

Upset Stomach
got you
OUT OF FOCUS?



For upset stomach, heartburn, gas or other symptoms of acid indigestion

Take Minty Phillips' Tablets

**Get On-the-Spot
RELIEF!**



When you're away from home—working, shopping, out having fun—and acid indigestion upsets your stomach, take minty tasting Phillips' Tablets. There's no glass—no water—to bother with. You just chew a few—and feel fine again fast. That's because minty Phillips' Tablets contain one of the fastest, most effective "stomach sweeteners" known. So carry Phillips' Tablets with you wherever you go.



**PHILLIPS'
TABLETS**

Drive Safely

**Plagued Day And
Night with Bladder
Discomfort?**

Unwise eating or drinking may be a source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations—making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1—They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2—A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 3—A wonderfully mild diuretic action thru the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 16 miles of kidney tubes. So, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By REAMER KELLER



"I wish they made some with run-over heels and broken-down backs. That's the way George likes them."



"Why is it you only economize when it comes to buying presents for my folks?"



"If this line doesn't move faster, I'm going across the street to your competitor!"



"Remember now, anybody who sells any of these ties to my family for a present for me is fired!"

Now I Can Smile! (Continued)

would have spinach with melted butter and salt, and a huge salad of tomatoes, artichoke hearts, avocados, and limestone lettuce. For dessert, I'd have apple pie or a dish of sherbet.

This great change in my life has meant a lot, not only to me but to my family as well. In the old days, a half-hour of roughhousing with my grandchildren would have worn me out. Today, I can play on the floor with them for hours. I not only feel better, but they tell me I look better. I have a new vitality, and this is possibly what the TV viewers saw.

I'm certainly a more pleasant companion. As I look back, I realize that I might have been pretty cantankerous at times. But my wife Sylvia was full of patience. She and I were always very much in love, and this has helped us tremendously to get over the rough spots all these years.

I even have a new perspective on life. For the first time in my career as a columnist and TV personality, I feel I can sit back and relax a bit. I no longer need to be in on everything. In those preoperation days when my ulcer was at its worst, I would drive myself and think nothing of flying to Chicago or Canada or Europe to see an act. I was constantly running to and from conferences. The telephone would be ringing every moment in my office. Now when it rings, I may not be there to answer it. It is such a relief to have Bob Precht, my Peabody Award producer and a darned good one, taking over a lot of work.

How completely this new philosophy has affected my way of thinking was revealed to me during my first show

this season. As some of you who saw the show may remember, this was the one which lost out in some cities to the New York Giants football team.

The network had agreed that because it was the Giants' first game of the season, it would be carried in full. Our show had been taped in advance, and I was sitting home with Sylvia watching the game. At 7:45 p.m. in New York, there were only two minutes left to play.

Suddenly the Giants began calling a series of long timeouts, stopping the clock after each play. When I realized what was happening, I sat upright and snapped: "These guys are going to kill our show. We won't get on the air!" And that's exactly what happened.

AT SHOW TIME, the telephone switchboard at CBS started buzzing frantically. People were tuning in and getting a football game. "Has the Ed Sullivan show been cancelled?" they wanted to know.

In the old days, my ulcer would have been throbbing, I would have had terrific pains in my stomach, back, and neck. I would have been going insane with the thing, getting more furious the longer the game kept us off the air.

But this time, I never got to that stage. My whole mental approach was different. I've discovered that you can't tear yourself to pieces because one day or one show goes wrong. "What the heck," I said to Sylvia, "we're trapped." And I sat back and enjoyed the end of the football game with her. It was a good game, too.

This is why I'm smiling these days. And as far as I'm concerned, life is now a really big show.