Written by Administrator Friday, 13 August 2010 16:25 -



I have a lot of fun through this column and get many, many favorable comments from you. I appreciate the comments and, as you know, many of these columns are at the expense of my lovely wife Linda, my grandchildren, or my friends.

This past week has been quite unusual for Linda and I. We have had the opportunity of all four of children being at home along with our six grandchildren.

For these days and times we are extremely grateful and Linda and I enjoy them to the fullest. The other night as I was getting ready to grill some pork chops I noticed a container of food on the kitchen table. One quick glance and I could see that this jar was filled with golden cheese puffs. On the front of the box I read pop corn which I figured was a puffed corn cheese puff. Without really looking close I reached in the jar and grabbed a few of the kernels and began gnawing on them.

I had eaten a couple of them as I was walking back and forth from the kitchen to the grill and then back to the kitchen again and each time I would get one of two of these golden kernels. These weren't the tastiest cheese puffs I have ever had and I figured it was the pop corn mixture that was making them taste bland.

I looked at Linda and said, "Whoever bought this cheese puff pop corn wasted their money." She looked at me and immediately started laughing and calling all of the kids. Then she said, "Didn't you read the label?"

Well, I looked again at the label and this time I read pup corn. All of the time I thought I had been eating cheese puffs and I had actually been eating dog treats.

Linda loved it! The first thing she said is that I have to write about this because I have told on her untold times. Well folks, here it is. I admit it.

She really enjoyed telling Fred Street, our next door neighbor, about this. Fred came in to check out our new grandchild and Linda related the entire incident to him listing every detail.

Fred got a big laugh and me, being all red faced and embarrassed, told him not to worry about anything unless I started barking at him or chasing his car. He assured me he wouldn't run over me if I came after him down the street.

I guess a good moral of this story is that everything that looks good, may not be. Be sure to read the labels before you endulge into a eating frenzy.

The food actually didn't taste as bad as I thought dog food would and the effects of Linda rubbing my bald head when I lay at her feet are rewarding.