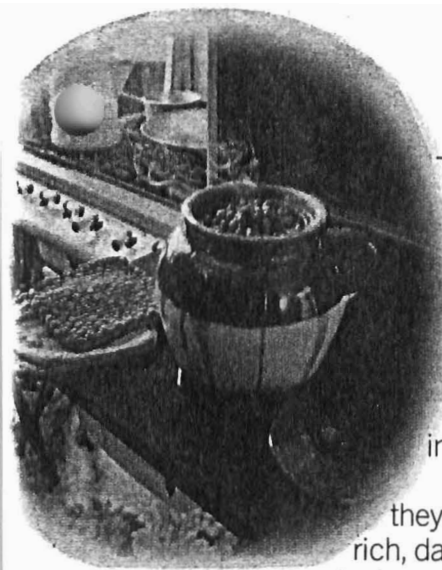


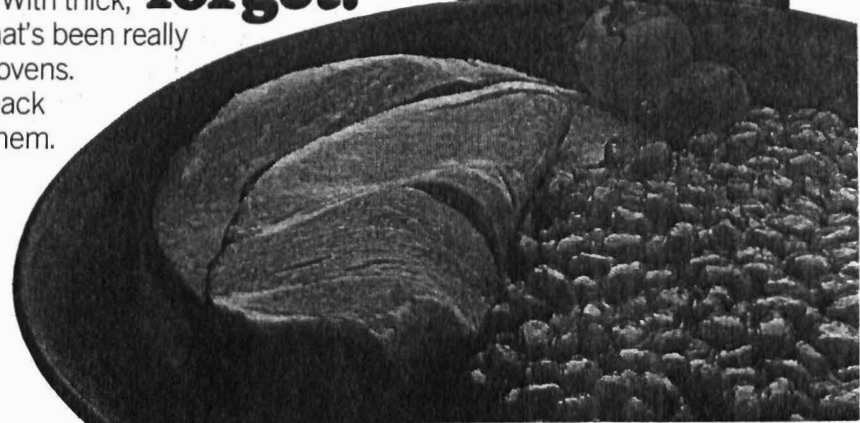
Help him remember his mother's baked beans and he'll never forget yours.



There are some things a man never forgets. Like the great taste of those baked beans his mother used to make... and all the trouble she went to getting them that way. That thick, rich, dark brown sugar sauce. That chunk of pork. Those hours of baking in the oven. They were really a meal in themselves.

B&M costs a little more because they're made the same way. With thick, rich, dark brown sugar sauce that's been really baked into every bean for hours and hours in real brick ovens. Heat up a can of B&M baked beans. They won't bring back the good old days. But they will give him a little taste of them.

B&M.
The taste you never forget.



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How I helped my husband remember the baked beans his mother used to make.

by Mary Mahoney



Like a lot of men, there's a great deal of little boy in my husband.
I guess it's just that being a little boy meant so much to them. There are so many memories they have that we women just sometimes don't understand.

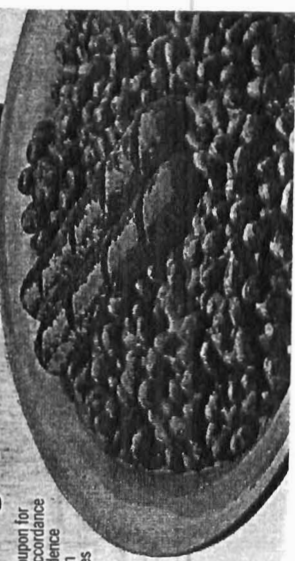
I never oiled a baseball glove
I mean, I never collected baseball cards, or sent away for decoder rings, or oiled a baseball glove. I never really was even interested in what my mother did in the kitchen until my late teens.
But, my husband was. He has all sorts of memories when it comes to his mother's kitchen. Smells. Tastes.
I didn't know until the other day though, that baked beans meant so much to him.
Not tomato sauce beans. Baked beans. The kind his mother used to spend hours and hours making. With a thick brown sugar sauce. And a big chunk of salt pork.

I've got more important things to do
At my husband's house, when he was little, these great tasting beans were a meal in themselves.
And, you know what, from now on, that

kind of baked beans is going to be a meal around my house.
Oh no, don't get me wrong. I don't have time to slave over a stove like Tom's mother had to. I've got more important things to do than that.
That, quite frankly, is the point of this story.

I just heated them up
You see, the other day, quite by accident, I discovered B&M Baked Beans. Or, I should say, I bought them, my husband discovered them.
B&M tastes just like his mother's baked beans, I guess, because they're made just like his mother's baked beans.
Hours of baking. In real brick ovens (she couldn't even do that). A thick, rich, dark brown sugar sauce. A chunk of real salt pork. And that taste. Well, they have that taste he's never forgotten.

And all I had to do was heat them up.
Try B&M Baked Beans on your husband. They won't bring back those good old days. But they will give him a little taste of them.



7¢ off

The taste you never forget.

Mr. Grocer: The William Underwood Company will redeem this coupon for 7¢ plus 3¢ for handling. If you receive and handle it strictly in accordance with the terms of this offer and if, upon request, you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to The William Underwood Company. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax and be prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Its value expires 12/31/73. Expiration date: September 31, 1973. B&M Beans Redemption Center, P.O. Box 1313, Clinton, Iowa 52732.

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