

Medical research at a famous Chicago university reveals an easy, inexpensive way to reduce.

EAT CANDY AND GROW SLIM

By Walter Brooks

There are probably more reducing products available to the overweight public these days than there are calories in a cream puff. But the trouble is, some are much less effective than others. And trying to discover which one works best is what's so confusing and maddening to the 35 million adults who are looking for a safe, easy way to reduce.

During recent months at a famous Chicago university, medical researchers conducted a series of tests to find out as much as possible about the safety and effectiveness of reducing substances now in wide use.

The findings of this study will probably be the most important news ever read by people who have tried without success to lose weight.

For the test, seven leading weight reducing products (wafers, tablets, pills, low-calorie candy and drugs) were selected.

Chosen as "human guinea pigs" was a group of men and women: students, housewives, teachers, salesmen, dentists—even a priest and a nun. All physically sound but for one exception: they *needed* to lose weight. Equally important, they *wanted* to reduce, so readily agreed to cooperate for a full 8-weeks' program.

The test subjects were assigned their particular reducing products by a system of random selection. One woman rebelled, however, when she learned that she was to take candy. "Can't I take something else?" she pleaded. "I really want to lose weight. And it seems to me candy's the last thing I ought to eat." Reminded that she'd agreed to cooperate, she finally acquiesced and took her "medicine," as she called it—only, in this case, it was a special candy for reducing.

According to the doctor in charge of the investigation, no attempt was made to control the diet of the individuals. "We were attempting to evaluate these preparations under normal conditions of use," he said.

Consequently, participants were given their test substances in the original packages and simply told to follow directions. However, those on dextro-amphetamine, a prescription product, were given typed instructions for safety's sake.

Over the eight-week period, participants were weighed weekly. At the end of the program, those on dextro-amphetamine had lost an average of only 3.8 lbs. Those on the second best product lost 4.6 lbs. Patients on one widely sold tablet lost at first, then ended up by *gaining* weight. But those eating the candy (Ayds, made by Campana, Batavia, Ill.) lost 11.5 lbs., the highest average weight loss of all. Some taking Ayds even lost up to 21 lbs. Interesting sidelight: The candy plan turned out to be the least expensive method.

One enigma remained, however, as far as the participants were concerned. Just how did this low-calorie candy work?

Directions in the box state that taken before meals as directed, it curbs the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight naturally.

The age-old truism: "Eat a sweet before a meal—spoil the appetite" was not unfamiliar to the participants. But what puzzled them, as one man put it, was this: "You say Ayds candy contains no reducing drugs. Then why won't ordinary candy work as well?"

"The answer is simple," said the director. "When you eat—say a chocolate cream, you're adding 125 calories to your intake. But with Ayds, you're taking a specially made candy of only 25 calories. What's more, it's enriched with vitamins and minerals to maintain your health while eating less."

The director then explained that the action of Ayds is based on the theory of blood sugar levels. When a person's blood sugar is low, his craving for food is high. But when an individual's blood sugar is elevated, his desire to eat is next to nil.

In a separate study made at the university to determine the effects of the seven reducing products on blood sugar levels, it was found that the low-calorie candy caused the greatest elevation. This, in turn, curbed "hunger waves" among the test subjects an average of 33% longer than the next best product.

For all who are encouraged by this report to try, once again, to lose weight they never could before, the following fact should be kept in mind. There is no *magic* way to reduce! Layers of fat are not built up in a day. They cannot be shed overnight.

Underscoring this fact are the innumerable cases where government agencies have taken action against firms that claimed their products would produce a specific weight loss in a few days. Or that said their products were safe for fat persons when, in fact, they contained drugs that could be dangerous. Many such products have been barred from the mails.

However, the reliability of the Ayds Plan has been confirmed in a U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Here, three learned judges held, with respect to Ayds, that "one eating the candy will, according to well recognized medical principles, have less desire for food, and, therefore, eat less." And doctors agree: to lose weight, eat less.

Thus, Ayds has not only been clinically proved, but the Ayds Plan has been legally recognized as one that works safely and effectively in helping people lose weight.

Ayds Reducing Plan Vitamin-Mineral Candy, of which there are two kinds, a regular vanilla caramel and a chocolate fudge-type, may be purchased at drug and department stores everywhere. And what more pleasant way is there to lose weight than to eat candy?



I WAS JUST THINKING...

There is possibly only one thing more difficult than putting a horse in a bathtub:

Taking a cat on a trip.

The time we took ours was a grim expedition comparable to crossing the Sahara in a freighter.

The cat didn't want to go and my grandmother said she wouldn't if he did. But Mother is Irish. She put Charlie in a box on the floor of the car and neglected to inform Grandmother.

About two miles out of town, Charlie stuck a long yellow arm out of the box and stabbed Grandmother in the shin. Both of them screamed.

Charlie didn't quiet down until we'd gone on for 50 miles, but Grandmother gave up quickly. She knew when she was licked.

It was a 400-mile drive and the temperature was 95. Charlie crawled out of his box and laid on Grandmother and hissed.

When we reached the cottage, just on the brink of hysteria and nightfall, he vanished.

My sister, who was 14 and frantic, burst into tears. She accused Grandmother of coaxing Charlie to jump in the lake. Mother and I began to wish he had. But Grandmother, who had developed a guilt complex, instigated a two-hour search. When hope had also fled, Charlie roared down from the rafters and onto my head.

Peace reigned. The next day, the rain did, too. And the day after that. When thin sunlight finally appeared, we took Charlie down to the dock to show him the water. My sister, who was holding him, explained afterward he felt like an octopus whose tentacles had turned to barbed wire. At any rate, he fell in.

We decided later that must have been the moment his mind finally snapped.



For the rest of the week, the cottage was a resort for mice. They had a better time than we did.

No, Charlie didn't catch them. Grandmother had to. All day long he crouched in a corner.

At night he slept in his sandbox.

Charlie never accompanied us on another trip.

As a matter of fact, neither did Grandmother.

Patty Johnson