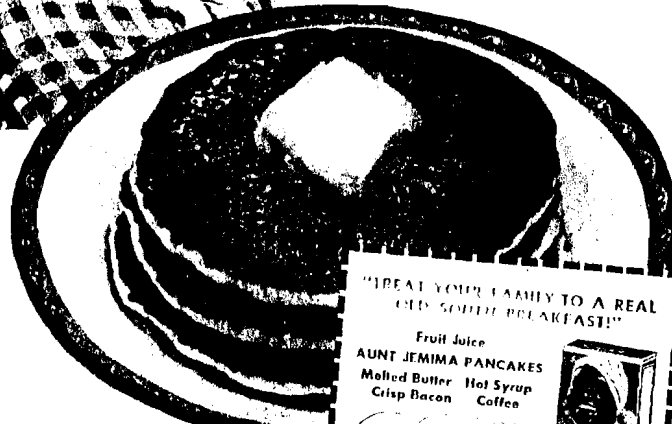


AUNT JEMIMA'S



"WHE-E-E-E"
How folks enjoys scrumptious
AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES!



"FEED YOUR FAMILY TO A REAL OLD SOUTH BREAKFAST!"

Fruit Juice
 AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES
 Malted Butter Hot Syrup
 Crisp Bacon Coffee

FIX A BATCH OF LIGHT, FLUFFY OLD SOUTH PANCAKES — AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE IS READY-MIXED FOR YOU!

EASY AS 1-2-3... JUST ADD MILK OR WATER, STIR, THEN POP 'EM ON THE GRIDDLE! UM-M!

READY MIX

GET BOTH! — The Yellow Box for Buckwheats, the Red Box for Pancakes AND WAFFLES, TOO!

Make Your Spine Behave

BY HELEN FURNAS

TELLING a backachy woman that chances are high her pain is totally unnecessary can be as dangerous as telling an insomniac he probably dozed off a good deal during that allegedly sleepless night. Orthopedists—doctors who specialize in distortions of the human frame—have that assignment every day of the week and, out of self-defense, develop extremely gentle and subtle ways of saying it. It all boils down to this, however: what the Southern Negro vividly describes as "the miseries in my back" usually comes from mis-handling the body, from physical sloppiness, from awkwardness or inefficiency in standing, sitting, lifting, walking and exercising—or neglecting to exercise. Harsh as it may sound, it is largely woman's own fault that doctors call her "the creature with perpetual backache."

Just as salt is said to be what makes potatoes taste bad if you don't put it on, backaches are what make you feel grand if you stop having them. Lucky back-acheless folk have no idea what they're missing—"the Atlas complex" might be an apt label for the frame of mind induced by this miserable sense of the whole world's weighing agonizingly on and about the spinal column. Atlas, however, had no choice but to carry the world on his reluctant shoulders. Thousands of backache sufferers lack such an excuse for lugging round their painful load.

First obstacle in the way of shedding it is a curious human reticence to admit having this particular ailment. "Why, you'd think there was something disgraceful about a backache," said one doctor, commenting on the fact that a woman will often come to him for advice only after months of painful efforts to deceive herself and her family into thinking nothing is wrong. Biographers who do not neglect the momentous headaches of Alexander Pope, Lord Byron's club-foot, the mathematically productive toothache of Blaise Pascal, never seem to record the backaches that, by the law of averages, many of the famous dead must have experienced.

TROUBLE started hundreds of thousands of years ago in some forest primeval, when our illustrious ancestor, the missing link, adventurously decided to navigate on two feet instead of four. Maintaining one's balance became a kind of muscular trick that, to date, the human race hasn't learned to perform with ease and distinction. Hence the frequency of back-aches.

No use blaming Nature. Under the circumstances, with quadrupeds insisting on turning into bipeds all over the place, our backs might have been much worse designed. From head to foot Nature supplies equipment to protect the spine, which contains the main cable of the body's pain and sensation transmitting telephone apparatus. Instead of being flat, the foot is arched—a much better shock-absorbing principle. The heel's elastic cushion is the built-in equivalent of a rubber heel. The thigh bones are inserted at an angle to absorb jar. The spinal column itself is a gently curving, old-school-script letter S, made up of jointed bits like a toy snake, with the first forward curve starting at the neck. These curves and jointings make it possible to bend, twist and wriggle in a

manner that would be impossible if spine were truly straight.

For extra shock absorption and flexibility, the thirty-three vertebrae that make up the spine are separated by the disks of cartilage. Inside the vertebrae which are held together by ligaments and muscles, the spinal cord—the only thing about you that is literally "just a bundle of nerves"—is safely threaded. Anything like the "debutante slouch" of twenties or the weight of a fat man's "corporation" tugging on these ligaments and muscles and pulling on the spinal curves may cause pain registered all too vigorously by the nervous system—as a backache.

HOLDING the body in the position comfortable for your spine, rather than for you, is the answer. I remember watching the skinny Negro woman Saint Lucia, in the British West Indies when a Greek tramp ship full of Argentine wheat had come into the harbor coal. In those parts it's the women who handle the hundred-pound coal baskets while the men loaf around on the dock make sure the shillings keep coming while the windfall lasts. Black by a blacker still with coal dust, dressed in grimy-gray tatters, shrieking and entering their French patois and occasionally wailing a work song in unison, they poured up the gangways in a stream, ponderous baskets on their heads, and poured back again down other gangway, the baskets swinging loose in their hands after being dumped into the ship's coal bunkers. In order to keep such cargo from tumbling off, they have had to develop just the kind of graceful, easy-moving, delicately balanced erectness that is the best in the world for their spines. Miserable their lot obviously was, I thought to self with a twinge of envy. "Well, you don't have backaches."

A good start at posture reform is to back up against the wall until your heels and as much as possible of the back are touching. As you strike this attitude, the stomach muscles go in of their own accord—one thing less to think about. Then walk forward and keep your feet that way all day, if possible. It is foolish, but only at first; and the more you do it, the more you enjoy that goddess-out-for-a-stroll feeling it gives you. Strengthen the stomach muscles for their new job with bicycling and lifting exercises. Keep an eye on the scales—the bean-pole type has adequate padding for the innards, and consequent downward drag may produce a backache. The conspicuously over-padded have an even tougher time than the of us holding themselves in a posture that meets the approval of the scales.

A full-length mirror in the bedroom will reveal much brutal truth about need for posture reform. Strip the skin, stand just the way you normally do, look at your profile figure in the mirror and see if you don't wince. The mirror image should show—and if it doesn't—is a straight line from the lobe to shoulder to bony portion of hip to external ankle bone. Just as for a girl and trying to forget is no solution either. Girdles are indicated more cases for support, and in many for aesthetic reasons. But

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