

Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend and...

**MINT-FLAVORED
PHILLIPS'
TASTES GREAT**



Lots of people think the tangy mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

Even more important, doctors recommend milk of magnesia. We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend milk of magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

Like regular Phillips', Mint-Flavored Phillips' is both a laxative and an antacid. It relieves both irregularity and acid indigestion, so gently it's ideal for all ages.

So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself, the world's best laxative is best tasting, too!



**Donna's
DOWN**

PERIODIC PAIN

Every month functional menstrual distress had Donna feeling miserable. Now she just takes Midol and goes her way in comfort because Midol tablets contain: • An exclusive anti-spasmodic that Stops Cramping • Medically-approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE AND BACKACHE... CALM JUMPY NERVES • A special, mood-brightening medication that CHASES "BLUES".

**Donna's
UP**
WITH
MIDOL



My Side of the Story

By Mrs. ALAN KING
as told to Jack Ryan



AT THE Inaugural Ball for John F. Kennedy, the new President came up to me and asked: "How could your husband say such things about such a charming woman?"

I don't know about that "charming woman" part, but I do know that many people ask me about my husband and his jokes about our family life: I am the meticulous housewife who is so neat that when Alan gets up during the night he returns to find the bed made; I am the unappreciative mate, who after three trips to Europe and one around the world, complains: "You never take me any place!"

Well, let me tell you my side of the story. When I married Alan at 17 (he was 18), I knew what I was in for. I had met him four years earlier at an assembly in our junior high school in Brooklyn. He had just won a prize for playing the snare drums, and he came over to show off his prize with characteristic modesty.

In the dating years that followed, Alan assured me that he was going to be a successful comedian—or maybe football player—and we would marry and have a big home and many cars. We never doubted it, but others did. For instance, Alan would "take leave" of school to see all the vaudeville shows: even now he boasts of seeing his idol Willie Howard in 26 consecutive performances. "Ah, that boy," Alan's mother would sigh. "He'll do anything to avoid work."

ACTUALLY, Alan never stopped working. His father had been injured by a hit-and-run driver and that, coupled with the Depression, kept the family on relief much of the time. Relief is supposed to make some people lazy: it made Alan an unrelenting worker, determined never to have to depend on anybody but himself.

His proud father helped. Did Alan want to study music? Then Pop walked across the Williamsburg Bridge to a temporary job and saved six cents a day toward his son's lessons. Did Alan want to be a football player? Pop was on the side lines encouraging him to practice. And when Alan threatened to run away from home because his mother insisted he give up vaudeville watching, his father said: "Let's eat first, son, then I'll go with you." His father didn't care how Alan worked his way out of the tenements—just so he got out.

Alan started working as a comedian at 14 in the Catskill Moun-

tain summer resorts. At 15 he had his own band. He would stay in school during the football season, then hunt work in New York clubs until the resort season began. While most kids were lagging pennies or playing stickball, Alan was making his own way and helping support his family.

I lived three blocks away and, by Alan's standards, was "rich." We were engaged when I was 16, and I got a wonderful engagement ring. Alan's club work had earned every penny that went to buy it, and he promised it was only the beginning. My family, however, was still against my marrying "that boy"—why he didn't even have a trade or job! When I insisted, my father tried to placate my mother: "Remember, dear, when he gets this show business out of his system there's a place for him in our family business."

My family is in tombstones. Somehow I never could see Alan as a tombstone salesman.

WHEN MY high-school prom came, I was the proudest girl there because my date, Alan, was the only boy who owned his own tuxedo—even though he still lived on the "wrong side" of the neighborhood. And afterward I went to a night club for the first time and saw Alan's former roommate team with a zany comedian in a brand-new act—Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. I'm sure no girl ever had a more exciting prom.

We married shortly after my graduation—Alan had long since quit school—and my very mature 18-year-old husband assured me our troubles were over. Instead everything went wrong. On our way back from our honeymoon, the bottom fell out of the car which Alan was depending on to get from engagement to engagement. Then he got a job for the whole summer at a nice resort, but the owners jammed the two of us in a tiny airless room. This wasn't the suite Alan had promised me, so he indignantly quit. That took courage because we had married with only \$217 in the bank. Now we had car trouble, no job or prospects—and even agent trouble. Oh, those first years were just as Mother had predicted!

But Alan never slackened or got discouraged. Within two years his career was on the rise, and it has been going up ever since. When our boys were born—Bobby is now 12 and Andy 8—we moved into a nice suburban home on Long Island that certainly was different from our tenement background. You probably have heard Alan talk about that house. He claims I sold him on it by saying it had belonged to a