

Mary's DISMAL

PERIODIC PAIN

While menstruation is natural and necessary, menstrual suffering is not. So just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH!



Trouble with loose plates that slip, rock or cause sore gums? Try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit snugly without powder, paste or cushions. Brimms Plasti-Liner adheres permanently to your plate; ends the bother of temporary applications. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING! Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on trouble-some upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. Easy to use, tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plate. Removable as directed. Money-back guarantee. At your drug counter. \$1.50 refiner for one plate; \$2.50, two plates. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. FA-96, 1075 Main St., Buffalo 9, N.Y.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE REFINER

DRIVE SAFELY

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling. If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, DeWitt's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action (through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait, try DeWitt's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, large, economy size and save money. Get DeWitt's Pills today!



This Is
Dean Martin's wife continues her story—a honeymoon with Jerry Lewis along, houses filled with hangers-on and a husband who just wouldn't be "reformed"

by Jeanne Martin

(Last week, Jeanne Martin told Family Weekly readers in this exclusive series how she met Dean, partner in the sensational comedy team of Martin and Lewis and, despite family skepticism, married the singer whose background included prize fighting, professional gambling and show-business ups-and-downs. Today she recalls the first days of marriage—a college beauty queen catapulted into Hollywood cafe society.)

THERE WAS NO TIME for a honeymoon after Dean and I were married on Sept. 1, 1949. He and Jerry Lewis were too busy with their first film for Hal Wallis, "My Friend Irma," plus TV shows and night-club appearances.

And I soon learned that as Dean's wife I had a rival for his time—Jerry. Wherever we traveled the boys played and worked together. Even when we managed a delayed two-day honeymoon at Del Mar, we were accompanied by Jerry and his wife Patti, and the boys' publicist. Some honeymoon!

It was just as bad at home in Los Angeles. Dean was either working, golfing or entertaining. Our house was so crowded with friends and hangers-on, it resembled Grand Central Station.

Yet, being Dean's wife was a lonely task, particularly the first few years when he and Jerry were on the road so much. As long as we had no children of our own, I went along, and loved it. But after we had Dean, Jr., I decided it would be better to stay home. I felt even more strongly about it after the other children were born.

Dean didn't like the separations either. I could tell by his daily phone

calls—he never writes—which ran our bills into astronomical figures. But there was nothing we could do but make the best of it.

Neither was it easy to take over a big home, Dean's kind of home—or rather homes. Since we've been married we've lived in four houses—the present one being a two-story, English country-type. But while Dean never lost any money on his many real-estate trades, our pattern of living changed little with each new location. Friends and co-workers would invade our house at all hours.

Dean's attitude was lackadaisical. He loved having people around—to a point. Then he wanted his privacy, his TV, his sleep. And he had some of the most blunt ways of getting rid of his guests. If it weren't for his charm, he wouldn't have a friend left! I still remember how horrified I was the first time he notified his guests, "I'm tired, folks. Why don't you go home?" Another evening he loudly recalled Alexander Woolcott's remark, "Guests are like fish. After a while they stink."

He went so far as to go to his room, change into his pajamas and come back to lie down in the middle of the living-room floor. This scheme backfired, however. Instead of taking the hint, one of our guests cried out, "That's what I like about coming to your house, Dino. You're so informal!"

Frankly, I was more than a little concerned when Dean's children by his first marriage moved in with us. By then I had known them almost eight years. We got along beautifully, yet there was a lot of difference between an occasional visit and having them with us perma-

nently, once we won their custody.

It turned into a two-fold job—to adjust myself to them, and help them adjust to me. From the beginning I felt I could do it only with love, humor and complete impartiality in my relationship to them and my own children. It has worked out so well that all of us get along as if there were no difference in parenthood.

What had worried me just as much was how Dean would take to a household of 15 people: Craig, now 17, Claudia, 15, Gail, 14, and Dena, 10, by his first wife; Dean, Jr., 7, Ricci, 5, and Gina, 2½, by me; plus the two of us, my mother, four servants and our cook's seven-year-old daughter. He has taken it beautifully—thanks to his ability to relax no matter how much racket there is around the place! While the children run screaming through the living room, play the piano, bounce on chairs or discuss their schoolwork with me, Dean's eyes stay glued on TV as if he were all by himself.

IF NECESSARY, he is able to divide his attention between his beloved Westerns and whatever family problem might arise, such as higher allowances or permission to trade cars, which Craig brought up the other day. "Dad, if it's okay with you, I'll sell my MG," he informed Dean just as Brett Maverick escaped the posse.

Dean never looked up. "Why do you want to sell it? You just got it!"

"It's a two-seater. I can never take it on a double date."

"You should've thought of that when you bought it," Dean insisted. "Keep the car. You're going to lose your

My Dino



Dean (left, above) at age 3 and brother Bill at 4 in Steubenville, Ohio. Bill is now an engineer, living in Los Angeles. Three years later Dean posed solemnly while riding on a pony.

more than \$7 million. And I don't know how "Share" would get along without Dean's emceeing its annual parties, which have netted as much as \$100,000 each. My only complaint is that he spreads himself so thin it takes a big slice of the precious little time we have.

All in all, I haven't had much success, you see, "reforming" my husband. Take his eating habits as another example. Dean didn't seem to know anything but spaghetti, pasta, risotto, spumoni and dishes like that. Moreover, before I got married I'd never cooked anything more complicated than hamburgers or fried eggs.

I tried to be a good wife by ignoring my German ancestry—and taste—while planning our menus strictly along Italian lines. On our cook's first night off, I even fixed Dean's favorite dish myself. My attempt was a miserable failure. After cooking spaghetti for two hours, it disintegrated. I did worse with the sauce. It tasted like warmed-over chewing gum.

Dean had one bite—and took me to a restaurant for supper. Thereafter, when the cook had a day off, we either went out, or he fixed an Italian dinner himself. He's an expert chef.

MORE serious was my inability to make Dean eat more slowly. He used to finish his meal before I'd gotten halfway through mine. I was afraid that unless he changed, he'd have ulcers by the time he was 40. But words of caution fell on deaf ears.

One day I got a bright idea: instead of sitting opposite him at the table I put the TV set in my place and switched on his favorite show. That slowed him down! But without TV, he still eats too fast.

I have been moderately successful influencing him to be tidy. When we were first married, he used to drop his clothes wherever he took them off.

"Dean," I pleaded one day, "wouldn't it be nicer seeing just the pretty bedroom furniture instead of clothes flung all over the place?" Gallantly he consented to help—in his own way. From then on he simply shoved his clothes

(Continued)

CONSTIPATION CAN BE EASED AWAY

Millions have corrected irregularity due to lack of bulk with a good-tasting cereal food



"I was one of those people who had irregularity trouble," writes Mrs. Oscar Potter, Morrow.

Ohio. "Finally I tried Kellogg's All-Bran to see if it would work. Believe me, it did. So when my husband started having trouble, I naturally told him about Kellogg's All-Bran. He thinks it's wonderful, too."



What happened to the Potters can happen to you if lack of food bulk is causing constipation. A simple change in your breakfast menu can correct the trouble.

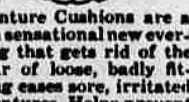
Yes, a small serving of Kellogg's All-Bran (half a cup) with milk each day adds the good food bulk to your diet that nature needs to keep you regular. You see, bran is nature's best bulk-forming food and Kellogg's All-Bran is a whole bran cereal. Nothing has been taken away to lessen its effectiveness.

To stay on schedule the common-sense way, try eating Kellogg's All-Bran once a day for 10 days. But be sure you get the original whole bran—Kellogg's All-Bran. It's America's favorite whole bran cereal by 3 to 1.



Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight Eases Sore Gums

- Sticks to Denture
- No More Daily "Fixing"



Snugg brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new soft plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and fear of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snugg eases sore, irritated gums due to loose dentures. Helps prevent food particles from lodging under plates. Applied in minutes, makes wobbling plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures. Snugg re-liners can last from 2 to 4 months. Stay soft and pliable—do not harden and ruin plate. Peel right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snugg brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates \$1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.

"My Back Was Killing Me"

Now, More Positive Pain Relief with Direct-Action Kidney Drug

Backache—stabbing pain—are often associated with faulty kidney function. DeWitt's Pills now have a combination of drugs with direct diuretic action to help keep kidneys clean of acid wastes that so often cause back pains, mild bladder irritation, getting up nights, loss of energy—even muscular pains. These drugs, combined in a new formula, give more positive relief than ever before! So effective, you even see they're at work—when "the blue comes through." With kidney function improved, DeWitt's helps you have more pain-free days, more restful nights.

DeWITT'S PILLS



Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

- Tooth paste is for your teeth; Listerine is for your breath. Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs.
- Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth. No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does...on contact, by millions.
- Listerine stops bad breath four times better than toothpaste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Reach for Listerine
...your No. 1 protection against bad breath