

"MOISTURE PROOF" your baby against diaper irritation!



Z. B. T.

Protects like oil—
soothes like powder!

See for yourself. Smooth Z. B. T. Baby Powder on palm of hand, sprinkle with water. See how it runs off without penetrating Z. B. T.'s protective sheath. There's proof that Z. B. T. Baby Powder with Olive Oil repels irritation-causing moisture, where ordinary baby powders absorb it. Guard your baby's tender skin against urine scald, diaper rash by using Z. B. T. Baby Powder after every bath and diaper change!

Also guards against chafing and prickly heat

Used by hundreds of hospital nurseries

**BACK THE ATTACK
ON TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS**

STAY SAFE!

- Check your brakes: Use them carefully on slick roads.
- Check your windshield wipers: Replace if they streak.
- Check your tires: Have good tires and use tire chains when needed on snow or ice.
- Check your headlights: Have them properly adjusted.
- Check your speed: Let speed laws and road conditions set the limit.
- Check your distance: Stay well behind the car ahead.

**Protect YOUR
HEART!**

VIOLIN Wheat Germ Oil
Helps Heart Action—
Improves • Strength • Vigor

PROVED 9 years—500 persons
University Experiments

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—
only Violin Oil PROVED helpful.

Send NOW—Violin Story FREE Book #15

PROMETOL—8 to 1 vigor factor
concentrate Violin Oil. Same
benefits—NO fat calories.



VIOLIN MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

**YOUR
CHILD**

?



Polio isn't licked yet. Paralytic cases more than doubled in 1959 over 1958. Children are especially vulnerable. Now's the time to start, or complete, shots for each member of the family. Play it safe for '60. See your doctor or health department.

**DON'T TAKE A CHANCE—
TAKE YOUR POLIO SHOTS**

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DAIRY MONTH

(Continued)

**A \$10 PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE
FROM A FAMILY WEEKLY READER**

Mrs. Fred York/Boise, Idaho

Onion-Liver Sausage on Rye

A miniature edition of this sandwich makes a delicious and tantalizing appetizer.

TO PREPARE: 15 MIN.

(allow 30 min. for marinating)

- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1½ teaspoons sugar
- 1 red onion, cut in 4 slices
- 8 slices rye bread
- Whipped butter
- 2 oz. Roquefort cheese, softened
- ¼ lb. liver sausage

1. Blend lemon juice and sugar together in a bowl. Add onion slices and allow to marinate 30 min., carefully turning onion slices from time to time. Drain.

2. Spread each slice of bread with butter. Spread buttered sides of four bread slices with Roquefort cheese; spread four bread slices with liver sausage and put onion slice over liver sausage. Top with remaining bread slices, cheese side down. Cut each sandwich diagonally into halves.

4 sandwiches

For Appetizer—Chop onion before marinating. Use small rye-bread rounds (about 1½-in. in diameter). Toast on one side; turn and brush with melted butter. Toast in oven until crisp. Spread with Roquefort cheese, then with liver sausage and top with spoonful of marinated chopped onion.

Deviled Veal in Sour Cream

TO PREPARE: 25 MIN. TO COOK: 25 MIN.

- 2 lbs. veal round steak (cutlet), cut about ½ in. thick
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1½ teaspoons paprika
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1½ cups quick meat broth (use 2 beef bouillon cubes to 1½ cups hot water)
- 1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- ½ cup thick sour cream

1. Pound meat until it is ¼ in. thick; cut into serving-size pieces. Coat with a mixture of the flour, paprika, salt, and pepper.

2. Heat butter in a skillet over low heat. Add onion and cook until soft, occasionally moving and turning with a spoon. Remove onion from skillet with a slotted spoon; set aside.

3. In the same skillet, brown veal pieces on both sides. Pour meat broth over veal. Stir in the onion, horse-radish, and mustard. Cover and simmer 25 min., or until veal is tender.

4. Remove meat to a warm serving dish. Blend sour cream into liquid in skillet and heat. Do not boil. Spoon over meat and serve immediately.

About 6 servings



I was just thinking...

THEY'RE all a little crazy.

They fall out of bed when dawn first edges the blanket of clouds covering the pines. They push their sleep-sodden bodies into aged garments. They slap gamey caps on their heads. They sort spinners and hooks and sink blithely into the water getting rented boats off the rocks.

They roar off into nowhere. They fish.

They spend hours poring over an inlet or a channel purported to bed whales and walrus. They thread the silent agony of minnows or nightcrawlers on their hooks and rejoice if life remains in either.

Hours pass, but they sit with a patience they cannot give life itself or the pursuit of the dollar. They row mightily among the rushes or endlessly run their motors across the bay where somebody had a big strike yesterday or may tomorrow. Not today.

Someone, never they, catches the mighty musky and the elusive northern. Last week, that was. Never today, never this morning,

never tonight under a frowning sky with the wind furling the old brow of the water's face.

When the fisherman comes in, he is empty-handed or full-mouthed. He justifies his one-armed crab with the monster that got away, or weighs his monster in silent modesty. It is never a halfway thing, only futility or triumph.

The fisherman smells like old worms and old minnows and old scum from the inlets. His covering is wet and musty and his beard has flourished.

The night closes down like the third-act curtain, and he rests on his notices. Tomorrow is another performance.

He sleeps the sleep of the just and he dreams of the old one, the big one, the legendary one.

His sleep is sweet in this madness, which is as sweet as pursuit and capture.

He is a little crazy.

The fisherman. *Patty Johnson*