

**Only Kraft brings
you macaroni and cheese
with this
*golden cheddar goodness!***



Tender macaroni, creamy with golden cheese goodness for only 5¢ a serving! Great "as is" or in combination dishes.

Helps you fix tasty Lenten main dishes!



Tuna Confeiti Casserole. Prepare 1 package Kraft Dinner as package directs. Combine with 2 cups hot, cooked peas, one 7-ounce can of flaked tuna, a 10½-ounce can condensed cream of celery soup, ¼ cup milk, 2 T. chopped pimiento, ½ tsp. salt. Bake in greased casserole in moderate oven (350°), 25 to 30 minutes.



Kraft Dinner Medley. Prepare 1 package Kraft Dinner as directed. Add 2 T. each of chopped pimiento and green pepper to 1½ cups hot, medium cream sauce. Put Kraft Dinner on platter and make a depression in the center; fill with cream sauce. Arrange 2 quartered, hard-cooked eggs in a ring around the sauce.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET: For more tasty but thrifty Kraft Dinner Main Dishes, write Kraft Dinner, Box 7168, Chicago 77, Illinois



... EVERY DAY, Winter or Summer, rain or shine, the old man sat in a blanket-wrapped chair on the porch.

Each time a car or a truck or even a boy on a bicycle passed, the old man eagerly stretched out his hand and waved.

Strangers often only stared in response but those who knew watched for him and waved back. Since he had retired and moved to town to live with his son, the old man had become a kind of custom.

No one questioned him, no one wondered. He was as much a part of the landscape and of the town as the corner grocery and the feed mill. He was a landmark, the old man who rocked and waved.

On sunny days he could see almost across the miles to what had been his own fields. He could sit and dream of the rich years of his strength and the lean years of his failures. On dark days, he let his mind serve as his eyes.

When the young Zearling boy drove by in his hot rod, the old man waved and remembered the boy's mother and reflected that he had good stuff in him, though folks thought him a mite wild these days.

When old Doc Stenson chugged by in his battered coupé, the old man wore a special smile. Doc Stenson had been a young man the night he brought the son into the world. He'd driven all night through the snow. The old man considered Doc Stenson one of the dedicated ones.

It was like that when the old man waved. It was the waves of another kind breaking on the clear shores of his remembrance.

When a car stopped one day, he rose rustily to meet the stranger who strode briskly to the steps.

"Say, old man," said the stranger, "I'm new in these parts, but I've been asking about you. Nobody seems to know why it is you sit here and wave at everybody. You've even waved at me and we've never met."

The old man was delighted. He had a new friend.

"No," he said, "I don't know all the folks I wave at. But I wave. It seems neighborly and it don't hurt none. And a good many are my friends or their kin. I like to think about them and what I can remember of them."

The stranger chuckled and turned back to his car.

"Well, I guess you can wave if you want to. But you sure must be lonesome."

Something about the old man in the sunlight sagged and died.

"Why, yes," he whispered to himself. "I guess I am."

He sat down in his chair and slowly, with infinite care, he wrapped the old blanket around his shoulders.



Patty Johnson