

pots, apparently with Ladies

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have not.

As the war of the calculating As the war of the calculation calories continues unabated, right this instant a lady, whose bath-room scales have spoken roughly her — is weakening.

to her — is weakening.
She is on a pilfering pilgri
age toward the refrigerator. Si
denly she veers toward the te
denly she denly dials pilgrimteleand frantically phone

"Ethel? It's me, Mabel. I'm weakening. I'm half way to the refrigerator."

The voice on the other end is brant with strength. "Hold firm, Mabel. Think.

"Hold firm, Mabel. Think. Which is more important to you, losing pounds or those ice box cookies?"

"Those ice box cook."
Mabel wild!

Mabel wildly. "Gather yo

"Gather your will power, Mabel. - Think of the club. Don't let the ladies down," pleaded Ethel, her voice vibrant again.

Mabel, her will power recharged, turned and goose-stepped back to the front room.

to the front room.

This little scene comes under the heading of "club activity" for the Tapering Tillies, a new antifat organization with 15 members whose combined weight totals whose compalmost a ton.

almost a ton.

They meet each week at the home of Mrs. Vera Fulmer, of 124 Sunnyside avenue. These ladies, nome of Mrs. vera runler, of 124
Sunnyside avenue. These ladies,
some in the mezzanine of life,
have banded into sort of a camaraderie of ex-bon vivants who
want to lose weight.

"Sort of a caloric annonymous,"
says Mrs. Fulmer.
The meetings open in sort of a

Ladies of syelteness have learn-Madison Square Garden phere — with a weigh-in. bers gain valuable ounces by removing rings, earrings, shoes, and those with a guilty conscience—their skirts.

They have reason to be con-cerned. She who has gained the most weight during must don a bib wit ing the week with the likeness of a pig on the front.

Not only that, she must pay 25 cents per pound gained into the club treasure. Not only the club treasure. Not only that, she must record every bite of food she consumes through the following week.

The culminating debasement is the recitation of a poem compos-ed by Mrs. Fulmer. It goes:

"There was a pig who couldn't resist;

Fat foods, sweets and stuff like this.

So fatter he grew, how sad he

But I promise I'll do better and forever be true."

This formidable list of penal-ties so terrorized one victim that she lost five pounds gained the previous week, plus two more just to be on the safe side.

The docile phase of the meeting is taken up with diet hints and a confession or two.

Like one member who is whacky over popcorn. Now when she sneaks her bag into the darkness of the movie theater, she is nervous as a cat — looking furtively around for her plump sorority sisters.

"The members are encouraged to snitch on each other," said Mrs. Fulmer, club president, "It all Fulmer, club president. helps."

Since organizing about a month ago, each member has lost around seven pounds, said the president, who is 15 pounds overweight. The heaviest member still weighs 226; the lightest, 110, and the age range is from 30 to 45 years.

The members when tempted

The members, when tempted, are encouraged to call other mem-

encouraged to call other members for moral strength.
"My weakness is sweets," confessed Mrs. Fulmer. "The other day I was real desperate. I called four members but they were out.
So I went for a walk."

But Mrs. Fullmen

But Mrs. Fulmer is a trooper. etting a true example for her ub, she came clean with this Setting club.

"About a week ago I spotted my little grandson with a candy

Easter egg in his basket.
"He didn't even offer it to me."
"But I took it anyway."

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