

What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's **MISSING-
MISSING-
MISSING-
MISSING-
MISSING**

in every other leading toothpaste?

*It's GARDOL—To Give Up To
7 Times Longer Protection
Against Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!*

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER
BRUSHING WITH ANY
TOOTH PASTE



DECAY-CAUSING
BACTERIA RETURN TO
ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

12 HOURS AFTER
ONE COLGATE BRUSHING
GARDOL IS



STILL FIGHTING
THE BACTERIA THAT
CAUSE DECAY!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE TOP THREE BRANDS
AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It **Guards Your Teeth**

COLLIER'S CREDITS..



Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna found the Marie-Louise letters

IT TOOK Baron Carl-Fredrik Palmstierna more than two years to translate the letters Marie-Louise wrote to Napoleon. In the first place, the young lady wrote in a very tiny hand and, though the handwriting is neat, it's very hard to read. Furthermore, even though he's a crackjack historian, the baron had to look up a little background here and there, naturally.

Now personal secretary to King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, Baron Palmstierna grew up in Stockholm, was graduated from the University of Uppsala in 1926 and has a Ph.D. in history from the University of Stockholm. He has written about 15 books on Swedish history, military and diplomatic affairs of the nineteenth century, and a few biographies of Swedish greats. He can read seven languages and speaks five of them fluently.

Speaking of barons, when we gave staffer Ted White the job of arranging the letters for Collier's readers, being an erudite fellow he knew he would have to read what Claude François de Méneval had to say. For he had been a baron and a private secretary, too—Napoleon's. White recalls it this way:

"De Méneval had been with Marie-Louise day after day during the period she wrote the letters. I looked all over New York for the book he wrote about Napoleon. But I couldn't find it. One weekend I went back to Boston to visit my mother and sister, Gladys, and told them how I was stumped trying to find De Méneval's book. Next thing I knew Gladys ran out of the room and came back with it. My father, bless his heart, had bought De Méneval's memoirs in 1905 and put them in the family library. And guess who had published them. Our own P. F. Collier & Son!"

TO GET all those details about Ike's Washington golf course and the behavior of the VIPs who play on it, Andrew Tully buttonholed various members for stories about the place. Usually, after some deep thought and careful consideration, each was able to come up with something intimate.



Archaeologist Robbins found a real mystery a stone's throw from home

Then, just as the interview was ending, the fellow would get a serious look on his face and ask Tully something like this, "Uh, say, did so-and-so tell you any stories about me?"

HALFWAY along in their dangerous swim down the Colorado (page 19), Bill Beer and John Daggett climbed out of the canyon for one good meal and a night's comfortable rest. At Bright Angel Lodge they read headlines announcing the river had claimed their lives. "So we called our relatives and resurrected ourselves," Beer recalls, "and the next day we were back in our dirty old river."

THE amateur archaeologist, Roland Wells Robbins, has made some amazing discoveries, as you'll see when you read Evan Jones's article. But Robbie is saving the toughest one for later.

About 500 yards from his house in Lincoln, Massachusetts, is a structure which has never been identified as to period or use. It's about five feet square, of uncut stone, two feet above the ground and three feet below, and with a hole in the ceiling.

Robbie says he knows what it isn't. It isn't connected with the Culdees, a sect of Irish missionaries who might have visited our continent many centuries ago. It isn't a root cellar, either, a common thing in the area. It just hasn't got the characteristics of a root cellar (don't ask us what the characteristics of a root cellar are). Robbie thinks that the building predates the white man.

This is a pet project which he is going to trace down someday for his own satisfaction. Here's a picture of it. Got any ideas?

THE clever story Marriage on Location is one of about a dozen Jerome Weidman invented on a trip to Italy two summers ago with his wife Peggy, and sons Jeff, ten, and John, eight.

Your Daughter Iris, his current book about a Bronx girl in aristocratic England, came out of the Weidman family's stay in that country last year. This summer Weidman stays home to work on Skylight, his play opening on Broadway in December.

"But the boys now want to go to Africa," he tells us, "and that's where we'll be heading on our next trip."

"John, incidentally, will be looking for a creature he heard a lot about in England but never set eyes on: Henry the Ape. Will surely be one in Africa, he says."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Several complaints about the quality of the coffee brewed by outdoor barbecue addicts. We're glad, therefore, to dash to the relief of the gripers by passing on the recipe of a Canadian guide as published in the Monroe County Democrat, Sparta, Wisconsin, by Truthful James: "Build a fire with



IRWIN CAPLAN

pitch pine knots. Put one quart of water and two handfuls of coffee in the pot. Place on fire. Sit on the lid so that it doesn't boil over. When lid gets too hot for seat of pants, the coffee's ready for serving." Delicious, says Mr. James. (Think of getting all this and Collier's too for only fifteen cents.)

Just as this Richmond, Virginia, mother was about to call up Junior's camp and ask why she hadn't heard from him, his letter arrived. "Dear Mom. They are making us write home today. Love. Junior."

In the United States Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado, there's a special clock that ticks 60 billion (repeat billion) times a second. This not only makes it rather difficult to detect the pauses between ticks but, according to Mr. O. Lapp, Denver private eye, it is almost as fast as the changes in our foreign policy.

Our patience is rewarded. For months we've been hoping for news from West Point, Virginia. And now we find a tourist stopping at a filling station in West Point and asking the man where the military academy was. The man told him there wasn't any military academy in West Point. "Come, come," said the tourist. "I know the government is trying to keep such things secret. But you can trust me."

He says his name is Henry Bean, that he is forty years old, sound of wind and limb and until recently feeling pretty chipper. But that was before he was driving his car near Memphis, Tennessee. There he got into a right-of-way argument with a couple of teenagers in another car. The teen-agers, about eighteen and brawny, got out and advanced upon him menacingly.

Collier's for August 5, 1955

Mr. Bean doesn't know what might have happened had not a girl in the other car shouted: "Don't you boys dare hit that poor old man."

We've tossed aside that 25-year calendar we got from Mr. Eby Stallcup some time ago. Mr. B. J. McGuire, Winona, Minnesota, realtor, has just sent us one warranted to keep us up to date for 200 years. This makes it possible for us to do a little planning.

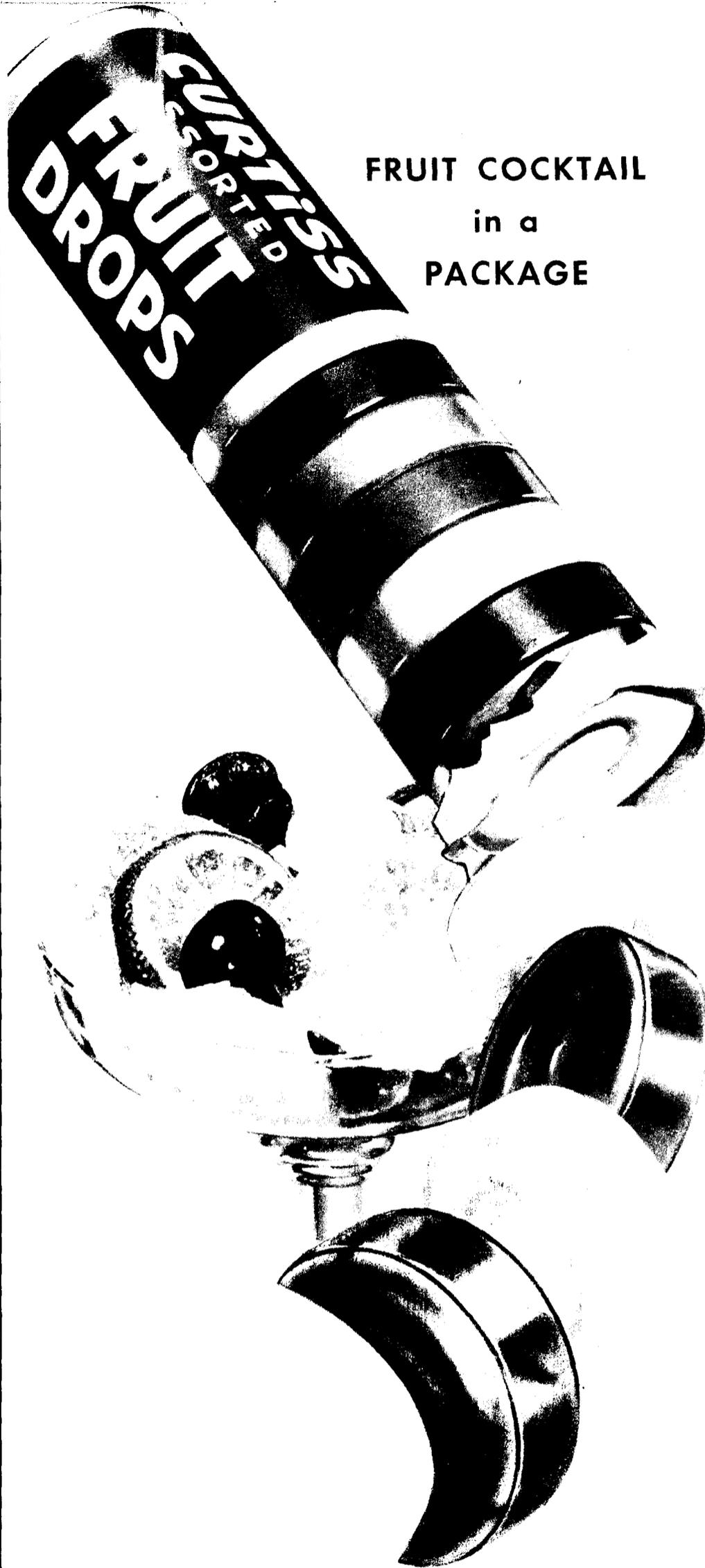
Disturbing political news from New Mexico. It says here in an unidentified newspaper clip, contributed by Mr. Noah Vanderslice, that "prospects are better for getting the names of dead persons off the vote registration rolls." More creeping socialism, thinks Mr. Vanderslice. To say nothing of disrespect for the departed.

We've been talking to a Rochester, New York, gentleman who manufactures men's clothes. He looked a bit frazzled. A problem had been gnawing at him. Just where in a man's suit is he going to put the extra compartment for the pocket-size radios being made by several companies? The pocket-radio-pocket idea, he says, came from Dr. Carl W. McIntosh, president of Idaho State College. What he's going to do when they whittle down TV sets, he refused to discuss.

Just as we all thought that the situation in Indiana was well in hand, the Hoosiers developed state Supreme Court trouble. The turnover in Indiana justices is compared unfavorably with the French premiership. Increasingly expensive, too. To fix up a new judge with robes, brass name plates for his door and so on sets the state back \$250. Then there's that matter of 60 bucks to have his portrait painted. Worse,



they're running out of wall space to hang the portraits on. And if you don't hang the new judge's portrait in a prominent place, his constituents get sore. If you take down a portrait of a departed lawgiver, his friends howl. It's pretty hard to run a state like Indiana.



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