

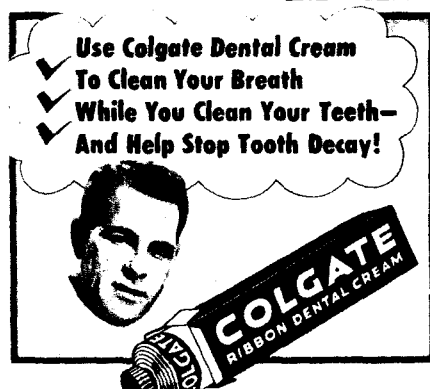
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

**MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND
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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.



WHITNEY D'ARROW, JR.

Remember that "big people" will keep on telling you off

Letter to a Graduate

By W. F. MIKSCH

Dear Sonny:

Congratulations on your coming graduation! Your mother and I will be driving up to school for the commencement exercises and frankly we're both thrilled half to death because with the marks you kept getting in French we never thought you'd make it this time.

Am sure you are thrilled too by the idea of taking your place at last in adult affairs—a station of life you probably look upon as a time when (according to your simple faith) "big people" will stop telling you to do things. Or not to do things.

It is on this subject—a subject, by the way, rarely touched on by commencement speakers—that I would like to straighten you out.

Your daddy has found out (just as you and all the rest of your senior class will find out) that the chains of adult life are wrought of stiffer stuff than the feeble fetters of childhood. For proof of this, just take a good long look at the deep little thought creases in Daddy's forehead. Daddy didn't get those in grade school. Or in college either. He got them farther along life's pathway trying to please six or seven bosses at the same time.

Believe me, nobody ever suffered a furrowed brow from such simple commands of yesteryear as "Eat your cereal," "Do your homework," or "Report to gymnasium for band practice." What once may have seemed a terribly harsh order ("Put away your comic book and go to bed") will pale into insignificance when stacked up against such a later-life ukase as, "Cut out all pastries, sweets and cocktails," handed down by your doctor.

If you think you've been picked on up till now by "big people"—just wait. Because the bigger you get, the bigger other people seem to get. If not in stature, then bigger in authority. For proof I refer you once again to your old daddy who arrived at man's estate quite a while back and who has been hopping to it ever since. For example, did you ever notice how, when your daddy's boss came to dinner, Daddy would start and tremble at his superior's soft-spoken directive to "Pass the potatoes"? And did you see the look on Daddy's face the time the Internal Revenue man ordered him to report to the collector's office with all his 1946 tax records? Maybe it didn't make much of an impression on you at the time.

I'm sure you always looked upon your daddy as a "big person" because he was

in a position to send a "little person" like you away from the table to wash your hands. Well, here and now I want to puncture that illusion. The fact is, when a traffic officer tells Daddy to "Pull over to the curb," Daddy pulls. When Mother says, "Wipe the dishes," Daddy wipes. When your grandmother on your mother's side orders Daddy to "Roll up your car window, I feel a draft," Daddy rolls up. For that matter, when you yourself used to say, "Gimme fifty cents," Daddy gimmed, didn't he?

Please, sonny, don't think of me as a death's-head bent on casting a pall on your graduation exercises. I just want to prepare you for the worst—the worst being, incidentally, a lifetime of saying "Yes, sir," to master sergeants, shop foremen, loan-company executives, in-laws, bank tellers, tradesmen, public officials, used-car dealers, game wardens and a host of other people you never dreamed were your superiors. Even their most politely phrased commands (i.e., "Please remit" or "Kindly step to the rear of the bus") are still commands, and the issues mean business. What's more, penalties for adult disobedience range all the way from barking your shins on the coffee table in the dark because the light company has cut you off at the meter, to watching the finance company's repossession crew riding off in your new convertible.

Soon, I suppose, you will take your place in the world (provided you hurry while there is still a world left to take your place in), so when that time comes I want you to know what you're in for: theater ushers will order you down any aisle that suits their fancy, headwaiters will tell you where or where not to sit, courts will summon you for jury duty, and city hall will notify you to shovel the snow off your sidewalks.

You will be dragged off to parties at other people's houses and dragged out of bed by other people who come to parties at your house. You will be shoved into rented tuxedos and shoved out of waiting lines. Credit managers will tell you to pay down and bill collectors will order you to pay up. You will be kept off the grass by park policemen and kept up until all hours by week-end guests. Club presidents will put you on committees and motormen will put you off of streetcars. This is the true life beyond commencement. Congratulations again and good luck.

Daddy

P.S.: Get a haircut for graduation. This is an order.

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Goes a Long Way to Make Friends

*Dress by
Ceil Chapman*

THE GENERAL TIRE



My Air Adventures with GENERAL MacARTHUR

By Lt. Col. ANTHONY F. STORY, USAF, with BILL DAVIDSON

His personal pilot for five years says he was considerate, friendly and fearless, refusing protection of fighter planes needed by troops

WHEN I first became General Douglas MacArthur's personal pilot five and a half years ago, I soon discovered there is no other passenger like him. For one thing, he paces up and down in the plane nearly all the way from take-off to destination, to an extent where he is the only man I know who covers twice the distance when he flies between two points.

He did much of his most serious thinking and planning during these promenades when he flew with me and my crew, and I had to operate on instruments to compensate for the constant shifting in weight, back and forth, back and forth. But it was all worth it, since he is the most congenial and considerate passenger I have known in all my years with the air lines, the R.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force. And I must say that my predecessor, Colonel W. E. ("Dusty") Rhoades, was guilty of the understatement of the century when he told me, "You'll never know what to expect." I soon found this unpredictability to be the main feature of my air adventures with General MacArthur.

At the beginning of the Korean war, for instance, I flew the General to Taegu, Korea, in his unarmed C-54, the original Bataan—at a time when the South Korean skies still were being invaded by dangerous Red Yak fighter planes. We had our own fighter escort, and as we left Taegu for Japan, I noticed that the F-51s protecting us were flying in an unusually beautiful formation just off our wing tips. I went back to point this out to the general. He took one look and said, "Why are those planes armed with rockets, Tony?"

"I believe, sir," I said, "that these were the only fighters available when we took off. They probably were pulled off a ground-support mission to fill in as our escort."

"If that's the case," said the general, "turn them around and tell them to use those rockets where they can do the most good—against the enemy tanks. The men on the ground need them more than we do."

"Yes, sir," I said, and I radioed the fighters to leave us and head for the front lines. Then, feeling naked and unprotected, I pulled up and headed at top speed for the nearest cloud bank. I was a happy man when the clouds finally hid us from North Korean eyes that easily could have spotted

The general and his pilot in Seoul, capital of the Republic of Korea, about four months ago. They flew to devastated city many times



USAF PHOTO