



TIME ON MY HANDS

By

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Today, being Monday I made my usual trip to Shelby. I was walking down the street with not a care in the world, and malice toward none. I was 'tending strictly to my business, when out of the corner of my right eye I saw reflected in the show window glass this huge form. Some strange inner voice seemed to warn me that I was being followed. I cut across the street with the intention of losing in the crowd anyone who might be following me.

I reached the corner in front of Penney's store, and safety - so I thought - I looked back and didn't see anything. Deciding that I was acting like a sap, I started making my way up to the Eagle five and dime store to buy the children some

gold fish. The next glass window I passed reflected this same creature. Now, I really did get alarmed. My Mother always taught her children never to run from danger, but to always meet it squarely. With this noble thought in mind, I slowly turned around. As I did so, I came face to face with the startling - nay, gruesome fact that the aforementioned creature was only me. I stood there awe-stricken, my mouth a gape, my eyes bulging. By this time my morale had hit a new low. How anyone could have grown so much in the short span of my life, is still a mystery to me.

I stood there, unmindful of the staring populace, and really sized myself up, after calling myself a few well chosen names, which amply covered the situation (and me).

Well - I decided then and there I'd find out the bitter truth if it killed me. I looked around until I found a good substantial looking pair of scales. Then looking up and down the street, I picked my chance when no one was looking to sneak up to the scales. After much fumbling in my purse I found a penny. With it clutched tightly in a fist that was shaking like mad, I climbed aboard.

I closed my eyes and dropped the coin in the slot. I waited with bated breath, what seemed like minutes, for that jingling noise to stop. Slowly, slowly, dreading the truth, I opened my innocent blue eyes. People, let me tell you - what those scales said to me shouldn't have been said to a mangy dog. I was dumb-founded!

I debated with myself and my conscience for a few minutes as to which course to pursue. Finally I made my agonizing decision. I WOULD REDUCE!

Little did I know where that decision would lead.

Tuesday - I arose from my bed this morning with my noble decision still burning in my breast. I breakfasted on a small glass of grapejuice and a cup of coffee with a tiny squirt of skimmed milk in it. I did just fine at lunch. I nibbled a leaf of lettuce and two slices of tomato. I had some work to do out in the yard in the afternoon. Therefore I had no occasion to come in contact with the stuff that was the cause of my downfall. Namely, food.

In the middle of the afternoon I had to wrestle with that "ole debbil", temptation, but with my vast store of will power, I won (It's my won't power that always throws me)

I cooked a wonderful supper for my family, and never nibbled a single bit. So far, so good. With the picture of a "slim" me as my guiding star, I settled down to a supper consisting of a small salad and melba toast. Mind you, my family was dining on steak and creamed potatoes and all the stuff that goes to make a well-balanced, nourishing (and fattening) meal. We were nearly through the meal when the man I love, looked across the table at me, and said, "Why aren't you eating? are you sick?" I replied that I wasn't sick, but on a diet. He said, "Yes, and you'll be sick too. Here, have some steak and gravy. They wont make you fat. Look at me, I eat 'em and I'm not fat."

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