

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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#3.00

CLIMAX

The ultimate in pleasurable reading



**LUCKY DISU
TWIN
BORN ON
MOUNT
ARAFAT DAY**

UNBELIEVABLE!

YERE ISIBOR

FORCED OUT

OF DINNER

VOUCHERS

TOUCHY!

Man who

has not

stooled for

26 years!

I regret

the day I

I beat up

Christy

HUSBAND

Why Rita needs

freedom from

Majek Fashek

**CLIMAX
AHEAD AGAIN**

WIN ₦500 Plus a
nightout with
celebrity of your
choice

True story of
the NTA'S
Yaya Abubakar
suspension

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COMPLIMENTARY

PAMELA'S SECRET PAIN:
How I cope with my
ickler-child



FADEYI OLORO

STONED AND STRIPPED

NAKED ON THE STREET



Al Humphrey Onyanabo presents

CLIMAX PEOPLE

The Rasag-Lawals first time out at NiteShift

BIG BASH: Former WBC Junior heavy weight champ, Bashiru Ali, gearing up again for mainstream boxing.

Siene and hubby, telecommunications multi-millionaire Rasag Lawal, lengthened the perennial list of celebs that hung out at NiteShift on Friday night about three weeks back. That was their first time at NiteShift. They left at 3.21 a.m.

LOOK OUT FOR ELY. Ely Obasi, formerly of *Newswatch* magazine, is writing a novel. "It should be ready by December," he told me on the night of Lawrence Akapa's bachelor's eve.

24 HOUR SANDWICHES. Imagine it's 3.45 a.m. You're in a night club and you want to grab a bite of Lebanese Shawarma and Fala Feem (snacks) or a sandwich and ice cream prepared by an Egyptian chef. The place for it is Nabil Hanafi's 24-hour Sandwiches on 66 Allen Avenue, Ikeja, which opened last week serving Lebanese and continental snacks. The handy take-away (tiled walls and floor) joint swallowed over N300,000 in decoration and machinery. Business promoter, Nabil Hanafi, in a chat, emphasises that he intends to create standards.

"What matters is what goes into it. The quality of food will determine if the customers will come back. I don't like to do things halfway. I'm either inside or out. There's no place for this kind of service in Ikeja."

The snacks are finger licking good. Give it a shot.

AMAJO'S NEW BABY: You certainly missed out on one of the few big time "closed the road" parties if you weren't in for the christening of Ukeke Amajo's new baby at 53m Shonibare street in Surulere.

It was an elegant combine of the Surulere and Ikeja roller coasters.

MAN OF THE MOMENT: Peter Elosia of Elopsee changes his dance card every night. For Lawrence Akapa's bachelor's eve, it was NTA Channel 7 presenter Omolara Abegun.



BEAUTIFUL GIRL: M'Kaimi Wafa was top scorer for the Algerian side during the 7th Junior Ladies Handball tournament held in Bauchi.



WHAT'S UP? Ognje Inzic, exponent, *Oliver de Coque*, is starry-eyed about something of interest. But did you say he's about checking out again?

THE ORIENTALS. You'll be disappointed if you expect the Oriental nightclub at the Ikeja Palace Hotel to be like the usual Nigerian swirl joint.

The difference is as glaring as night and day. It doesn't have any elaborate sitting arrangements. The big deal is the clientele. You'll see lively European, Lebanese and Chinese truly beautiful ladies (no fatso) you'll never spot on the



RED MIDDLE WEIGHT
MAN OF THE WORLD

MATT DADZIE IN TOP FORM: Maverick Sunday soap producer, Matt Dadzie (Behind the Climate), was in top form moving to the beats of *Sleek* band of Bauchi and Octopus Complex band of Jos at the first exclusive press night gig put together by Nenman Niteclub in Jos.

The press night, which pulled the cream of journalists in Plateau State, was attended by the state NIJ chairman, Mr. Peter Dama, the secretary, Mr. Henry Gambo, the Director of Programme, Plateau State Radio-Television Corporation, Mr. London Wadak, and Mrs. Christabel Bentu.



KACHYO IS ONE! Ibrahim Kachiro, son of Flight Lieutenant A.B. Kachiro and Mrs. Gloria Kachiro of the Nigeria Air Force, on his first birthday. Cheers!

street. The in-house entertainers are beautiful Egyptian girls. I was the only black guest that night, watching as champagne corks popped around me for almost over five minutes. The music, dancing, and crowd, all belong to a different scene.

'WHO'S THAT GIRL?' NTA *Morning Rider*, Danladi Bako's date for Lawrence Akapa's bachelor's eve party was a long haired, figure 8 Brunette in a red chiffon gown.

COGNAC OR NOTHING Cow girl Amika, chairperson of Cowboy Butchers on Allen Avenue raised the drowned spirits of senior boys present at the opening of Fola Ogundimu's (Sophisticat) wife's Ballroom, the new expectant mothers shop on Osofi Road, Ikeja. When they staged a "Cognac or nothing else for us!" silent protest, she was mandated to pick up a couple of bottles of Remy from her grocery.

The most hated woman in America

Zsa Zsa Gabor is the most hated woman in America!

A coast-to-coast ENQUIRER survey shows Americans are furious and outraged over the aging star's scandalous shenanigans during her trial for slapping a Beverly Hills police officer.

In our survey, we asked people in five major U.S. cities: "Who is the most hated woman in America today?"

We suggested no names — but a whopping 37 percent said: "Zsa Zsa!"

The arrogant actress received nearly twice as many votes as the No. 2 woman on Americans' "Most Hated" list, bitchy hotel queen Leona Helmsley who was named by 21 percent of those surveyed.

Nos. 3, 4, and 5, respectively, were Tammy Faye Bakker, Nancy Reagan and Head of the Class star Robin Givens.

Zsa Zsa headed the Most Hated list in New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles. She tied for 2nd in Atlanta and was 3rd in Kansas City.

Why is Zsa Zsa the queen of America's Most Hated? Famed psychologist Joyce Brothers explained to THE ENQUIRER, "A lot of people feel that she made a media event out of the trial, instead of feeling remorse, as most people would."

"She benefited by it. She did a Wheel of Fortune commercial, she's on various talk shows — so there's a certain sense of resentment. She gets into trouble and turns it to her advantage."

Many people we surveyed agreed with Dr. Brothers.

"Zsa Zsa thinks her money and fame will

give her anything," said Jay Schuster of Los Angeles. "Jail is too good for her! Zsa Zsa needs to get off her high horse and learn about life."

Declared Trish Cofield of Philadelphia: "She's a pompous, irritating ditz. She gives women a bad name."

Many people also feel that Zsa Zsa didn't just slap a police officer — she "slapped the justice system," Dr. Brothers added.

"And that's hard to take, because we all pride ourselves on our system of justice. I think people could have forgiven everything except the idea that she said our system of justice is worse than Nazi Germany. That was unforgivable."

Zsa Zsa, who was born in Hungary, gained wealth and fame in America.

"Instead of showing her appreciation for her adopted country, she acted like she deserved special privileges," Dr. Seidenberg told THE ENQUIRER.

"She wanted to be the center of attention. Now she's learned that you can be burned on the spotlight."

Zsa Zsa further infuriated Americans when she appeared on TV's Donahue after the trial — and turned the airwaves blue with a four-letter outburst.

The obscenity aired live in New York, and producers had to warn other stations carrying the show on tape so that they could delete the comment.

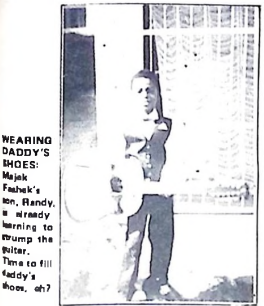
"In the courthouse she was shown giggling. She made a mockery of the trial — and made a lot of people mad in the process."



UNPOPULAR Zsa Zsa has offended many people by treating her trial like a big joke.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GOV: Navy Captain Olabode George of Ondo State turned 44 yesterday. Happy birthday to you, sir!



WEARING DADDY'S SHOES: Majek Fahek's son, Randy, is already learning to pump the pitter. Time to fill daddy's shoes, eh?

GOVERNOR PER EXCELLENCE! Swash-buckling governor of Ondo State, Navy Captain Olabode Olayinka George was 44 years, yesterday, maintaining a tenure of excellence since assuming the No. 1 citizenship of Ondo State on Dec 21, 1987. Navy Captain George has incorporated resourcefulness and vigour into all aspects of life of the people of Ondo State.

A graduate of Electrical Engineering, backed with an MBA specialising in General Management, both from the University of Lagos, he began his illustrious Naval career as a sub-lieutenant on August 1, 1972.

Navy Captain George is happily married to Feyi with 2 children — Dipo and Dupe.

We wish him many more years of active service to his fatherland.

Happy Birthday, Gov.

STANLEY'S DANCE: Pen shifting is reliably predicted from the flagship and the canal to ex-Guardian M.D., Mr. Stanley Macebuh's Sentinel Communications from, where sources say, will peel off a newspaper by year's end. Not ascertained is ex-Chief Publisher, Eddie Froh's, roles in the new dispensation. I'll keep you posted.



LIKE any other family the Igbokwes have had happy and sad moments in their marriage. For Christy, her happiest time in her marriage was when she had her first child - Obiora.

"I felt I had made it, because when I was about getting married to Eddy, some of my in-laws felt Eddy had made a wrong choice. Their claim then was that most female singers are 'free girls' and that I may never raise children for them. But it was a question of triumph for me. So they have been proved wrong. I'm also happy about the recent event when I was able to put my life story on celluloid for posterity. It was a great achievement."

For Edwin Igbokwe, too, he had experienced some good moments the past 10 years. But the most striking is when he beat Christy during one of those normal family quarrels.

"Christy did something, that was in 1982 I had to beat her up, but moments later I regretted my action and I apologised. Each time I remember that incident, I still feel sad. Since then we've never had any quarrel that lasted 5 minutes. We live happily and peacefully with our four kids, including the latest who is just 3 months old."

There's was a whirlwind romance. But what set it apart from fiction is that it blossomed not just into marriage but one that stood through the thick and thin of time.

Recently Nigeria's own Lady of Songs, Christy Essien, and her hubby, Edwin Igbokwe, marked their 10th year wedding anniversary. It was not with fanfare, but a special thanksgiving service for their achievements in life so far.

Christy says of her marriage: "The marriage has been very successful and most rewarding."

Christy speaks in a mood that gives that impression of full satisfaction, waiting for Edwin to make his own comment about their marriage. And when he did, both came sound-

I regret the day I beat up Christy



True love is the name of the game for Christy and hubby Edwin (top pic left and above). But they also find time to stay with their children (right).

ing modest for a couple of their fame and fortune.

Hear him: "She is a wonderful wife. In fact, if she is not good we wouldn't have lasted this far. She is just like my mother. I refer to her as 'mama', while she calls me 'baba'. And of course that is what we are to each other."

The Igbokwes, in their usual humorous manner, recount how they met 10 years ago. According to Christy, who eagerly offered to tell the story, she had earlier been told in a dream about Edwin.

As she put it: "When I was told in my dream that I was going to get married in 1979, all my mind was that it was going to be to one of those boys who have been coming to disturb me, from whom, of course, I couldn't find my choice. But I was told later that my real man would come, and surprisingly he is somebody I will hate to talk to. When I told my colleagues in the *Masquerade* in 1978 about my expected marriage to a person I didn't know yet, they all thought it was one of my regular jokes."

For Christy however, it was a dream that came to pass.

She goes further to explain her meeting with Eddy.

"We met in Lagos the following year when I was invited for a musical show by *Punch* Newspapers for him,

EDWIN REVEALS

*Christy did something. That was in 1982 and I had to beat her up

*I still feel sad. Since then, we never had any quarrel that lasted five minutes

*Late Chief Aboderin actually married me for Igbokwe, says Christy



It was love at first sight, but as a growing lass of 18 then, I hadn't given marriage a thought. So what my husband did was to arrange with the late Chief Olu Aboderin (the Chief Executive of *Punch*) so that a letter could win me over for him. And the Chief tried a lot in performing that duty," she said amidst peals of laughter.

"He usually invited me to Lagos, planned many meeting points for me and Edwin on the pretext of engaging me in business. Before I knew their tricks, I was already in love. You can even imagine, Chief Aboderin planned and executed most of the programmes for our wedding."

"But you wanted to prove stubborn then." Edwin adds as Christy finished her story.

Mr. Igbokwe admits that her love stands out as his motivator and engineer.

"She encourages me a lot, even

when I was ready to give up on many things about her. I like the way she carries herself in society as a female artist or singer or even as an outcast. I like her stage persona although I'm always very critical about any of her performance. Little mistakes on stage or in the studio, I try to figure out. Perhaps, the greatest thing about her is the way she manages our family.

"My wife is everything I should yearn for, a perfect blend for femininity. She never disturbs me one bit. In fact if I ever get bored, I would still want to have contact with Christy."

Christy says to this: "I know that my husband comes first in my home. Even if I control the world, my position at home is No.2 and that idea keeps our marriage going."

By Ben Ayo Famila

KEEP Fit Instructor, Pamela Mojekwu, puts up a bold smiling face on television as she does the work-outs that made her famous. Would you believe how much misery she goes through daily as she sits back and watches helplessly, unable to do anything about the torment and agony her seven-year-old sickler child, Tina, is going through?

"I feel bad for Tina because it's not her fault. I suppose if he (her former husband) had known of it or if I had known, I would have terminated the pregnancy."

Tina, her first child, was born on April 6, 1982, two days after her 27 birthday in Libertyville, Illinois, U.S.A., at 5.30 a.m. She was the kind of baby every expectant mum prayed for: chubby, happy and playful and she'd hoped it would always be as happy as that, till that fateful day her visiting nurse told her, her sweet little baby was anaemic.

Pamela recalls that day:

"I used to have a visiting nurse that would come to the house and look after the baby. One day she pricked her (Tina's) fingers and said she was anaemic. I said no, it

Interview by
Al Humphrey Onyango

MY SECRET PAIN

couldn't be true. I started arguing with her because I knew I had read a lot of books about raising children and I was sure I was feeding her correctly. She promised to drop by after a month and the test still proved positive."

The nurse then referred her to a hospital and after another series of tests, the doctor confirmed it.

"It was too much for me to bear. It was devastating. I'd heard so much about sicklers that I panicked my baby would die. I was confused all along," she admits.

"I knew I was a carrier but I didn't know about her father. When the doctor confirmed it, I asked and he said he wasn't, so I forgot about it."

"I was very upset because I knew people with sickle cell die. I broke down. I asked the doctor if my child was going to die."

The doctor's reply gave her hope and re-assurance, if she needed any.

"She said to me that nobody owes to earth with a guarantee: when she said this I quickly wiped my tears and became much more reasonable."

Every two weeks after that, she'd take her baby to a children's hospital in Chicago. With time, she read all the books she could grab on the illness and attended the special parent session in the hospital to talk and share ideas with others.

Tina fell ill for the last time in 1984 when they came back home from the U.S. She was down for a month and half on injections and fluids.

Pam talks about it.

"I took her back to the States. When the air-fare was cheap. They gave her an injection which they claim prolongs the health before another crisis. After the injection she improved."

For Pamela, every day is a learning experience and she's done pretty

well watching out for the usual signs before the crisis and even preventing it.

"I've found that if I took more interest and made sure she's well looked after, fed at the right time with the right food, takes her tablets and when she's hot I make her warm, she'll be okay."

Now Tina is seven, she's made her own friends and goes away for weekends. But Pam's noticed that she comes back sick.

Pam thinks, "it's because she doesn't take her medicines. So I'm getting her involved by telling her she's a sickler and it's a life-long battle for her."

Pam says almost with exasperation: "I feel sorry for her when she's going through her pains. I wish I could suffer for her. When I see my child suffer, I suffer too."

The illness disrupts Tina's education. Often times she misses lectures for weeks and it shows on her terminal report sheet. Pam's sick and worried about that too.

"This is a child that was always among the first 5 in class, but she's not doing too well now. And it's not because she's not smart but because she's not in class when they cover a lot of things. I know she's a brilliant child so I have somebody who comes in three times a week, to coach her."

Tina is a pragmatic child, quite advanced for a little girl of seven. Pam reasons: "It's because she's an only child and hangs around with me and my friends."

"And I talk to her the way I talk to an adult. When I'm going out, she's very good at co-ordinating my clothes, telling me to wear this blouse or wear that skirt."

"Most times when she's playing with her mates she runs up to tell me they're kids. She gives me advice but she's still a kid because she plays with her dolls."



By **PAMELA MOJEKWU**

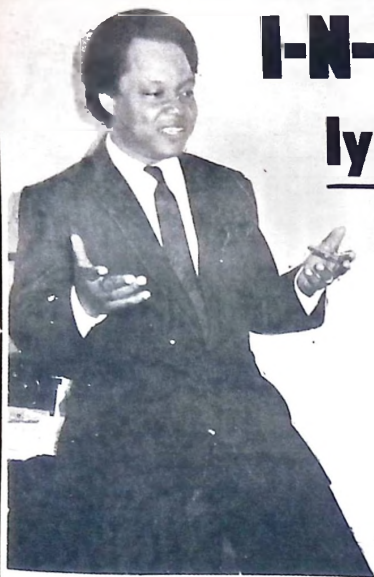
I feel sorry for her when she's going through her pains. I wish I could suffer for her. When I see my child suffer, I suffer too

CLIMAX MOTHER OF THE YEAR!



WHERE TO GO FOR HELP

Write to Sickle-Cell Club of Nigeria, c/o Prof. Akinyemi, Department of Hematology, Lagos University Teaching Hospital, Lagos.



Iyere Isibor: manoeuvred out in boardroom power play.

I-N-C-R-E-D-I-B-L-E!

Iyere Isibor forced

out of Dinner

Vouchers

The inside story

Industry watchers describe it as a re-enactment of the running battle between the professionals and the moneybags

CLOUDS of great uncertainty loom over the 64 Borno Road, Apapa, office of Dinner Vouchers (West Africa) Limited about the whereabouts of Mr. Nicholas Iyere Isibor and his continued stay in office as managing director of the young voucher company he formed some years ago.

Close observers have dubbed it "a re-enactment of the running battle between the professionals and the money bags."

"Mr. Isibor has been forced out as managing director," said an authoritative inside source.

We were also reliably informed that Mr. Isibor had not reported to the office for the past two weeks, which is unusual.

Most of Isibor's friends have been calling his office without success. The securityman in his

According to insiders, Isibor lost out in the power — game of boardroom politics between himself and some members of the board who, ironically, are former government officials although they are not listed on the Dinner Vouchers letterhead papers.

The source further disclosed: "The other reason may be incompatibility between Isibor and his fellow directors." This incompatibility is not unconnected, according to our sources, to Isibor's "over-exposure in the media in recent times and his being described as a public relations man all the time," adding that "whatever happened to him is a case of victimisation and betrayal."

Insiders say that one of the high ranking managers in the company, an Ijebu man whom he brought into the Dinner Vouchers fold even against

stiff opposition from his fellow directors, has been eyeing his seat for a long time. Said the source: "The Ijebu man had earlier-on been sacked by the company. He went to Isibor's house with his wife, pleading that he be absorbed. But the man has now turned round to bite the fingers that fed him. Julius Caesar has been resurrected! He has stabbed a friend in the back and like Macbeth, he shall know no peace."

Twice, this reporter called at the office of Dinner Vouchers to have their version of the story, but on each of those two occasions, the General Manager of the company, Mr. Joseph Tutu, was not on seat even after a previous appointment.

By Al Humphrey Onyanabo



Whatever happened to him is a case of victimisation and betrayal, say insiders

house simply said: "Oga has travelled out of Lagos." But he refused to disclose where Isibor travelled to.

DC! LOOK THAT ROGUE HAS SNATCHED MY WALLET



Sorry, I'm OFF-DUTY

Our government just doesn't make sense. The department in charge of everything outdoors is called the Department of the Interior. — Parts Pup

Football teaches kids an important lesson. The minute somebody gives you something, 11 other people are going to try to take it away. — Orben's Current Comics

ZIK'S 'DEATH' SAGA

The inside story of Yaya Abubakar's suspension

IT was expected. The story about the NTA Director of

News' indefinite suspension was not actually a shock. Whatever happened on the night the NTA announced the death of the Owelle of Onitsha, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, to its thirty million viewers is, however, being kept under wraps but *Climax* brings you the inside story.

We gathered from a source at the NTA newsroom that when the news that the Owelle of Onitsha, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, was dead, Yaya Abubakar was not in the NTA premises. He had gone home to rest. However, the lot fell on the laps of his assistant, Alhaji Bards Mohammad, who quickly drove to the residence of Yaya and intimated him about the turn of events.

Our source exclaimed: "Can you believe that without cross-checking facts, Yaya sat there in his house and gave orders that the news be relayed at 9 o'clock?"

The newsroom reporter agreed that Yaya deserved what he got. "That is the height of professional incompetence because, in the first place, he shouldn't have gone home until the news bulletin was compiled, read and concluded."

A source close to Shyngle Wigwe, the NTA Director-General, disclosed that the Minister of Information, Tony Momoh,



Owelle of Onitsha, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe

issued a query to the Director-General when it was confirmed that the news was false.

Engineer Wigwe in turn issued queries to all responsible for handling the news on that Friday night, including the Director of News, to explain their roles in the 'booboo' of the year.

"In the end," our source revealed, "the bulk of accusation went to the Director of News."

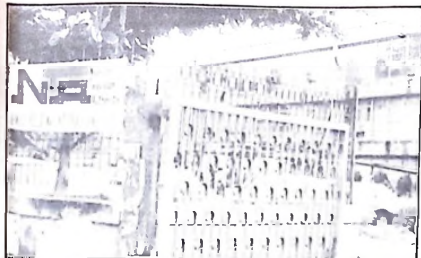
Climax also discovered that the NTA newsroom has been in a state of unease for sometime now because of Yaya Abubakar's high-handedness.

"Infact," a reporter said, "the guy is so powerful that he thinks he is the ultimate."

"He moves people as he likes, and he is very vindictive to his subordinates," revealed another source.

The atmosphere at the NTA newsroom is calm but statements are now more guarded as nobody knows who will go next. Some are certain that Yaya Abubakar would be back!

By Eric Dele Ikharha



Front view of NTA Headquarters in Victoria Island

I NEED FREEDOM - MAJEK'S WIFE

EXPECTANT Rita Fashek, wife of reggae superstar Majek Fashek, is under obvious stress.

Observers believe that she is not her own person. A close relative of Majek told *Climax*: "Rita should carve an image for herself. She is presently under the shadow of Majek and I think she doesn't like it."

Climax gathered that Rita doesn't take a step without consulting the reggae buff. A friend said "Majek's influence is destroying her image. Rita refuses to talk to the press unless Majek or his mother gives her permission to do so."

According to Majek's relative: "What Rita needs is a good speech writer. The girl is not very educated. I don't blame Majek for checking her press interviews."

A friend of the duo confirmed this statement. "Rita", he said, "cannot speak good English, let alone address the press. Majek is now a superstar and his wife must be seen in good light."



Majek and wife, Rita - Is she now a 'Prisoner of the Prisoner of Conscience'?

"Rita has been so influenced by her husband," our source continued, saying that she has stopped combing her hair. She is so desperate to get the better half of Majek



that she now wears dreadlocks. "But the fact," Majek's brother exclaimed, "is that Majek's image is so big that he totally overshadows her."

We must believe in luck. For how else can we explain the success of those we don't like.
- Jon Cocteau

"For example, during the recent shooting of Majek's new film, very heavy Rita was made to carry placards and posters and chanted slogans "downfall of apartheid!" the theme of Majek's second album."

Somebody who witnessed the shooting told *Climax*: "The scene was too much for pregnant Rita."

Rita, who is expecting her second child, our source says, was forced to shout after rigorous recording sessions, "I don't tire Oh! I need freedom myself," and she promptly dropped the placard she was carrying.

Majek, *Climax* gathered, is now an emperor in the empire he has carved out for himself. He told pressmen recently: "You can't talk to my wife or my mother without my permission, so you can come over to my house any Saturday when I can be present for any interview!"

By Dayo Asaju



CLIMAX WOMAN

Moji Danisa

EAVESDROPPING

By Chino Oluwalana



"YOU MARRIED THE WRONG
MAN. YOU SHOULD HAVE
MARRIED THE GOVERNOR
OF CENTRAL BANK."



Count me out of NAOWJ!

ICANNOT understand why female journalists need an association. For the life of me, I've had sleepless nights thinking about it, and I've come to the conclusion that it's one of those vain things women get involved in.

Now I'm talking like a typical Nigerian man. Of course, perhaps, for the first time, I think the Nigerian man is right.

We have the Nigerian Union of

What the Nigerian female journalist should be doing is fighting the cause of women, children and the society in general

Journalists, NUJ, and that I believe is the body that guards and protects Nigerian journalists. There is no decree anywhere in this world that

has separated female and male journalists. Even the ethics of journalism do not distinguish between the skirts and trousers.

I'm still sad that the Nigerian woman is still afraid of herself and her ingenuity. Subconsciously, with the growth of various feminist bodies, the Nigerian woman is submitting to her inferiority or more to the point, to man's superiority.

Honestly, what Nigerian female journalists have just done with the launching of their union is to tell the males that we are truly afraid of them.

They say we write trash, but we were still able to survive under the same umbrella. A lot of women writers were even able to push the men to the edge of the umbrella, but now it seems we don't want to compete anymore.

We want to run and seek shelter under another umbrella only because a man or two have said that all we are restricted to are make-ups and beauty pages. What we should tell them is 'Go, try and write make-up and beauty and see where you get to.'

But no.

MAN WHO HAS NOT STOOLED FOR

AT 46, Anselm Anyanwu's terrestrial sojourn cuts no enviable picture. It looks very pitiable and holds no attraction for anyone, not even for his immediate family members.

At that age, he has no wife, has not fathered any child(ren), has no means of livelihood, looks thin, haggard and above all, no visible signs for a better tomorrow. Everyday he lives looks more like a bonus to him. He lives today courtesy of a finely glassed "certificate of disability" signed by one Dr. A. L. Onyeocha, the medical officer in charge of his native Ogbor - Nguru in Nkwuogun in the Aboh-Mbaize LGA, Imo State, which identifies him as an infirm and with which he begs for alms in schools (nursery, secondary etc) and other establishments. And to think that he has to feed his 80 year-old mother from the proceeds of such begging spree

seems to make his life an irrevocably disconsolate one.

Anselm Anyanwu's problem started in Calabar in the year "1961 or thereabout" while tending the farms as a plantation labourer for Dunlop at Obami Estate, Calabar. He had gone to work one day and while he was busy at his duty post, he suddenly found faeces coming out of his anus without any previous urge, uncontrollably.

His European boss then (he could not remember his name) advised him to go to the General Hospital in Calabar. That was the beginning of his travails.

For 28 years and seven different operations, Anselm has been condemned to his present position in life: he has to poke his index finger into his anus to be able to pass out faeces.

At the Calabar General Hospital, he recalled: "I was treated by one Dr. Uzoma, who diagnosed the disease as acute pile. He performed the first operation and discharged me after two weeks with an assurance

that I would soon be alright and that the sickness would never relapse. But it was not to be, as the sickness relapsed after a short while."

It was becoming increasingly embarrassing for Anselm to continue with his job at the plantation as faeces now gushed out of his anus

My brothers left the village because they have been impoverished by my sickness

uncontrollably. He resigned and came back to his native home. At the Aforu Hospital at Aboh-Mbaize, Imo State, he underwent another operation which successfully stopped the gushing out of faeces. But it dealt another equally devastating damage to Anselm's excretory system: he could no longer pass out



Anselm Anyanwu - A very pathetic case stool the way a normal human being does.

He revealed that most, if not all of his relations have abandoned him with this strange ailment that makes it mandatory for a man to poke his finger into his anus before he could pass faeces.

But he is not blaming them. According to him they have all tried their best. "My four other brothers

Honestly, what Nigerian female journalists have just done with the launching of their union is to tell the males that we're truly afraid of them

What do we do? We go to the library, pick one or two foreign magazines and copy, yes, sometimes shamelessly, without giving credit, and we put our glamorous pictures on the page.

What the Nigerian female journalist should be doing is fighting the cause of women, children and the society in general. I remember sometime ago in this column, I got very angry with our women lawyers and women societies in general. I'm venting that anger today on the recently launched NADWJ. You read in magazines and newspapers everyday the suffering of the masses, especially women and children. Funny, it is the men who fight for this suffering group.

Any woman today could be another Dele Giwa. Some are trying. I'm not mentioning names.

Business Man



Cybele Cosmetics
ELEGANCE IN ACTION

But nobody is getting there. Not any one of us. I stand to be corrected.

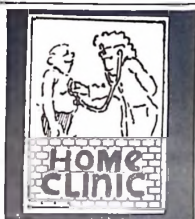
I cannot see any reason, I repeat, for the need of an association for female journalists. We are all gentlemen of the press, even if we (women) move faster. What I really mean is that women have a way of riding sleek cars, smoking more cigarettes and, sometimes, drowning more beer than the men. How we do it, I don't know, and that is not my problem.

I don't envy the V-boots nor the lipstick-coated cigarettes. What bothers me is that, like all other women organisations, we are just looking for a way to buy more V-boots, hold more cocktails, visit more presidents, get more publicity than our columns will ever get us and then at the end of the day, drop a few hundreds for the less privileged. Come on girls, who are you fooling?

HOME TIPS

Walk barefoot around the house as often as possible — your feet contain 26 bones which all need to escape from time to time to give them a breather.

Taken from 'Woman' Magazine.



Paralysis of muscles in the face

BELL's palsy, often called Bell's paralysis, is a paralysis of muscles in the face which would normally control movement, causing one side of the face to droop. An inability to close one eye and to smile are common results, along with discomfort in the ear area and

dribbling from the affected side of the mouth. The sense of taste may be impaired too.

The muscle paralysis is brought on by damage to the facial nerve — the one under, and just behind the ear. This may be due to inflammation, the cause of which is unknown. In such circumstances, the condition is usually temporary and a full recovery is made. It may also occur as a result of a wound or perhaps following a skull fracture or even after a stroke.

Steroids or injections may be prescribed and physiotherapy arranged to exercise the affected muscles. Usually symptoms will disappear on their own as the nerve damage repairs. Recovery time is usually short, though it depends on the severity of the nerve damage. Occasionally there may be a permanent weakness. In extreme cases, cosmetic surgery may be advised.

Adapted from 'Woman's Own'.

26 YEARS!

By Teye Ige

He has to poke his index finger into his anus to be able to pass out faeces

have all had to leave the village because they have been impoverished by my sickness. They spent all what they had and even sold their stalls and wares to pay hospital bills. They became bankrupt."

The second of his mother's five sons, Ansem once made an attempt to get married shortly before the Nigerian hostilities broke out in 1967. This woman, whom he said he "loved so much," did not need a second look at her man's private part to convince herself that she had made a big mistake and apparently decided to rectify it by leaving him. What with the many scars (from the surgeons' scalpels) on his private

part, what are the current efforts he is making to cure himself or has he resigned himself to fate?

Ansem said, "No, even though things appear very bleak now, I am still very optimistic that I might one day get cured."

As a step in that direction, Ansem said Dr. Okorie Azu, proprietor of St. Joseph Clinic, Enyigugu, Mbaise, has referred him to the University of Nigeria Teaching Hospital, Enugu, where he was informed he would need an amount of over N7,000.00 to underwrite the cost of his treatment.

It is for this amount that Ansem Anyanwu now begs both government and public-spirited philanthropists. "If I am able to raise the money, even if on loan and get better, I can be able to work and repay such persons) and perhaps make something out of this my life which looks desolate now."

XMAS SPECIAL OFFER!

CLIMAX and retolani are giving away 20 Designer T-Shirts worth N150 each.

You too can wear this designer T-shirt exclusively designed for Barbara Soky by re tolan!



HOW TO WIN

Send in 4 original home tips. (Please note that all home tips received will be published in CLIMAX)

Cut out the coupon below and mail to: CLIMAX WOMAN, P.O. Box 51404 Ikoji, Lagos.

CLIMAX and re tolan Special Offer

Name

Address

Attached are my 4 original HOME TIPS.

The home tips should be written out on a sheet of paper. Attach this coupon and fill in your name and address. No photocopies will be accepted. Closing date is December 11, 1989. Results will be published in our Xmas special package coming out before December 25, 1989. All other CLIMAX competition rules apply. Please see page 26.

PLAY TIME...WORM TIME

NEW
it's time for
Padrax
Worm expeller

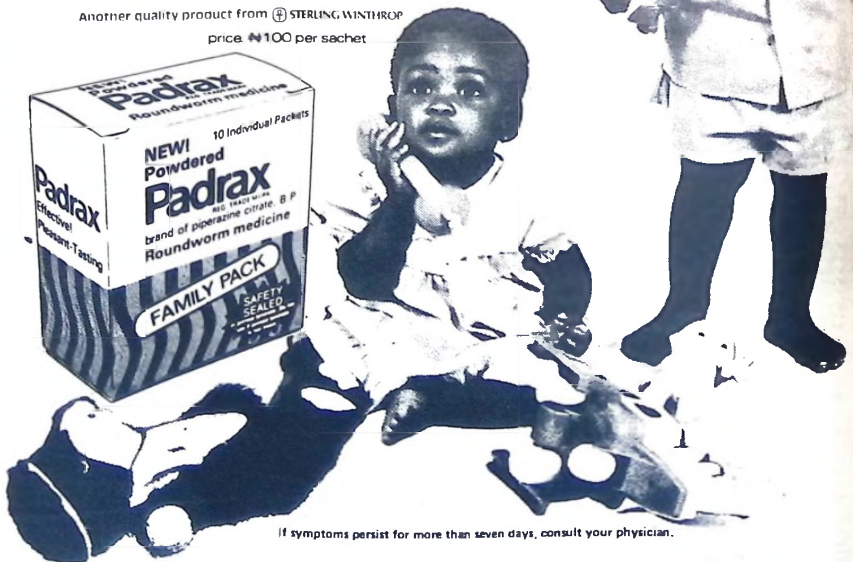
You love to see your children at play but
Picking up worms is child's play!
When worms keep your children worm out
and run down

It's time for Padrax... the new quick acting
and pleasant tasting worm expeller.
Your family cannot afford to harbour
worms, but you can afford to deworm the
entire family with Padrax... today.
New Padrax worm expeller is available in
the nearby medicine store.

Padrax — the quick acting worm expeller that you
can afford... but worms can't.

Another quality product from  STERLING-WINTHROP

price: \$1.00 per sachet



If symptoms persist for more than seven days, consult your physician.

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE IS...

Giving your wife a say in the way you run the house. — Contributed by Yomi Tejuosho, 1 Oloolu Street, Isolo.

MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR

The Column that
SHOWS STRAIGHT
AT YOUR MARITAL
A LOVE PROBLEMS

CLIMAX - We want you and your marriage to be happy...always!

HELP!

Q I am 27 years old and unmarried. I started menstruating when I was in form one in 1975. The menstruation continued till 1986 and after, it became irregular. It came to a point where it refused to come for three months. At times, I would see it only once in 2 months, and for 2 days. It got to a stage that I didn't see it at all until I put myself on tablets or injection to force it out. For this reason, I can't take it. I decided seeing a doctor who recommended me for a womb x-ray and blood test which I did. The result read normal. Since then, I've been going to see many doctors so as to know what to do to ensure normality but none has come up with any solution and I will soon join my husband.

A CMC says:
The problem is not as worrisome as you see it to be. Everywoman, a gynaecological guide for life, written by Derek Llewellyn-Jones says menstrual irregularities in adolescence are often times caused by starvation. It is either you have a desire to slim or it is so because you are psychologically disturbed by something. To bring back regularity, I advise you to eat balanced diet. You may not know it, mere thinking of the irregularity in your menstrual cycle could have adverse effect on you since your body is bound to be disturbed. If all these aren't of any effect, I will advise you consult an external gynaecologist who can give you hormonal treatment for a few months to regulate the periods. I wish you the best of luck.

Q I'm a girl of 20 and in love with a man of 25. We both love ourselves but the problem is that since we had sexual intercourse last month, I have found out that I was infected with gonorrhoea. What made me to believe that it is gonorrhoea was the fact that my private part started itching me some days after the intercourse. Dear Counsellor, please tell me what to do about it. Also, I want you to advise me whether to leave him after the cure.

A CMC says:
Try to visit a medical doctor to prescribe a drug for you immediately. Ensure you don't go to bed with any blood on your clothes. Take your own medicine as directed. It is better to have a cure than to have a disease. I would advise you to go back to him. He contacted the disease by being unfaithful to you. I am sure if it was you that gave him the disease, he wouldn't take it from you.

"Why I've to quit"

I've received a couple of letters from readers, telling me about how they successfully prevented certain marriages from breaking up. I find some of these letters quite educative and beginning from this week, I'm going to publish a few of them. I'm sure you will learn a great lesson from the incidents recounted here — Marriage Counsellor.

THE setting was serene... as if nothing had happened. She sat on a cushion directly opposite the divider, going through the day's dailies.

Only yesterday, my friend, Sam, rushed into my office, not allowing my secretary to give me the traditional pre-knowledge of whoever has come to see me. "My life is breaking away. My matrimonial home is going awonder. Can you believe it. Rita is divorcing me!"

I looked at him in the face and knew instantly that his face was truly on fire. "Why did she take that decision?" I asked him, still wondering why a woman can divorce her husband with whom she has three healthy children.

"She caught me, she caught me with Solo, our neighbour! Please do whatever you can to save my marriage." I was beginning to pity him, not for his infidelity but for his present state of mind. There was a man who is blessed with what every male creature should crave for in a wife. Rita is of genial character and beautiful. Immediately you pay them a visit, you notice that here is a woman, well brought up. Apart from being good to outsiders, Sam

confirmed that she is a faithful wife.

"Where is she now?" I asked, calming him down after knowing that she has not gone to the registry to institute a divorce case.

"She is in the house but she has sent the children away from the house to an unknown place," he replied with the speed of thunder.

"The situation is not as problematic as you've taken it," I told him, while at the same time pressing the other same to summon my secretary to inform him that I was going out with Sam.

On my way to his house, he told me how Rita got word of his relationship with Solo and how he was caught.

"I came home for lunch as I usually do, served myself and as I was going back to the office, I met Solo who had gone to a nearby shop for provisions. She demanded for money, a trait which I've warned her to stop doing. As I was not holding much, I returned to the house with the intent to collect money..."

"So, what happened?" I cut him short.

"No, let me give you the full details before we get home."

I allowed him to have his way.

"As I opened the door leading to the sitting-room with Solo behind me, there I met Rita who had entered through the back door. Initially, I was dumbfounded but before I came back to my senses, she pounced on Solo and beat the hell out of her."

"Before I could separate them, a scene had been created and other neighbours gathered. My wife couldn't withstand the ugly scene and she started crying."

"In summary, I haven't been myself since then," he concluded.

I managed to calm him down with words like: "since you were not caught doing anything immoral with her, the problem isn't enormous" till we arrived at his house.

True to his words, Rita, who seemed to have lost a pound from her weight within a space of 36 hours, was as confident on her as ever. The pity snag I noticed was that she didn't put on her make-up, which must have been occasioned by her present travail.

"I just have to leave him to continue his shameless acts," Rita bellowed, not reciprocating the calmness with which I made my approach.

"Can you believe that the good-for-nothing man was caught with a class 5 girl... a girl barely 2 years older than her first daughter?"

All this while, Sam buried his face in a copy of *CLIMAX* magazine I brought to show Rita how a similar liaison was settled.

"If I had not come back home, he would have brought the skinny girl into our bedroom! Who knows whether he had done that before?" she asked nobody in particular.

"Madam," I started without looking at her face, "I've spoken with Sam at length over the implications of having amorous acts outside the matrimonial home and he has since known the gravity of the offence and has accordingly asked for forgiveness."

"What after?" he asked more was the children you

With all my love

Kindly make a birthday card available to my friend, Cecilia Olofinla, whose 21st birthday was November 19, 1989 — Adeniyi Kofu, O.D.S.W.C., Akure.
Please send a lovely card to my lover, R.I. Raji, whose birthday falls on December 23, 1989 — Funmilayo Taiwo, 13 Sobowale Street, Mushin.
Please help send a birthday card to my lover Nike Adepitan. Remembering her is a daily affair and not yearly.

Kindly send a congrats card to my lovely one, Ekarede Doyin, who has just got admission to the Owo Poly. I wish him success all through. — Olofin Yemi, Box 1150, Ondo.



sent away. This has not only affected his morale but his duties in the office. Please let's satiate this hero without allowing it to go beyond this writing." I beamed her.

She was not in the mood to forgive Sam yet, not when she hasn't got over the whole episode which she termed disgusting.

Find out the logic I used to win her over on this page next week.

Have you recently resolved your marital crisis? If you have, and would love to share it with *CLIMAX* readers, then send it to me addressing your envelope as follows:

MARRIAGE TROUBLE SHOOTER, c/o *CLIMAX* MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR, P.O. BOX 2576, IKOYI, LAGOS.

Yours Forever

My word for Axx is just that I love her just for what she is and nothing else — Contributed by Kelly P. XPF, 31-Fashi, Katsina State.

My love for Bolunsi cannot be expressed by mere words. Mention anything that I hate in her and I will prove you wrong. She is everything one can crave for in a lady: loyal, diligent, beautiful, honest, and above all bright and intelligent. She must be beautiful. As far as I'm concerned, she is the most beautiful girl in Nigeria — Contributed by Dada Abou, Odioluwa, Mushin.

CLIMAX

Page 13



A little to the left, a little to the right... Prof Nwosu, please save my TV

I SWEAR the man is funny. He has laughing eyes and always wears a smile, but I'm afraid his aggressive gesticulations will break my TV some day.

I mean, here's a very influential man, addressing the whole nation and talking like he's chatting with his alumni. His movements are so exaggerated that when he goes "a little to the right and a little to the left," moving exactly like a ship on the verge of wreckage, he becomes really exasperating. I think the professor's aides must lecture him on how to conduct himself when appearing on TV. For now he just looks like an overhearing jester. I wish the Prof. would keep the smile and kill the gesticulations!

The New Masquerade needs a change

It is a programme that has lasted the test of time despite inside squabbles.

I agree that people still sit glued to their TV sets when it's time for the sitcom, *New Masquerade*, but, believe me, I'm tired of the over-used scenes and over-laboured theme. The latest is for Nigerian programmes to pre-empt SAP. I can't for the world imagine why SAP must be forced down my throat everyday, even when I want to sit back and watch a musical. I think the government should be left to fight its battle while programmes like *The New Masquerade* should be left to fight societal ills, not necessarily SAP nor the new transition programme.

These days I cannot buy *The New Village Headmaster* for a kobo because it lost its taste by leaning too much on government campaigns. *The New Masquerade* mustn't allow this happen! For another, we need changes. So society is not static and therefore themes chosen by its script-writers must not be static. I fully enjoyed the episode where Madam Ovuaria got dragged and disgraced her husband in public.

But sadly, characters are too static. Of course, we all know that Gringory is stupid. Ganus thinks he is smart and Zebudaya is the protagonist of all that should be good in society. That is why the programme is becoming dull.

You don't have to change all these. All a script-writer needs do is to tease viewers. Make them see the intelligent side of Gringory, the stupid face of Ganus and another Zebudaya, like they did with Ovuaria, but he could still keep the story line going. At the end you still go back to the original characters... that's all that's needed to give some suspense.

Castings in *The New Masquerade* is superb, but the scripts are very weak.

Another musical extravaganza

SURPRISE '89



■ Majek Funmi ■ Mike Oso ■ Ala Anikulapo-Kuti

A GRAND musical concert tagged *SURPRISE 89* organised by Ade Adefeso Inc and Aquarius Communications Limited featuring international stars like Mariam Makeba, Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, Orlando Owoh, Shunji Ade, Orita Osadebe, Najek Fashek, Shina Peters, Fred Chidi, Mike Okri and some other artistes will hold at the Lekki Beach on Sunday, December 24, 1988.

The sponsor of the concert, Mr. Ade Adefeso, says the concert will provide a forum of entertainment for the less privileged and to raise funds to build a youth centre in Lagos. "Everything about the concert is supposed to go to charity," he said.

Arrangements have also been made according to the chief executive of Aquarius Communications Limited to transport

children from the Motherless Babies Homes, the disabled and crippled children's homes to watch the concert. Homes like the Paelli School for the Blind with bands will perform live at the occasion.

In answer to a question, Mr. Adefeso made it clear that *Surprise 89* was in no way trying to compete with the Lekki Songplash.

"As I said before, this concert will be different. The proceeds will go to charity and we will be having at least one foreign artiste to perform every year. "The concert will also have a fashion show featuring Maufelki, Freaky Designs on the beach.

"I'm convinced that *Surprise 89* will be a musical genius aimed at international acceptance," concluded Mr. Ade Adefeso.

WIN AN ALBUM FOR YOURSELF THIS XMAS



*Chris Mba *Evi Edna *Chris Hanen

WHAT TO DO:

Answer the following questions correctly on a piece of paper, cut out the coupon. Fill in your names and address and send to: WIN AN ALBUM CONTEST SHOWSPASH, Climax Magazine, P.O. Box 51404, Ikoyi, Lagos.

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of music does Chris Mba play?
 2. When was Chris Hanen's first album released and under what label?
 3. How many covers did Evi Edna's second album sell?
- Every correct entry wins an album. Closing date is December 11, 1989. Winners' names will be published in our Christmas special edition.

SHOWSPASH

ALMOST forgotten Sparks, Moses Felix — both 21), the two-brother duo first sparked in 1988 are making their first comeback after falling out more so many times in the process.

"We've been kind of recharging," told *Showspash*. "Re-organising our prepared for a new kind of Sparks because our last album wasn't exactly what a thought it would be."

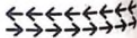
Felix thinks their first album was because of problems they had with a recording company, Polygram. "They didn't take us seriously, but they were looking at us as artists to be now with the arrival of a new boss, Dr. Steenberg, things have changed here on a different plane."

Whatever flame of Sparks?

During the short period they were in limelight, they're sort of run through the mill.

"We're playing more danceable, steady beats and concentrating on quality music," Felix adds.

Moses joins: "We're going back to our kind of music is Calypso. We were enthusiastic to talk about this album which Moses says will be in the market when Polygram's new boss, Dr. Steenberg, implements his decision to releasing singles in Nigeria.



QUOTE ME

"I think its ultra important any all round entertainer to be one really good classic film behind him. If you can do that's times like Sinatra well, that's it. But my finest work is in the movie *...sports Life*, and if I'm nothing else, I'll let that stand! record without a shadow of a Sammy Davis Jr. in Hollywood a suit case.

Segun Odegbami's

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Love in Freetown

"SABANA '79" was on the band stand. As the band doted out number after number of delightful soulful songs, the large appreciative audience gave continuously rousing applause.

The soft evening breeze, blowing ever so gently from across the Atlantic Ocean carried her voice to every appreciative ear in the vicinity of this beach-side hotel in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

True, the band played really good music, but the heart of it all was her voice — sonorous, enrapturous, caressing, heart touching, and soothing.

Her voice reached a spot in my heart that only great music could. It made me melancholic. It made everything around look tumultuous and rowdy.

And she stood in the

spotlight with the rest of the band blacked out. She looked surreal, like a goddess!

She was very tall. With her high heeled shoes barely visible below the long black and white tight fitting evening gown that she wore, she carried the aura and power of a true nymph!

Her presence and her voice were oval power. Like magnets, they pulled at my heart and mind. She was just irresistible! It seemed every word she uttered was meant for me.

It appeared our eyes locked in the semi-darkness. But it was not so. Everyone else felt the way I did. She was majestic!

I lost my head! As she concluded a lovely ballad, and bowed to the audience in response to the deafening

applause, I found myself in front of her, irresistibly drawn to the platform by a force I had absolutely no control over.

As she lifted her head, she saw me standing transfixed before her. I was thoroughly lost. A gentle smile appeared across her delicate lips as the floodlights came on. The lights jolted me back to life. I was confused, embarrassed and yet enjoying the strong force that enveloped the two of us as we stood toe to toe, face to face, looking deep into each other's eyes.

Instinct rather than common sense made me dip my hand into my coat pocket. I brought out some Leones and gently pasted them on her forehead (Nigerian style). Unused to such gratification, she looked left and right, seeking some form of explanation and intervention. None came. It was just her and me. When the notes in my hand were exhausted, I walked out of the place, more out of embarrassment than bravado. I left the platform, walked past several sitting paying guests, into an inner lounge where the bar was situated.

I could feel every eye almost drill through me. I had done a most unusual thing of these parts and naturally everyone was curious except for a few

of my colleagues who looked on unperturbed.

I ordered a drink which I gulped down to calm my jarring chest and nerves. Phew — that was scary! I couldn't believe it. How, what made me get up without knowing it? I ordered another drink.

I left a genetic tap on my shoulder. It was so slight I almost didn't notice. I turned. It was incredible! I must be dreaming, I told myself. She was standing there! Her features were now better accentuated. Thin lips, begging to be kissed. Large eyeballs like searchlights in the night, and the most incredible cheeks I have ever seen — like ripe oranges! She wasn't beautiful. Not in the sense of a Marilyn Monroe or a Bianca Onoh. Oh no. She had a degree of beauty that was drowned by the sheer elasticity of attraction that oozed out of everything about her.

She was the most attractive creature I have ever met, mated in her presence!

"Thank you very much for what you did out there," her voice was sheer music.

"It was my pleasure. But that was also the most enchanting singing I have ever heard. Thanks for giving me the treat." I was at my gallant best.

I hope I'll get to meet

you sometime. I can be in trouble for ever coming here, but I like to just thank you. I was attracted with her compelling hunger for reciprocal affection.

"My name is Segun," I'm Uche," she smiled. She surprised me on my face. "I'm a Nigerian to have loved her like this. I'll call you tomorrow and we'll talk. You're staying here, I guess?"

"Yes, yes," I answered. "But how can...?" She was gone in a flash!

I had expected her to call me again. Even that I didn't sleep a wink! Thoughts of her completely filled my head and was overflowing.

At about 6:30 a.m. when the telephone on the thought that it will ever be her was further from my mind, I expected that to be the 6th morning call to be ready to go to the airport. But was I phantasm? It was! "It was Segun!"

My heart beats a great salute to a national treasure!

"Thank you for the honour you gave me last night, I haven't been able to get over the thoughts of it and I'm not actually here. I was a dream. I had better wake up. I pinched myself! The

Continued on page 20

Ex-Local Govt Chairman turns multi-millionaire farmer

If you think this is just another run-of-the-mill story, tarry awhile... This is a story of a man destined to go back to the roots, no matter what his successes are in other spheres of life.

Dr. Ademole Babajide is a man. He used to be Chairman of the Ijebu-Igbo North local government council until council Chairman were removed by the Federal Government.

Instead of crying wolf or running around joining parties, he quickly dusted his khaki shorts and went straight into farming.

Dr. Babajide, 45, is an accomplished technocrat in many respects. He is an engineer, an administrator and now a big time farmer — his dream, AGRALIND FARMS LTD., attest to this fact. The Dr. explains with pride how he started farming.

"I started straight as an agro-farm firm complex. This complex comprised of poultry, livestock and husbandry and oil mill projects among others," he said, throwing in one or two jokes in-between, without losing track of the point he was making.

"AGRALIND LTD. was conceived in 1982 at agro-agricultural, agro-industrial and farm —

The little I've learnt about politics is enough for me

mainly indigenous agricultural produce, for the use of other farm industries and for the essential service of man."

Climax crew visited the farm at Ijebu-Igbo, and noticed the diversity with which the whole complex was set up.

There are a 5-tonne per hour industrial livestock feed plant, integrated with a 412-tonne capacity grain silo, a 10,240 layers poultry unit equipped with

automatic system egg collection and manure removal and 1,000 per hour fresh palm oil fruit bunches stock extraction plant.

According to Dr. Babajide, "the production facilities are housed in a modern multi-purpose 24m x 35m grain mill, a 72m x 13m modern poultry house for layers management and a 35m x 15m oil mill.

"The products from these units include the vital brands of livestock



Dr. Ademole Babajide

feeds, the Shadia brand stabilized prime-batchable palm oil, table eggs and poultry meat."

Considering the large capacity of production on the farm, Climax asked what he plans with the livestock feeds production.

In his usual baritone voice, he said, "The whole effort is geared to provide specialised services to the poultry farmers in respect of their feeds to suit the growth plan of their livestock."

As must be expected, however, the permanent, unalterable vision of 'stare of

the company is to seek to make profit in business operation within the specialised sector of the economy by the efficient allocation of its resources, capital, manpower, technology, management skill and other corporate assets.

Dr. Ademole Babajide, who held the Ijebu Igbo, was trained as a chemical engineer, both in the United States of America and Canada. Since he returned home, he had served in various high human endeavour... first as a Chemical Engineer at the Federal Institute of Industry and later as an Industrial Analyst to the then Military Government of Western State, before becoming a Director of Odu Industrial Corporation.

His romance with politics was not so sturdy. He was once yielded to pressure from some of his colleagues who believe I can still perform should I go into politics. He hadn't much interest in politics and he was not actually here. I was a dream. I had better wake up. I pinched myself! The

What then would be his next move? Third Republic, Climax suggested. "Count me out of politics for now," he said.

"I can only join any party on a conviction," he asserts fervently and was reminded that his people are not put pressure on him into voting.

By Eric Dale Ikhara
Ben Ayo Fajana

Another Xmas Special Offer

Win N500 cash in our FREE-TO-ENTER

PRIZE DRAW

Plus a night out with celebrity of your choice



Onyeka Onwenu was CLIMAX Reader's choice of celebrity in the last contest... who takes over?

Win a fantastic prize of N500 plus a celebrity of your choice from your great family magazine CLIMAX, in your FREE-TO-ENTER Competition.

All you need do is save 12 MASTHEADS (that's CLIMAX logo reading from the top of the front page) along with your name, house address (no P.O. Boxes, please!) and telephone number (if any) plus your first, second and third choice of celebrities who you'd like to meet and celebrate with.

CLIMAX PENPALS AND READERS CLUB members are going to be entered automatically without sending the MASTHEADS (please note that you can still join the exclusive club by requesting for details).

So buy at least 3 copies of CLIMAX every Wednesday, cut out the masthead, save it, and when you have 12 (not more than three each of any edition between this edition and that of December 5 1989), send them along with your entry to CLIMAX MAGAZINE CELEBRITY COMPETITION, P.O. BOX 91464, Lagos, Lagos.

Copies of your entry by hand at our office, Plot 3, Akinyele Street, Okota, Isolo, Lagos, or through any courier service to beat the deadline is accepted.

The competition closes on December 12 1989. The winners will be the first two entries drawn out of the lucky dip box on Wednesday, December 13 1989. The winners names will be published in CLIMAX on Wednesday, December 20 1989, while the date of the night out with the celebrity will be announced in the same edition.

Don't miss this exciting opportunity to meet the celebrity of your choice and share a night with him or her at NightShift nightclub in Lagos please buy CLIMAX every week and you can be a winner!

CLIMAX - WE PUT YOU FIRST!

NEXT WEEK...

SATIN SHEEN GIRL

Day I almost cried because of my speech deficiency

NDUKA UGBADE'S SHOCKING REVELATION

How I counted my last hours on earth after the Danman Miracle

RED HOT ROMANCE

Omasan Buwa hitting it out with Fela's son

New Trends
Producer to marry Danladi Bako's sister



Also read about the Alfa who uses Quran to get single women husbands

PIKOLO

The exciting and romantic escapades of a super stud



"Oh Pikolo... why don't you leave me for once..." Christy pleads frantically, struggling to break free from my arms. Then she speaks, rather painfully, sends chills through my body. I feel like a school boy who gets admonished for an innocent joke. I hold back, saying, "Okay Christy! You win..."

"Good boy! Let's have lunch first and then we can relax all through the rest of the day..."

"Okay sweet heart. Now be off to the kitchen. I am hungry..." She looks at me from the corner of her eyes as though saying, "How could you be hungry when you have just been trying to seduce me..."

Christy bustles off, and I sit back, looking blank. Then I begin to just experience a wave of indescribable bliss and joy. It is as if I have just hit a jackpot. I cannot say for sure what is making me so happy. I can only guess it has to do with Christy's presence. Remember how you felt when you had your first girl friend? Yes. Perhaps it is not a bad idea after all to keep a woman under the same roof. It is exciting to have her cook for you - to have her smile and pimp to you for the asking.

For a girl like Christy the world stands still when she smiles. This temple called body becomes a slave to the passion of loving her. You don't really blame me for pouncing on her just now. No, I am not the dog that you think. That is the last thing I want to be. Sex, I love it as Maradona loves football. I am a very active person. That may be a fault in the eyes of you weaklings of men who barely succeed in giving a woman a three rounder. I do know what I want. So keep that moralizing bit to yourself. Who does not know that you are just a hypocrite. Married. We know.

Now will you try to convince me that what you do every night is no sin? Long ago you made a point of prying your nose into my affairs. Oh yes Pikolo, he goes lying lousy women... That's fornication. Which is not acceptable to God. Your regular nocturnal carnal exploits are acceptable aren't they? That I suppose is the reason you now go about trying to justify your habit of making babies every year through your poor wife. God save her soul! Any way, it does not bother me what becomes of her. Only you must stop making me the subject of your discussion. I have only one life to live. Okay?

I shut my eyes, singing mentally a lullaby in a bid to take my mind off the thought of your narrow-mindedness. But this only touches off in the recesses of my soul a feeling of intense joy. It is as if I am riding in the mid air. Now for all I care... hold Christy and look into her face. I get up and walk to the kitchen as quietly as I can. She is putting the rice into a pot. Any moment she will turn around and possibly be frightened. I wish I can control myself. There is a faint smile on her face. Only God knows what is making her smile so. Can she really be thinking of me? What does she really think I am?

She gives a light scream, turning around. "Oh dear will you stop stalking me for once!" Christy says with mock seriousness.

"I wish I can, sweet heart..."

"So what are you up to this time?"

"Seriously, nothing mischievous. I only want to be with you..."

"Really? I never knew you to be so love-drunk..." she laughs heartily and I slip my hands about her waist.

OGBUFEI, MAY I KNOW WHAT YOU DID BEFORE YOU WERE GIVEN THIS CHIEFTAINCY TITLE?

I SUCCESSFULLY FED MY 5 WIVES AND 32 CHILDREN!



CLIMAX TRUE ROMANCE

By Chim Newton Oloro



His smiles were ecstatic and Mareeta felt this maddening desire to throw herself upon him.

*Mareeta,
Why worry when there is a
shield in my bosom? (4)*

STORY SO FAR

Mareeta has not found happiness in marriage. But she is determined to live with her man. Will it be forever?

Paulina has just telephoned to say she wishes to discuss something with me. Just to let you know that I might not come back tonight..."

"Okay," Mareeta says insipidly. "Oh come on, try to understand..." he says patting her warmly on the shoulders. She looks at him with a bit of surprise. She can see his warmth is simulated. But why can he not be sincere for once?

is he going to ask her another favour? Oh, is it the cheque? Why will he spend the night at his sister's anyway? There are times she thinks that divorce exerts so much influence upon him. Mareeta has never really liked Paulina. She appears to smile too radiantly to be natural. Mareeta is sure that beneath that radiant, I-am-a-noble-woman smile, lies a dangerous intention.

"I understand, Abany. You can please yourself. Bye!"

"Thanks for your understanding. Will you be leaving very early tomorrow?"

"I'll leave at about 9 a.m., hopefully..."

"Would you be so good to get the cheque ready then?"

"I will keep it in your study. Would that be okay?"

"Yes, Mareeta. Thanks," he says, picking his way out, just as sleek as he came.

Abany! What kind of a man is he? A man who will abandon his wife to the cold of the night just to be with another woman - his sister! who does not need his presence. It is unbecoming of him these days to bolt away in the name of discussing some family matter with his divorcee-sister...

Mareeta wakes up at the morning takes a definite form in the misty twilight. A cold breeze is blowing. She rolls over in the double bed and feels briefly the pain of a woman whose husband has been snatched away by the cruel hands of fate. She gets out of bed and walks to the sitting room and throws herself upon a sofa. Now she is feeling a bit out of sorts. The morning is so cold she can feel it in her bones. She decides to take the day off. The maid enters the sitting and bows her a curtsey.

"Did you have a nice rest, Kate?"

"Yes, ma'am. Thanks..."

"Now make some hot tea for me..."

In a short while Kate brings the tea, and Mareeta sips, feeling better with each additional sip.

"Auntie Exim! God bless her soul..." she murmurs under her breath, remembering Exim's words of wisdom, "Mareeta, always remember this: have nothing to do with a man once you know he has got to you because he hopes to make some gains off you: Such a person is more dangerous than a viper. He will abandon you when the going becomes tough..."

The poor woman had spoken these words exactly a month before she died of cardiac arrest. It appeared she knew death would come suddenly, having had this history of hypertension. Though Mareeta knew her aunt loved, her so much, she least expected Exim would leave her everything - her houses and

companies which ran into several millions. The news of her fortunes had come to Mareeta almost as shocking as her auntie's death.

Something crosses her mind suddenly. Yes, Abany. Why did he come along? Did he come as every opportunist does? Sleek and determined? Did he know she was going to be left fortunes? Perhaps yes. She had marked her twenty fourth birthday — by the grace of aunt Ezim — in a grand way. Paulina had been invited by Rosa, a friend of Mareeta's and she, Paulina, had come with her cousin Abany. He stood out distinct in the crowd. His smiles were exulting and Mareeta felt this maddening desire to throw herself upon him. But quite easily she restrained herself and did not in any noticeable way express her feelings. Only after dancing with her once he had said he wanted to take a walk and asked Mareeta to accompany him. She did.

Abany came along ... Why? Did he know her much more than she had thought? At least like a good whemer he is never so excited. You can call him a master disguiser.

Yes, Aunt Ezim never really liked Abany. Not that she ever told Mareeta so, but the way she avoided contacts with him or any subject that had to do with him, she could guess aunt Ezim did not approve of him. She never really approved of any man, because to her all men were the same — treacherous. Now Mareeta thinks her aunt was only being protective as she was her only hope.

"Bless her soul! If only she were alive, she might find answer to my plight..." she gasps, closing her eyes. And adds after a deep pause, "I guess I shall have to live to the best of my ability with this nightmare. Perhaps happiness has not eluded me altogether..."

Sleep sweeps her off again. She wakes-up two hours later feeling much better. Abany has not returned. Did he really go to Paulina's? Is he seeing another woman? This thought makes her unhappy, keeping a secret affair is the least thing he can do now.

There is a knock at the door. She answers and Diana her personal

assistant says, "Good morning, dear Diana. How are you?"

"Fine, thank you. Looks like your sin's going to work today..."

"Yes, Diana, I am feeling a bit out of sorts. I was just going to put a call to you when you walked in..."

"Is that? Well, madam, shortly after you left yesterday Crown Express brought this letter marked private..."

Mareeta takes the letter from her with thanks and studies it for a while, but she is unable to make out the sender. She opens it. Diana announces her departure.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHINO DIBAS

I have tried these past twenty months or so to learn to live without you. But it has proved an impossible thing to do. Night after night I stay awake thinking of you. How you've made a nightmare of my world!

"Okay, Diana. See that every thing goes well."

"I will. Bye."

Diana leaves and she reads the letter:

Dear Mareeta,

I have tried these past twenty months or so to learn to live without you. But it has proved an impossible thing to do. Night after night I stay awake thinking of you. How you've made a nightmare of my world!

How can I think of you as belonging to another man when my heart took possession of you long before the intruder came along?

Mareeta, would you be so good to let me look into your face again? That should help put down the storm that has been ravaging my soul!

Write soon

Chuky.

for the everlasting love of you.

"Oh Chuky!" she exclaims bitterly. It is not an irony of life that while

she pitched tent with an unresponsive fellow someone is dying just to see her face again? She begins to quiver with pain as she thinks herself wretched. Then gradually the pain eases and she smiles. It is not altogether hopeless, at least there is someone out there who still cares in spite of her bonds.

"I treated Chuky most unfairly. But instead of seeking vengeance, he continues to show his undying love..."

Mareeta had raised his hopes only to dash them in a few days when she decided to give her heart to the obscure fellow who came along. How it wounded Chuky and made him want to knock his head against a rock. He almost fell to the temptation of seeking for vengeance. The desire to kill her came from time to time. But eventually, he decided to forget her. However after twenty months he had not been able

to efface her from his heart of hearts.

"Chuky! I must comfort him. I wronged him. I shall see him and make him realize we are still the best of friends..." Mareeta murmurs to herself and walks to her study. She picks a pen and paper, and writes a reply to the letter. A short one.

Chuky,

I am willing to see you again. But not in my home for obvious reasons. So write to any where and when I should meet you.

Mareeta.

NEXT WEEK

Mareeta gets out of the turmoil of her home to a recreation park to meet Chuky, a sworn lover whom she wronged for Abany's sake.

SUCCESS UNLIMITED

PAUSE & THINK

DON'T GO THROUGH LIFE BLINDLY... READ THIS PAGE EVERY WEEK AND PROSPER BEYOND YOUR DREAMS

BY STICK-TO-IT- ' BIODUN

Thoughtfulness will teach you how to reprimand or correct people without hurting them; for rest assured only if you have not hurt them will you have achieved anything.

-Robert J. Lusiden

Going the extra mile

Hi, you! Get hold of this pack! And look sharp about it! The tanned legionary slipped his heavy gear from powerful shoulders and hailed the passing civilian whose gaze seemed intent upon the horizon.

Such an incident must have taken place often in the subject territories of Ancient Rome. You refused to carry the pack—a thousand paces on pain of severe punishment. At the end of that distance, most victims dumped it down with a curse. If they could continue to land it on the soldier's pet corn, they did!

Jesus of Nazareth, in an attempt to introduce a better spirit into human relationships, told his disciples to shock the tough infantrymen. Their packs were to be carried *en extra mile* (Matthew's Gospel, Chapter 5, verse 41).

The spirit of the extra mile is one well worth cultivating. It is one of the secrets of happiness, therefore successful living, for what life can be called successful if it is not happy?

Here show it works in the sphere of duty. A harassed mother with shopping bag, toddler and pushchair is struggling to board a bus. The conductor is not paid to jump on to the pavement and help her, but he does it. The mother is grateful, the conductor feels good. The monotony and drabness of his day have been transformed by one little act. For a moment he was a knight in shining armour, thoughtful, patient, tender. The extra mile ennobles all who walk it.

The teacher is not paid to give extra tuition to the slow pupil, he isn't paid to pro-

duce a play after school hours, or take a party to Spain, but he does these things and it makes him twice the man. It invests his life with greater significance, improves relationships with his pupils, and makes him feel he wouldn't change his job for all the world. There is no life which cannot be immeasurably enriched by this spirit. Now about giving yourself a daily injection?

THE EXTRA MILE OF SERVICE

All duty is transformed if you regard it as service to the community. But think now of voluntary work in your leisure time.

Millions have never entertained the idea. They are entirely enslaved by self. They think only of the own comfort and enjoyment. They

have never heard that "It is a happier thing to serve than be served."

You don't have to engage in this kind of service. You could refuse and still be a respectable citizen; it is, indeed, the extra mile. Yet thousands testify that every pace of that mile brings rich dividends. Like the quality of mercy, it is twice blessed.

Besides the gratifying knowledge that you have helped others, service widens horizons. It frees from the domination of self. Petty aches, troubles and desires are forgotten when you grapple with another's problems. Service makes you a bigger person—more understanding, more sympathetic and much happier. In other words it makes you more successful in the art of living.

THE EXTRA MILE OF THOUGHTFULNESS

Every day thousands suffer and weep because people are thoughtless. If you would live truly successfully, you must often walk this extra mile.

It will cost you time and trouble, even expense. But it will invest your personality with a golden aura and you'll stand head and shoulders above the thoughtless mob.

This thoughtfulness will take myriad forms. It may mean dropping a word of appreciation to a shop assistant who has been helpful or sending a few flowers to a lonely spinster in haste or dropping a Christmas card to a pensioner living in the room. It may lead you to pin the window-cleaner's cup of tea or cheer the milkman with a word of sympathy as he plods through the slush with your milk.

Captain Falcon Scott was the extra mile when, among his last documents when numb-fingers as he waited for death, he penned a note to the wife of his colleague Dr. Wilson, telling of her husband's heroism.

Thoughtfulness will teach you how to reprimand or correct people without hurting them; for rest assured only if you have not hurt them will you have achieved anything.

Taken from 23 Steps to Success and Achievement.

WINNERS NEVER QUIT; QUITTERS NEVER WIN

LUCKY DISU TWINS BORN ON MOUNT ARAFAT DAY

I dumped my job for my babies born two weeks to day of delivery



■ Lucky twins (above) right, blessed Disu family

EX-INTERNATIONAL soccer star, Tajui Disu, now in the United States of America, became the proud father of twin boys in far away America about five months ago. And ever since, he has not hidden his joy.

In a telephone conversation from his Huntsville base, Tajui, the younger brother of the popular national U-21 football coach, Tunde Disu, said: "I don't know how to express my happiness to God. He has really blessed me. It is a wonderful experience having a set of twins and, come to think of it, they're boys!

"It is not common here in America for couples to have twins. Whenever I go out to the department stores with my wife and the twins, passers-by, who are curious, continue to ask us: 'Oh twins? What? Boys or girls?' Of course, they're boys and we say so to them."

This is not the first time Tajui and his

beautiful wife, Yinka, would be blessed with kids. They had two children (a girl and a boy) before the arrival of the twins named Ismail Babatunde Tawo Akande and Ibrahim Babatunde Kehinde Akanbi.

Tajui said the twins were born two weeks ahead of expected time and, on that day, Muslims who had converged in Nigeria for their annual pilgrimage were climbing Mount Arafat.

"It was like a miracle," Tajui says excitedly on the phone, "and that was why we call the twins Ismail and Ibrahim. They're just like angels and a blessing because nobody expected them at the time my wife put to bed."

It was now the turn of Yinka to talk about her new experience. "I'm happy and thank God for giving me the twins but it is quite a different experience from when I had my first two children. Both Ismail and Ibrahim make me miss home in a way. I know the kind of traditional support that would have come our way if I had both babies in Nigeria.

"However, I have an understanding and caring husband. He gives me all the necessary support from time to time. I've since stopped work because of the twins. I need all the time in the world to cater for their needs. Although it hasn't been easy, I thank God for everything so far."

Tajui is still making football waves in America. At the moment, he is the skipper of Alabama A & M University football team where he is an Agric major.

Although he has received several job offers, he has not made up his mind yet about the offers.

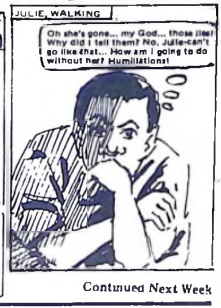
The coach of the University star, Salah Youssif, believes Tajui is a pro miscalculation any day. "I have a feeling he will be drafted by a team in the U.S. this year," he said in an interview published in an American daily.

By Sunday Oracle

A TANGO FOR LOVE

The Comrades (11)

AUTHOR:
C. N. OKPOR
ARTIST:
C. ORASI



Continued Next Week

FADEYI OLORO

Day I was stoned and stripped naked on the street because of my screen character

I've now started putting on dark sunshades just to hide my identity. Those children out there take me for a devil and all they do is throw stones at me

OJO Arowosaye is the man who played the role of "Fadeyi Oloro" in the popular Yoruba series *Yonponyanrin* aired on NTA channel 7.

The action-packed drama that ran for 13 weeks not only won the hearts of many who watched channel 7, but also brought the major character — Oloro into limelight. He got more recognition with 13 weeks than he ever dreamt of since he joined the Jimoh Aliu Theatre Group ten years back to begin his acting career. Fadeyi Oloro has now become a household name to all.

Ojo talks about the character many hated, but loved to see. "Ever since I started playing the role 'Oloro' since 1987 (with the *Arehu* series first aired on BCOS-TV), my friends have stopped calling me by my real name. Even when people get to see me on the street, the name 'Oloro' comes out fast. 'Oloro' in Yoruba means someone who has a poisonous sting."

■ On screen as evil Fadeyi Oloro and far right, is Ojo Arowosaye, his real self



Ojo talks on the price he's been paying for his screen role. "I've been stoned many times and my dress torn to shreds by people," Ojo says. "There was a day a man spotted me along Mushin area of Lagos, when our troupe came for a show in Lagos.

"The man looked at me straight in the eye and whispered to the fellow right beside him. The whole episode turned into an argument and before I knew it, a crowd, on identifying me, started pulling me to be sure they had seen the real 'Oloro.' My clothes were torn and for the first time I felt very ashamed because I was naked."

With children, Ojo has another problem facing him, for these children's understanding of Fadeyi is that of one who is as wicked as a devil.

"I've now started putting on very dark sunshades just to hide my identity. Those children out there take me for a devil and all they do is throw stones at me.

"I'm a very cool fellow, while Fadeyi is as wicked as the devil."

But in spite of this difference, this

A chief in Lagos wrote and promised me the sum of one thousand naira if he could just see me. I should have gone but the crowd would have torn me to pieces

30-year-old man who appears twice his age on screen, couldn't help talking about how Oloro has affected his real person.

"People have the feeling that I'm as wicked as Oloro they see on screen. The good side of it is people writing in, asking me to show my face for a fabulous amount."

Citing an instance, Oloro says, "a Chief in Lagos (name withheld) wrote and promised me a sum of N1,000 if he could just see me. I should have gone if not for the crowd that'll tear me to pieces if they ever set their eyes on me."

To Ojo, his talent is inborn. This he discovered early enough during his days as an engineering student at Katsina state when the Jimoh Aliu Theatre Group went on a tour in State. There, this talented man saw the performance of the former Fadeyi as not so thrilling. Thus, Ojo later had to forgo his studies to join the troupe.

Like a dream come true, Ojo took on his well-accepted role. "It took one year to come out like this to be known. Since '78, I've been engaging myself in acting some parts, but I would have had it the former Fadeyi decided to quit, and I was called upon to take over."



One machine can do the work of 50 ordinary men. No machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.

Elbert Hubbard

By Doyin Law

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

Patience Roberts is the person I want *Climax* to link me up with. I wrote her last in 1987, reason being that the new address she gave me was misplaced. Could you supply me with your new address please? I will be expecting to hear from you, either through *Climax* or by writing to me. — *Gabriel Osamoh, 8A Nkoro Road, Port-Harcourt.*

I am imploring your lively magazine to help me seek the whereabouts of my bosom friend, Ishaq Mohammed, a native of Dambata, Kano. We lost contact when I travelled abroad for further studies. Thank you. — *Sulaiman Yusuf, Ahmadu Bello Way, Bauchi.*

Ibrahim Zantoli who used to be a very close confidant of mine is the person I want you to link me up with. He was working with Club Beer, Alomaja, Ibadan, and I wouldn't know if he still works there. — *Murtala Wale Idowu, SW6/48, Afanta, Ibadan.*

Can *Climax* help me locate Tunde Fasansi? He is a native of Owo Ijebu and we parted ways at Molusi College, Ijebu Igbu, in 1983 after my 'A' level exams. I will so much appreciate your help to form contact with him again. — *Bola Aladela, 10A, Adesanya Street, College, Ifako, Lagos.*

Where is Roselyn Orily, my colleague at Alsam Nigeria Limited, Oke Ado, Ibadan? I have tried to contact her since I resigned from the company in 1987. Wherever she is, she should get in touch. — *Steve Agbermehr, 4B, Akintola Road, Ekotedo, Ibadan.*

Iyabo Akeredolu of Olososoko Compound, Ibadan, where is she? Have you left the place? Kindly let me know because I have been wanting to renew contacts with you again. Thank you. — *Ade Adegboye, Care P. Olanmisi, FCMB, Box 9117, Lagos.*

Would you like to link up with someone with whom you've lost contact? Write to **WHERE ARE YOU NOW?** Column J.P. O. Box F1404, Ikoji, Lagos.

CARRY ON, RUFUS

I wish to recommend Mr. Rufus Ohiweme Isaac, a native of Okpokumai in Owan local government area of Bendal State for your *CARRY ON* Column.

He has been of tremendous help to his community and beyond. He has helped in the development and growth of sports and public relations in Bendal State and Nigeria as a whole.

He is the Public Relations Manager of Guinness Nigeria Limited, Benin. He is also the chairman of Bendal Amateur Badminton Association, the national vice-president of NIPRA (Nigeria Institute of Public Relations) and a member of the board of directors of IPRA (Inter-



national Public Relations Association.

With these numerous services to the society, I want you to write him a *CARRY ON* letter. *Oashe Oluymuyia I, P.O. Box 360 Benin City.*

YOUR WORD

THE NATION'S LIVELIEST LETTERS ARE IN CLIMAX

I wish to use your widely circulated magazine *Climax* to defend the silent majority who may have been offended by a write-up in the issue of 24 August, 1989, by Mr. Omeife Walter Omeife, President, Anambra Youth Association. The said story was titled 'Osu Caste System — the Igboman does not need a second culture.' Mr. Omeife advocated the continued stay of Osu caste system, among many other putrid things about the Osu.

It is a shame that such write-up should come from a youth leader in this era of MAMSER when we are trying to rid society of all sorts of vices. All hands are currently on deck to eliminate apartheid in South Africa but my big brother is here advocating internal slavery in Igboland. Should a youth leader dwell on this? Mr. Traditionalist Omeife, is it proper to suffer for what your distant great-grandfather committed in 1720? Can you quantify the anguish of the Osu today?

Mr. Walter Omeife is supposed to be the leader of youths in Anambra State, but how can one equate or

reconcile his statements, puerile as they are, about the Osu, who, by the way, form part of Anambra youths, with his position?

I must let Omeife know that Osu is not the danger in town, there is the much dreaded AIDS. His dissociation from anybody who is Osu is understandable being a 'freeborn', the disease he is carrying, segregation, is contagious and will infect these honourable people he calls Osu. *Edeh Anderson Osiso, Enugu, Anambra State.*

Your reporter, Eric Dele Ekharria, must be one of the most hardworking reporters you have. I've been following his stories in *Climax*. But I found 'Nightclub Where Spirits Unwind!' almost unbelievable — so did a lot of my friends. Okay, so one can encounter a ghost in a club nowadays, but that Eric followed them to a cemetery in the most frightening hours of the night smacks of an impossibility. Or is Eric, who also writes your astrology column, that powerful? *Dele Okunshybi Lagos.*

SHOPPER'S GUIDE



J.A.O. NIG. LTD.
(FASHION DESIGNERS)

For the best fashion designs in town, visit J.A.O. Fashion House. We guarantee you the best at moderate charges.

We also enrol students into our fashion school. Hurry now! 7, Mutape Street, Off Olatuju Street, Mushin. **J.A. OJETOLA,** Director.

PISCAN INSTITUTE OF FASHION AND TEXTILE DESIGN
8 and 93, Allen Avenue, Ikeja.
Tel: 967833
ADMISSION! ADMISSION!! ADMISSION!!!

Registration is now on for a 2-year fashion course which begins January, 1990.

COURSES INCLUDE: Fashion History and Illustration, Pattern Drafting, Clothing Construction, Sewing, Textile Studies and Design, Creative and Management Studies and Modelling.

Also learn how to cut and sew in 6-9 months on full-time and part-time basis. Saturday classes also available. Enrollment fee: N20,000.

Joker





ARIES
March 21-April 20

Powerful figures may be hiding the fact from you. A creative financial arrangement may turn out to be profitable. The weekend may be filled with aggravation and disappointment as that date refuses to turn up for the outing you both planned for.



TAURUS
April 21-May 20

Stress threatens to overwhelm you. Make a strong shoulder. Be prepared to spend your last kobo hosting visitors over the weekend.



GEMINI
May 21-June 20

Rents of romance and fun help ease money woes but financial adjustment could be made. Check out all the facts if you've just met a new guy. He could be your best friend's man.



CANCER
June 21-July 20

Major obstacles will soon be overcome. You're in an argumentative mood because you are already out of pocket. Avoid quarrels.



LEO
July 21-August 21

You may have to deal with power struggle in the office. Some jealous foes are whispering behind you to your boss. Stamp your feet down and show them the stuff you are made of.

YOUR STAR THIS WEEK



By Eric Dele Ikharla

If possible, bar your friends' ing because they'd... and up you! spend and drink more than you!

PISCES
Feb. 19-Mar

Exercise caution in all your financial arrangements. You are duped of a large sum of money. Sunday wraps up a very intense end.

STAR LETTER

Dear Eric,
I'm 28 years old and a Virgin. My hubby is Arian. The problem is my husband is not giving me the attention especially when it comes keeping his matrimonial duties, you what I mean. And when he does, I feel satisfied. Eric, please look into crystal ball and tell me why this is. Thanks.
Name withheld, Behind Oshun St, Plateau State.

Dear Abdom,
Here it is, it should interest you know that you are behaving like a Virgin of the first degree. My 09 ball reveals that you can't have it in ways... your husband is trying his best to a Virgin like you, his best might be enough. Why not relax a little and him some time? His job might be a relief, look for a comfortable period both of you, then tell him your star though reveals that you will remain adamant on your stand. My telephone me on 01-574220 or we talk things over. Relax your mind.

THE THIRD EYE

The third eye says, hang on a second, you might be caught pants down if you do some private practice. Your spouse could hire a private investigator to tail you about, so be very careful.



VIRGO
August 22-Sept. 22

Money is going out at an alarming rate. Your social life proves to be expensive because you're trying to impress a new person in your life. Relatives from home are planning to visit you soon.



LIBRA
Sept. 23-October 22

Circle is high and temper runs rampant. Arguments with those in authority in your office could earn you an unimpressive letter. Be careful. Expect a weekend full of money crisis. Go out your way to have a good time, preferably with friends as this will do you some good.



SCORPIO
Oct. 23-Nov 22

ing on their pockets!



SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 20

You have bottled-up emotions, accepted conditions alien to your nature just because you want a favour done for you.



CAPRICORN
Dec. 21-Jan. 19

Those in authority may be obstinate, argumentative and unkind. This is a challenging time when career changes can finally free you from petty jealousies.



AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb 18

INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Continued from page 16

real I didn't know what to say last I spoil the magic of the moment. My heart was beating at a thousand miles per hour! The picture of her was permanently etched in the immediate vicinity of my heart as I listened to the most "melodious music" to come out of Sierra Leone - her voice!

She was actually doing the "toasting!" My oh my, perhaps she thought I was someone else. But I was in for more surprises!

"When I got home I told granny about you. My brothers know you, you know." My surprise gave way to shock.

"Ma?" I asked. "How come?"

"When I told them you were with the Nigerian team and that your name is Segun, come and see how they reacted. They could not believe me. They say I am lying. I didn't know you were such a big star!"

My head was so swollen, I thought it would burst!

"Thank you," for lack of anything else to say. "I'm not a star really, I am..." She wouldn't let me continue.

"Stop being modest. I knew it the moment I looked up and saw you, that there was something special about you!"

My head "exploded." I could take no more.

"Uche, please, you hardly know me and you are telling me all of this. Do you honestly want to tell me you feel this way now?"

Segun, you don't know what you've done to me. My spirit, my morale has never been this high. No one has appreciated me this much before and shown it so publicly and so honestly. I'll come to the airport to see you off if only to prove to you how true this is." That was the limit, as far as I was concerned.

Some two hours later, she walked into the departure lounge of the international airport in Freetown. My legs gave way!

Do you remember Cinderella? Yes, Cinderella of primary school books. Well, I do. Uche was a carbon copy of all what my imagination could make of Cinderella. She was stunning! She kept all heads permanently revolv-

ing on their sockets!

Our warm embrace was like a thousand volts of electricity short-circuiting! It was less than 24 hours since we met and our chemistry was blending like bread and butter!

Yinka Craig couldn't believe it. Philip Phis Phis thought it was a story from the Arabian nights. Little wonder he found his way back later to marry from Sierra Leone a "photocopy" of Uche!

The events of that day were to become a great story for the next four years as Uche and I mellowed in the gaudy of mutual attraction that knew no bounds.

Emmanuel Okala and Christian Okunwo were later to lead a congregation of "elders," with bottles of champagne and brandy to meet her family! Yes, it got so that!

Uche came to live in Nigeria later but at that time, I had fallen head-over-heels with the woman who, today, holds the key to the second half of my heart - my wife.

I hear she is somewhere in the United States, now engaged to a guy who is brother to a one-time Nigerian head of government. Uche was truly these magic. Or Moses, what do you think?

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SPORTS SOUVENIR

At only 29, Algerian Handball coach Soraya has made her mark



Ms. Moussaoui Soraya - Youngest Handball Coach during the 7th World Junior Ladies Handball Championships held in Bauchi.

HE'S beautiful, she's lovely, in fact she's an embodiment of real African beauty devoid of make-ups and other artificial beautification materials. The name of this African beauty is Miss Moussaoui Soraya (of Algeria). Speaking to our reporter shortly after her team placed 12th at the 7th World Junior Ladies Handball Championship held in Bauchi, Miss Soraya, who at 29, is the youngest coach of the tournament, spoke of her dreams and plans for a game of handball.

*** She became a coach at 24 and represented Algeria in numerous Handball tournaments spanning a period of over 10 years**

The exclusive interview, which was conducted at the prestigious Zaranda Hotel through an interpreter, Mr. Morris Ekeogh, a French lecturer with the Federal Polytechnic, Bauchi, revealed many things about Moussaoui Soraya. A graduate of Physical Education and Sports Psychology from the Institute of Science and Sports Technology, Algiers, Soraya discovered her talent in handball at the age of 10 while still a student in France where she was born. Apart from studying sports in the university, Miss Soraya attended Sports Studies at St Germain, Enlève, a school in France which specialises in combining sports with academics. Before going to the varsity, she played handball in France, returned to Algeria in 1980. Commenting on the standard of handball displayed by the two African representatives (Nigeria and Algeria) at the championship, Miss Soraya, every inch an expert, postulated that the two teams had well considered the fact that this championship was Nigeria's second World attempt, while Algeria was playing in World Cup for the first time. She is therefore happy that Nigeria and Algeria

placed 9th and 12th respectively. Even though coaching is not an easy task, Miss Soraya felt unshooked as the youngest coach the tournament. "I was never afraid of the older coaches." She said if her girls had played to all her instructions, they would have done better. Describing this average Algerian man, Moussaoui Soraya disclosed that the Algerian man is one who takes good care of his woman and protects her almost to a fault. The Algerian man is not the kind of person who wants a full time housewife. He encourages his woman to be free and independent and stands firm behind her. Being unmarried, would Miss Soraya marry a Nigerian or any other African? In a quick response, she disclosed that she is already engaged to an Algerian who incidentally is a national athletics coach in Algeria. "But if I were not engaged, I can marry a Nigerian or any other African. It is simply a matter of destiny." While away from home, Miss Soraya thinks of her family and has not missed her

family mostly due to the fact that as an athletics coach, he also travels a lot. By way of compensation, she ensures that souvenirs are bought for her family members anytime she travels out. Miss Soraya, whose favourite pastime is enjoying her privacy, says that she hardly has time always busy coaching her girls. She also revealed that she hardly relaxes when she travels out with a team because "I am always thinking of my next match."

If she has her way, she disclosed that she wants to continue to be a coach all the rest of her life without allowing it to disturb her marriage, which will take place next year. Her philosophy of life is "live well and long." To that end, she takes life the way it comes. "Life is full of joy and sadness, so I don't normally have hangovers over things I could not do."

Pretty Moussaoui, who looks younger than her age, told *Climax* that this is her first visit to Nigeria and having enjoyed her stay in Bauchi, she will like to come back on a private visit. Her happiest moment, according to her, is when she succeeds in whatever she is doing. Miss Soraya, who became a coach at the age of 24, has represented Algeria in many handball tournaments spanning a period of over ten years. She has visited several countries, among them Senegal, Cote d'Ivoire, Kenya, Yugoslavia, Austria, Western Germany and Switzerland. By Lucky Isawode

TABLE TENNIS OMO CUP UNDER WAY

The annual Lagos State Open Table Tennis Championship flashes on at the Rowe Park Sports Centre, Lagos. Sponsored under the aegis of Omo, a product of Lever Brothers (Nigeria) Limited, the tournament, more popularly known as Omo Cup, has 529 participants this year, a fact which has made the organisers increase competition duration from 4 to 5 days.

In his speech at the press briefing, Lever Brothers Chairman/Managing Director, Chief Rufus Giwa, who was stood in for by Vice-Chairman, Mr. R.A.P. Ken, identified "three factors... for the success we have achieved thus far with the Omo Table Tennis Championship."

The success, he said, hinged on the increasing enthusiasm of participating sportsmen and women, the thoroughness and competence with which the Lagos State Table Tennis Association (LSTTA) has been handling the competition and the support the competition has been receiving from the press.

Traditional Championship materials like nets, posts, table tennis balls, sports shirts and towels are guaranteed give-aways. Novelty take-homes are two new table tennis tables.

Meanwhile the competition is open for grabs as the defending men and women singles champions are abroad for professional careers.

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-M. Moshood Shabielegbe, M & S Garments

SS LAUGHLINES

By Charles Ojo

WHY I DIDN'T MOVE! I COULD HAVE HEARD THE COACH SAY I SHOULD PLAY AS A STANDING NUMBER NINE.



HEY GOALIE, I HOPE YOU'VE WRITTEN YOUR WILL?



OUCH! THE PASSES SHOULD GO TO MY FEET... NOT THE BACK OF MY HEAD



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