

Illustrated Life AND Talk

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RAID ON ANGOLA

Sid Redman's Rhodesian Portfolio

For the first time ever a portfolio of seven full colour prints, each measuring 19 1/2 ins x 14 ins (490 m/m x 355 m/m) portraying uniquely Rhodesian scenes by contemporary landscapist Sid Redman. These prints depict: Inyanga Highlands, The Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe Ruins, Ewanrigg, The Baobab, Salisbury City and Maleme Dam.

Printed in a limited number on finest quality imported paper, the Rhodesian portfolio will bring to life fond memories and will be treasured by yourself and friends overseas.



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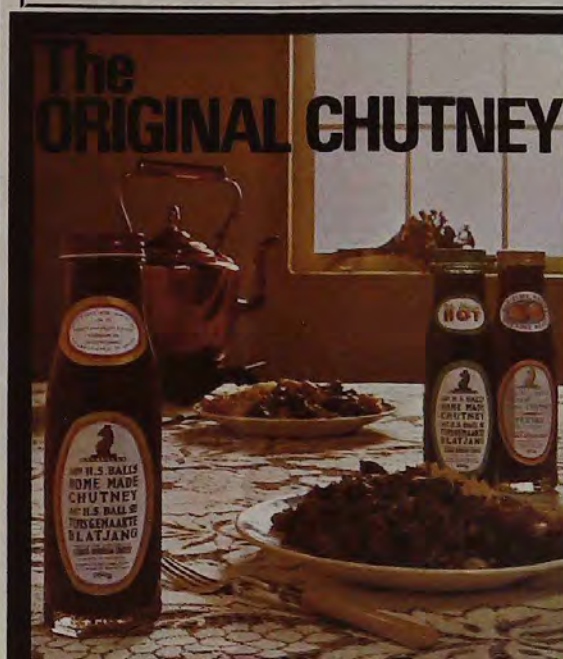
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Illustrated Life AND Talk

Vol. 1, No. 2
Fortnight
ending
March 28, 1979



M^{RS}BALL'S

for
all tastes


Contents

Features:

Idi-Amen?	5
Herbs and Horoscopes	6
Photoreview	7
Memories are made of this	8
Raid on Angola	10
How healthy are you?	18
Photoreview	20
The Godmother	23
A wife's frank message to her husband	24
Fashion	13

Fiction

Thirsty River Part three	9
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Regular Features

Letters	4
Law	6
Beauty with Caroline Carter	12
Starscope	19
Crossword	19
Problems with Marjorie Lane	24
Gardening	25

LETTERS

During 1976 my husband and I decided that the future in Rhodesia looked bleak — the only chance of a settlement seemed to be the acceptance of majority rule and the Rhodesian Front didn't appear to be moving in that direction; the call-ups were depressing, as was the continuing death and mutilation of Rhodesians; sanctions bit ever deeper and the war seemed interminable. So, we sold up, shipped the cats off and made for Britain. With our \$1000, no furniture, but all the other household effects, an acceptance to an agricultural college for my husband, loads of optimism and determination, we arrived in the Cotswolds.

What a delightful part of the country it is too. Shades of the old Britain still linger here, but the old establishment is being pushed relentlessly into the sea by the new order. We found the shops, on our arrival, as thrilling as a child finds its first Christmas. Goods, whose existence we'd forgotten, abounded and the prices were reasonable. So much for the anti-Britain propaganda campaign, we thought. Until we discovered the salary structure. Professional and administrative salaries ran out at approximately half the Rhodesian equivalent, except in the major centres where the appreciably higher CoL takes care of the higher salary.

The first few months here were really happy. We met some fine people and received countless kindnesses. However, the novelty soon wore off and acute homesickness set in. Emigrating is very closely related to death. Although letters maintain contact, new acquaintances and even new friends cannot replace the old. The support,

love and understanding unconsciously received from family and friends is missing and irreplaceable. But, after a while, this feeling of insecurity does pass, rather as grief after a death lessens.

Then one has to come to grips with the society one has joined. We had felt that Britain would be a stimulating change after the strict censorship of Rhodesia. However, after a year's exposure to the violence and sex (both normal and abnormal) on television screens, cinema screens and daily newspapers, we'd be happy to return to the rarefied atmosphere of home where newsgents aren't a voyeur's delight.

The perpetual industrial troubles that plague modern day Britain add to the difficulties of living. A day doesn't go by without someone's industrial action affecting you. You cannot be certain that the lights will go on when you flick the switch; that your daily newspaper or loaf of bread will be on sale; that buses, trains or planes will run; that, should your home catch fire, the fire service will attend; that, should you be taken ill, there will be an ambulance to take you to hospital (or, in this age of economic cuts, that there will be a hospital to take you to!) The list is endless, as is the frustration. Closed shop industries abound, militant trade unionists rule and the people are so apathetic there seems no hope of combating the militants' strong-arm tactics. McCarthy would have a field day (as would Harvey Ward) as the Communists don't even bother to hide under beds any more. Democracy is crumbling under the onslaught.

Continued on P 12

FAT-FREE MOLICO



Drink to your health.



Molico is the non-fat milk powder, ideal for diet-conscious people of all ages. Mix up a jugful of instant Molico and get the quickest, healthiest, fat-free milk drink there is.

MOLICO HINT

Molico is convenience in a can. With Molico you can have milk wherever you go. Molico keeps fresh for months — making it ideal for camping and caravanning.



AMIN AMEN?

COULD THIS BE GOODBYE TO THE CLOWN OF AFRICA?

CAMERA PRESS

With Tanzanian troops thrusting into Uganda, Big Dada appears to be faced with the biggest threat yet to his mad-cap regime. His paranoid ego has been pricked by Julius Nyerere who shows no sign of letting up the pressure that has been a long time building up, in statements of bravado and in physical manpower so necessary to invaders who've just had enough.

Out of the sidelines, cheering Nyerere on is ex-Ugandan President Dr Milton Obote, still smarting from his ousting whilst on a jaunt to the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference in Singapore in 1971.

Obote forgets that in the passing parade of Africa, his time will probably never come again, the more so since he was hardly a shining example of democracy in action, "Westminster" style or otherwise. After a dose of despotism unparalleled even by Africa's abysmal past performance, it's unlikely that the Ugandans will be looking for an encore.

Of the many epithets flung at Idi, "coward" was never one of them. He's been pressured, cajoled and snubbed all to no effect, even had his Scotch supply cut off! With reported Arab backing and despite his Army, decimated

of most of its skilled tacticians, the Conqueror of the British Empire is unlikely to take any sort of defeat lying down. Time has proved his resilience, and should, on this occasion, a combination of resentful mutinying troops, dwindling support from the Soviets and the Tanzanian military prove too much, who will not say that Amin will avoid the crocs to fight another day.

With the punch-up in Uganda, Nyerere will undoubtedly have more time to rationalise his thinking as Chairman of the so-called Front Line States. Reliable sources have claimed that contrary to popular belief Nyerere is much in favour of a peaceful solution to the Rhodesian war with all Zimbabwean nationalists political parties involved in democratic elections. The Tanzanian is not apparently an advocate of the often used threat "peace through the barrel of the gun" but with the unpredictable Amin out of the Ugandan Presidential seat, which is undoubtedly Nyerere's ambition, the Tanzanian President may be more favourably disposed towards instigating a more pragmatic approach towards the Front Line States thinking on the Zimbabwean/Rhodesian situation.

From top right:

WILL HE FALL AS RAPIDLY? From Corporal to Field Marshal in a few easy lessons. Such was the incredible rise of Amin.

FLASHBACK

Before the Amin Coup — Ex-President Obote of Uganda (left), President Kaunda of Zambia (right) and President Nyerere of Tanzania (almost hidden) inspect troops of the Third Battalion of the Tanzania People's Defence Forces.

PRESIDENT BOKASSA: STAR TURN

His uniform weighed down with stars and decorations, General Jean-Bedel Bokassa, President of the Central African Republic, takes part in a street-naming ceremony in Uganda with his host, President Idi Amin (left).

AFRICA'S "GOOD NEIGHBOURS"

President Julius Nyerere (right) of Tanzania meets an old friend and neighbour, President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia.



HERBS and HOROSCOPES

Most herbs come under the patronage of a planet, according to Bob Magnus's theory. So the herbs which are patronised by your ruling planet are the ones which are most likely to cure your health problem. Here are examples of three planets, and the herbs which come under their influence:

Sun — Camomile, Pimpernel, Rosemary
Moon — Watercress, Willow
Jupiter — Borage, Hyssop, Sage

WHAT do Pisces and parsley, Leo and leeks, and Scorpio and sweet basil have in common? According to Bob Magnus, a herb farmer in Ruwa, the herbs and spices you use in the kitchen are intimately linked to the zodiacal cycle. And by further relating parts of the human body to astrology, he has compiled a table which lists the 12 star signs alongside the corresponding parts of the body which are likely to trouble you according to your sign; and the herbs which will cure these ailments. Bob, incidentally, has expanded this theory in a soon-to-be published book on herbs which will be available in his shop on Jameson Avenue.

The ancient science of astrology is believed to have originated in Babylonia. It was here that Babylonian priests first charted the

movements of the five visible planets (apart from the sun and the moon). It was later discovered that these planets (referred to as "ruling planets" in astrological jargon) travelled along a regular path in space, which was called the "celestial zodiac". The first horoscopes were cast in around 200-700 B.C.

by Francesca Worrall

Surprisingly enough it is not only the human psyche and destiny which are controlled by astrological patterns.

"The whole of nature, including all the herbs and different parts of the body, is influenced by a particular planet," said Bob. The breasts and the stomach, for instance, are governed by Cancer, he went on to say. So if you have stomach problems, a potion made up of one of the Cancerian herbs should cure you.

The medicinal qualities of certain plants were of course, well known before the age of modern medicine. Some of

them still form the ingredients of certain medicines. Quinine, for instance, was originally used by traditional doctors in South America, and was "discovered" only in the last century by Western explorers. It is now used as a prophylactic of malaria. Today, especially in Africa, there are many people who don't have access to pills or modern doctors, and have to go to traditional practitioners.

In Westernised countries research has revealed the often dangerous impact certain commonly-used chemicals have on human beings and their environment. To combat this, more and more people are turning to the natural life — in which herbal remedies play an important role. Bob's table provides a way of prescribing the herb that could be right to cure your sickness, according to your zodiacal sign. So next time you have a headache, or feel a cold coming on, don't automatically pop a pill, look up your herbal horoscope instead. Herbs certainly won't do you any harm — and they might do you the world of good.

SIGN	RULING PLANET	PART OF BODY
Aries	Mars	Head
Taurus	Venus	Neck and throat
Gemini	Mercury	Hands, arms, lungs
Cancer	Moon	Breast, stomach
Leo	Sun	Heart, spine, arms
Virgo	Mercury	Abdomen, hands, intestines
Libra	Venus	Lower back, kidneys
Scorpio	Mars	Pelvis, sex organs
Sagittarius	Jupiter	Hips, thighs, liver
Capricorn	Saturn	Knees, bones
Aquarius	Saturn	Skin, ankles
Pisces	Jupiter	Feet

LAW FOR THE LAYMAN

WITH PERCY MANNING... "What's in a name?"

MOST of us imagine that the changing of a name is something which occurs only very rarely and then purely because the name is so awful that it cannot be lived with any longer. But this is not the case. In Rhodesia a change of name must be done through a Notary Public and it often forms a substantial part of his work.

Women often want to change their names when they are divorced, either to assume their maiden name or even the name obtained from a previous marriage — anything to be dissociated from

that "beast" they have just divorced.

People with odd sounding foreign names often wish to simplify them, making them more English. We often hear about this with movie stars of course — Jack Large was probably born Jacobinshi Lavglavostok!

One of the most common of all, however, occurs when a mother, who has since remarried and assumed the surname of her new husband, wants to change the name of her children by a previous marriage. It can cause all sorts of difficulties when the children are Bologs and their mother is Mrs

Jones.

Of course, in this last instance the father of the children (who is invariably the guardian) must give his consent and if he does not do so, then the names of the children cannot be changed.

How exactly is a name officially changed under our law? Well, it is a fairly simple procedure...

The Notary Public (who is a lawyer with special qualifications) will take instructions and draw up a document called a Notarial Deed of Change of Name, sometimes called in the trade, a Deed Poll. Despite its grand name, it is a very simple short document recording the change of name and confirming that the new name will be used for all purposes and in all documents thereafter.

Once this is signed, copies are lodged with the Deeds Registry, where transfer deeds for land are kept and are retained there as a permanent record. The Notary also keeps a copy for his records, which is numbered and classified.

The lodging of the document with the Deeds Registry is deemed to be notice to the public at large of the name change but in addition an advertisement must be placed in the Government Gazette. This is a dry bit of wording that reads roughly as follows:

"Take notice that on 1st March, 1979 Joan Sillysos appeared before me, Peter Bloggs, Notary Public, and changed her surname from Sillysos to Silly."

And that's it. No more than that. It does not appear under block capitals in the Herald. It is a simple procedure that should be completed in a couple of weeks and armed with the Deed and proof of advertisement in the Gazette, passports can be changed, income tax records, the whole works.

What are the costs though — that's the crunch question in all legal matters. Luckily it's not too high. Including advertising costs, revenue stamps for the Deeds Registry and fees, it is normally under \$50.00.

PHOTOREVIEW



GAS INFERNO... WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES!

A huge gas depot was ripped apart by a mystery blast and set on fire less than an hour after a bomb exploded at a giant oil refinery. Seven million cubic feet of natural gas went up in flames after the blast at the East Greenwich gas works

in London. At least 150 firemen were fighting the blaze in one of the depot's three gas holders. About 300 people were evacuated from the area after the gas depot explosion shortly before 1 a.m.

The Great Greenwich Fire... flames from the Greenwich blaze light up the London skyline.



UNDIES THE WEATHER

Here's a sexy little sample of what's in store soon. Not curvy Jilly Johnson, of course, but something almost as nice... a sizzling new line in undies.



ALL OUR YESTERGEAR

The fashion world is going back in time. The swinging seventies styles are out and the roaring forties and rocking fifties are very much in. We'll meet again... the Vera Lynn look. Straight-skirted suit and high-heel leather shoes.



PHILIP'S QUEEN BEE TONIC

The answer to how Prince Philip keeps himself looking so youthful and handsome could well lie in a special health food aptly called, "Regina Royal Jelly". The elixir, which costs £16 for a month's supply, comes from worker bees, who produce it for queen bees to live on. The 57-year-old prince has made the pick-me-up, also used by Princess Margaret, part of his breakfast routine. "It can also revive an individual's flagging sex drive, or help cure rheumatic pains," claim the manufacturers.

CAPSULE

Julia Hobday, the firm's promotions manager, shows off the 'magic' Royal Jelly tablet.



Munn Publishing welcomes Peter Wyngarde, alias Jason King, for an exclusive interview and publisher's lunch. The talented actor is presently writing a novel set in Africa, which we look forward to hearing more about in the near future.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

by David
Sullivan

Whilst only 1000 sets have been printed, almost certainly guaranteed to make them collector's items, Sid Redman has seen to it that they will sell at a popular price — \$25 — mainly because he feels strongly about art. His philosophy is that everyone should be able to enjoy art, not only in a gallery but in their homes. Entirely financed by himself, Sid Redman has spent many long hours watching over the printing machine to ensure absolutely faithful reproduction of his work.

His labour of love was stimulated by the company he works for seeking a unique way of conveying Christmas greetings. They hit upon the idea of commissioning Sid to paint typically Rhodesian views. These proved to be so popular that even today admirers call him, trying to obtain earlier issues.

Sid's own background is one of solid experience in the commercial art field. He only began fine art in 1970, having been stimulated by Neil Park's abstracts. Although he no longer paints abstracts himself, he feels every artist goes through a similar phase before moving on to a more challenging style.

The second significant factor in his development as an artist was the praise heaped on him by the controversial Brian Bradshaw, ex-part-time director of the National Gallery, who singled out his work during a critique.

Why bring out prints now? Sid is candid about this: "So many people will want to remember places they've visited or send them to friends overseas to show them what our scenery is like. A print conveys more than just faithful photographic reproduction — it conveys a mood, a feeling about the place."

When you consider that you can rarely buy a worthwhile print, seven for \$25 is a bargain in anyone's book.

Everyone today seems to be collecting Rhodesiana — almost everything in fact that has even a hint of nostalgia. Smithy plaques, flags and books all sell briskly, sometimes even at inflated prices.

Promising to outstrip them all is the newly published Rhodesian Portfolio by landscape artist Sid Redman. The Rhodesian Portfolio is a set of seven full colour prints of landscapes that would make any true Rhodesian's heart swell with pride.

The seven prints, each measuring 19" x 14" depict Victoria Falls, the Eastern Highlands, Salisbury, Ewanrigg, Zimbabwe Ruins, Maleme Dam and a baobab tree.



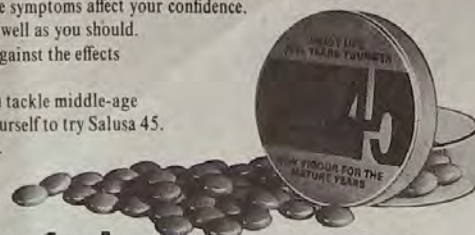
Can you cope with middle-age?

Middle-age comes to all of us. And it's not easy... You tire a lot more quickly, lack concentration and worries seem to get bigger and not smaller. You forget things. The aches and pains are more frequent. These symptoms affect your confidence. You find you're unable to cope as well as you should.

But you can help yourself against the effects of middle-age with Salusa 45.

Yes, Salusa 45 can help you tackle middle-age with confidence. You owe it to yourself to try Salusa 45.

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Cope better, feel years younger

THIRSTY RIVER

PART THREE OF THE EXCITING SERIAL by EMILY DIBB

The story so far: An Inquest is being held at Kariba into the death of Sir Julian Craster's son, Steve. Jill Leroux, Steve's sweetheart, is being cross-questioned in an attempt to make her recall the events that led up to the boating accident. It had all happened over the Easter weekend...

STEVE had spoken of fishing all day and making love all night, but it didn't work out like that, because what with it being so hot outside and so deliciously cool in the tent, they didn't take the boat out till late in the afternoon. They'd fished for bream in the shallows where Mopani trees stood ankle-deep in the water, herons croaking in their branches, while the sky changed to a throbbing gold and the sun went down in a blaze of glory. Dim in the dusk and dwarfed by distance, a family of elephant on the shore moved slowly across an inlet, like silent spectres in a hunter's hallucination. To the south the Matsadona Mountains were a purple range of dog's teeth bared to bite the heavens. Steve nodded towards them. "We'll go there on Sunday," he said. "You can't see it from here, but the Sanyati Gorge comes out through those mountains. We'll take the whole day for it, and try to catch some Tiger."

It had been on that evening while the sky still held the last faint glow of day, that the tiny red-and-white float plane had roared close overhead, buzzed the island once, and then come in for the touch-down, skimming low over the lake and smacking into the water with twin plumes of spray arching out behind it. It bobbed up to the jetty and a party of German tourists climbed out, laden with expensive cameras and flacons of sun-lotion, and exuding the unmistakable aroma of big money. Among them were two sisters, Katrina whose dainty

oval face was surrounded by a halo of soft black curls, and Gretl — golden skinned, golden haired, with plump bee-stung lips and a sensational figure. The two of them kept up a continuous twitter of squeaks and squeals, exclaiming over each new delight — the tents, the view, the ants, the stars, the mosquitoes, the Kestrel — Steve's boat — and Steve. — Steve had been forced to push to the back of his mind... the torment of losing a friend in action — the agony of enduring his last words, watching the life ebb from his face, feeling the great yawning chasm of eternity opening out between them... A long shuddering sigh shook Patrick's shoulders. Presently he rolled over and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands. It would soon be dark. He plunged into the lake and swam fast, cleaving the water with swift, sure strokes. He reached the

*Patrick watched them go, feeling his stomach
bunching into knots of anger — Cocky bastard!*

The following day, Jill and Steve had gone fishing once again, but at times she caught his eyes resting thoughtfully on the other boats dotted about the shallows, and sometimes he appeared not to have heard her when she spoke to him. During lunch he got into conversation with the German girls again. "You ever tried Tiger fishing?" he asked them. They giggled. "For tigers you do not fish, h'm? Tigers you hunt with a gun!" Steve laughed tolerantly. "Ah, but in Africa we have a special kind of tiger that lives in the water! If you'd like to come with me tomorrow, I'll teach you how to catch one." Although she tried not to show it, Jill felt hurt and disappointed that Steve had invited the others to join them, and there had been a slight constraint between them that afternoon.

After they returned to the island at dusk, Jill had pleaded a headache, and had gone down to the little jetty to be alone and to try to discipline her disordered emotions. And here she unexpectedly encountered Patrick, her old flame. The meeting had been a shock for him, too. For the past hour, Patrick had been lying out on a raft with the sky empty above him and the frogs tinkling musically in the

reeds, bursts of laughter and conversation from the camp above reaching him only dimly, like voices from a different planet. Patrick felt a peacefulness dropping over him like a benediction. Like an invalid convalescing from his wounds, he had lain face down on the damp planks of the raft and given himself up to the gentle rocking, the soft slap and gurgle of water, and the healing touch of the sun on his back. Even after the air lost its warmth, he'd stayed there motionless, eyes closed, consciously willing himself to relax, to let out the thoughts which he had been forced to push to the back of his mind... the torment of losing a friend in action — the agony of enduring his last words, watching the life ebb from his face, feeling the great yawning chasm of eternity opening out between them... A long shuddering sigh shook Patrick's shoulders. Presently he rolled over and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his hands. It would soon be dark. He plunged into the lake and swam fast, cleaving the water with swift, sure strokes. He reached the

watched her. Dear God, what new torment was this to be cast in his path?

That evening Pat joined them for dinner. Jill was lovelier than he remembered her, with a quiet gracefulness that he found new and exciting. Very occasionally their eyes met, but she always glanced away again quickly, guiltily almost, as if afraid of what she saw. Dinner was drawing to a close when Steve hammered on the table with a fork and said loudly: "Now then, everyone! I'm taking the final passenger list for a fishing expedition to the Sanyati Gorge tomorrow. First class passengers, join the queue on this side please, right behind Katrina." He bent forward and tweaked Katrina's pink cheek, giving her a broad wink. "Your Captain is S. Craster, your ship is the Kestrel — 23 feet, 60 horse-power engine, buoyancy compartments fore and aft, your crew is this young thing here," he dropped a proprietary hand on Jill, "and that young fellow there," he pointed the fork at Patrick, "as it seems he can't take his eyes off the crew, he's the bilge boy. That okay with you, bilge boy? We could use another pair of hands to help bait up and to take the wheel when we hit the Tiger."

Patrick leaned back in his chair and grinned at him.

"Is this an invitation or a Royal Command?" he asked.

"Oh my dear fellow, an invitation." Steve made a sweeping bow.

"Provided I'm allowed to eye the crew," Patrick replied evenly, "it seems to me you've made me an offer I can't refuse."

Steve's smile squared off at the ends into a savage grin.

"Okay, bilge boy," he laughed, but his eyes were cold and hard, "knock on at dawn then, to swab down the decks. And mean time," he glanced down at Jill, "the crew and I have some matters to discuss." He took her by the elbow and steered her off through the trees towards their tent. Patrick watched them go, feeling his stomach bunching into knots of anger. Cocky bastard!

Steve jerked down the tag of the tent zip, making it shriek.

"Get inside!" he commanded roughly, giving Jill's elbow a push. She stumbled and spun round to face him.

"Steve! What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"I suppose you fancy you were invisible down there at the jetty, hobnobbing with that young fool? I know your type!" He shook a finger at her. "Sucker me into paying for all this," he swept a hand round the tent, "and then

continued on P.22

beauty

Caroline Carter brings you a regular beauty feature to keep you up-to-date with beauty trends.



Ideas on how to keep your beauty routine simple and the products that are available on the local market.

The one thing to remember about your basic beauty routine is not to make it time-consuming or difficult. Keep it simple. Five minutes a day is not impossible for the busiest homemaker or business woman. Remember the state of your skin, not only now, but in 10 or 20 years time, depends on proper twice-daily care. Here's what you should be doing and how:

CLEANSING, the most important part of your beauty routine. A clean skin is essential before applying any other preparation. Remember that soap is not thorough enough and you need a deep-down cleanser. You can choose from a cream, lotion or facial wash. Eden Wash Off Cleanser with vitamin E lathers like soap but is completely soap-free. It is also a very reasonable price at \$2.25. Coty have Foaming Cleanser Concentrate in their Equatone range which is recommended for

women who like the feel of water on their skin. It retails at \$4.75. Clean Face with Amalene comes from Innox and costs \$3.75. Normal to oily skins could use Galatée by Lancome which retails at \$4.46. Dry and sensitive skins would be wise to buy Soft Cleanser or the Gentle Cleanser both from Vitamol, found in two sizes, the 100 ml bottle costing \$2.45 and the 200 ml \$3.70. For all skin types Pinaud 612 recommend their Cleansing Milk, very reasonably priced at \$3.25. Whichever product you buy, you must massage your cleanser well into the skin with sweeping upward movements. Massage for at least a minute. Then tissue off or use wet cotton wool. The facial wash will be washed off with luke warm water. It is the warmth of the massage that allows the cleanser to penetrate and lift out the dirt.

TONING. A toning lotion will invigorate the skin, tighten open pores and eliminate any slight stickiness that may be left behind by the cleanser. It also clarifies the complexion and maintains and corrects the protective acid mantle. Most toners are applied with cotton

wool, but to economise, damp the cotton wool first. Very good value for money are Pinaud 612 Lotion Sans Alcool at \$3.25 and Eden Freshener at \$2.00. Please note that if you wish to sample the Eden range, remembering that it contains vitamin E, please write to Box 3850 and samples will be sent to you. The Skin Dew range from Helena Rubinstein have Herbal Lotion, a lovely soothing mild lotion that retails at \$3.95. Vitamol produce both the Natural Toner and the Soft and Gentle Toner, two sizes, costing \$2.90 and \$4.15. In Coty's Equatone range there is a choice of Balancing Freshener for normal skins retailing at \$7.25, and for a skin inclined towards oiliness there is the Balancing Toner costing \$5.00. Charles of the Ritz have a super toner in their Revenescence range which costs \$19.75.

MOISTURISING. EVERY skin type needs a moisturiser. Oily skins can also be dehydrated, and as its name implies, a moisturiser protects the moisture content of the skin. To the living tissue, moisture is vital. It keeps the skin resilient and plump. Apply your moisturiser after your toner has dried. There is a good choice of moisturisers on the market. Moisture Oil with Amalene by Innox is a delightful greaseless cream that will sink straight into the skin. It costs \$4.50. Helena Rubinstein are rightly proud of their Skin Life Emulsion which is ideal for dry and sensitive skins. It comes in two sizes, priced at \$6.75 and \$12.95. Charles of the Ritz recommend Revenescence Cream or liquid, three sizes, costing small size \$6.00, medium size \$11.75 and large size \$17.75. Beauty find amongst the moisturisers is Pinaud 612 Creme de Base, a very light textured cream for all skin types

retailing at the low price of \$1.95. **NOURISHING**. Just as the body needs nourishing with food, so does your skin need feeding, particularly if you fall into the category of normal to dry skin types. As we get older the cell growth in our skin slows down, causing skin to become tired and dull. Most nourishing, or night creams, contain various oils and emollients to help promote new cell growth. Your skin will take on a softer, more radiant look. Only a small amount need be used and it must be massaged well into the skin before retiring at night. Vitamol produce Natural Night Balm and Super Soft Night Cream both priced at \$4.95. Coty offer their Equatone Night Treatment at \$8.25. This is a light corrective cream which will condition the skin whilst you sleep and will not leave oily traces on the skin. Lancome have a new cream on the market called Progres. This is a revolutionary oxygenating cream designed to maintain youthfulness in all skin types. It retails at \$22.89 which may cause some shrieks of horror, but I have been assured that the results are worth it. Charles of the Ritz Revenescence Moist Environment Night Cream will also set your budget back a bit as it retails at \$37.50, but if you wish to visually gain the benefits it will bring to a jaded skin then you will not hesitate. Your face is the only one you've got. Look after it.

If you are one of the lucky women who have a flawless complexion, it won't stay that way for ever without SOME help from you. Adhere to your routine, watch your diet, exercise regularly and try to drink plenty of water. If you want advice on your skin do not hesitate to call on the girls in the large stores and pharmacies. They are well trained and helpful. ▲

LETTERS

Education has suffered as badly under Socialism as the health services and democracy. The interclass hatred here has led to the Labour Government's policy of leveling everyone down to the lowest common denominator and nothing reflects this more than the birth of the Comprehensive School. Although public schools still offer a good education, the fees are usually beyond the means of the average family. Ever increasing numbers of school

leavers, barely literate or numerate, join the dole queues.

Ordered society is becoming a thing of the past and waves of violent crime threaten to engulf the island. The police are badly paid and as badly treated. The public they protect show very little gratitude, respect or assistance.

If you have a large capital investment here (and it would have to be very large as the taxation is crippling), emigration to Britain would not be too hard to bear. Otherwise your living standards will plummet and the sun doesn't even shine long enough to cheer you up!

Provided the internal settlement is implemented soon, Rhodesia has far more to offer anyone than Britain or any other country on earth. Although I am certain that Britain would benefit from a large injection of Rhodesian enterprise, expertise, capacity for hard work and racial harmony, I think Rhodesia is the country worth saving. Good luck to you all.

Vicki Berger
Gloucestershire
ENGLAND

I would like to correspond with pals of both sexes, from inside and outside Rhodesia. I am a girl,

17 years of age and enjoy reading TALK. My hobbies include reggae and soul music, watching films, reading and letter writing. I would prefer pen-pals between the ages of 19 and 22 who are ambitious in the educational field. My name and address are as follows.

Lynn Mukaratirwa,
382 Kambuzuma,
P.O. Southerton,
SALISBURY.

We reserve the right to edit all letters which should carry the writer's name and address.

All fashion and accessories by
TRUWORTH'S and **TRU-BOUTIQUES**
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Jackets are in classic tweed over matching, self-belted skirts with toning soft-knit blouses. A floppy-felt completes the look.

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Waistcoats are in corduroy or tweed and worn over plain or checked shirts mixing 'n matching with straight, narrower cords in rich earthy colours. Note the cap, leather purse and sheriff's badge.

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Cord dungarees are a big must this season, worn casually with warm western-style, checked toning tweed jackets. Ti touch—a leather tie.

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 Johannesburg, Rhodesia

A WIFE'S FRANK MESSAGE TO HER HUSBAND

by Aphra Izzett

It seems a tender nerve or two we've struck, judging by the response to TALK's recent article "A Husband's Frank Message to all Wives". Here is one reader's honest reply which is published word for word. Maybe this will even the scales a little? — ED.

I'm feminine. I know I am. I also love and admire my husband, right to the tips of his crooked smelly toes. As a woman I adore men on the whole. I'm a billion miles away from being a "Women's Libber" (or am I?) Of late, however, I seem to note an ever-increasing number of articles written on "How to Improve your Marriage". Am I wrong in saying they all apply to the women? Must I crumple, jump on and completely annihilate a little saying my father always taught me? "Marriage is a 50-50 game".

May I reply, very inadequately to your article in TALK, Vol. 2 No. 2 entitled "A Husband's Frank Message to all Wives". I agree with the ten points put forward. I have always believed "treat your husband like a King and he will treat you like a Queen". Mine does. But what about those husbands who don't respond? How far can a woman go? So listen, Husbands, while we reply to your frank message. Keep in mind this is only the beginning.

My Darling,

(1) I will be genuinely happy to see you when I softly welcome you home. I'll smell and look as pretty as I can. If I do that, will you look at me and really "see" me? Will your smile say "ah, that's my girl" and tell me my effort has been worthwhile.

(2) When you have tea-ed in peace and later when you have returned to earth, if I need your fatherly authority over some mishap with the children, please come forward. Make the children feel we stand as a team and back my discipline. Please be with them body and soul for a while. Help me with them when I am tired. Then I will take off your shoes, bring you your slippers and your pipe and potter around finishing the supper while you relax.

(3) I'll be observant and measure your mood. If you drop a gentle word to me about what bugs you when you are down or mad, I will be as patient as Job till the storm is weathered.

(4) I will never criticise you in front of my friends. I will not argue in public. I will be loyal to you at all times. Do the same for me.

Acknowledge me in public. Include me in your conversations. Throw your warm glances my way. It's the little things that count.

(5) I'll be happy as often as possible for you. Will you, then, stand by me during the difficult time of the month. If I warn you that it is my fighting time, will you be gentle and tolerant and understanding. It soon passes. Please learn all you can about premenstrual tension.

(6) Will you remember that "Man's love is of his life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence". Think of the pleasure and deep surge of love I feel for you when you unexpectedly arrive home with a bunch of flowers, or you open my car door or pull out my chair. All women are romantics at heart. The words "I love you" are as vital to me as water to a plant.

(7) Remember, when you feel too ambitious, I wish you'd spend less money on me and spend more time with me. I am very sensitive to human loneliness. I enjoy being with you.

(8) Don't make me jealous. Do you know that every woman — to any woman, is a rival. I don't mind who you look at, admire, or whistle at, as long as you make me believe that I am one up on them all. If you truly make me feel your woman, I won't have a jealous hair on my head.

(9) I won't be afraid to be sexy — really sexy with you. I'll be happy to seduce you — often — if you remember that I am not jet-propelled. Like a lumbering bomber I become airborne, I become gradually excited, less quickly than you. The "arrival" of that journey depends on your tenderness from the moment you come home. If you want to know heaven, think of me sometimes. Don't just "take" all the time. Bring me to a climax and you will be a magnificent success in my eyes. My faith in you will be complete.

(10) I'll quote you in ten, my Dear ...

"Above all show me that you need me and only me. Tell me often that 'I'm your woman and always will be'. It's only if I believe you don't really need me that I may think some other strange sexy man might." (Even if it's only for a few hours.)

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YOUR HEALTH

IS YOUR LIFESTYLE HARMFUL
TO YOUR HEALTH?

This chart lists 10 factors involved in preserving your health. Each column is assigned a numerical value, starting at three for good, two for fair, and one for dangerous. Check only one column for each factor on the basis of your life-style, assigning the value you feel best shows your present status. Add the total for all 10 factors. Perfection would be 30 points.

From Home and Health magazine — used by permission

FACTOR	GOOD	FAIR	DANGEROUS
1. Smoking	Never smoke or have stopped smoking.	Up to 20 cigarettes per day.	More than one pack per day.
2. Alcohol	Alcohol not used as a beverage.	Up to three drinks per day; judgement occasionally impaired.	More than three drinks per day; judgement frequently impaired.
3. Trimness (check medical chart for your ideal mass)	Lean; not more than 5 per cent above ideal mass.	Not more than 15 per cent above ideal mass.	Grossly overmass; (25 per cent or more above ideal mass).
4. Physical Activity	Moderately active or better; (equivalent of 2 or 3 km brisk walking).	Some exercise regularly; (equivalent to between 0.7 and 2.5 km brisk walking).	Sedentary; (less than equivalent of 0.7 km walking).
5. Prescription Drugs	Only on physician's advice and never mixed with alcohol; drive only when specifically permitted by doctor.	Tend to continue using prescription drugs after special need.	Use without physician's prescription or mix with alcohol or driving without medical advice.
6. Nonprescription Drugs	Use occasionally for short periods for specific minor medical problems.	Experimental use at times.	Continuing use; alcohol used in combination.
7. Mixing driving with	Driving with no alcohol in blood; with extreme care after any prescribed drug.	Driving after one or two drinks or moderate use of other drugs.	Driving after more than two drinks or while on other drugs; mixing alcohol and other drugs.
8. Tranquility	Generally relaxed, able to relieve stress by exercise or good forms of recreation.	Moderate degree of stress, with some difficulty of finding relief.	Continually under stress. Without ability to relieve it in non-chemical ways.
9. Serum Cholesterol	Checked on a regular basis or as prescribed by doctor; control by diet and other factors.	Irregular check; spasmodic attempt to control by diet.	No check; no control by diet.
10. Blood Pressure	Checked at least annually, follow doctor's orders carefully if high.	Tend to ignore regular check; under estimate importance of healthful habits to control blood pressure.	No recognition of impact of smoking, tension, diet on elevated blood pressure.

How do you score?

25-30 points
20-25 points
Under 20 points

Healthful life-style
Fair life-style
Unhealthful life-style
(you need help)

NOTE: This chart does not claim to be specific medically or scientifically, but it does indicate general guidelines or trends for your personal health.

YOUTH

YOUTH is not a time of life... it is a state of mind. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair... these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching childlike appetite for what's next and the joy and game of life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

from Home and Health magazine —
used by permission

STAR SCOPE

IF PISCES IS YOUR SIGN

If you are born under the Sign of The Fishes you are one of the kindest and most self-sacrificing of all the Zodiac people. You like to be deeply involved with people, and you are an expert at adjusting yourself to fit their individuality or to meet their particular needs. It is said by some that you can be all things to all people and able to adapt to any mood, situation or environment with great ease. This can be very true, especially if your personal sympathies are involved. Blood ties are very important to you, and there is a special rapport with children. With them you can share secret delights and walk happily with them into their world of fantasy. The Piscean nature is well attuned to the world of make believe but this can, on the negative side, get out of control and cause a sort of escapism which can be to your detriment. The lower type of Pisceans can turn to drugs and alcohol to preserve his illu-

sions. Another noticeable talent of many Pisces people is their psychic ability. You are able to sense and even take on the colours of your environment and the people around you, seeing beyond the outer surface of things and picking up innuendos which others often miss. Famous Helen Keller who overcame major disabilities to the extent of being able to lead a full and aware life had her Moon placed in Pisces. Because of your vivid imagination the field of creative art is wide open for you. Music is an especially alluring field, and many famous musicians from Chopin to singer Harry Belafonte are members of your sign. Neptune, ruler of Pisces is the god of the sea and of anything liquid so sailors and chemists are under Pisces rulership. You are also among the 'good lookers' of the zodiac, with round and often dimpled faces and large appealing eyes!

STARS THIS FORTNIGHT (15th March-28th March)

PISCES (February 19-March 20) A spending spree — both on yourself and others may leave your purse a bit depleted! Entertainment and outings are also in the air.

ARIES (March 21-April 20) Fellow workers and employees could be a bit unco-operative, and you will have to try and hold on to your temper! Money luck is good, however. Try Number 5 for minor speculation.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20) Good news through the post may bring about some of your hopes and wishes. There could be a favourable response from a recent application.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) This should be a relaxed and easy-to-handle period when friendships and social activities take precedence. You should be meeting many different people during this fortnight.

CANCER (June 21-July 20) Be a little wary of friends trying to interest you in a scheme which they feel will be financially profitable. There are some aspects of illusion around you especially where money is concerned.

LEO (July 21-August 22) An important decision will have to be made, and you really have only yourself to rely on in this matter. Avoid taking others into your confidence. Your natural leadership qualities and ability to 'think big' should lead you in the right direction.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22) Be prepared for extra work, sudden quarrels, and an up and

down period. Fit in with the demands and wishes of others as far as possible, and then the end of the fortnight will see things running more smoothly for you.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22) Physical strength and health is given a boost now. New surges of energy could lead you into all sorts of new plans and projects.

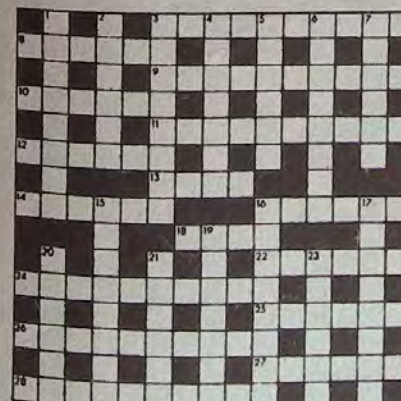
SCORPIO (October 23-November 21) A family celebration or reunion is likely. Work demands are not likely to be too heavy, and you should be able to find more time for fun and relaxation.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) Your admirers are likely to come around in twos or even threes! You are in for a busy and somewhat nerve-wracking time in sorting this all out. Sudden, short journeys are likely.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) Children, older family members and business are all in stable aspect. But take care while travelling and carefully check all mechanical devices for safety.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18) An older, out-of-the-ordinary person you meet could shake up a lot of your ideas and introduce you to a new concept of thought and philosophy. You are usually interested in the new and unusual, and should be willing now to investigate this a bit further.

crossword



ACROSS

3. Cries about having met in two directions. A grave situation (10).
8. Jump about. The doctor's in prison (6).
9. Capital. Modern Diana's a double degree (5, 5).
10. We're involved with the mare. Shoot it (6).
11. All nice sports have examiners (10).
12. Assault five under French fortress (6).
13. Few errors with water carrier (4).
14. Certify presence at the match, I hear (6).
16. A song to sing when everybody is in evil surroundings (6).
18. Rode round the river (4).
22. Measure lame affliction. A hard finish (6).
24. Late exhibition of tasty ale in fluid condition (3, 2, 5).
25. Sounds like an invitation to the healthy. Sweet (6).
26. Exercise after a trial period? (2, 1, 7).
27. Finish the hearing organ and make yourself popular (6).
28. Weave into marriage (4, 6).

DOWN

1. Equality goes to the head of the ornithological mimic (8).
2. The sailor employed junction — badly too, it seems (6).
3. The musical instrument with wine at both ends (8).
4. Dimes are the greatest part of the milliner's existence (7).
5. Sat back three times like a culinary judge (6).
6. The wine cask in the real centre. This disproves it (8).
7. Measure the out skin and prepare to leave (6).
15. Light interceptions, trim at heart (8).
16. Put into artillery trousers? (8).
17. He was ugly, in a novel sort of way (8).
19. Violent policemen come back with the star in confusion (7).
20. Ma comes back in a bloomer with branches (6).
21. The insect leaves the fast rally with heavenly connections (6).
23. Give guns to the girl. Here comes the fleet (6).

SOLUTION NEXT ISSUE

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PHOTOREVIEW

RIGHT HOT STUFF

Georgie Steer is on course for the top. And the 20-year-old who was once a ship's cook,

likes to use her expertise over a hot stove to rustle up something a bit tasty. And clearly they don't come much more dishy than Georgie.



ABOVE

STORM OVER DRINK DODGE

Plans to introduce into Britain a product that could help motorists cheat police blood tests have brought a storm of angry protests. A Belgian drug company, claims that Alsaver will reduce the alcohol level in the blood after drinking. Reporters Louise and Nick decided to put the product to the test. Supervised by a police doctor, they each drank two gins and

tonics, three glasses of wine and three ports during a three course lunch. Half an hour after their last drink, Louise drank some Alsaver, a mixture of fructose, glucose and maltose. An hour later she showed 80 milligrammes of alcohol over 100 millilitres of blood ... the legal level ... a drop of 20 milligrammes in just an hour. Nick, who had not taken the Alsaver had risen from 74 to 81 in the same time.



LEFT

BUFFOON BILLY IS COPPED

Holiday prankster Billy Backhouse's wacky horror shows were a gigantic hit on Majorca. Dressed as Frankenstein's Monster he was a real seaside scream. He bandaged up like an Egyptian Mummy in the sweltering heat and was bound to attract the gaze of the law. As the 47-year-old Londoner crawled stiffly back to his hotel, five policemen pounced and put him under wraps in their van. It wasn't until hotel staff explained that Crazy Bill just can't help clowning around, that he was freed.



ABOVE BURNING AMBITION

When Dr Roger Vogel opens his surgery he's always the first to complain of an inflamed throat ... and it's no surprise. For when the 34-year-old Medical Officer from the Midlands puts down his stethoscope for the day he becomes El Fengo the Fire-Eater at kids parties and village fetes.



RIGHT GAYNOR GETS IT OFF HER CHEST

Housewife Gaynor Hales is getting something off her chest on Friday. As a silver wedding anniversary present, her husband Fred is paying £500 for an operation that will give her a smaller bust. Gaynor ... 40-26-40 who hopes to have a nice firm 36 inch bosom. At her home she said, "It's not funny when you walk into a room and your bust gets there seconds before you do." ENTER GAYNOR ... the problem profile.



PHOTOREVIEW

RIGHT

A BRACE OF ROYAL BIRDS

Bachelor Princes Charles and Andrew had a double date at the weekend recently. For their guests at their Norfolk estate at Sandringham included Prince Charles' long-standing friend, Lady Sarah Spencer, 23, and her kid sister Diana, 17. There is no talk of a double royal romance, although according to local clairvoyant Bill McLeod, Charles will marry a Sarah.

WEEKENDERS ... Prince Charles and Lady Sarah Spencer.



OH BABY! WHAT A NIGHT OUT IT WAS

New mum Ann Cullen went out on the town with her husband Brendan just three days after giving birth ... thanks to a group of nurses. The unique baby-sitting plan is all part of the service at a hospital's maternity unit. The new mums are given a special night out before they go home to face the harrowing months of nappy changing and lack of sleep.



BELOW

PAUL PUTS THE ICING ON THE CAR

When Paul Brady won the title Chef of the Year, he wanted to celebrate in an unusual way ... and that he did. For the 33-year-old cook with the Royal



KEN WANTS TO LOOK LIKE DORIS DAY

Doris Day's biggest fan wants to turn himself into another Doris Day. The fan, 29-year-old bachelor Ken Furnival, is seeking medical advice about a sex-change operation to turn him into a woman and plastic surgery on his face to make him look like his Hollywood idol. "I want to look like Doris, feel like Doris, be like Doris," Ken said. "That's how much I love her." It's going to take a lot of plastic surgery!



RIGHT

County Hotel in Durham decided to completely ice a Ford Fiesta. Paul said after his twenty hours of work: "It wasn't too difficult to do." **BIRTHDAY CAKE** ... but it wasn't a cakewalk for Paul as he iced the Ford Fiesta.

LEFT

OUTFIT FOR FUN

Baby, it's cold outside ... and that's a jolly good excuse for you and your man to wriggle your way into this cuddle coat made for two!



JAWS MEETS PAWS

Chips the kitten has a taste for fish. This one looked good enough to eat. However, he didn't realise that his new

companion at a pet shop was a piranha. Chips eventually went elsewhere for dinner. Just as well, really. The fish might have felt like a bite!

THIRSTY RIVER

camp."

"I'm not," Jill returned hotly, "and I haven't said a thing about the way you've been carrying on with those two German girls!"

"So that's it," he said in a voice that was suddenly, frighteningly quiet. "Trying to hold a stick over my back, are you? Listen to me, sweetheart. No woman ever tries to put the squeeze on Steve Craster. Get me? You're a cute little chick and I'm crazy about your legs, but don't get big ideas about yourself. You just try to remember your place in my life, huh?" He gave her a sudden push so that her knees caught against the camp bed, and she sat down on it awkwardly. "There," he pointed to the bed, "right there." The next moment he had stormed out, and she heard his footsteps walking off rapidly into the night.

continued on P.26

from P.9

figure you'll get your fun elsewhere!"

"That's not true, Steve!" said Jill in a shaking voice, on the brink of tears. His anger was like a physical blow, she felt broken and confused as if she'd been flung bodily against a brick wall.

He snorted derisively: "Oh no? You're trying to make a monkey out of me in front of the whole

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Terry Begemann — the Fairy Godmother of Tinsel Town

If you're one of the folk that believe in the "glamour" of the world of modelling — and pumpkins that turn into coaches — a chat with Salisbury's Terry Begemann will quickly shatter your illusions.

In the mad-batter's world of advertising, Terry has achieved a hard-won reputation as an astute business woman, turning out girls prepared to face the music, and lights, and has established a degree of professionalism not really warranted or, perhaps, deserved by such a mini-market as ours.

Her forthright way of speaking sometimes raises hackles but then she's never been known to keep anyone in suspense as to her views on the modelling scene. She, more than any other, is entitled to such a strong view since two of her former Silhouettes have broken into the rat race overseas with a fair measure of success. Two, that is, out of the hundreds of hopefuls who have passed through her studio.

"They have to work damn hard, for long hours and little reward; literally, their faces are their fortune. As soon as someone decrees that they are tired of that face — boom! It's a vicious merry-go-round. To make

this very short-lived career."

Nobody will quarrel with that. In fact those who have chosen Silhouette models can vouch for the high professional standards maintained by the girls, whatever



The Godmother in her get-up with this year's stunning Silhouettes

Photograph by Bob Davey

I'M TERRIBLY BORED WITH THE "RHODESIAN GIRLS' DO WELL OVERSEAS" CLAPTRAP

anything worthwhile she will have to do as many jobs as possible — as soon as she does that she's told she's over-exposed! Overseas, with the higher fee, she need only to do a few commercial jobs a year and she'll stay in demand. With the fees in this country she probably won't even be able to buy a pair of shoes at the end of the year. Remember, according to the tax man her wardrobe and travelling expenses aren't even tax-deductable."

With this motivating her, Terry has recently introduced some innovations in the payment of models, which she admits have not been enthusiastically received by those responsible for selecting models for particular jobs.

"All I want to do is get my girls as much mileage as possible, in

the job — a fashion show, modelling for advertising, hostessing a major function. Although she rules her girls with iron-like discipline she does, at her annual model graduation, organised and largely paid for out of her own pocket, reward their efforts. This year's bash, celebrating her 15th anniversary in business, saw her award six prizes — one of which was an expensive fur jacket. One could see the emotion in the girls' eyes as they received their prizes. This wasn't really the Terry that advertisers and agencies know, and normally fight with. In fact, at the time, someone was heard to remark that they were left with the distinct impression that deep down inside Terry Begemann there is a heart of pure gold; they forgot to say what carat.



Terry as most people never see her. At home at play with her son Kurt

Photograph by Focus Studio

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Marjorie Lane

A problem shared is a problem halved... Let Marjorie Lane help



WEDDING PROBLEMS

Dear Caroline,

My fiancé and I wish to get married, we are both over 21. We want the minimum of fuss so we agreed that the Registry Office would be the best way, with perhaps a small reception afterwards. Unfortunately both sets of parents are horrified at the idea and want us to have a "proper" wedding in church. Neither of us are religious. My fiancé is an only child so his parents say they want to enjoy his wedding, my mother keeps on about it being my "big" day. We both feel upset and understandably don't want to hurt our parents.

Can you advise us as to what to do for the best?

WORRIED DAUGHTER

Dear Worried Daughter,

I feel that as you are both old enough to be getting married, you are also perfectly capable of making a decision as to how to get married. You must do what you feel is right. Explain to your parents that money will be saved. Involve them in planning the reception, perhaps allowing them some leeway in this area as you are getting your way in respect of the actual marriage ceremony. Your fiancé will just have to be firm with his parents and hope they will be understanding.

It is a great pity that parents bring pressure, instead of accepting that their children's aspirations may differ from their own.

KISSING AND CUDDLING

I left some letters lying around and my mother read them. There were references in them to kissing and cuddling with my boyfriend. She said she was shocked and disgusted and it would be the end of her if I ever slept with a boy before I was married and got pregnant. I informed her that all teenagers enjoy petting with their boyfriends but she's become all cold and distant and keeps making sarcastic remarks.

ENRAGED DAUGHTER

Dear Enraged

If you and your mother haven't a relationship which allows you to discuss things openly, I suggest you try and develop one. Your mother's fears are no different to many other mothers. No matter how difficult it may seem, persist in trying to talk things over with her. She will come round eventually. Meanwhile, find a secure place for your letters.

THIRD TIME LUCKY

I am 24 years of age and am on my third deep relationship. Each relationship has involved sex. Do you think I am promiscuous? Would you comment on how many sexual relationships make for promiscuity?

SEXPOT

Dear Sexpot
No on both counts.

gardening

with
Stuart
Dawes

nice and fat and bushy by themselves; they need to be trained, no, not by a whip and chain but constant pinching out of the growing tips (particularly in Fuchsias) or cutting back. Other plants suitable for dappled shade are Browalia, Ivies, Hen & Chickens (Chlorophytum),

MOST of us I'm sure are in the habit of viewing plants all growing at ground level and sometimes to really appreciate the distinctive qualities of various plants one literally has to get down on hands and knees. There is a much simpler way of enjoying the fruits of your labour and that is to plant those dainties in a hanging basket and suspend it at eye level somewhere in the garden. I must stress at 'eye' level because too many people hang their baskets far too high up and one is greeted with the sight of the underneath which is usually moss and the real essence of the basket is lost.

Do not just plant and hang, think! Where are you going to hang the plant? i.e. Will it be in shade, sun, on the patio or indoors? Then you've got an idea of what plants will be suitable and which ones won't. At the same time decide if the container you are going to hang compliments it's location. A wire basket with moss in a soft pretty bathroom will look as out of place as a lovely ceramic pot in a macrame hanging under a Jacaranda Tree. Another very important point is only put in plants that are suitable for basket culture which usually means plants that trail or cascade.

For the sunny areas Purple Lantana is very rewarding while mixed Lobelia makes a delightful ball shaped basket. Cascade petunias mixed in with Alyssum will brighten up any area while Nemesias will catch any eye. Other plants suitable for sun are: African Daisy, Double Bougainvillea, Strawberries, Ivies, Geraniums, Verbena, a lot of the ground covers, Russelia, Kalawchoe and many more.

For shady positions there is a much larger scope to choose from, topping the list of course is Fuchsias. While not every Fuchsia is a basket subject there are a lot that are so don't plonk the first one you come across into a basket. Find out first otherwise you will just be wasting your time. Another important point to remember when growing plants in baskets or hanging pots is that in the main they don't just get

Asparagus Ferns including the lovely Cat's tail, all other ferns, Achimenes, Begonias, Christmas Cactus (Schlumbergia) Coleus, Columnea, Impatiens, including the new variegated leaf Bizzy Lizzy which is really outstanding and will add a lovely splash of colour to any dull spot. The leaves of these new Impatiens grow up to 15 cm long and about 8 cm wide with beautiful variegated colours, there are about four different ones and all have lovely large flowers up to 5 cm across. This is the best new shade plant released for many years.

Plants for indoors include the dainty Maidenhair Fern, most other ferns, Hen and Chickens, Philodendrons, Ivies, Hoya (wax flower), Fittonia, Maranta, Ceropegia, Tradescantia, Columnea, Cissus, Peperomia, Plectranthus, Baby's Tears (Soleirolia) and Wandering Jew.

The lists in these three sections are by far from being complete but I think it is more than enough to be getting on with in the meanwhile. Unless your hanging pot or basket is very small group two, three or four different plants together for that miniature garden effect and always try and include some foliage with a bit of colour in it to help set off the other plants just like a splash of white in the garden makes the other colours stand out more.

Prepare your basket/pot properly and get excellent results. If using a hanging pot make sure there is a drainage hole with a saucer to catch the drips and put small stones in the pot to stop the soil from clogging up the hole. If there is no hole and one can not be made because of the type of pot still put in your stones and only water when the soil starts getting dry otherwise you could drown the poor plant.

A well-prepared weed-free potting soil is essential as this will contain all the nutrients that will be needed as well as the correct balance of humus or compost. If doing your own, to a barrow load of topsoil add half bag of well rotted compost/manure, quarter bag sand and half bag husks, 450 D fertilizer and 450 g single supers, mix three times, sieve and there you are.

When planting a basket soak the moss in clean water for 10 mins and cut out a plastic sheet to fit inside the basket once the moss is in. Make 2 cm holes all over the plastic for drainage and to allow the roots to breathe. If you are going to plant in the side of the basket as well as the top to get a lovely all-over balance effect just cover the bottom of the basket on top of the moss with plastic. Fill the basket one fifth with soil, part the wire in four places, slip in your plant, squeeze the wire closed and add another one fifth of soil and repeat. Never let your hanging baskets dry out as they can soon become a hanging ball of concrete and the only effective way to water them then is to dip the whole basket in a pail of water and leave until the bubbles stop rising.

Next issue I would like to change the format slightly and try and answer any questions or problems you may have to do with gardening so please write in as your letters will help benefit other readers as well, until then Cheers. ▲

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THIRSTY RIVER

from P.22

Patrick had stayed with the others, listening to their conversation and exchanging yarns with a group of fishermen, and was surprised to see Steve Craster reappear on his own. He threw himself down on a chair and ordered a beer. He was breathing heavily through his nose and his eyes were hard and bright as two chips of copper sulphate. He sucked the froth off his beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Presently he turned to Gretl and said softly: "Would you like to come out on the lake with me for an hour? The moon will be up soon."

The girl smiled archly, with downturned mouth, and waggled her shoulders. "All right. If I am safe with you." She looked coy. "You will not take me far?" Steve laughed reassuringly.

"Aw you don't need to worry. Everyone's safe with Uncle Steve! Come on." He held out a hand for her.

After a few moments Patrick saw their figures down at the jetty, and presently the engine of the *Kestrel* gave a muted bellow and the white froth of its wake curved across the bay. Patrick got up restlessly and walked off on his own, feeling anxious about Jill. His anxiety mounted when he discovered that her tent was in darkness and unoccupied. What had happened to her?

He found her at last, right at the end of a rocky promontory, huddled down between some big blocks of stone. "Jill?" He came and stood behind her. "Are you in trouble?"

"I'm — I'm —" Her voice trembled and she drew a long shuddering breath. A fierce surge of anger boiled in Patrick's blood. That swine, Craster! She'd been crying! He knelt down beside the girl and took her shoulders. "Has he hurt you?"

Jill gave a wobbly smile, and shook her head. "I'm all right, thanks. I'll be fine in a minute." She was shivering all over, like someone with a bad case of

malaria. Patrick sat down beside her, and put an arm round her shoulders.

"Hurt in spirit, perhaps?" he asked with gentle wryness. "Believe me, I know what that feels like." His words filled Jill with remorse for the way she had treated him three years before.

"I'm sorry, Pat," she said

arc of silver lighting up the sky in the east.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Not something I did?"

"No. It's a long story." He looked away from her, feeling the physical weight of his need to unburden his heart. For a moment or two she didn't reply.

"If you want to talk about it,"

patrol, down in the broken country west of Kanyemba . . ."

The Easter moon soared up over the Makuti mountains, silencing the waters of Kariba and striking glints from the dark sheen of Jill's hair. Absorbed in Patrick's story, she gradually forgot her own troubles, and her squabble with Steve shrank from the stature of a heart-rending drama to that of an inconsequential lovers' tiff. She felt ashamed now of her tears of self-pity.

After he had finished, they both fell silent, their minds filled with their own thoughts. Patrick glanced at Jill. She seemed better now, though her face was thoughtful and sad. Pat felt a stab of jealousy. He wished he could make her see what a worthless wretch Craster was, without hurting her further. "Are you in love with him?" he asked abruptly, his face turned away, dreading the answer which he knew must come.

"I — I can't tell," she said miserably. "I thought I was . . ."

"Is he going to marry you?" Patrick persisted.

"I don't know." She lifted her face. "Please don't, Pat."

"I'm sorry," he replied in a tight voice. "I had no business to ask you that. And don't cry again, for the love of heaven!"

Involuntarily he tightened his grip on her shoulders, but she drew away and rose to her feet, saying shyly: "Thanks, Pat. You've been kinder than I deserve. Are you really going to come to Sanyati with us tomorrow? I know Steve didn't make the invitation very gallantly, but . . ."

Patrick managed to stop himself from saying "Do you want me?" Instead he simply said: "Yes."

Patrick walked back with her some of the way. When he saw the warm glow of light come on inside her tent, he returned to the rocks where they had been sitting, and leaned back, staring at the stars. Was it his imagination? Was it wishful thinking, or was there a chance that Jill was still in love with him? Three years ago he had accepted her rejection with meek submission, given her up, let her go without a struggle or an argument. However, if the intervening years had taught Pat one thing, it was that a man must fight for what he wants. And this time, by God, he was going to fight!

NEXT ISSUE! Patrick and Jill, Steve Craster and the two German girls set out together for the Sanyati Gorge. The situation is emotional dynamite, and it doesn't take much for it to explode into violence!



"I dress and drink in Regency style."

(Inserted in the interests of good drinking by African Distillers, makers of fine liqueurs and spirits).

wretchedly, looking down at her hands. "I didn't mean to hurt you." Her voice shook, and she seemed close to tears again.

"I know that." He looked at her in silence. Presently he went on, a trifle bitterly: "There are worse hurts than those a girl can give. You mustn't blame yourself."

The moon was about to rise, and

she ventured timidly at last, "I'm here to listen. Or is it something you'd prefer to keep to yourself?"

"It was a friend of mine." He turned towards her, gratefully, the images so fresh in his mind now crowding in on him as he relived that terrible day. "A chap called Tim — I don't think you met him. It happened on our last



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