

The Facts of Life

Parents of children growing up in the 1960's did not usually have heart-to-heart talks about "the birds and the bees." Other than whatever was passed down from someone else's older brother or sister and then on to us, our sex education was limited to the film in our fifth grade class that was shown separately to the girls and boys during one particular recess. Boring it was too - all about the menstrual cycle. We were hoping for something more dramatic. Romantic? No! We would have been totally grossed out!

A couple of years later in junior high we weren't any the wiser. At a friend's slumber party we found ourselves in a deep discussion as to when pregnancy occurs. Is it when you're on your period or not? We finally concluded that since dogs get pregnant while in heat that it only makes sense that humans do too. The facts of life were still leaning to gross side!

And then came the bummer...some girls were beginning to have it all, long, beautiful hair and a body. Flat chests and wide rear ends were subjects of ridicule when walking past the boys in the school cafeteria.

Then there were times when we stuffed our bras only to be horrified to discover a Kleenex tissue surfacing to the neckline of our clothes! There were other attempts. "Falsies," a soft foam rubber unit to slip in the bra were sold in the stores, but they just didn't bounce like real "boobs" and somehow the boys knew about "the bounce" and the flat chested were busted again.

A most embarrassing moment was wearing my older sister's two piece swimming suit to the pool. It was so cute with ruffles across the top adding a little fluff upstairs and it had nice built-in cups that made me look "endowed." Unfortunately I learned that there were several problems with that swimsuit top. Once I was standing on the side of the swimming pool and jumped straight down into the water. The force of the water took that top right up to my collarbone. Of course there were boys swimming under the water with their eyes open who saw everything...or should I say saw NOTHING? Another problem with that top was when I was in the pool the cups would fill with water. Long after I got out of the pool, water was streaming down my mid-drift like a river. Laying out in the sun my swimming suit dried and I had to be careful not to get dents in my empty cups.

Then came my dream solution. My "itty bitty tiddy club" of girlfriends and I saw it advertised in a magazine. It was GUARANTEED to add inches to your bust line. It was the Mark Eden Breast Enhancer. I couldn't afford it but this was a necessity...my only hope. I ordered it by mail and had it shipped to a friend's house lest my parents find out what I was up to. They would have thought I was looking into a career of topless dancing. I only wanted to look normal...and maybe sexy now that I was older and "gross" was becoming less of a vocabulary word for the opposite sex.

The Mark Eden unit arrived. It was a small plastic clam-shaped unit with a stiff spring between the two halves. To use it I held it between my palms at arm's length and pushed it together. The stiff spring made it an effort and I could feel those pectoral muscles working. Needless to say, I didn't gain anything but sore muscles.

Sex education doesn't begin and end at adolescence. I learned at my 20th high school class reunion that the boys saw a different film in the fifth grade. I always assumed they saw the same one we did!

