

Now—a bandage that won't pull the scab off

New CURAD® with non-sticking
Telfa® pad won't hurt when you take
it off...won't reopen healing wounds



Not this!

Bandage with
ordinary gauze
pad sometimes
pulls off scab,
reopens wound,
causes bleed-
ing.



Now this!

CURAD Band-
age with Telfa
pad, free of
scab, peels off
without sticking
to wound,
doesn't hurt.

Here's why: The pad in the Curad
adhesive bandage is the exclu-
sive new Telfa.

Telfa is "the mercy dressing"
that the nation's leading hospi-
tals are using to prevent damage
to healing skin tissue...speed
wound recovery.

It has a plastic surface with
scores of tiny holes in it that does
the trick—allows wound to drain,
but doesn't stick to the scab. So
when you take it off, it won't re-
open the cut.

Don't take a chance on hurting
your children. Get a new Curad
(the waterproof plastic bandage
with germ-fighting medication
right in the pad, too).



CURAD bandages
for small wounds.

TELFA sterile pads
for larger wounds.



BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company

There Isn't a Nail I Can't Bend



by Dick Emmons
Art by Ken Kenniston

ANYBODY IN FOND DU LAC, Boise, or
Chattanooga want to swap
houses with me?

I don't much care whom I swap with
as long as I get out of my present
neighborhood. The street is overrun
with fellows who are clever with tools,
and in their midst I stand out like a
sore thumb. In fact, I usually have a
sore thumb, thanks to my vain efforts
to keep up with them.

Other people get evening phone calls
from their neighbors asking them to
drop over and play bridge or look at
their vacation pictures. Not we. When
we get a surprise evening phone call,
it is Charlotte Gerlach or somebody.

"Grab your jacket, dear," my wife
trills, hanging up the receiver. "Char-
lotte wants us to run over and see the
recreation room Fred just finished."

"Recreation room, smerecreation
room," I growl.

"Charlotte says Fred has built the
cutest French doors to hide the washer
and drier!"

"French doors, smench doors," I re-
spond dully. "Why doesn't he read *War
and Peace* or something in the eve-
nings instead of building things? You
know what my motto is? Leave the
cabinetmaking to cabinetmakers, the
upholstering to up—"

"C'mon!" she calls, gripping my arm.

Fred, of course, is all smiles when we
arrive. Charlotte is pirouetting ner-
vously about. She proudly leads my
wife to the basement door as if we
were about to get our first look at new-
born triplets.

"Now, don't expect too much," Fred
chortles with false modesty. "I really
don't know one end of a hammer from
the other!"

"There's a difference?" I ask, but no
one answers. They are all tiptoeing
down the stairs.

"Ready?" breathes Charlotte.

"All set," my wife says excitedly.
Fred flips on the light switch. "Ooh!"
my wife squeals. "It's beecootiful!"

What we have before us is a rectan-
gular room whose floor Fred has cov-
ered with asphalt tile, including shuffle-
board triangles. He has built a false
ceiling of soundproofing materials and
painted the walls a ghastly magenta.
A television set is recessed into a large
cupboard (fashioned by Fred) at one
end of the room, and at the other stand
the French doors, concealing the auto-
matic washer and drier.

"Of course, I'm not quite finished,"
Fred is burbling. "I want to build stor-
age cabinets along that wall and mount
a hi-fi speaker over there and—"

I congratulate Fred wearily. He has
done a fine job but it is just another
recreation room in a series of recreation
rooms up and down the street.

Still, as always, the experience gives
me new hope and energy. "If Fred can
do it, I can do it!" I murmur and dash
down to my basement. "I'll start with
a cabinet to house the TV and record
player and if that turns out, I'll order
acoustical tile and do the ceiling."

The cabinet, it develops, is trickier
to construct than I had figured, so I
decide to concentrate first on a long
modern bench for use by guests wait-
ing their turn at the Ping-pong table.

It soon is obvious that I don't have
boards long enough for the bench and
must settle for a lesser project. Unable
to think of one that would be a useful
first step in building a recreation room,
I decide instead to fashion a bread
board for my wife.

When I'm finished, I take it upstairs
behind my back. "Now don't expect too
much," I warn her in the approved
style of do-it-yourselfers.

"I don't," she smiles thinly. "I expect
a new bread board. Why, it is a new
bread board. That's the fifth in three
months. Thank you, dear."

Come on, you fellows in Fond du Lac
and Chattanooga! Make me an offer!

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