

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

I believe in Colonel Hunter's book — PEP! For that matter, so does Mr. Britton, but I write this "note" because I made myself over by applying Colonel Hunter's rules for thinking and living to my daily life.

In 1909 I was a sick man, suffering from "nerves" and food-poisoning (auto-intoxication). I weighed less than 130 pounds — although five feet nine inches tall. Every few weeks I would break down almost completely and my physician would advise a long vacation — a trip to Europe or California or some other inexpensive little jaunt. Business and family cares prevented my being long away from the city and I would "pull through" with tonics and will-power.

One day a friend persuaded me to consult his "food specialist." I did so. Under his advice I changed radically my diet. For eight months I ate no red meat and no white bread; I drank nothing whatever but water. Of water I drank