



**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,
and 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—noth-
ing stops bad breath as effectively
as the Listerine way.

Reach for Listerine

... your No. 1 protection
against bad breath

PHOTO CREDITS

Page 2: UPI.

Page 6: Lew Merram, from Monkmeyer

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**EAT
ANYTHING!**



ORA-FIX

holds
dentures
fast—
all day!



Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

BETTER... by McKESSON

CAN'T MOVE?



Don't stay blocked... chew
Feen-a-mint! It works where
a laxative should—chiefly in
the lower bowel. Removes
mostly waste, not good food
you need for health. Non-
irritating—you feel fine, full
of life and energy. So get
delicious Feen-a-mint. 16
tablets, 37¢—also small and
economy sizes.

FEEN-A-MINT.

The Chewing-Gum Laxative

NO ONE KNOWS MY HAIR IS GRAY!

because I use

CANUTE WATER



I can hardly believe my eyes as I
comb this pure, colorless, crystal
clear liquid into my hair. Amazingly,
and at once, my gray hair begins to
color and look young again—just
like my own, original natural shade.
It's simply thrilling!

I know my lovely new color does not wash off—and is guaranteed
against sun-fading. Takes permanent waving, too. Canute Water
is not prepared for beauty shop application. It is designed for
easy home use only. A simple retouch about once a month keeps
my hair young looking—always.

No skin test required because Canute Water is harmless. Not a
single injury in more than 45 years. Only a few cents per appli-
cation. For men, too. At all drug stores.

WHAT OTHER PRODUCT—AT ANY PRICE—OFFERS SO MUCH?

Zany antics were part of Dean's and
Jerry's act from the first year together.

Dino (Continued)

out of view—under the bed, cushions,
lounge chairs, and only once in a long
while in the closet.

Three years after I became Dean's
wife, we were faced with a severe
financial crisis. Dean's income was
high, our expenses higher.

Dean was always a big spender. His
suits, shirts and shoes are handmade of
the finest materials, often a dozen at a
time. He spoiled me with fur coats and
expensive dresses. One year he bought
14 cars! Unlike me, he didn't particularly
worry about our disappearing bank
balance and mounting bills. His \$4,200-
a-month alimony was reduced to \$3,200
after the four children by his first
marriage moved in with us, and that
helped some.

BUT THEN CAME the law suits. It started
with a demand for \$40,000 by an
actor who had talked Dean into a con-
tract many years ago.

They had met in the early 1940s
when Dean came to Los Angeles to
look for a job in show business. Unable
to get a break, he went to work in a
gas station in Hollywood. It didn't pay
much, but it was steady, and by then
he already had several mouths to feed.

One of his regular customers was this
actor, whom Dean serenaded every
time he pulled in for a tank of gas to
prove what a big "find" he was. It
seemed to pay off. He signed Dean to
a personal contract and promised him
a job at a local radio station.

Dean promptly quit his job, took
the last cent out of his savings account
to invest in needed clothes—and was
turned down because the station man-
ager already had signed another singer.
Luckily he found himself another gas
station; unluckily he was still tied to
the actor, contractually. Years went by
before he demanded a share of Dean's
income. Dean lost in the courts.

Sammy Watkins stood next in line.
He is the bandleader who had discovered
Dean and had a written agreement with
him. My husband felt he'd paid off his
debt working for him, and that he'd
earned the rest of his breaks himself.
For years Watkins apparently shared
this opinion, for he kept silent until
Dean hit the big time. Then he, too,
wanted to collect. Again Dean refused
to pay—until the court decided in Wat-
kins' favor. It cleaned out our bank bal-
ance, including the money we had set
aside for that year's taxes. We didn't
know which way to turn. It was the first
time that I saw my husband depressed.

To try to cut corners we agreed to lop
off funds for clothes, food, entertain-
ment, week-end trips, even the evening
paper. We'd stick to our plan a few days,



then something invariably happened to
put us further behind than we'd been
before. Like the time Dean told me his
car had a knock and that "something"
had to be done about it. "Something"
turned out to be a new Cadillac con-
vertible! And the day after we decided
to give up steaks, he came home with a
gold bracelet for me.

On his agent's urgings, Dean finally
took a step that should have been taken
long before. He got himself a business
manager.

Amusingly, and typical of Dean's ex-
istence, in the end it wasn't this econ-
omy move but another gamble that
straightened us out with the Internal
Revenue Service.

One afternoon Harry Warren handed
Dean a song titled "That's Amore," all
about love and pizza pie.

When Dean sang it to me, I thought
he was out of his mind. "The melody
sounds fine," I agreed. "But who knows
about pizza? Maybe in Los Angeles and
New York and a few other cities. But
what about the rest of the country?"

"I bet it's going to be a hit!" he came
back enthusiastically.

He was the only one who thought so.
With nobody willing to put up the
money to cut the record, Dean, for the
first time in his life, paid for it himself
—then gave our friends big odds that it
would sell over a million records. It sold
three million. It also paid our income
taxes that year.

No sooner had one crisis been solved
when another closed in on us, this one
far more personal. It brought us to a
separation and the brink of divorce.

(In her concluding article of this ex-
clusive Family Weekly series, Mrs.
Martin tells about the marital separa-
tion that comic Jerry Lewis mediated
—and about a later and more serious
estrangement caused partly by growing
tensions between the Martin-Lewis
partnership. From the vantage of one
torn by the conflict, she explains what
really destroyed the long friendship.)