

New WISH-BONE Russian!



... dresses
salads
and
More, too!

give your
foods a
*"touch
of Genie-us"*

WISH-BONE RUSSIAN Makes Cooking a Picnic!

You'll love it! Youngsters do, too. It's hearty and robust, with a slightly sweet taste that kids adore. They'll ask for *more* salad when it's dressed with spicy new Wish-Bone Russian. Serve them *big* protein-rich salads with strips of ham, cheese, hard-cooked egg slices.

Ham Hussar: Use delicious Wish-Bone Russian as a ham glaze, too. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Wish-Bone Russian, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard. Bake ham at 300°. Baste frequently with mixture. You'll get a beautiful golden glaze, and oh! what those wonderful Wish-Bone seasonings do for the meat!

also enjoy these other

WISH-BONE Salad Dressings

ITALIAN Sunny oil, tangy vinegar, sparkling with mouthwatering seasonings, chopped garlic buds.

FRENCH Real French, with the enticing herbs and spices that make French cuisine famous.

CHEESE Nippy Blue Cheese, smoothly blended with Roquefort, livened with piquant seasonings.



"We'll go to some more agents tomorrow," James said. But I think it was then that both knew in our hearts that it was going to be 43 Larches Road.

When we got home I began making giving objects we no longer needed to End parishes and the Red Cross, and viewed removing firms. Then we gave a well party. We invited everybody we knew and 95 per cent of them came.

James and Christopher Harper-Crews spent the afternoon inventing a new coc Margery, who is not only pretty and gentle kind, devoted herself to people who shyly in corners and was so charming that they blossomed like peonies. In between pouring I was able to scream pleasantly to my friends. I wished Mrs. Elliott joy with hospital tea bashing on Thursday morning. Susan Varnum said I wouldn't need clothes up North but tweeds, and had lots of woolen stockings?

"I've got some," I said.

"Well, don't wear them on days when you are going out in the evening. It's indescribably hell changing into nylon ones up there."

"Rhododendrons do magnificently there," said Elizabeth MacGregor, "there's a heavenly ground cover with small blossoms that you must try. They have me of it at Chatsworth." A faraway look came into her eye. "Have you got anything in garden of your new house?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Well, with any luck, you'll find a few foxgloves and tulips, and you can see where they are and put in lots of bulbs in the autumn."

I kissed them all good-by and thought much I would miss them, and James and Christopher cooked bacon and eggs and the four of us ate sitting on the floor.

Then the hard part started. Packing clothes and watching the moving men and wondering what was going to break or be lost off the truck or be left behind, and giving our dear house a final sweep-round and shutting its doors for the last time. I could hardly bear it. It was before James came home because he would have hated it too. We spent the last night Margery and Christopher, and after dinner we got in the car and went for a nostalgic drive alone through London.

Fluffy, who dislikes motoring, squawking all the way to Farmiloe.

When we got to Larches Road I carried upstairs, took a small parcel of margarine from my bag, buttered her paws and shut her in the smallest bedroom, reminding her that inside of a week she would have forgotten that she had ever been a fashionable London cat.

The house was very cold. I took my coat off and then quietly put it back on a chair. While James found out where the hot water turned on and turned it on and put bulbs in the sockets and connected an electric fire in the drawing room, I dusted, removed three spiders from the bath and disposed of the priceless objects not trusted to the men: my American drip coffee pot and a quillizing pill, given me by Margery as a well present.

During the course of the afternoon I was sitting on our bedroom window sill. James tacked down a carpet when I saw a woman come out of the house next door through our gate, so I went downstairs.

"I'll be a hornsoggled coot," I said, "thinking that something out of the ordinary was called for."

"This is a surprise," said Mrs. Hardcastle and then to the astonishment of both of us we kissed each other and were struck dumb.

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