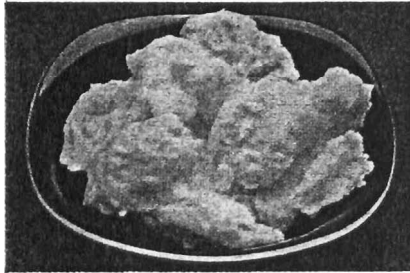


“My gravy is fine.
It’s what’s underneath
that makes me cry.”



My husband loves my
gravy. He uses it to hide the
lumps in my mashed potatoes.

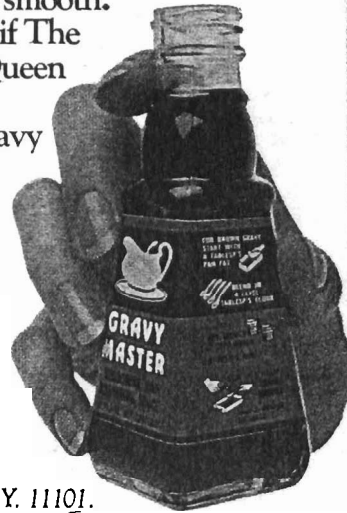
But friends who make
the fluffiest potatoes tell me
it’s gravy that gives them fits.

So I say: Follow the
pictures on the Gravy Master

*Memo to you good cooks: For some interesting recipes,
write Gravy Master, Dept. JX, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.*

bottle. Gravy Master gravy
has a little taste of parsley
and things, and it comes out
rich and smooth.

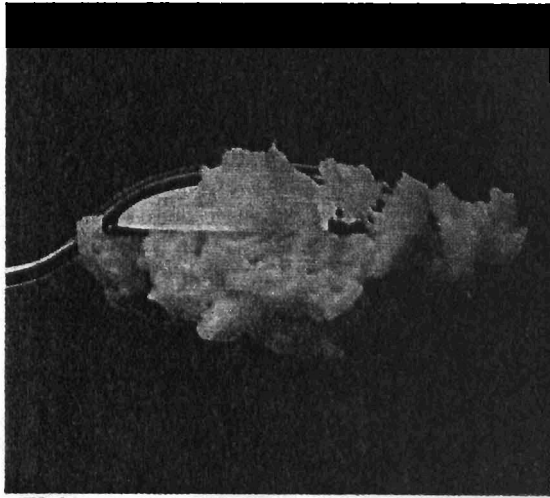
And if The
Lump Queen
here can
make gravy
rich and
smooth,
anybody
can.



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"I'm a bum cook. But I make great gravy."



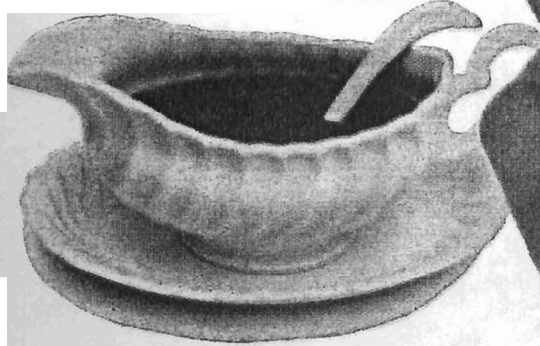
Some of my rice.

My rice is a pot of glue.
My hamburgers are like
grey rocks.

My fried eggs have plastic
placemats for bottoms.

But weird as it sounds, I
have no trouble with gravy.

I follow the pictures on
the Gravy Master bottle.
Sesame Street couldn't

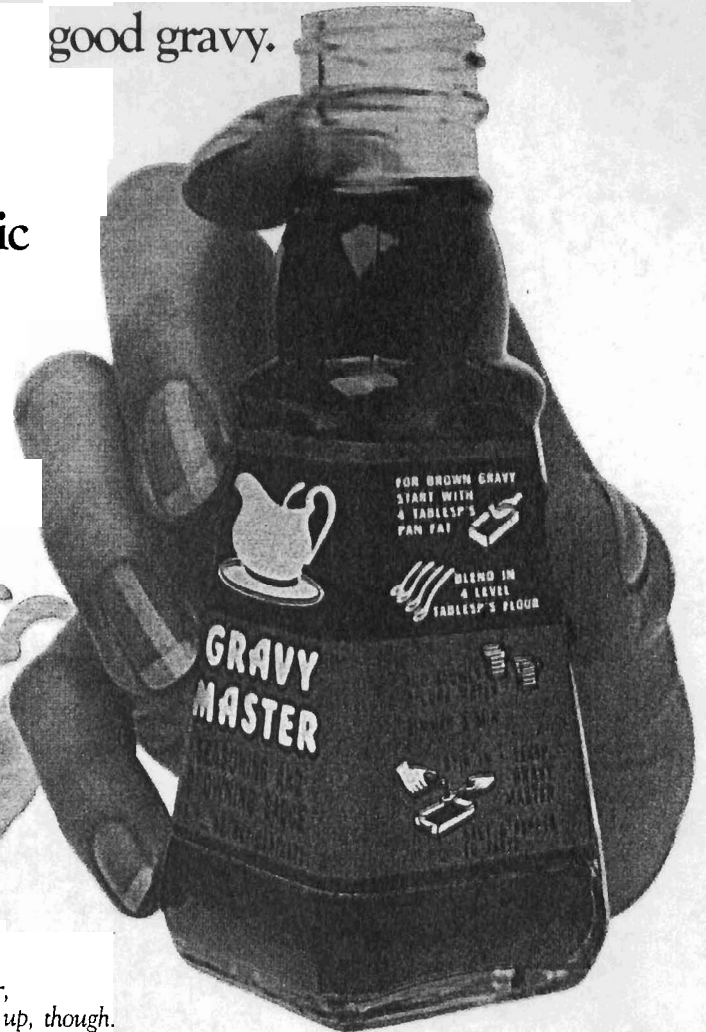


make it any plainer.

The gravy comes out
smooth and brown, with a
little taste of celery and
parsley and things.

Gravy Master costs about
3¢ a meal. A bottle lasts
10 meals.

I can hide a lot of
mistakes under that much
good gravy.



*You can get some terrific recipes by writing Gravy Master,
Dept. A, Long Island City, N. Y. 11101. I botched them up, though.*