

I Went On a Diet

Jacqueline Thereasa Oliver

FEELING MORE OR LESS AMBITIOUS and full of excess vim, I decided to go on a diet this summer. I thought that I, as *Senior Prom* magazine put it, "possessed the will to become a wisp." As compensation for this unusual adventure, I promised myself a new outfit of the latest fashion. Vividly I pictured myself, a lovely, slender thing, on the campus of Butler University, clad in a tartan, pencil-slim skirt and a cashmere sweater. No longer would I feel self-conscious because of my excess poundage.

I gathered up in my arms a stack of fashion magazines, a couple of cook books, and a Metropolitan Life Insurance Company pamphlet entitled *Overweight and Underweight*, and waltzed into my room. While munching Toll House cookies, I fumbled excitedly through the pages of each periodical. Finally, to my immense pleasure, I found an article which seemed written especially for me. It was headed "Eat Your Way to Beauty." Before beginning to skim over the article, I dashed into the kitchen and grabbed another handful of cookies. Upon returning to my room, I perched myself on the foot of my bed and rapidly read the article. Assuming that I had grasped the most important points of the article, I began writing menus consisting of foods low in calories.

Since I was teased severely at dinner that night when I refused second servings of my favorite foods, I was determined to redouble my efforts at reducing. The following morning I prepared a poached egg without seasoning, a slice of toast minus butter, and a glass of milk. It tasted no more appetizing than it sounds. For lunch I had lettuce, a small grilled hamburger, and glass of unsweetened lemonade. By dinner time I was weak from hunger. Furthermore, from the kitchen there drifted the aroma of fried steak, hot buttered potatoes, fresh green peas, tomato salad, and strawberry mousse. Temptation was too great! Of course I was too sleepy to bother to weigh myself that night.

I stuck to my diet quite well the rest of the week until Sunday afternoon when I succumbed to temptation a second time. The dessert mother had made was raspberry salad—raspberry sherbert topped with pecan halves. I looked and longed. I ate two servings.

The next week I did exceptionally well in following my diet as mother was away from home, and there were no odors to entice me. Feeling very virtuous and confident, I weighed myself on Saturday night.

For Sunday dinner I had fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, perfection salad, light rolls, iced coffee, and lemon chiffon pie. Later that evening I enjoyed a hot fudge sundae topped with whipped cream and walnuts. Why? Well, after two weeks of concentrated effort and sacrifice of some of my most beloved dishes, I had gained three pounds!

Cool Waters

Janet McCumber

ALTHOUGH I HAVE always been awed by the beauty of the land around me, it was not until this summer that I became conscious of still another kind of beauty. I spent my summer at one of Indiana's beautiful northern lakes. Here I learned of the scenes that were revealed by water, crystal clear and pure.

It was in the early morning that it was most picturesque, when the long fingertips of the seaweed slowly stroked the calm surface of the lake. The little bright-eyed fish played hide and seek while occasionally a large, proud bass would effortlessly glide by, undisturbed by the antics. Tiny black water bugs scurried about, endlessly busy, while in the deep, cool depths little bugs no larger than a pin head, of brilliant scarlet, drifted with the slow current that flowed always to the morning sun. Here and there a turtle lazily stretched, sending up fine sand to sparkle in the slanting gold rays of the sun. This was their world, a world of emerald green, a world undisturbed except by life and death and storm.