

Get after Athlete's Foot **FAST!**

BEFORE THIS—

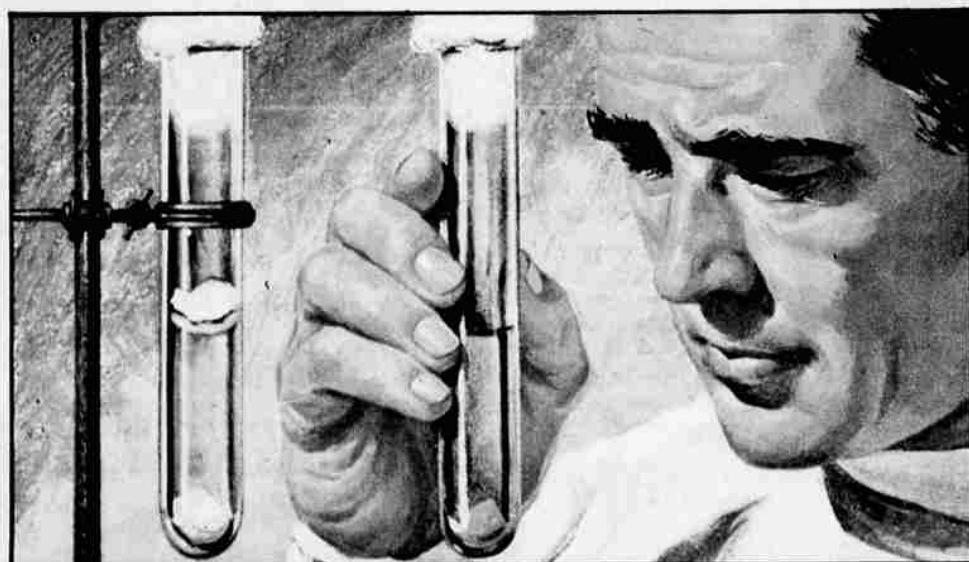


Raw, red cracks between the toes, maddening itch or peeling are the first signs you've got Athlete's Foot

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot, above, see your doctor



Live Athlete's Foot fungi grow in the mold you see in the test tube, left. These fungi can lie dormant for months on the skin—flare up when it becomes moist and warm

Athlete's Foot fungi killed fast! When Absorbine Jr. was added to identical fungi, it killed all the Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes! (See tube on the right.)

Absorbine Jr. **KILLS 100%** of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory grows millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes, and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.

That tingling sensation tells you that Absorbine Jr. is busy killing all the fungi it reaches. Because it is a liquid, Absorbine Jr. gets into tiny cracks better than powder or salve.

Carefully controlled clinical tests on patients have proved how wonderfully effective Absorbine Jr. is. Doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief fast to the great majority of sufferers. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. Also comes in familiar family and hospital-size bottles.

New applicator ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot



Now—treat Athlete's Foot without touching it! Simply turn Absorbine Jr. bottle upside down, dab infected area with sponge tip. Applicator does the rest—no drip...no mess...no need to touch infected area with your hands

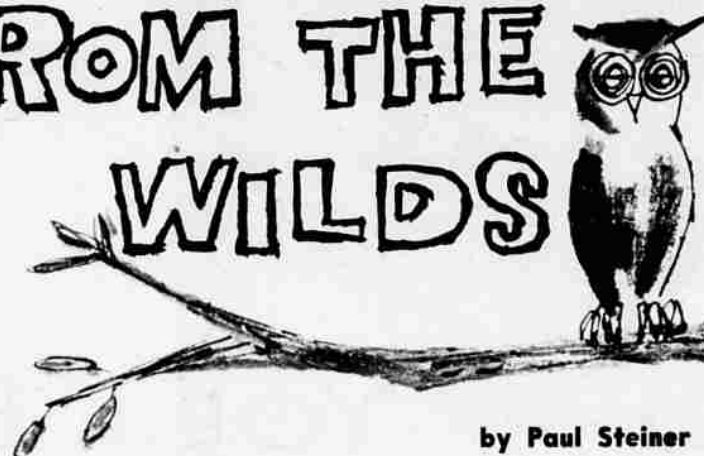
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine Jr.

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

CALLS FROM THE WILDS



by Paul Steiner

Edward R. Murrow once remarked: "Children are wonderful correspondents. They tell all they know, then stop." Here's proof in letters from kids at Summer camp.

From a solicitous lad: "Dear Mom and Dad: Don't touch this card. I have poison ivy."

From a proud little man: "Dear Mother: When you visit me next Sunday, please bring candy. Do not kiss me!"

A teen-age counselor reported to the parents about one of his young charges: "Dear Mr. & Mrs. . . . : I'm sure you will be proud to know that your son is now an advanced non-swimmer."

Plea from a Park Avenue youngster: "They're making me do the dishes and make my bed. Please send up the maid."

From a non-do-it-yourself youngster: "Please send me a ready-made wallet so I won't have to go to Arts and Crafts."

From an average growing boy: "Dear Mom and Dad: Please send food packages. All they give us here is breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

This note from a thoughtful youngster: "Dear Mother: Please excuse my handwriting. I'm scribbling this standing up, because last night my bunk burned down. Do not worry."

Cheerful invitation to a non-camping pal back home: "Dear Butch: We are located near a lake. Drop in any time."

Brief memo from a forgetful soul: "Dear Ma: Please send me my other sneaker."

Informative letter to relatives: "Dear Uncle and Aunt: We've got lots of weather up here. Love, Johnny."

Not all campers' letters start off with "Send me . . ." but most of them do, as these two from junior sportsmen indicate: "The fish are biting. Send Band-aids."

". . . All the counselors are bugs. Send me a butterfly net."

A pathetically subtle plea: "Dear Parents: . . . There are 200 boys in this camp. I wish there were 199."

