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before, but they were never serious, but this diet is. It was one of those things that the doctor said to our wife, "You have to go on the diet I describe, and if you don't-Well, our wife was scared, so she went on this diet.

house.

folk wanted to go on a diet before, it never bothered us as it was just one of those things that they "would start tomorrow," but this one is for keeps.

guys that weighed between 125 to 150 pounds from the time that we first knew enough to step on a scale until the present day. Food never bothered us, we ate every thing and never got any heavier but we never did care anything for desserts.. Cakes, pies, and puddings would be passed up by us much to our wife's disappointment While we were sipping our coffee after a good meal of stew, steak chicken, or other wholesome din ners, we often wondered how our wife or kids could still relish a dessert, but we just shrugged it off as one of those things that all persons are different, even in fam. ilies. We were all happy. "They' ate what they relished and we ate what we wanted and no one gave a thought as to whether we finished our dessert or not. In fact one of our five kids would gobble up our share of the dinner's sweets (with our permission) before Mom had a chance to clear the table, so half the time she wouldn't know whether we ate the pie, cake or pudding or not.

Now things are different. Our wife is on a diet, a serious one, no pie, cake, buns, puddings, or anything that contains sugar. Our only offspring that is still home with us is on a diet too. Not a serious one, she just wants to keep her weight down, so occasionally she helps us out by eating the hot cross buns that we pass up.

Last Tuesday our daughter wasn't home for supper. Just the wife and we were eating alone. We had a delicious meal of a lamb stew pie from a leg of lamb left over from Sunday's dinner. Carrots, peas, potatoes, and a delicious crust covering pieces of lamb that needed no cutting with a knife. We enjoyed our meal thoroughly, and just as we were sitting back to sip our coffee royale our wife said, "Oh! boy, have we got a dessert for you, I can't eat it, but you Her eyes sparkled. This may." was something, that she was going to enjoy seeing us eat. It was an "Individual Boston Cream Pie", so said our wife, and when it was put down before us we wished that the guy that named it was there to help us eat it. Oh! not that it wasn't good! Oh, yes, it was very good, but we would have er with just coffee. It was one of those things with a deep saucer shaped crust, with a yellow filling whose base contained at least two eggs, topped off with a half inch of heavy whipped cream, and then in honor of George Washington, a circle of sweet red cherries rounded the top of this del-Our wife sat back to enjoy us eating it. This was something she relished before the doctor's orders -now she was going to have her fun by proxy. We took a forkful, which any one else in this world would have probably enjoyed-but we, well, we wished the guy from Boston that discovered this pie was our guest this evening. Not that it wasn't good, but we are not a cake eater. We took another bite, not looking at our wife, as we felt she knew we weren't enjoying it as she expected. We rolled it around in our mouth as our grandson does when his mother feeds him his mush. The dish was grabbed up from the table. We weren't even forgiven when we helped dry the dishes. Maybe we'll do better on St. Patrick's Day, when those little green mints are served. In the meantime if we do not have another dessert between now and then that will satisfy us, and we wish our doctor would tell our womenfolk that we are not supposed to be in on these diets. Aren't we the henpecked guy though? One day we are going to put our foot down, maybe.



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