

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

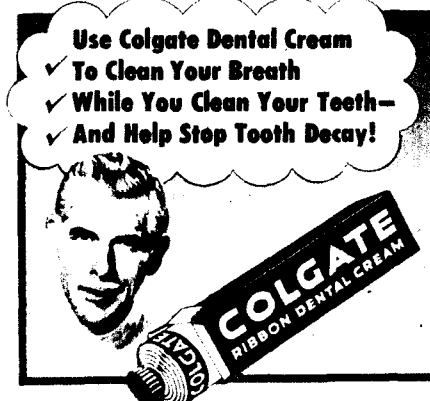
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

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!



***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.



They line up at the side of the tank and drive me nuts

I HATE GLOPPERS

By RALF KIRCHER

WHO here knows anything about goldfish? And before you all start shouting, please remember I am, not interested in your fascinating experiences with any other kind of fish. Unless there is someone here who can speak intelligently about goldfish, allow me, pray, to lift this lament against a sympathetic hush.

Just a week ago I was not in this fix because a week ago I was still off the goldfish standard and had no idea that the situation would ever change. A week ago I had still preserved this iron-clad rule: Now hear this—under no circumstances, goldfish!

Many people can testify to the wild-eyed fervor with which I have sought to keep goldfish out of my affairs. Each of three women is not my wife because each murmured "Yes!" when I popped the all-important question, "Do you like goldfish?" The girl I finally married, sensing the intensity of my feeling in this matter, did what the other three would have done had they thought things through. She lied. She said she didn't care for goldfish and within 10 seconds was exclaiming over the out-sized rhinestone I slipped on her finger.

The rest is history.

History, if you please, of one man's desperate fight to keep an aquarium out of his sight. In all other ways, where pets are concerned, I have leaned over backward to be indulgent. Indeed, I have leaned over backward so far and so often that I always stand like this—stomach forward, shoulders back and my arms dangling down behind me. Does Junior want a mongoose? He may have one. Does sister fancy a brace of wolf hounds? She may get them. Does my wife wish the companionship of a parrot for those evenings when I'm off reigning as Assistant Mighty Mogul of the Modern Wheelwrights of the World? She may buy one. And all this, mind you, so that I wouldn't have to buy a school of goldfish to go glop! glop! glop! at me all the time.

That is the way goldfish go. Most people believe goldfish do not make a sound, and that they make their mouths open and shut in that ridiculous way in an effort to be comical. The truth is, if

you hold your ear close to the bowl and listen carefully you can hear them. They go glop! glop! glop!, and once your ear is tuned to this repulsive sound you can hear it above thunderstorms and other loud noises.

But it has been a wearing game. As such matters will, it became a subtle contest, with the subject of goldfish popping in and out of the conversation from unexpected quarters.

May I go out and play?

No, it is raining.

Well, I wouldn't want to go out if we had some goldfish in here! . . .

Don't you think the house needs painting?

We can't afford it this season.

Well, surely we could afford some goldfish! . . .

Can I buy a new catcher's mitt?

You have a catcher's mitt.

Well, the other kids have new catcher's mitts—and goldfish! . . .

Year in and year out! Need you wonder about this graying hair, this furrowed brow, these palsied hands?

And then it happened in a suitably devious and underhanded way. One of the family especially deserved a reward. Smiling, and leaning even farther backward than customarily, I promised any gift within the boundaries of financial reason, such boundaries being located a little short of five dollars. For the first time since 1933, goldfish slipped my mind, and the family pounced.

There are five of them. Five goldfish, I mean. At a buck a head (including accessories), there is truly gold in them thar fish. They swim about in a little glass tank on the window seat next to my easy chair. When I sit down they all line up at the side of the aquarium and glop! at me. Within a few minutes I glare at them and go glop! right back. We all regard them in different ways. I, with loathing and a growing fear. The family, with affection. The cat, with extremely interesting ideas. The cat, I believe, would eat these fish if given half a chance. Someday, when the cat and I are alone . . .

Meanwhile it is my hope glop! that these fish do not unhinge my glop! mind.

THE END

DRAWING BY ED NOFZIGER

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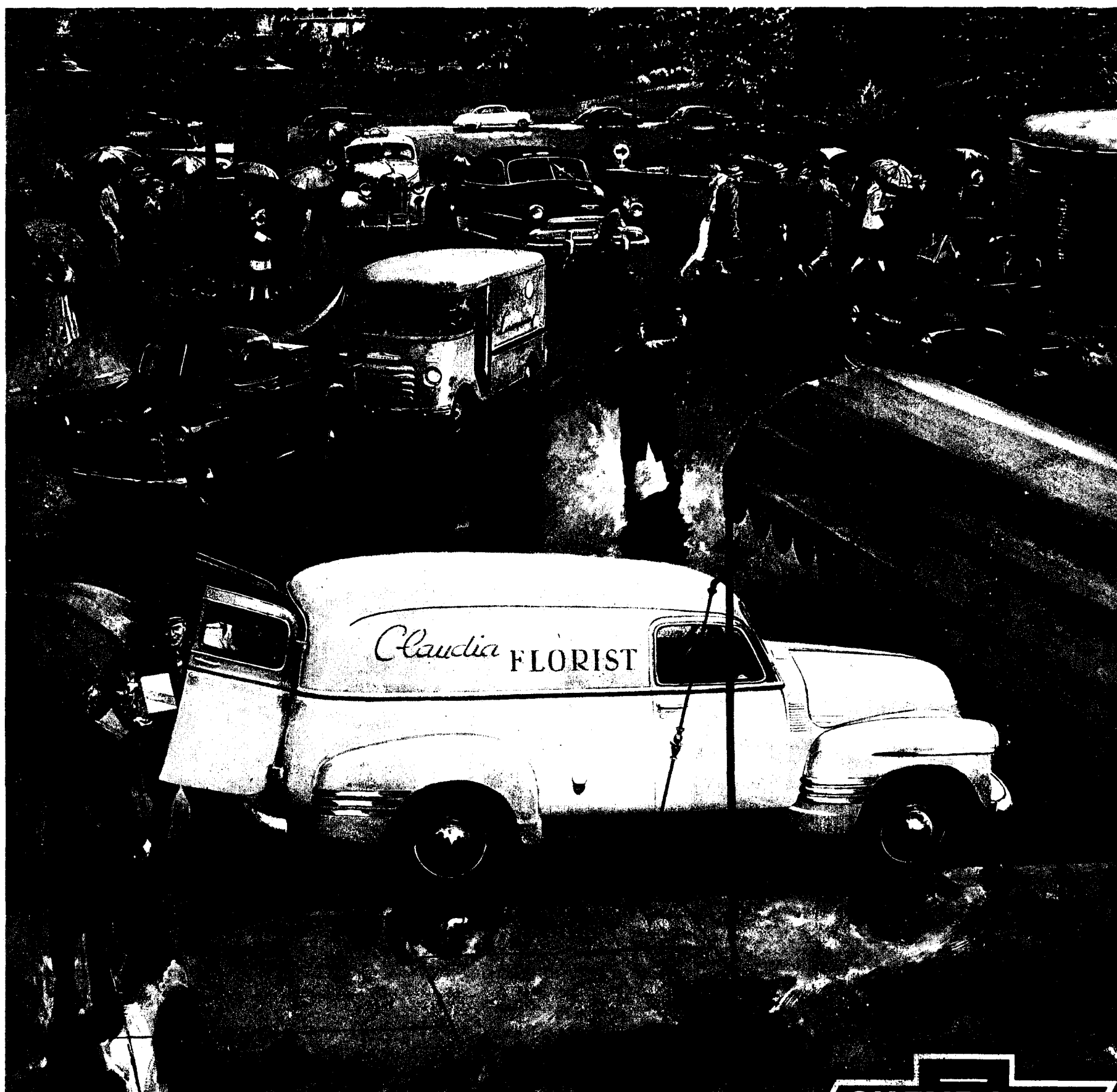
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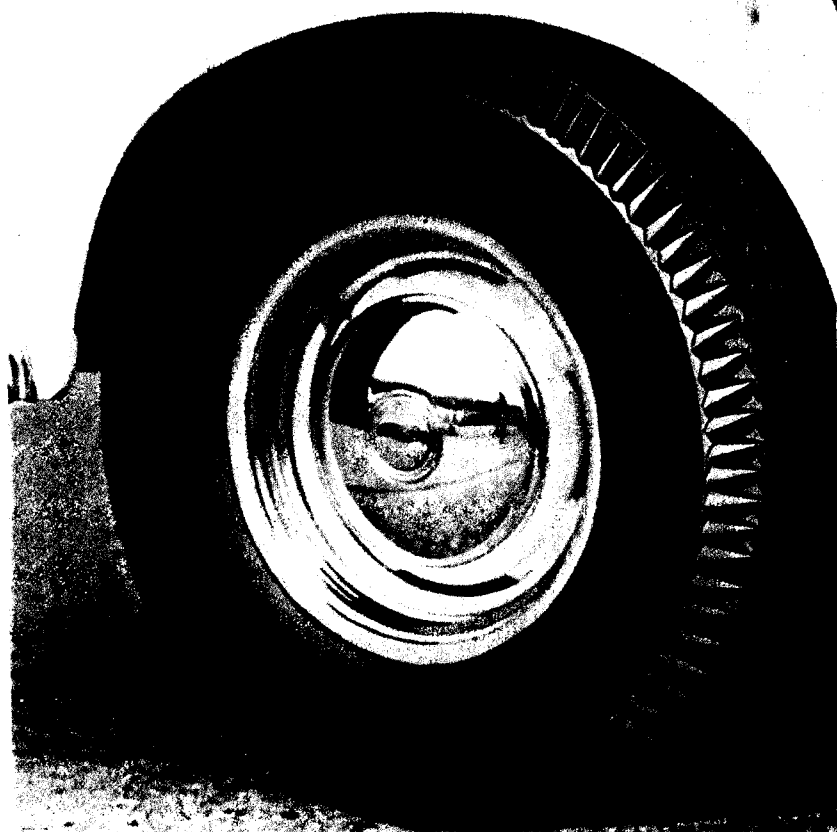
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Point Venus

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

A tempestuous story of love and a people's struggle for freedom, set on the sun-washed beaches of a far-off island

I
IT WAS a dazzling afternoon; the shining, wind-tossed leaves of the coconut palms framed a sky that was immense and clean and blue. On a day like this, Marianna decided, even the veranda was too confining. She filled a woven basket with the things she needed—sewing materials, paste, the white tapa cloth banners, scraps of calico, the last of the unfinished hats—and carried it to a tree-shaded spot near the river, outside the picket fence that enclosed the mission buildings.

Sitting comfortably cross-legged on the grass, her back against the trunk of a tree, she glanced about her, savoring the familiar scene. Nearby was the river, black and clear, which slid down the narrow length of Point Venus and curled into the sea not far beyond where she sat. Westward was the green stretch of Tahiti's coast line, and inland the dark, valley-cleft mountains thrust against the sky.

In the lavish tropicality of its setting, the mission house, plastered with white coral-lime, looked oddly neat and English, Marianna thought. There were no flowers planted around the house and outbuildings—trading store, offices and cookhouse—but the green grass, which spread like a carpet around them, was scattered with clumps of broad, sun-washed banana leaves.

The mission was virtually deserted this afternoon. Her father was teaching the adult Bible class in the little church down the lane, and there were fewer Tahitians about than usual. The stillness seemed to take on an identity of its own, compounded of the whisper of the coconut fronds and the far rumble of surf, running like a white blaze along the reef beyond the end of the point.

Marianna pulled one of the banners out of the basket, and arranged red calico letters along it: GOD SAVE VICTORIA. Then she raised her head and listened, her heart beating faster, to the sound of a man whistling as he walked along the lane that led to the mission station. Jonas Burkham? She shouldn't let him find her sitting here on the ground like a Tahitian woman.

At the same instant she realized that it didn't matter; Jonas wouldn't care, and neither did she, she thought with sudden defiance. Unconsciously, though, her hand went up to push a pin more firmly into the heavy knot of fair hair that looped at the nape of her neck.

He came toward her, his seven-year-old son, Tihoti, cantering around him like a little colt.

"Hello," Jonas said, smiling. "Don't get up, please."

Why did Jonas always look as if he were

The sound of footsteps and a man's voice, calling from the veranda, cut across her words. "Lily, are you hiding from me? Where are you?"