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I Strike Back: There was nothing Ma wouldn't do for me. One day, she took me to Michael Reese Hospital to consult with Dr. Rubovitz, the doctor who delivered me. "My Teddy", she said, "eats like a fly. See how skinny he is. What can I do to fatten him up?" Dr. Rubovitz recommended, "Give him bacon. It is little in volume and high in nourishment". My mother worshipped Rubovitz, but kept a kosher home, and her mother visited us every so often. My poor mother, caught in the crossfire of Rubovitz, her mother, and her son!

Her choice was never in doubt. She acquired a fry pan, plate, knife, fork, and glass. The set was put in a cloth sugar sack, which was hidden on the floor in the darkest corner of the pantry. Teddy was to have his bacon.

I was delighted. Ma pushed food on me all the time. I resisted almost all the time. Here was an opportunity to eat something Ma didn't want me to eat.

Ma never wasted food. She preserved leftover scrambled eggs in wax paper. There was no way to store bacon. When I elected to eat bacon, I had to eat the whole half pound. To do that requires six slices of Wonder Bread, loaded with lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise to make three BLT sandwiches.

Do you recall the first words my mother said to Dr. Rubovitz? "Teddy eats like a fly."