

had to indulge in food again. But I was not going to let it floor me. I'd gain those few extra pounds or know the reason why. So I kept eating, resting and sleeping. I felt pretty good again but had to let a couple of my dresses out, I gained five pounds and asked Laxton if he could notice it. He assured me in a none too kind tone that anybody could notice it as they were all in the same spot. I met all such remarks with sweet tranquillity since I mustn't get excited and upset or my nerves might snap. I crammed for a few more weeks and again went to the doctor for a check up and praise, for I felt fine. He put me on the scales and beamingly rubbed his fat paws together and looking like he had performed a miracle said, "Fine, fine. Only three pounds overweight. Just cut down on sweets and starches for another week and you'll be o.k., wait here a minute I have just the prescription for you". He went into the other room, and I picked up my shattered pride, former self plus the three extra pounds and sneaked out before he came back in for I didn't feel like I owed him a cent and I'd not charge him anything for my over-sized grocery bill all on account of him. I didn't have that weaker feeling I had when I left his office the first time, but I sure had that "wiser" feeling. Also I recalled a few remarks that I'd heard and let slip by unnoticed when I was so weak and run down I dassent get upset that I now felt well able enough to cope with. So henceforth I'll either be too sick to eat at all or well enough to eat the things that suits my fancy because you can lead a hoss to water but you can't make him drink, just as you can't get blood from a turnip nor make a silk purse from a sows ear or change a leapords spots. Enough of this silly prattle - Hurry boys, and get this war over with so you can come home and take your rightful place on the old Hoover Rail, in your school or at your Moms table. So long, the best of luck in the world and remember we are always thinking of you.

Love
Ella Mauney

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Officer to SPAR: "No, No, Miss Quackenbush! When somebody approaches your sentry post you are to say 'Halt, who goes there?' not 'Stop or I'll scream!'"

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He asked for burning kisses,
She said in accents cruel —
"I may be a red-hot mama,
But I ain't nobody's fuel."

* * *

Have a pity on those 'sad G. I.'s
Whose gals have done them dirt,
There's nothing that can dry their
eyes
Except another skirt.

* * *

She: "Where were you last night?"
He: "Well, in the first place —"
She: "I know all about the first
place — where did you go after
that?"