

Shirley Whittington



How can I tell you this? From now on Mark Eden will be missing from the back pages of your favourite frivolous magazine.

No more coupons for "complete course and bust developer shipped in plain brown wrapper".

No more promises that you'll be thrilled with your rapid bust development.

No more overstuffed freaks peeking out of photographs and simpering, "For the girl who wants the ultimate in bust development, take my word for it... Mark Eden has the answer."

Mark may well have had the answer, but the US post office had a lot of questions. Now, after a three year investigation, Mark Eden has gone bust -- propelled into obscurity by a court order which found the company guilty of mail fraud.

Mark Eden. The name says it all. Mark as in clean, upright, authoritative and quasi-Biblical. Eden as in garden.

Now, the cynical interpret the name this way: Mark as in easy and Eden as in he's Eden his words.

Mark Eden was one of the world's great utilisers of the before and after photograph. Before was thin, sallow, and needed her hair done -- a real pizza face. After was always shyly radiant, bouffant of hair and body and was apparently looking at the reader over a

display of canteloupes.

If Before looks like a candidate for total makeover, After cries out for corrective surgery.

Here's the truth, as discovered by the US post office and attested to by a professional model. Those burgeoning "after" photos were retouched -- probably with a front-end loader.

The Mark Eden outfit of San Francisco sold four million bust developers in four years. At a little more than ten bucks a shot this kept Eden in front money.

What was the secret of the stars? It was "not a cream, not an artificial stimulator, but a scientific breakthrough!"

It was a kind of scissors thing with a spring in it. It worked on a tension principle to strengthen muscles and it's not unlike the technique used by skinny kids in Grade 9 who press their palms together and grunt, "I must, I must. I must develop my bust."

The University of Arizona coeds who volunteered as test subjects in the court case remained flat. They mailed away for the Mark Eden secret, used it and waited in vain for the miracle.

Smart hucksters have always been able to make money by taking advantage of women's pectoral insecurity.

Back in the 1900's an ad for "Acquamiel Miracle of Nature Magical Form Perfecting

Eden's downfall: chest one of those things

Remedy" promised to "round thin people out to graceful proportions." The Mexican Remedy Company of Columbus Ohio promised no fraud, but it's my guess that the form perfecting remedy was a bit of well placed padding.

In spite of the twenties flat-chested flapper fad, ads still appeared which promoted "development of the busts". A saintly looking young woman with creamy shoulders and a tiny suggestion of cleavage appears in the ad for the Olive Company of Clarinda Iowa.

"Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex," says the ad. "How wonderful to be a perfect woman!"

"Bust pads and ruffles never look natural" scoff the Olive people, who urge readers to send for "the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results."

Another ad from the late thirties peppers the reader with questions. "Are you flat chested? Do you lack the allure of a shapely well developed figure? Is your bust small, flat and drooping? Are you embarrassed when you appear in a low-cut evening frock or bathing suit?"

That covers just about all the bases, and I get a mental picture of the hapless reader, sobbing "Yes, yes!"

In comes Nancy Lee of Dept. 7 New York,

N.Y. who heels the hurt with, "No matter how small and underdeveloped your bust may now be, my famous Miracle Cream treatment will quickly increase its size."

Non-readers are lured by a comic strip titled, "A whispered remark that changed a girl's life!"

"Isn't it strange that men never pay attention to Evelyn," says this (chesty) blonde. "My dear," replies her friend. "It's her figure."

Evelyn meanwhile is lurking behind the sofa and overhears. "So that's what it is!" she says.

The last frame shows Evelyn, sassy and self confident, admiring herself in a mirror. "Thank goodness for Nancy Lee's Miracle Cream Treatment," she says. (I would have had her singing, "Thanks for the mammaries".)

Thanks to the vigilance of the US post office, Mark Eden's ads won't be appearing any more, at least not in their present form. His empire has suffered udder disgrace.

I have to agree that the Eden company made some colossal boobs in its time, but there were passages of unassailable truth in some of the advertisements. For instance, one ad says, "Not every woman was born with an attractive bustline."

Of course not. Ever see a baby in a D cup?

Bill Smiley



MY wife and I used to take off for the city fairly often to spend a riotous weekend in the flesh-pots. They weren't as wild as they sound. We'd take in a couple of shows, eat a couple of haute cuisine meals, and enjoy lolling around in the morning, with room service breakfast, a morning paper, and an obituary of what we liked or didn't about last night's play.

These weekends constituted a pleasant break from the old routine of making beds, cooking, doing the dishes, raking the leaves, or whatever.

In the last few years these weekends have dwindled to almost nothing. Not that the spirit isn't willing, or the flesh is weak. But the price isn't right.

A decent hotel room has doubled to around \$70-\$90 per night. A couple of gourmet meals, with a bottle of wine, perhaps, have nearly tripled, over a few years. It seems only a few years since we saw Richard Burton in Camelot, excellent seats, at \$6 each. A third-rate Broadway show, or a fourth-time revival of something like My Fair Lady, now sets you back about \$15 a seat. Add it up.

We used to blow about \$120 and thought it well spent, coming home physically and

culturally rejuvenated, ready to go back to the grind.

Nowadays the hotel bill, with some room service at atrocious rates, runs about \$200. Tickets for a couple of shows tack on another \$60. A couple of good dinners will set you back another \$100. Toss in tips and taxis and parking, and the two-bucks-a-gallon gas to get there and back, and you're well over \$400.

Even for sybaritic teachers, who make huge incomes and have all those holidays, and secure jobs, and not much to do except babysit about 160 kids a day, that's a little steep, for a 48 hour break.

And that's why our weekends have become rather mundane. Instead of calling room service, we make a pot of tea (sometimes, if we're feeling like living it up, a pot of real, perked coffee), and blow ourselves to a boiled egg.

We go for a drive. Down to the dock to see if the boats are OK. Around the little lake in town to check on the indolent geese, too lazy to fly south, greedy as seagulls. Out to the beach to make sure the sand is still there. It's pretty exciting, actually, especially with both of us watching the gas gauge and doing mental arithmetic.

Oh, we haven't given up the old, carefree

I'll just have to explain

cultural life entirely. Occasionally, I'll say, "Oh, to heck with it," and go out and buy a pizza or fish and chips. If I'm really in a mad, impulsive mood, I might even get take-out Chinese.

We stay up late, sometimes past midnight, and watch a real movie, downtown. The highlight of our weekends, culturally, is doing the quiz in the Sunday paper. We spend at least an hour over that, and I win every week, because my wife doesn't read the sports pages or the political news.

Well. Not a bad life. And a lot cheaper than The City. But this whole, peaceful, dull routine flew into bits on a recent April weekend when I got tied up with a couple of women, one of them rather mature, and the other quite young.

We had a passel of guests for the weekend, and my wife was so busy cooking and talking and setting tables that she couldn't keep the usual close eye on me.

I'd admired the older woman for years for her poise, grace and warm smile, but she never gave me a look. However, she turned up on the weekend, and seemed to have all the old charm, so I was hooked again. I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

The younger one was quite brazen. For some reason, she'd taken a shine to me, and though I did my best to fend off her advances, she was adamant that we sleep together, have

secret assignments, the whole bit. It was difficult, because her father kept a close eye on her, especially when she'd throw herself into my lap, stroke my jawls, and run her fingers through my scanty locks. Some older men have that effect on young females.

Well, there I was, caught in the middle. I'd rush to gaze at the one I'd admired so long, then be trapped by the younger one who was shameless. It was kind of nice, when I think back. I haven't been in such a fix since I asked two girls to the same dance, back in high school. And they both accepted.

I don't want to make this too titillating for a family journal, so I'll have to spell it out. I got nowhere with the mature lady, but I was used to this. With the young one, I kept the secret assignments, and we parted with kisses and promises of an early rekindling of the affair.

The first lady's name was Elizabeth, with an R after it. She was handing over the Canadian constitution to a sodden mob in Ottawa. The other lady's name was Jennifer, and she is four years old.

The latter did sleep with me for a while, until she went to sleep and was carried to her proper place of repose. We did keep our secret assignment: bacon and eggs at 7 a.m.

On Monday, I told one of my favorite senior female students, after she'd asked how the weekend was, that I'd slept with a young lady, and her face fell a foot. Until I explained.

Investor's Inquiry



by Charles Colling

Choosing Dividend Options:

Recently I wrote briefly on cash and stock dividends and since that time have had several people come in to my office inquiring how they can go about selling their holdings plus their accrued dividends.

A prime example of this happened just the other day. A lady who happened to be an ex-employee of Bell Canada came in with an odd lot or less than one hundred shares of Bell

common stock which she wanted to sell. During the discussion I discovered she had an additional two and a fraction shares accrued in dividends, on which she had not yet received the certificate from Bell.

This lady wanted to make two transactions; in other words, sell what she had and then sell the additional shares when she received them.

If she had done this, it would have cost her fifty dollars in commissions, twenty five dollars minimum for each transaction where

Quickly voiding benefits?

as one minimum commission of twenty-five dollars would suffice for the total number of shares.

In addition to this, as I have pointed out before, odd lots of stock usually command a lesser price than the actual board lot or one hundred shares of the same stock.

If you are contemplating the sale of any security and have elected to receive stock dividends in lieu of cash, make sure that you request delivery of your stock dividend before you make the sale in order to avoid unnecessary confusion and cost in achieving the transaction.

Unless you are planning to accumulate stock for future dividend income such as in

retirement, it is best for the small investor to avoid stock dividend plans as the cost and possible tax implications could quickly void any benefits.

Charles Colling is the resident manager of Yorkton Securities Inc. in Midland. In sending in questions to be answered, please remember Securities Commission Regulations will not permit opinions or recommendations on any specific securities through this column.

All other signed inquiries will be answered as soon as possible. In all answers only the inquirer's initials will be used. Address all questions to "Investor's Inquiry" c/o The Midland Times, Box 609, Midland, Ontario.

You and Your Credit



by Paul Mattar, Credit Bureau of Midland, Penetanguishene, Collingwood

There is an excellent booklet published by the Ministry of Consumer and Commercial Relations that I would like to review with you over the next several articles.

The title is "Credit and You - Women's access to Credit in Ontario". With the co-operation of the credit granting industry, the Government of Ontario has established equal credit opportunity guidelines to help ensure women's rights in the credit marketplace.

Two major guidelines have been set out for consideration of an individual's application.

(1) A married woman shall be granted credit

in her own name if her credit qualifications, including her earnings or separate property are such that a man possessing the same credit qualifications and property or earnings would receive credit. (2) An unmarried woman shall be granted credit if her credit qualifications, property or earnings are such that a man possessing the same credit qualifications, property or earnings would receive credit.

To expand upon these general statements, creditors shall conduct their business affairs holding to these principals: (1) Hold women and men to the same standards in determining credit worthiness; (2) Extend credit

to a credit worthy married woman in her own name; (3) Refrain from refusing to extend credit to a newly separated, divorced or widowed woman solely because of a change in her marital status; (4) Apply the same standards to the extending of credit, including mortgage transactions, regardless of which spouse is the primary family supporter; (5) Observe the same standards in requiring credit data on the spouse regardless of the sex of the applicant; (6) Change in marital status shall not be the sole consideration in requiring re-application for previously issued credit cards or the renegotiation of the existing credit arrangements; (7) Consider a spouse's income, if necessary, when a couple applies for credit; (8) Consider alimony and child support as a source of income; (9) In appraising a woman's credit worthiness, con-

sider her credit history when single or married; (10) An individual's credit rating shall not be altered solely on the basis of the credit rating of the spouse; (11) A credit reporting agency shall, upon request of a spouse, keep a separate file on the husband and wife.

If you have difficulty and feel you have been discriminated against because of your sex or status, don't be afraid to ask for the boss. Set out the facts to back up your claim and you will invariably find a willing and co-operative person who wants to help you get the credit accommodation you are requesting.

If you have specific topics or questions you would like to have discussed, just write to "You and Your Credit," P.O. Box 176, Midland, Ont., or call Paul Mattar at 526-5468.