

Wonderful new way to bake
your own Cinnamon Rolls

Pillsbury



...fresh dough and
icing all ready to use!

Into a pan! Eight plump rolls... already
mixed, shaped and spread
with cinnamon-sugar!

Bake! They'll be ready... hot and fragrant,
in just about the time it
takes your coffee to brew!

Frost! Velvety icing is right in the can...
already made for you.
Just spread on, that's all!

They're yours! Delicious for brunch,
lunch, snacks and Sunday breakfast!
Hot, fresh 'n home-baked—you'll
be proud to call 'em your own!



Pillsbury

At your grocer's dairy case!

(where you get those ready-for-your-oven Pillsbury Biscuits!)

The
ladies
find
it



taxing

by Paul Steiner



The Internal Revenue Department received a request from a California woman to lend her \$3,000 so she could start a business and make enough money to pay off the back taxes she owed.

Finding her name on a published list of "lost" persons due income-tax refunds, a St. Louis woman gave up \$2 in wages to visit the Internal Revenue office. There she collected a refund of ten cents.

A Wisconsin woman was fined \$50 after pleading guilty to tossing rotten eggs at a local tax assessor with deadly accuracy.

A London income-tax officer received a letter from an anonymous woman who sent a ten-pound note and explained that her conscience wouldn't let her sleep because of her tax delinquency. In a postscript she added: "If I still find I can't sleep, I'll send along some more money."

A South Bend, Ind., woman, suing for divorce, told the court that her husband had not spoken to her for almost eight years, except once each year to ask how much money she had earned so he could fill out their joint tax return.

After a Dallas housewife advertised for a house, explaining she needed it for a reunion with her 12 children, she received dozens of offers, including one from a man who wanted to marry her so he could claim her children as income-tax exemptions.

An Ohio income-tax office got a call from a woman who wanted to know if they had received her "love letter," then sheepishly explained: "I'm sure you've got it, because my boy friend says he's got my income-tax forms." The tax people said they'd look around and mail back the billet-doux if they found it. "No, you'd better not do that," pleaded the woman. "My husband might get to the mailbox before I do. Just tear it up."

Although she worked at the Pittsburgh Internal Revenue office, one woman didn't take the matter of taxes very seriously; tax officials charged her with failing to file a Federal return during a seven-year period.