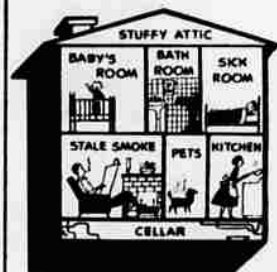


Colgate's new Florient kills room odors fast



**Makes air smell
flower-fresh**



**4 popular
fragrances:
floral,
spice, mint,
and pine**

More women buy FLORIENT
than any other air deodorant

Hay Fever Patients now open Nose-Sinus Zone with New 3-Layer Tablet

**Clear, free breathing restored in minutes as
congested nasal zone is decongested—
stops sneezing, watery, itching eyes**

Chicago, Ill. (Special) Observers here are hailing a remarkable new advance against the most unrelenting misery of hay fever—congestion in the nose-sinus zone.

A way has been found to decongest this congestion. This is the central fact which has aroused so much interest on the part of hay fever sufferers who have never found satisfactory relief from other medications.

Up to now, nose drops, eye drops, inhalers, sprays and antihistamines have given some measure of relief. But today you can expect much more complete comfort. This new compound reaches all the congested nasal areas from all sides, through the blood stream. It opens stuffed-up, blocked nasal passages. Free breathing is restored in minutes. Stops unpleasant sneezing; watery, itching eyes are cleared.

New Tablet Discovery

It took a new kind of tablet—made in three separate layers—



**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—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as the Listerine way.

Reach for Listerine

... your No. 1 protection
against bad breath

DICK CLARK (Continued)



The satisfaction Dick Clark gets from being a leading TV star can't compare with the fun he derives from playing with his two-year-old son Dickie.

ried, I began to suspect that things would never be dull around Dick.

One afternoon, his best friend, Andy Grass, stopped by the house and took me for a car ride. We drove through the country slowly, just the two of us, with Andy asking me all sorts of personal questions about my feelings toward Dick. I guess I committed myself pretty deeply. All of a sudden, Dick himself popped up in the back seat, laughing like crazy. He'd been hiding under a piece of canvas, listening to every word I said. I didn't speak to him for a week.

Any story of life in the Clark household must include a mention of his travels. Dick has been on the go since we met at high school in Mount Vernon, N. Y., 13 years ago. He confirmed the habit when he went north to Syracuse University and I moved south to Maryland Teachers College. Week ends, he drove down in a jalopy 16 years old. After seven years of marriage, he's still a traveling man, but there's a driver at the wheel so he can sleep on the run. Let me explain.

"American Bandstand" originates in a Philadelphia studio. Dick's Saturday show originates in New York, two hours away. All his conferences about movies and "specials" are in New York. So away he goes—15 times in the last three weeks! But he has to be back in Philly by two o'clock each afternoon for his "Bandstand" program.

Dick sets his alarm for 5:30 a.m., bounces out of bed and runs for the Philadelphia-New York bus. The drivers know him now and usually hold a quiet seat into which he tumbles for two or more hours of sleep. In Manhattan, he races from meeting to meeting, making three or four each morning, then holds a final conference with some associate on the return bus to Philly. I tell him he should buy a double-decker and we could all live in it.

Actually, it wouldn't work because we'd need an extra bus just to hold his collections. This man has more old coins, matchboxes and phonograph records than any person alive. Right now, they overflow our tiny Drexel Hills apartment.

Let me tell you about the apartment. It has six rooms, none of them fancy. We moved

into it when Dick brought me back to Philadelphia after our wedding. It's a duplicate of scores of other similar apartments in our development. Down the street is a shopping center, filling station, and—thank goodness—a neighborhood club with a swimming pool.

We have contemporary furniture in our living room (which is about the size of three ping-pong tables), gray walls and carpeting, with touches of bright color in the drapes and sofa pillows. I had always considered the room adequate for our needs until the Ed Murrow "Person-to-Person" crew came in. Thirty husky technicians plus our family, all crowded into our first floor, made it seem like a subway jam rather than the home of a celebrity.

We sleep upstairs. However, one room, which once was a guest bedroom, is now reserved for Dick's collections and those items which accumulate when you don't have an attic or basement.

A few miles from our present place we're building a new house with room for all Dick's things, and with special reinforcements to take care of little Dickie and his rocket ships and superhuman energy.

Going back to that question about how fame has changed our lives, I guess our need for more room is the big difference. But that happens to everyone. I know two dozen other young mothers, and we all need more space.

As for fame itself, I sometimes wonder if Dick is really so big. What I mean is that he will be way up in the clouds, as he was recently when Ralph Edwards and "This Is Your Life" caught him off-guard in Hollywood, then something else will pull him down to earth with a good healthy thud.

Like the night he walked into a diner in New Jersey and ordered milk and apple pie. The girl who took his order gave him a startled look, then whispered to the next waitress. Presently, all of them had given him a going-over. As he paid his bill, he heard one of the waitresses whisper to the cashier, "Do you know who he is?"

The cashier said, "No. Who?"
"He's that famous TV star—Pat Boone."
That's fame and that's life but, cross my heart, we love every moment of it.