

CURAD—the 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

As You Were Saying...

Sermon in a Hive. As a newcomer to town, and consequently a stranger in church, I was appalled the first Sunday to see a swarm of wasps flying about, sometimes lighting on the pews or members of the congregation. With a few others, I followed their flight apprehensively.



The minister, noticing the heads weaving about, interrupted his sermon momentarily to tell us gently that the wasps had been around for years and that only once, when a member tried to kill one, had anyone ever been stung.

"The wasps are God's creatures, too," he said. "Pay them no mind, and they'll do you no harm."

He was right, for neither then nor at any time since have they disturbed a service. It was probably the best sermon I've ever heard on "live and let live."—*Ted Kyle, Casper, Wyo.*

The Confident Campaigner. Recently a bunch of us teen-agers hitch-hiked to another town 50 miles away to visit friends. We got ten rides going and four back.

One of the rides was with a man who was running in some election. He made all the stops along the way, giving people his card. Each time he went into a filling station or store he left the car key in the ignition and the motor running.

It wasn't an important incident, I guess, but it made us feel good to know someone could trust a bunch of teen-agers like that.—*Paul Bridger, Jackson Tenn.*

Fair Exchange. My father, a minister, stopped one Saturday at a shoe-shine stand to try to get the operator to come to church next day.

"I'll have you shine my shoes today," he said, "if you promise to come to services tomorrow."

"I'll do that!" was the surprisingly quick reply.

The shoes received an extra-good shine but when my father stepped down and drew money to pay for it, the man held up his hand.

"I'll shine your shoes free each Saturday," he said, "if you shine my soul each Sunday."—*Leslie Dunkin, South Bend, Ind.*

Hostess with the Mostes'. Weary from shopping, I stopped in a department-store dining room and was escorted to a table by a tall, sleek, well-dressed hostess with an impersonal and decidedly superior air. She marched me to a chair, tossed me a menu, and promptly washed her hands of me.

Waiting, I noticed the other hostess. Short, dumpy, inconspicuously dressed, she was bustling about a young mother and her two energetic young children, taking the mother's bundles, finding extra-high chairs for the children, engaging them in conversation, and sharing their obvious delight in the wonders of a lunch downtown!

Struck by the contrast, I did something unusual for me—I complimented her. To my amazement, she took my hand and said, "God bless you for that. I've just been told that I'm being replaced tomorrow. They didn't think I was the 'right type' for a place like this."—*Mrs. W. M., Mansfield, O.*



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