

# Why we wear pie

Not long ago I finally broke down and went on a diet. I even did the right thing and consulted my doctor before embarking on anything too drastic, like the “eat what you want and lose pounds fast through cosmetic surgery,” type of weight loss solution.

My doctor, who was never one to mince words said, “I wondered how long it was going to take for you to wise up.”

“It was simply a matter of economics,” I quipped.

He, being the sarcastic, skinny little jogging fanatical runt that he is, replied, “What – you couldn’t afford to feed yourself?”

I, being the obnoxious and even more sarcastic columnist that I am, said, “No – it’s because you were slightly less expensive than a new wardrobe.”

He could not possibly leave that little witticism alone and added, “Or a funeral, the costs of which your kids would probably inherit.”

I certainly was not going to allow that to go by untouched and said, “Absolutely. My son has an actual job and can afford it.”

That seemed to shut him up, but I knew he would not let me get away unscathed. He retaliated by sending me in to see my second least favorite person in the world—Nurse Ratchet.

She, who is just slightly less charming than the Antichrist, gleefully administered a battery of annoying tests that allowed her to pinch, prod, poke and stick assorted parts of my corpulent body at will. Her methods were big on the battery part.

I believe her objective was to deplete me of all bodily fluids by using the most uncomfortable techniques known to the medical profession. Trust me, she took pride in her work.

For the better part of an hour, I sat bare-bottomed on a stainless steel table that was refrigerated for comfort, waiting for Mr. Personality. He finally walked in, smiling. His expression said it all. I knew – this was not good.

“Everything seems to be in order,” he said. “Normal blood pressure, good EKG, strong steady heartbeat, no cholesterol problems—I’m impressed. The only problem I can see is (he paused for effect here) you’re fat.” Add smirk.

“Did you have to go to medical school to figure that out?” I shot back. “You should get your money back. You have grounds to sue.”

Then he got me, and he got me



**You can't beat a system you can't understand**

By Sam Bari

good. He scrawled something on a piece of paper and handed it to me as he smiled even more broadly than before and said, “Follow the instructions closely.”

The instructions said, “Here is your diet: If it tastes good, spit it out.”

Okay, so he got the last laugh. I knew it wasn’t going to be easy. Nonetheless, the first few weeks weren’t so bad. The first ten pounds all but fell off. However, I couldn’t help but wonder why I could eat a pound of broccoli, cauliflower, and assorted other icky tasting vegetables and lose weight, but if I ate six ounces of pie, the weight would come right back.

I even tested the theory just to make sure I was right. I ate nothing but vegetables for two days and lost weight. Then I ate half the amount in pie for two days and didn’t lose anything. It didn’t make arithmetic sense.

Then it dawned on me. The explanation is so simple that people have been missing it for years. I remembered when my son was little he would leave half of his dinner on his plate and say, “I’m full.” Then I would say, “Oh, that’s too bad. You don’t have room for dessert.”

He’d say, “Yes I do.” I, of course replied, “But you just said you were full.” He came back with the old excuse, “Just the dinner compartment is full. The dessert compartment is empty.” That line of non-reasoning has been used for generations with no positive results.

However, don’t be so quick to laugh. There is some truth in that seemingly unscientific way of thinking. I believe our bodies concur with our minds. We send pie down to the stomach and the body thinks – Wow! That tastes good. I think I’ll keep that. Then we send a bunch of broccoli, cauliflower and yucky vegetables down, and the old stomach thinks – Yuck! That’s awful. And eliminates the veggies.

That means we wear the pie. It’s obviously a design flaw. Hey! That’s as good an explanation as any. It’s either that, or, it’s just another part of that system we can’t understand.

# Letters

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state’s lobsters are healthy. Actually, this is false: Maine never banned methoprene, as the Board of Pesticide Control in Maine has affirmed.

Pinning the decline upon one pesticide that has been conclusively proven to pose little or no risk does not serve to find and address the real culprit. Assigning blame to methoprene also places the citizenry at increased risk from mosquito-borne disease, such as West Nile virus.

Let’s work together to search for an answer to this important problem, for the sake of our environment, the lobster industry, and our community’s public health. However, in doing so, let’s make certain that answer is based on valid, reproducible science, rather than superstition and innuendo that fly in the face of scientific fact.

**Joseph M. Conlon,  
Technical Advisor  
American Mosquito  
Control Association**

## Distant reader looking for information

I wonder if I might ask your readers for some help? I am researching an event on the island that took place on Oct. 30, 1974. A radio station called WPRO put out a drama of The War of the Worlds that was so realistic it is said to have caused a panic amongst some listeners, who thought it was a news story about a real invasion from Mars. Did you experience this? What did you think? Were you alarmed, amused, indignant? I would love to hear from anyone who can tell me about their experience.

**John Gosling  
jd.gosling@btinternet.com  
18 Hilliard Drive  
Bradwell  
Milton Keynes  
MK13 9EF  
England**

## Town comes through for fresh air kids

National Volunteer Week is one of the highlights of the year for The Fresh Air Fund, and I would like to use this opportunity to extend my deepest thanks to our dedicated Fresh Air hosts, volunteers and supporters in the Jamestown area. They truly embody the meaning of the 2008 National Volunteer Week theme, “Volunteer to Change the

World.” Year after year, our volunteers demonstrate their commitment to helping New York City children by continuing the Fresh Air tradition in the community.

Our volunteers are our heroes. Caring Fresh Air host families open their homes and share the everyday joys of summertime with their Fresh Air guests. Our local volunteer leaders – many of whom are also hosts – give by serving on our local committees, planning summer activities, publicizing the program and interviewing prospective host families. I would also like to thank all individuals and businesses which have generously given their time and resources to

make the Friendly Town host family program throughout this area a great success each and every summer.

The Fresh Air Fund, an independent, not-for-profit agency, has provided free summer vacations to more than 1.7 million New York City children since 1877. For more information on how you can help to continue this wonderful tradition of volunteering, please call The Fresh Air Fund at 800-367-0003 or visit [www.freshair.org](http://www.freshair.org).

**Jenny Morgenthau  
Executive Director**



## Where in the World is the Jamestown Press?

The Knollmeyer family took the Jamestown Press to the Grand Bahamas during their spring break trip. Left to right are, Pete, Jennifer, Andrew, and Jessica.



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