



Now, by this time I was just drooling, but I yielded not, to temptation. I kept this up for about ten days. In all that time I had eaten clear tomato soup when I craved cream of chicken soup. I munched lettuce leaves and celery stalks when everything in me cried out for candy bars and cake. I drank skim milk and juice when my dusty tonsils were screaming for Cocolas.

When I next weighed I was rewarded with the loss of four pounds. I went down the street, my heart singing a joyous song, my head in the clouds. I felt that this was, indeed, a wonderful world in which to live. I didn't know that around the next corner I was to meet my "Waterloo". It happened this way:

I met a friend (how cruel our friends can be!) I hadn't seen in several weeks. "Ooh, how well you look this morning," she oohed. "Thank you, my dear" sez I, expectantly. "I do believe you've gained a little, though", said she (the worm)

With those cruel words reverberating in the crisp morning air, she marched on down the street, unmindful of the fact that she had brought my bright little world crashing down around me in a heap.

I picked my humbled pride up out of the gutter, dusted it off, and vowed by all that was holy that I'd show that so-and-so a few things. I'd lose enough weight to make it show or my name isn't Edith Mildred Mauney Richards.

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Dear Boys:

Since we had time on our hands and a blank mind, we had to resort this month to our own personal experiences and let you in on our great handicaps and grief. However, after what I went through with, I decided I had no desire what ever to be "just right" in my weight. So my advice to you and everyone is to let well enough alone. Enjoy life so long as its nothing more than a few pounds one way or the other, fretting you. If you don't know exactly your blood count, what your heart beat is, or why it beats at all, or just what your correct weight should be, ignore it, for in my case "it pays to be ignorant."

Now you've read Edith's woes and troubles, and we all know that no two people are alike and what's one man's meat is another man's poison or something to that effect. Anyway while Edith is trying to lose it along the wayside, I'm trying to get it. A few weeks ago I was struck down with the feeling that I needed a doctor's few sympathetic words and maybe a few of his pills and soothing syrup (I'd saved up a few dollars) so I sauntered down to the doctor's office. After he discovered I had no appendix, no tonsils, no corns or ingrowing toe nails and not too many teeth, he put me on the scales and told me I was underweight and should weigh so and so. I told him that I had never weighed that much in my life, and then began thinking I was born too little and had never grown up (many may vouch for that) I was not only underweight, I was nervous and run down. So with a sinking heart and weaker but no wiser feeling, I groped my feeble way outa the doc's office.

I ran into Edith Richards for the first thing and after a good look at her I was certain that I was too thin or something ghastly was wrong with one of us. So then and there I made my solemn vow to eat what the doctor told me only more of it and see if I couldn't regain my lost or unattained womanhood.

For days I drank milk when my inner being was calling for coffee or cokes. I ate raw eggs 'til all the hound dogs up our way would turn their heads when I'd pass them. A skinny neighbor told me I was losing my figure, "Yes, but look what I'm gaining", I told her. She looked but failed to get it, anyway she had no further comments. I always loved vegetable salads, lettuce and such, but was told that lettuce was for the other types. So I tried to eat my way through rich creamed potatoes, gravies, pastries, ice cream and such, but always there loomed before my eyes just the things I should frown upon, but after a heavy meal of the things I should eat I felt like I'd croak if I ever

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