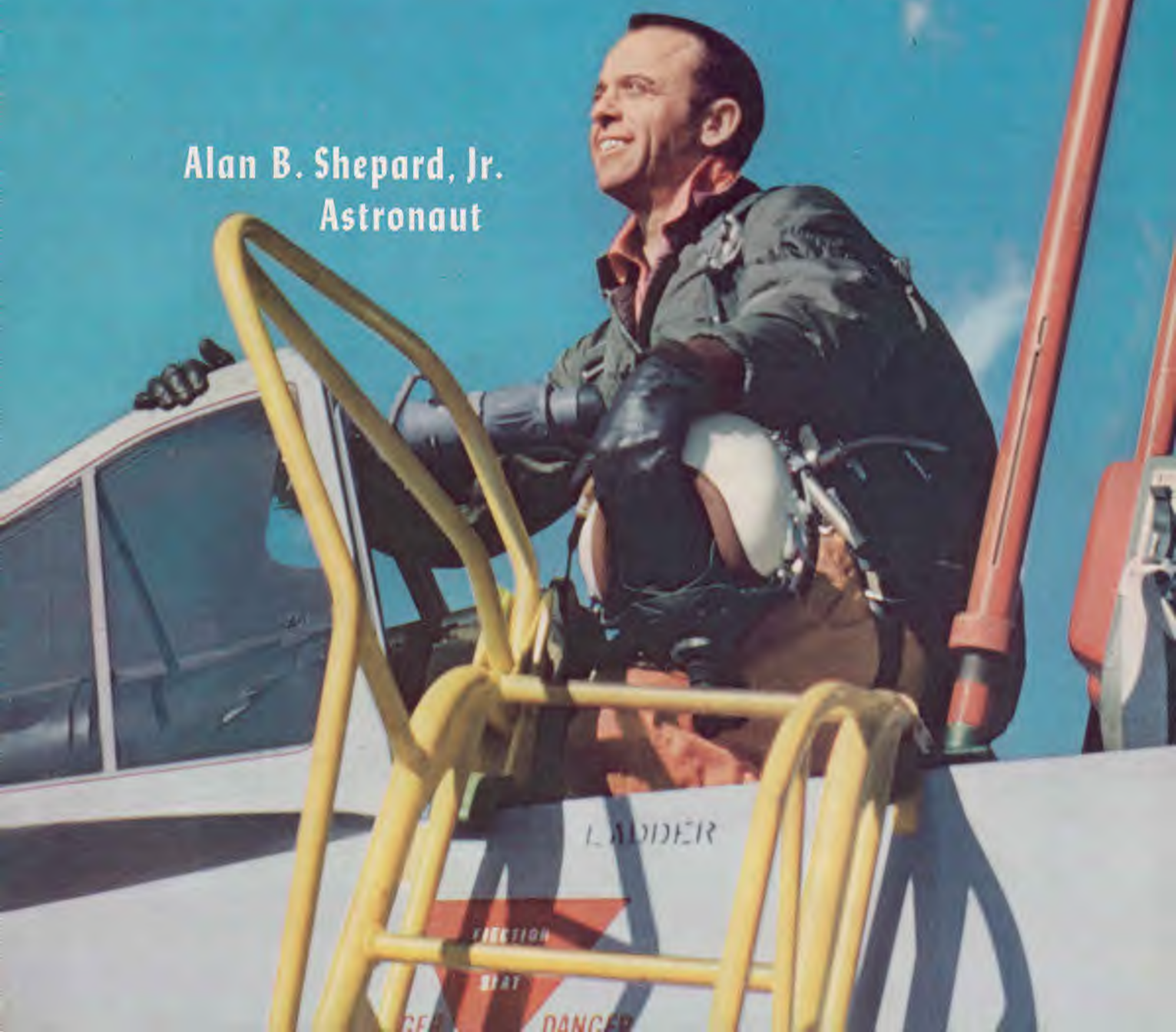


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

Alan B. Shepard, Jr.
Astronaut





Bill to Ban Liquor Ads

Last May a bill to ban all liquor advertising in Oklahoma was introduced in the senate of Oklahoma State. Sooner Alcohol-Narcotics Education, Inc. (SANE), state-wide dry organization, is suing in district court challenging the constitutionality of liquor advertising in Oklahoma.

Alcohol in the Driver's Seat

In France from 50 to 60 per cent of the fatal accidents (80 per cent of them around Paris) are the fault of drivers under the influence of alcohol.

Two Million Dollars a Year

Primary targets of the new Federal program to ban licensing of irresponsible drivers are drinking drivers who are responsible for an estimated 15,000 highway deaths and 800,000 injuries each year.

According to the "Journal of American Insurance," of the 456,538 mandatory withdrawals of driving privileges by all states in 1959, more than half (232,228) were for driving while under the influence of liquor. Direct cost of drinking drivers to those who buy auto insurance was recently put at \$2,000,000 a year.

High School Drinkers

About one third of all young people in high school drink alcoholic beverages with some degree of regularity, judging from a Michigan State University survey of 2,247 junior and senior high school students in Michigan. A majority of the children taught to drink at home, in addition to the polite samplings under the family roof, do their heavy drinking outside the home and away from adult control.

Drunks Build Airport

Helsinki, Finland, roughly one fourth the size of Washington, D.C., has a beautiful jet airport, made almost entirely by prisoners serving time for drunk driving. Nobody—absolutely nobody—can escape severe sentencing if caught driving while inebriated. Some of the prisoners who built the airport as part of their "penal servitude at hard labor," included bank officials, merchants, and government workers. Two were members of parliament. Although they had much political "pull," the premier refused to get the Finnish congressmen "off the hook" for drunk driving. So they put in six months with sledge hammers.

ALCOHOL IN FATAL TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

*Single-vehicle accidents, with death within four hours.

‡One-car fatal accidents, with death within twenty-four hours.

Data from studies compiled by Horace E. Campbell, M.D., chairman, Automotive Safety Subcommittee, Colorado State Medical Society.

Region and Year	Driver Fatalities	Blood Alcohol .01-.04%	Blood Alcohol .05-.15%	Blood Alcohol Over .10%	Blood Alcohol Over .15%	Drinking Drivers
Cleveland (1937-55)	885	2%	12%		40%	54%
New York City (1957)	69			55%		55%
Westchester County (1950-57)	83*	4%	20%	56%	49%	73%
Maryland and Baltimore (1950-1959)	983	6%	22%		40%	68%
New York State (1959)	92‡	3%	33%	75%	51%	87%

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1961

Vol. 14, No. 6

OUR COVER

No event in recent times has gotten, or has deserved, bigger and blacker headlines, or received more detailed coverage on radio and television, than Alan Shepard's flight 115 miles into the air at 5,000 miles per hour. It indeed opened a new era for travel in the Western world.

"Listen's" cover picture is from N.A.S.A., Bill Taub, photographer.

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HAIR-RAISING HOLIDAY

Labor Day in the United States has become known as a "let your hair down" holiday, it being the last chance of the summer season for a fling. After that the kids go off to school and dad and mom settle down to the long winter grind.

Currently, however, Labor Day seems to be a hair-raising holiday, the occasion on which teen-agers get "tanked up" and run wild. This year's celebration saw eruptions in widely separated parts of the nation.

Ocean City, Maryland, plagued by vicious teen-age riots a year ago, was invaded by cars carrying printed signs, "Fill your flask and come to the second annual Ocean City riot, Sept. 1-3, at 9th St." Only the considerable army of police with their snarling police dogs and firemen with their threatening hoses averted major trouble with the 2,000 milling youngsters.

Some 1,500 college students rampaged at the resort center of Lake George, New York, as they poured out of the taverns and surged through the streets, throwing beer cans and insulting police. High-pressure fire hoses and mass arrests finally cooled them off, with 75 charged with public intoxication and disorderly conduct.

Outside Indianapolis, young fans attending the National Drag Championships ran out of beer and liquor and marched on suburban Clermont, yelling, "We want booze; we want beer." Seventy-five police as a flying wedge broke up the mob.

New York's Harlem saw its annual West Indian Day degenerate into bottle throwing and fist swinging by booze-fueled rioters. At Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, more than 500 teen-agers disrupted traffic and jeered police. Mass arrests were made on charges of drunkenness and possession of liquor—illegal for minors.

Jails at Wildwood, New Jersey, were so overcrowded that the officials had to borrow facilities in neighboring towns to contain the 150 persons arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Fines totaling some \$3,000 were levied in this one small town for the revelry of one weekend.

Ohio had trouble at Russells Point with 250 turbulent rioters; Massachusetts arrested 140 at Hyannis, and 32 at Falmouth.

Editorial writers professed bewilderment at the cause of these outbreaks, and tried to take comfort in the claim that "the disease is world-wide," and "by no means peculiar to American youth." Also they pointed out that "the violence of youth seems to increase rather than decline with prosperity and mass education," and raised the question, How intensively should we educate our youth?

Obviously, there were many factors involved in the actions of these anarchic adolescents, but in every one of the Labor Day incidents there was an unmistakable common denominator—drinking. And the results of

drinking are no respecters of persons, educated or uneducated, young or old. Drinking and unsavory conduct go together, even as honey attracts ants. Simply ask any law-enforcement officer, What business requires the most constant watchfulness to keep it in line?

One of the most futile approaches to the problem of juvenile drinking is the mere passing of laws forbidding minors to drink. Today youth see bars on virtually every corner, with more licenses being granted all the time, some outlets even encroaching on the areas adjacent to schools and churches in certain localities.

They see government and professional life constantly filled with cocktail parties, and international diplomacy lubricated with liquor. They see businessmen drinking on their way home and then taking some more when they get home.

They hear their parents and elders harp on the idea that youth ought to learn "to hold their liquor" and to learn to drink gracefully at home so they will not be embarrassed when they get out in society.

They observe the inconsistency of traffic safety campaigns to reduce drinking and driving, blaring out, "If you drink, don't drive," while at the same time more roadhouses spring up along the highways where patrons have to drive in order to drink.

They are continually besieged by the most alluring advertising, in the air, along the streets, on the newsstands, in the ball parks, trying to induce them to indulge.

They see the inconsistency of forbidding youth to do that which adults spend millions to make appear acceptable and glamorous. And in a day which is rushing youngsters into adulthood more rapidly than ever this is very significant.

All in all, with the constant sousing in liquor advertising that youth get today, it is a wonder that more of them don't drink. It is a tribute to them—and to the basic good foundation of society—that upwards of half of all the people in the United States are complete non-users of alcoholic beverages.

As to solution to such problems as the Labor Day teen riots, society will simply have to get down to fundamentals, rather than merely dealing with surface factors. And one of those fundamentals is the realization that to the extent that drinking is tolerated, and drinks are made available, the consequences will have to be met. Reduce consumption, reduce results; increase consumption, increase what follows.

Another fundamental is the influence of parents and other adults on young people. Home influence is not some vague, intangible nothingness—it is real and powerful. When drinking is indulged, condoned, or encouraged in the home, and by the example of the adult world, sure it is that many children and adolescents will drink. This action is, for most young people, a result not so much of a desire to rebel as of a desire to conform. They take up the habit, as Franklin Russell comments in *Macleans* regarding smoking, "not to defy their parents but to imitate them."

Francis A. Soper

My motto is:

"Nothing But the Best, and That Is None Too Good for Me," because I like myself.

Now, I'll have to admit, I might have a monkey's face, a camel's nose, cat's eyes, and pig's hair, but it's what's inside that counts. And I like what's in there, too.

My only regret is that I have only one life. Since I have only one life, I want to put the best of everything into it. And, it's going to be a great life. I want to pack pleasure into every minute of it. I want to go places and do things. I want to see the Seven Wonders of the World, to visit every continent on this globe.

I want to see everything in this world that is worth looking at. I want to know people all over the world and have friends by the hundreds. I want to give Dale Carnegie an inferiority complex. All this will take me the rest of my life, I am sure.

If I am going to do all these things, there will be a few things that I won't have time for. There is not one minute of my life that I can spare. I'll have to be alert every minute, for I want to be able to recognize all the faces I see. I don't want those faces to look fuzzy and out of focus, and make me wonder if I got my contact lenses mixed up. Since I want to be alert, I won't have time to do some things. One of these is to drink.

You see, I'm not ready to die yet. I've got too many things to do. Of course, if I should take only one drink, I probably wouldn't die, but my chances might increase. And I'm not hanging around here to gamble with my life. I'm nobody's fool, no dumb bunny.

I can read numbers, and those numbers say that I'm ten times as likely to have an accident after three beers as I am now. And the way some of us drive now, we can't afford to take chances like that. Even if I'm walking, I'm three times as likely to have an accident after I've had three drinks. I might not get killed, but I don't want to go around with only one leg or arm, or with one eye punched out, either.

I am not dumb, for I know liquor causes these things, and I don't want any part of it. I plan to have a happy life, and since I was lucky enough to be born with two good eyes, arms, and legs, I plan to do my best to keep them. I don't see how I could be happy with any part of myself missing. I want all of my parts to be working in the best order all the time.

After only two drinks, 25 per cent of peripheral vision is destroyed. This involves the things a person sees on either side of him when he is looking straight ahead. If I took two drinks, I would be driving with 25 per cent less vision. I can't take any chances on a car coming toward me in that 25 per cent range.

There is another reason I don't want to be even a moderate drinker. When I do something, I want to do it in a big way. I want to put my heart, mind, and soul

into it and really believe in it. None of this halfhearted business for me. I want to feel my best all the time, and I want to feel my best about what I'm doing all the time.

You can see I am a proud person. And I have entirely too much pride to let anyone ever catch me drinking a glass with poison in it. I would never want to be classed even as a social or moderate drinker. Statistics show that one such drinker out of every nine will wind up as an alcoholic. I do not want to take a chance on sacrificing my pride to be the one out of these nine and have a little spot all my own on skid row.

Drinking is the No. 1 cause of insanity in the United States. I am too proud to invite this catastrophe upon myself. Brain cells are the first to be affected by alcohol. After destruction by alcohol, they (Turn to page 30.)

Only
the
Best

DON SCHNEIDER



This "Listen" feature is the first prize winner in the 1961 nationwide essay contest sponsored by the American Temperance Society

FLYING AND ALCOHOL

F
L
Y



FEW WOULD ARGUE that the responsibilities of an aircraft pilot permit continued drinking, though amazingly enough the accident reports of the Federal Aviation

Agency occasionally suggest a state of intoxication of the pilot far beyond the point of good judgment and necessary skill.

Should the pilot permit himself a "short one" before take-off?

Why shouldn't he file his flight plan on the morning after the night before? A word about the art of flying will show how dangerous these temptations can be for a pilot. In learning to fly an aircraft, the pilot has to "unlearn" a number of reflexes which he needs in

driving an automobile. The controls in an airplane should be moved slowly, often with only gentle pressure and through small distances. The pilot must learn to regard distant objects with respect and constant vigilance, and not be lulled into a false sense of security by the absence of nearby outside objects. Those which seem "far away" one minute can be dangerously close the next.

The pilot must remember that he is moving in three dimensions, rather than the usual one or two dimensions of auto travel.

He must learn again and again to reckon with both the throttle setting and the position of the stick in climbing or descending. He must learn that slow speeds bring about a different relation between the two. Also, that in turning he must not only use the rudder, but must bank the plane by means of the ailerons, which are controlled by the side motion of the stick. And in a short turn, with the plane banked steeply, he must also pull back on the stick to maintain altitude; thus he has the rudder, the ailerons, and the elevator to co-ordinate.

That "short one" before take-off or the effects of a hang-over can have the disastrous results of temporarily abolishing these newly learned reflexes and skills, in the face of an emergency situation, and may cause the pilot to revert to more customary "normal" reflexes which he has used on the ground all his life. That short shot of alcohol may confuse him, so that he suddenly pulls back on the stick when the need to climb is abruptly urgent; this action raises the nose of the aircraft, but cuts its forward motion and may cause it to stall if it has insufficient speed. Trying to avoid a dangerously close obstacle in the air, the pilot may jam hard on the rudder pedal, throwing the aircraft into a skid instead of turning it efficiently.

In learning blind-flying techniques, moreover, the pilot must learn to trust his panel instruments, *no matter what his other senses and organs of equilibrium tell him*, and he must have a clear head to master the complicated radio navigation procedures.

In this latter connection the effects of alcohol were tested on twelve experienced pilots in a Link trainer. This is a fixed enclosed cabin with aircraft instruments, which imitates the motions of an airplane. After one half to one ounce of alcohol, the pilots showed easily measurable deterioration of performance on such standard simple maneuvers as simulated straight and level flying on a set course within a set time, standard turns, changes of course, climbing, and air-speed reduction without loss of altitude. Two pilots not given alcohol but tested the day following a party with alcohol consumption also performed less efficiently. In these tests deterioration of performance was most easily identified when the blood alcohol concentration was about .05 per cent, which in a 160-pound man requires only two ounces of 100-proof alcohol or two bottles of beer.

One pilot decided to take three passengers for a ride in a plane outfitted as a single-seater, according to an incident reported in the May, 1961, issue of *The Pilot*. One passenger climbed in behind the seat and managed to situate himself with his legs around the pilot's waist. The other two "passengers" seated themselves one on each wing, with their legs hanging over the leading edge, all set and ready to go. They went.

The plane took off, climbed to an altitude of about 100 feet, and entered a 180° turn, during which it settled to the ground and nosed

(Turn to page 29.)



Is drinking a hazard on our skyways as well as on our highways?

man in space



by Eloise Engle

Here is a behind-the-rockets glimpse showing why the West's first manned space flight ended AOK.

SPACEMAN Alan B. Shepard, Jr., lay in the contour couch that had been molded to his exact body proportions. His shiny silver suit had been checked and rechecked by Joe Schmitt, space-suit tailor. Restraining straps crisscrossed over his shoulders, across his chest and knees. It would not be long now.

Plastic galoshes over his laced and zippered boots were removed prior to his entry into the capsule. Now he could see the tips of his feet, secured by clamps in the grooves of the couch. It was a peculiar position to be in, a most unique one, in fact. He thought of the date: May 5, 1961. Up since one o'clock that morning, he had been in the capsule for nearly four hours. He was too exhilarated to be uncomfortable, too busy to worry. The time was drawing nearer, and nearer!

The curved gloves with dots of rubber at the finger tips allowed him to manipulate the maze of instruments. Two earphones and two microphones assured Shepard of double protection on his communications system. The fiberglass helmet with its plastic visor and thick cushioning headliner was fitted onto his suit and locked in a manner similar to a pressure-cooker top.

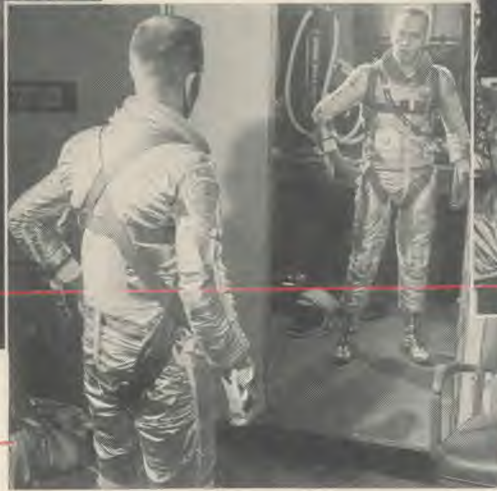
As the count-down time grew closer, he talked into his microphone with Flight Operations Director Walter C. Williams, and heard the reassuring, routine words. They had practiced many times in altitude chambers and in mock-up capsules. Every phase of the actual shot into space had been tested and retested. Every hazard the technicians, scientists, and doctors could think of was anticipated, and precautions were set up to guard the astronaut's life.

The "cherry picker" (a jointed crane capable of plucking the astronaut out of his capsule in case of pre-



(Left) Preparing for his famous jaunt into space, Shepard dons his silver-tinted space suit, with a little assistance.

(Below) He checks in the mirror to see that everything is AOK.



Well, let's go!



This is the cooling system which helped him endure his twenty-five pounds of space-suit gear.

flight trouble) stood by. A fireproof Army personnel carrier with its crew was alerted nearby. Four miles from Pad 5, Cape Canaveral's Abort Rescue team waited anxiously. Six helicopters complete with frogmen, doctors, and skilled technicians stood ready to chop off to the rescue if necessary.

At sea were sixty-five-foot Navy speedboats; other craft were on the alert in case the capsule veered off in the wrong direction. Circling the point of calculated impact at sea, the aircraft carrier *Lake Champlain* with its helicopters and six destroyers watched the range. Thousands of electronic eyes viewed the capsule and the man inside. America and, indeed, the world, held their breath as preparations were finalized for launching a man into space.

10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-0. There was the expected 14-second pause, then the giant Redstone's rocket roared. Inside the capsule Commander Shepard could feel the vibration of the liquid fuel engine. He could sense the flames flaring brilliantly beneath him. Inside the blockhouse doctors and technicians huddled over the telemetering equipment. "Liftoff!"

"Roger, liftoff, and the clock has started," Commander Shepard told the voice on the ground.

So began the fifteen-minute space spurt which propelled the first American into space—and projected a thrilling new expression into the English language—AOK (all perfect).

Alan B. Shepard's flight is now an exciting part of modern aerospace history, opening the doors to space travel as the flight made by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk started the conquest of air, or Charles Lindbergh's hop across the Atlantic inaugurated transoceanic flying. Everyone can be proud of the brilliant men behind the Project Mercury program, the hundreds of dedicated

people whose decisions made this big space bid possible. The astronauts shine as examples of America's finest manhood.

What does one think about in the last few minutes before his blast-off into space? Commander Shepard told *Listen's* correspondent, "You are too busy to worry. Besides, I had been there before, in simulated trials, of course."

"But there is always the danger of something going wrong. What is it, Murphy's law?" I asked.

"Yes. That means if anything is going to go wrong—it will," Al Shepard said. "But the risks were not so great as many people felt they were. We astronauts have a better chance of coming back with the Mercury capsule than in many of our duties on routine flight tests."

With 3,600 hours in the air, half of which were spent in high-speed jets, America's first astronaut had plenty of close brushes with the hereafter. This Annapolis graduate from East Derry, New Hampshire, was well prepared for his famous flight in the Freedom 7, Mercury capsule, that took him 115 miles into the air and at a speed of 5,000 miles per hour.

He, along with his six fellow astronauts (Lieutenant Commander M. Scott Carpenter, U.S.N., Captain L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., U.S.A.F., Lieutenant Colonel John H. Glenn, Jr., U.S.M.C., Captain Virgil I. Grissom, U.S.A.F., Lieutenant Commander Walter M. Schirra, Jr., U.S.N., Captain Donald K. Slayton, U.S.A.F.) had been training for this moment since April, 1959, when they were chosen from a list of 110 military test pilot volunteers. An important requirement was that they have knowledge and experience in aircraft development programs. The other qualifications: They must be under forty, less than five feet eleven inches tall (because of the cramped quarters in the capsule), and in excellent physi-

Alan surveys the maze of instruments he had to check on during the flight.



The capsule is picked from the open sea following the historic flight into space.



Holding hands as they walk up the steps of the Capitol with Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, after the ride from the White House, are Commander Alan Shepard and his wife Louise.

cal condition. A bachelor's degree (or equivalent), graduation from a test-pilot school, 1,500 hours' flying time, and being a qualified jet pilot were the other requirements.

For the past two years these astronauts have been on one of the most rigorous training programs imaginable. Practically every part of their anatomies has been tested, probed, and analyzed by aerospace medical doctors. The functioning of various organs—heart, lungs, spleen, stomach, eyes—was tested over and over again.

In addition to their training in vehicle operation and classroom work, with training in the space sciences, the astronauts were subjected to the most grueling tortures. Every anticipated space travel privation and body-beating experience was undergone by the astronauts, including three hours in a totally dark, soundproof room, and another two hours in a room heated to 130 degrees. They walked endless miles on treadmills and sat with feet plunged in ice water while psychologists asked countless questions.

Not content with the rigorous schedules they had officially assumed, the astronauts adopted systems of their own to keep in top physical shape. Each man realized that his muscles, strength, physical endurance, and lung power would be a life-and-death matter in his flight into space. Some of the men ran several miles each day before breakfast. Others, like Al Shepard, concentrated on water sports such as water skiing and swimming.

Forewarned is forearmed, and the astronauts knew that man at best is a frail creature on the ground. If you carry man high into the atmosphere without protection, he will die like a fish that is lifted out of its watery environment. Even with pressure suits, the forces of acceleration and deceleration on take-off and re-entry could tear a man to pieces.

The now famous G forces involve an innocent sounding word, *weight*. Your normal weight is 1 G. The weight picture changes for objects that are moving, and the weight changer you carry around with you is called *inertia*. Put yourself in the seat of a plane taking off. You are strapped in, perfectly comfortable, ready to go. But as the plane moves forward, your body is pushed against the back of the seat. The same thing happens if you are in a car that darts ahead suddenly.

The astronauts had experienced about $1\frac{1}{2}$ G inertial weight during plane take-offs. That meant their weight increased by 50 per cent. But the faster their jet planes accelerated, the more G forces they felt. Navy pilots whose planes catapulted from an aircraft carrier deck received 3 G's during acceleration. If they were forced to bail out of their jet planes, the opening shock of their parachutes increased their weight to about 12 G's. Even for an instant, this body-tearing force can burst blood vessels in the eyes, cause brain hemorrhages, and produce headaches lasting from one to two days.

Much of the strain of the G forces was solved by the positioning of the lying-down couch, so that the astronaut's heart no longer had to pump blood up to the head against great pressure, but in a horizontal position.

It goes without saying that astronauts must be in top physical condition to withstand the kind of punishment they take during training. At Johnsville, Pennsylvania, for instance, they practiced on the human centrifuge, a gondola affair that tested their ability to withstand the crushing G forces. They took up to 16 G forces, which brought them to the fringes of unconsciousness. During Alan Shepard's historic flight, he withstood 6.2 gravity force at cut-off. This meant that his normal weight of 160 pounds was increased to close to a thousand pounds.

(Turn to page 27.)



Theodore R. Flaiz, M.D.

When people take a little alcohol before meals, they feel hungry, interpreting this as the effect of an appetizer. But what actually happens? The lining of the stomach is irritated, and the irritation calls for something to put out the fire. Although this is indistinguishable from the sensation of hunger for food, alcohol is *not* an appetizer.

A major danger in using beverage alcohol is its adverse effect upon the liver. Its detoxification takes place in the liver, causing damage to the liver cells. That is why the liver fails first in the presence of an excess of alcohol. The hardening which takes place in the liver finally destroys vital liver cells, and the body can no longer perform its duties.

The drinker develops this hardening over a period of years. Although the liver has the ability to regenerate cells, a certain portion of that organ can be destroyed permanently. When fibrosis or hardening has occurred, causing generalized contraction of the tissue, liver function fails.

Death from cirrhosis of the liver is usually credited to some other condition, but actually most cases are a direct result of heavy drinking. Because it would not look well to publish that a person died of alcoholism, it is often stated merely that he had cirrhosis of the liver.

One fifth of all deaths in San Francisco in a recent year resulted from cirrhosis of the liver. It is interesting to note that of the ten cities in the United States having the largest number of alcoholics per capita—five of these are in California—San Francisco is in the lead. The other four are Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Jose.





California is one of the heaviest drinking areas of the country, next to Washington, D.C. This is doubtless because of the wine industry of the state. Since wine is of a higher alcohol content than (Turn to page 29.)

Second in a series of two articles.

HOW does alcohol affect various parts of the body? It is generally estimated that alcohol of the concentration found in beer, with 3 to 5 per cent, is not ordinarily very irritating to the lining of the stomach. When, however, this concentration goes up to 8 or 10 per cent, it becomes definitely irritating. At about 20 per cent, as in stronger drinks, it actually sears the lining of the stomach.

That is why the reaction may be violent. The person who has taken considerable alcohol does not go into a violent vomiting spell merely because he is intoxicated, but because the stomach lining is revolting against such strong irritation. The stomach expels the alcohol because it can no longer tolerate such burning.

ALCOHOL'S EMPTY CALORIES ARE EXPENSIVE

ALCOHOL'S <u>EMPTY</u> CALORIES ARE EXPENSIVE			
		Calories	Cost
	Beer	88	\$.10
	Wine	190	.35
	Whisky	800	.90
	Milk	225	.05

CALORIE CHART					
Nonalcoholic Beverages		Alcoholic Beverages			
Milk	6 ounces	169	Beer	12 ounces	130
Buttermilk	6 ounces	86	Brandy	3/4 ounce	78
Cream	1/2 cup	250	Gin	1 1/2 ounce	120
Chocolate Milkshake		469	Rum	1 1/2 ounce	150
Malted Milk		500	Whisky	1 1/2 ounce	150
Ice-cream Soda		300	Red Wine	4 ounces	95
Coffee (plain)		None	White Wine	4 ounces	90
Tea (plain)		None	Champagne	4 ounces	120
Cola Drinks	6 ounces	86			
Ginger Ale		75			
Tomato Juice	1/2 cup	23			
Orange Juice	1/2 cup	54			
Vegetable Soup		85			
Bouillon		2			

Alcohol contains	NO	VITAMINS
		PROTEINS
		MINERALS

Alcohol is not a food. It furnishes HEAT and ENERGY only.

This chart, displayed at the Cleveland Health Museum, shows why drinkers become malnourished and need massive doses of vitamins to rehabilitate them.

Especially for teen-agers

MANY of you teen-agers are now, or soon will be, driving a car. You likely will use either dad's car or perhaps your own—if you are lucky! This idea of driving does not shock anybody, either, as it used to do in grandpa's days, for it is far easier and more comfortable for you to drive than it was for grandfather. Your main concern, like his, will also be safety.

Besides the key that fits into the ignition, there is another one important to good driving. This is having the right attitude from the very beginning. Courtesy, sportsmanship, and skill are all important in this regard, but the safest drivers are those who are the most considerate toward other drivers and pedestrians. They train themselves to expect the unexpected by being cautious.

Also they keep in mind that other cars, pedestrians, and children might not act exactly as expected. Why do they drive well? Simply because they really want to. These are the people who deserve their licenses, for they earn them with much more than a mere minimum of effort.

Watching other people as they drive is a good way to begin. While riding in a car with friends or with your family, read the road signs and observe how the driver reacts to various situations on the road. Play a game of make-believe as the car nears intersections or gets involved in heavy traffic. If you were at the wheel, how would you react? Compare your judgment with that of the driver.

If you are old enough to drive in your state, inquire about the basic training course in your neighborhood. Many high school students are lucky enough to live in a community where their school offers a course in driving. A number of national organizations and agencies work closely with schools in developing young drivers. In such a course you will be taught how to manipulate the controls of a car, and also you will learn fundamental responsibilities toward other people on the road.

Students all over the country have taken advantage of classroom instruction as well as behind-the-wheel practice offered in many high schools. Statistics show that their safe-driving records outshine those of many who learn on the road.

You can also receive help by enrolling in a commercial driver-training school. But before you do so, you should investigate the ones in your vicinity. If either you or your parents are a bit doubtful about making the choice, the local police or licensing agency may suggest a reliable school.

If you find that none of these means are available to you, perhaps you might receive instructions from your parents, relatives, or a friend. Whatever you do, try to pick a teacher who has much patience and who is a good driver.

Should you choose to take lessons in this informal manner, a good idea might be to inquire about voluntary attendance courses. In many towns these are conducted by the police or other special agencies. As a rule they do not provide actual driving lessons, but they do offer classroom training on traffic laws, safe-driving tips, and other subjects. These will add greatly to the instruction given by a friend or a relative. (Turn to page 27.)

(Right) Here the instructor explains the function of the car fuel system. (Below) Before completing the course, all potential drivers must be prepared for any emergency.



Having now learned driving fundamentals, the young driver sits confidently behind the wheel, well prepared for her driving career.



Marie Layne

Photographs Courtesy of AAA Driver Training School



Classroom instruction in the fundamentals of safe driving is basic in an accredited high-school driver-education course.

PROBLEMS IN THE PHILIPPINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THREE LIONS



1. "Tuba," potent native drink, is extracted from the juice of young coconuts. Farmers climb the trees to tap the juice, which ferments in earthen jars.



2. At the end of the harvest season teen-agers have their drinking sprees in the fields. The young boy atop a water buffalo looks puzzled as other boys gulp down local bottled stuff.



3. During fiestas, drinks flow freely, and teen-agers gather at the doorstep of a nipa shack.



4. The corner "sari-sari" store is also the local bar, where imported white-label drinks are at a premium

WHEN the Spaniards discovered the Philippines in 1521, they also discovered a potent drink the natives were concocting. Tapping the juice from young coconuts, they placed the milky liquid in bamboo tubes and let this ferment. Locally the drink was called *tuba*, and through the years *tuba* making has remained a simple, inexpensive process.

In the interim between planting and harvesting, farmers take to *tuba* drinking at the nearby *sari-sari* store, and on fiestas extra bamboo tubes are cracked open and consumed.

On other islands where sugar is the main product,

a fermented drink called *basi* is manufactured from the crushed cane stalk. For the farmers and the teen-agers, this inexpensive mixture is an open invitation to drinking.

The situation in the city of Manila is much like that in any other big city of the world. Both imported and local drinks are served in licensed bars; theoretically, the minimum drinking age is twenty-one.

To organize an educational effort toward prevention, the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism has been set up, with the renowned war leader Basilio J. Valdez as chairman. This envisions a barrio-to-barrio movement, making the farmers understand

5. Notorious pubs in the tough district of Tondo in Manila are the cheap joints frequented by Tondo thugs.

6. Plain-clothes men raid illegal drinking joints. Bars in the cities and towns are licensed, and minors (under twenty-one) are not allowed to be served.



7. Police precinct in Tondo is busiest in the city. Here a plain-clothes man is searching a minor for destructive weapons. These young teen-agers were brought in and booked on a charge of disturbing the peace.



9. In a slum area this shed of corrugated iron makes a bar, usually run by a Chinese. During the liberation many such bars mushroomed in Tondo.



8. Another native drink, "basi," is made from fermented sugar-cane juice aged in bamboo tubes, and later on transferred to cans for retail sale.



10. One favorite combination that spells entertainment to the people is a cabaret, cockpit, and bar where women, drinks, and gambling intermingle.

the perils of *tuba* or *basi*, and also including alcohol education in the school systems of the islands.

Early this year the Committee sponsored the first session of its Institute of Scientific Studies at the University of the Philippines. Leading out in its organization, and serving as a major lecturer, was W. A. Scharffenberg, executive director of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

Educators, physicians, clergymen, public-health officials, law-enforcement agencies, and social-welfare workers began to develop methods to solve and prevent the problems of drinking in the Philippines.

11. Poverty and squalor help breed delinquents and spread the cancer of alcoholism.



12. Large breweries such as this at San Miguel produce beer in quantities that make it accessible to working classes.

13. Efforts are being organized to prevent the ravages of drinking, such as this Institute of Scientific Studies at the University of the Philippines.

W.A. Scharffenberg, executive director of the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism, speaks to the first session of the Philippine Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism.



Are we actually winning the war against dope?

Some time ago Harry J. Anslinger, United States Commissioner of Narcotics, declared that parents should feel encouraged "because their children are becoming increasingly safer from the vicious infection of drug addiction." He said that a five-year survey now completed by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics indicated that "we are defeating the cruelest enemy we've ever faced: the murderous traffic in dope."

One of the key signs upon which this conclusion was based, he explained, was statistics showing that the over-all number of new addicts is decreasing. He said the number for 1960 was 7,479, a drop of 1,858 from the 1956 figure.

However, in spite of Commissioner Anslinger's optimism, there is another side to the picture. The total number of addicts in the United States continues to grow. These addicts continue to infect others. These slaves of the habit are responsible for one fourth of the nation's crimes. Many resort to robbery and murder to get the narcotics they crave, costing the United States more than \$500,000,000 annually.

In at least two states, populous California and New York, which contain more than 60 per cent of the nation's addicts, according to the Federal Bureau, there is an alarming increase in addiction. What makes this situation especially grave is that a high percentage of these newly "hooked" addicts are boys and girls of high school age.

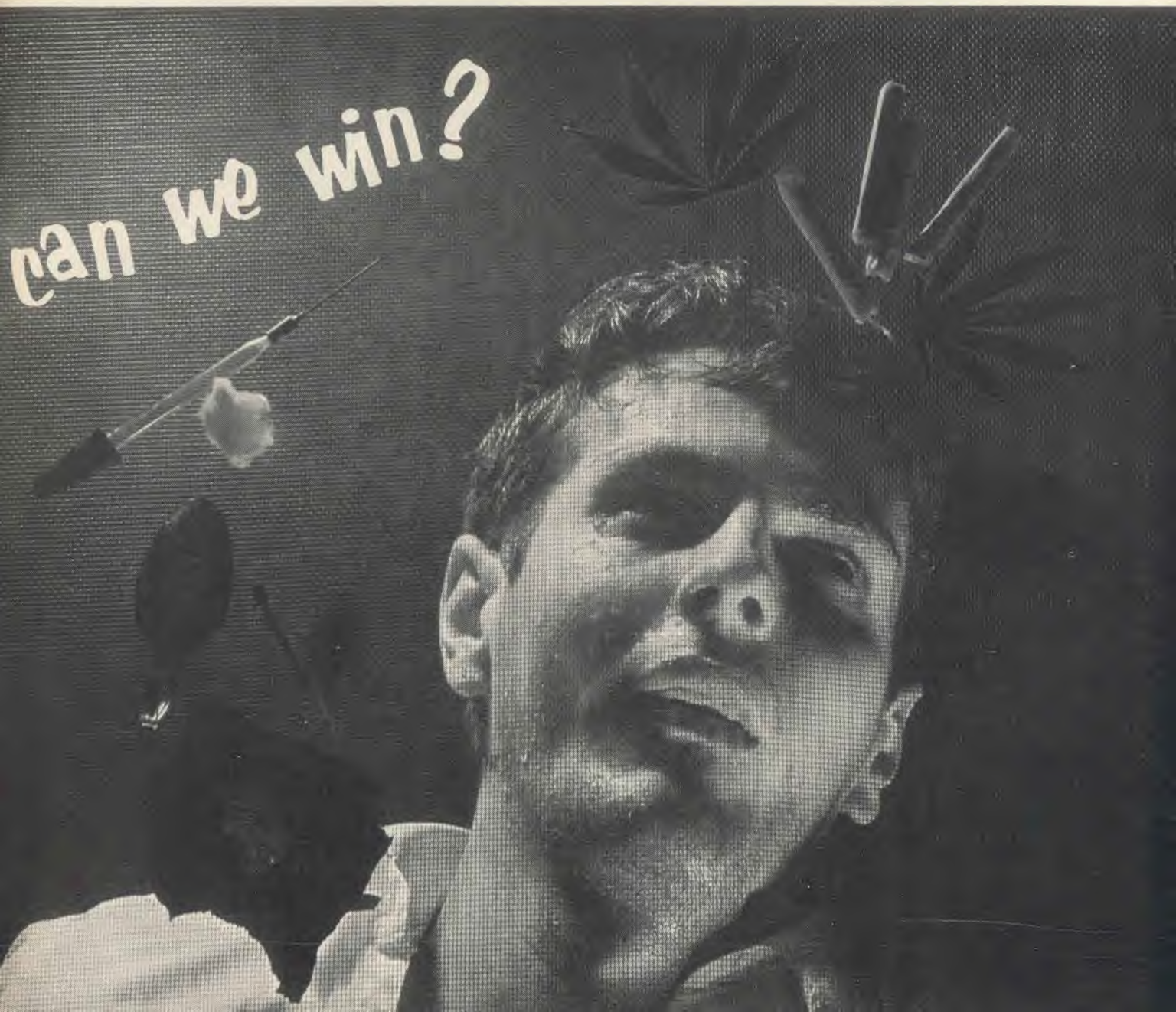
Investigating this phase of the problem, the Youth Board of New York found that the average age of 2,000 patients admitted to Riverside Hospital, New York, between July, 1952, and October, 1959, was eighteen years. About 10 per cent had begun using drugs at fifteen and a half.

Similar investigations in other parts of the country have shown the trend toward teen-age addiction. Forty-five per cent of the prisoner-patients admitted to the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1955-56 stated that they had been under nineteen years of age when they became slaves to the habit.

In California marijuana, easily obtainable from Mexico,

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KREYE

can we win?



as well as heroin and other opium derivatives, has been found by police investigators to be responsible for many senseless crimes, including murder.

"More than 10,000 addicts live in Los Angeles County and spend \$72,000,000 annually to sustain their addiction," Los Angeles County District Attorney William B. McKesson says in urging harsher penalties for those trafficking in narcotics.

The district attorney's estimate of addicts exceeds that of Commissioner Anslinger, who said not long ago that California had 7,411 addicts, most of them in the Los Angeles area, and that New York State had 20,648.

California's Attorney General Stanley Mosk has repeatedly emphasized the gravity of the situation in California. In the first extensive study of narcotics arrests made by any state in the Union, California's Bureau of Criminal Statistics found that 17,630 narcotics arrests were made in California from July, 1959, to June, 1960.

"This report," the attorney general commented, "disclosed that 30.7 per cent were repeaters. The total figure includes 1,132 juveniles under eighteen years of age."

Blame for the grave situation in California has been attributed to several factors, and steps are now being taken to attack the problem from a number of angles. This includes both more severe punishment of peddlers and compulsory hospital treatment for addicts.

Testifying before a Congressional committee, Commissioner Anslinger blamed the lack of stringent state laws and heavier prison penalties for the conditions in New York and California.

"The two states that need more stringent penalties the most and have not adopted them are New York and California," he declared.

He went on to say that states which have imposed mandatory confinement laws and then later relaxed the penalties have experienced immediate increases in the number of narcotics cases. He cited the Missouri experiment of two years ago as an example.

"About four years ago," he pointed out, "Missouri put into effect mandatory types of penalties, such as in the Federal law. Two years ago, they took them out, and it was a matter of just a very short time when the problem in Missouri started to increase. Fortunately, state authorities recognized right away what was happening, and in the present legislature they are putting the penalties back in."

Thus by trial and error, we learn that programs for "curing" addicts are ineffective without compulsory confinement. Commissioner Anslinger has long contended that such mandatory treatment is essential. He is also an ardent advocate of strict state and local laws, and maximum jail sentences for peddlers.

During the Congressional hearing, considerable criticism was directed toward the leniency certain judges have been showing convicted sellers of dope. Rep. John R. Pillion of New York said: "If you are going to control a vicious situation like this, you need a certain toughness and realistic approach on the part of the judges. . . . The lenience and the overindulgence for some of our criminals on the part of judges is a disgrace."

In Sacramento, California, similar criticism of judicial leniency in narcotics cases was also being voiced. There, Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker, representing

many of the state's law-enforcement officers, district attorneys, and others, urged tougher laws to curb the state's growing narcotics problem. But as might be expected, there was opposition from lawyers, some from judges.

There was also opposition from lobbyists, who are particularly powerful in Sacramento. This points up a factor that deserves public attention in the fight to curb the dope traffic. It is the undercover role that lobbying plays in this continuing battle.

Soon after the California Senate's judiciary committee began hearings on the question of harsher penalties, Los Angeles Police Chief Parker told the committee, "If California is serious about stamping out the narcotics evil, it must toughen up its attitude toward those who choose to deal in this lucrative but abhorrent and illicit trade."

After much heated debate, the committee approved a bill by State Senator Edwin J. Regan of Weaverville, which would increase penalties, permit the use of unidentified informers, and otherwise strengthen enforcement.

Many of the provisions in Regan's bill were almost identical to those advocated by Governor Edmund G. Brown, but in one respect, at least, it was much tougher on those convicted of narcotics offenses than the legislation recommended by the governor. It contained "no-probation" provisions, meaning longer prison terms for offenders. For instance, the bill did not change the ten-years-to-life sentence, which can be imposed under California law for a second offense of selling hard narcotics, but it did make the person so convicted ineligible for parole until he has served the full ten years. Under the existing law, the convicted dope peddler becomes eligible for parole after three years and four months.

Eventually this bill was passed by both the Assembly and the Senate, and was signed by the governor. "With this new law," he commented, "we are going to make headway." This new legislation assures longer prison terms for narcotics offenders in California.

This progress in California, in strengthening the arm of the law in dealing with those who traffic in dope, is encouraging. It indicates an increasing public and official awareness of the problem. But as Commissioner Anslinger warns: "We're still in for a long fight."

While tougher penalties will no doubt help, along with improved techniques for curing addicts, the big problem of checking the inflow of narcotics from outside the United States remains a Federal responsibility and one that continues to demand top-level attention.

As the Los Angeles *Times*, a crusader for strong measures to curb the dope menace, has pointed out editorially: California cannot solve its narcotics problem until the flow of dope across the border is stopped by more stringent Federal action.

Meanwhile, heroin, the opium derivative used by 93 per cent of the known addicts in the United States, continues to slip in from Red China and the Middle East. And although fewer than 300 agents have been responsible for the evidence used in the prosecution of some 8,000 Federal cases during the past five years, the need for more narcotics officers and tighter border control is apparent.

Despite certain encouraging statistics, the battle is far from won. It continues to call for the co-operation of both state and Federal authorities, and an aroused public, demanding action.

This battle demands constant vigilance.

SOME time ago Americans were shocked to read headlines vividly describing near-riotous conditions on a commercial airliner caused mainly by the behavior of passengers influenced by alcoholic beverages consumed while aboard. This led to a flood of letters asking Congressmen to do something toward combating dangerous practices such as these. One Representative received more than thirty letters unanimously supporting bills to prohibit the serving of alcoholic beverages on aircraft.

Despite this example of public concern, one of the great mysteries of the legislative process is the perennial failure of such legislation. Bills have been introduced in the past five Congresses to restrict or abolish such service, but after perfunctory referral to committee or, in some cases, a brief public hearing, they retain a pending status until they lapse with the adjournment of Congress every two years.

Meanwhile, American commercial airlines continue their "champagne flights" and still serve alcoholic beverages aloft, despite opposition from associations of pilots and stewardesses alike. Not only did church groups, temperance organizations, and doctors support legislation to ban such beverages in the air, but also those most responsible for the safety of a plane in flight—the pilots and stewardesses—worked for enactment of these laws through their professional organizations.

During the sessions of the Eighty-sixth Congress, nine bills were introduced in the House alone to provide for safety of planes and passengers alike. Among the authors were Representative John Bell Williams, chairman of the Subcommittee on Transportation and Aeronautics of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and the highly respected Congressman from Minnesota, Dr. Walter Judd.

Representative Thomas Lane, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill fairly typical of this type of proposed legislation. It added a subsection to the Civil Aeronautics Act stating that "no carrier shall sell or otherwise furnish to its passengers any alcoholic beverage (including beer and wine) for consumption while in flight within the United States."

Among the arguments for these bills, a prime factor was safety. Testimony given at hearings cited careless use of matches or cigarettes by inebriated persons, attempts to enter the cockpit, and lack of alertness in the event of an emergency. Pilots, with many burdens and responsibilities, at times must come out of the flight deck to maintain order in such cases. Stewardesses, too, feel that the present practice of serving liquor turns small disturbances into potentially dangerous acts. Since space on board a plane is limited and confining, opportunities to imperil the life and safety of those aboard are cited as much greater than on trains and buses.

Others appearing at these hearings mentioned the embarrassing situation created for other passengers in the plane, with little protection against their seatmate if he is behaving in a drunken manner. It is offensive to women, children, and other passengers for inebriates to roam around freely while a plane is in the air. Inconvenience to passengers was a point in testimony, as was the equal inconvenience of having to wait for dinner until all passengers on certain flights were served drinks.

Finally, Dr. Judd and others suggested the effects on the previous nondrinkers who, nervous over the impending flight or impressed by being offered a drink by an official of an airline, find this the first time in their lives that they were given the opportunity to drink. As Dr. Judd put it, "We know there is a certain percentage of human beings who cannot handle alcohol once they start. Some put it as high as one out of seven. Others say it is about one out of twelve. But it wrecks their lives."

Despite urgent testimony by the Airline Pilots Association, the Airline Stewards and Stewardesses Association, and other groups, no action was taken on these bills. One reason was the new Federal Aviation Agency rule prohibiting the consumption of alcoholic beverages aboard an aircraft unless this liquor be served by the air carrier, and providing that no air carrier shall serve liquor aboard an aircraft to a person in a state of intoxication. This prohibition (in theory) of the hip flask, and the view that timely regulation under present statutes was a more desirable source of action than legislation, caused opposition (Turn to page 32.)

Repeatedly bills have been introduced into Congress to ban alcohol in air, but—

WHY NO ACTION?

Donald H. Ackerman, Jr.

Assistant to Congressman

Gerald Ford, Jr.

Fifth District, State of Michigan

PAUL HARVEY



Give money; that'll make everything all right. All the things Americans used to pray for, now they pay for.

Taxes taking too much of your money? Don't take time to change the laws. Cheat.

Juvenile crime increasing five times faster than juvenile population, a nation of parents terrified by their own children. Don't take them to church. Send a donation.

And get Washington to appropriate money.

New York's Senator Javits has it figured out. "Youth crime is increasing at an alarming rate. Young offenders become hardened criminals." So he says our Government must launch a "crash program" to combat delinquency. He says that \$47,000,000 ought to do it.

Money will fix anything.

Dad last night at the dinner table was talking about gouging an extra fifty out of his expense account. That was clever.

The youngster steals \$50 from a supermarket, and it's a crime.

He's too young to understand.

The store clerk is bribed to "push" one particular mattress, perfume, camera. It's all right. If he gets caught, he can bribe the department head to look the other way. Money can do anything.

We want an airfield in Afghanistan? Make a deal. "Foreign aid" for one airfield. Money will buy anything.

Or anybody. Though some come high, \$50 a night. Because the madam gets half and the cop on the beat gets 10 per cent and the cab driver gets 5.

You hire labor pickets, or buy labor peace. But this is the password of the day: pay.

Our intended Saviour told us there would be days like these. He said that they would come close to the time of the end.

"**P**APER money will bandage any hurt," won't cure it, but might hide it. That is the credo of the age in which we live. That, the star we steer by. "If you want it, buy it. If you don't have the money, steal it."

Who gets justice is determined by who can buy the best lawyer.

In the jungle the natives get restless. "Send them money."

You don't like Castro; don't buy his sugar, "cut off his money."

Personal budget doesn't balance; don't discipline yourself, strike for higher wages.

Community budget doesn't balance; don't economize, run to Washington with a tin cup, and get a handout. Washington doesn't have any money? Tell 'em to take it from your neighbor's pocket, but get it! Or get voted out!

Money will fix anything.

Anything!

Shovel money into the cancer fund. Don't stop drinking! Don't stop smoking. Don't inhibit yourself.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC KREYE



RAFER JOHNSON -- GREATEST A



Rafer puts the shot during the Olympic decathlon competition, winning the event.

TO APPLY the title "Greatest All-Round Athlete" to anyone but Rafer Johnson would be mere press-agent hoopla. But in Rafer's case the facts speak for themselves.

During May, 1961, Rafer headed a list of seven athletes and six coaches chosen for the track and field hall of fame honors in elections conducted by the Helms Foundation in Los Angeles.

The decathlon—Rafer's specialty—is a grueling test of all-round physical and mental ability, requiring speed, endurance, co-ordination, timing, and strength all wrapped up in one human package.

In the modern version of the decathlon, ten events must be completed in forty-eight hours. Each athlete is graded on a point system with the one gaining the largest number of points being the winner. The first day's events include the 100-meter dash, the broad

jump, the shot put, the high jump, and the 400-meter flat race. On the second day come the 110-meter hurdles, the discus and javelin throws, pole vault, and the 1,500-meter flat race.

Now twenty-seven years old, Rafer is a native of Hillsboro, Texas. As a teen-ager he moved with his family to Kingsburg, California, near Fresno. At Kingsburg High School he starred in a variety of sports, giving promise of future greatness. After graduation, he enrolled at the University of California at Los Angeles, where he perfected his skills as a master of the decathlon under Coach Elvin "Ducky" Drake.

Rafer's first win in a major event was at the Pan-American Games, held in Mexico City in 1955, where he took first prize in the decathlon with 6,994 points. The same year he came in first in a meet at his home town of Kingsburg, with 7,983 points, establishing his first world record.

Interview by Richard H. Utt

The following year he placed first in the National A.A.U. meet at Crawfordsville, Indiana, later repeating the triumph at A.A.U. meets in 1958 and 1960. In the 1960 competition, in Eugene, Oregon, he scored the fantastic world-record-breaking total of 8,683 points.

One of Rafer's greatest accomplishments was carrying off top honors in a 1958 United States-Russia meet in Moscow, in competition with Russia's finest athletes.

This outstanding young man was chosen for a place on the United States Olympic team in 1956. In the games that year at Melbourne, Australia, Rafer won the silver medal in the decathlon for his country, placing second, with 7,587 points.

At the 1960 Olympics at Rome, Rafer not only won the gold medal

but also posted a new Olympic record. How does he do it? We are 5 feet, three inches; weight, 175 pounds; to it than that.

"To begin with," Rafer says, "I use everything in your power and years of hard work. You can't develop overnight. To reach the top, you must be sharp. Start early, keep your mind on the obstacles to overcome, and be ready for the next time."

Rafer knows what difficulty he has. He injured his back in a car accident a year before he had time to compete and win the gold medal.

"Mental attitude," he says, "is the key. You must believe in yourself and believe you can win."

Some people, he says, think you are a good sport. To win he is merely trying to do his best.

To illustrate what he means, he says, "I was wheeled into the operating room. The doctor said, 'I don't care whether you win or lose, just get the stitches straight?'"

Some of Rafer's training consists of three hours of practice in the afternoon. He always says, "It doesn't always work out, but I try to do it a day, and isn't too finicky. My meals should be regular, since I don't like to gain on excess weight."

Like the great majority of athletes, Rafer doesn't drink. His reason? He rather craves it. "I neither drink nor smoke," he says. "I don't like the smell of alcohol. It's awkward to refuse a drink when what people think in this respect is to drink."

Even though Rafer goes for the gold, he is a thoroughgoing sportsman with C. K. Yang. Yang has posted some phenomenal records, close second to Rafer in many events. Rafer has fewer than Rafer. Rather than Rafer had given much help to Yang. One of this is, "He helped me to win. He also abstains from alcohol."

Rafer's sportsmanship and

ROUND ATHLETE

d of 8,392 points for the United States. Rafer whether he had any secrets that that he has a tall, powerful build,—six ds,—but we suspected there was more

“you have to set your goals and do e them. It takes years of concentration o practice, not for two or three weeks, ngle event. It’s something you don’t in anything, you have to be physically y fit, keep training. Everybody has se once, work a little harder preparing

re. Shortly before the 1960 Olympics obile accident, but recovered just in

“is also important. An athlete has to hat he is doing.”

at winning isn’t so important, just so s is all wrong: “When a man tries to est.”

fer tells a little parable: “When you’re do you say to the surgeon, ‘Doc, I in this operation, but be sure to make

that have made him a champion are, at the track, usually from three to six to get eight hours of sleep, but this e, he says. He eats three good meals e what he eats. But he thinks these tween-meal eating may lead to putting

letes, Rafer neither drinks nor smokes. states, “I can only speak for myself. I don’t like the smell of liquor, and ” When asked whether he finds it noke, Rafer says, “I couldn’t care less

h competition with a determination to port. An example of this is his friend- s U.C.L.A. teammate from Formosa, athlon records himself, coming in a Olympics, with 8,334 points, just 58 publicity was given to the fact that competitor, Yang. Rafer’s own version as I helped him.” By the way, Yang pacco.

in the way he (Turn to page 34.)



Holder of the world record in the decathlon, Rafer displays three symbols of decathlon field events—the shot put, the javelin throw, and the discus throw.

Rafer Johnson chats with C. K. Yang of Taiwan during a break at the Olympic Village in Rome. Both were top contenders in the decathlon competition, Rafer in first place.



Javelin throwing is a real test of muscle co-ordination and prowess.

This educational study, begun in January, 1959, was made by Billy McCormack in partial fulfillment for a Master of Arts degree at Northwestern State College, in Louisiana. The survey was of students in two southwest Louisiana high schools located in contrasting areas as far as legal liquor is concerned. Each is in a city of approximately 10,000 population.

Billy McCormack

THE immediate purpose of this study was to compare attitudes of students in a wet-area school with students in a dry-area school relative to the consumption of alcoholic beverages, and to find what effects, if any, alcohol's availability and the prevailing social attitudes of the area might have upon their behavior. It was believed that the compilation and interpretation of the data of such a survey would indicate, along with other related surveys, a general pattern of teen-age attitudes toward such drinking. It was felt that with available statistical studies on teen-age attitudes combined with medical and other scientific studies, a more intelligent analysis could be made of the possibilities of understanding the factors in the primary group association and the broad social milieu which influence the use of alcoholic beverages.

In the two schools studied many of the students reported that they did not drink, and many had never so much as tasted an alcoholic beverage, but all students had definite opinions concerning the questions asked them in this survey.

Although 73 per cent of the wet-area students have had at least one drink, only 38 per cent are users at present, users being those who drink on special occasions, when they get a chance, or at parties. In the dry-area school, whereas 69 per cent have had at least one drink, only 26 per cent are users. These percentages are high enough, but when compared with other similar studies, they are somewhat dwarfed. In the Racine County, Wisconsin, survey, two thirds of the high school students were found to be users. In the Nassau County, New York, survey, 88 per cent of the high school students were found to be users.

In both the dry and wet schools the percentage of boys who drink exceeds that of the girls. In both areas the percentage of users remains near the same until their seventeenth year, where it turns upward sharply, with the ex-

ception of the seventeen-year-old girls from the dry area. In the wet-area schools 61 per cent of the seniors are users. Only 35 per cent of the seniors from the dry-area school are users.

About two thirds of the student users from both schools drink seldom, or less than once a month. Very few of the students drink regularly, that is, once a week or more. Student users from both schools drink beer more than any other alcoholic beverage. About half of them drink beer, about a fourth drink wine, and the other fourth drink hard liquor.

Student users spent little money on alcoholic beverages. During the two weeks preceding the answering of the questionnaire only fifty-eight respondents reported spending money for alcohol. Most of the users from both schools drink on special occasions such as a marriage, birthday, or holiday. Most of these students have not become heavy drinkers. However, more than one third of the boys from both schools have become light-headed at times. Eight per cent from the dry area and 17 per cent from the wet area have been tight or drunk. The percentage of girls who were made ill from drinking exceeded that of the boys.

Seventy per cent of all students have at one time had a drink of some alcoholic beverage. Seventy-five per cent reported that they did not like their first taste. Most students were under twelve years of age when they took their first drink and more than half with their parents at home when it happened. In the wet area, where taverns and clubs are plentiful, 37 per cent of the wet-area school users took their first drink in such places. Most of the students said it was curiosity that influenced them to take their first drink.

About 20 per cent of both groups studied have their parents' permission to drink, but of those who use alcoholic beverages 50 per cent in the dry area and 40 per cent in the wet area have parental permission. More than one

HIGH SCHOOLS IN "WET" AND "DRY" AREAS

third of all students have parents who keep alcoholic beverages at home, but of those who use it, 52 per cent in the dry area and 61 per cent in the wet area have parents who keep it at home. Beer is the alcoholic beverage kept at home by most of the parents, but more than one third of them keep hard liquor more than any other.

About half of the students have fathers who drink, but of those students who themselves drink, 67 per cent in the dry area and 75 per cent in the wet area have fathers who drink. About one third of all the mothers of the students from both schools drink, and, of the students who drink, 50 per cent have mothers who use alcoholic beverages. Most of the mothers who are

users drink less than once per month, but more than 20 per cent drink from one to three times per month, and over 20 per cent of the mothers of the wet-area students who drink use it at least once each week. Almost all the students are living with both parents in unbroken homes, so far as separation and divorce are concerned. There is a slightly higher percentage of student users among children whose parents are in the armed services.

Catholic student users exceed Protestant users by 15 per cent in the dry area and 39 per cent in the wet area. Over 80 per cent of all the students had been to church at least once during the immediate past four Sundays and over 40 per cent had attended church

on all four Sundays. Thirty-four per cent of the Protestants and 70 per cent of the Catholic student users from the dry area went to church on all four Sundays. Twenty-five per cent of the Protestants and 73 per cent of the Catholic student users from the wet area went to church on all four Sundays.

An overwhelming majority of all students said that people do not need to drink to have good social relations. Most of them said that drinking causes arguments and fights and that it makes parties rough. Most students thought it wrong to drink on any occasion. A few thought they would be called "square" if they refused to drink. They expressed respect for the boy or girl

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PEYOTE--POTENTIAL ANTIBIOTIC

1. At Arizona State University (left to right) David Walkington, Paul Sypherd, and Dr. James A. McCleary check results of their study of peyote. Discovered to contain an antibiotic, peyote may one day rival penicillin as a killer of harmful bacteria.



3. The alkaloidal compound in the mescal which does the work is extracted by Walkington. Alcohol, used to facilitate extraction, is itself later extracted from the compound. Research indicates peyote may be administered in nontoxic doses.



2. Cutting open the mescal cactus is the first step in the research process. This cactus grows in northern Mexico, southern Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. Use of peyote by some Indians as a narcotic and intoxicant, to create a state of hallucination and induce visionary dreams, has caused it to be banned in Arizona.



4. Peering at peyote at work under microscope is ASU graduate student John Flood, whose curiosity as to the reason why peyote has hallucinative effects led to the ASU experiment.



5. Paul Sypherd measures effect of peyote extract on culture of *Staphylococcus aureus*, some strains of which cause infant diarrhea and pneumonia. These bacteria are resistant to other antibiotics, including the best yet developed.

HERBERT P. FORD

The familiar postmidnight quiet of the big city general hospital settled down like a comfortable blanket on the long, dimly lighted corridors. Only at the nurses' stations—compact little centers of personnel and pills breaking up the monotony of patient rooms—was there any stir in the night.

Suddenly the quietness erupted into a screeching howl of profanity that echoed and re-echoed up and down the corridors. The white-clad night supervisor of Unit 200-D came

to instant life, her eyes blazing.

"It's 276 again," she snapped at her floor crew, already on their feet. "Let's go!"

Their soft-soled shoes squishing as

they sped along the vinyl corridor floor, the four nurses turned into Room 276's doorway just as its loud-mouthed, red-faced occupant came lumbering out. Like a flying wedge, two ahead and low, two behind and high, the plucky nurses drove the big man backward, straining and sputtering, into the room.

"When we hit the bed grab his feet, Judy," the supervisor panted, "and lift them high and over into the bed." With a loud "Ummph!" the quartet drove the man against the bed. Then young, slightly built Judy grabbed his feet and lifted high, as his body went backward onto the bed. The quartet pinned the thrashing man down, one at his shoulders, one at midriff, one at knees, one at his feet.

They need not have bothered.

Almost as though some unseen anesthetist had administered an instant-acting gas, the patient ceased to struggle. Within a moment or two he was sleeping again.

Wearily from the episode's shock, the nurses trudged back to their station. "He's got to have a 'special' first thing in the morning, or I won't be back tomorrow night," the supervisor spat out as they settled down to their chart-checking again. "Look at this chart. Acute dehydration, my left eye! The only dehydration that guy has is from not having his bottle for the last two days.

If there is anything we don't need in this hospital, it's a rummy like that. And what makes me maddest is that his doctor gave that stupid dehydration diagnosis just to get him in here. That doctor knows we are not equipped to handle his kind of case. He should go to some psycho unit where they have good restraining procedures. Fellows like this are the general hospital's unwanted patients, and the doctors aren't making it any better trying to get them in under false pretenses."

Such scathing remarks against "the unwanted patient," the heavy drinker sent by physicians to general hospitals to

recuperate, are becoming more frequent. The rebuke is as much against the physician who sends the drinker in with a false or near-false diagnosis as against the drinker himself. But the problem is a considerable one, and it is growing.

There are many ways in which physicians seek to have heavy drinkers admitted to general hospitals, nurses say. Two of the most often used are for a doctor to recommend to his drinking patient, who, incidentally, may actually need imposed bed rest, that he go to the hospital's emergency room and request that his personal physician be called to care for his "emergency." The physician arrives, makes a diagnosis of some semicritical nature, and sees that the patient is sent directly to a room without admitting procedure.

Another method is for the patient to be sent to the hospital by ambulance. The ambulance driver reports the arrival of the patient, and his physician calls the hospital's admitting office to say that the patient is too sick to go through routine admitting. In both instances the admitting office, acting on specific instructions of physicians, makes immediate room assignments, and patients are quickly taken to their rooms.

Hospital officials are quick to point out that they do not have an actual ban against alcoholics; they take all sick persons. But, they say, the complexity of the heavy drinker's case is such that he must have extra supervision when admitted to the hospital.

THE *Unwanted* PATIENT



"We simply will not admit a known alcoholic any more unless a special nurse is assigned to care for him at all times," one hospital's admitting nurse said. "The risk of the alcoholic patient's going berserk is too great to the other patients. We have seen it happen too many times in the past to let it continue."

"I can readily understand why the general hospital does not like to admit the drunken patient," one physician commented recently. "He is a nuisance. He makes noise and is obstreperous. If he would sleep or conduct himself like other

patients, he would be fine. But he wants to move about, talk loudly, and pick fights."

Many hospital employees admit that a public disrespect for drunken persons plays some part in their attitude toward the drunken patient, but they clearly remember that their duty is to help all sick persons. Most feel there is a distinct difference between the sickness of the drunken person and that of a person suffering from heart disease.

Hospital admitting nurses are the ones who have initial hospital contact with drunken persons seeking admission to general hospitals. Their most constant criticism is that some physicians continue to try to "sneak" drunken persons into the hospital under false pretenses.

"Usually the first we know that the patient is a drunk is when he comes staggering in," states a long-time admitting nurse. "And when we have to enter a diagnosis of gall-bladder attack, malnutrition, nervous exhaustion, acute gastroenteritis, acute dehydration, or any one of a hundred other diagnoses on our charts, it is sickeningly untruthful.

"We would a hundred times rather enter the words 'acute alcoholism' or some similarly descriptive wordage, and assign proper supervisory care to such patients, than later on have a big upset on the floor to which he has been assigned.

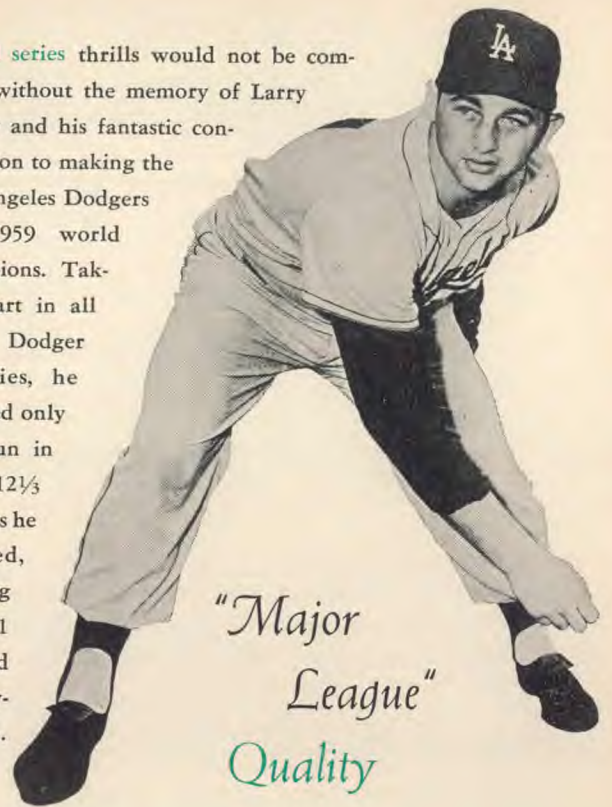
"When such upsets occur, we must often ask the patient to leave. So it is to the advantage of both the patient and the doctor to face up to the true nature of the case at the outset. When everyone understands the case clearly, it is much easier to handle. If the doctor actually feels the patient has one of the medical problems which are a by-product of the drinking, then these problems can be cared for much more quickly and efficiently by stating the facts as the patient enters the hospital."

Most hospitals ask that patients trying to get over a drinking binge be immediately assigned a special nurse on admission. "Our regular hospital staff simply cannot handle the intensive care necessary for the alcoholic person," one hospital official stated. "Just as the regular hospital staff cannot handle every detail of the critically injured person, so it cannot care for the many problems that arise in connection with the alcoholic."

Medical officials cite a rising economy as one factor in the growth of the problem. More persons with both an alcohol problem and plenty of money can now seek cure care in the general hospital. Admittedly the care is not what it would be in a hospital that specializes in care of the alcoholic, but scores of persons with the problem prefer to try to hide it through general hospital care. About all that can be done in the general hospital is to treat the by-products of drinking such as malnutrition, dehydration, and nervous exhaustion that often accompany alcoholic binges.

"As long as the unthinking physician continues to try to cover up for the drinking person and thereby upsets the routine of the general hospital, and as long as drinking people think that pills alone can cure their drinking, just that long will we have this admittedly restricted but important medical problem," a hospital staff member says. "Those who have observed drinking persons over a period of years know without question that there is a great moral basis to the problem of alcoholism, and hospitals and pills alone can never care for that need."

World series thrills would not be complete without the memory of Larry Sherry and his fantastic contribution to making the Los Angeles Dodgers the 1959 world champions. Taking part in all four Dodger victories, he allowed only one run in the 12½ innings he pitched, making a 0.71 earned run average.



WHEN major leaguers are pitted against one another on the playing field, you can be sure of one thing: Each fellow out there is putting forth his best effort in both ability and spirit. Major-league baseball can't be played any other way.

The same holds true in daily living. Our best effort is required in everything we do to bring out the "major league" quality in all of us. Each of us has the ability and the spirit to rise to our greatest potential, and only second-rate effort will keep us from reaching that status.

In recent years I have noticed that my training habits for baseball serve me well—with or without

Larry Sherry

my uniform. In conditioning myself to play professional baseball, clean living and the desire to play and win were guiding principles for me to apply in my personal life, too. The years of training which eventually brought me to the pitcher's mound in major-league ball also molded the now unbreakable habits of proper eating and sleeping, thus keeping me in top physical condition. And while we do not know exactly how much harm smoking and alcohol might bring to an athlete, we do know that they certainly do not help him in any way.

Equally important in the life of a major leaguer is the spirit with which he faces the challenge. Faith in oneself is a vital factor for success in any undertaking in life. This basic concept has been proved many times in the deeds of men and women who were able to accomplish great things in the face of seemingly impossible conditions.

Take my word for it: Winning ways will produce winning results.



At Thanksgiving time children usually don't have to telephone their parents to see if they would be welcome at home for the holiday. Here's a case that's different.

scene in a movie, may bring unwanted memories. In my particular case the coming Thanksgiving holiday with its suggestions of family togetherness holds a disturbing influence, darkening my outlook with a sinister shadow from the past and forcing me to look back.

At first I see a girl who knew shame, shame because my mother loved a bottle more than she loved me, shame because there was no way to disguise this humiliating knowledge, shame because there was nothing to do but grow more ashamed!

Then I see disappointment, resentment, anger, and disgust which naturally caused bitter scars, my withdrawal from normal pastimes, a growing reluctance of others to accept the brooding child I was, or occasionally the opposite extreme of well-meaning people who offered not genuine understanding, but tactless charity which insulted the only decency I had managed to salvage from a tormented youth—my sensitive pride!

Also I see loneliness when I look back, fear of ridicule, confusion, and uncompromising pride, which ruled my unstable behavior.

And it is only natural that I recognize hope among these memories of disgrace, for it was always there. I still see my constant, impractical hope that mother might change. This hope made the defeats unbearable, and certainly must be the most unrelenting instrument of torture ever known to the daughter of an alcoholic.

Holding my trusting hand, mother led me through busy streets and up secret ramps to dark, hidden doors, where, at the required number of knocks, a small window opened in the door. A dim light showed through the window, framing an unknown eye that peeked

The daughter of an alcoholic always looks back. A newspaper item describing a traffic accident, or a comedy drunk

out. When the door opened, it revealed a speak-easy, complete with vases of artificial flowers and an expensively dressed proprietor.

For a moment upon entering, I received flattering attention from other patrons, but my importance was no more genuine than the dusty paper floral arrangements. The glamour and forced laughter were unnatural and empty.

Hearing my mother say our purchase of colorful apparel designed for the fashionable kindergartner would be postponed came as no surprise, for I was already seated at a corner table, desperately squeezing a chilled bottle of "pop" in my hand, knowing from experience that it was the only real thing within my grasp. Then I found myself alone to think of the broken promise—to watch mother drink the hours away.

After an agonizing afternoon behind such a secret door, we stopped in a café for dinner. Before finishing the meal, my mother moaned, shut her bleary eyes, and passed out, laying a sleepy head in her mashed potatoes. Except for a helpful cab driver who was nearly as embarrassed by her condition as I was, I am unable to recall our method of getting home.

But one of the clearest memories of my entire life concerns the following day. Mother led me back to the same café and sent me inside alone after her purse, which had been overlooked during our awkward exit. Again the shame rises, to surround and haunt that defenseless girl—to remain an influence on the woman she became.

By the sixth grade I gave up all pretense that my home life followed a normal pattern. To compensate, I hid behind a thickening wall of defiance and indifference which was firmly cemented by a disastrous visit mother made to my school. Although my earlier fears turned to horror, she was unmoved by my sullen dissuasion and attended the annual open house at school one swallow away from being too drunk to walk.

Mother provided two stepfathers during my growing years, but made no attempt to alter the seldom-mentioned fact that I had never set eyes on my true father. My second stepfather, her third husband, shared her unreasonable interest in liquor. Many nights I brought him home, half carrying him, half pushing him, and nearly giving way to the spiteful temptation to leave him sprawling in the nearest alley.

Many mornings, yielding to their tearful pleadings, I made reluctant trips to the grocery store, where the proprietor, in spite of my age, sent me home with a bottle of wine or beer.

Becoming accomplished in the art of telling a well-rehearsed lie, I was promoted to other duties which would have held humiliation for my parents had they done them. Starting with innocent phrases which grew to fantastic stories when the smaller excuses had been overused, I phoned in to inform a changing list of employers that my parents could not make it to work. The series of closely supervised calls was always climaxed by my personal visit to pick up their termination pay after they went on extended binges or, even worse, appeared on the job under the influence of alcohol. Like an obedient robot, I handed the paycheck to my master, who waited just out of sight, and watched either or both of them head to the nearest bar.

When their thirst went unappeased, nothing was sacred. They borrowed money, postponed payments due, spent the food allowance, or because it was a much easier solution, took the cash I had earned from a part-time job after school.

During my high school years a sympathetic schoolteacher, who succeeded in chipping through several layers of defiance, invited the girl she found underneath to share her living quarters, and I accepted, fully intending to make my move a permanent arrangement.

Soon came news that my mother had a badly injured ankle. Returning home, I found her flat on her back as expected. I also discovered she was drunk. Both my pity and anger were aroused as I stood there trying to decide whether to stay and care for her or to run away from the closing, smothering trap. During my moment of indecision, she rose from her bed and hobbled across the room to a table which held an open bottle of wine. After filling a dirty glass, she returned to the bed with a lopsided stagger. I walked out!

But I did not escape the trap. It went along with me, in the form of guilt and loyalty and the stubborn whisper of hope. When my first baby was born, mother drank her fill, then came to see me. She did not visit again during my stay at the hospital because more urgent drinking activities kept her away.

At our daughter's baptism, it was my stepfather's turn. He witnessed this event, including the ceremony held inside the church, without bothering to subdue a drunken, argumentative mood.

Yet like many others who hide behind a shell of hardness and insensitivity, I am affected by family holidays and other sentimental occasions, which fill me with a longing to take part in an unrestrained personal relationship. This illogical desire has always been strongest on Mother's Day.

It was especially true the year our family made a surprise visit to my parents, who had recently moved to another town. My protective armor, softened by wistful sentiment, was immediately penetrated with naked pain as the woman we intended to honor greeted us in an incoherent alcoholic stupor. She staggered and could hardly talk. She did not even recognize us at first, finding it difficult to focus her dull eyes.

I looked at my four-year-old daughter, who held a carefully wrapped present. Her smile had disappeared, as well as her childish abandon. There was a question on her lips and a growing trace of fear at the possible reply. It was almost as if she knew instinctively there could never be a satisfactory answer.

Through the filth and vulgarity, the countless jobs, the moves from one shabby apartment to another shabbier still, the sing-song promises, the pleadings, the insults, the constant excuses, raced my memory. Through the lonely nights of waiting and listening and dreading, strangling dishonesty, frightening people who drank and fell and slept where they fell as I moved among them, the agony of reliving each horrible memory until the sober periods were spoiled, the injustice and disgust of it all—right up to the moment of seeing my child stand unprotected and newly faced with an inner conflict—ran the merciless reminder of uncontrollable shame.

Standing there between my daughter and her drunken grandmother, I faced a new challenge. The issue was not whether I could forgive my parents for another act of weakness and self-indulgence; rather it was how I could possibly forgive myself for carelessly leading my young into the same hideous abnormality I despised and had fought continually to escape.

Knowing with every instinct and memory by which I was ruled that such a betrayal was unforgivable, I left the role of stunned bystander and moved forward with the next generation. No longer would I helplessly witness the self-imposed destruction, nor allow such a twisted sight to blot out other more healthy impressions for my young, nor open our doors to the drunken strangers who resembled my parents, nor take a chance of an afternoon visit.

The life my family and I have built is not perfect. It still holds disappointments, doubts, and moments of regret. But now these feelings are genuine. They are based on honest mistakes, on sincere efforts to accept a full share of responsibility.

Therefore these frailties are not beyond my grasp. I can actually touch them and see them in their true dimensions and sometimes, even, change them. I greedily hold to the remaining hours of each day, repeating over and over again that I can rush to meet tomorrow, aware of the possible danger, yet knowing I am anxiously awaited by those who are unafraid.

I am tired of looking back! I want to prepare for the future—for Thanksgiving. If all goes well, that afternoon will find us at my mother's table, where we have taken our place for the past several years. We never get together for Christmas, and have found that the Fourth of July is out of the question as are all

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ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

ann nelson



AS THE last notes of the aria resounded through the San Francisco Opera House, a vibrant glow shone from the delicately contoured face of Delores Contina. Tremendous applause spread contagiously through the audience. In her dressing room she had to pinch herself to see if she were dreaming. The words of her voice coach came back to her as her dreams and ambitions now took on greater depth and meaning: "Delores, if you will work hard, very hard, someday you will sing in Carnegie Hall."

With renewed inspiration she practiced many toilsome but rewarding hours. In a short six weeks she would encounter one of the greatest challenges of her life, an engagement at the Chicago Opera House, which was only a step from fulfilling her lifelong dream.

One summer day as she was running energetically up and down her scales, she noticed that her voice was slightly hoarse. Blaming the hoarseness on such long hours of practice, she took some aspirin and went to bed early that evening. Several days later, however, her hoarseness becoming worse, Delores visited her doctor.

"Yes, Delores, I know, but"—Dr. Thompson had been her physician for years.

"Doctor, it just can't be. I—I won't let it!"

"Delores, I won't know whether it is cancerous until I receive the biopsy report. I'll let you know as soon as I find out. If it is malignant, we can operate immediately, and maybe save some of your voice, but only if it hasn't spread too far. The trouble with most patients with cancer in one

form or another is that they wait until it is widely spread before consenting to have a doctor operate. Then it is too late."

"But, doctor, it just can't be. I have to sing in ten days, and each day is precious to me. Everything depends on my being able to sing. My whole career is at stake!"

"Listen, young woman, if you don't stop smoking those cigarettes one after another, each day of your life is going to seem even more precious."

"If I can't sing, I don't want to live. I don't care about anyone or anything, but that contest—I have to sing!"

"Delores, now you are talking foolishly. You don't really mean what you say. You have everything to live for—a beautiful home, a wonderful husband, and three fine youngsters. Remember that! What would they do without you?"

Too worried and frightened to say anything to her family about the visit to the doctor, Delores tried to hide her worries beneath a mask of cheerfulness.

Three days later she again visited her doctor.

"I will come right to the point, Delores. Yes, you do have a small nodular growth on the forward third of your right vocal cord, which is malignant."

"No, no, this just can't be! There must be some mistake. Are you sure it is my report that you read?" she questioned.

"Yes, Delores, it was the correct one, but please don't get so upset. As I told you before, if it is removed at once, you will have a good chance of still being able to talk and maybe sing, although you must remember it will sound different, and it won't have the same quality it now has. I want you to go home and discuss it with your husband, remembering all the while that if you want to save your voice, the tumor must be removed as soon as possible."

"Well, I'll see, doctor. I'll let you know when we have decided."

As Delores left that office homeward bound, she suddenly felt as if her whole rose-colored world had shattered.

After talking the situation over with her husband, she searched desperately for some solution to her problem. She had to find a way out!

Several months later, after having canceled her singing debut in the Chicago Opera House and having spent many days in a dark, damp uranium cellar somewhere in the Middle West, hoping for a cure, Delores returned to the office of Dr. Thompson. He carefully examined her again, this time facing a real problem. The cancer had spread farther.

Marlene Cales

This "Listen" story is the true experience of a well-known singer. Although names have been changed, the facts are accurate, showing how a coveted habit can at times cost a person the talent he cherishes the most—in this case a beautiful, professionally trained singing voice.

It was difficult for Delores to realize that it could have spread so quickly. Now an operation would be for saving her life, rather than merely taking a small portion of her larynx out. Dr. Thompson advised her that she must have her entire larynx removed, or a total laryngectomy. Having reconciled herself to the operation, Delores went home heavily burdened.

A week later, as she was taking care of last-minute details, she put several packages of cigarettes into her suitcase and purse. Although the doctor told her she would not be allowed to smoke, she simply couldn't give up her cigarettes.

Arriving at the large, beautifully designed brick hospital, Delores glanced quickly about the room that would be hers for the next six weeks, and wondered whether she would ever be able to go back to her family and home. Soon her nimble fingers carefully sought for secretive places in the room where she could hide her cigarettes.

Her husband and children visited her during the evening. She dreaded to have them leave, for she suddenly realized, "After tonight I will never speak another audible word to my family." She wept as she thought of the children. So much depended on her teaching the one-year-old to talk. And she had hoped to teach them all to sing as they

grew older. She suddenly felt paralyzed with the realization that this was all impossible now.

Then, after six long hours in the operating room the next morning, she slowly regained consciousness. Still under the effect of heavy sedatives, she let her questioning mind drift.

She remembered the first time she had taken a cigarette. She was only fifteen years old at the time, and going with a boy named Roberto. Since he was two years older than she, she deeply admired him and wanted to please him. One evening, while at a party where many of their close friends were gathered, Roberto offered her a cigarette. Not wanting Roberto to think she was a "square," she accepted the cigarette, pretending that it was "old stuff" to her.

That was where it had begun. Once she had accepted the cigarette, she couldn't refuse after that. She had gradually, over a period of several

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MAN IN SPACE

(Continued from page 9)

On re-entry, the astronaut experienced 11 G's, meaning that his weight was around 1,760 pounds.

Said Alan Shepard, "My senses were not impaired. I was able to move my fingers, see quite clearly, carry on my duties within the capsule. I could talk and hear properly."

Commander Shepard is a completely dedicated space man, as are all the other astronauts in the program. His enthusiastic personality and easy wit are as American as apple pie. He has short, crew-cut hair and appropriately colored sky-blue eyes. He has a high forehead, generous mouth, and full lips. In addition to his pleasant smile, he has a beautiful wife and two charming daughters, all of whom approve of his journeys into space.

Most impressive traits of Space Man Shepard are his frankness, humility, and honesty. "The biggest thrill for me," he commented, "was the actual realization that we could do it after all that preparation."

And speaking of preparation, he continued, "When you are planning to be a traveler in space, there is no fooling around with such things as drinking or smoking. You cannot smoke and still maintain your respiratory system at top peak. The space program is too important to us to fool around with anything that impairs our physical abilities.

"Obviously the same is true of drinking. If a man plans to make a flight such as mine, or as we plan in the future where the astronaut will orbit the earth, he will have to be in top physical condition in order to handle the task."

All evidence thus points in one direction. Earthbound human beings who use the cup or the fag are endangered by them. But when it comes to the rigors of space, and man sets his sights on the outer reaches, he must really leave behind any potential deterrent to his survival and eschew all that might prevent his sky travel from ending AOK.

ENJOY SAFE DRIVING

(Continued from page 11)

Quantities of safe-driving literature for public use are supplied by local and state traffic authorities. Pamphlets are also available, free of charge, from automobile manufacturers, insurance companies, and other private concerns. Most such material includes the following basic suggestions:

1. Remember to drive only when physically, mentally, and emotionally fit. The safety of others as well as your own depends on you.

2. Don't always be ready to blame the other person.

3. Have confidence in your ability.

4. Be alert and attentive always, concentrate, and keep your eyes on the road ahead.

5. Obey all rules of the road, speed limits, and parking regulations.

6. Learn about the care and maintenance of your car. Have periodic checkups of brakes, headlights, tires.

7. Always keep in mind that driving means more than merely knowing how to start, stop, and steer a car. Steering and other physical motion must become almost automatic, so that your attention is directed to the road and to traffic.

8. Be prepared to confront actual situations by testing the performance of the car under various road conditions.

9. Drive cautiously. Aim to prevent accidents.

10. Learn to judge speed and distance. A major cause of accidents is bad judgment and not bad luck. Good judgment comes from common sense and proper training. A driver must know how to adapt to different situations or conditions. Rain, snow, mud, fog, bright sun, darkness, straight highways, winding roads, intersections, bumpy streets, hills, heavy traffic, light traffic—all require the use of different tactics.

There is one other important thing. We all know that drinking and driving are a bad combination. All you have to do is pick up a daily newspaper, and you will find proof of this in reports of accidents caused by people who felt they were sober enough to be behind the wheel. Conclusive tests have proved that alcohol slows down a person's reaction time to an alarming extent. Although you may think you are feeling perfectly all right, you are an unsafe driver if you have been drinking. Fortunately, some people are aware of this. They leave their cars at home when they think they may use liquor. If you are with someone who has been drinking, ask the person to allow you to drive home. If you do not drive, make other arrangements for getting home.

Besides this advice, you will need actual experience at the wheel. You will find it rewarding and satisfying once you have mastered an automobile. A good driver really enjoys driving. His pleasure stems from his superior ability, because he is always the most confident, alert, and courteous driver on the road.

For most of you, a driving career lies ahead. For teenagers, it is a big day when you first take the wheel of an automobile, whether on a lonely country road with dad beside you or in a driver-training car with an instructor. From that very moment and with each added mile you drive in the years to follow, you will learn more about good driving. You will enjoy driving if you do it safely.

Frances C. Thompson

Seat of Honor



A vignette of human experience at Christmastime

BETSY joyously tackled her Christmas list, because this year she had wonderful news to share with all her friends. She was anxious to tell each one about the new house, for it was exactly what she had wanted for so long. And her mother was coming to spend Christmas with them! It was lonely for her since dad passed away.

Suddenly Phillip called from the next room: "Hey, Betsy, hurry up. We've got a long drive to the station ahead of us."

"All right, Phil. I'm almost through. I want to finish this last card, so we can mail it on our way." Then she hastily concluded the message, and sealed the envelope with a sense of anticipation.

"I'm through, Phil. Let's go," she called to her husband as she rose to meet him, stopping a moment at the bedroom door as she saw her eleven-year-old son patting his slicked-down hair, and urged, "Hurry, Bucky! We don't want to miss grandma!"

"How do I look?" Bucky asked his mother. "I s'pose grandma will say I've grown! I have, haven't I?"

"I'll say you have!" said Betsy, as she hugged her only child. "You're almost up to my chin now! Get your coat on. Father is waiting, and we have to stop at the post office on our way to the station."

They were quickly on their way, and reached the station in time to spot grandma as she carefully made her way down the steps from the train. She was wearing a perky black hat of a suitable shape to conceal her hearing aid, and a modish pair of glasses with decorated bows.

"Doesn't she look good!" Betsy exclaimed excitedly, as they converged on grandma and, amid loving greetings, led her to Phil's new car.

"How do you like it, mother?" asked Phil proudly.

"I'd say it is a beauty!" grandma

exclaimed enthusiastically, as she started to climb into the back seat with Bucky.

"Why don't you sit in the front seat with Phil, mother? It's the seat of honor, you know, as far as he is concerned," said Betsy.

But grandma settled herself comfortably beside Bucky on the back seat. "Bucky and I have too much to talk about, haven't we, Bucky?" And placing her arm about him, grandma added, "I suppose in a few more years you will not allow me to do this, will you, Bucky?"

Leaning contentedly on his grandmother's arm, Bucky replied, "Well, you and mom can. But nobody else had better try it!"

"You'll love the house, mother," Betsy chattered eagerly, as she turned to face her mother. "There are still a few things we have to do and some small purchases yet to be made, but I've saved them so we could shop together. And yesterday Phil bought a turkey—a twelve-pound bird. You should see it! And you are to be the one to roast the turkey; no one but you can do it as it should be done."

Betsy stopped somewhat breathlessly as the car rolled through traffic. But she could not keep silent, with so much to tell a long-absent mother. Patting the collar of her white wool coat, she began again:

"Mother, what do you think of my Christmas present? Phil gave me this coat as a present last night, so I could wear it during the holidays. Pretty classy, eh?" And she reached over and pressed Phil's hand, as she remembered his words and the look in his eyes as she put on the coat and heard him say she "had never looked prettier." "I've needed a coat for a long time, but didn't expect to have a new one, with the expense of the house and the furnishings; and it made me very happy."

Betsy was all aglow with happiness. She had so many things planned

for this Christmas holiday. Phil drove along at an even speed, approaching the cross street with the green light in his favor. A split second before he reached the intersection, he became aware of a weaving car bearing down from the side street, with apparently no intention of heeding the stop signal.

Betsy was still talking to her mother: "I'm dying for you to see my kitchen. It's out of this world! Just today I bought the curtains to match the—"

The shattering impact of grinding metal cut off the conversation. Then all was quiet.

Bucky looked at grandmother beside him, crushed against the end of the seat. Her hat and glasses had disappeared, the hearing aid was dangling from its cord around her neck. A thin stream of blood seeped from her mouth, her eyes stared glassily into the distance ahead, and she moaned with pain.

Bucky crawled out of the wreckage and over to his father, who lay sprawled against the curb. Bright red blood trickled down the side of his face, his eyes were closed, and one of his hands fluttered convulsively as he groaned weakly.

Next, Bucky looked for his mother, but could not find her. Finally, he heard a moan and discovered her lying far away from the wrecked car. As he stumbled toward her, she did not move, and no sound came from her lips. Her beautiful coat was covered with dirt. Before Bucky's eyes lay the mangled figure which only a few moments before had been his fond mother, and a cry of anguish escaped his lips.

He turned back to where his father lay silent, and sat down on the curb beside him—a bewildered, heartbroken boy of eleven, whose anticipation of a happy Christmas had turned into agony, and the future a blank.

"I had only a couple of beers," said the driver of the other car.

FLYING AND ALCOHOL

(Continued from page 6)

over. The two "passengers" on the wings were thrown clear, escaping unhurt. The pilot and the remaining passenger in the cabin suffered minor injuries. The C.A.B. report said that the pilot was "incapacitated for flight by reason of intoxication."

Another danger of alcohol for the pilot is the tendency to dilate skin blood vessels with excessive loss of body heat in the colder air at progressively greater altitudes. Eye movements for scanning the sky and the terrain below are less efficient, operating at only 20 per cent efficiency after one and a half pints of beer or after one to two ordinary cocktails. The field of vision is also narrowed because of alcohol, and night vision is badly affected, being cut to 50 per cent efficiency by as little as six ounces of alcohol.

Alcohol also increases the tendency to airsickness, and it impairs recent memory, which is so necessary for radio communication and navigation, by 10 to 45 per cent after only one to four ounces of whisky. The decreased oxygen at higher altitudes increases the effect of alcohol; two or three drinks at 10,000 to 12,000 feet will have the same effect on the pilot as four or five drinks at sea level. At higher altitudes a fixed amount of alcohol will cause a greater concentration in the blood than at sea level, hence, a greater effect.

Pilots should abstain from alcohol altogether as a wise health measure, but under no circumstances should alcohol be consumed during the eighteen hours before take-off.

The pilot who is tempted to demonstrate his boldness by mixing alcohol with his flying should remember the old proverb:

"There are old pilots, and there are bold pilots.

"There are no *old* bold pilots."

ALCOHOL IN THE BODY

(Continued from page 10)

beer, it develops alcoholics faster than beer. That may be why France has a considerably higher level of alcoholism than Germany, which is a beer-drinking country.

How does alcohol affect the heart? In the first place, some people die of coronary thrombosis while under the influence of alcohol. Why? First, the person who has a coronary condition knows that he has limited coronary reserve, and is going to live carefully and be cautious about exertion.

If this man, living with a dangerous coronary situation, drinks, he loses his fear of more vigorous exertions, which under ordinary conditions he knows are dangerous. When he exerts himself vigorously, he precipitates the very thing which he had previously been protecting himself against. That is the principal role of alcohol in precipitating a coronary occlusion in those who have a potentially dangerous heart condition.

Second, when a person is relaxed with alcohol, the normal tone of blood vessels is lost. There is a point at which the tone is exactly right for the most effective flow of blood through the body. In hypertension, when the blood vessels contract, blood is restricted in its flow to the various parts of the body. Nor must a person be too relaxed, for his blood vessels may lack the elasticity and tone to force the blood from the periphery back to the heart. In this case the heart is hard pressed to keep a normal supply of blood flowing to the brain, the heart wall, and the kidneys.

When the blood flow drops below a certain point, the control centers send out alarms, demanding that the heart pump harder. With this dilation of the blood vessels, the heart works harder, but without effective results. With the drop in blood supply to such vital points as the coronary vessels, the brain centers, and the kidneys, a circulatory crisis overtakes the person. It may result in coronary insufficiency or worse.

Also, the person who is drinking heavily becomes a greater risk in other ways, such as in the case of disease. For example, in pneumonia the alcoholic is not a hopeful case.

On the operating table the alcoholic is a poor risk. Surgery at best is involved with certain dangers or risks. Because of the effect of alcohol upon the vital processes of the body, the presence of alcohol adds a further serious risk. Alcohol is itself an anesthetic. The anesthetist may not know how much alcoholic anesthesia to allow for. An alcoholic on the operating table may already be sufficiently depressed in his vital processes that even the mild depression of induction anesthesia may be critical.

Any person with alcohol in his body is carrying a heavy liability in many ways besides merely the immediate or apparent and direct influence of the alcohol.

Let us not forget that alcohol has a permanent effect upon the body. When a regular user develops a tolerance for alcohol, his body requires the alcohol. His body becomes conditioned to func-

tion in a certain manner in the presence of alcohol. It becomes a part of the functioning of the processes of the body, and in its absence unpleasant sensations develop.

When a person has built up such a tolerance for alcohol, and his body depends upon it, its removal incites even critical reactions. Body processes are thrown out of balance, and there is a terrific craving for the alcohol in order to get the body back into its unnatural, but accustomed, function again.

Withdrawal causes actual physical suffering comparable to, but not usually as serious as, the withdrawal symptoms of other drugs such as morphine, cocaine, or heroin.

When alcohol is first withdrawn, the person begins to have headaches, dizziness, nausea, loss of appetite, a washed-out feeling, fatigue. His loss of appetite soon means that he is not eating. Absence of food robs him of his needed vitamins, eventually causing neurological changes. He becomes more irritable and intolerant; he cannot adjust to his situation. In this condition he is ready to do anything for more alcohol.

How long does it take for him to go through this withdrawal to come out with the body readjusted so he can live a normal life again? That again depends upon the person involved. A certain few who have not been habitual drinkers for too long a time may come out of it and be in fairly good condition within a matter of several hours. With some it may take days, and others may take actually weeks. This is related, of course, to the time that tolerance has been building up. If it is acute, rather recent, over a short time, then naturally the return is short. If it has been building up over a period of months, then the return to normal will take longer. During that time a person needs help, encouragement, and constant supervision.

Some things can be done to help this person back to normal. Much of the damage has been to the nervous system. The restoration can be helped by proper food, which is important. To be more specific, a high intake of vitamin B or the whole vitamin-B complex will help. A person in this condition may not take food as he should, and regular injections of vitamin B will be helpful.

The success of any treatment of the alcoholic is related to the measure of conviction of the person as to the need to deal decisively and finally with his unfortunate habit. Should not this person be protected from addiction to this poison as well as the person exposed to morphine, cocaine, or heroin?

(Continued from page 5)

are lost forever, I am too proud to lose any of mine by drinking.

I am too proud to spend any of my time in a hang-over. I never want anyone to see me acting foolish because of being drunk, or trying to recover from a drinking spree of the night before. I don't want anyone to see me lying around trying to fight off a hang-over. I want to feel my best all the time.

Psychologists tell us that everyone who drinks feels guilty about it. Those fellows don't lie. That means that some 60,000,000 Americans feel guilty because they drink. I'll not be able to finish all I have to do if I'm sitting around feeling guilty.

If I took a drink today, chances are that I would be an addicted drinker in ten years, for that it the average time it takes to become an addicted drinker. It might take me only six months to become an alcoholic, or it might take me fifteen or even twenty years. After that first sip, drinking would get progressively worse, and in ten years I might be an alcoholic. After this, my life expectancy would be only ten years. This is the average life expectancy of the addicted drinker. These figures don't lie; so chances are that if I started drinking today, I would be dead in twenty years. Only thirty-eight years old!

My plans for the years ahead of me are not to see whether I follow the law of average drinkers. I'm not even going to try to disprove that law. I don't want anything to do with it. In the next ten years I hope to have finished college, have married a pretty girl, have two children, have created a happy home. I could hope to live to the age of at least seventy.

If I started drinking, in ten years I might lose my pretty wife, my two children, my happy home, and my career. While drinking I would have nothing worth living for. Today I can choose to drink and to test the law of averages and be an alcoholic by twenty-eight and be dead by thirty-eight. But I would rather be a happy father and career man at twenty-eight and be able to look forward to living to the age of seventy.

There might be some "cool cats" around, but none of those cats has nine lives. Each of us has only one life, and that one is moving along fast. Since I have only this one to live, I want to make the most out of it. I don't want to take any chances on making a mess out of it, and I want it to be as long and happy as possible. I am merely a

Youth Asks...



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

Listen invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o Listen Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Why is it wise to eliminate spices and rich foods from our diet?

Spices and rich foods irritate the mucosa, that is, the lining of the stomach, and increase thirst. Those who are accustomed to the use of alcoholic beverages are thus encouraged to drink more freely of these intoxicants.

If the food eaten supplies all the nutrients needed in correct proportion, then the body is kept in good health. But the ingestion of substances such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee, none of which can be classed as nutrients, requires that additional foods, especially vitamins and minerals, must be supplied to aid in detoxifying the ingested poisons. If refined foods, which have usually lost most of their vitamin and mineral content, are eaten, the body is not as capable of combating the poisons added to the normal waste products of the body.

The body calls for additional vitamins and minerals, but we misinterpret the message and supply, instead, additional food or drink of inferior quality or of harmful content. Remember, alcohol is an anesthetic. It puts the brain

to sleep instead of supplying the energy needed.

To what extent do liquor or cigarettes affect a mother who is expecting a child?

Research has been conducted recently on the effect of smoking upon prematurity. A study of 1,563 nonsmoking mothers showed the rate of prematurity to be 11.2 per cent, while the rate increased according to the amount of cigarettes smoked to 22.9 per cent for those who smoked more than a pack a day.

A study of admissions to an institution for the care of mental defectives reveals three peak periods of birth dates during each year just nine months after New Year's, Decoration Day, and the Fourth of July, when drinking is at its peak. Animal experiments bear out the fact that alcohol is an important factor in the development of defective offspring.

Dr. Dora Papara-Nicholson states that alcohol-drinking mothers are more prone to lose their conceptus by abortion, miscarriage, or prematurity.

teen-age kid—eighteen to be exact—but I have my future ahead of me, and I am the one who has to decide what I want to put into that future and what I want to make out of it. Liquor isn't good enough for my future, and I don't think it is good enough for any other person's future, either.

HIGH SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 21)

who abstains from drinking and voiced the almost unanimous opinion that drinking does not make one more popular. Only 17 students out of the 937 said they wanted their future partner in marriage to drink. The majority of the

students thought that drinking makes the boy and girl more likely to "go too far" in petting.

Nine per cent of the students from both schools acknowledged having someone within their immediate family who is a problem drinker. Nearly all the students said that alcohol does not stimulate people to perform more efficiently. Most students believed an alcoholic beverage to be a narcotic. A majority of the students desired more knowledge on the effects of alcoholic beverages on the body.

This comparative study on the attitudes of teen-agers in wet and dry areas points to the axiom, "The consumption of alcoholic beverages is in direct proportion to its availability." Dr. E. M.

Jellinek and Howard U. Haggard refer to this fact in the book *Alcohol Explored*: "Local availability, as we have indicated, is a primary factor in determining the main beverage used." —Page 54.

As one looks at the results of this questionnaire given to students in wet and dry areas, he is impressed with the great degree of difference in teen-age practices regarding the consumption of alcoholic beverages. It is to be noted that attitudes of both student groups are similar, but their use of it is more pronounced in the wet area.

In the wet area the liquor outlets line the streets of the city and dot the roadsides. The wet-area teen-ager in almost every instance has the more tolerant attitude toward its use by himself and others. Some of the over-all indications of this tolerant attitude are found in the following facts: In the dry area one out of four students drinks, while more than one out of three in the wet area uses alcoholic beverages. In the wet area, where night clubs and taverns are operating, over one third of the students got their first drink there. In the dry area, where there are no night clubs or taverns, less than one tenth of these students got their first drink in such places. The older the student becomes, the more he seems inclined to drink, and a much greater percentage of the wet-area seniors drink than do the dry-area senior students. More than six out of every ten wet-area senior students drink, whereas only about three out of every ten dry-area senior students use alcoholic beverages.

The fact that the greater use of alcoholic beverages occurs where it is more available is borne out not only by student usage but also by parental consumption. More of the parents in the wet area keep alcoholic beverages in their homes than parents of dry-area students. Less than half of the fathers of the dry-area students drink, but over half of the wet-area students' fathers drink. The influence of the home is greatly reflected in the fact that three fourths of the student users in the wet area have fathers who drink and more than one third of the dry-area student users' fathers drink. More of the mothers of wet-area students drink than do mothers of the dry-area students. The degree of difference is not as great between the mothers of the two areas as between the fathers, but the one fact which stands out is that about one out of two student users from both areas have mothers who drink.

These facts indicate that a significant percentage of parents are tolerant in their feelings toward drinking. Another

revelation of this study is that one out of every two girls seventeen years of age in the wet area drinks. These are the future housewives who may well consider alcoholic beverages a necessary item as they shop in the grocery stores for their families. If, in their minds, the consumption of alcoholic beverages is already an accepted practice, it may in time lead to the excesses which contribute to the weakening and gradual disintegration of the home.

Almost 10 per cent of the students tested said they have alcoholics or problem drinkers in their immediate family.

In view of the facts of this study, it seems evident that more emphasis

should be placed upon the effects of alcoholic beverages on the body in the educational curriculum of public schools. It is felt that students, instead of being given merely a smattering of knowledge on this subject, should be taught the chemical components of alcohol and the effects, even in small doses, that it has on the brain, nervous system, body tissues, and vital organs of the body. Such public-school training must also be supplemented by a sound program of alcohol education within the church. Modern young people will in this way be able to make mature and deliberate decisions based on a true knowledge of the factors involved in the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

Darla Vaughn



TO BE POPULAR!

Since I am now a college student, I have spent a number of years in school. During this time my greatest interest has been in observing the social side of school life. In high school I found out that friendship and popularity are measured by the quality of a person's honesty, his dependability (this is important to the members of the opposite sex), and his ability to keep his personal problems to himself.

I have noticed that the majority of the girls elected queen, or those elected to serve in her court, do not drink. Though being nominated to a queenship is not the only way to measure popularity, a person has to admit that most high school boys feel there are few more important factors to consider in choosing a date than her beauty. At this point one has only to stop and mentally picture the most beautiful girl he can think of, with a glass in her hand after she has taken a few drinks. Not a pretty picture, is it?

Boys, too, would have a rough time trying to make the popularity poll if they were consistent drinkers. Try to picture an outstanding pass reception or a brilliant basketball play made by someone who had acquired dull senses through drinking.

I have found that popularity in college is measured on the same standards as those in high school. I'm not what one would refer to as exceptionally popular, but I can safely say that drinking certainly doesn't enhance real popularity.

For Your



Reading and Reference

Camile Estornelle, Ph.D., FOOD FOR THOUGHT, Boston, Massachusetts: Meador Publishing Company, 1953, 189 pp.

A small inspirational book on mental health, *Food for Thought* is popularly written, utilizes effective, down-to-earth illustrations, and is easily read. Some of the chapter titles invite the reader to explore. For instance, "Do You Observe or Only Look?" presents the idea that "true sight must lead to insight. . . . Begin today to clear up the mists that blur your vision and strive to see things as they are and act accordingly."

Of particular interest to *Listen* readers is the section on motivations, which explains why people take up such habits as the use of narcotics, drinking, and smoking.

The book closes on a positive note with the chapter "Successful Living." Two pages are devoted to a "Mental Health Creed," summarizing how we can have happiness today in a world of unhappiness.

Frank Howard Richardson, M.D., F.A.S.P., F.A.A.P., FOR YOUNG ADULTS ONLY, Atlanta, Georgia:

Tupper and Love, Inc., 1961, 133 pp., \$2.95.

A little stilted at times, and with some forced conversation, *For Young Adults Only* is an all-round good book for teen-agers. Dr. Richardson is not only a doctor, but also a father and a youth counselor. He gives constructive suggestions on how youth can handle their own problems, working closely with adults.

Two chapters, "The Pros and Cons of Drinking" and "The Pros and Cons of Smoking," stress the importance of a youth's making up his own mind, but still learning the truth, about tobacco and alcohol. The chapter regarding tobacco is much stronger and presents more concrete facts than the preceding one on drinking.

It does not preach or moralize, but gives basic philosophies upon which youth can attain maturity in this space age.

The author quotes Dr. Richard Cabot of Boston as saying: "Moderation is thus more dangerous than excessive drinking as the cause of automobile accidents."



Dr. Frank Howard Richardson

It has become quite evident that one of the main reasons for the repeated demise of legislation prohibiting air carriers from selling or furnishing alcoholic beverages for consumption has been the lack of public expression on the issue. Few are aware of the bills introduced in Congress, and fewer still have expressed their views in letters to their Congressmen.

Those genuinely concerned with the hazards of alcoholic beverages to air-borne passengers and their fellow travelers must effectively express their convictions by writing their Congressman, or by writing Representative John Bell Williams, of Mississippi, chairman of the Subcommittee on Transportation and Aeronautics. Action in Congress will result only if public opinion is thus generated.

As Congressman Lane put it, "The inside of a plane at 7,000, 12,000, or 20,000 feet above the earth is no place for any rock-and-roll conduct on the part of inebriated passengers."

LOOKING BACK

(Continued from page 25)

holidays of a celebration nature. But my parents put in an effort at Thanksgiving, since they are no longer permitted to abuse the trusting. Perhaps they finally understand and save that day for themselves also.

After a last-minute telephone call to make sure they have maintained a secure footing, my husband and I will load our three children in the car and drive toward a rented, cluttered old house where the smell of turkey fills a crowded kitchen. This is the time my children can crawl up on grandma's lap to receive a sweet, nonalcoholic kiss.

Over the telephone my talent for recognizing evidence of the slightest nip remains sharp and unmistakable, relentlessly stalks each word, every tone, for an irregularity, a sign of weakness. There will always be a double check, just as there will always be the unsuspecting young who need protection. For those of us who have returned from the sinister pit of despair, there is no task more critical than to let the innocent remain innocent a little while longer.

My children will not be placed in a gamble where the losers are poisoned with raw, crippling abscesses of shame. Every child deserves parental protection and a grandmother's spoiling and a grandfather's self-respect. And though I dare not support such an impossible hope, it still remains alive, insisting that my youngsters may yet have a chance to know these precious birth-rights.

WHY NO ACTION?

(Continued from page 16)

by the Federal Aviation Agency and other Governmental agencies.

The airlines themselves generally opposed these measures, claiming that the serving of liquor affects in no way the safety of passengers, alleging discrimination in competition not only with other forms of transportation (the railroads) but also with international carriers not affected by Acts of Congress, and stating that potential regulations under the present laws could limit and control the drinking of passengers. Some thought legislation would be an

opening wedge toward prohibition. A further weakness in the case of the bills' supporters was the limited positive evidence attesting to actual incidents in which drunken air passengers endangered the lives of others.

Five bills were introduced into the first session of the Eighty-seventh Congress which would prohibit air carriers from the sale of alcoholic beverages. Two, H.R. 720 (Lane) and H.R. 1174 (Judd), are similar to previous bills, while other members, Harding, Nelson, and Langen, introduced H.R. 6718, 6809, and 6883 respectively. All of these bills were referred to the House of Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, where no action was scheduled.

Poems With a Purpose



National Defense

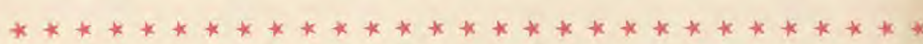
Clarence Edwin Flynn

The strength to fight a battle,
The bravery to win it,
Is not protecting armor
Over the heart, but in it.

The cause of any people,
Whoever may attack it,
Requires above equipment,
The character to back it.

The safety of a nation
Is not in armies, giving
Impressions of vast numbers,
But in its way of living.

Effectiveness of weapons,
As techniques have revealed them,
Depends not on their keenness
But on the hands that wield them.



Prayer for an Erring Husband

by His Wife

Dear God, the one I love
Is lost to me.
He shattered all the vows he made,
Determined to be "free."

Drunk with a heady wine,
He's gone in quest
Of the multicolored baubles
In evil's treasure chest.

When the wine flattens to
A bitter taste,

And when he finds the gems have dulled,
Are only made of paste,

Bind up his sickened heart
Most tenderly,
And gently show that lasting joys
Are only found in Thee.

Then, if it be Thy will, dear God,
Please bring him back to me.

Last Frontier

Helen Baker Adams

Once this was orchard where my house
Is regimented in a row;
A country lane wound past a grove
Where now the supermarkets grow.

A crowing cock, a distant quail,
Even the pine trees could be heard
Where roar of trucks and speeding cars
Now stun the most intrepid bird.

Where can I turn to take a walk,
That simple, healthful, harmless pleasure?
Will progress put it out of date,
A memory, useless but to treasure?



by "Listen" Authors

RAFER JOHNSON

(Continued from page 19)

roots for others, especially athletes from the smaller, newer countries striving to take their place among the nations. He got a "thrill" out of seeing his friend Yang, from the island of Formosa, win the Olympic silver medal. And he was happy to congratulate a runner from one of the new African countries who won the marathon.

Of all the ten events, Rafer finds the 1,500-meter race the most grueling. His own specialty is the hurdles. Some of his top records are: high jump, 6 feet, 3 inches; discus, 172 feet; javelin, 251 feet; and 4.48 minutes for the 1,500 meters.

One reason Rafer is so enthusiastic about sports is that he believes they promote international friendship and an exchange of ideas. "Nobody fenced off the Olympic village in Rome," he says. Athletes from all over the world, including both sides of the "curtain," were on the friendliest of terms. "The only separateness in the dormitories," he quips, "was between the boys and the girls."

The proudest moment in Rafer's life thus far, he says, was marching in the Olympic parade at Rome, carrying the Stars and Stripes, leading the 500-athlete United States delegation.

Rafer graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1959 as a predoctoral student, with a minor in political science. At twenty-seven he is world-renowned, and when he was asked how many prizes and trophies he has won, he replied, "Honestly, I don't know!"

He now has at least four opportunities before him, and finds it difficult to

decide which one to pursue. Having already finished predoctoral, he could after further study become a dentist. Too, he has already appeared in at least three motion pictures, so he finds Hollywood beckoning. At present he is assistant track coach at U.C.L.A., and his talent for this line of work is obvious. Again, he may enter foreign service with the State Department. Already he has taken a good-will tour, in 1957, under auspices of the State Department, with such success that some people are calling him "another Ralph Bunche." He feels deeply honored by the comparison.

Regardless of which career he pursues, Rafer Johnson will always maintain his keen interest in sports. He doesn't share the belief of some that United States athletes are second-rate, and he angrily denies the scurrilous reports that the 1960 United States team were "crybabies" or specialized in "wine, women, and song."

These stories were filed by news reporters anxious to fill space with copy, he says, and were completely false. He defends Ray Norton as a truly great athlete who did not do as well as expected of him only because he tried too hard.

Rafer believes the United States will make a better showing in 1964. He says that the Russians have far more athletes to pick from, and what the United States needs is very simple—more young people involved in athletics.

This will undoubtedly ensure still greater triumphs in the future for those who represent the Stars and Stripes—the banner carried so well by Rafer Johnson, "Greatest All-Round Athlete in the History of Mankind."

LEFT SPEECHLESS

(Continued from page 27)

years, built up to a maximum of two packs a day.

Eventually she was able to get out of bed for short periods of time. Remembering where she had hidden her cigarettes, she lighted up and took a puff, but something had happened. She had been thirsting for that thrill she had always received before, but where was it now? Just then a nurse walked in, and noticing the cigarette in Delores's hand, kindly removed it.

Later, when Dr. Thompson came by on his ward rounds, he explained to Delores why she had not received that boost she had always received before. After a total laryngectomy, the air that is breathed into the lungs is taken in through an opening called the "trachostoma," or upper end of the severed trachea situated in the small hollow depression at the base of the neck. No air is inhaled through nose or mouth.

This is because the larynx, or "voice box," which is the "gateway" to the lungs, has been removed. Therefore, any smoke taken into the mouth cannot be inhaled, or drawn into the lungs. This prevents absorption of the nicotine into the system and blood stream. "So, no nicotine absorption, no thrill!"

"But, doctor," rasped Delores, "what am I going to do when I need a cigarette?"

"It will be impossible for you to smoke now and receive what you used to receive from smoking, so why don't you stop? This is your best chance."

Finally she came victoriously to her decision to relinquish the habit.

After six weeks in the hospital, Delores returned home. Everything was the same as it had been the day she had left for the hospital. Only one thing was missing—her voice!

The rehabilitation program Delores underwent for the next two years was an unending path of setbacks and new adjustments.

The adjustment of being in public again was extremely difficult for her. Delores always wore high-necked dresses or a scarf to conceal the small, unsightly hole in her neck. Although she encountered many bitter experiences, she consistently struggled to keep her head above the discouragement and depression, in time taking a stenographic course to prepare once more for gainful work.

Eventually she learned to speak in a low esophageal voice, being able to converse quite easily, but never forgetting the habit that led to this bitter experience of being "left speechless."

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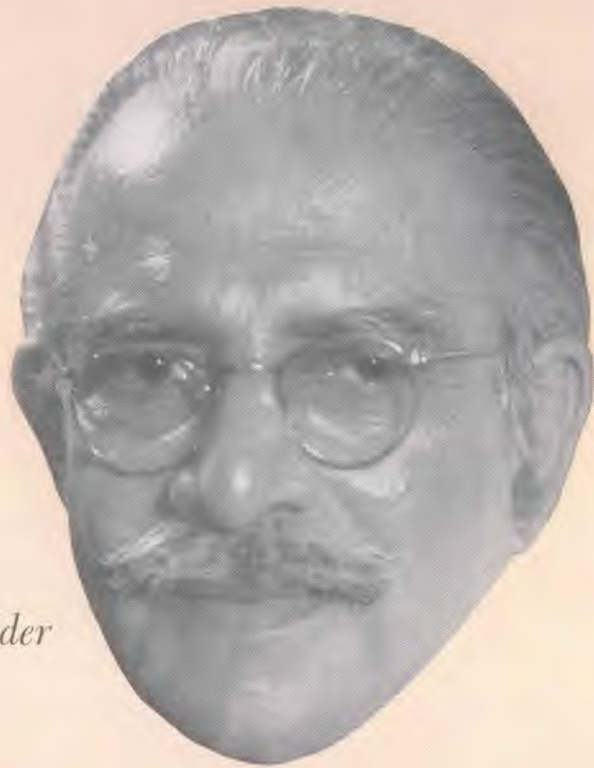
PROBABLY no other nation has protected itself so successfully from the inroads of national decay caused by beverage alcohol as has India. One reason for India's strength in this area is such organizations as the National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism, which in India is headed by Dr. M. D. D. Gilder.

Dr. Gilder has served in the Bombay State Legislature longer than any other man living. In the 1930's he was Mahatma Gandhi's personal physician when Gandhi was organizing a passive-resistance movement for the liberation of India. Today he is recognized as one of India's elder statesmen.

It was while Gandhi was in jail in Poona, India, that Dr. Gilder was first called to his bedside. Later he became his close associate, and after India received her independence was elected to parliament.

From 1906 to 1912 Dr. Gilder studied medicine in England, and in 1922 was elected president of the Bombay Medical Union, where he increased his struggle for active Indian participation and Indian leadership in the medical colleges.

It is men like Dr. Gilder who help to maintain their nations' strength by combating the effects of alcoholism with effective means of prevention.



Dr. M. D. D. Gilder

INDIA

MAINTAINING NATIONAL STRENGTH