

# Illustrated Life **AND** Talk

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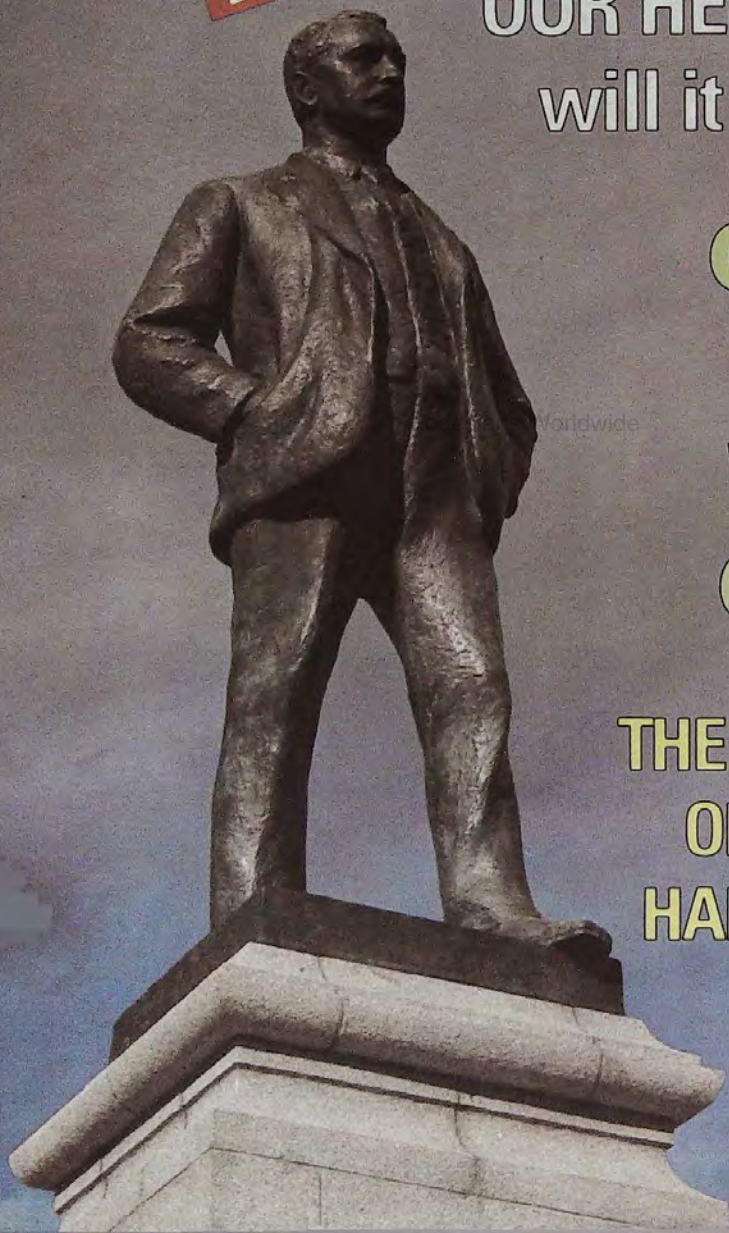
VOL. 1 NO. 7  
FORTNIGHT ENDING  
6th JUNE, 1979  
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OUR HERITAGE –  
will it survive?

ONLY  
ONE  
WAY  
OUT?

THE SECRETS  
OF YOUR  
HANDWRITING





Which blend of mixed instant  
sells the most coffee?



Rhodesian

**Daybreak**

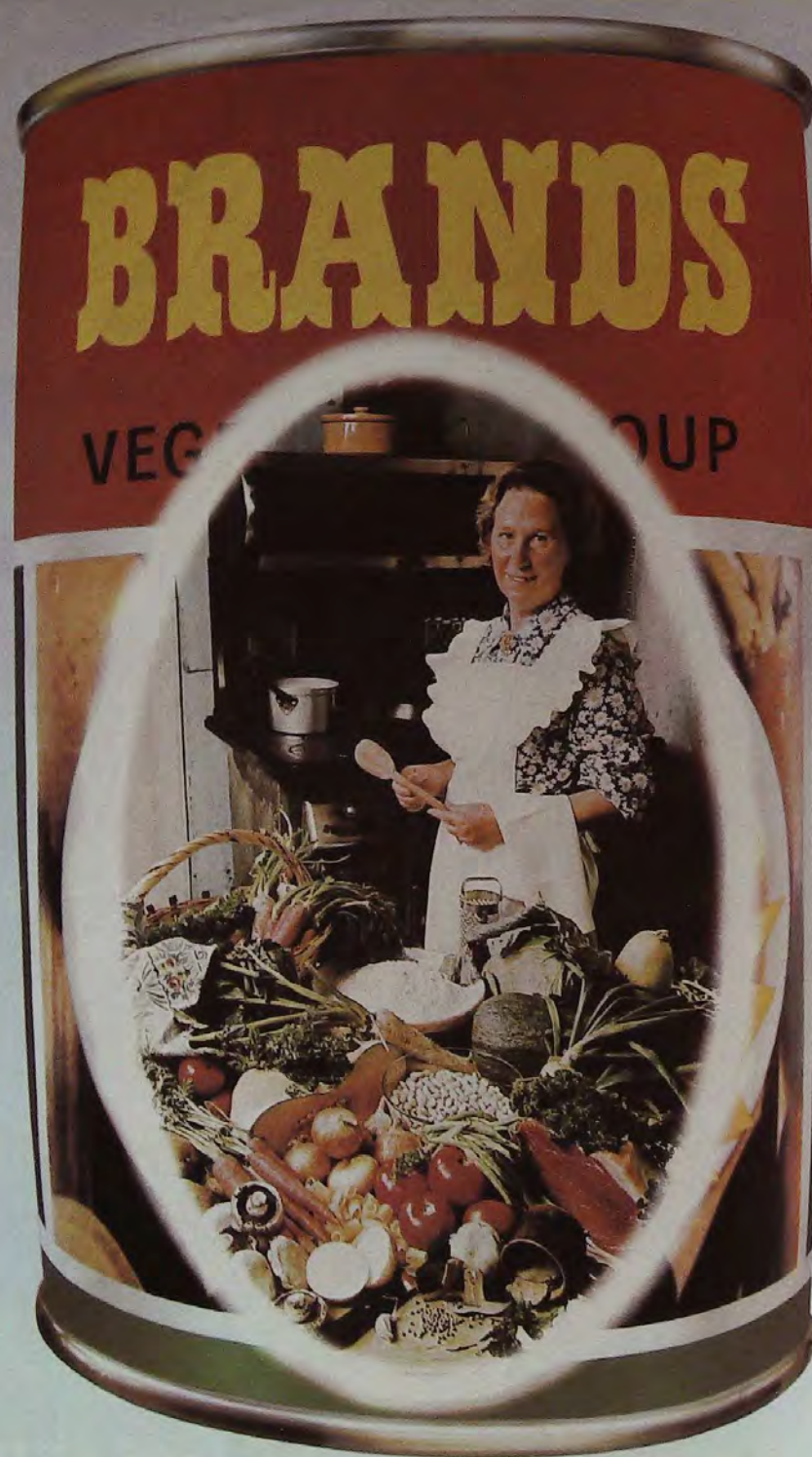
- the coffee with all of the taste.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE & TALK Fortnight ending 6th June, 1979



**Bata** movement. Get into it.






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**Manica Rd.**  
CORNER INEZ TERRACE  
92  
**Manica Rd.**  
BETWEEN 1ST AND 2ND ST  
**Lenbern House**  
CORNER UNION AVE.  
AND MOFFAT ST.  
**Salisbury**

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**Gwelo**  
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MIDLANDS  
HOTEL

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# Illustrated Life AND Talk

Vol. 1 No. 7  
Fortnight ending  
6 June, 1979

## Contents

<b>Features</b>	
Our heritage — will it survive majority rule?	6
When there is only one way out	8
The Secrets in your Handwriting	12
Fashion	24
<b>Fiction</b>	
Night Flight: A short story by Veronica Somerville	26

<b>Regular Features</b>	
Photoreview	11 & 23
Law for the Layman, by Percy Manning	14
Crossword	14
Star Scope	17
Beauty, with Caroline Carter	19
Problems, with Marjorie Lane	20
Gardening, with Stuart Dawes	22



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# OUR HERITAGE — will it survive?



The heritage of the past — will its tangible symbols continue to exist — or will they suffer the fate which has befallen so many such symbols throughout black Africa?

IN Maputo today, the former bulwark is now a marketplace. The wide boulevards of what was once Lourenço Marques have been stripped of their exotic Portuguese names; and the new names have the ring of revolutionary fervour and colourless socialism: Karl Marx Avenue, Vladimir Lenin Street, Ho Chi Minh Avenue, Julius Nyerere Avenue. And what of the statues of the old Portuguese heroes — soldiers, statesmen, explorers and religious leaders?

They stand, in varying stages of repair, in a dusty electricity supply yard in Maputo. Among their illustrious ranks can be seen Admiral Gago Coutinho, the legendary aviator, who once stood in solitary splendour in front of the Airport which bore his name.

These relics of colonialism have been relegated to obscurity for the moment, but they will, one day, according to the

new administration, be restored and placed on display in a museum. And they have, in fact, fared much better than those in other newly independent African states, where vandalism often raged unchecked, with the resultant destruction of countless fine works of art.

As Independence Day for Zimbabwe Rhodesia approaches, one cannot help wondering what fates awaits our national heritage. Here, we are following a different path to the majority of African states; we are shaping our future according to our own unique blueprint, and there is every hope that a responsible and far-sighted attitude will prevail with regard to the future of these monuments to the past.

There will be many changes of course: in the names of certain streets, towns and cities. That is to be expected. It did not take Zambia long to Africanise the names of such

towns as Fort Jameson, Broken Hill, Bancroft and Abercorn (one interesting point is that Livingstone has kept its name in spite of the fact that it was originally planned to change it to Mosi-oa-Tunya). We can expect a new flag, new national anthem, new public holidays.

Zimbabwe Rhodesia has a modest collection of statues and national monuments, the future of which could be considered uncertain — the statues of Rhodes and Beit, for example, as well as memorials to past battles and pioneering achievements. And there is the mounted figure of Energy, now outside the ill-fated Rowan Martin Building, the statue which was moved here from Zambia after independence there. Will it have to make yet another move?

Let's hope not. I.L.T. asked Mr H. D. Jackson, the Executive Director of National Museums and Monuments whether contingency plans had been made in the event that these relics were found superfluous, and he told us that many were protected under the terms of the National Museums and

Monuments Act. As far as the remainder are concerned, he is hoping that the new administration will act with responsibility and co-operation. "As soon as the new Minister is appointed (we come under the Ministry of Internal Affairs)," he said, "we will approach him to find out what he has in mind. We are talking about our history and our national heritage, and if the new administration feels there is at present a bias which should be corrected, we should like to balance this by addition rather than substitution."

On the subject of the flag and the national anthem, Mr David Mukome, the UANC Publicity Secretary told I.L.T. that there would be consultations with minority groups and the possibility of launching competitions to find an appropriate flag and anthem. "These are national symbols," he said, "and you cannot just transform party symbols into national symbols; they must be arrived at after a national effort. If, after consultation throughout the country, it is considered that the UANC flag should become the national flag, we would



then be quite happy to adopt it."

On the matter of national monuments and street and city names, Mr Mukome said that this subject is way down on the list of priorities facing the new government, which will first be tackling the urgent problems — of ending the war, unemployment, health, housing, education. Only then, said Mr Mukome, would the government turn its attention to such niceties as national monuments. There would not be a

rush to change for the sake of change, at the risk of antagonising one section of the community without benefiting any other section. ▲



## TO THE MEMORY OF ALAN WILSON & PARTY

MAJOR ALAN WILSON D.C. Victoria Cross	CAPT. HENRY JOHN BIRKLEY Salisbury Hero
CAPT. FREDERICK FITZGERALD	SERGEANT WILLIAM HENRY BIRKLEY
" WILLIAM JOSEPH JUDD	CORP. HARRY GRAHAM KINLOCH
" HARRY MOXON GREENFIELD	TROOPER (LANCE) DAVID WATSON M.C. & M.M.
" ARTHUR BLUNDELL KIRTON	" FRANK LEON VOGEL
LIEUT. GEORGE HUGHES	" L. DAVIS
" ARNO HERMANUS HOFMEYER	" WILLIAM HENRY BRITTON
SQ. MR. SIGNEY CHAS. HARDING	" PHILIP WOUTER DE VOS
SERGEANT HAROLD ALEXANDER BROWN	" THOMAS DOLOUGH WATSON
" CLIFFORD BRADBURN	" EDWARD BROCK
CORP. FREDERICK CROSSLEY COLQUHOUN	" WILLIAM BATH
TROOPER EDWARD EARLE WELBY	" PERCY CRAMPTON NUNN
" JOHN ROBERTSON	" HENRY ST JOHN TUCK
" ALEX HAY ROBERTSON	" WILLIAM ALEXANDER THOMSON
" HAROLD JOHN HELLEY	" WILLIAM ABBOTT
" DENIS CROMLY DILLON	" GEORGE SAINERS MACKENZIE
	" MATHEW MEKLEJOHN
	" HENRY GEORGE WATSON

Top left: the statue of Alfred Beit, outside the Salisbury Polytechnic.

Top right: the Physical Energy statue in front of the Rowan Martin Building in Salisbury.

Bottom row, from left to right: The monument to the Moodie Trek at Melsetter.

The grave of Cecil John Rhodes in the Matopos Hills near Bulawayo.

The Allan Wilson Memorial plaque at Shangani.

The statue of David Livingstone at the Victoria Falls.





**"I'm going to kill myself . . . I've got a revolver right here. Do you want to see me do it?"**

THE voice on the telephone is taut and hard, but there is a tremor in it . . . an almost imperceptible plea for help.

On the other end of the line is a Samaritan. She speaks quietly and calmly into the mouthpiece, trying to make contact with a man so overwhelmed by the weight of his burdens that for him there seems to be only one way out. But, even as he teeters on the brink of self-destruction, in the long night of his despair, he is grabbing at a slender lifeline — and there is someone on the other end, someone who will hold on and help him back from the edge, back into life.

As the 'telephone Samaritan' talks reassuringly to the shaking voice of the potential suicide, she prepares to alert her partner on the night shift — the 'call-out Samaritan', at home asleep in bed.

The man on the phone is still talking, continuing his threats, determined to go ahead and shoot himself, but eventually he agrees to have a Samaritan visit him, and he gives his address. Another urgent phone call, and the 'call-out Samaritan' is awoken, dresses and leaves his home. Within minutes he is on his way.

He finds the man sitting, drinking a beer, empty bottles beside him and a revolver on the arm of his chair. The man looks up, his body tense with pent-up emotion, his eyes dull with misery.

"Do you want to see me do it?" he asks, repeating the phrase he used on the telephone.

"No, of course I don't." The Samaritan sits down beside him. "Why don't you tell me why you want to do this?"

The time is 10 p.m. . . .

It is now 4 a.m., there is a grey light at the window and the man is slumped in his chair. He has talked, shouted, sobbed out his story. Many times during the long night he has repeated his threats, but

he has not put the gun to his head — and his eyes are peaceful now, his body is relaxed. The crisis has passed.

The Samaritan leaves the man with an assurance that he will come back whenever he is needed. Driving home through the early dawn, he hopes that he has succeeded — that the man has been given enough strength to pick up his life and resolve his problems. He hopes that the crisis will not return, that the man will not sink back into the pit of despair — and this time pull the trigger. He hopes all these things . . . but the chances are that he will never know the result of his night watch. Because he is not permitted to follow-up this meeting unless his 'client' requests it. The Samaritan cannot even phone the man the next day to make sure he is all right. And if he should pass him in the street, at any time in the future, he



Rhodesians Worldwide

## WHEN THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT . . .

... dial the number that always answers — the Samaritans

will give no sign of recognition, unless the man does so first.

At 7.30 a.m. the night shift ends. A new 'telephone Samaritan' comes on duty. She takes a few routine calls and, around lunchtime, the shift changes again. At about 3.30 a woman calls, in a state of agitation. "Please come and talk to my daughter," she begs. "I'm sure she's taking drugs and I can't make her see sense. You've got to do something!"

The 'telephone Samaritan' tells the woman regretfully that she cannot talk to the daughter, unless the daughter herself wishes it. "I'm sorry," she explains, "but we can only help people who ask us for help. We can come and see you if you like."

The woman thinks that would help her, but she does not ring off; what she really wants is a sympathetic ear, and now that she has it she pours out her fears incoherently. At the end of half an

hour, she is sounding almost cheerful, and rings off saying, "Well, thanks very much — you've been a great help to me."

During the entire conversation the Samaritan has done little more than listen and make a few understanding comments. Sometimes, incredibly, that is all that is needed. By putting her problems into words and unburdening her fears on to a complete stranger, secure in the knowledge that what she says

bury, in one year alone, the Samaritans receive an average of 900 calls — about three a day. They are not experts or professionals, though they can put their callers in touch with that sort of advice if it is needed. They listen, they give understanding, friendship and compassion.

Their special brief is, of course, the prevention of suicide, but they will help anyone who is seriously distressed, whatever the reason. You don't have to be about to take an overdose before you can call in the Samaritans.

And whatever you tell a Samaritan goes no further than that person and the Samaritan Directors to whom a report is made. You don't have to identify yourself or give any address, unless you want someone to call on you. The anonymity of the Samaritans is preserved in the same way: they introduce themselves by first names and each one has a number.

### How it all started

In 1935, an English priest named Chad Varah was called upon to officiate at a particularly tragic and unnecessary funeral. A young girl, menstruating for the first time and completely ignorant of the natural functions of her body, committed suicide in the belief that she had contracted some dreadful disease. So horrified was the Rev. Varah that such a tragedy could be caused by lack of knowledge that he began a study of sexual problems and advocated a more outspoken approach to such matters in the teaching of young people.

Nearly 20 years later, in 1953, Chad Varah was dismayed by statistics which claimed that, in London at that time, there was an average of three suicides a day. He wrote an article for Picture Post, and was immediately inundated with mail from people who desperately needed help. As no help seemed to be forthcoming, he decided he would have to provide it himself.

He arranged for an appointment to a small parish, St. Stephen Walbrook, in the City of London, and, in the church vestry, he established

his telephone service for people in trouble. He wanted a distinctive telephone number, and he asked the local exchange whether the number 9000 was available, as it was close enough to the police emergency number — 99. The operator was sympathetic and asked for the current number of the parish telephone. When the dust had been wiped off the dial, the Rev. Varah read the number in amazement: it was MANSION HOUSE 9000.

Co-operative Fleet Street journalists gave him free publicity and he was in business. Immediately, he was overwhelmed with telephone calls and visits; he was kept busy right through the day, but still his waiting room was full to

centres where the Samaritans operated, the suicide rate dropped by one-third.

The Samaritan movement grew and spread. Now, according to Bob Peace, Salisbury Samaritans' Acting Director, there are branches in a dozen different countries. Almost every country in the world has, if not a Samaritan branch, then a similar organisation.

### What are the problems that send people to the Samaritans?

In Rhodesia, marital problems are the most common — and not, Mr Peace assured me, because of the war. Rhodesia has always had a high divorce rate, the second highest in the

**"... in centres where the Samaritans operated the suicide rate dropped by one-third."**

world. Basically, there are three reasons for this situation. Firstly, too much freedom. Young people live carefree, independent lives and find it very difficult to adapt to the restrictions of marriage. The husbands resent having to forfeit their sporting and club life; the wives feel house-bound and bored, or dowdy with pregnancy. When the babies start to arrive, the couples' lives become even more restricted and the tensions multiply. It is a problem of adjustment and is particularly prevalent in the first three years of marriage.

Alcoholism poses a second serious threat, usually to older couples and many more marriages collapse when the non-alcoholic spouse finds he or she can take no more.

Lastly, financial problems. Credit is far too readily available, and young couples find themselves heavily in debt as a result of taking on too many commitments. Marital upheavals aside, the factors which drive people to desperation are much the same the world over. Loneliness, mental illness, sexual problems, drug abuse, the problems of youth, middle- and old-age.

During the following ten years, figures published in England showed that, in



# WHEN THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT

(continued from previous page)

Unhappiness and despair attack the very young as well as the older men and women, although in Rhodesia teenage problems are still in their infancy, but they do exist: young students worrying about failing exams, young men worrying about army call-ups. Drug abuse does exist among young Rhodesians, and is particularly difficult to eradicate among the Africans, who are accustomed to smoking dagga right through their lives. Fortunately, Rhodesia is not favoured by the pedlars of 'hard' drugs, because there is no way for the pushers to get their money out of the country.

Among the elderly, and especially elderly women, the main cause of misery is loneliness, and often all that is needed is for the Samaritans to arrange for someone to befriend the caller, or to arrange for her to join a club.

Some months in the year seem to be unhappier than others. Christmas is usually a bad time; and January and February are dark months too, partly due to tight finances after the festive season. The quietest month for the Samaritans is, strangely enough, October — so-called 'suicide month'.

## Suicide and its myths

The chief misconception about suicide is that people who talk about it don't do it. This is not true. In England, one in four people who commit suicide had talked about it first. Someone who talks about suicide is revealing his divided state of mind. On the one hand, he sees no way out of his suffering and yearns for peace; on the other hand, he wants to be helped and he wants to be talked out of it. Of course, the really determined ones don't talk at all, they just do it.

Another myth is that most suicides are carried out when

the person is mentally unbalanced. This has also been disproved.

A suicidal person reaches a critical period before he actually reaches for the gun. During this period of crisis, if he can be helped he can often be saved. If he is not, he will probably kill himself.

Most people are familiar with 'attempted suicides' that don't come off, usually by people seeking attention. Sometimes the 'attempts' misfire — for example, the case of the woman who took an overdose of sleeping tablets regularly, just before her husband was due to arrive home; she was always rushed to hospital in the nick of time, — until one day the husband was involved in a traffic accident....

**The Samaritan must be unshockable, for he will hear things he never could have conceived in his own mind.**

There seems to be, in Rhodesia, a pattern of preference among suicides with regard to their methods. European women generally take overdoses of sleeping pills; European men shoot themselves; African men hang themselves and African women use a knife.

## How the Samaritans work

A great part of the Samaritans' task is to listen. Bob Peace told me that about 60 per cent of the people who call ring off quite happily after discussing their troubles over the phone.

A Samaritan does not tell his client what he should do. His job is not to say, "Yes, you must leave your husband — he is a monster," or "No, you must not allow your daughter to marry the boy who got her pregnant". The Samaritan

only hears one side of most stories, and he is not there to play the expert. His task is to put before the troubled person all sides of his problem, all alternatives that are open to him, and to suggest possible solutions. But the client must make his decisions, as these are the only ones he will carry out. And if, as in the case of the suicide story mentioned earlier, the man had picked up the revolver and put it to his head, the Samaritan would not have had any right to stop him from pulling the trigger.

The Samaritan must be unshockable, for he will hear things he could never have conceived in his own mind — but no matter what he hears he must not show his revulsion. A person carrying a load of guilt cannot rid himself of it to someone who is trans-

fixed with horror at what he is hearing.

Evangelising is not allowed in any form, and there are among the Samaritans atheists and agnostics. If a client asks for spiritual help the Samaritan can refer him to the right person — and frequently this happens, once the client is sure that no one is going to convert him forcibly.

If the services of an expert are needed, that can be arranged. The group has available doctors, psychologists, and lawyers, and the first interview is always free of charge.

Case-histories are never published: the examples given here are simply illustrations of typical situations. And a client knows that he can break off his relationship with the Samaritan at any time he chooses.

The Police have a good working relationship with the organisation; indeed, they have found that a Samaritan can put out a hand and talk a potential suicide back from the ledge of a building when the Police themselves cannot get within reach of the man.

Even in this sort of work, where unhappiness and despair are the order of the day there are moments of humour, — as recently, when a new type of request started coming in to the Samaritans. "This is Pete. I'm in the RLI and I'm on a week's R and R. Can you get a bird for me?"

Would-be Samaritans are interviewed, and then put through a ten-week course. They then undergo a 'telephone sensitivity' test in which they deal with a simulated case over the telephone, while the Director and a deputy listen on another line and assess the ability of the trainee. The member then begins work as a 'telephone Samaritan' and eventually graduates to 'call-out' status.

This is the only country outside Britain to have more than two branches: Salisbury (22000), Bulawayo (65000), Gwelo (4040), and Umtali (64559). There are 400 Samaritans throughout the country, 107 in Salisbury itself. Bob Peace would like to have another 80 members in Salisbury, and increased numbers in the other cities.

Would you like to become a Samaritan? It is not a glamorous or exciting job, and it calls for a special kind of person, someone with warmth, understanding, tolerance and a genuine love for his fellow men. The Samaritans particularly want people who would like to help even if they never get any thanks in return, and who are not afraid of failure.

The Samaritans are there to help others — perhaps you can help them.

# PHOTOREVIEW



Nadia Comaneci, brilliant young Rumanian gymnast, had the crowd on their feet at a packed Wembley arena last month when she won the Daily Mirror Champion's All competition. Nadia has changed to a more graceful style, and is better than ever.



Sleek, custom-built dream car, the Panther De Ville, based on the legendary Bugatti Royale, and yours for £50 000, if you don't mind the waiting list... of two years.

A batch of babies and two proud mums: (right) Debbie Keeping of Swindon, U.K., and her fabulous four — Emma, Nicola, Amanda and Claire; and (far right) a radiant Princess and her husband Prince Michael of Kent admire their six-day-old son.



Baring all — Arsenal defender Sammy Nelson shows the North Bank fans what he thinks of them, at Highbury, North London, after he had been the target of abuse by a section of the crowd. And Arsenal immediately suspended him and fined him two weeks wages.



Life with a grizzly: Maggie Robbin has a life-size teddy Hercules, who has been with her and husband, Andy, since he was born three years ago. Hercules likes nothing better than a breakfast of bacon, eggs and sausages.





**IV**ANKIND is beginning to be more and more interested in an inner search to learn more about himself, his motivations and how he interacts with others. An intriguing clue into personality and hang-ups lies in the study of handwriting. This is the science known as graphology. Although experts spend a lifetime studying its finer points in order to make detailed character readings, a small amount of study will reveal information about you, your friends or any strangers who may write to you.

#### The choice of nib or point

We can start with the nib or point used, because this controls to a large extent the thickness or fineness of the writing. The modern ballpoint pen is becoming more and more popular, tending to give the same evenness throughout. However, this does not affect the accuracy of the handwriting analysis. It simply means that people who use ball-pointed pens in preference to ordinary nibs have or are acquiring the character points which go with thick, dark writing. Basically, this can mean one has a pleasure-loving, rather free-and-easy temperament, but one which can, at times, be a bit blunt, abrupt or domineering.

A person who writes with medium thickness takes a middle course between thick and fine writing — a person who likes both work and play, holding his own and yet being reasonably tactful and diplomatic.

The person who displays fine writing usually has a refined nature, much sensitivity, a love of work, and a lively mind.

#### The size of the letters

There is the small, cramped style of handwriting which contrasts with the bold, sprawled fist which accommodates only a few words to a single line. Between these two extremes are the other variations that fit in between. The large writing belongs mostly to people who have high ambitions, a broad outlook and who are not particularly fond of details or of being highly accurate. They are self-confident, like to occupy positions of importance and are kind-hearted. A lot of foresight is a trait of this personality, sometimes to the extent that these people look so

far ahead that they miss opportunities lying beneath their feet. Medium-sized writing is indicative of common sense, an even temper but not as much enthusiasm or energy as those who form bolder letters. Smallish, neat writing belongs to cheerful people who have strong opinions, who learn easily, are thrifty with money but have a rather reserved inward nature. Their ability for attending to detail can detract from the chances that lie in being able to look ahead. They are too absorbed in what is happening at that present moment.

#### The shape of writing

This varies greatly. Angular or pointed writing with a spiky look signifies an enquiring mind, firmness which can become obstinacy and a quick temper. Very pointed letters indicate egoism. Rounded writing is the mark of a good temper and a warm-hearted sympathetic disposition. But there can be a bit of weakness or indecision. Flourishing writing with curls to it indicates a tendency to exaggeration, especially in large capital letters. This person could be a bit vain or given to dramatic gestures. Narrow letters which have a compressed appearance are significant of restraint or an inability to let oneself go. A broad or fat sort of writing is a giveaway of one who has a good opinion of himself, has strength of character and independence but perhaps not much imagination.

#### The slope of the writing

Most people write with a degree of forward slope. The medium forward sloping hand shows sensitivity and tenderness, but a tendency to depend a lot on others. The more

prominent the slant the stronger and more likely the traits will be. Upright letters (found a lot among English people) show a person to be honest and upright, with more self-control than the forward-sloping writers. But the 'uprights' could lack tact! Back-sloping script betrays a rebellious or obstinate character which likes to be different from others. There can be neurosis or suppressed emotions and hidden feelings which will be very difficult to detect on the surface. There is an inclination in these folk to look back to the past and nurse old grievances. The all-ways writing means 'I

chronic ill health. There can also be sentimental, day-dreaming tendencies. You must take note also, of whether the writing tends to become smaller towards the end of a word or line. Or maybe it gets larger. Diminishing writing, where words or lines taper off or trail almost to nothing show a hasty, impatient quality — someone who is always trying to do twice as much as anyone else. Intelligence will be shrewd and quick. Increasing writing in which the ends of words or lines are bigger than the beginnings show thoroughness, patience and frankness.

Secrets in your  
handwriting  
By JILL DARKE

can't make up my mind! Where some words slope forward, others are upright while others go backwards, the writer has an unsettled mind, is nervy, torn in two directions and is trying to face all issues at once.

#### The slope of the lines

Where someone has written on unlined paper it is worth noting whether the lines tend to tilt upwards towards the righthand margin, keep level all the way or descend.

Ascending writing shows optimism and cheerfulness, together with plenty of energy and drive. Descending lines often merely show a feeling of tiredness or of being temporarily run down. This can be deducted if the person usually writes either level or with an upward slant. If there is a habitual pattern of downward writing, this can show a pessimistic trend or

#### Capitals

Now we turn to the actual details of the writing. Capital letters reveal much. Well-formed capitals indicate a feeling for beauty, and strong will-power. Very flourishing or scroll-like capitals can mean vanity or a desire for self-importance. Letters which are formed in an original or unusual way are a sign of someone who likes to do things a little differently from the herd. Capitals which are much higher in proportion to the rest of the writing show anxiety to be in the foreground or achieve prominence. If, however, the capitals hardly stand out at all from the rest of the words, this would indicate a lack of confidence and too much modesty. Medium-sized capitals are an indication of a balanced person who takes a middle course between egoism and not being a doormat.

#### Signatures

Note how many famous or important people have impressive signatures with wavy lines beneath them. Of course there are many brilliant personalities who sign their names in a simple way, while other more flamboyant signatures belong to those who would like to be in the lime-light. The autograph which stands out with a clear name and a look of energy about it will usually reveal the writer to be just like that. Where there is no line beneath, the nature is simple and kindly. A full stop or dot after the signature is often a

ness and resignation. People who put the bar wholly on the left of the 't' stroke are unable to make quick decisions and are afraid of responsibilities. Where the bar of a final 't' joins up with the next word we find one who has a lively nature with a good sequence of ideas.

#### Endings of words

Most people end their words as soon as the last letter is fully formed and from this one reads a fair amount of caution, a desire for value for money and a hurry to get on to the next thing. Where there are wide spaces between words the writer is kind and generous. Where a curve is thrown backwards over the word there is impetuosity and a warm heart. Long-tailed letters with the loops going below the lines should be particularly noted — especially the 'g's and 'y's. If they are long, slope gracefully to the next letter, you find an imaginative person, fluent in speech or writing. If they are very long and run into the letters on the line below the nature is over-sensitive and too much imagination leads to perpetual worry. If the loops are small or badly formed we see much economy, thrift or someone who is always hurrying.

#### Punctuation

Most people use full stops even if they are careless about punctuation otherwise. Thus, if the full stop is omitted entirely, here we will find one who is either not very strong-willed or who is lazy. Strong, bold stops show a pleasure-loving nature, dots and dashes at random are the mark of a romantic who dashes here and there. Frequent exclamation marks deduce plenty of imagination or a tendency to exaggerate. A very sloping mark means there is much tenderness. Neat and painstaking punctuation means patience and businesslike qualities.

Let's look now at some random samples of handwriting and try to apply some of this knowledge of graphology:

By the time it was  
clear in the world of  
industry was no longer

**SAMPLE 1:** First the size of the writing. This is reasonably large to medium. The letters are not sprawling but moderately spaced and formed, showing a person who looks at life in a broad, tolerant way. The shape of the writing is rounded, marking an even temper and kind-heartedness. The slope is slightly backwards, showing some emotional difficulties which are well hidden although the outward nature appears very

self-contained. The lines are level, indicating truthfulness, accuracy and attention to detail. The capitals are plain and well-formed, and this reveals a feeling for beauty. The 't's are barred midway and join into the next letter, betokening moderation, liveliness and cheerfulness. The looped letters are moderate again and this all fits together with a person of an extremely rational and "middle of the road" nature.

It is sometimes such a relief  
when reading up principles  
of law, in a textbook, to turn

**SAMPLE 2:** The size of writing here is smaller than in the preceding sample. This shows more sense of limitation, but with an amount of self-discipline revealed in the even spacing of the words. There is not much desire for importance. The letters are inclined to be somewhat narrow and pointed, and this means a penetrating mind, firmness together with some emotional restraint — sometimes an inability to 'let one-

self go'. The level lines are a pointer to truthfulness, meticulous work and a strong sense of duty. The capitals are not much larger than the rest of the script and from this we would deduce balance being maintained between the ego and the subconscious mind. The 't's are barred slightly upward, denoting ambition. Where they join the next letter we read a lively sense of humour.

I was so heartened to  
hear that all is well with  
you. The inspiring poems

**SAMPLE 3:** This person's fairly rounded writing reveals kindness but perhaps some weakness when too much sympathy is given. The writing is of medium thickness indicating diplomacy, and the slope is somewhat forward, pointing to sensitivity and a tendency to sometimes depend too much on others. The

lines are fairly level but the slight downward trend could point to some spells of pessimism. The 't's are crossed quite high here and this again would mean ambition, but here the bar is wholly on the righthand side. This means energy, initiative and organising ability.

(continued on page 28)



# LAW FOR THE LAYMAN

Continuing on the subject of divorce, Percy Manning talks about the children of a broken marriage

THE break-up of a marriage inevitably brings with it a host of problems. In my last few articles I dealt with one of those problems, namely maintenance. But an equally volatile one — and one which can cause immense distress — relates to the innocent victims of any divorce, the children.

## CUSTODY

Obviously, when a marriage breaks up, the home breaks up too. A decision must be made as to who the children will live with, who will control their future and influence what sort of people they will become.

Under the old law, the courts laid great stress on the innocence or guilt of the parties. The guilty party was deemed to forfeit his (or her) rights to the children of the marriage. There was a tendency to give the child to the innocent spouse, as a reward for virtue.

But this is no longer the case. The guiding principle today can be expressed in the simple question: what is best for the child?

The mother might, for example, have committed adultery and be the guilty party in the divorce. However, the fact that she was a bad wife does not mean that she is a bad mother and she will probably receive custody of the children despite her adultery.

All circumstances are taken into consideration in determining what is best for the child — its age and sex, its health, its educational and religious needs, plus the social and financial position of the parents, with special emphasis on their character,

temperament and, obviously, their past behaviour towards the child.

As a general rule, the custody of young or handicapped children, and of girls of any age, will be given to the mother. Her affection is better adapted to the care of young and handicapped children than a father's. Where the child has reached a mature age, and can use its discretion then obviously the personal preferences of the child will be taken into consideration by the court.

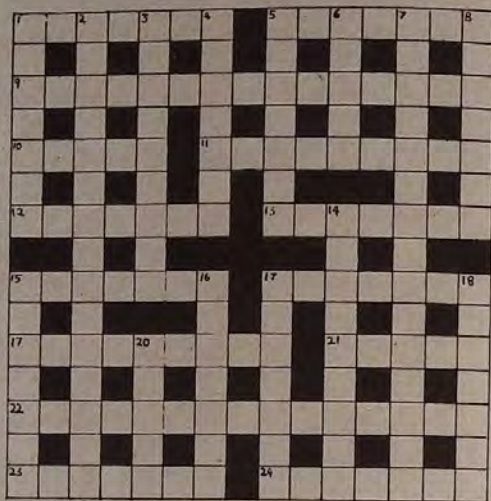
In practical terms, custody is the most important right. The custodian parent is entitled to have the child with him or her, to control its daily life, decide all questions relating to education, religion, social life and even down to what the child will eat and where.

## GUARDIANSHIP

When custody is granted to the mother, it is the general rule to grant guardianship to the father. It is the father's right and duty to take charge of the property of the child, to invest the monies and pay the debts and generally represent the child in business and legal matters. It does not mean, however, that the father can interfere with the day to day life of the child unless he genuinely feels that the child is being neglected. Then he can make an application to Court. This is normally done to obtain custody himself. The onus will, however, be firmly on his shoulders to prove that the child is being neglected. Frankly, the rights of a guardian, for all practical purposes are pretty tenuous. The statement that he is entitled to take charge of his child's

(continued on page 16)

# crossword



## ACROSS

- Robert to follow for a haircut (7)
- Plant artificial moulding (7)
- I talk crab or frog and find myself in the Med. (4, 2, 9) Rhodesian
- Turn away from this and you'll miss it (5)
- The type of coup conducted by robots? (9)
- This clue is likely to cause mental agitation (7)
- Severely and without feeling (7)
- The nearest you'll get to a shut-off street (7)
- White of egg makes me go blue, man (7)
- Household engineers? In service anyway (9)
- Images of the scion maybe (5)
- A board aboard giving essential information (9, 6)
- He was playfully worried when the wood came his way (7)
- Declare you have it to be passed through (7)

## DOWN

- Dam! That's gunfire (7)
- Unmarried player? (8, 2, 5)
- Due approximately now I should think so (5, 4)
- This clue is readable (7)
- Type of pipe music — chop up a cracked rib (7)
- The prize is in a hospital room (5)
- Bend associated with Epsom before you reach Matternton (9, 6)
- Bob goes before the Queen (7)
- Poacher's pud? (6, 3)
- Metal extracted from mica mud (7)
- Come first on an old British bike? (7)
- Poisonous — bit of old lace (7)
- Chocolate type penny all tucked up (7)
- Loose-stoned slope (5)

## SOLUTION TO LAST FORTNIGHT'S CROSSWORD

Across: 1. White as a sheet; 9. Retinue; 10. Allegro; 11. Whose; 12. Disported; 13. Amass; 15. Sentence; 17. Anomalous; 18. North; 19. Entreat; 22. Frier; 23. Red hair; 24. Seaport; 25. As heavy as lead.

Down: 2. Hot potato; 3. Tense; 4. Amend; 5. Halloween; 6. Ergot; 7. Brown as a berry; 8. Cold as charity; 10. Assents; 14. Stalemate; 15. Smother; 16. Carnivora; 20. Tides; 21. Tessa; 22. Frail.

**FRAY BENTOS LEAN CUT CORNED BEEF.**

**THE ORIGINAL SQUARE MEAL.**

**BIRD OF PARADISE**  
 1 large tin Fray Bentos cut in one inch squares  
 8 mushrooms  
 3 green peppers cut into large squares  
 1 small tin pineapple chunks  
 4-6 small tomatoes

**CHILLI KEBAB**  
 Place small cubes of Fray Bentos beef on skewers with slices of sheep kidneys, small pieces pink Vienna sausages, small onions and pieces of apple. Brush the kebabs with a mixture of chilli sauce, salt and pepper, mashed cloves of garlic, one tablespoon brown sugar, finely grated onion, and lemon juice. Place under grill until cooked.

Place all ingredients alternately on long skewers ensuring that small tomato is at the end. Brush each kebab with oil in which two cloves of garlic have been crushed and salt, pepper and a pinch of ginger added. Place kebabs under grill until golden.



## LAW FOR THE LAYMAN

(continued from page 14)

property must, for example, be taken with a grain of salt. It relates to the assets that require administration, not to the property which the child requires for its daily living, such as clothing or even cash in a building society account which it keeps for holiday monies, presents, etc.

Occasionally, both custody and guardianship will be vested in the one parent. This means that the other parent is stripped of all legal rights in respect of the child other than those residual rights which remain by reasons of the fact of natural parenthood. However, before the courts will strip a father of his rights of guardianship, for example, it must be assured that the father is taking no further interest in the child or that any connection with the child will be prejudicial.

Sometimes women, afraid of interference after the divorce, request their attorneys to obtain guardianship as well as custody of the children. But if the father shows even the slightest spark of interest in his children, the attorney has an almost impossible task.

There is an instinctive bond between parents and their children and the courts will not sever this bond unless the most pressing reasons are given. It is for this reason that the non-custodian parent — deprived of the rights to manage his child's day to day affairs — is granted a subsidiary right, namely, that of access to his child; the right to see the child, talk to the child and have the child stay with him for brief periods of time.

In my next article I will look more closely at the question of access.

## Monthly Protection for the Modern Woman



Rhodesians V

If your skin is going to last a lifetime— isn't it worth looking after?



vitamol

Vitamol cares for beautiful skin. That's why there's a particular range of Vitamol skin care cosmetics specially made to suit you.

Dry, normal or oily, vitamin enriched Vitamol not only protects and beautifies skin, it keeps it looking younger too.

## STAR SCOPE

### IF GEMINI IS YOUR SIGN

You are the inquisitive children of the Zodiac who have the delightful quality of never really growing up. You are always on the move, blowing back and forth like a fleeting summer breeze, gathering snippets of information as you go along, asking questions, and always 'communicating'. Like the winged god, Mercury, who rules your sign, communication is your keyword, and if this aspect of your life is stifled or your wings clipped too much, you can be very miserable indeed. Fortunately, in this case, none of your moods last very long.

Your 'young-in-mind' attitude makes you interested in new ideas because they are now, and there is a tendency to be more intrigued with cleverness than pure truth. The lower type of Gemini is depicted as a spiv, pick-pocket or thief; while the higher ones, like the poets Walt Whitman and Thomas Hardy, the writer Sherlock Holmes, and the philosopher, Spengler, all wield the magic power of words.

Where love is concerned you Geminis can talk yourself into or out of romance! It is difficult for most of you to fall in love really deeply or for ever and ever, although if you find someone with their Moon placed in Gemini or perhaps a Libran or Aquarian you could settle down. Gemini men like bright, intelligent women who allow them plenty of freedom and who do not make too many clinging demands. This goes for female Geminis too, although they need a bit more security.

Birthstones are the crystal, topaz and beryl as well as the pearl. Your lucky colours are saffron yellow and the contrast of black and white.

STARS THIS FORTNIGHT (24th May — 6th June)

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20) Many of you will be saying goodbye to close friends dur-

ing this period, but for you it so often happens that as one door closes another opens. New people enter your life as others leave it.

CANCER (June 21 — July 20) Unexpected invitations and gay social events are in the air. You might have been sitting in the bottom of a rut lately but the chances are now that you are lifted out of it! Travel aspects are also in good favour.

LEO (July 21 — August 22) Be alert for a possible 'stab in the back' from someone who works closely with you or whom you trust absolutely. It is hard for you to really think ill of others and this is why people take advantage of you. A little extra cash could come in on the money scene.

VIRGO (August 23 — September 22) There could be some rather groundless worry over either your own health or that of loved ones. Moments of anxiety or stress could have the effect of drawing you nearer to someone from whom you may have been feeling estranged.

LIBRA (September 23 — October 22) You might find letters going astray or travel plans being delayed by minor annoyances. To compensate, however, there is help and warmth shown to you by the person you love most.

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21) Visits from older members of the family are possible. This will bring about a re-schedule of some of your activities, and perhaps some complaints from younger people in the family group.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 21) A rather dramatic row with someone could have the effect of clearing the air, as after a thunderstorm. You are not one to hold a grudge and peace should soon be restored again. Keep a careful watch on your budget!

CAPRICORN (December 22 — January 19) You should be able to cast aside some of your usual caution and try a bit of

gambling and speculation. Try numbers 5 and 7 for luck!

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18) Some of you will be spending time away from family or loved ones, and this will be a good opportunity for sorting out jangled or confused feelings and coming to terms with yourself and with what you really want out of life. Take extra caution while travelling.

PISCES (February 19 — March 20) You may be asked to take care of people or property for others. Always ready to do a good deed, you will no doubt readily comply with this, but

take care to protect yourself in case things go wrong!

ARIES (March 21 — April 20) You usually spend much of your time looking forward but there may be some regrets and nostalgia coming when you reflect on past times and people. You might very possibly be hearing from a person you knew a long time ago.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20) Family interests are much in the foreground, and those Taurus who have been longing to have a child might find their wish granted. Money matters appear stable.

The ORIGINAL CHUTNEY

MRS BALL'S for all tastes

2106



The Casual  
Country Look  
in Cord and Tweed

by  
Country  
Club

A fully co-ordinated collection of immaculately tailored, easy-wear separates in cord and tweed. Sports jackets, waistcoats and trousers in contrasting textures are worn over checked shirts for a totally casual country look.

# Edgars

Lots of super fashions... Lots of time to pay

ILLUSTRATED LIFE & TALK Fortnight ending 6th June, 1979

## beauty

WITH CAROLINE CARTER

### KNOW YOUR FACE

*Poky little eyes? Receding chin? Fat face? Not to worry... these nasty tricks of nature can be corrected with clever make-up. Here's how to do it...*

#### FACE TOO FAT

Blend blusher along outer edges of jaw and chin, starting at ear level. Confine cheek blush to circular area in middle of cheeks and add a dot to the chin.



#### FLAT CHEEBONES

1. Brownish shading, using either a pencil or dark foundation, or blusher, blended diagonally under cheekbones (suck in cheeks to find the hollow) makes bones stand out. 2. Add a strip of blusher above on the bone itself and blend well into the hairline.



#### RECEDING CHIN

On the centre chin area, blend a pale foundation or eye highlighter. Dust with pale powder. Keep eye shadow to a minimum as over made-up eyes can overwhelm a weak chin.



#### DEEP-SET EYES

Pluck eyebrows to open up eyes. 1. First put a thin line of beige or pink highlighter close to eyelashes. 2. Use a neutral eye shadow, such as pale blue, green or turquoise, on lid, carrying the colour up over the crease. Blend in round the eye and slightly underneath. 3. Apply your highlighter under the brow, around and high on cheekbones. Use lots of mascara, preferably brown.

#### BULGING EYES

1. Use a dark shadow: grey, brown or mauve, on lid, stopping at the crease. 2. Line underneath the eye with a dark pencil. If you use black, make sure you smudge it so it is not a harsh line. 3. Pale highlighter, either beige or pink, under the brow, on the crease and at corner of eyes. Blend the dark shadow very lightly between crease and brow. Use lots of mascara, preferably black.



#### LONG NOSE

1. Blend very subtly a dab of dark foundation, blusher or contour stick under the tip of the nose, bringing it just on to the tip itself. 2. Place a small amount of pale highlighter on the nose bridge, blending it down to about the middle of the nose, no further.

#### FLATTENED NOSE

1. Blend your contour over nostrils. 2. Put highlighter down the middle of the nose, blending the outer edges so the shading won't show. 3. Stick to darker eye shadows and carry colour out towards the temples to make eyes appear wider and nose narrower.



ILLUSTRATED LIFE & TALK Fortnight ending 6th June, 1979



Hey there  
blow-wave girls!



Just for you, from PANTENE

## NEW PANTENE VITAMIN BLOW-STYLING LOTION

The sophisticated way for the modern girl to brush-to-day's natural bouncy beauty into her hair. Easier combing. No more flyaway hair. Conditions your hair and shields it from dryer damage. Rich in Pantyl, a vitamin of the B complex group. Allows your soft, flowing style to last longer. Your hair will attract even more attention with its fresh, healthy appearance.



Use Pantene Vitamin Blow-Styling Lotion after you have thoroughly cleansed with Pantene Vitamin Shampoo: that's the easy, clever way to lustre, fullness and silky smoothness.

**PANTENE**  
Vitamin Blow-Styling Lotion



Kirkington Advertising 4447

Marjorie Lane

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



Dear Marjorie

I am a sixteen-year-old girl and first made love a year ago with a boy I loved very much. I did not enjoy it but decided to go to bed with him once more to see if I might change, but I didn't. After this he began to ignore me and this hurt me terribly. The main problem is that even now when I make love to my present boyfriend, whom I also love very much, I still do not enjoy it. I am still very good friends with the boy I first loved and wonder if this could have anything to do with it. If you could give me some advice as to why I do not enjoy lovemaking I would be most grateful.

Distressed

Dear Distressed

Due to the media making such a thing about sex you obviously expected your first experience to be mind-blowing. Well, it rarely happens that way in spite of what you read in books! Lovemaking is enjoyed by two people who really care about each other, who are prepared to take time to get to know each other's needs, and where there is genuine patience and trust. Guilt, caused by having sex outside of marriage can play a big part in the non-enjoyment. Atmosphere is very important and there must be no disturbances. At your tender age I doubt whether these were the prerequisites, although you omit to tell me where and how it took place. A woman takes much longer than a man to reach her plateau of enjoyment in sex and the man must

be prepared for this and know how to overcome it. Read some technical books on sex and the human body so that you understand how people will react during intercourse. I would suggest that you abstain until you are older and find a man who genuinely loves you. Perhaps in the meantime you could take up tennis instead.

Dear Marjorie

I have a big problem. I have just turned 20 and am getting bald at a fast rate. I first noticed it two and a half years ago and went straight to my doctor. Since then I have been to see two different specialists with no positive results. I would like to know if you can help me?

Worried.

Dear Worried

Baldness is nearly always hereditary. If the specialists have been no help, have you thought of trying to wear a toupee? Lots of people wear them very successfully. You do not state if you are male, but if you are, baldness will not stop women finding you attractive. It is said that bald men are very virile, so don't give up hope!

Dear Marjorie

I find it necessary to ask your assistance. I am a single

man of 35. I have been out with many people of the opposite sex. I'm such a lovable person. I have so much love to give. I'm always helpful and understanding and most people come to me with their problems, yet when I have, say, a friendly relationship with the opposite sex, I find myself used, abused and confused. Why is it that people like me who are so softhearted and wouldn't hurt a fly, end up on the shelf? Could you please help me in some way. Also please let me know if there is a Pen Pal Club in this country.

Used, Abused and  
Confused.

Dear Used

Stop telling yourself how lovable you are and start being so. You say that you have so much love to give. If that is the case you wouldn't be asking for love in return because it would be returned, a hundredfold! We tend to attract the things that we fear most. Your obvious fear of being left on the shelf is most likely the reason that you are. Perhaps you frighten the opposite sex with your single mindedness. If, as you say, you have friendly relationships with the opposite sex, why feel so abused? Friends DO use each other but it works both ways! Try to be interested in other things apart from marriage and widen your circle of activities. You can have just as much fun being single as those who are married, and the grass is not always greener on the other side.

In answer to your request for pen pals, here are three addresses to which you can write:

Mrs J. Houghton, 24, St. Dunstons Close, P.O. Cranborne, Salisbury; Flight Correspondence, P.O. Box 50189, New Redruth, Transvaal, R.S.A.; International Correspondence, 60, New Street, Derbyshire, England.

Dear Marjorie

I have been married for three years and still have not got a baby. My husband is complaining about why I am not pregnant. I was operated

on by a doctor and they say they have cut all my tubes, and my periods are now happening every three weeks. I am too young to stay without a baby, being only eighteen, and I want a baby desperately. Can you help?

Little Troubled Heart

Dear Little

You do not say what kind of operation you had, but it is very unlikely at your young age that your tubes have been cut. Ask your doctor to send you to a Gynaecologist, who is a specialist in the field of pregnancy. He will examine you and do tests and he will tell you why you cannot conceive and help you try and fall pregnant in the future. There is a very strong possibility that it is your husband who is at fault and, therefore, he should go with you and have tests also. There are many reasons why women cannot fall pregnant but only a specialist can help, so contact one without delay.

★ ★ ★

I don't often receive letters on the subject of problems that have been published in this column, but an elderly gentleman took the time to write about 'retirement fears' (ILT Vol 1, No. 3). Here is part of his letter:

Dear Marjorie

What problems you have! I felt I could not let the letter from 'future Old Age Pensioner' go without an answer from me. Here you have a person who is only 58, worrying about retiring, a chicken compared with me. I retired twelve months ago and am 73. I find that the day is not long enough to do all the jobs that should be done. Let the gentleman take up hobbies by all means. Leather work seems to be coming into its own again and he could keep bees which is a very interesting undertaking and can be lucrative as well. Keep and grow fuchsias and what about African violets? To say he is horrified at the thought of retiring, he should think again. My wife has had to look at me for 46 years and I think she is prepared to continue for a bit longer!

Thank you for writing and may you and your wife enjoy many more years together.

# How to slim without fuss



What could be easier than swallowing a pill?

With Redupon-SE that's all you have to do.

Redupon-SE is an appetite suppressant. In other words, it helps you eat less.

And that, of course, is by far the most effective way to lose weight.

You still enjoy your food. You simply find that your appetite is satisfied quicker.

Redupon-SE is simple to use and effective.

Thousands of satisfied users can confirm it.

Try Redupon-SE today, and slim without fuss.

## Slim with Redupon~SE

Now made in Rhodesia. Available at your pharmacy.



**Q:** My query concerns a *Magnolia Liliflora* planted in full sun four years ago which has made very little growth. We have sandy soil and I gave it plenty of manure and have watered it well once a week, as well as putting on a nice thick mulch. Is there something else I should do for it, please?

Mrs P. N. Chillcott,  
Marandellas

**A:** *Magnolias*, not often seen in this country because often they are either out of stock or the price is too high, are one of the more 'regal' plants and deserve pride of place in anybody's garden. The lovely large (purple/green) blooms unfold when all the leaves have dropped off during winter. They resent lime in any form and prefer a slightly acidic soil. Care is needed when transplanting to avoid damage to the fleshy roots.

As you have sandy soil, watering once a week is not enough. Give your *Magnolia* 20 litres three times a week and dig in one handful of **Compound C** every month. If the soil was heavy, such a rigorous feeding programme could be cut by half, as well as the watering. To make your soil acid, dig in 100 grams of **Flowers of Sulphur** every six months. Keep up with the mulching and make sure it is at least 10 cm thick.

**Q:** One plant that always looks so good in pictures is the *Camellia* but I do not have any luck with them. The leaves turn brown and crack and although it gets lots of buds, these also turn brown and drop off before opening. It gets plenty of sun and lots of water.

Mr D. Simlet,  
Borrowdale.

**A:** Unknown to most of those who drink it, tea is made from the leaves of a species of *Camellia* called *Camellia Sinensis*. *Camellias* like acid (PH 5.5 to 6.5), well-drained soil with ample humus and plenty of moisture, especially when young. The need for good drainage cannot be over-emphasised, and most

# gardening

Stuart Dawes answers readers' questions



The elegant beauty of *Camellia japonica*

plants appreciate some shade during the hottest part of the day. In districts liable to long spells of hot weather with low humidity, some shade is absolutely essential and should be provided either by planting among trees of not too dense habit, or artificially by lath (wooden slats) or shade house. They should be planted no deeper than they were in the bag or pot in which they were bought, and must not be allowed to dry out while young.

Until plants are large enough to shade their own roots, a mulch of pine needles or light wood shavings should be maintained. Feeding mulches are not advisable as they tend to bring roots to the surface, and if the shallow mulch dries out the roots will collapse. Lime must NOT be used on or near *Camellias* and wood or bonfire ash is equally poisonous.

Your plant is probably getting too much sun, hence the burnt leaves, or else you have

fertilised too heavily and burnt the plant. It should be moved to a spot where it will receive some shelter from the hot sun. Brown buds not opening is an old problem here, and it is due to the lack of humidity, which can be increased by planting among light trees, misting the leaves a few times

a day, using an overhead watering system and using a non-feeding mulch. Spraying with a liquid element fertiliser will also help.

**Q:** Please help me. We recently moved into our new house and, having had rolling lush green lawns before, I just cannot handle the dry hard ground under our trees (we have a lot). The usual types of grass just don't survive here at all. I don't fancy the idea of putting shade flower beds everywhere.

D. Cox, Milton Park.

**A:** First of all, prepare the ground well and 80 per cent of your battle is won. Dig in **Superphosphate** and **Compound D** down to the depth of a pick and level off. Make furrows 10 cm apart, broadcast some more **Compound D** over the area and then collect your grass from the nursery. For your situation, the best grass is 'Durban', a recent introduction which will grow up to the base of the trees and give you a lovely green lush covering. Having a broad leaf to start with, it can be made finer by constant mowing.

## COMPETITION WINNER

(ILT Vol. 1, No. 5)  
Congratulations to Mrs. T. du Preez, 13, Stuart Chandler Way, Waterfalls, who wins the \$10 gift voucher from Landscapes Nurseries. The answer: Bougainvilleas need plenty of sun.

If you have any problems in your garden, send your queries to Q & A, Box CH 6, Salisbury.

## WIN A \$10 GIFT VOUCHER FROM

**Landscapes**

(PVT.) LIMITED

IL and T Garden  
Competition,  
P.O.Box UA589, Union Ave.,  
Salisbury.

Entries close Wed. June 6

Name .....  
Address .....  
Phone .....

# PHOTOREVIEW



**DAY OF THRILLS** for decorated schoolboy, Jamie Scott, seen here being congratulated by the Commander of Combined Operations, Lieutenant-General Peter Walls. Jamie was awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Decoration for fighting off a gang of terrorists on a farm road.



**R.T.A. PRESIDENT** Don Bulloch displays the magnificent \$1 000 trophy presented by Wankie Colliery Company. The trophy will be awarded annually to the top practical student on the Tobacco Institute's management course.



**MAKING HISTORY:** (left) Mrs Evelyn Joyce Sethekele-Shava, and (right) Mrs Smollie Poshie Mugudubi, two of the four women to become the first African women members of the Parliament of Zimbabwe Rhodesia.



**PM AND PM-ELECT** snapped deep in conversation at Government House earlier this month; the occasion was the investiture at which the Acting President, Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Everard presented the Prime Minister, Mr Ian Smith, with the decoration of Grand Commander of the Order of the Legion of Merit (May 7).



**"ALWAYS THE BRIDESMAID,** never the blushing bride," laments guest artiste 'Miss Beatrice Pozzley' in Reps' forthcoming production of 'Victorian Music Box', devised and directed by Malcolm Woolfson.



# MOODS OF '79



◀ Disco fever is taking us by storm, and soft flowing trilobals, satins and silks are big news for the elegant classic styles



◀ On the winter scene, its mixing and matching of fabrics, especially cords, tweeds and knitted trilobals, with clever use of matching and toning colours. Country tweeds are now city classics, softened by a touch of silk, satin or soft knits.

▶ The leotard has been revived, with cut-away leg and plunging neckline. Add a skirt, and belt or soft flowing sash — instant magic!



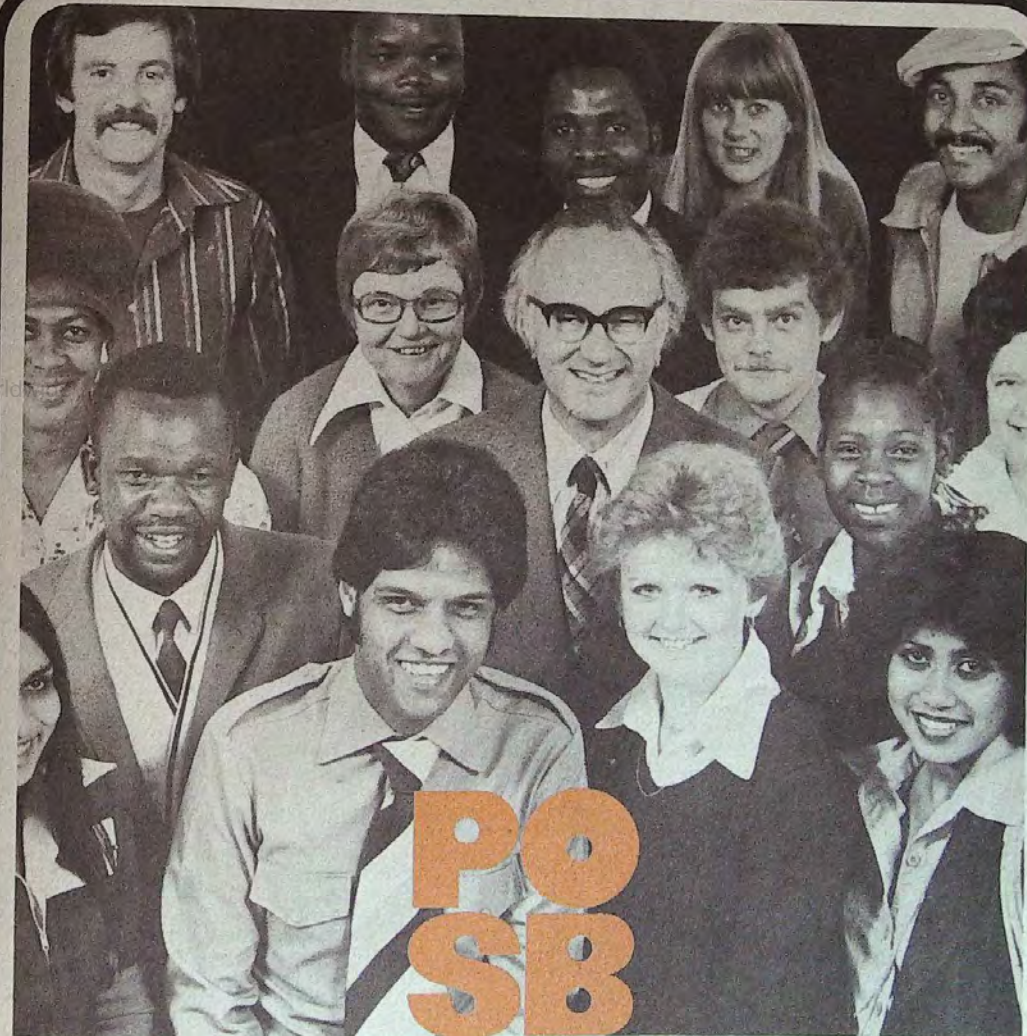
Stunningly different — disco pants range from the satin shorts to sleek, slim-line stovies, teamed with boob tubes in lurex.



So, for all you swingers, rest assured that Zimbabwe Rhodesia is right up front on the fashion scene and keeping well abreast of the rest of the world!

Fashions by Edgars

# The Peoples Bank



If you want a new way of living, join the people who save with the People's Bank. They're today's people, secure in the knowledge that their money is earning tax free interest with the P.O.S.B. Save with the people and enjoy the convenience of deposit and withdrawal facilities at any Post Office in the country. P.O.S.B. — the People's Bank.



# NIGHT FLIGHT

A short  
story  
by

VERONICA  
SOMERVILLE

noting how tall he was. Lithe, with an athlete's shoulder. "Regulation" denim and T-shirt, dark hair and eyes, light tan ... His accent was hard to place. French perhaps, or Spanish ...

The airliner lurched, rose and fell as it rode a patch of turbulence. He laughed, balancing easily as he reached up to stow his jacket on the coat rack and pull down two folded blankets for the couple in the seats behind. Rachel caught a snatch of conversation above the hum of powerful engines — an exchange of fast smooth French — too fast for her to follow.

"You're French!" she said triumphantly, as he sat down.

"No. I live in Beirut and travel on a Lebanese passport." She noticed the tiny hesitation before he went on, "My name is Ahmed al-Quassem. I am Palestinian."

Her first reaction was shock, then dismay, a kind of disbelief. It was the first time she had met a Palestinian exile. "A people with no homeland, no flag and no address!" She hadn't meant to quote the words aloud.

He looked surprised. "You read Mahmoud Darweesh — a Palestinian nationalist poet?"

"Sometimes," Rachel said. "You don't hate us, do you?"

"So was I. Not in the same order, though. The tourist trail!" They both laughed.

He added unexpectedly, "Your name is Rachel Weizmann, you come from Israel, and you are studying architecture."

Rachel turned in her seat to stare at him. "How in the world did you know all that?"

"It was easy. Your El Al flight bag; the name tag; a textbook with the title showing. A standard work, in English. I recognised it."

"Brilliant! Now let me try." She looked at him, considering. "I'd say you're a student, too. What faculty? Law? Medicine?"

"Medicine was a good guess. I'm a doctor. Excuse me one moment." He unclipped his seat belt and stood up. She turned her head a little,

faintly. "So, Rachel Weizmann ... you don't hate us, either. Why not?"

Rachel said sombrely, "I did, for a while. After Ma'alot, when PLO terrorists shot twenty-one Israeli schoolchildren. And then our Air Force bombed the Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon. Our own Israeli boys were sent to drop bombs on civilians — children — in retribution for Ma'alot. My brother Shimon's an Air Force regular. He wasn't on that raid, but he could have been. That's when I realised — there's right and wrong on both sides. Where's it all going to end?"

Air hostesses were moving in the darkened aisle, handing down pillows and blankets. Ahmed asked, "Are you sleepy?"

She shook her head. "Never less." The reading light shed a golden pool around them.

"Good." He smiled. "Let's drink coffee together, and solve the problems of the Middle East and the world."

Rhodesians

★ ★ ★

THE turbulence started an hour before dawn.

"We're climbing," Ahmed said softly. "Above the weather. Can you feel it?" They had been talking for more than seven hours, heads close together, voices pitched low. Their El Al and MEA flight bags nestled companionably on the aisle seat. "I'll get some more coffee." He slid out from under the folding table.

Rachel tilted her seat back and closed her eyes. She wondered how it would have been if they had met earlier, on the "tourist trail". She remembered the sultry East African nights, surf white in the light of a great golden moon. The scent of flowers. And the wind. Blowing softly off the sea, rustling the palm trees, warm on her face ...

She felt a movement beside her, and smiled. "I'm not asleep. Just another flight of

imagination. This time it's beaches." He sat up and sipped coffee, hands curled around the warm cup. "Tell me more about your father. Where did he live in Israel — Palestine — before 1948?"

Ahmed said slowly, "In a village near Jaffa. He used to tell us about it, when we were kids, and describe scenes — places. Vivid word-pictures — childhood dreams ... I can remember some of them. There was a paved courtyard, vines, oranges against a white wall. Olives, parched earth ... And a green place, with trees — by a well, perhaps. He wanted to go back and build a hospital there one day. I'd still like to do that sometime, when — if — the politicians work out a solution ... a lasting peace ..."

They sat for a few moments in silence. The turbulence had stopped. Moonlight poured into the cabin, silvered seats and hands and faces. There was no sense of speed, only a faint vibration. The aircraft seemed to hang in space above a layered sea of white cloud. The stars looked warm and bright and very close.

"How long will you stay in Switzerland?" he asked.

"Could be two weeks — perhaps three. I come every year. Mainly to see Max, my great-uncle. All his close family — wife, sisters, sons — were killed in Germany by the Nazis. He's eighty-nine, and still runs his own bookshop in Zurich! And he won't leave Switzerland. We worry about him a lot ..."

She paused. "Why do you ask?"

He said quietly, "Because I want to see you again. Many times. And you?"

Rachel spread her hands, helplessly. "Don't ask me that up here. Who could ever be rational on an airliner? Night flight ... it's unreal, like being in a vast cocoon. Warm and calm. Insulated. This is a safe time, a breathing space. Tomorrow ..."

"So tomorrow — today! — we meet for lunch in a staid Zurich restaurant, and talk rationally. No night flight, no moonlight ..."

"No one eats in Zurich re-

staurants, except Zurich bankers. Make that sandwiches on a park bench, and you've got yourself a date."

Ahmed laughed. "Sandwiches on a park bench it is. Where — and what time?"

"Mid-day?" Rachel suggested. "You know Zurich? Okay, let's meet at twelve o'clock outside the Opera House. How's that for an assignment?" She chuckled. "Sounds like a 'movie of yester-year.' Look! We're flying over the Alps."

Mountains and sky were dove-grey in the dawn light. They watched the rising sun turn the snow peaks pink while the valleys lay in misty blue shadow. Their shoulders touched; their faces were very close as she said, "Our peoples have been in a state of war for thirty years, and we sit here planning a lunch date. Doesn't that strike you as incongruous? In a word — crazy?"

"No. It's war that's crazy — unnatural. Any war. Lunch dates make good sense." He touched her cheek lightly. "So do dinner dates."

Rachel traced a pattern on the armrest between them. "You do look for trouble, don't you? What would your family say about this?"

He smiled, and took her hand. "What shall I tell them? That I'm falling in love — with a pretty Israeli girl from Tel Aviv?"

"You've got to be out of your mind," said Rachel. Then she pushed back the armrest, and curled her fingers around his.

★ ★ ★

IN Max Edelman's flat above the bookshop, the lounge had been refurbished in shades of cream and yellow. Warm colours. A fire still glowed in the grate. Sunlight made golden splashes on the carpet.

The old man got stiffly to his feet and came towards Rachel with hands outstretched. With his white hair

and beard, he looked like a Biblical patriarch. Proud, self-sufficient, indestructible. But he seemed a shade thinner this year, frailer and more lined. Even Max Edelman couldn't live for ever. Rachel pushed the thought away and hugged him tightly, pressing her cheek against his.

They spoke in English. Max preferred it to German or even Hebrew. To him, it was the language of deliverance. "Now I want to hear your news. All of it. How was your holiday? Your studies this year? And how is ...?" He questioned her about the health, comings and goings of every member of the family, down to the most distant cousin many times removed.

Then he said, "So, you are in love at last. I can see. At twenty-two, it's high time! Come and tell me about him." He smiled at her, and held out a frail parchment hand.

She told him, sitting on a cushion at his feet with the warmth on her face and her dark hair gleaming in the sun. "What shall I do, Max?"

Max smiled. "Meet him for lunch, of course. That will do for a start. And bring him to see me sometime."

She held his hand against her cheek. "You understand, because you're special. The others wouldn't. They'd be shocked rigid, and furious. The whole family ... Ahmed's a doctor, sure; but his cousins are 'commandos', P.L.O. terrorists. That would be dynamite in Israel."

She sat in silence for a moment, staring into the fire. "The way I feel about him — it's incomplete — like a mosaic picture with pieces missing. The magic's there, and the excitement, and a sort of easy warmth, as though we'd known each other for years. But there can't be any kind of future. No way." A log fell in the grate, sending up a shower of sparks.

Max spoke slowly, as though considering. "I wouldn't say that. The Swiss don't concern themselves with Middle East politics. Here in Zurich, you are two people in love. No more. But

the long-term future — that's a different matter. A lasting love, commitment, marriage — it would be very, very difficult. I'm playing 'devil's advocate' now, Rachel. Forget politics for the moment. What about the clash of religions, cultures, backgrounds?"

Rachel stood up and crossed to the open windows. "Not a clash. Differences, yes — but we'd talk it out, the way we did on the plane —" Her lips curved into a smile as she remembered. "If no one else was involved ..."

She turned away, looking down on the courtyard. It was a sunlit square enclosed by buildings. There were tulips in window-boxes; hyacinths in pots; a peach tree heavy with pink blossom. Rachel could hear church bells and the tinkling of a piano. A marmalade cat slept on a step in the sun. A pigeon waddled over the paving stones, pecked at invisible crumbs.

Somewhere in the buildings, a door slammed. The pigeon rose with a soft whirr of wings, and flew out of the courtyard. Max said "Flight fascinates you. Why? Do you associate it with freedom — or escape?"

Rachel shook her head. "Not escape. Flight's strong — positive. Running away is a negative concept."

"Exactly," Max agreed. "What will you do, Rachel? Break your date and fly straight back to Israel? You'd forget him, in time. And you'd avoid trouble, recriminations, perhaps even danger. Will you go home to Tel Aviv tomorrow? Today even? That would be sensible, adult, realistic, and all the other words people use to justify running away."

"There's another type of flight that might appeal to you ... Your jet-liners cruising rock-steady above the storms;



## NIGHT FLIGHT

(continued)

wave; the glider rising safely on the thrust of a thermal. Then you have the common-or-garden white gull, frail wings outstretched, resting on the wind —

Rachel said wryly "I get the message. What makes you think I've got that kind of strength?"

Max studied a row of daffodils in the window box. "You've brains and guts, a sense of humour and a great capacity for love. You'll do. And next year, you will be an architect." He moved a lacy white hyacinth into a patch of sunlight. "So your doctor friend wants to build a hospital near his father's home village, in the country he calls Palestine. How would you like to design it for him?"

Her eyes widened in disbelief. "Ahmed work in Israel? That's impossible —"

Max smiled. "Is it? Wars don't last for ever. Sooner or later there's got to be a time

for healing, and building. I never thought I'd live to see Golda Meier in Germany; Sadat in Israel; and Begin the Likud firebrand in Cairo, talking peace! Haven't you heard the quotation about 'today's dreams ... tomorrow's realities?' Everyone should have a dream to hold on to, or a vision of the future, if you prefer.

"Of course, it's no good fantasising about the brave new world unless you're prepared to fight for it. No, not with guns — that's always self-defeating in the long run — but with love, courage, sacrifice. And we as Jews should have a very special tolerance, an extra dimension of understanding. Because it was the worst kind of intolerance — prejudice gone mad — that destroyed six million of our people."

He paused, then went on quietly "My wife Else was German, a Roman Catholic. Both families opposed the marriage, but it was idyllically happy in spite of difficulties, or perhaps because

of them. Then the war came — the horror and holocaust in Germany. When the rest of us were taken to concentration camps, Else as a Gentile would have been unharmed. But she stayed in Munich, hiding Jews, helping them — until she herself was imprisoned and shot by the Nazis."

Rachel stared at him, her eyes filled with tears. "I never knew — or even guessed. You don't talk about the past."

Max said calmly, "There was no reason to, until today." He glanced at his watch, and lifted her wrist. "Your watch is fifteen minutes slow, Rachel. It's exactly 11.45."

"It's what? I must go, this minute, and run all the way! I'll be back." She hugged him, said "Shalom!" breathlessly and fled, leaving a red forage cap and a crumpled copy of the Tanzanian "Daily News" on the carpet.

Outside, the street was deserted. Clouds were drifting across the sky. Rachel began to run, cutting through the maze of streets and alleys around the bookshop. Her small boots clattered over the

cobbles. The wind whipped her denims round her ankles as she burst out of the maze on to a broad thoroughfare beside the lake.

She slowed to a walk. Leisurely Sunday traffic flowed past her. A grey front of rain was moving across the lake. A gull — snowy, bored, immaculate — sat on an upright at the water's edge. "You're way off course, friend," Rachel said.

Then she saw Ahmed. He was leaning against a pillar, looking out across the lake. She hadn't been prepared for the blaze of joy; her bubbling irrepressible happiness at the sight of him. She stopped, and in that moment he turned. He smiled, and it was as though they had touched, and held hands, and kissed.

Rachel waved and walked on, fast. The wind caught and lifted her long black hair. Her anorak made a brave splash of colour on the waterfront. The gull squawked and flew off across the lake, a soaring shadow in the rain. Far away in the city, a clock struck twelve.

(continued from page 13)

I was so glad to see you last Saturday

**SAMPLE 4:** This somewhat sprawling writing gets fewer words to a line or a page. There is a tendency, therefore, to look at life in a broad, general way. The letters are rather pointed and spiky, indicating firmness which can become obstinacy, and also a quick temper. The lines descend slightly revealing some day-dreaming or 'run-down' feelings. The writing gets a little larger towards the ends of the words, which shows frankness and a disinclination to hurry. The capitals have a

small flourish, pointing to a desire for some prominence. The 't's are barred rather low down, from which we deduce a certain amount of meekness or resignation to what life brings. The bar crosses the full word, indicating frankness again but with increasing obstinacy. We do see here a generally orderly nature. The loops on the 'y's and 'g's slope towards the next letter and are noticeable at the ends of the words, meaning imagination and generosity.

When it comes to taste, we are

**SAMPLE 5:** This is medium-sized writing and indicates the moderate sentiments of the writer. The formation is slightly sprawling as in the preceding sample, but here

we have a forward slope which shows affection. The slope is well-controlled, neither ascending or descending and indicates basic honesty and truthfulness. There

can be a strong sense of duty. The 't's are crossed slightly more to the right, although one or two are to the left and do not join with the next letter. The height of the stroke reveals a certain amount of ambition but also resignation

I am having a busy happy day with my

**SAMPLE 6:** Here the script is noticeably large, indicating high ambition and ideals. There is not much interest in accuracy of detail, and there is a reasonable amount of self-confidence or desire to be important. The letters are somewhat curly and have a flourish which indicates a liking for the dramatic or a tendency towards self-

to life's events. Capitals are large and rather unusually formed which indicates energy. Will-power is often applied. Good punctuation reveals methodical and business-like traits.

dramatisation. There will be a concern over appearance. The upright slope reveals a sense of honour. The capitals are in keeping with the rest of the script, indicating a feeling for beauty. The 't' is not crossed at all, and this points to a certain lack of applied will-power. The loops are not well formed and from this we detect a desire for economy.

Now you should have enough general information to start your own private trail of investigation into the character traits and secrets of those around you! You may even find out something about yourself.

## SILHOUETTES for Winter '79



**Top:** Slim heels with the straight look and gold trim to complement any ensemble ... slight platform, flexible sole and colours and styles to suit your taste.

**Above and centre:** Elegance on high! "See through" toes and shapely ankle straps over stiletto heels of smokey grey or amber ... your choice of colours and styles.



All styles in Winter's fashion finish — genuine leather, to pamper your feet.



**Top:** Swinging ankle boots with fashionable buckle feature, medium heel.

**Above:** High fashion goes right up the calf with these exciting stiletto boots. Zipped for comfort, styled for beautiful legs.



**Top and centre:** Stylish flexible mules in a range of colours ... feature stitching and wooden stacked heels ... a choice of uppers, all in genuine leather.

**Above:** Fashionable "flatty" sandals for that "little girl look" ... a range of colours and styles with a choice of heels.

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Lintas 147



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