

If, with the wolf at the door, there is not very much to eat, a child should know it, but not oppressively. Rather, he should be encouraged to savor every possible bite with one eye on its aesthetic nourishment and the other on its fleeing but valuable esthetic promise, so that twenty years later, maybe, he can think with comfortable delight of the little brown toasted piece of bread he ate with a certain once in 1942, just before that apartment was closed, and you were away to camp.

It was a nice piece of toast, with butter on it. You sat in the shade under the pantry window, and the little boy gave you a bite, and both of you the smell of nasturtiums warming in the April air. You would be mixed forever with the savor between your teeth of melted butter and toasted bread, and the knowledge that although there might not be any more, you had shared that piece with full consciousness on both sides, instead of a shy awkward pretense of not being hungry.

[I feel, even more strongly than I did in 1942, that one of the most important things about a child's gastronomic present, in relation to his future, gastronomic and otherwise, is a good respect for food. In horrifies me to see contemporary mothers numbly cooking and then throwing away uneaten lamb chops, beans, toast; mused in unsavored puddings; deliberately spilled or bedabbled milk. All things children should be given small portions of food, according to their natures, and allowed to cope with them at their own speeds. Do not *finish* them, before more is trotted out in the currently fashionable pediatric pattern. . . . They learn their capacities. They learn good manners. Above all, they learn to respect the food so many other children cry for.]

All men are hungry. They always have been. They must eat, not when they deny themselves the pleasures of carrying out their needs, they are cutting off part of their possible fullness, their natural realization of life, whether they are poor or rich.

It is a sinful waste of human thought and energy and time to delight, to teach little children to pretend that they should not eat or mention what they eat. How sad for them when they are in pain. Then they may have to fight, or love, or make other children suffer, because they won't know how to do it fully, with satisfaction, completely, because when they were babies they wanted to say, "Oh, what a beautiful sound!" and instead only dared murmur, "More, please, Papa."

How to Lure the Wolf

She wrenched from her brow a diamond and eyed it with contempt, took from her pocket a sausage and contemplated it with respect and affection.

—Peg Woffington, CHARLES READ

... rising the praises, willy-nilly, of the wolf in human form or disguise who can with straight face and unwinkled muzzle woo a kitchen maid. His muzzle, wrinkled or smooth, must be straight, thus to ignore her locks all heavy with the perfumes of the frying pan. His so-called face, straight or wolfishly crooked, must be without eyes or unduly charitable, thus to forego at least a cruel glance at her shiny nose and her gnawed lips and the tattered remnants of her last-week's manure.

In other words, any normal wolf would be a fool to take a touselled kitchenmaid at her own face value, since the very fact that she is a kitchenmaid should prove to him her slutish nature.

If you want to lure a wolf, no matter what his form, there are a number of tricks known heretofore among a chosen few, which can at once be released to the general class of kitchen maids (the plural of which was long held to be *kitchen midlen* by one otherwise erudite scholar). He may have been the same one, although it seems somewhat improbable, who wrote an essay in his younger days about the virtues of picking dewberries in the Maine woods in the summer time. It was not until his form-master was removed from the kitchen in a state of near hysteria that this future semanticist discovered that dewberries are what rabbits make as well as what they eat. The way to look your prettiest in the kitchen, and make the wolf