

# DIET (Continued)

properly. We like to talk about "scientific" nibbles versus "common" ones. Scientific nibbles are those you plan on and make a part of your diet, preferably something saved from a meal. They have something to add to the essential nutrient value of your diet. Many weight-watchers have discovered that spacing food intake helps control hunger. A glass of milk, an apple, or cheese and crackers an hour before dinner may make it easier



to refuse the a la mode part of the small piece of apple pie.

Now the other step—get out and walk! Everybody in the family should do it. Children don't have to be chauffeured every place they go. Studies show that overweight youngsters don't necessarily eat more than their lean classmates—they do less.

Two big features of the idea of cutting down, not out, as a means of reducing or watching your weight are that you need not eliminate any single food or group of foods, and that no special diets are required. Bread, potatoes, sugar, butter—all can be included in your plan of cutting down, not

out. And the same menus can be used for every member of the family, a fact that is not only psychologically desirable, because no reducer likes to be set apart from the group, but makes meal planning simple. It is merely a question of the proper variety to insure balanced nutrition, the proper-size portions of well-prepared food to provide the right number of calories to lose or gain weight.

Our final word of advice: don't be fooled by fad diets. Common sense isn't the forte of "nature nutritionists." Levelheaded, serious research has yet to prove that you can take any sort of panacea and be able to "eat all you want and grow slim!"

## EXAMPLES OF RELATIVE CALORIE VALUES

### Basic Four

Group I  
(Breads, cereals, potatoes)

Group II  
(Meats, fish, eggs)

Group III  
(Fruits and vegetables)

Group IV  
(Milk, cheese, ice cream)

### High

Waffles  
Chocolate layer cake  
Fried potatoes

Baked ham  
Porterhouse steak  
Fried mackerel  
Eggs Benedict

Lima beans  
Corn  
Bananas  
Sweetened fruits

Chocolate milk shake  
Butterscotch sundae  
Whipping cream  
Creamed cottage cheese

### Medium

Muffins  
Angel cake  
Mashed potatoes

Broiled lamb chops  
Pot roast of beef  
Baked halibut  
Fried egg

Winter squash  
Beets  
Pineapple  
Grapefruit

Homogenized milk  
Plain ice cream  
Coffee cream  
Swiss Cheese

### Low

Regular bread  
Breakfast cereals  
Steamed potatoes

Roast chicken  
Roast leg of veal  
Broiled filet of sole  
Boiled egg

Tomatoes  
Lettuce  
Cantaloupe  
Strawberries

Buttermilk  
Milk sherbet  
Nonfat milk  
Plain cottage cheese



*I was just thinking...*

**G**OLD HELMET, green field, red jersey, white night. If you've never witnessed a high-school football game in a small town, you've never savored the full flavor of America.

I recommend to you, stranger:

The moon shining on the school (old classrooms, new gymnasium) and on the homecoming queen (old crown, new face).

The boy who yesterday weighed 115 pounds dripping wet and is tonight wetter in the heat of battle and burdened by a junior spaceman's armor.

His proud father and frightened mother who pace his pride from the side lines and suffer every scar and fumble.

The six new teachers in a righteous row. The four former teachers comparing swaddled babies whose formulae have become far more important than square roots.

The smallest girl in the marching band, a mushroom under a top-heavy hat. The biggest boy in the marching band, who can't bend over.

The coach, green as the grass, in audible agony. The sternest critics, the corner quarterbacks, on

bleacher duty while their wives make a *kaffee-katsch* of an outing. The town veterinarian on the fender of his dusty station wagon, his cigar shifting with every signal on the field.

The PTA refreshment stand offering "Dounots" for the benefit of the scoreboard and to the eternal disgrace of spelling class.

A night ripped by whistles and the hoarse cries of animal adolescence and the explosion of balloons left over from the parade. A velvet-wrapped woman in the grip of a stalwart in dirty sweat-shirt whose moments of glory were on this field too long ago.

The splintered bleacher beyond which six small boys and a dog of indifferent ancestry duplicate the energy of the field.

The air which would taste of champagne elsewhere and here is cidery and crisp as cold apples in its simplicity.

I recommend all this to you, stranger, for when you have seen it and heard it and been a part of it, you will sleep the sleep of the just tonight, and tomorrow with rejoicing greet the dawn.

*Patty Johnson*



*John Hoffbauer*