

No can opener . . . no prying!



Heinz Baby Foods open with one easy turn!



. . . and only Heinz gives you glass jars plus screw-on caps on all varieties!

Yes, all Heinz Strained and Junior Foods now have handy screw-on caps. So, no matter which of the many Heinz favorites you serve, there's . . .

1. No more wrestling a can opener—or storing unused portions in open cans!
2. No more prying—or searching for a pry-off tool.
3. No more bent caps to prevent safe resealing of uneaten food.

All Heinz jars reseal airtight just as easily as they open. This

means you can keep unused portions moist, fresh-tasting and rich in precious vitamins and minerals right down to the very last delicious spoonful.

Both baby and you benefit when you buy famous Heinz Baby Foods. He enjoys tastier, smoother treats, while you save time and work! Why not switch to Heinz—for good?



Brother Malcolm (holding baby), accompanied Tom on last trip to Laos.

Doctor Dooley (Continued from page 4)

officer in this area was an old friend and hitched a ride to his headquarters, where he went into one of his famous sales talks which you might have seen on TV. Within a few hours, he had the plane again and the complete backing of the troops, no matter who their boss was.

"Plans are fine," Tom noted, "but Irish luck helps, too."

BOTH TOM AND I were lucky people. We came from a well-to-do family in St. Louis and never wanted for a thing—unless it was to be doing something. One of my earliest recollections of Tom was the way he collected maimed or ill pets. We could have had the best pedigrees, but the underdog was Tom's favorite.

When his animal clinic upset the well-run Dooley household, he didn't give up. He just moved it into Dad's garage and expanded. When the menagerie got too big, Dad would slip in at night, gather up the sickest, and cart them to the humane society.

Tom would be downcast for a while. "I might have been able to help them," he'd complain. But by afternoon he'd be in high spirits again and collecting more strays.

We were lucky, too, that we had cars, college, and a minimum of worry as we grew older. On Saturdays, Tom would tool his snappy convertible down to a home for delinquent boys and drive them to parts of St. Louis they'd never seen—art galleries, museums, and finally to our mother's comfortable apartment.

Tom would give them the idea that all this wasn't out of a kid's reach. He'd try to get the idea across that there was plenty of help available to those who'd help themselves; later that was a principle of his medical aid—help nations but make them do part, too.

I remember when Tom found his purpose. I was an Air Force navigator, and my plane was ordered to Japan in May, 1954. Tom was stationed there as a Navy medical

officer, and I visited him. He was restless and dissatisfied. He wanted to be doing things. "I'm going to ask for sea duty," he told me. "Maybe something will happen." It did.

Tom witnessed the flight of some 600,000 refugees from Communist-held Northern Vietnam to free South Vietnam. Eventually, he was the only Navy doctor administering to these needy. His extraordinary efforts brought him the Legion of Merit; no other person in the history of the U.S. Medical Corps ever won it so young.

WHEN I next saw Tom, he was a different person. The energy, determination, impatience were the same—but now directed unwaveringly, almost overwhelmingly, toward a single goal: bringing modern medicine to those living in an era of witchcraft.

Mother was upset when she first heard about his plan to return to Asia. She already had lost a son in World War II, and now it seemed as if she were losing still another. But Tom had found what he wanted to do. He might have built a nice, lucrative practice in St. Louis, as we once expected—but he would never be happy with it. Mother gave him a St. Christopher's medal to guide him on his long journey.

Tom celebrated his 34th birthday on Jan. 17; only Francis Cardinal Spellman and I were permitted to see him. The next day, as I was proceeding with Tom's agenda plan, I was summoned hurriedly to his room. He died that night.

Later, I was going through his effects and came across the St. Christopher's medal that Mother had given him in happier days. She had had inscribed upon it some words of Robert Frost:

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Tom went miles and kept promises. What's more, he showed many others how to do the same, even after he had left.