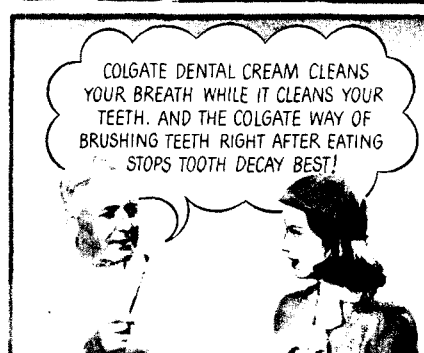


# You Can't Spell Romance Without a M-a-n!



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



READER'S DIGEST\* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

## COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

Use Colgate Dental Cream  
✓ To Clean Your Breath  
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—  
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



\*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

# I HATE CATS

By RALF KIRCHER



It recognizes my easy chair

PERHAPS you have a carnivorous mammal related to the lion, tiger and leopard at your house. Before you leap on a table screaming, "Where?" let me hurry on to add that I am speaking of your cat. "Carnivorous" is Webster's word for the beast, which is also cousin to the lynx, puma and jaguar, and if you possess such a one, strike my name from your invitation list because, where your delightful social functions are concerned, I'm not coming.

Not that I'm afraid of cats, mind you. I do not have aelurophobia, which is the scientific name for fear of cats, and which is pronounced ee-lyoo-ro-foe-bee-a, or "eek!" for short. One of my favorite aunts is an aelurophobe and is about the best friend a mouse ever had. She will not stay in the same room with a man whose uncle in Syracuse has cats. However, her fear doesn't run in the family and the cat doesn't live that can buffalo me. A buffalo can, maybe, but a cat can't. I merely loathe them deeply and avoid them when I can.

I might say in passing that we have a cat at our house, so I am speaking from firsthand experience. Our present cat was smuggled in three weeks before I knew we had it, and then one night I stepped on its tail. Well, you know how a cat lets go when it imagines itself injured! And, to make a long story short, while the family pried me out of the top shelf of the bookcase, they confessed about the cat and how they named it Secret because that's what it was—from me. At times my relations can go to lengths of coyness that cannot be rightly described in the presence of children or the clergy.

This is not our first cat and will probably not be our last, a fact much deplored by birds, moles, squirrels, chipmunks, myself and other innocent woods creatures. All of us are victims of a family that *will* have cats, and we try to make the best of it. Making the best of it is easier for a mole, however. A mole can burrow off to some other locality. Let me try that and my family would dig me out before I got under the fence. Cats they'll have and cats I'll live with.

I won't say our cat isn't smart in some ways. It's smart enough to recognize my favorite chair and decorate it with fur. It's smart enough to sharpen its claws on the piano legs instead of injuring trees. It's smart enough to wait until I am about asleep before inviting another cat over to profane the night

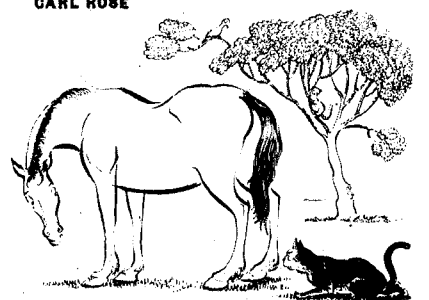
with their talk of love and home and little ones. It's smart enough to have kittens in my sleeping bag. Where any comfort of mine is concerned our cat will concentrate and pay attention and figure out some way to ruin it. But in other ways all cats are monumentally dumb and, what is worse, proud of it.

For instance, there is no animal too big to attract the malevolence of a cat. Our cat once stalked a grazing horse all morning, scowling balefully and lashing its tail and pretending every minute that it would lay that victim waste. But she finally settled for a chipmunk and then came home carrying her tiny victim and wearing the stupidly prideful air of a cat that intended to kill a horse but couldn't find one, but no matter, here was a chipmunk to tide us over, and we might expect a horse soon, Saturday maybe. In the way of vanity there is nothing that can touch a cat unless it is a rich blonde in a new convertible.

There is no record of anyone who ever turned an honest dollar with a cat. You never see a cat act in vaudeville, or hear of a cat performing a deed of valor, or learn of one that distinguished itself in any particular whatever. It only knows two tricks and those are typical cat tricks. It can snarl grandma's knitting beyond all hope of repair. And it can climb to inaccessible places and stay there complaining until the S.P.C.A. and the fire department and the newspaper photographers arrive. Cats especially like this latter stunt because it involves publicity and widespread inconvenience.

At least one city and two countries have given up cats as a bad job. Some time ago, Angora, Turkey, wanting doubtless to rid itself of cats, went after the boob market with high prices and did a brisk export business in the

CARL ROSE



She malevolently stalked a grazing horse all morning

species named after it. But before long the merchandise began to get a mighty poor reputation. Well, those Turks are nobody's fools. They took bankruptcy, waited until the scandal blew over, and then reopened as Ankara, and no more hanky-panky about cats! The same thing happened to Persia and Siam. Both experimented with a line of cats. Today those countries have changed their names to Iran and Thailand. Don't tell me *that's* just coincidence!

In conclusion, may I request certain wild-eyed readers to refrain please from writing me insulting letters, remembering that my immediate family will have covered everything in the way of vilification and abuse?

THE END



**RCA VICTOR**

*Rutland*

A Million Proof "television-plus" combination! Big, 16-inch picture tube . . . performance proven in well over a million homes . . . RCA Victor's new, extra-powerful television circuits *plus* the best in radio and records—all this fun at one "affordable" price! See the Rutland at your RCA Victor dealer's.



Feast your eyes on this fine-furniture cabinet. Beautifully compact, it holds the very finest in television, radio, records. Separate instruments comparable to these would cost you many, many dollars more. Yes, it pays to buy entertainment, too, in the "family size economy package!"

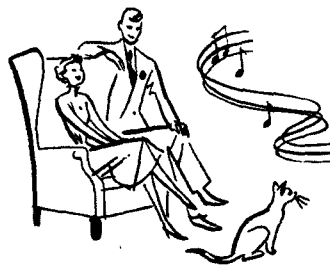


Dance to the "45"—play ANY record. Music comes alive on "45"! Pile a stack of the 7", inexpensive "45" records on the big center changer—you'll think the band is right in the room! Also a changer for 78 and 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  rpm records, intermixed 10" and 12" in the same speed.

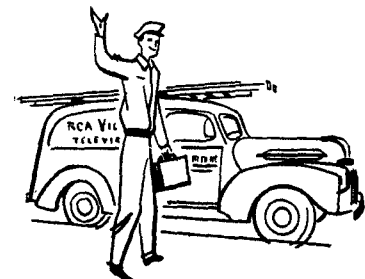
**ALL THIS—AND MILLION PROOF TELEVISION, TOO!**

# MILLION PROOF Combination

16" RCA VICTOR television—  
proven in over a million homes . . .  
superb AM-FM radio . . . recorded  
music, complete and at its finest



Enjoy AM-FM radio at their best. The "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's famous tone system—has extended range to make radio, records and television sound almost unbelievably rich and real. And you can choose the tone level you prefer with "continuously variable" tone controls.



And wonderful service, of course. The RCA Service Company will install and maintain your set when you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract—available *only* with RCA Victor television. No other company offers nation-wide Factory-to-you service—wherever you live.

Listen to "The \$64 Question," every Sunday night at 10:00 p.m. New York time over your NBC station.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

**RCA VICTOR**    
Division of Radio Corporation of America

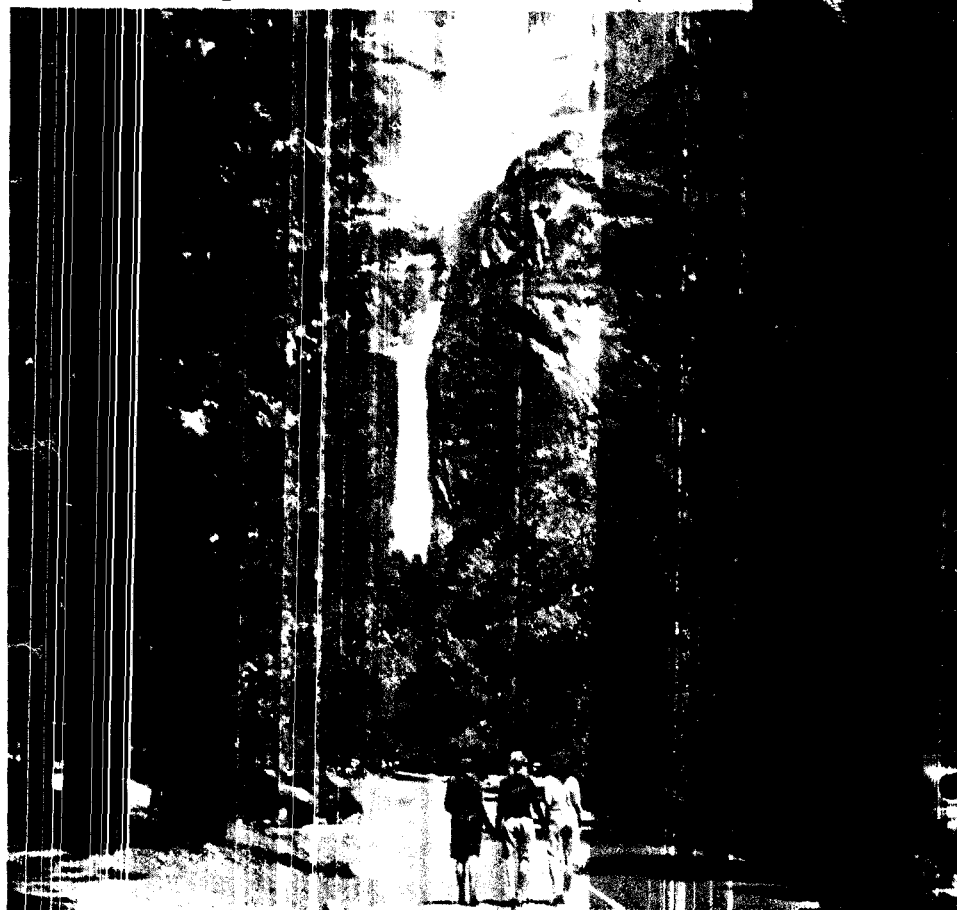


## A tip from Detroit!



If you want to find out what tire gives the best all-around performance, take a tip from Detroit's leading car makers! They're experts. They really test tires before they buy them—and they put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire! (Above: Cadillac Square, Detroit.)

## A tip from America!

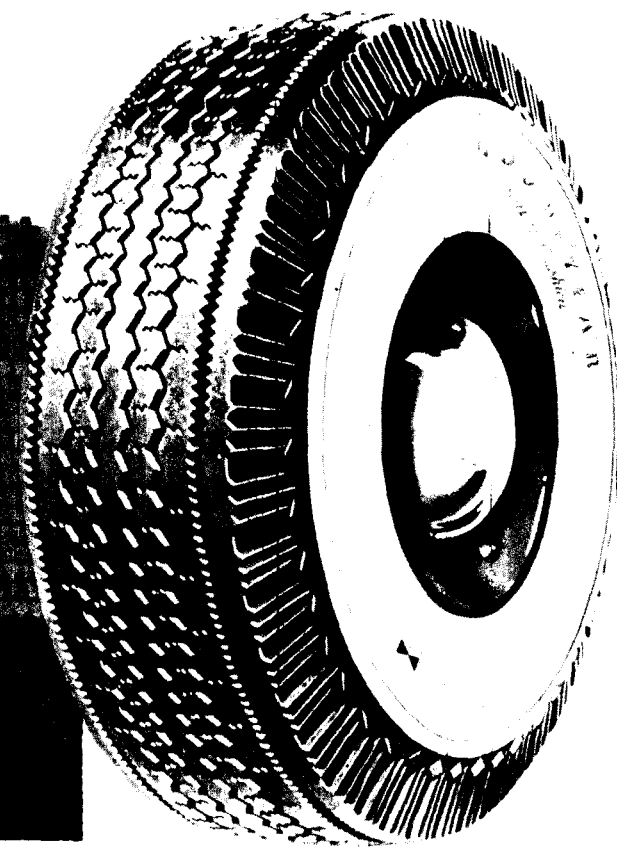


Take another tip—from the motorists of America! They buy more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. Why? Because the more they drive the more they find that the Super-Cushion can't be matched—for safety, soft ride and long mileage. (Above: Yosemite Falls, Cal.)

## A tip from the World!



Go wherever cars are driven, and you'll discover that more people the world over ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the best tire for you to buy? (Above: Heerenveen, Holland.)



More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

*Super-Cushion* by **GOOD YEAR**

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



BILL STAPLETON

On the wind-swept open plaza, in some corner of Seoul's once proud railroad station, the boxcar refugees rested and cooked their meals

# BITTER WEEK END in SEOUL

By [unclear]  
from [unclear]

By JOHN DENSON

*Collier's Foreign Editor*

Seoul, Korea



Collier's foreign editor John Denson arrived in Seoul on a gray winter day as that undefended capital city once again waited in dread for the onrushing Red hordes from the north. To Denson and his companion, staff combat photographer Bill Stapleton, the depressing sights of the war-torn city with its streams of bewildered refugees seemed to provide a story that would indicate better than

any other just what America faces in the struggle against Communism, regardless of immediate setbacks or successes.

"I hope I have managed to get across the things I saw and felt," Denson wrote. "I was tempted many times to fall on my knees among the refugees and pray that this never happens at home. Here, in Seoul and Korea, is the reason we must fight—and the reason we must hope to keep the war as far from home as we can. We must fight this evil thing—Communism—to the death. There will be no life anywhere if this insatiable, conscienceless monster wins out."

THESE were the leaden hours of the long retreat. All day the mud-clotted tanks, the troop carriers, the ammunition trucks, the tired, cold men and the refugees who cried only a few lonely tears had been moving south. Now, at eight o'clock this evening, Tai Pyung Tong was a silent street except for the occasional bump of a jeep on some hurried mission. Most of Seoul had shrunk into the uneasy night.

The young artillery lieutenant turned into an alley off Tai Pyung Tong. He stumbled up two steps hidden in the darkness. An MP with a rifle slung over his shoulder helped the lieutenant open a stubborn, rattling door. Smoky light, the heavy murmur of a crowd and music came from down a flight of dirty stairs. The orchestra played *It's Been a Long, Long Time*.

This was the Capitol Club, and if there was a pretense of anything gay in the rubble of this frightened city, here was the only place it could be found.

The large basement room with the

cramped dance floor and another smaller room to the left were already packed elbow-tight with American officers, a sprinkling of Canadians and British, and Korean girls to dance the dances of home with them. There were colonels whose job was to keep supplies rolling, pilots back from strikes far to the north, and just-shaven infantrymen a few hours away from frozen foxholes. They wore their side arms—businesslike .45-caliber automatics—in shoulder holsters or swinging from their hips. Some had rifles, too, but they checked them with their parkas.

The lieutenant paid his admission at the crowded door: 3,000 won (current exchange was 4,000 won to the dollar). He looked about the dim room. Lee Chin Yong swung his five sweating musicians into *Goodnight Irene*. A single fluorescent light burned behind a thin purple drape over the orchestra. O To Sun, the manager, had done his best to make the club like those at home, but he had no chrome or leather or fine satin. Paper ribbons, colors faded to watery