

Supposed to be Keg cheesecake (non-bake)

Crust:

- 4 ounces butter
- 1-1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 3 ounces sugar

Filling:

- 24 ounces Philadelphia cream cheese
- 2-1/2 tins Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk
- 6 ounces fresh lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons vanilla extract

Crust: Melt butter in saucepan.

Place cracker crumbs and sugar in mixing bowl. Add melted butter. Mix well.

Place crust mixture into 10-inch spring-form pan. Spread evenly. Pack down firmly.

Filling: Whip cream cheese until soft and smooth, using electric mixer. Add condensed milk and blend until very smooth. With spatula, blend in lemon juice and vanilla extract until thoroughly mixed. Pour blended mixture into spring-form pan and smooth top with spatula.

Place in refrigerator (8 hours until firm).

Serve with fresh fruit topping (example: strawberries marinated in icing sugar and any liqueur, such as Grand Marnier or Amaretto)

again. Here it is, Ann. How about it? — **Office Worker.**

Dear O.W.: That piece originally appeared in the Shining Mountain Sentinel. I tried, without success, to track down the author. It was a great hit with office workers everywhere. I am delighted you asked to see it again — especially because today, once again, is National Secretary's Day. Here it is: **Why I Fired My Secretary**

I woke up early, feeling depressed because it was my birthday, and I thought, "I'm another year older," but decided to make the best of it. So I showered and shaved, knowing when I went down to breakfast my wife would greet me with a big kiss and say, "Happy birthday, dear."

All smiles, I went in to breakfast, and there sat my wife reading her newspaper, as usual. She didn't say one word. So I got myself a cup of coffee, made some toast, and

tary knocked on my office door and said, "Since it's your birthday, why don't we have lunch together?" Thinking it would make me feel better, I said, "That's a good idea."

So we locked up the office, and since it was my birthday, I said, "Why don't we drive out of town and have lunch in the country instead of going to the usual place?" So we drove out of town and went to a little out-of-the-way inn and had a couple of martinis and a nice lunch. We started driving back to town, when my secretary said, "Why don't we go to my place and I will fix you another martini?" It sounded like a good idea since we didn't have much to do in the office.

So we went to her apartment, and she fixed us some martinis. After a