

NOVEMBER 1950 25 CENTS

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Woman's
Home

Quachita Parish Public Library
MONROE, LOUISIANA

★
**BUGLES BLOW
FOR JOHNNY**

stirring 5-page picture story

★
THE TOY THAT KILLS

*let's save lives
on the home front*

★
Still time to begin

TAYLOR CALDWELL'S

great new family novel

★
Today doctors know

MORE about

MISCARRIAGE

COMPLETE in this issue

COUNTRY NEWS

*true life stories about the home-town folks
who make America great*

by the author of COUNTRY EDITOR

THE TOY THAT

DO YOU remember the days when firecrackers used to kill, burn and maim scores of youngsters every year? Aroused parents finally put a stop to it. They banded together all over the country to force the passage of local ordinances governing the sale and use of fireworks—and now a firecracker casualty is a rarity.

Today we are confronted with a new toy that kills. It's not yet so widespread as the firecracker menace once was. The toll up to now is relatively small—a few dozen children killed, somewhat more wounded. But the point is, all these unnecessary tragedies are increasing. Fireworks threatened only a few days a year; the new toy threatens every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. Fortunately this new menace can be controlled just as effectively as fireworks have been—if parents will just step in and do it.

This new threat to our children's safety is a pocket-knife called a switchblade. Never heard of it? Ask your boy, or your neighbor's boy. Thousands of thoughtless youngsters are carrying them.

Police officials, judges, teachers and social workers all over the country are disturbed about the increasing number of juvenile accidents in which switchblades figure. Now these authorities are not alarmists or bluenoses. They don't want to deny boys their pocket-knives. They know that a knife to a growing boy is as important as a lipstick to a young lady.

But they also know that a switchblade, which is fast replacing the old-fashioned pocketknife, is another story. Its chief purpose—as any crook can tell you—is for committing violence.

Have you ever seen one? Few women realize what

a deadly weapon it can be. It isn't for practical use as is the Boy Scout or standard army knife with their two thick blades, can opener and combination bottle opener and screw driver.

No, a switchblade knife isn't as useful—but it's a lot *faster*. To open it, you merely press a button and instantly the blade darts out like a snake's tongue and locks firmly in that position. Any child can operate it easily with *one* hand. An ordinary penknife takes two hands and doesn't have a dagger-tip point.

What does this mean? Here is how one of the nation's top law-enforcement officers sums it up: "In a person's pocket, a switchblade knife is a deadly concealed weapon—as dangerous as a dagger and at close quarters as lethal as a loaded revolver." But unlike a revolver, you don't need a permit to carry it!

This is the wicked weapon which teen-agers in many communities are taking up as a fad!

The president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, John M. Gleason, told me, "Many

otherwise well-informed parents—especially mothers—don't realize how vicious a switchblade can be."

I had no idea myself until I saw a youth stabbed with one on a Philadelphia street. Two young men were fighting with their fists. Suddenly one of them reached into his pocket. A second later his hand held an open knife. He jabbed the gleaming blade into his opponent's chest. As the blood flowed, women onlookers screamed.

While I watched the police take over, I could not help wondering if that stabbing really had to happen. How many hot-headed adolescents buy a switchblade just for show and then, in a moment of overwhelming anger, use it as a weapon?

Recently—in more innocent spirits—two teen-age boys at a high school dance in a Newark, New Jersey, suburb were playfully showing off with a three-inch switchblade. Accidentally one was shoved against the tip of the knife, which pierced his heart.

"You punctured me, Jim, please take me to a drug-store," the wounded youth moaned and collapsed.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PIX

THERE'S NOTHING ILLEGAL ABOUT MANUFACTURING OR SELLING THE KNIVES DISPLAYED

WASHINGTON, D. C.



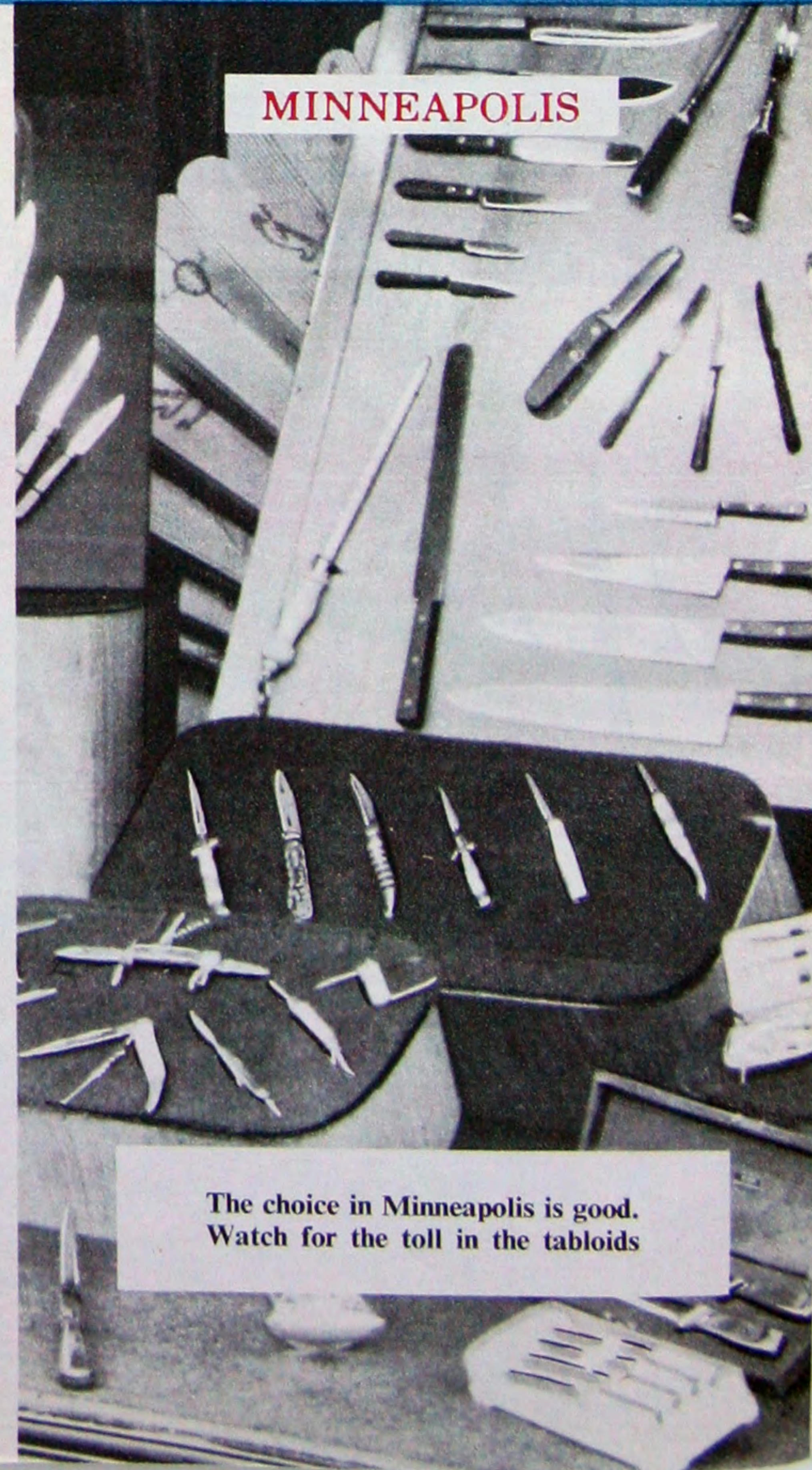
A perilous prize for these young men but easy to buy in the nation's capital

NEW YORK



Easy in New York City too, although a boy may have to lie about his age

MINNEAPOLIS



The choice in Minneapolis is good. Watch for the toll in the tabloids

KILLS

His seventeen-year-old companion was aghast. But his sorrow couldn't bring his best friend back to life.

When another Newark high school boy was stabbed several days later, Public Safety Director John B. Keenan observed, "A mother who would be horrified if her son carried a pistol in his pocket thinks nothing of his having an equally dangerous knife."

"There is no excuse for *anybody* carrying a switchblade," declares Essex County Prosecutor D. E. Minard. "The sooner their manufacture and sale are banned, the better off we all will be," adds Newark Magistrate LeRoy D'Aloia. Boston Police Superintendent Edward W. Fallon warns, "No youngster should carry an automatic knife unless he's looking for trouble."

Every expert with whom I talked—including the nation's leading sportsmen—agreed that switchblade knives have no legitimate use in civilian life.

Yet I was amazed—and shocked—to find that nearly everywhere in America you, I or any youngster could walk into a store and [continued on page 88]

A boy's ordinary pocketknife isn't too dangerous.

But a switchblade knife—ever seen one? Do you know how many youngsters carry them and what police officials think about

this wicked new plaything? BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

- None of us knows what the international situation will be tomorrow. Naturally, as long as American boys are fighting abroad that is of paramount concern to all of us.
- But even in wartime we must not lose sight of situations on the home front which need correction.
- As Jack Harrison Pollack's factual survey reveals, teen-agers are being killed needlessly by a gadget which should be brought under greater control. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION deserves thanks for publicizing such a problem.
- As spokesman for the nation's chiefs of police, I recommend this constructive article to thoughtful American women. By following its suggestions they can help immeasurably in protecting their communities from a new threat to the safety of many children.

John M. Gleason

JOHN M. GLEASON
President, International Association of Chiefs of Police

HERE. BUT LOOK FOR TROUBLE WHEN A SWITCHBLADE GETS INTO A YOUNGSTER'S HAND



CHICAGO

Chicago police deplore switchblade menace; youngsters get them anyway



LOS ANGELES

Of course these aren't meant for boys but Los Angeles boys will carry them



SEATTLE

And so the story goes—push-button knives aplenty all across the country

24-PIECES Service for 6 Woman's Home Companion 39



BRILLO
gives **TWICE** the **SHINE**
in **HALF** the **TIME!**

New "Scorchy Pan" Tests prove Brillo shines crusty pans better and faster than all other types of cleansers tested! Scientific shine-meter records show Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

A square, metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap just whisks off greasy, scorchy crust! And the "jeweler's polish" in Brillo soap does the brightest, speediest shine job yet! No scraping! No scrubbing! And Brillo guarantees results. If Brillo fails to clean a utensil, you get a new one—free!



★ RED box—soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap

There's
jeweler's polish
in **BRILLO**

The Toy That Kills

from page 39

buy a switchblade over the counter—no questions asked. True, some places have laws against selling "dangerous knives" to minors. But let's see how these laws work.

In New York a state law forbids the sale or giving of any pushbutton knife with a blade over two and a half inches long to anyone under sixteen. But in New York City a thirteen-year-old boy recently gazed admiringly at a shiny window display of switchblade knives, daggers and stilettos. He strolled into the highly respectable cutlery store and asked to see a four-inch switchblade, its point sharp as a rapier, its blade well honed.

"That's two dollars and ninety-five cents," the salesman said.

After ringing up the sale he casually remarked, "You're sixteen, aren't you?"

The thirteen-year-old—who was average size for his age—nodded and walked out with his perilous prize.

That same day in the same city another youngster critically stabbed a playmate with a switchblade. Was he any more to blame than his indifferent elders who sanctioned the murderous knickknack?

In Washington, D. C.—only a few knife-throws from the Department of Justice building—a fifteen-year-old boy recently told a storekeeper meaningfully, "I want a switch knife—the longest you got. I don't care about the price just so it's sharp."

The merchant nodded understandingly and sold him his knife.

The price and the patter may vary but you can make the same transaction in nearly any fair-sized community in America. Sample surveys show that it is as easy for a youth to buy a switch knife as a package of cigarettes. I chaperoned youngsters who purchased them for me—while I waited outside the store—in many communities—and none had any difficulty. In some towns they're known as "spring-blades," "snap knives" or "swingback knives." Whatever the name, the article is the same.

"What do you use them for?" salesmen were asked.

"Sharpen pencils, cut string, anything," they replied.

"Why are they better than ordinary penknives?"

"You don't break your fingernails opening them."

IN MY home town switchblades have been advertised as "Safety Push-button Knives." Push-button, yes. But safety? Even a salesman warned me to be sure and keep the knife locked when not in use because his own switchblade had accidentally snapped open in his pocket and gashed his right hip.

Once while looking at switchblades in a Connecticut store, I feigned innocence, asking, "Do you think this is an appropriate gift for my twelve-year-old nephew?"

"It's ideal; you couldn't get a boy that age a nicer present," I was assured.

Later I watched my neighbor's tow-headed twelve-year-old son empty his pockets of the familiar boyhood miscellany: pennies, a ball, some nails, gum, a magnifying glass—and yes, a three-inch switchblade. When I expressed concern at his carrying such a weapon, he proudly showed me how to use it, jabbing at an imaginary enemy.

I couldn't help thinking of the twelve-year-old lad who was switch-knifed in the back last year outside his public school by an angry schoolmate to whom he refused to lend a dime.

Teachers in some areas take switch knives from pupils before allowing them to come to class. Nevertheless some boys I talked to told me they avoid detection by slipping their knives into their shoes.

Why are these switchblades so popular with youngsters? One reason is that many sources of their entertainment have glamorized them, charges Edward J. Kelly, former superintendent of Rhode Island State Police.

But one fourteen-year-old New Jersey boy got the idea elsewhere. Last spring when a twelve-year-old classmate accidentally bumped into him in school, he whipped out a handy switchblade and, as witnesses put it, "cut a



1. QUICKER NUTRITION
2. MORE ENERGY
3. EASIER TO DIGEST



3 advantages over any wheat, oat, or baby cereal*

Gives more nutrition faster. New life begins to pour into the system in a few minutes! Gives more energy! And... Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin are added—plus iron—for rich, red blood and better growth! Is easier to digest! Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as one of baby's first cereals.

*Test data available upon professional request.



READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

USE **KITCHEN Bouquet**

TO MAKE **GRAVY**
EXTRA RICH· BROWN· DELICIOUS

It's easy to make your gravy extra-rich, extra-brown, extra-delicious every time. Just stir in Kitchen Bouquet! Ah! What rich, brown color and how it brings out that true meat taste! Adds no artificial flavor. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 70 years.

COSTS SO LITTLE — ADDS SO MUCH!

hole in the other boy." The victim later said, "I never even saw the knife—I only felt it."

"Why did you carry a switchblade knife to school?" the youthful stabber was asked.

"For protection!" he defiantly replied. "A couple of kids jabbed me with a switch knife last week and took thirty-three cents from me! So the next day I took sixty-seven cents out of my sister's penny bank and bought me a switchblade."

Violence begets violence.

No wonder a juvenile court judge told me, "It's only a short step from carrying a switchblade to gang warfare."

Can anything be said in defense of allowing youngsters to have these weapons? I interviewed manufacturers and spokesmen for the industry. This is their argument: "If you don't let kids have push-button knives, they'll only find other weapons to commit their crimes with—ice picks, baseball bats, even hatpins. The sale of knives isn't to blame. It is the education of these unfortunate youngsters."

Authorities consider this false reasoning. Of course people will always manage to get hold of weapons to commit premeditated crimes. But it is the unintentional stabbings committed with this too handy pocketknife that could be avoided by outlawing its manufacture. "Countless crimes would never be committed if switchblades were banned," Assistant United States Attorney J. Warren Wilson assured me in Washington.

It may surprise you, but crime statistics everywhere reveal that knives cause far more trouble than guns. The ratio is as high as five to one in some communities. In examining police records I was stunned to find how many crimes of violence revolve around a switchblade. Most newspapers merely report a "knife stabbing," neglecting to tell you a switchblade was the culprit.

CLEVELAND recognizes the switchblade menace. Listen to Captain David Kerr of the Homicide Detail: "Last year we had one hundred and sixty-nine stabbings, one hundred and forty of them with switchblade knives. During the same period switchblades were responsible for one fourth of our homicides. Half of the killers were under twenty-three."

Chicago—especially on the South Side—has been harassed by switchblades. "Many cuttings result from trivial disputes," reveals Virgil W. Peterson, director of the Chicago Crime Commission. "If the courts would enforce laws making it illegal to carry dangerous knives, crime would be greatly reduced."

Detroit's former Police Commissioner John H. Witherspoon tried to outlaw switchblades several years ago—but the city council failed to approve the ban. Last year Boston Police Captain Louis DiSessa asked a legislative committee to make possession of switchblade knives a criminal offense, but nothing was done.

In all my investigations I could find no good reason why anybody—youngster or adult—should be legally allowed to carry a switchblade. It's hardly a "perfect Father's Day gift," as one overzealous merchant claimed.

Psychiatrists warn that a switchblade in the irresponsible hands of alcoholics and psychopathic personalities can spell murder. Recently in Hempstead, New York, a young war-hero—who had survived three battle wounds—was quietly getting off a bus with his girl friend. Suddenly, without warning or reason, another passenger—a drunken forty-five-year-old stranger—grabbed the young man and plunged a four-inch switchblade into his chest, killing him almost instantly. Who was the killer? A man with a long police record for drunkenness and assault. He couldn't carry a gun without a permit. Why was it so easy for him to roam the streets with a switchblade knife?

At almost the same time, in Newark, New Jersey, a thirty-five-year-old woman accused her husband of being unfaithful. Before he had a chance to explain, she angrily yanked a switchblade from her stocking and stabbed her husband in the heart. The next day he died.

"If she had only hit her husband with a dish or a rolling pin instead!" mused a police officer.

[continued on page 109]

The Toy That Kills

from page 88

official. "A switchblade isn't something for anybody with a temper to have."

Newark has now declared all-out war against switchblades. City and county law-enforcement officers are co-operating to battle the problem. Judges are handing out stiffer sentences to carriers of dangerous knives. Merchants have been ordered to remove them from their windows and threatened with stiff prison terms for selling them to minors.

The schools help too. In an unprecedented directive, Newark School Superintendent John S. Herron instructed principals and teachers to suspend—even expel—students bringing "oversized pocketknives" to school. "I have not had a single complaint since then," Dr. Herron told me.

Because the term "dangerous knife" is vague in New Jersey—as in most state laws—a down-to-earth woman legislator, Grace M. Freeman, expects soon to introduce a bill to clarify it. Under her proposal, registration of all knives over a certain length would be required. Switchblades would be outlawed flatly. And New Jersey's law on the sale and possession of other dangerous knives would be greatly tightened.

"Why put temptation in people's hands by making it so easy to buy a switchblade?" said legislator Freeman, a former schoolteacher.

BECAUSE of the growing number of knife assaults in Washington, D. C., Congress will soon be asked by the United States Attorney's office to pass a local ordinance requiring people buying switchblades to secure permits. "We want to make it as hard to buy a switchblade as a gun," Assistant United States Attorney Wilson reveals.

What the District of Columbia and Newark are doing, other places all over America should be doing.

Why aren't they?

Simply because of public apathy.

On your behalf, I have asked the authorities what women can do now. Here are their answers:

1. Make sure that your children don't carry switchblades or other dangerous knives.

2. If your son has a pocketknife for scouting or fishing, discourage his taking it to school, the movies or other public places. Don't let him be smart-alecky about it. Deglamorize knife-carrying to him.

3. See to it that your local storekeepers don't have flagrant window displays of dangerous knives. Help prosecute dealers who sell them to minors. Through your local woman's club or PTA you can conduct educational campaigns against switchblades and award posters to co-operating merchants which say:

This Store Has Stopped Selling Switchblades and Other Dangerous Knives to Help Cut Down Juvenile Delinquency and Crime

4. Help your local law-enforcement agencies round up dangerous knives.

5. Work for passage of a state law which bans switchblades and controls other dangerous knives. To be effective, laws must be state-wide because children can cross city limits to secure the forbidden weapons. Naturally, these laws must be strictly enforced. In one state it's against the law to carry a concealed switchblade all right, but many stores go right on selling them.

In coming days, more and more state legislatures will ponder the dangerous knife problem. They can greatly benefit from the pressure of aroused far-sighted women interested in protecting their communities.

Human nature being what it is, when a switchblade tragedy occurs too many of us deplore the incident—and then forget all about it. But as Newark Safety Director Keenan reminds us, "If we can make America safe from firecrackers, we can from knives too."

Don't be unduly alarmed.

But don't wait, either, until a youngster—it could be yours—is murdered with a "toy" pocketknife.

[THE END]

Everest & Jennings
Folding
WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHT, STRONG,
FULL SIZED CHAIR
FOLDS TO 10 INCHES
All Welded Joints—No Rivets

Ideal for travel,
work, play.

Beautifully designed and chrome plated. Try it and you'll buy it.

See your dealer or write
EVEREST & JENNINGS, Dept. 1
761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Cal.




Fantastically NEW!
Amazingly TRUE!

FanFair
S-L-I-D-I-N-G
FRONT PANEL

Banishes
Embarrassing
TUMMY-BULGE
Instantly!

Note these Unusual, Unequaled Features:

- YOU adjust the SIMPLE SLIDING FRONT PANEL to the flattering slimmest YOU want.
- FanFair GUARANTEES a Custom-Like fitting.
- Unique Front panel has 3 firm, air-spaced adjustable bands that slide to gently press a large or sagging stomach in FIRMLY yet COMFORTABLY, insuring a SLIM, FLAT FRONT with no unsightly tummy bulge.
- Air-spaced controlled expansion permits garment to breathe with you.
- Complete adjustability without unsightly LACES.
- Well placed figure control boning.
- Long-line back trims bulges top to bottom.

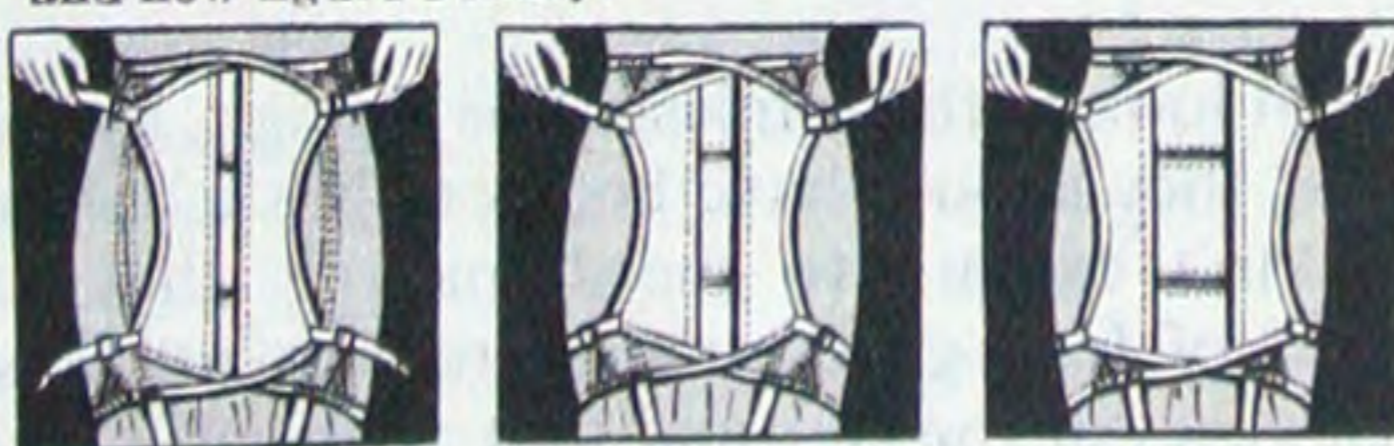
FULL BACK SUPPORT




FanFair HEALTH SUPPORTER GIRDLE **\$4.98** POST PAID

SLIMS as it S-L-I-D-E-S

FanFair Sliding Front Panel GUARANTEES to make tummy bulge vanish because it permits you to adjust the panel (as illustrated) to the exact position, wider or narrower. Try it on. See how the panels SLIM your figure as they slide into the correct adjustment. Gives you maximum control and new figure beauty.



YOU JUDGE AND ADJUST YOUR FIGURE to flattering, smooth flat front

● Holds Stomach Muscles in place ● Adjusts Instantly ● Strong cotton coutil permits countless launderings

● Complete Stomach Panel Support ● No Elastic to Sweat You ● Air-Ventilated Bands ● No laces to tangle or bunch

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

FanFair Girdle is truly a wonder Health Supporter. The FanFair Health Supporter Girdle is GUARANTEED to remove the appearance of stomach bulge —OF your purchase price refunded in full. See offer in coupon. TELL US TO RUSH YOUR FanFair Supporter without delay.

SEND NO MONEY—Try it before you buy it!

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 1717-F
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for FREE TRIAL a FanFair Health Supporter Girdle. I will pay postman \$4.98 (plus postage) (sizes 38 and over \$5.98). If I am not thoroughly delighted, I may return FanFair within 10 days for refund of my purchase price.

My waist measure is.....Hips are.....
(Measure around smallest part of WAIST, and largest HIP measurement.) My Height is..... (Write Clearly)

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

DO NOT HAVE MONEY. We pay postage. If you enclose payment now, same FREE TRIAL and refund privileges. No Canadian C.O.D.'s.

The Laughing Sprite

from page 36

to everybody that it doesn't really belong to us. But what harm could it possibly do to pretend, just while we're here, that it's really ours? After all, it's the kind of house we're going to own some day, if—

But she didn't dare let herself think too much of that just now. Not with the Jamiesons coming to dinner tonight.

"The station wagon, of course," she said. She stacked the dishes while Jed was getting the station wagon out. She tied the gay kerchief under her chin and slipped into the soft camel's-hair coat. It was as arrogantly good as the ones the other commuters' wives wore when they drove their husbands to the train from the neighboring estates. Yet Vicky's coat had been bought at an after-season sale and most of the other husbands around here didn't have to hurry for this early morning train; they could wait for the next one—the bankers' special.

At the station she received Jed's hurried good-bye kiss and watched him mount the platform of the train that carried the tired clerks, the very minor executives, the brash and certain young lads newly out of college, swinging off to the first step up the ladder of success. She stared at the back of Jed's head and thought despairingly, he's already older than the young kids who are on their way up, and her heart caught in her throat. She looked at the gray-haired man behind Jed, a man in a just-perceptibly shabby suit, whose shoulders were already slouched with defeat. A minor executive somewhere, probably. A man who had just missed out. Her own father had been that kind of man.

Well, Jed wasn't going to be! She sat in the station wagon for a long moment, staring at nothingness: a small delicately molded woman with a face that looked as though it were normally gay but that now was tight with panic.

After a while she left the car and walked into the village market. Consulting her shopping list carefully, she ordered the purchases for the dinner with the Jamiesons, who, no matter how Jed refused to count on it, could well mark the turning point of their lives.

THE grocery boy carried the bundles out to the station wagon. He looked at the beautifully polished wood body, the name of their house, The Willows, upon it in chaste elegance, and whistled appreciatively. "Hey, I know this job. You the folks old Mrs. Prentice hired to take care of the joint while she went to Europe?"

Vicky winced. It wasn't, really, quite the truth. They weren't hired caretakers. Mrs. Prentice was simply allowing them to live here for—well, for an extremely nominal rent in exchange, "for keeping the house in tune for me while I'm gallivanting around Europe," as she had said when she chose Vicky and Jed from the long list of applicants who had answered her newspaper advertisement. But Mrs. Prentice had chosen them because she liked them, because they hadn't looked like caretakers. Because they had looked as though they belonged in this kind of house. Mrs. Prentice had liked Vicky's wide-eyed enthusiasms; her glance had approved Jed's questions about what their duties and responsibilities would be. Jed had admitted that this would be a real break for them, after the damp basement apartment that had been all they could find after the war. When Vicky had offered to slip-cover the fine upholstery of a sofa and chair, Mrs. Prentice had told them that they might use the station wagon.

But how would it sound to Fergus Jamieson to learn that the man he was considering as his western assistant was simply a—caretaker, a superior sort of janitor? Oh, if you were young enough, you could carry such a situation off with an air, Vicky thought despairingly, driving home. If you were kids barely out of your teens, newly married, who had gleefully solved your particular housing problem this way, even canny Fergus Jamieson might pat you approvingly on the back. But she was twenty-eight, Jed was thirty-one. It

[continued on page 110]

WHEN YOUR Feet Hurt

YOU HURT ALL OVER!



For Fast Relief Get Dr. Scholl's

PAINFUL foot trouble can slow you down, make you hurt all over. Millions like yourself have won quick relief with Dr. Scholl's clinic-tested, dependable Aids for the Feet.

This famous consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet has designed and formulated Appliances, Arch Supports, Remedies, Pads and Plasters for the relief of all common foot troubles. Their cost is very small. So, get the Dr. Scholl's Relief you need today. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores everywhere.

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. Ease new or tight shoes.



PAIN HERE?

Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft feather-weight cushion; loops over forepart of foot; relieves pains, cramps, callouses, burning, tenderness at ball of foot. Flesh color, washable.



WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. Light, flexible and adjustable.



HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm, with lanolin, quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired, aching feet, due to exertion or fatigue. Puts you right back on your feet.



TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, chafed, sweaty, odorous feet; eases new or tight shoes. Helps reduce excessive perspiration and aids in preventing Athlete's Foot.



SEVERE BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. Worn invisibly under stocking.



ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin of Athlete's Foot. Liquid, Powder or Ointment.



RELIEF—PROTECTION

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster, relieves shoe friction and pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots on feet and toes. Cuts to any desired size and shape.



Dr. Scholl's
FOOT COMFORT® REMEDIES, APPLIANCES
AND ARCH SUPPORTS