

CURAD[®] gives you the first TRANSPARENT bandage

(clear...
not just sheer)

So if
you want
invisible
protection

wear the only
transparent plastic
bandage

For invisible wear—on
face, under stockings,
any place. Waterproof...
medicated...with Telfa[®]
pad that doesn't stick to
the scab.

4 different shapes...
in the special
transparent package



Bauer & Black
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY

As You Were Saying...

"They're Thanking Us Again." Some 50 years ago, when I was young and attending a one-room school, there were no buses and we had to trudge the three miles home. One Winter day when the snow was deep and had been on the ground several days, I saw a covey of bobwhites along the way, huddled under a low cedar. My first reaction was to hurry home and get the shotgun and "pot-um" while they were still together.

When I told Dad, he said, "No, we won't shoot them. But let's go back; I'll help you feed them." We crushed an ear of corn and, about dusk (so as not to disturb them), we cleared a small area near the tree and spread the feed on the ground. Next afternoon they were waiting for us—about 18 or 20 of them, all chattering away.

The birds survived the four weeks' snow because of the feed, and I got a thousand times more pleasure from helping them than I would have if my Dad had let me shoot them. Every time I'd hear a quail call after that, I'd tell Dad, "They're thanking us again."—W. R. Hawk, Jackson, Tenn.



They Plant Neighborliness. We had just purchased a new home and we wanted to beautify it with a lawn and garden. Then my Air Force husband was hospitalized with serious injuries suffered in a helicopter crash while on a siting mission.

Apparently he had mentioned his plans to his crew because, two days after the accident, they descended on our home with the manpower, the knowledge, and the main ingredient—spontaneous friendliness. By nightfall our lawn was in.

I know that such a "lawn bee," where neighbors help a family in temporary distress, is not unique, but you never really appreciate it until it happens to you.—Mrs. F. L. Russell, Anchorage, Alaska.



Etched in Her Memory. My husband, a minister, and I were visiting a middle-aged woman who had just been widowed by the unexpected death of her husband a few hours before. Our conversation turned to her children and, as we hoped, it temporarily diverted her thoughts.

She talked about each one at length and then, suddenly, she apologized for the condition of her dining-room table which had numerous nicks and scratches on its surface. She explained that she had often been urged to have the surface refinished, but she was afraid it might remove the scratches. All four of her children, she said, had done their homework around the table.—Mrs. Raymond Glass, Pocatello, Idaho

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters. We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Family Weekly 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Leonard S. Davidow, President and Publisher; Walter C. Dreyfus, Vice-President; Ben Kartman, Editorial Director; Patrick O'Rourke, Advertising Director; Melanie De Proff, Food Editor; William A. Fetter, Art Director; Robert Fitzgibbon, Managing Editor; Associate Editors: Kevin V. Brown, Jack Ryan, Thomas Gorman, Honore Singer, Jerry Klein, New York; Peer J. Oppenheimer, Hollywood.

Address all communications about editorial features to Family Weekly, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Send all advertising communications to Family Weekly, 153 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. Contents Copyright 1958 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. All rights reserved.