hope you're not angry.

The old Sweeney smile shone. "No. I'm not angry. I just wish I had thought of the idea, that's all."

"It was a joint effort".

"Will we keep it that way?"

She nodded.

POET'S CORNER

I DON'T WANT FREEDOM

by OI. USEGUN WILLIAMS

What is independence
To some women
Is not independence
To other women.
To me independence
Means being your woman

I am not one of those
Who define independence
As right to poke my nose
Or even of interference.
In right of my spouse
As master of our house

A house without you
And the children in view
Is like a railway engine
Without the coaches
And the iron rails
On which it trails.

I'll rather share
Your troubles, dear
And play my part
To get you in the clear
Than live apart
Without them, dear

To some women
Independence means
Emulating wicked men—
Getting even with men—
By paying all men
With coins of wicked men.

I don't want freedom
If freedom means
Finding the means
To live in Luxury
Away from you
And the children too

I know you have faults
Who doesn't have faults?
I prefer living with you
And all your faults
To living without you
Because of your faults.

Who wants to be free
From our noisy children?
Who wants to be free
From these naughty
children?
I don't want to be free
From you or the children

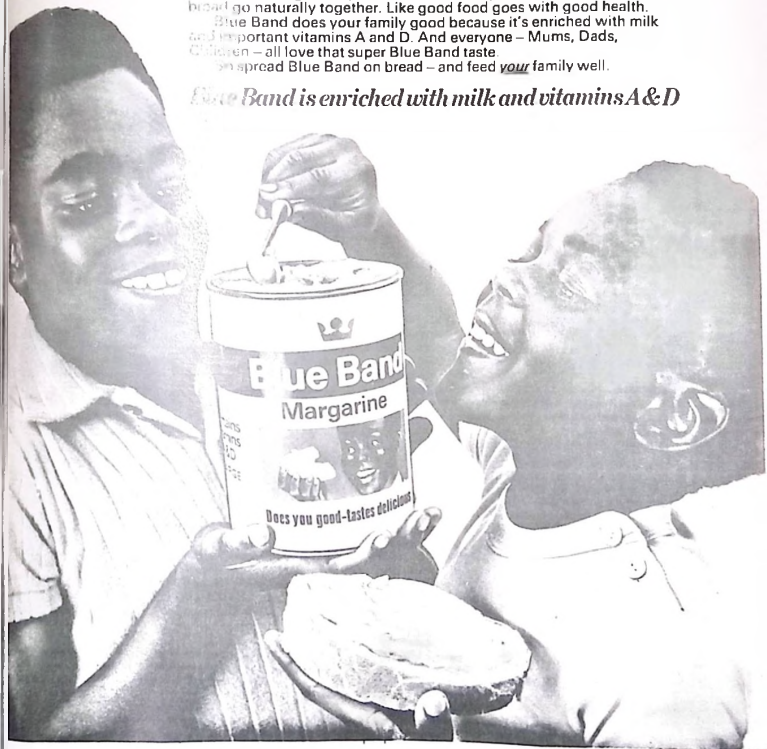
Your family's well fed with Blue Band on bread

Feed your family really well – with food they really like. Give them Blue Band margarine spread on bread. Every day! Blue Band and bread go naturally together. Like good food goes with good health.

Blue Band does your family good because it's enriched with milk and important vitamins A and D. And everyone – Mums, Dads, Children – all love that super Blue Band taste.

on spread Blue Band on bread – and feed *your* family well.

Blue Band is enriched with milk and vitamins A & D



MARRYING THE BIG WAY

Among the fold of our womenfolk today, there is a current craze to capture the top professionals - doctors, lawyers, engineers, military officers, company and government executives, successful businessman and what have you.

The quest is gaining increasing dimensions with the dawn of each day, because even secondary school girls have joined in the hunt.

One may wonder how most of these current big-time marriages fare in the long run. The society weddings sap whatever remains of the family 'wealth' in the name of prestige. Sooner than later, the partners discover their incompatibility. The marriage blows into the open as a marriage of convenience—exactly what it was from the start. For sometime, the couple puts up appearances to deceive the gullible public. But, no one is in fact deceived by late-nights, solitary social engagements and hot verbal exchanges which precede the final parting explosion.

It is all part of the ambition to live big - in cozy mansions remote from the slums and delicately located in the Government Reservation areas with the latest models of Mercedes-Benz cars resting in the garages.

Like most women everywhere, Nigerian dames love soft living - life without the cares and worries of the down-trodden masses, devoid of the strains and stresses of arduous competition.

The only men who can provide that and more are those who have arrived in society.

It does not actually matter how they arrived, but they have eventually arrived. And of course, no one cares whether it is by hook or crook. It certainly does not matter.

Who are the victims of this desperate hunt for 'bigness'? The struggling fellows among the male species who are all over the place. They are simply being overlooked by these ladies. Their presence is ignored as if they don't really exist or matter.

Since they have neither the status nor the funds to make any marriage tick, taking notice of them is hardly worth the trouble. And so these unfortunate men keep soliciting for brides for years on end. They may eventually succeed with some of the reluctant frustrated 'society girls' who could not make it.

That explains why in spite of the soaring population of women, the marriage race is rather rigorous for the majority have-nots. Finding a wife for them is an ordeal, sometimes a nightmare in the heat of the ruthless snobbery and humiliation they have to wade through.

One may wonder how most of these current big-time marriages fare in the long run. The society weddings sap whatever remains of the family 'wealth' in the name of prestige. Sooner than later, the partners discover their incompatibility. The marriage blows into the open as a marriage of convenience—exactly what it was from the start. For sometime, the couple put up appearances to deceive the gullible public.

But no one is in fact deceived by late-nights, solitary social engagements and hot verbal exchanges which precede the final parting explosion. Neither do they regret the divorce. There was never a sound basis on which the marriage rested. It arose from sheer delusion, and ends in a sharp collision. What a pity!!

But will the so called modern girls ever learn before it is too late? Chasing shadows is an aspect of feminine charm. In a pragmatic world bristling with stark realities, it is high time women started shedding this illusion. In the long run, it does not pay.

The best bet for a girl is to marry the boy she loves "far better, for worse, in wealth and poverty till death do them part". An Arab proverb however advises that it is better for a woman to marry a man who loves her than a man she loves. The Danish proverb says that a deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple.

My old mother might not have married my old man out of love. But they survived together happily. Theirs was a different world - a world in which men and women squared faced the basic truths of life, and lived for one another.

Times have changed, and the psychedelic revolution has introduced a sad superficial situation - "full of sound and fury signifying nothing".

by CIUMA IFEDI

What Do You Want To See In 1975?

If you have some- Woman Public Forum thing to say on some of P. O. Box 2583, Marina the missing virtues in Lagos. The best ten our society and you are entries will be published convinced that your vi- in our New Year issue ews should be heard Please, enclose a then get it out of your photograph of yourself system and speak up in for use in the publi- about 250 words to be cation addressed to Modern



DUMEX
baby food

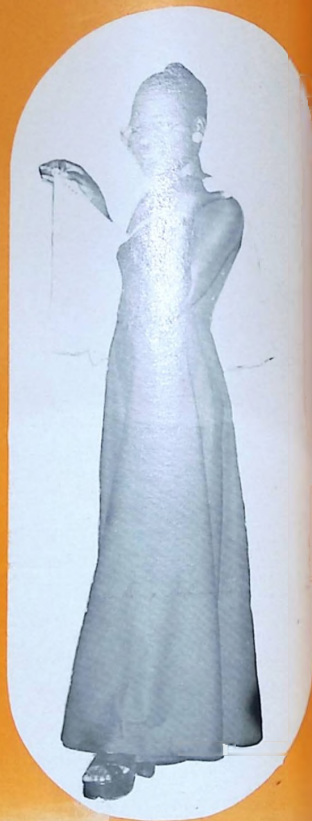
**builds strong and lovely
babies...**

Every mother wants a happy, healthy baby . . . like our DUMEX baby. Mothers the world over have found that the DUMEX Formula gives baby stronger bones and teeth and muscles . . . a more alert mind and a healthier body. DUMEX, the most nourishing food for every baby . . . from birth until he's not quite a baby anymore.

These were recorded at the recent graduation ceremony at Esther Ladies' Park.



Time for the opening speech by Esther, herself a seasoned model and fashion designer. Her long skirt is in lined green chiffon embroidered with sequins. The flared blouse is also in green chiffon with beaded sequins along the neckline and lace sequins scattered round the sleeves and hem.



Has she lost an arm? This single-arm maxidress in blue and gold is complete with a white detachable sleeve. The dress is designed by Ebika while the 'braided' hairstyle is Alaka Fotokun's creation.



Give any occasion with your appearance in this pocket strapless dress adorned with rich lace. How does the trendy ruffled skirt?

Walk confidently into any party in this ruffled complicated style which has been given a Spanish touch by Botta who did an excellent job with the wide chiffon material.

millions
 millions
 millions
 millions
 millions
 millions
 use them

Why is it more women in the world choose Tampax tampons over all other brands of internal sanitary protection combined? First of all, Tampax tampons are developed by a doctor. So naturally you can trust them.

Worn internally, there's nothing to give away your secret. No pins, pads or belts. No odour or chafing. No discomfort.



Tampax tampons are so easy to use, right from the start. Each tampon comes in a hygienic container-applicator. This helps to place it in the proper, comfortable position.

Only Tampax tampons have a moisture resistant withdrawal cord that is safely stitched so it won't pull off. Is it any wonder women in 118 countries choose Tampax tampons?

Tampax tampons come in 2 absorbencies—Regular and Super—standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.

Right from the start . . .

TAMPAX
Tampax

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY
 If you'd like a trial packet (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 10k in loose stamps to Nurse Jackson, 122/124 Yakubu Gowon Street, P. O. Box 2068, Lagos.

YOUR STARS

AQUARIUS
 (Jan. 21st—Feb. 19th)

The accent is on family life and the improvement of the home. There is fairly heavy financial responsibility now.

PISCES
 (Feb. 20th—March 20th)

Lucky stars shine on partnerships, family, travel. You will have to meet changes or have to challenge other people's opinions.

ARIES
 (March 21st—April 20th)

This is the time to get lots done and it favours dealing with important matters, legal and domestic, negotiating with those in authority.

Taurus
 (April 21st—May 21st)

Rosy prospects cast by Jupiter give you great opportunities in the first week. Now's the time to be a bit adventurous.

GEMINI
 (May 22nd—June 21st)

Perhaps you feel that there is an anti-climax where domestic or social affairs are concerned. This month to split in two, the second half is risky, after a quiet first two weeks.

CANCER
 (June 22nd—July 23rd)

It is a good time for speculation, settling legal problems, signing documents. Many wonderful elements are still at work behind the scenes for you and there is yet a nice bonus to come your way — wait and see.

LEO
 (July 24th—Aug. 23rd)

It's the ideal time for partnership ventures. You in Aquarius brings romance into your life again. As towards the month's end there could be a bit of ground of difficulty or mischief making, so be wary of "friends".

VIRGO
 (Aug. 24th—Sept. 23rd)

During this month you will be feeling full of life, vital and alive, as your social life widens, you go move and act with confidence and assurance and clear thinking.

LIBRA
 (Sep. 24th—Oct. 23rd)

The accent is on romance for most Libra girls, pleasure, happiness, travel and meetings and spice.

SCORPIO
 (Oct. 24th—Nov. 22nd)

An important decision can be worked out with reason so that you get beneficial results. Problems with family and difficult personalities are eased.

SAGITTARIUS
 (Nov. 23rd—Dec. 21st)

You can expect some trouble from someone close to you, but you will gain if you are firm provided you feel your cause is right.

CAPRICORN
 (Dec. 22nd—Jan. 20th)

Personal confidence and initiative will be intensified and this favours all activities to do with home, family, business or work.

TREATING INSECT BITES

Insect and pest bites and stings occur most frequently, especially in bush or water-logged areas. Some are serious enough to require immediate medical attention, but most can be treated with simple first-aid measures to relieve any itching, burning or pain. **Bees and Wasps**

To remove a stinger, carefully but quickly scrape or flick it out with a clean or sterile needle or the edge of a knife. Never pinch it out with your fingers because this can squeeze more venom into the wound. Wash the area with soap and water.

For all bee and wasp stings immediately run cold water over the area or put a compress around it to relieve pain, reduce swelling, and slow absorption of venom.

More serious reactions, including wheezing, nausea, headaches, coughing or abdominal cramps, require immediate medical treatment. Persons who experience these types of allergic reactions should ask their physician about insect sting emergency treatment.

Ticks
 Do not remove ticks with fingers because mouth parts generally will remain imbedded in the skin.

A drop of mineral oil, gasoline or kerosene will cause ticks to loosen their grip voluntarily.

Wait about ten minutes after then remove them with tweezers. Wash the area with soap and water.

If ticks do not dislodge themselves, seek medical treatment.

Flies and Mosquitoes
 Cleanse the area around the bite to reduce the possibility of infection. Use calamine lotion or a paste of baking soda and cold cream to help relieve pain and itching.

Ants.
 Although a sting from the fire ant can produce severe reactions, most ant stings and bites are only slightly painful. Wash the area and apply calamine lotion.

biovital

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to tone up the
whole blood
system

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AFRICAN TIME

I am made sad by our society's growing unawareness to keeping to schedules and appointments. I am made even sadder because of the upsetting nature of either total absence or tardiness by people of this great country.

I wonder how many people frown, at this unresponsive attitude either towards a party or a symposium or whatever have you.

I hope that by the time you finish reading this article if you are the erring type, you will awaken yourself and be more timeconscious enough to realise that dates and appointments should be kept according to schedule. If this article helps you to achieve this, it would have served its purpose.

Without further preliminaries, may I start with the unearring way people walk into parties and other get-togethers to which they are 'cordially invited' several hours behind schedule under the pretext of "AFRICAN TIME".

Think of a man woman with a special invitation card as a chairman of a certain gathering coming hours behind schedule under the pretext of "AFRICAN TIME". Yet, that special invitation must have been given weeks before the ceremony and for which he gave his consent through telegram or telephone. To act in such an irresponsible manner is to say the least, belittling oneself and such a person does not catch my fancy. This and numerous other acts of disrespect for time are dismissed under the cover of "AFRICAN TIME".

But lovers do not operate on "AFRICAN TIME" when keeping dates - they are always in on time. Nor does

by EMENOGU C. OGBULIE

an applicant in search of job operate on "AFRICAN TIME" on the day he is invited for interview. If permitted, he may even want to sleep in the premises of his potential employer for fear of being late for an interview scheduled for the following day.

School Boarders also do not observe "AFRICAN TIME" for their meals served in the refectory. For them, the slogan is "MAN MUST WAK". In like manner workers hate to operate on "AFRICAN TIME" to work for fear of losing their jobs.

By implication therefore, society regards punctuality on occasions that have material benefits - for these occasions, AFRICAN TIME will just not do!

An expatriate friend of mine once marvelled at the way I kept to time for each appointment she gave me that she couldn't help telling me to my face that when she meant for me to come at 10 o'clock she would say 8 o'clock, taking into consideration the fact that I am an African operating on "AFRICAN TIME"! I was so mad that I couldn't help shouting at her. For this, our relationship deteriorated but I was convinced there was a basis for her act of generality.

Africans do not operate on a different time from other continents of the world. As with others, our days are each made up of twenty-four hours. It is therefore only reasonable that we strive to be more responsible with time and take into consideration that appointments are meant to be kept and on schedule too.

(Continued from page 5)

CONGRATS!

I am happy to be associated with the aspirations of the Magazine and hope its influence will loom larger as the passage of time lends new perspectives.

Uche Nwa

Agbor.

I saw the first copy of "Modern Woman" in March 1974 when on vacation at Onitsha. The master whom I visited is an avid reader of the magazine and had piles of old copies in her book shelf. What attracted me was the beautiful and elegant cover-girl of that current edition. But, when I opened the first copy, I did not get up from the seat until I read through all the old copies available.

Everything about the "Modern Woman" fascinates me. The short stories are true to life and entertaining. The feature articles are realistic and couched in beautiful language. The articles revolve around our common experiences in modern society. Columns in Home Economics and medicine are very educational. Photographs are colourful and the print is legible. The prize-winning contest "Helen Baeus" provided a stimulating exercise for relaxation. Although, I did not win any handsome prizes, I take great interest in participation.

The correspondence column offers to Modern Woman and "Dear Remi" are interesting and there is a lot to learn from answers given to "letters of loss". It brings a lot of relief to realise that most of us share similar emotional problems crying out for urgent solutions. The "Forum" gives ample opportunity to everybody to air his views on various burning issues of the day.

"Modern Woman" is a family magazine for all sexes, and it is not exclusive to women as is usually imagined. One remarkable thing is that it continues to improve in volume and quality. Today, it is in my view the most successful indigenous women's magazine in black Africa.

To achieve wider interest, it is desirable to start a readers club and also include a column for international affairs dealing with women in other parts of the world.

Chuma Hef

Enugu.

On Her 10th
Anniversary:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO
MODERN WOMAN!

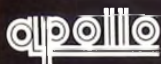
Reward.
Something entirely new
in toilet soaps
A toilet soap whose
fragrance keeps you
smelling nice right
through the day
A fragrance that
makes you always nice
to be near



New Reward is
completely different.
It contains an ingredient
called Triodin that keeps
the fragrance *lasting on
your skin - for hours
and hours*
You're really nice to be near
with the sweet-smelling
fragrance of Reward.

**New Fragrant Reward soap
keeps you smelling nice all day**





THE MAGAZINE
FOR
YOUNG NIGERIANS

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

- What does it contain?
Learning and fun!
- Cartoon strips about exciting adventures.
- Interesting stories and poems.
- Talks about capitals of African countries.
- General knowledge questions with answers provided by experts.
- Fun page — crossword puzzles, word games, quizzes, exciting competitions, etc.
- Science and everyday life.
- Talks on geography, ancient and modern history, music and the arts, sports, first-aid in the home, pets etc.

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TRICK OF IMAGINATION

BY SESAN OGUNRO

I sat on the armchair, reading as usual to my wife Kofu. The book was particularly boring, and my head ached. My mind drifted to the day it happened three years ago. I was seated on this same chair waiting for Kofu to return from the movie. I wanted to go out with the car so I had to wait for her to return. Then suddenly the telephone sprang to life. I went for it. "Hello," it was a female voice but not my wife's. "Is that Mr. Dikson's apartment?" I said yes.

"Your wife is involved in a minor accident, she's here in the State Hospital. It's nothing much but she says you must be informed."

I thanked her and hung up. I was raving mad, because I had an appointment to keep at eleven p.m. that night. I switched off the light and locked up. The night air hit me in the face. I hadn't realized I was standing outside the door because right then, I was having a nasty, ugly feeling in me and an alarm of emergency started ringing in my head. It always did whenever I was in a fix. It was a God-sent sign of an approaching danger or trouble. I stuck my hands in my pockets and walked down the drive. Behind me the house watched with staring eyes. I wish it could talk.

When the doctor told me that my wife would be paralysed for life from the waist downwards, I did not know when I turned on the waters there in the hospital ward.

That was three years ago. She had known many months of hideous pain; she had become morose and garrulous. During her long illness I had always been patient and considerate until that evening when I really lost my cool. I had been reading to her; and every ounce of my flesh ached. Right then I wished that my wife would die.

"Oh, by the way, Kofu" I said, when at last I had finished the novel, "I wonder whether you would mind if I went out tomorrow evening. It's the Association of Radio Journalists' Dinner, and I haven't been for years. It would make a change."

"Make a change?" Kofu exclaimed. "What about me! Lying here day after day!"

I paused, thinking of the senseless procession of months I had witnessed in that room — the humiliations, the boredom, the anguish.

"Oh yes," I said, "I know you've suffered terribly all these months. I've felt sorry for you and I've done my best for you." But — I'm well and strong!"

"I suppose you've picked up with some girl," she sneered. A great anger seized me, because I had not moved near a woman since the day she had the accident.

She screamed and poured all the insults in hell on me. Then her breathing became laboured and noisy.

"Give me a tablet!" she murmured, putting her hand to her heart.

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SICK OF LOVE

by FELIX MPOTO CHIMEZIE

The taxi driver drew near Fina. Milwe Avenue, Fina told the driver.

Soon the driver was speeding high as he continued to take the horn of his cab. At the forefront stood a dark skinned, slenderly built young man in his late twenties. He stopped the taxi.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

"The road", the man replied.

"Twenty kobo".

"Alright", He entered and sat at the back, next to Fina.

"Good-day miss".

"Good-day", Fina answered absent merrily. She had been looking back on her recent show-down with Bozo. She found it difficult to swallow the truth of the matter.

"Was she really going to loose Bozo? It was it a mere test? Bozo to see how firm her love for him was, she kept asking herself. "Is this what boys are?" After all she had done for Bozo in the name of love, she would have thought it, easier for Bozo to lay eggs than Bozo to leave her.

Such, she has been a fool, she told herself. "I have given Bozo too readily and cheaply to Bozo, hence he has thought me not worth my salt".

But it isn't so. She isn't cheap in the least. She was only showing her inner feelings for a man she loved. The only thing that mattered to her. "Give me Bozo and take the whole world", seemed to be her motto.

Bozo has got another girl in his life, a girl he would be proud to marry and she Fina has been playing the fool. After all she has every right to choose his girl. Even now she does not know how for how can you hate the one you love, she reminded herself. But Oh! the thought of loosing Bozo is something she can never bring herself to believe.

"Excuse me, but I am talking to you", the gentleman on the side remarked.

"I am sorry, I didn't hear you".

"I see then, I was just remarking that you look like someone who goes somewhere. Aren't you Miss"?

"Miss what? Talk now. Hm" these flirts of men and their false-unknown-you-before deceit. This one has come again. He thinks he has met a cheap girl to add to his battalion of girlfriends and what more, to continue from where Bozo stopped-getting the best of me only to leave me sorry.

"I am sorry, I don't think I've ever met you"- she politely replied.

"Well, sorry then, I must have mistaken you for another lady, excuse, may I know you. By the way, I am a surgeon at the University of Umunoha Teaching Hospital". I am Vin".

"Fina is my name. I work at the Obekpu town library".

"May I know where you are heading for?"

"My home of course. Where else do you think?"

"Do you mind, if I escort you home?"

"No thanks, I think I am alright". She halts the driver, and before Dr. Vin could say another word, she was gone.

He felt depressed. How unlucky he was. Why should he continue to miss such opportunities. Here was a girl he had long wanted to befriend, slipping off his hands with only the knowledge of her name (which may be false) as a

prize for having stood times without number under the sun, rain, moon and star to have a chance to win her over. Infact it was for this reason that he had left his car to board a taxi.

What is wrong with me? Vin asked himself. If it were to be Mike, it would have been a different story. Mike would have got this girl for long, easy and quiet. But sec me, a born loser.

It was in this mood that he got back to his bungalow, paid the driver and gloomily walked to his room. In his room, Vin fell into his usual session of worrying. It saddens him to see a man of his calibre without a girl in his life. What was he running into? A whole medical doctor with such a fantastic salary and yet no girl to call his own.

Actually, many girls make passes at Vin (especially the student nurses) whenever he drives his car round the town. Some of them had even declared (as womens' natural pretence could permit) their love for him. But he had never taken any of them seriously as he knew what they were after - his money and position. Girls of easy virtue he calls them.

One of these girls was Betty. A girl he had tried to befriend when he was still a student, but Betty had told him point blank that she could have nothing to do with him - a struggling young man. She wanted a ready-made man and home. "Love, darling, sweet, will they buy my dresses or will I feed on them", said Betty to Vin on one of the occasions Vin had tried then to win her love.

Now that Vin has graduated and has a car - VW K70 for that matter, Betty now longs to have him. She continued to plead and send emissaries until Vin replied her in her own words one day saying, "Remember that I am still a struggling young man and that my home is not made. Go you therefore to those ready-made men of yours."

Throughout that day, Vin could not take his mind off Fina. She continued to be like a dust particle in the atmosphere around which the water vapour of his thinking, formed it's globe of rain. In a reverie, her (Fina's) face which though van and incomplete, possessed the raw materials of beauty in a promising degree, continued to be recalled to his memory. He would have continued to guess and imagine things, had he not been called to attend to an emergency in the female ward of the teaching hospital.

Fina on getting home, found Bozo's note waiting. She was filled with fear as she tore the envelope open and with tears she read the letter which ran thus:

Hullo Fina,

I am really sorry for what has just happened between us. I know that you will be hurt, but I thought it wise you have the facts straight from the shoulders.

This is something I had wanted to tell you. But each time, I wanted to do so, I was always moved by your love for me, and what more, you were too love-blinded to realize that of recent, my love for you was diminishing like a burning candle. You

(Continued on page 47)

A Step - By - Step Guide To Beautiful Nails

Soak a pad of cotton wool with nail polish remover. Remove old nail polish, taking special care to clean the side of the nails. As the cotton wool picks up the varnish, turn it over to the clean side, then fold inside out to get the maximum use from remover.



Shape nails with an emery board, using the rough side for shaping, and the fine side for finishing. Always work from sides to centre of nail, filing from outside to centre of nail, in one clean stroke. Rough back-and-forth movements weaken nail tips.



Wrap a sliver of cotton wool round the pointed end of an orange stick or a thick cocktail stick. Dip into cuticle remover and go gently round cuticle of each nail.



* Soak fingertips for a few seconds only in a small bowl of warm soapy water, very gently scrub nails with a soft nail brush.

* Rinse and dry hands, then gently lift cuticles back with the flat side of an orange stick.



* Apply a little hand-cream, massage in well and remove excess with a tissue.



* Apply basecoat, using one broad stroke up centre of nail, and smaller ones up either side. Allow to dry before applying nail polish in same way.



(Continued from page 42)

TRICK OF IMAGINATION

"Mechanically, I went to the cupboard and took out the phial. The familiar peppermint odour of the tablets filled me with distaste. I remembered that twenty minutes ago, Kofo had taken a tablet, and that the doctor had stated that on no account was she to be given more than one each hour. For a few seconds I hesitated, then I placed the small white tablet between my wife's lips. Within five minutes she was sleeping soundly. During the night Kofo died.

Exactly one week after the funeral, I was sitting on the usual chair on which I usually sat to read to her, contemplating the future: the new life I was approaching, the experiences I was determined to gain, the friends I hoped to win. Suddenly I saw myself in that bedroom on the night of the quarrel. Ought I to have given Kofo that second tablet? Had it been responsible for her death? The conviction that I had killed my wife destroyed my reverie; all that night I lay awake, burdened with doubt and fear.

With the passing of the weeks this obsession grew stronger. I felt an urgent desire to speak to someone about the dark shadow which now haunted me, but I had no friends nor relatives with whom I could communicate my feelings. Day after day, hour after hour, I lived with my secret until I became worn and ill.

One evening it seemed to me that I could sense the peppermint odour of the tablets. I went into the dining room: the smell was there. "A trick of the imagination", I muttered, recalling that I had thrown away the phial. I opened the back door, the smell was there. With wild impatience, I burst into each room, searched in every drawer, in every cupboard, but, although I found no bottle, the odour of peppermints grew stronger in the flat.

I did not attempt to sleep. I lay huddled in an easy chair, holding my head in my hands, moaning piteously. At eight o'clock the next morning I opened the door to my driver, Yisa.

"Yisa, can you smell anything?" I asked him as he was about to go and wash the car.

"Smell anything?" Do you mean the Dodo the cook is frying in the kitchen?" inquired Yisa.

"No, no! A smell of peppermints!"

"No, sir, I can't smell any such thing."

The next day I dismissed Yisa and over the telephone informed my Corporation that I was still unable to return to work.

As the hours passed the smell of peppermints seemed to become more potent. At last, I lost control of myself.

In a mad passion I blundered from room to room, smashing mirrors and plates, tearing down curtains, battering impotently at walls. Exhausted, I tumbled to the floor and lay still. I stirred and caught sight of my face in a broken mirror. It was the face of a madman. With tremendous effort got up, washed and shaved, changed and left the house.

A few minutes later I was shown into the clinic of my wife's doctor. "I suppose I ought to go to the police," I began.

"The police? What on earth?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes, you see, I killed my wife."

"Oh..." The doctor sat drumming his fingers upon his

desk while I told my story.

"Well, do you feel better now that you've told me everything?" asked the doctor when I had finished.

"Yes I - I do feel better."

"It's a good thing you came to me," continued the doctor, "otherwise, you might have spent tonight in a cell. As you may know, the study of the mind has been one of my hobbies You have committed a crime, of course: a crime against yourself. You have been anxious and unhappy for many months. Sometimes, you wished that your wife would die. I have been reading this on your face for quite sometime now.

This desire was understandable, particularly when one considers the pain she endured. But you blamed yourself, you couldn't forgive yourself for harbouring such thoughts. Under this belief that you killed your wife by giving her that second tablet - this secret has nearly destroyed you because you kept it to yourself."

"But the smell, doctor - Why it - it has now gone!"

"Yes, Mr. Blackson, because you have shared your secret with someone else."

"But I *did* give her two tablets within half an hour!"

"My dear fellow, it was just a coincidence that she died that night. As you know, I used to give her injections everyday in order to ease the pain. But I understood her mind as well as her body. She had been under serious mental torture. I know how fretful she was, poor woman - how she was only satisfied when she was receiving incessant attention. I sent my dispenser to the confectioner to buy some peppermints."

"You mean But she always seemed better when she had taken them!"

"It was a psychological effect," smiled the doctor.

SICK OF LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

forcing your love on me.

Really, I know that I don't desire your love. There is no doubt (even the grass knows) that I love me. But of what use will it be if such love is not met by a corresponding love from me. What would I know or realize is the fact that I am not. I hate myself for that, but I have little I can do about it.

I should have kept on deceiving you, but for an selfish love, you have won my sympathy.

Please do not think much of a flirt like me. I am a good for you. Get you therefore someone to tend your heart which I am sure will be broken

Your former love
Bozo.

Bozo has proved my saying true. I should have known

how her mother (now dead) stood before her mocking. Did I not tell you never to give yourself totally and cheaply to a man until you are finally and legally his. Did I not tell you that by letting a man know your in and out, he will get used of you and immediately move to change diet. Yes who will blame a person who took gari in the morning and afternoon for looking for a change in the evening. Serves you right.

She was confused. Here was she, rejected by the one she loved and mocked by her mother. Even the record player of her neighbour at this time started playing that Wings number "Had I Known". Before long, she had fainted, only to come back to herself the following day and found herself in the female ward of the University of Umuhoja Teaching Hospital and being attended by none other than Doctor Vin.

"Where am I? Who brought me here? I want to go home. Fina kept saying to Doctor Vin, who tried to persuade her to take some tablets.

"Take this Miss Fina, and when you are fully recovered, I will explain".

"No doctor, she needs no medicine".

Someone drew Doc. Vin aside to tell him. "You see, she is very unfortunate. There is a ruthless flirt of a salesman from the Hamilton Drug Company whom she fell in love with. But the man has now disappointed her. She had loved this man at the expense of friends, salary, parents and even her own happiness only to receive the shock of her life yesterday when this man wrote her off. Please Doctor, waste no tablets on her for all she is sick of his love."

Fina was discharged the following day. She went home and decided to try to forget Bozo. This could not have been possible, but when she tried to think of him, she would remember that part of the letter that sent her to the Hospital, where

Bozo advised her saying, "Please don't think much of a flirt like me. I am no good for you".

Meanwhile, the whole incident only succeeded in increasing the love of Doc. Vin. for Fina. "Here was a girl", he thought, "who could love dearly if she could die for the love of an ordinary Salesman. I wonder what it will be in my own case - a whole medical doctor".

Two weeks later, armed by the fact that he was fully qualified to be Fina's man, Vin went unwitely to Fina's house, determined to make his last desperate effort to win her love. Fina partly received him for his help to her when she was in the hospital and partly for the fact that she had been lonely for the past two weeks. Their discussions never came near what had brought Vin there. Vin was in fact a big coward before women. He could stop two generals from fighting but found it very difficult to convince the cheapest girl. He could not even look straight to Fina's face, rather he faced the floor, drawing the map of Ghana with his toes. Very unmanly indeed.

However, before Doc. Vin. left, he managed to ask his hostess to accompany him to a dance that evening. Fina in a bid to be out after a long time, reluctantly consented to what started their constant evening outings.

Then came one evening, while Vin was driving Fina home after one of their night get-togethers, Vin suddenly stopped the car. This time, may be by the help of alcohol, he was able to hit the nail on the head.

"Fina, I have for long, wanted to tell you how much I want you. But whenever you are in sight, I tend to be hopeless. Please forget your recent let-down with Bozo and never you feel that all men that exist are Bozolike. Like you, I have suffered disappointments even from my inferiors. I will live to make you realize that one can still hit one's target at the second trial. Believe me, if you can ever believe anyone", pleaded Vin to Fina.

Fina kept mute. Vin therefore taking silence for consent, leaned forward to steal a kiss. With a disdainful look Fina pushed him back, came out of the car and started walking home.

Vin walked to her and tried to pull her back. Fina retorted, "Leave me. You men are all born rebels. You think that you can convince me with those sweet words extracted from one of those Onitsha market love making pamphlets. No man, I am too old for that. Or don't you think one bitten by the bee, fears the fly. Osigo m". Again, she let loose herself and took a taxi home.

Should I take to the adage "If you don't get what you like, like what you get", and go back to Betty, Vin kept asking himself as he got home. No. I had rather be a dog and bay the moon. Oh! Fina, my dream girl, light complexioned, of an average height, loving and with an attractive but natural beauty, I will have you or to the Seminary I go.

When Fina got home, she regretted her action, for of recent, she had started to develop some feelings for Vin. But then she justified as she saw evil written on the face of all men.

One evening however, as providence would have it, Vin was returning home from night duty, he drove into a figure that later turned to be Fina. He offered her a lift which she accepted later with much alacrity. Instead of driving her home, Vin surprisingly drove straight to his house. Fina after a slight resistance, gave in. Soon they were in Vin's room, giving themselves those sort of slaps that never pain, kissing, fondling, and hours later, they came out fully aware of the fact that they had eaten the forbidden fruit.

Vin and Fina now gave way to darling, sweet, love, etc. . . . The relationship improved and the wedding date was fixed.

On the eve of their wedding, Fina drew Vin aside and gave him a warning saying, "Look Vin, it is you men who make us flirts. Take me like a car—Bozo got me a chassis, you, a second-hand. I may break down at the slightest lack of maintenance as my last owner used me rough".

Dear Remi

LIFE PARTNER WANTED

I am a boy of 22 - 5 feet 10 inches tall from the Western State of Nigeria. I need a responsible girl with an average education from either Western, Lagos or Kwara State of Nigeria.

Lagos. Amos.
Letters should be directed to Amos Oyewumi, 39, Andrew Street, Lagos.

WORRIED MAN

I am a 45-year-old man twenty-five years ago, I got married to a woman who is forty-two years now. We have seven children all girls.

I have been expecting to have some boys also but the more I try, the further I get away from my wish. Please Remi, what shall I do to have a baby boy?

Owo. Julius.

By now, you should concentrate on making something good out of the girls you have. The days are gone when the feeling of "only boys" can keep the family name up prevailed.

If your children come up so well in life that you feel the world must always know they belong to you, suggest to them that when they are married, they should take up a compound name each made up of both your name and the husband's name i.e. Dr. (Mrs.) Odetunde-Oyedele.
Cheer Up:

Dear Remi,

I'm a girl of 18 in love with a boy of 22. We have been going steady for about two years but my father does not seem to approve of our relationship.

Sometime ago, I had a quarrel with my dad and I moved to another town. Even now, each time my dad writes to me, he does not fail to

remind me that he does not and will not approve of any marriage proposal from that boy.

Even though I have two other boyfriends, neither of them has shown as much affection as this one in question. Should I brush off my father's advice and marry the boy I love or must I discontinue with him because of my father's disapproval?

Oyo. Kike Amope

Go to your dad and try to find out the basis for his disapproval. If his reasons are genuine, you're better advised to reconsider your stand. If not, then you have to try a little harder to make him reason with you.

If this fails, then you can consult some of his relations or friends for whom he has high regards to talk things over with him.

PLAY-BOY

My husband who was considered an ideal father and loving husband is gradually becoming a play-boy.

In the past, he used to come home directly when he closed from the office, but lately, he finds ere flimsy excuse or another for staying unreasonably late in getting back home.

I'm beginning to think he is coming up with another woman and I do not see how this (if it is true) will not upset our fifteen years marriage.

He is not too young at forty and if anything; this is the age he should be more matured and responsible.

I do not know how best to approach him on the issue but the more I keep silent over it, the more I grew to hate my man. What should I do?

Otagto. Wentic woman.

No matter how big, a

problem that is shared is more than half solved. This is why you should watch out for your man in his best mood and come up with whatever may be bothering your mind about his sudden change of attitude.

You may be surprised that there may be no other woman after all. You may even be the cause of it all. The more you bottle up your feelings, the greater the risk of your kating your man and the further away from home you will keep him.

NOT STEADY

At 22, I'm still not sure that I want to go steady with any man. Because most of the married couples I've seen around do not impress me or come near my dream. I'm getting more sceptical about the whole issue of marriage.

Consequently, I feel more relaxed with those of my

boy-friends who do not propose marriage than with those who bring up the topic after a few months' courtship.

I feel I'm still too young to enter into such a serious bound as marriage only for my dreams to be shattered after a few months.

What do you think?
Isidan,

How do you measure your future with the standard set by another? Everyman, they say, is the architect of his own fortune. It is why you should stand up as an individual and face your life with the determination to succeed even when you fail.

There is a limit to how much a god should allow herself to be troubled with. You will soon realise that after all the good things, none of these men may work for keeps.

CHANGE IN PRICE

In recent months, the price of paper has gone sky-high. The shortage is felt the world over but to us the interest of our readers tops the list of our priorities.

This is why even many months after the prices of other magazines went up, we have kept ours at Fifteen Kobo.

You would also have noticed that despite the shortage and increase in price of paper, the quality of our magazine has improved.

Because the production cost has gone up, we do hope you will understand why we have decided to go up to just Twenty Kobo (20K) per copy with our November 1974 issue.

We promise to continue to give of our best to every member of the family and do hope we shall continue to enjoy your patronage.