

# 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 bleeding.



**Now this!**

CURAD Bandage 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 exclusive new Telfa.

Telfa is "the mercy dressing" that the nation's leading hospitals 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 reopen 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).

**BAUER & BLACK**  
Division of The Kendall Company



CURAD bandages for small wounds.

TELFA sterile pads for larger wounds.



## 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, "Charlotte wants us to run over and see the recreation room Fred just finished."

"Recreation room, smeacreation room," I growl.

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

"French doors, smench doors," I respond dully. "Why doesn't he read *War and Peace* or something in the evenings 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 nervously about. She proudly leads my wife to the basement door as if we were about to get our first look at newborn 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 rectangular room whose floor Fred has covered with asphalt tile, including shuffleboard 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 automatic washer and drier.

"Of course, I'm not quite finished," Fred is burbling. "I want to build storage 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 waiting 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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