

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



The Space Age

John H. Glenn, Jr.



news

INSIDIOUS TREND. Current in liquor ad devices are pictures of women. Los Angeles "Times" Columnist Matt Weinstock points out that a few years back this was taboo. "Gradually the change came. Women didn't actually get into the picture at first, but the scenes shifted to living rooms, restaurants, and patios where they conceivably might be found. . . .

"Next came an illustration of a man seated at a table for two on which an open bottle of liquor could be seen. The chair opposite was empty but over its back a woman's wrap or gloves were draped. . . . The next step was showing a man and a woman seated at a coffee table. Two glasses may be seen. The man holds one, the other rests innocently on the table. The woman's hands rest in her lap. Whether she will reach for the glass and take a swallow or merely sit and admire it is left to the onlooker."

DRUG FOR ALCOHOLICS. London alcoholics have been guinea pigs for a new drug called Temposil, which makes alcohol unbearably unpleasant to the taste. It has none of the side effects of vomiting and lethargy that have caused drunks to shy away from other similar products in recent years.

WORSE PROBLEM THAN DOPE. Alcohol problems among teen-agers are greater than narcotics problems because parents let their children drink. Judge Emmet Daly, a member of the California Youth Authority, estimates that for every adolescent narcotics addict ten other juveniles have alcohol problems.

"During a two-day hearing at Soledad, I processed 173 cases for sentence and parole," Daly says, "and of those, ninety-eight either were personally involved in the alcohol problem or one or both parents were. Only thirteen were narcotics addicts," he states.

"The public is concerned about narcotics and rightly so," he declares. "But the number of youths I see every day involved with liquor and the abuse of it is sickening and ridiculous."

ALCOHOLISM IN INDUSTRY. About 2,000,000 alcoholics are regularly employed by United States businesses and industry, estimates the National Council on Alcoholism. The Council also says that industry loses at least \$1,000,000,000 a year because of alcoholism, and the problem is growing.

SMOKING TAXES. The average pack-a-day American smoker now pays \$47.50 annually in state, Federal, and local taxes on his habit.

AMERICANS TIPPLE MORE. Americans quaffed a record total of 241,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits in 1961. Probably they will establish another record in 1962, according to Thomas J. Donovan, president of Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. He says the 1961 intake represented a 3 percent gain over the previous high of 235,000,000 gallons consumed in 1960.



Dr. Beaven

PROBLEM WITH AN IMPACT

Almost half the adult population of the United States is directly affected by alcoholics and problem drinkers, according to Dr. Winton H. Beaven, director, Institutes of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism. An alcoholic, he says, is usually estimated to affect seven people, members of his family and immediate friends. With 9,000,000 alcoholics and problem drinkers in the nation, this means about half the United States population is involved. If we want to do something about the problem which causes more human misery than any other problem in our society, Dr. Beaven comments, we must realize there must be controls, both social and legal, if there is to be any prevention of alcoholism.

OUR COVER

Spaceman John

Glenn's rocket fittingly reflects the keen interest of Americans in the space age.

Those who accept the challenges offered by space travel must be in the best possible condition, both physically and mentally. In this issue, we look at a man who represents positive living, John Glenn, spaceman and test pilot. Then we scan the space age and what it means to the young people of today.

Listen's cover is by courtesy of NASA.



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DUST IN THE AIR

JAMES AQUINO, of Rome, New York, was brought into court on a drunken-driving charge. While under the influence, he had gone through a stop sign and had hit two automobiles. The trial date was set for his case, and in due course a jury was empaneled to hear evidence and bring in a verdict.

In the meantime a physician was called to take a blood sample from Aquino for testing, and it was found that the alcoholic content of the blood was .18 percent, somewhat higher than the legally recognized level of .15 percent at which all drinkers are presumed to be under the influence.

However, the physician in preparing to take the blood sample, used the simple medical method of daubing the arm with alcohol as a cleansing agent. When this became known, it immediately was made a major issue in the case. Request was made of Judge Donald L. Austin to reduce the drunken-driving charge to the much lesser charge of driving while impaired by alcohol.

The judge granted the request on the basis that "an error of judgment" was made by the physician when he used alcohol as an arm-cleansing agent. The jury was dismissed, and no trial was held—all because it was claimed such an "error" voided the validity of the blood-alcohol test and opened the way to question the blood-alcohol level revealed by the test.

Of course, it is necessary that extreme care be used in conducting trials such as this one, and assembling the evidence so that the rights of the persons involved may be protected. On the other hand, such extreme measures obscure the main issue and take attention off what should be the major point of concern. It is throwing dust in the air, which hides the real part that alcohol plays in the case.

One of the many phenomena of weather conditions in various parts of the world is dust storms. In dry, hot

areas such storms can quickly arise, obscuring vision and filling the air with swirling particles. Under these conditions it is difficult and often impossible to see, everything being distorted or invisible.

So it is with the alcohol question in such instances as the Aquino case. This happens altogether too often in the courts, where technicalities tend to determine decisions, especially where alcohol is involved. The dust in the air obscures the truth about alcohol itself, and many persons who are guilty are set free with very light sentences, or are acquitted entirely, when for their own protection and the safety of society they should be required to pay the price for their deliberate drinking.

Dust is being thrown into the air today by many people about the alcohol problem. For example, a physician appears before a national convention and claims that the cocktail hour is "a relaxing rest break, a letdown into inefficiency, just as sleep is essential for maintaining efficient performance by mind and body."

This is obscuring the truth, ignoring completely the nature of alcohol and its potential for habit formation and addiction.

Lately there has been great debate between the State of New York and its neighboring states about the age at which youth should be legally permitted to buy drinks. In this connection there has been a lot of dust cast up. The main issue is not the difference one or two years may make on a person's reaction to alcohol. The primary issue is the fact that alcohol, as a narcotic drug, has a damaging effect on anyone who uses it, be he eighteen or eighty.

Many attempts are being made—by the courts, by some medical speakers and writers, by the liquor industry, by professional and business men—to take attention off alcohol as a potentially dangerous drug. Everyone should beware of such attempts. The whole picture should be clear, and not blurred or obscured by a virtual dust storm of distortions, evasions, or deliberate deception.

Francis A. Soper

In rural areas in the good old days, the drunken driver was placed on the floor of his wagon by his friends at the saloon and his horses headed toward home, and his safe arrival was almost routine. Even in urban areas the innate good sense of the horse frequently neutralized his drunken driver's inadequacies.

Long before the horse disappeared, people recognized the inherent dangers of alcohol in the use of the motorcar, and very early in this century laws were passed making it illegal to drive a motor vehicle while "under the influence of intoxicating liquors or drugs."

These words in quotation marks seemed to logical people then, and to the same people now, to cover the situation. But the problem has not been solved.

The trouble is not the words; as always, it is people. Integration, war, divorce? These are no problems at all, except for people.

The process by which relations in these various fields become smooth and rewarding to all concerned may be called civilization, and is a process that seems destined to have to continue for some time. Our purpose, then, it might be said, is to try to define a civilized approach to alcohol and the motorcar.

First of all, how big is the problem?

The National Safety Council for years has led us to think that it was not very big, that only 7 or 8 percent of drivers in fatal accidents were under the influence of alcohol.

The public relations branches of the alcohol industries emphasized these figures, and quoted the National Safety Council repeatedly as they sought to allay the suspicions of the public that alcohol was a much larger factor.

Carefully conducted studies and surveys show that the driver under the influence of alcohol is involved in some-

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In our age, when at least 1,000 persons die every day in car crashes, we indeed need--

AN ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

Horace E. Campbell, M.D.

*Chairman, Automotive Safety Committee
Colorado State Medical Society*

As vividly represented in this posed scene, eighty-four persons were killed in San Francisco traffic during 1959, but more than twelve times as many are killed every day around the world in automobile accidents.



where between 50 and 80 percent of all fatal and injury-producing motorcar accidents.

I say "involved in." I will let anyone who cares to, try to prove that these drivers are not the responsible factor in these "accidents." These are not accidental; they are inevitable.

It is my contention, and factual findings bear this out, that the drinking driver is responsible for more serious crashes than are all other factors combined: weather, lighting, defective cars, poor roads, unskilled drivers, and all the others together.

The words "under the influence" largely explain why we have killed one and a quarter million people in the United States in car crashes, and why every day, the world around, about 1,000 people die this way.

Perhaps even more important are the added millions permanently disabled. One hundred thousand persons acquire serious permanent disabilities every year in the United States, and an appalling number are totally disabled. Sixty to 80 percent of these, too, are victims of the drinking driver.

The people who passed these early laws knew what they meant. The person who has had one drink almost always speaks a little more loudly, moves his hands a little more widely, converses more easily, looks and acts more "animated," more excited. This is exactly why the hostess uses this socially acceptable pharmacological agent. It makes the party sound better.

And the people who lived with the one-cylinder Cadillac, the two-cylinder Reo, and the purring Maxwell did not want the drivers of these cars to have even one drink.

They should have said so. What they said was "under the influence," and it was fatal. They condemned millions to death, and more millions to painful and frustrated life.

When organized society is willing to formulate an eleventh commandment and say, "Thou shalt not drink and drive," and make it stick, we then may have become semicivilized.

In the nineteenth century almost as many people were killed with typhoid fever as we now kill with the motorcar. We call those of the last century semibarbarous because they contaminated drinking water with sewage. Posterity will call us of the twentieth century semibarbarous because we have proved unable to separate alcohol from transportation.

What is "under the influence"?

The earliest, and interestingly enough, the most realistic attempt to define this was enacted into law in Norway in 1926. This provided that whenever there would be "in excess of .05 percent (by weight) of alcohol in the driver's blood it shall be presumed that he was under the influence of intoxicating liquor."

And the section goes on to say that a person close to a car he has been using or is about to use "can be taken by the police for examination to a physician who may make a blood test when it can reasonably be assumed that the operator is under the influence of alcoholic liquor (not sober)."

Thus this law in this little nation of independent thinkers accomplished thirty-five years ago what we in this country have scarcely begun. First it established a

realistic definition of "under the influence," anything over .05 percent, and next it gave authority to police *and doctor* to obtain objective evidence of the influence.

And then they went further.

A person convicted loses his license for a year *and* goes to jail for 21 days or more.

In 1948, in Oslo alone, 266 persons were convicted, all lost their licenses, and 261 went to jail for 21 to 120 days. Only five drew fines. The Supreme Court has ruled again and again that these drivers go to jail with only the rarest exceptions.

What does .05 percent blood alcohol mean in practical everyday terms?

First it should be said that the alcohol contents of twelve ounces of 3.2 beer, one ounce of 100-proof whiskey, one and a half ounces of 80-proof whiskey, and three ounces of fortified wine are identical and each constitutes "one drink."

A practical rule of thumb is that for a 150-pound person, one drink is equivalent to .025 percent alcohol in the blood. Thus—

Two drinks—.05 percent

Four drinks—.10 percent

Six drinks—.15 percent

Since, however, the alcohol starts to be eliminated almost as soon as it is drunk, the figures above have to be increased somewhat, so that it takes a little more than two drinks to produce .05 percent.

The present level of .15 percent as the dividing line between drunk and sober is unrealistic. National Safety Council figures are based upon this concept, and when it is said that only 7 to 8 percent are under the influence, it is meant "are over .15 percent." Even then, theirs is a gross understatement, because actual surveys show that at least 40 percent of the drivers killed had blood alcohol levels of .15 percent or over.

It is a colossal insanity (one can hardly call it less), in which a blood alcohol of .15 percent, induced by ten or more ounces of 80-proof whiskey, has to be reached before the courts of this land will declare a person unfit to drive a motorcar!

It becomes clear, then, that with a level of "under the influence" at .15 percent, the official figures could make it appear that the driver "under the influence" was not much of a problem.

But this is not all. Conversation with the police in ten states reveals that the following is standard practice: Even though the driver is obviously grossly impaired by alcohol, if the blood test is the least bit below .15 percent, the arresting officer knows that he cannot get a conviction on an alcohol charge, so he enters the charge as "wrong side of road," or "driving too fast for conditions," and the defendant does not enter the records as "had been drinking." Thus, the official figures as to the number of drinking drivers are far too low.

And then still more: Until recently we have had no laws requiring the alcohol tests to be made, or laws protecting the physician who makes the tests. Only now are steps being made to correct this dreary picture.

In a sequel to this article, the author in the next issue of *Listen* will take a close look at the scientific evidence of alcohol's effect on driving and suggest constructive methods of dealing with the drinking-and-driving problem.



- ONE LIFE

Upper left photo: "Hooked" by narcotics, Barbara Burns was constantly haunted by a habit she never could conquer.

Upper right photo: Police Officer Richard Twitty accompanies Barbara to the district attorney's office after she was arrested for smoking marijuana in a local drive-in.

She was young and pretty and her voice was sweet. With her father in entertainment business, she thought she would have a real chance to make good in the same field.

At seventeen she had learned the popular songs and tried out the mannerisms she learned from watching well-known singers. Like any seventeen-year-old she dreamed bright dreams of becoming a star herself. But dreams were all that Barbara Burns was ever to have. At twenty-three she was dead, a victim of the habit that had "hooked" her.

"I wish I had never seen heroin, or any other narcotic," she said the first time she was arrested for a narcotics offense when she was nineteen. "For anyone who's thinking of trying it, just tell them it's not worth it."

This might be called the understatement of all time. The narcotics habit was "not worth it" for Barbara. Dope struck down her hopes and ended her life before it really began.

It was at a party that the tentacles of addiction reached out for Barbara. Lonely and friendless, she hated to go back to her empty room.

"I had nothing to do. I used to go to a drugstore near the Strip and hang around hoping someone would talk to me." Here she met a man who invited her to a party.

"Somebody at the party asked me if I wanted to try a shot. They gave it to me." Then they gave shots to her for a whole month, free of charge.

Now she didn't care much about her singing or acting career she had dreamed of such a short time before. No more practice, no auditions. Barbara was too busy keeping up with the friends who could keep her supplied with "the stuff" she had come to need.

"I was hooked. It took only one—just

DUANE VALENTY

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MORE -BOON LEISURE OR BANE?



IN A test flight not long ago a jet pilot flew from New York to California in ninety minutes. Most interesting was the fact that he left the east coast *after* lunch and landed in the West an hour *before* lunch. This feat, of course, was possible because of the time difference.

Scientists tell us that virtually instant travel is just around the corner. Soon you, too, may be able to leave the Orient tomorrow and arrive back home today.

All around us emphasis is on speed and saving time. Food manufacturers have cooked up such things as instant coffee and instant cake mixes. There are heat-and-serve TV dinners. Meal making now is a matter of minutes, whereas years ago it took hours.

Max Tharpe, in this graphic youth picture from the exhibit "These Are Our Children" displayed at the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, illustrates the boredom and potential danger in unguided leisure time, a potential which will increase as the amount of leisure increases.



If you have a self-winding wrist watch, you save a few seconds every day. You can now change channels on your TV set without getting out of your chair. With a similar remote-control gadget you can open your garage doors while sitting in the car.

Industrial automation is still in its infancy, but once those push-button factories become a reality we will find a shorter work week for everyone, more holidays, longer vacations, and earlier retirement. To spread out the work, we may have to restrict jobs to people between the ages of twenty and fifty. Some economists fear that in the coming age of automation we may always have five million or more able-bodied workers without jobs.

Children no longer do the kinds of chores their grandparents did. There is no more wood to be chopped. Boys and girls living in apartment houses in large cities seldom need to lift a finger, except to regulate a record player, radio, or TV set. Child labor laws keep most youngsters out of full-time jobs until they are eighteen years of age.

Not only have we more leisure in adolescence, but we are getting more in our old age. We are living longer. More than twenty-one years have been added to the average life span since 1900. Now a person at sixty-five has a life expectancy of more than fourteen years.

Rapidly emerging, therefore, is a new leisure class. Years ago the leisure class consisted of the idle rich. Today it is the idle poor and the idle middle class as well. The leisure class is everybody. Once we hit the four-day work week and the five-hour day, the average person will have fifty to sixty more hours of leisure each week than did his great-grandfather. And for millions of men and women life will be all leisure.

What will we do with this abundance of leisure time? This provides a real challenge to our nation in view of what evidently is being done with the leisure time we have available today.

Let's start with children. More and more boys and girls are spending time in crime. United States Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York has pointed out recently that since 1952 the nation's juvenile population has increased 22 percent, while juvenile arrests have gone up 55 percent. At this rate, he predicts, a million youngsters may be arrested during the year 1962.

In New York City during one recent year there were 11,570 arrests for juvenile

(Turn to page 29)

Russell J. Fornwalt

Hope for the Hopeless



1. Located in the outskirts of Hong Kong, the almost idyllic prison of Tai Lam rests at the foot of a dam on a hundred acres of land where some 700 prisoners are detained in forty small, modern buildings.
2. A prison for both punitive and recuperative purposes, the overall program of Tai Lam is keyed to the complete physical and mental rehabilitation of the former narcotics addicts.
3. Much of the work is detailed outdoors, where prisoners can get the maximum of sunshine and fresh air.
4. The general atmosphere is anything but prisonlike. If the inmates had no numbers on their shirts, one would never guess Tai Lam to be a prison.
5. Men work in the estate, tilling the land or caring for garden plants; another group is detailed in the brickmaking section.
6. Through lectures the effects of narcotics are made plain, and each inmate is instructed on how to prepare himself to return to normal society again.





WILLIAM L. ROPER

Near Chino, California, is a unique school which specializes in—

Rebuilding BOYS

Fourteen-year-old Bobby, a victim of a broken home, was in trouble. He had stolen a car. His parents did not want to be bothered with him, and there were people in his neighborhood who predicted he would end up behind bars, or worse.

Today he is a respected public official, an influential civic leader.

The transformation in Bobby was brought about by training in self-discovery and self-mastery through a unique experiment that during the past fifty years has reoriented the lives of thousands of boys with similar problems. The home, or rehabilitation school, where these miracles are performed, is known as the Boys' Republic, located on 215 acres of rolling farm land near Chino, California.

Founded in 1907 by Mrs. Margaret Brewer Fowler, a member of a wealthy Chicago family, the school is one of the first of its kind in the United States and has been

in operation at its present location since 1909. It was modeled after a summer-camp farm, established some sixty years ago at Freeville, New York, by William R. George, who developed the idea of teaching citizenship by self-government.

Boys' Republic has 145 enrolled. All of these boys have been involved in trouble of some kind. During its five decades of operation, the school has salvaged more than 7,000 boys. Its records show that less than 5 percent of its graduates have become involved in serious trouble after leaving. Several have become nationally prominent.

For instance, Terrence Stephen McQueen, TV's famous Western star, who is known to millions as Steve McQueen, is one of them. McQueen, who earns \$100,000 a year as a television actor, frankly admits that counselors at the Republic calmed him down and talked some sense into him during a particularly trying period of his youth.



◀ The board of review in action. The boy "defendant" is accused of a violation of the school's rules. The board hears the charge, the evidence, and the accused boy's defense, then determines his guilt or innocence, and fixes the penalty.

Joseph B. Rice, California business executive, and chairman of the board of directors, tosses a coin in the air to decide which boy gets to play in the next quarter of a football game.



McQueen's case illustrates the work being done by the school. Early in life he began to get some bad breaks of the kind that breed delinquency.

Not long after Steve's birth in Indianapolis, March 24, 1930, his parents were divorced. His mother remarried when he was six, and his mother and stepfather took Steve with them to California. Like many other boys, Steve did not get along well with his stepfather and began to feel neglected.

When he was fourteen, he became a problem child.

"I hated school, regimentation, everything," the actor said recently in recalling this unpleasant period.

Unable to cope with him, his parents turned him over to Boys' Republic at Chino. Steve continued to mope. At the home, he attended school in the morning. In the afternoon he worked in the school laundry. To the rebellious youth, this routine seemed unbearable. After three months he decided he had had enough, and ran away.

But he had not gone far before police caught him. When he was returned to the school he anticipated a whipping, but instead he was given a friendly welcome. A counselor put his arm around the boy's thin shoulders and talked to him like a kindly big brother. This time the sympathetic treatment began to get through to him. From then until his mother sent for him in 1946, Steve settled down to being a citizen of the Boys' Republic. He even finished his school studies as far as the ninth grade.

But Steve McQueen is only one of the many emotionally upset boys who have been taken off the low road and put on the high road at this unusual school.

John Babcock, California newscaster and KMPC radio editor, is another. So is Ernest Stockert, who is prominent in Youth for Christ work. John Houser, a professional football star, formerly with the Los Angeles Rams and now with a Dallas team, is a Republic graduate, as is Ronnie Dauville, the vocalist.

Dauville, who has sung with several big-name bands, was on the road to becoming a nationally known singing

star when struck by a crippling polio attack. Despite his affliction, he has bravely carried on, and never misses an opportunity to tell others about the beneficial training he received at the Republic.

Graduates of the school frequently give the students pep talks and testify to the inspiration and help they received from the school. Over and over the school's slogan, "Nothing without labor," is emphasized.

Despite improvements in buildings and the various school facilities, the school continues to operate on the general program outlined by William R. George. The basic idea that youthful delinquents can be reclaimed and taught citizenship and self-government remains unchanged. The success of the institution demonstrates the soundness of this thesis.

For the purpose of carrying out its program, Boys' Republic elects each year a mayor, a district attorney, and a city council. Other civil officials necessary to conducting the school as a democratic municipality are also chosen. Its elected officials hold trials, mete out punishment for infractions of the rules, and make business decisions.

Under this system, each boy is made to share the responsibilities of running the school fairly and efficiently. They govern themselves, except for overall adult supervision.

The school's financial affairs, matters above the concern of the self-governing student body, are handled by a board comprised of outstanding southern California citizens. Joseph B. Rice, Jr., of La Canada, is president.

Frank W. Graves, a big, friendly man with graying hair, has been director of the school for the past eight years. Before becoming director, he was one of the school's four counselors for six years.

"A human being is a lot more complex than an atom bomb," he explains philosophically. "And we try to give each boy the friendly kind of sympathetic understanding he needs to find his own best self."

One of the key objectives of the school, besides teaching the importance of work and self-mastery, he points out, is to help the boys to under- (Turn to page 30)

Two members of the Boys' Republic enjoy a visit from John Bothell, a graduate of the school who has returned as a teacher after completing his education and a hitch in the service. ▶

Boys gather materials for Della Robbia Christmas wreaths, famous the world around and a financial mainstay for the school. ▼



Stanley Sturges, a United States medical doctor working for the mountain peoples of far-off Nepal, is a young man of dedication and daring who cares enough—

To Give His Very Best

FROM the very first my wife and I have been interested in some type of pioneer assignment, particularly since my parents were missionaries in the Congo province of Katanga. Because of this, when we had an opportunity to go to Nepal, we knew it was exactly what we wanted.

After six months of language study in India, I went looking for a suitable hospital-clinic site in the Nepal mountains. En route I passed through the village of Banepa, a short distance northeast of the Nepal capital, Katmandu. While I was there, the headman and 10,000 of the local tribesmen staged a demonstration urging that their town be chosen for this new medical facility.

After the villagers took up a collection of 7,000 rupees and purchased a plot of land above the town, it was given to the king on condition that it be used for the American doctor. The minister of health immediately assigned us to Banepa. Then came construction of roads, bridges, water pipelines, and living quarters for our family, and the securing of hospital assistants from India.

The Nepalese immediately began to "customize" a local building for me, since I am six feet and four inches in height. This meant the raising of the doors to six feet and six inches and the ceiling to eight feet.

On the first day of work, we broke a centuries-old taboo by treating a woman with a retained placenta

This scene in northern Nepal near the Tibetan border is typical of the rugged mountain backdrop to the hospital operated by Dr. Sturges and his wife Raylene.



Among the hundred or so patients at the Scheer Memorial Hospital are many surgical cases.



Dr. Sturges has gained the confidence of the primitive people through his constant aid in their medical problems.

Many sick Nepalese still consult their "holy men," but are gradually turning to modern medical methods to cure their ills.

As Told to Mike A. Jones

High in the Himalayas, in the land of the Abominable Snowman, a young physician and his wife operate a medical clinic in the little Asian kingdom of Nepal. In his twenty-two-bed hospital and clinic nestled at the foot of Mount Everest, this unique young man, Dr. Stanley Sturges, and his wife, Raylene, often give medical attention to as many as 100 Nepalese each day.

Early this year Dr. Sturges was named one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. As the youngest of ten Americans honored by the Jaycees' panel of judges, the thirty-two-year-old Dr. Sturges joins a distinguished roster of men similarly chosen before they reached the age of thirty-six. Former recipients of this award include President John F.

Kennedy, former Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, and another physician who brought medical aid to the people of Asia, the late Dr. Tom Dooley.

In making the announcement of the nation's Ten Outstanding Young Men for this year, Bob Conger, president of the Jaycees, said this of the young physician: "He is Mr. America to a vital area in one of the world's most strategic nations—a personification of the American ideal. We are thrilled with the job he and his wife have done and its meaning to the youth of our nation."

Truly the young people of America, and of the world, in whatever profession they choose to follow, will do well to emulate the example set by Dr. Stanley Gordon Sturges, a man who cares enough to give his very best.

Native life in Nepal includes not only the family laundry washed in a nearby stream, but the children as well.



after she gave birth to her baby. When I began examining the woman, all the midwives warned me not to touch her. So I left, but the husband asked me to come back again. With the promise that the husband would keep any intruders out and allow me to do what I felt necessary, I trudged back to the home. A few minutes later, after squeezing the placenta out from the abdominal side, I again left, this time with the confidence of the midwives. Henceforth the clinic was in the business of treating women as well as men.

Parasites are a major medical problem in Nepal. The people have no concept whatsoever of sanitation and hygiene. Consequently, a good 95 percent are infested with some type of worms, about 60 percent of them having hookworms. Also, typhoid, cholera, and smallpox rage in periodic epidemics. Tuberculosis constitutes a major health problem, too, with at least 10 percent of the population afflicted.

At first we were equipped with only a clinic, but we kept wishing and hoping for a hospital. This dream came nearer to reality when we received a \$25,000 memorial donation from the Clifford Scheer family of Springfield, New Jersey. I talked with Oden Meeker, head of CARE in India, regarding equipment. Ultimately, CARE agreed to match a mission gift of \$5,000 from the Seventh-day Adventist Southern Asia Division.

To keep costs down, we carried on our own building program. While a student I had worked as a plumber, painter, and carpenter to finance my high school and college education. So with this background of experience I hired the best native help available, secured some mud and dung, and went into the bricklaying business. Six months later the prime minister of Nepal and more than 3,000 townsmen gathered at the Scheer Memorial

◀ Mechanic as well as physician, Stanley finds his own "repair pit" near the hospital a necessity to keep his Land Rover in good running order.



Stanley and Raylene Sturges, with their children, Stanley, Jr., and Cheryl (in front) and Charlene and James Duncan, the latter two born in Nepal.

Hospital for the dedication of another demonstration of America's friendship for Nepal.

The Nepalese are about 70 percent Hindu and 30 percent Buddhist. You might think the religions would not get along too well, but the situation is such that the Hindu people enjoy thoroughly a Buddhist festival, and vice versa.

In spite of their religions, the Nepalese have a drinking problem. They go on drinking sprees during their festivals, with widespread drunkenness as a result. Their liquor is made from rice which is fermented and distilled. They call this *rakshi*, and they have a mash made from cornmeal which is called *janr*.

Drinking during their festivals must be considered one of their favorite pastimes, although there are a few of the orthodox Nepalese who do not drink at all.

As far as smoking is concerned, the Nepalese smoke, in small clay pipes, an opium derivative called *ganja*. When I ask what effects it has on the body, they say it gives them peace.

A *hookah* is a type of pipe in which a long rubber tube is connected to a water trap. For use in this the leaves of the tobacco plant are mixed with a sort of brown sugar. The Nepalese call it *sucker*, and it gives off a sweet-smelling smoke. It provides a certain atmosphere to the village at night when you hear this gurgling sound, for you know that someone is awake and enjoying his evening rest.

There is a lot of confusion these days as to what role America plays in this world, what the image of Amer-

ica is in these underdeveloped countries, and what direction these countries will take in the years ahead. So it appears to me that we need to strain every nerve to apply the ideals of the Christian West in our dealings with other people. Thus, my wife and I have never considered either of these two habits of drinking and smoking. We feel they are unnecessary to our well-being.

I was reared in a Seventh-day Adventist home and my parents always were careful to point out the disastrous effects that can come from such habits. Our church bases its beliefs on a text of Scripture admonishing us to keep in mind that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit, that Christ dwells in us, and that by defiling our bodies we are actually defiling the temple of God.

Oftentimes my friends ask me why I don't smoke or drink. I like to ask them a question right back: "What benefit do you derive from doing these things?"

The Nepalese people are looking toward the West for their methods of government. They certainly admire the American way of life. They have many students who have gone to America and have returned and reported on the spirit of the American people.

We are parents of four children, but probably will never forget the birth of our youngest son, Jimmy. Raylene gave birth to him on a black Himalayan night while I jeeped down the rocky trail toward the United Medical Mission Hospital at Katmandu, sixteen miles and two hours away.

As she writhed in labor, her baby turned so that a natural birth was impossible. Raylene fought back tears of agony while I struggled with the jeep. Suddenly the jeep lurched to the right near the edge of a cliff, jolting Raylene. "Stanley, I think she's changed position," she gasped.

I halted the jeep, and near the edge of a cliff in the darkness, Raylene gave birth, not to "she," but to nine-pound Jimmy. The delivery accomplished, I started on toward Katmandu, but Raylene wanted to return home. Somehow I turned the jeep around on the narrow trail and headed back to the clinic at Banepa.

Back at the hospital we resumed our previous schedules in a short time, continuing to give medical attention to hundreds of Nepalese, 95 percent of whom neither read nor write. But this picture is changing. Until 1950-51 Nepal had been a closed nation, but now with the aid of the United States Government the Nepalese are making great strides in education.

They have set up a college of education for the training of teachers. About 850 primary schools have been set up, these schools being maintained on a fifty-fifty basis by the local government and by the Nepali government. So the educational future of Nepal is brightening.

Many youth today are interested in serving their country and their church in some overseas country. When a person thinks in terms of working in an undeveloped country, he must keep himself adaptable. For example, if all you see is the filth and the slums, you might as well turn around and go back. A person must be flexible in his attitude and must be willing to see through the eyes of another person. In this way he can be of real service and help to all in need.

J. Mortimer Sheppard

IN FRANCE, 30 percent—nearly a third—of the nation's arable soil is planted in vineyards. France is the world's largest exporter of wine, supplying a quarter of the world's total consumption. The manufacturers of wine and kindred spirits in France spend millions of dollars annually in advertising their products at home and abroad. Mainly, these alcoholic beverages consist of wines, champagnes, cognacs, and liqueurs.

And while it is true that the French government has done much in the way of legislation to curb heavy drinking in the homeland, there has been no effort to curb the consumption of French-made alcohol in its many forms throughout the French colonies.

This fact leads to one of the factors in Algeria's long war for independence. The vast majority of Algerians are native-born people of the Moslem faith. One of the principal tenets of the Moslem religion is that no true follower of Mohammed shall use any alcoholic drink. Yet great quantities of alcoholic beverages are exported into Algeria from France.

Algeria has long been flooded with French advertising designed to encourage drinking, in both the French and Arabic languages, educating the younger populace of Algeria into the so-called "advantages" of drinking wine with their meals, taking an aperitif before meals, and devoting the evening to the "pleasure" of continued drinking.

In effect, the young Algerian is taught that to be smart, one must drink; to be "in the swim," one must drink; to entertain properly, one must serve alcohol in one form or another.

This, of course, is as offensive to the religious leaders in Algeria, and to all good Algerian Moslems, as an advertising campaign to encourage sin in our own United States would be to our clergymen. Drinking alcohol in any form is a direct sin in the Moslem religion.

Small wonder, then, that Algerian religious leaders are in favor of complete separation from France and the attainment of absolute independence. True, there are other factors, but this is most assuredly one of the outstanding causes of Algerian resentment toward France.

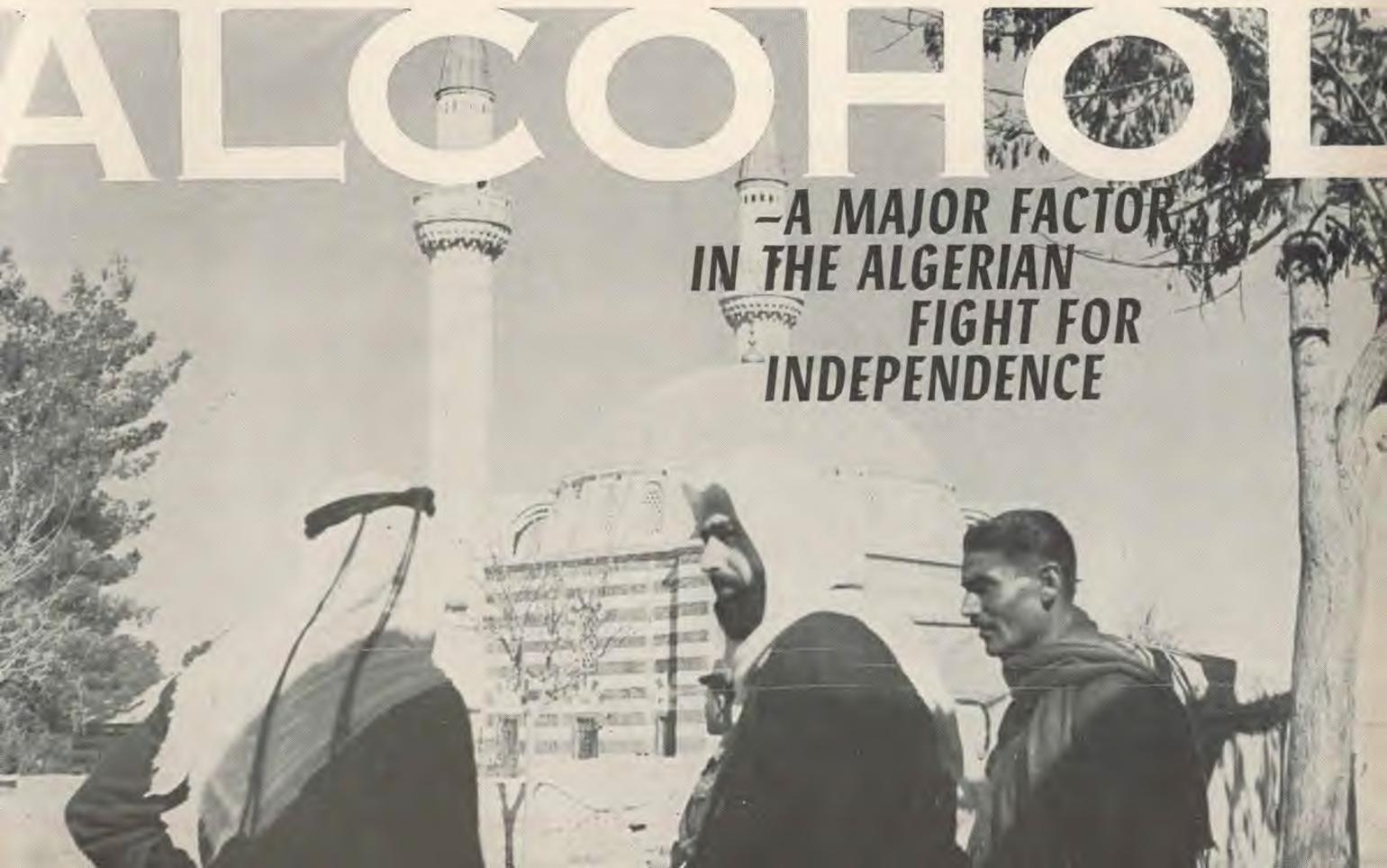
To add fuel to this particular fire is the fact that many French "colons," or people of French white blood, some born in Algeria, are also in the business of cultivating vineyards and producing alcoholic beverages in Algeria. Obviously this, too, is in direct conflict with the religion of the country and more than 90 percent of the nation's population.

France tolerates free religion at home and in its colonies, but along with that toleration she insults her people of the Moslem faith when she encourages alcohol drinking in colonies where virtually all the inhabitants are Moslems.

The motive behind French advertising of alcohol in Algeria, as elsewhere, is financial gain. Practically all the alcohol shipped into Algeria comes from France. France can draw the conclusion that the loss of Algeria will mean the loss of a customer for French spirits.

When Algeria gains its complete (Turn to page 32)

In its war for independence from France, Algeria fought for many freedoms. One of these was the freedom from alcoholic spirits imposed by the French upon a populace whose Moslem religion forbids drinking of any kind.



Aileen Saunders

**POWDER
PUFF
DERBY
WINNER**



Aileen Saunders powders her nose before takeoff in "The Cool Lady" in the 1959 Powder Puff Derby. She won the race.

Nellie M. Stewart

In her trophy room Aileen treasures numerous awards won in her comparatively short six years' flying time.



IT WAS my first ride in a light plane. Piloting the plane was Aileen Saunders, thirty-three-year-old aviatrix of El Cajon, California, winner of the 1959 and 1960 All Woman Transcontinental Air Race, also known as the Powder Puff Derby.

She also placed second in 1960's All Woman International Air Race (AWIAR), and has considerable jet time entered in her logbook, unusual for a woman. Her plane is a four-seat Cessna 172, model of 1958.

We were flying over San Diego at about 1,300 feet. The houses below were set in neat, small squares, many of them with tiny blue spots beside them, which I knew were swimming pools. Trees were fluffs of green, also in symmetrical lines, and tiny cars were parked in straight, long rows. But something was missing; there were no people! At this height people were too small to be seen, so complete in detail the city lay below, silent and empty!

Maybe this is what caused me to turn to Aileen and ask, "Have you ever crashed a plane, Aileen?" She looked at me and, smiling, said, "Oh, yes! Seven times."

Though often forced down in her plane, Aileen has walked away from these experiences unscathed. Her only mishap was a broken arm suffered when she slipped while getting out of a plane.

How does she account for all her "luck"? "It wasn't all luck," she says. At thirty-three Aileen Saunders looks twenty-five. Shoulder-length brown hair curls softly about her face, her blue eyes are clear, her complexion is flawless, and her teeth white and shining. "I do everything I know not to take unnecessary chances. For example, I don't drink or smoke, as I don't want or need artificial stimulants. When I'm up in the air, or on the ground, I want to know what I'm doing. I want to be able to think the best I know how.

"Once," she observes, "some friends and I sat down and as a matter of interest made a list of pilots we felt were taking risks. Some were drinking, while others were building other personal problems. Some were too brave! You know, there is a saying among pilots that there are many old pilots, and there are many bold pilots, but there are no old bold pilots. These pilots were all bold. They were taking chances. Well, every one of those on our list has been killed by crashing his plane in the past year!"

What about Aileen's own experiences? She says her most exciting one was when she was forced down on the return trip from San Salvador after winning second place in the All Woman International Air Race. The route had been from Miami, Florida, to San Salvador, and on the return trip trouble began over the Lacondonia jungle of Mexico, near the Guatemalan border.

She was at 2,500 feet when suddenly the oil pressure gauge dropped to zero. When (Turn to page 30)

Spaceman John Glenn--

"What a Fireball!"

Machine guns chattered
and bombs exploded
along the rocky Korean
hillside.

American
combat units,
which had

been pinned down all morning, began to drive back North Korean forces and Red Chinese "volunteers." Overhead, American fighter and bombing planes dived and tangled with enemy aircraft.

A young Marine combat pilot plunged into the thick of the aerial battle. In earlier hit-and-run encounters with MIG fighters, he had blasted two of them out of the air. Now he zoomed in toward a third.

It eluded him temporarily, rolled over, then came streaking toward fighter pilot John Glenn, Jr. Swiftly the enemy



plane ripped off a round of shots, puncturing holes in his craft. John Glenn, still unruffled and in command of his faculties, maneuvered desperately. Swinging high and away out, he slipped his foe and came roaring back from another angle. This time he was in position.

At a timely moment he opened up with a fusillade of shots. So did the MIG pilot. In the exchange, however, neither scored a lethal hit. In ensuing maneuverings the two continued to hammer away at one another, each man striving to gain the upper hand, to strike a final blow.

During that dramatic duel, John Glenn's life hung in the balance. Twice he thought fleetingly that his number was up. Finally, however, he swept into a trick maneuver. It amounted to a gamble in that he headed straight for the MIG plane.

This sufficiently unnerved the enemy pilot that he suddenly changed his course and left himself in an exposed position for a moment. That was what Glenn had hoped for. His blast destroyed the tenacious fighter.

That triumph cleared the air of enemy aircraft. In a moment of quiet reflection he murmured to himself: "Thank God, that's over!" Then he steered his scarred plane back toward his home base.

Surprisingly, he experienced no difficulty on that part of the flight. After landing, he greeted his colleagues cheerfully and shrugged off their references to his narrow escape. They continued to marvel over the fact that he had come back alive, especially since he had some 200 bullet holes in his plane.

An unassuming man of great spiritual strength, John Glenn took it all in stride. He was merely performing his duty to the best of his ability. And the fact that his most dangerous mission came on the last day of the Korean War did not perturb him.

In World War II and in Korea Glenn flew a total of 149 missions. He risked his life and emerged alive. His heroic exploits netted him five Distinguished Flying Crosses and the Air Medal.

As a young man John Glenn, who was born at Cambridge, Ohio, on July 18, 1921, thought and dreamed in terms of adventure. Later he vowed that he would pursue a career spiced with rugged adventure. Three fields interested him most: Flying, exploration, and science, in that order. Some movies he saw and men he talked with convinced him that he could serve his country to best advantage in the Marine Corps.

His performance as a fighting Marine pilot in World War II and in the Korean conflict left no doubt that he had chosen the branch of service best suited to his nature and talents. John Glenn was, from the outset, a man who craved action. He wanted action which would teach him how to cope with unexpected difficulties and emergencies, how to think fast in the face of stress, danger, and disaster. At heart he was an explorer who sought to conquer new frontiers.

I first met John Glenn during his combat days. Away from battlefronts, he was a congenial, genuinely modest, and clean-living young man. He spent most of his liberty hours away from the combat zone in swimming, catching up on his reading, and going for long walks. Friends and service buddies admired him as a down-to-earth person, a man of integrity.

(Turn to page 30)



Spaceman John H. Glenn's gloves, symbolical of the new

ELOISE ENGLE



"The flight of Friendship 7 . . . ?"

We talk about the race to space, of getting to the moon first. What is the purpose of it all? What will happen when selenauts finally do reach the moon?

You don't have to read those science-fiction stories any longer if you are interested in space travel. The stories are real, now.

Astronaut Alan Shepard's suborbital flight of May, 1961, triggered many of these stories which were in print almost before his rocket's vapor trail had faded. Then Spaceman John H. Glenn's three earth orbits last February 20 continued the avalanche of space articles. And suddenly, like a newborn colt still a bit wobbly, dazzled by what he sees around him, Americans find themselves in a new era—the space age.

But as Spaceman Glenn points out, "Friendship 7 is just a beginning, a successful experiment, another plateau in our step-by-step program of increasingly ambitious flight. We are just probing the surface of the greatest advancements in man's knowledge of his surroundings that have ever been made. Knowledge begets knowledge. Exploration, knowledge, and achievement are good only insofar as we apply them to our future actions."

What are our present and future actions?

A look at today's space scoreboard shows us that the United States has shot some sixty-seven satellites into orbit. Of these, thirty-six still remain in space, with many sending back useful data.

In the near future we can expect the Nimbus weather satellites. These will provide TV coverage of clouds over

every point on earth every six hours. Also, Tiros satellites will continue their forecasting of weather. In the field of communications, five different types of satellites will be sent aloft to provide eventual worldwide television, radio, and telephone relay systems.

Moon-probing rockets in the Ranger series will land on the moon and will radio back information. The Mariner is scheduled to scan the planet Venus, while satellites of Canada and Britain, launched by the United States, will start a new program of sharing space information.

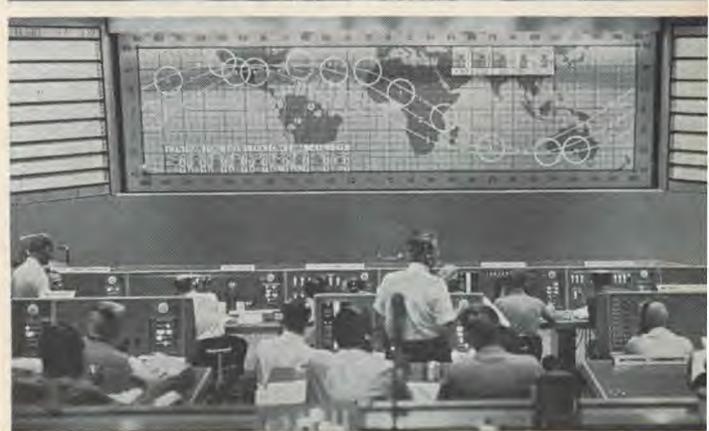
But what of the manned space flights of the future?

As Colonel John Glenn says, "The flight of Friendship 7 is just a beginning."

During this year, American spacemen are scheduled to circle the earth every two months. By the end of the year they will be making eighteen full orbits during a day-long journey. In 1963 and 1964, Project Gemini will take over, carrying two men in a capsule for a week or more, orbiting the earth. During 1964-65, the Apollo is slated to make tests, and three-man teams will be trained for the 250,000-mile moon journey which will come sometime in 1966 or 1967.

It is hard for those who are earthbound to visualize what our hardy spacemen will encounter on the crusty, dusty earth relative—the moon. But we do know the trip will take about sixty hours and the landing will probably be at early dawn of a two-week lunar day. Lunar spacemen, incidentally, may be called selenauts (from the Greek moon goddess, Selene).

Mountains as high as Everest will tower on the pock-marked moon surface. There will be no sound on the airless moon. Neither will there be any sense of smell. No



...a beginning."

Positive living habits are essential to those participating in the space program.

(Above) Testing our wings—Glenn in orbit. (Below) Orbital flights—in the realm of reality.



President John F. Kennedy pins the NASA Distinguished Service Award Medal on Spaceman Glenn following his famous flight in the Friendship 7, in which he orbited the earth.

blanketing atmosphere will fog the celestial view of brilliant, nontwinkling stars. And, hanging like a great luminous disk in the black sky, the sun will appear rather like a huge stage floodlight. To protect themselves from the heat and from the sun's glare, spacemen will wear light-scattering visors in their helmets, along with light- and heat-absorbing glasses.

It is of interest to note that the fabled man-in-the-moon has a very dirty face. On the moon's surface dust is everywhere. This is because earth's housekeepers, wind and rain, are missing from the moon's atmosphere. Thus, spacemen may find water an essential commodity.

A view of the earth from the moon will be breathtaking. It will appear as a great bluish ball four times as large as the moon and eighty times brighter. When a lunar landing is achieved, scientists will prove whether or not the earth has a small gaseous trail called a geotail. Important visible landmarks on earth will include Manhattan Island and the Grand Canyon.

Walking on the moon may provide an amusing experience. Since the moon has only one sixth of the earth's gravity, a normal lunar step will be at least fifteen feet. And when lunar vehicles go into operation, a small bump will send the lunarmobile soaring high and featherlike until it floats back down to the surface again, hopefully on all four wheels.

Selenauts will never travel alone outside the ship or the colony. One slight tear or injury to the space suit's protective covering and the selenaut will face a loss of oxygen, and his body fluids will boil away. Should such an unhappy event occur, he would be conscious no longer than fifteen seconds. Temperatures on the moon's surface range from 250 degrees above zero in the sun to 215 degrees below zero in the shade.

Communication also will pose a problem on the moon. Because the moon is smaller than the earth, the horizon is three miles away, and beyond the horizon the radio will not work. With no earth atmosphere, shouts for help cannot be heard, nor can a balloon rise to signal distress. Perhaps the best way spacemen will be able to handle emergencies will be to radio earth and have earth send back distress signals to the station.

In so many ways space travel is an inhospitable challenge. Yet we cannot turn away from this challenge and opportunity. In space, scientists can view other celestial bodies and learn much more about them than ever before. Earthbound "groundhogs," as we may someday laughingly be called, are already enjoying the benefits of over 3,000 space-related products. Fantastic strides in space medicine are already freeing us from pain and from untimely death. We have more leisure for creative pursuits, and more accurate weather predictions will help us in planning those trips to the beach or to the ball game.

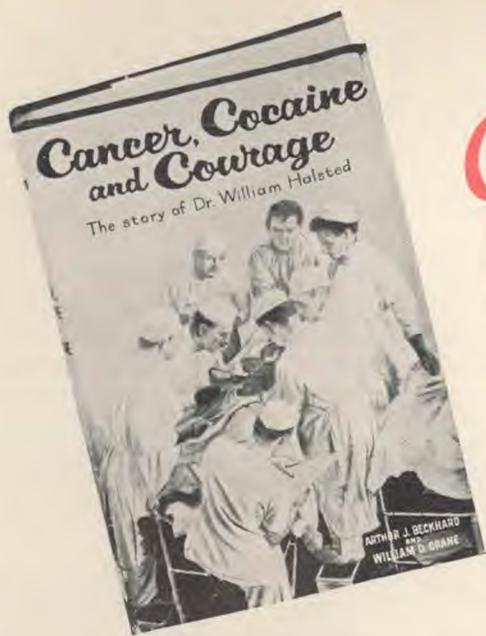
The space age has opened great opportunities for young people. Both men and women can find a place, if they prepare themselves. Spaceman Glenn has shown that high moral and spiritual values are just as important to the space program as skill at the controls.

Those in charge of determining who will man our spacecraft will examine the total human. This will include his health habits, his training, his ability to make decisions under difficult and unusual circumstances, and his potential as a physically fit man. Spacemen cannot be dependent on artificial stimulants. Their bodies must be at peak performance at all times.

Young women, too, will be needed more and more in our space efforts. As President Kennedy said recently: "In our many endeavors for a lasting peace, America's space program has a new and critical importance. The skills and imagination of our young men and women are not only welcome, but urgently sought in this vital area. I know they will meet this challenge to them and to the nation with vigor and resourcefulness."

Like fledgling birds on the edge of the nest, we still have much more to do in testing our wings before we can hope to undertake sustained space flights. Courageous men like Colonel Glenn have helped to take the space age from science fiction to the realm of reality, but the main question facing each of us now is: How well will we meet the opportunities and challenges the space age offers?

Friendship 7 was just the beginning.



Cancer, Cocaine, and COURAGE

Condensed from the book, *Cancer, Cocaine, and Courage*
by Arthur J. Beckhard and William D. Crane.

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In the early days of medicine, the pioneer physician, William Halsted, found a thrilling new pain-killer in cocaine, but when he used himself as a guinea pig he unwittingly became addicted to the very drug which held such great promise for good. However, with astonishing courage he fought back, and overcame, going on to perform miracles in surgery and lay the foundation of research which has gone far in helping to solve the deadly riddle of cancer.

HIS FIRST EXPERIMENT with cocaine injection being successful, William Halsted began to try its effect in a number and variety of surgical operations. All these were done without any suffering on the part of the patient. It was a glorious new field, and Will's enthusiasm knew no bounds. He seemed to have conquered pain; then he began to experiment on himself.

Regardless of how cocaine was taken, the result was the same—a feeling of complete tirelessness. Sleep seemed unnecessary; the mind was unusually clear. Will and his colleagues were able to work long hours without rest. It was magic to Will. Always a hard worker, he was overjoyed at this gift of new strength.

Then the blow fell. It all began during a routine operation. His hand and the razor-sharp scalpel were trembling just as the incision was ready to be made. If he saw it, he knew that a dozen other pairs of eyes had seen it also. His usual deft, mathematically precise incision would be impossible. He straightened up, handed the scalpel back, motioned to his assistant to continue the operation, and walked none too steadily from the room.

He wanted fresh air, so he breathed deeply as he walked home. It made him feel a little better physically, but he still had the terrible feeling of depression that had begun when he looked down and saw his hands trembling. The hands he had always been so proud of had betrayed him like a pair of false, faithless friends.

At home he sat down in a chair by the window. There was so much to be done. He had been feeling so tireless and eager, and now all of a sudden he didn't seem to care. He took a sniff of powdered cocaine; almost instantly he

felt better. He would be all right the next morning. He must have been too tired. He held his hand up at arm's length. There was no sign of trembling, and his confidence came back.

A few hours later Dick Hall, a medical school colleague, came by. He seemed worried, and sat silent for a minute or two. Finally he said quietly, "I was in the operating room this afternoon, Will."

"That was probably foolish of me," Will replied casually. "I guess I was just overtired."

Dick shook his head. "Not you, Will. I've known you a long time, and I have yet to see you overtired. At least I've never seen you show it. That's what worried me."

"What are you driving at?"

"There was an expression on your face I had never seen before—a sort of stare, and you walked a little as though you were picking your way over a rough path."

"That could be fatigue," Will repeated. "Look at me now. I'm rested, and I'm better."

Dick put his hand on Will's arm. "Tell me," he said. "When you came home, did you lie down? Did you eat anything or take any medicine? Just what did you do?"

"No, I didn't lie down," Will replied. "Let me see. I had a drink of water, and sat over there by the window in that easy chair. I felt I needed rest. I took a pinch of cocaine, and read a book. Then you came in."

"Mamma Coca," Dick murmured, nodding his head.

Will straightened up. He hadn't thought of this, and it opened a terrifying prospect. "You mean—you think that the cocaine had something to do with it?"

Dick did not answer at once, and then not directly. "Have you read a book by Thomas DeQuincy called *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*?"

"Yes, but that was opium." Will couldn't bring himself to believe what Dick was implying.

"True," continued Dick, "but remember that opium is derived from a plant just as cocaine is, and it happens that we know something about opium."

Will understood only too well. The two doctors sat silently in thought, and their thoughts were much the same.

Cancer, Cocaine, and Courage

One of the most dramatic stories in the history of medicine is that of the discovery of the drug cocaine, which was first isolated in 1860 from the juice of the strange coca shrub of South America by Dr. Albert Nieman in Europe, where samples had been taken by travelers. Its anesthetic properties were demonstrated by the famous eye surgeon Dr. Carl Koller of Vienna. In America, Dr. William Halsted saw its possibilities in surgery and began injecting it experimentally into various nerves of the body. Its first actual use came when its injection enabled Dick Hall, one of Halsted's associates, to have the cavity in one of his teeth filled without pain. This encouraging success started the sequence of events which established cocaine as an effective pain-killer, but a rough road lay ahead before the vicious, addictive power of the drug was to be discovered and the danger signals put up to stop anyone from using it carelessly or ignorantly.

If this unknown drug with which they had been experimenting was even half as dangerous as opium, Will Halsted might be only the first victim. Six men had used it.

One day about the middle of the following week a great feeling of depression returned to Will—a feeling of complete indifference to his work. His dreams and the whole world of reality seemed to be collapsing around him. Visions of all the wonderful things he would do in surgery suddenly became dim and unimportant.

The next morning was no better. Sitting still was torture; and yet, when he got up, he couldn't seem to decide what he should do next, or where he should go. The day wore on. He paced the room.

He knew where help was to be found—in a little phial of cocaine behind a dainty Dresden shepherdess on the mantelpiece in the parlor. He called it Mamma Coca, and it would bring him relief. Perhaps if he took just a little of it, he would have the strength to straighten himself out and get something done. He had an agreement with Dick Hall but he could break that. What did anything matter now?

He started for the door to go downstairs to the parlor, and halfway down the stairs he heard the front doorbell. Reaching the ground floor, he glanced into the parlor. There was the little shepherdess guarding the phial of Mamma Coca. The doorbell rang again. He crossed to the mantel. It would only take a minute, and then he could see who his visitor was. As he got to the mantelpiece he heard a key turn in the lock, and the door open. He paused, trying to think who had a key to his house. Then he heard the voice of Sam Vander Poel, his brother-in-law and medical colleague. "William." He drew his hand back from the

little shepherdess and turned to face Sam, standing in the door of the parlor. Somehow he sensed that this was not merely a friendly visit.

"What is it, Sam?" he asked irritably.

Sam tossed his hat on a chair and stepped into the room. "I have just come from Dr. Welch at Bellevue Hospital. He's very worried about you." Sam's voice was quiet.

"Oh?" was all that Will could manage in reply.

"He told me of the incident in the operating room last week. Being up in Albany, I hadn't heard anything about it. Dr. Welch thinks it could be very serious. As you know, he has followed your experiments with cocaine with great interest. From the start he had a feeling that you were treading on dangerous ground, but, knowing your success in other experiments, he said nothing. Now he wishes he had. He thinks that your illness is due to the cocaine you have been using. I agree with him. Don't you realize that it isn't the drug alone that is doing this to you? It is the fact that you haven't any drug that is dangerous. You've become dependent on it."

"I know I'm nervous just now," Will admitted, "but if I keep off the drug I'm sure I'll feel better." Even as he said this he felt vaguely that he was wrong, but he didn't seem to have the will to admit it. "At least there is no proof that I won't," he continued.

"I wish I were sure of that, but I'm afraid you're wrong. Addiction to a drug is not a pleasant thing to realize." Sam paused. "Dr. Welch wants you to go away from here for a while," he went on.

"That's ridiculous," Will interrupted, and there was a little anger in his voice at being told something he didn't want to believe. "I'll probably be all right in a few days. I took more than the others because it was my idea. So it hit me the hardest. I'm the only one who has been hurt."

"I'm afraid not," Sam replied, and there was a tone of finality in his voice that made Will turn suddenly to him.

"What makes you say that?"

The short silence was like the second before an execution.

"Jim Hartman, who was working with you, died last night—and it was not a pleasant death."

Suddenly the world of reality drew Will back from his mood of depression, only to make the depression deeper. It was like a nightmare that didn't end with an awakening.

A few days later Will sat in the office of Dr. Welch. Here he had sat a few short years ago, a confident, successful young surgeon with great ideas. Now he was a patient seeking help—a sick man whose illness, unless cured, might mean the end of all his hopes.

"Will," Dr. Welch was saying, "four years ago you saved your sister's life by doing something that had never before been tried, and a year later you saved the life of your mother under much the same conditions. That took courage." He paused as though to emphasize his next thought. "Right now I am asking you to save your own life. I'll help you all I can, but it is going to take even more of that same sort of courage on your part. Sam and I have a plan. Will you do as I say?"

For a moment he couldn't reply and Welch went on, "I have an idea, Will, about this new drug. We actually know little about it, but the chances are that it acts much as opium does. It forces us—you in particular—to face a challenge. It undoubtedly acts on the brain as soon as the system be-

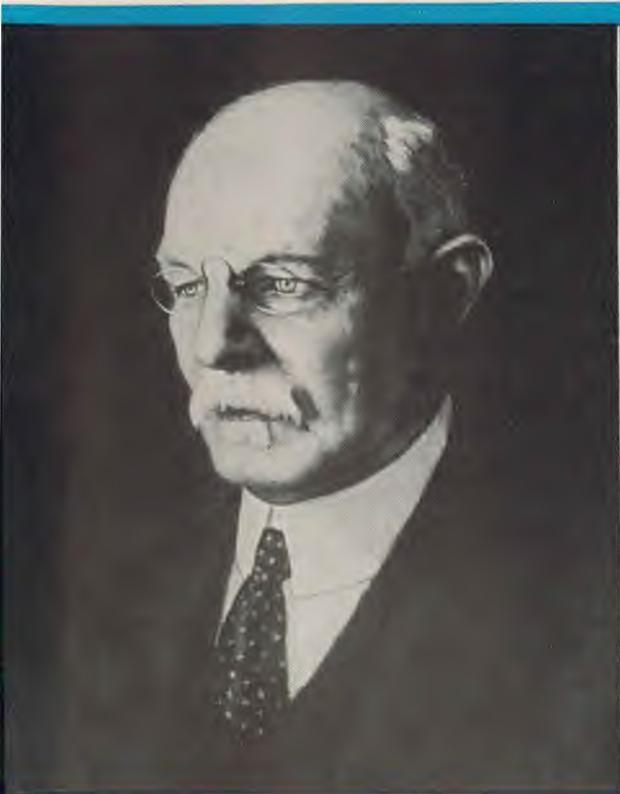
comes saturated with it. It works against one's willpower. The challenge is to prove that your will, or the will of anyone struck by the drug, is stronger than the drug itself. So it is not just you, as valuable as you are. You are in a position to prove to other men and women who may fall victims that the habit can be overcome. Will you accept the challenge?"

"What do you want me to do?" Will asked quietly.

"In the first place you must give up all your work—resign from all your hospitals and give up any private practice. What you have to do will take every bit of your thought and energy. It will need the strength and courage that can come only from you." He went on to explain that with Sam Vander Poel's help he had secured a small schooner and three capable sailors. They would sail for the Windward Islands with Will and himself as passengers.

gusty. He would go below to Dr. Welch and get some relief. When he started to rise he heard the helmsman shout and saw the main boom swing crazily out to port, the broken ends of the sheet dragging in the water. The sailor brought the "Bristol's" head up into the wind, and the heavy boom swung back. It caught the man on the side of his head and flung him sprawling at Will's feet. The captain seized the wheel and steadied the ship.

Will looked down. The man on the deck was bleeding badly from his head, but Will just looked at him. Movement seemed impossible, or was it that he didn't care? He knew perfectly well that he should stop the bleeding. He knew where the first-aid kit was kept. It was a routine job; but he just stood and looked, incapable of acting. Dr. Welch, roused from a nap by the helmsman's shout, appeared at the



William S. Halsted, surgeon and teacher, made many valuable contributions to medicine besides his work on the anesthetic properties of cocaine.

A group portrait of teachers at Johns Hopkins University medical school taken around 1900, including (left to right) Dr. William H. Welch, Halsted's close friend; Dr. Halsted; Sir William Osler; and Dr. H. A. Kelly.

In less than a week Will stepped aboard the "Bristol" in New York Harbor. Headed on a course to the southeast, the little ship soon left the mainland behind. At times Will felt happy and hopeful. There were, though, hours of unspeakable agony filled with delirious visions and moods of dark depression, ended only by a small dose of cocaine. Will never took any without Dr. Welch's consent, and he tried desperately to lengthen the periods between doses. It was a constant, humiliating, persistent fight.

Four days out the "Bristol" was well on its way to the Caribbean. Will was sitting by the windward rail. He felt hot, sick, and nervous. The sea was rough, and the wind

hatchway. Taking in the situation, he acted promptly and the injured man was soon lying comfortably on his bunk.

Will slipped below. Instinctively he reached for the little phial—and lay back on his bunk, suddenly relaxed. His body was tired from the strain of the last few hours, and his eyes closed drowsily. Half an hour later he opened them to see Dr. Welch sitting on the edge of his bunk. Will's mind was clear now. The realization that he, a doctor, had done nothing to help an injured man came to him with the shock of real pain. He rose on his elbow and started to speak, whether to justify himself or to apologize he didn't know. Dr. Welch interrupted him.

Cancer, Cocaine, and Courage

"Poor Joe got a nasty crack on the head, but he's all right now."

Will swung his legs onto the floor. "I was there when it happened," he began, "and I—"

Dr. Welch put his hand on his shoulder. He spoke kindly. "What happened out there was out of your hands, Will. Remember, I told you that this cocaine gets into the brain. It numbs your decent thought. It's powerful. What you did, or didn't do, was not a fault, but it should help to show you what you are up against. You've got to make up your mind to be more powerful than the drug. Now try to get a little more sleep. I'll go on deck and see if I can do some sailing." Halfway up he leaned down and said, "Remember, Will, your job is the future—not the past."

Weeks lengthened into months. Will found that he was able to go much longer without the cocaine.

A few days before sighting land on the return trip he began to feel the effects of his reduction in cocaine. He had done pretty well; but the strain was telling on him, and signs of the old depression were coming to him. For two days and nights he was delirious and seemed to recognize no one. The third day he became calmer, though he was still tired and haggard. Opening his eyes one morning, he met the gaze of the captain sitting by his bunk. "You've had it kinda tough lately, matey," he said sympathetically, "but just keep your head into the wind and don't fall off too much, and you'll find a lee shore before you know it." In the captain's mind the "lee shore" was one offering shelter from storm.

A day or so later they tied up at the dock in New York. Will said good-bye to the captain with genuine regret. The man had given him a new strength, and he was more than grateful. Dr. Welch insisted that Will go to the Butler Hospital in Providence. He would like Dr. Sawyer, and a few weeks of concentrated medical care was what he needed.

"And after that?" Will asked. He was thinking of Dr. Welch's offer of work with him in Baltimore.

The answer was reassuring. "Why, join me in Baltimore, of course." It was a load off Will's mind.

The weeks he spent at Butler Hospital were most successful. The treatment was less violent than what he had become used to on his sea trip. A milder drug was substituted for the cocaine, the food was nourishing, and his many friendly talks with Dr. Sawyer on general as well as on professional subjects gave him a feeling of being again an essential part of the world of medicine.

Will's interest was surgery, as it always had been, and the two years he spent with Dr. Welch gave him the chance he had never before had to perfect his knowledge of anatomy.

One day early in 1889, he and Dr. Welch were walking through the buildings of the almost completed hospital given by Johns Hopkins to the university. They had often discussed it. It was to be the greatest contribution to medicine ever made, staffed by the top men in the various branches.

"As you know, Will," Dr. Welch was saying, "I am a trustee, and as such I share the responsibility of getting only the best men. The chair of surgery is still open. I want you."

This was said simply but in the rather positive way of a man who, having thought something over for a long time, decides to come to the point. Simple as the words were, the

depth of their meaning was not lost on Will. Not only did Dr. Welch want him in the vitally important position but he must also believe that the years of cocaine were over.

The moment called for plain speaking. "I appreciate your confidence. But what about the other trustees? They all know of my sickness. My breakdown at an operation in New York three years ago is no secret. I'm not so sure of the wisdom of it myself."

They had reached Dr. Welch's office in the laboratory, and were soon seated by his desk.

"I want you to do something for me before you decide, Will," Dr. Welch said. "Will you do it?"

"Of course," Will replied without hesitation. Dr. Welch opened a drawer and took out a small phial.

"I don't need to tell you what this is," Welch went on. "I want you to take it. I want you to keep it with you night and day for a month. It has a seal on it. I want you to return it to me with the seal unbroken."

"You mean if I can do this it will prove to the trustees that I am quite normal again?" Will said.

Welch hesitated. "Not exactly, Will. I don't believe I shall even mention it to them."

"Then I don't see how—" Will began, but was stopped by a gesture from Welch.

"The trustees will take my word in the matter," he went on. "An addict to drugs or alcohol is cured only when he has gained confidence in himself. This test is for you—not the trustees. Prove it to yourself, and I'll carry on from there. Personally, I think you have reached the lee shore that the captain spoke about." He handed Will the phial.

The little phial became a symbol for Will. He kept it with him at all times. At night it was on the table beside his bed, and during the day in his waistcoat pocket. Every time he touched the unbroken seal his confidence grew. It was like a game, with his future as the stake. Also like a game, the more he played it the easier it became and the more expert he became in playing it. Even before the month was over, he knew that he couldn't lose.

One day early in the summer of 1904 Will received a letter postmarked New Haven, and signed in the name of the President and Fellows of Yale University. They wished, the letter said, to confer on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, at the coming June commencement. He handed the letter to Caroline, his beloved wife whom he had first met some fourteen years before when she was a nurse. She knew how much this meant to Will.

At last the moment came. "This graduate," a dignified professor in cap and gown began, "of Yale College in the class of 1874, for fifteen years now professor of surgery in the Johns Hopkins University and surgeon in chief in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, won his way to this proud eminence after prolonged studies and practice in the best schools and hospitals in New York and Germany."

The presentation speech noted eloquently all the achievements of this great man, and concluded, "Though wars still rage, and men admire the martial conqueror, ours is the loftier delight that lays the victor's wreath upon the brow of him who conquers pain, disease, and deformity—William Stewart Halsted."

Will received his degree. As his eyes scanned the audience and met Caroline's, they rejoiced together. He knew that this was indeed his "lee shore."

AS THE **WORLD** TURNS

TIJUANA DOPE AND THE YANKEE DOLLAR

William L. Roper

Last November Carlos Estrada Sastre, a crusading Mexican journalist, sat down at his typewriter in Tijuana and pounded out an exposé attacking the state and local police for what he charged was "their active participation in the drug and prostitution rackets."

Published in the Mexican newspaper *Noticias*, the article caused an immediate sensation. It turned the spotlight on certain organized criminal elements responsible for the highly profitable narcotics trade across the border.

Shortly after the exposé, on November 26, Estrada Sastre

was murdered in his hotel room, slugged by assassins lying in wait for him. His slaying shocked the decent citizens of all Mexico. It also gave many citizens of the United States grave concern. And it stirred the government of Mexico to quick, decisive action.

Many Mexicans were worried about the effect the crusader's murder would have on American public opinion, which is important in Mexico. Tourism, with the tourists coming mostly from the United States, means \$700,000,000 to Mexico annually.

Within a few days after Estrada Sastre's murder, the police chief of Tijuana and three state police officers were in jail, formally charged with the slaying.

Regardless of what happens to those accused of bludgeoning the crusading newspaperman to (Turn to page 34)

Hawaii • OPERATION YOUTH GROUP • Leona Elliott

Warden Joe Harper of Oahu prison in Honolulu, Hawaii, says that "in 40 percent of parole violation cases, liquor is a major factor." Inmates at this prison maintain that at least 84 percent of them are there because of alcohol or other narcotics. Only 27 out of about 500, however, attribute their trouble to narcotics as such, the remainder pointing out alcohol as the cause of their downfall.

Unique at Oahu prison is an organization known as Operation Youth Group, consisting of sixteen men with one aim: to help curb juvenile delinquency. Their motto, "It Is Easier to Build Youngsters Than to Mend Adults."

Members of the group speak on radiobroadcasts, to high school students, to school faculties, and to civic organizations and churches, telling of



Warden Joe Harper of Oahu prison,
Honolulu, Hawaii

their own experiences and warning those who might be tempted in the same direction.

They hope to initiate similar groups in other prisons, and to work directly whenever possible with youngsters who really need help. They have organized a committee composed of former members now on parole, who will work hand in hand with the parent group.

"The youths of Hawaii are the growing pains of Hawaii," say the Operation Youth Group leaders. "They need guidance, —morally and spiritually,—counseling, and direct supervision right from the home and in the schools, not in a boys' home or prison. We're going to show them the part that drinking had in putting us in a place like this. There must be a way, and we want to do our part in helping to guide them along the right way."



Relaxing after dinner at our camp near the southern tip of Lake McDonald.

Glacier National Park affords an intimate glimpse into--



On Avalanche Lake a moose warily eyes a young fisherman. He decided the evergreens in the background were safer.

Nature's Wonderland

ROBERT H. RIECKS

Snow-capped peaks tower above glacier-carved valleys. Ribbonlike waterfalls unravel a thousand feet into forested basins that cradle emerald lakes. In the shallows browse those Roman-nosed, unpredictable forest giants, the moose.

On the crags above, a shaggy white goat leaps—almost seems to float—over a 500-foot-deep crevasse, then rockets down a precipice where one cannot even see a fingerhold. Silhouetted against a cloud-studded sky, a bighorn sheep majestically surveys miles of grandeur as though he owned it.

At the same height, disputing the sheep's ownership and soaring in ever-widening circles, is that great king of the Western air, the golden eagle.

Spread around as far as the eye can see is the unparalleled beauty of Glacier National Park. Not quite on Montana's western border, it extends over the northern boundary where it becomes Canada's Waterton Lakes National Park. This park contains a million acres of one of the world's most scenic areas.

The Rockies were not new to us, but the mountains in this northern section were. As our station wagon and borrowed Scotty Sportsman trailer sped along U.S. Highway 2, we had vied with each other for the thrill of the first sight of these peaks.

After reaching East Glacier we drove the additional fifty-six miles around the park's southern border, crossing

the Continental Divide at Marias Pass, finally entering the park at the West Glacier Entrance, where we started onto the famous Going-to-the-Sun Highway. We passed beautiful Lake McDonald on our left and pulled into Avalanche Creek Campground, which was to be our trailer home for the next five days.

Here, on a picturesque flat covered with cedar and balsam, we found some of the finest drinking water we had ever tasted. Whether we drank it from one of the numerous faucets or walked to Avalanche Creek made no difference, for it all came from the same melting snows above.

One morning, in spite of threatening clouds, we met the ranger-naturalist at a designated spot at the rear of the campground and started up the winding trail to Avalanche Lake, two miles away. The park ranger will always be a source of wonder to me. He is a college graduate, a specialist in natural history, a lover of the outdoors, and a diplomat extraordinary. The miracle is, that after shepherding thousands of people over hundreds of miles of trail for years upon end, he still possesses the same enthusiasm as though this were his first trip.

We stopped many times as the ranger explained to our party (there were eighteen or nineteen of us) the more interesting features of the flora surrounding us. He also pointed out the edible things growing in the mountains upon which we might survive in an emergency. These stops gave us city dwellers a diplomatic chance to catch our breath.

One reward for the climb: the sight of a large bull moose standing knee-deep in the water, staring right at us as we

For transportation a snowmobile is used, such as this one parked on ice on the Athabasca Glacier in Jasper National Park.

Behind Clements Mountain storm clouds are gathering. This is one of the great views from the Going-to-the-Sun Highway.



PHOTOS
BY THE
AUTHOR



Two miles from camp and 600 feet above lies Avalanche Lake. Sperry Glacier, beyond the peaks at the right, is the source of the lake.

emerged from the forest. Fortunately for us he was several hundred feet around the lake's edge from our point of egress, for if we had suddenly come upon him, it would most likely have been necessary for us to go back down the trail at a somewhat livelier pace. The moose is a truculent animal and follows no set rules.

Glacier National Park has more than a thousand miles of hiking and horseback trails, which are great gifts for those who are content to travel thus. They are not for the man who screeches his car to a stop and calls to the ranger, "I have just two hours. Tell me how to see everything."

A marvel of American and Swiss engineering skill, the Going-to-the-Sun Highway passed our campground and then wound its way through the park to the St. Mary Entrance on the eastern side.

Climbing steadily to above timberline, you will see sparkling glacier-fed lakes, rushing streams, lofty waterfalls, deep forests, meadows carpeted with innumerable flowers, and sky-reaching, snow-capped granite peaks. At some of the overlooks you can feed the chipmunks and ground squirrels, or even the hoary marmot. He's a raggedy, rugged-looking fellow. I took movies of one at Logan Pass, where the highway crosses the Continental Divide at an altitude of 6,667 feet. From the large parking area here, many of the outstanding hikes in the park start.

It was from this point that we took our longest hike. It is called the Garden Wall hike and runs just below the Continental Divide from Logan Pass to Granite Park Chalet, a distance of 7.4 miles. We went halfway and then retraced our steps, as this was far enough for inexperienced feet.

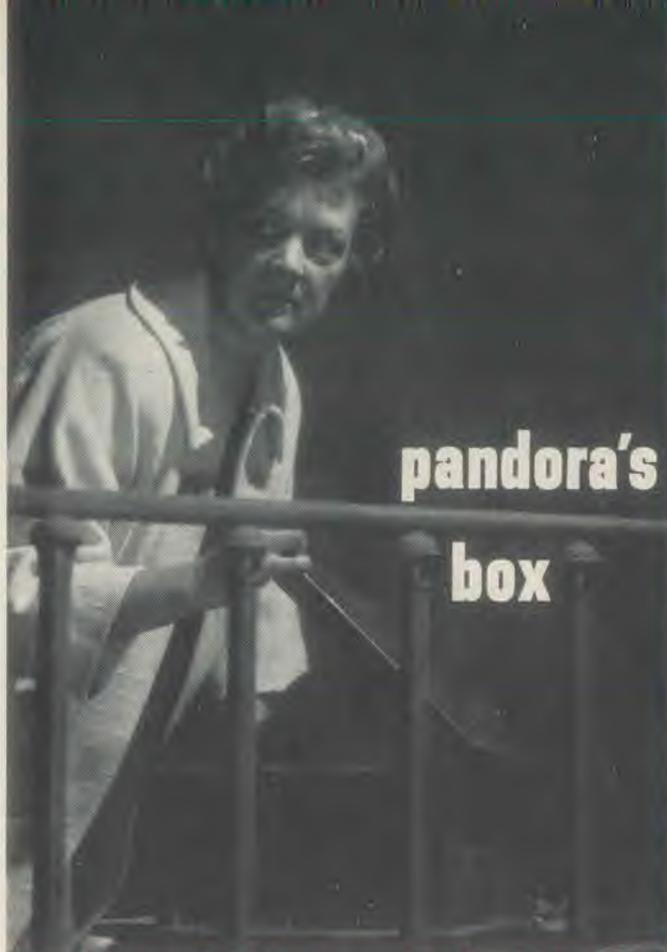
At times the pathway was only a narrow, rocky trail with a thousand feet of nothing to the side and below us, and on the opposite side, going straight up, a thousand feet of rock. At other times there were open, meadow-like expanses carpeted with flowers. Then we crossed snowfields, slipping and sliding as we walked on the frozen areas.

It didn't take long to find out that my two-quart canteen of water was an unnecessary burden, as there were many ice-cold streams and waterfalls, alongside or crossing the trail, that afforded us a most refreshing drink.

After five days we moved our trailer to the Apgar Campground located at the foot of Lake McDonald, where we attended the illustrated program given by the ranger that evening. This is a regular feature at nearly all campgrounds, a feature that is well attended. The ranger usually begins with a "sing" of familiar songs, sometimes teaching new and humorous ones. Often this is around a big campfire.

Lake McDonald is good picture material with its beautiful expanse surrounded by heavenward-reaching peaks, but we had much yet to see. So going back to East Glacier, we parked the trailer and took off for Canada, where we spent the next three days at Banff, Lake Louise, and Moraine Lake in Banff National Park, and the Columbia Ice Fields in Jasper National Park.

At the ice fields we made a five-mile trip over Athabasca Glacier in a snowmobile, making several stops for pictures. This was the first time I had ever had a thousand feet of solid ice under my feet. Scattered over the glacier were icy streams of water which were the result (Turn to page 32)



**TENTACLES OF VICIOUS DRUG ADDICTION
SOMETIMES REACH INTO SURPRISING
PLACES TO AFFECT UNSUSPECTING CITIZENS.**

FOR the first time since it happened, I feel free now to tell how I broke into a house in search of a man named John Smith, and found instead a cache of heroin worth a fortune on the illicit market.

My husband Frank and I owned and operated a small grocery on Colfax Avenue in Denver, Colorado, in an area of furnished rooms and apartments. One bitterly cold, snowy day in December, Frank was taken suddenly ill and rushed to the hospital. While he was hospitalized I had to run the store alone.

Days later, at closing time, a man I had never seen before walked into the store. His face was shadowed by a soiled felt hat, and I thought his raglan-sleeve gabardine topcoat was light gear for our mile-high city in winter.

Gathering up his groceries, he left hurriedly. The next three nights he came in, shopped, and left without speaking. Just seeing him made me feel apprehensive, as I did when we caught a shoplifter.

When Frank was released from the hospital, I told him about the stranger.

"He could be some poor man down on his luck, you know," Frank tolerantly reassured me, "but I'll watch him from the back room if he comes in again."

That night the stranger came in as usual, but he brought only bread and milk to the checkstand. When he opened the door to go out, Frank came barging in from the back room yelling, "Just a minute, mister!"

Frank's appearance surprised the man. Quickly turning, he heaved the sack of groceries, the bottle of milk striking my husband in the chest with such force he was stopped long enough for the stranger to run out the door. Frank dashed after him while I stood terrified at what the violent exertion might do to the newly healed incision in his side.

Minutes later Frank came limping in the door, wet and dirty, holding his side and dragging the gabardine topcoat.

"What happened?" I cried, trying to help him.

"I grabbed him, then I slipped on some ice. He got away," Frank whispered as he sagged to the floor.

The next two hours were a confusion of doctors, ambulance, and hospital. The police were notified, so they could find the stranger and hold him.

When Frank slept I went back to the store, covered the produce with a damp cloth, and checked the register. Thinking about my husband roused my anger to a white-hot pitch. He could have

Blendena L. Sonnichsen

been killed chasing that man—even now he could have a relapse.

Thinking about the stranger reminded me of the topcoat Frank had dropped on the floor. Finding it, I felt in the deep patch pockets. I pulled a small key and crumpled postcard out of one pocket. The card was addressed to John Smith, 3727 Monroe Street, Denver, Colorado.

The man lived right behind our store! The card was postmarked Los Angeles and had been received that day. On the message side printed in purple crayon was one word, "Greetings." Slipping on my coat and boots, I cradled the key in the palm of my hand inside my glove. Then I turned out the lights and locked the door.

The address on Monroe was an old brick mansion converted into a rooming house, which was close to the sidewalk. It was dark and ghostly quiet. Nearby, the wavering street light shone on a double window and a big door with an oblong of ornate plate glass sheltered by a narrow porch across the front of the house.

The small card stuck in the door frame read "John Smith," crudely printed with purple crayon on the card. I slipped back to the door and listened. Then I turned the knob of the old-fashioned bell and heard it ring overhead, inside. No one came. I rang again, then cautiously turned the door-knob. The door was locked.

Tiptoeing to the double windows, I tried the first one, but it didn't budge. So I tried the second one, and felt it give a little. As I pushed I heard a grating squeak as it raised.

I opened the window so that I could straddle the sill and step into the shadowy room. I held my breath. Was John Smith hiding in the darkness, waiting to strike me down? I strained my eyes.

A light bulb dangled from a cord in front of me. When I was sure I was alone, I felt for window shades, and pulled them down. Then I turned on the light.

The tiny room had an iron bed, a dresser, and a chair. The floor was covered with moldy, smelly matting. Quickly I opened the dresser drawers, but they were empty. The room was absolutely bare—no clothes, no papers, nothing. It was a wild goose chase for me. All I wanted now was to get out of here and let the police hunt for John Smith.

As I reached up to turn off the light, I stepped too close to the bed, and my foot hit something hard that didn't budge. I bent down and saw a chest

like carpenters carry their tools in. I tugged and managed to pull it from under the bed.

I tried to lift the lid, but it was either stuck or locked. Looking around for something to pry it open with, I remembered the key in my glove. Feeling like the mythical Pandora, I took a deep breath, inserted the key in the lock, and turned it.

With a little click, it sprang, and I lifted the lid. The removable tray was loaded with an assortment of dagger-like knives, syringes, and hypodermic needles such as doctors use!

What had I uncovered? Perspiring, I carefully lifted the tray off. The bottom of the chest was filled with tiny boxes labeled "Mainsprings."

Curiously, I picked up a box, pushed out the compartment, and lifted out a packet of folded tissue paper. Instead of a delicately coiled spring there was about an eighth of a teaspoon of white powder that looked like baking soda. Every small box I opened was filled with this white powder.

Suddenly I felt sick and cold. My neck ached from bending over the tool chest, and I had the feeling that I had discovered something vile, something decent people did not know about. Perhaps like Pandora, I, too, had let something evil out of the chest when I opened it.

A sound coming from the back of the house warned me to get moving. This was no time to get caught searching someone's room. I replaced the tray, locked the chest, and pushed it under the bed. Then I turned out the light and fled in panic.

Back in the safety of the store I could think of nothing but the chest and John Smith. Who was this man? Why was he living in a room bare of any identification?

I picked up the phone and dialed.

The desk sergeant at the Denver police station was only politely interested in my question about baking soda. Suddenly another voice, deep and brusque, interrupted the conversation.

"What makes you think it's baking soda?" he barked.

"It looks like baking soda," I said. "Only it's wrapped in tissue paper and packed in little mainspring boxes. There's a tool chest full of the stuff."

"Where is this tool chest?" the voice demanded. "Who are you?"

I was too frightened to tell my name, so I just said, "It's at 3727 Monroe Street," and hung up.

Two days later there was an account in the Denver *Post* of a raid on 3727 Monroe Street. A tool chest filled with packets of pure heroin was found.

Later, a man called John Smith was seized when he returned to his room. He wore no overcoat and appeared nearly frozen from exposure. We learned later that he confessed he was waiting for an unknown buyer for the heroin from Los Angeles. The postcard with "Greetings" lettered in purple crayon was to establish the time of contact. John Smith's name lettered with purple crayon was to identify him to the buyer.

The world will never free itself of

MORE LEISURE

(Continued from page 8)

delinquency, an increase of 17 percent over the previous year. However, according to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, the most significant fact is that small towns and rural areas showed sharper rises in this than large cities.

Why this alarming increase in juvenile delinquency in all sections of the nation? There are many reasons, of course, but one is the fact that many parents are at the bottle rather than at the throttle of good household management and child rearing.

Broken homes today are a dime a dozen. In 1890 the divorce rate was .5 per thousand population. Today it is 2.2 per thousand. In other words, we have nearly five times as many divorces as we did seventy years ago, and the trend is still upward. Psychiatrists, sociologists, and marriage counselors say that "marriage on the rocks" is often preceded by "Scotch and soda on the rocks."

"Killing time" is so popular today in bars, taverns, and cocktail lounges that more than 208,000 bartenders are needed to serve the *new* leisure class that is trying to escape boredom. On the other hand, only 168,000 clergymen serve the spiritual needs of our country's population.

We must face more facts and figures. Annual sales in retail liquor stores have mounted up to some five billion dollars. In other words, today more than 2.2 percent of all money spent in retail stores goes for liquor. In 1952 it was 1.9 percent. More is being spent on liquor than on shoes.

Our abundance of leisure also means more time on the road for everyone. In 1895 there were only four automobiles registered in America. There are now an estimated 70,000,000 cars, buses, and trucks on our highways.

But not only are we "wheeling" more, we are "reeling" more, too. That "one for the road" results in the arrest of more than 100,000 persons a year for driving while intoxicated.

the shackles of dope until those who use it are treated to conquer the habit; until those like John Smith, who peddle it, are given the maximum penalties when caught.

But most important, young people and others susceptible to those who deal in human degradation and misery must be made aware of the facts which surround illegal narcotics. Only a widespread educational program coupled with effective law enforcement can halt this vicious specter.

Drinking driving, however, is but a small part of the total picture of drunkenness. In addition to driving while intoxicated, nearly a million men and women are arrested in a year for other forms of drunkenness and liquor-law violations.

These figures indicate that almost 50 percent of all arrests in this country are for drunkenness and liquor-law violations. Of even greater significance, however, is the fact that as our leisure increases so does intoxication.

What are we doing with the time we save by using better eggbeaters and jet planes? Apparently more people have more time for crime. On January 1, 1960, more adults were confined in American prisons than ever before, according to the report of the Federal Prison Bureau, published in July, 1960. Many offenses, such as rape, robbery, and murder were committed by men and women who had been drinking. The total number of persons in prison at that time was 207,513, a rise of about 1 percent over the year before. This includes both Federal and state prisons.

In auto theft, persons under eighteen account for some 64 percent of all arrests. They represent 52 percent of persons arrested for burglary, 49 percent of arrests for larceny, and 26 percent of arrests for robbery.

Before committing an offense many youth will have a "shot or two" to muster up courage. This may help explain, too, why we are having so much illegitimacy. More than 200,000 babies are born out of wedlock each year, placing a \$120,000,000 burden on United States taxpayers.

Once we thought that more leisure time would be the answer to many of the nation's problems. We thought that more leisure would create healthier and happier individuals and families. But we are discovering that too much free time creates many more problems than it eliminates.

Years from now, "earning a living" may require much less time, but it is all that leisure time we need to prepare for. Perhaps we had better get started.

REBUILDING BOYS

(Continued from page 11)

stand themselves. As well as training them to adjust to society and to control their emotions, the Republic tries to aid them in discovering their latent creative potentialities.

The errant youths who are accepted are from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and their troubles in nearly every case are found to stem—as Steve McQueen's did—from a broken or unhappy home. Although the average length of a boy's stay at the home is from fourteen to sixteen months, a few of the boys remain for as long as four years. The school course comprises four years of high school studies.

In addition to functioning essentially as a school, the Boys' Republic strives to maintain a healthy, farmlike atmosphere. This makes the environment especially attractive to many city boys, who have missed the vacations on grandfather's farm that earlier generations of American boys prized so highly.

One feature of the farm-school in which the boys take special pride is the Republic's dairy. Not only does the dairy produce enough milk for each boy to have two quarts a day, but its surplus milk and other products bring in approximately \$10,000 in gross income every year.

Another source of funds for the school's maintenance is obtained by the sale of farm products grown by the boys. But the largest single source of the school's earned income is derived from the sale of its famous Della Robbia Christmas wreaths, so named from decorative ceramic pieces originated by the Della Robbia family of Florence, Italy, and admired by Mrs. Fowler on a trip to Italy many years ago. In recent years, the school has made and sold about 32,000 of these annually, grossing almost \$300,000 each year, or 40 percent of the operating budget of the home.

"If it hadn't been for the Della Robbia wreaths," an official of the school explains, "we couldn't have kept going." Even the White House in Washington, D.C., will be adorned with one of the wreaths this year, in accordance with a custom of years' standing.

The school's buildings comprise a cluster of cottages, dining hall, civic auditorium and administration building, a well-equipped laundry, printshop, woodcraft shop, metal shop, ten-bed hospital, and dairy barns. The school also has a large athletic field where the Republic's teams, the Rams, play football, baseball, and other sports.

Adding materially to the home at-

mosphere is a housemother, or "Granny," as she is called by the boys, for each of the cottages.

Is it any wonder that with the good food and the sympathetic, citizen-building training that the boys receive here, so many of them have made good in the world outside?

AILEEN SAUNDERS

(Continued from page 16)

this happens the engine "freezes" and the plane must come down. Aileen and her copilot tightened their seat belts and looked for the ocean, but they saw only tall trees and thick brush. Aileen was contemplating trying to land in a treetop when she spied a small break through the trees and saw the ocean beyond. She flew through the space and landed on the beach.

Rescue came the following day from searchers who knew immediately when her plane was overdue. They informed her that had her plane been half a mile inland she would have been at the mercy of alligators, boa constrictors, jaguars, leeches, and mosquitoes.

"Don't experiences like this bother you?" I asked her. "Don't they make you hesitate to try another flight over such country?"

"No," she said as she shook her head. "In an air crisis, of course, everything depends on thinking quickly and clearly, making instant, right decisions. When you're two thousand feet above the earth in a plane, and something goes wrong, you are entirely dependent upon your own resources and God. I have a very real faith, but I don't put everything in God's lap. I do the best I know how to do, too. I try to keep my mind as clear and my body as healthy as I know how."

This is Aileen Saunders, acclaimed Pilot of the Year by the National Pilot's Association. This is Aileen Saunders, vibrant with life and enthusiastic with flying and all its rewards. "You know," she exclaims, "at the end of every race there is the excitement and pleasure of meeting many famous people. We get to know presidents, mayors, and all types of important people. There are banquets, too. Here liquor is served, but I always ask for orange juice instead. It's as colorful as any of the other drinks and I always know what I'm doing afterward!"

How does one get to the top of the ladder called success? By having a set goal and striving toward it. But this is not all. One climbs to the top by having the courage of his own convictions and by preserving the high ideals of good living.

SPACEMAN JOHN GLENN

(Continued from page 18)

His faith in God was strong and something very personal with him. He once told a close friend: "I have this feeling—call it spiritual appreciation—all the time, not merely during a bombardment or a plane duel.

"I'm thankful to be alive and kicking. I rejoice that my eyes, arms, legs, and health are all intact. With God's inspiration, I hope to realize my goals in life. A principal one is to explore the unexplored and uncover knowledge of benefit to all mankind."

Glenn's taste of combat on several fronts prompted him to cast about for a "lively assignment" after the war. He wound up as a test pilot. It was a risky chore, a field of activity in which the fatality rate at that time was unusually high. But Glenn tackled it with characteristic determination and zest.

As a test pilot he took many chances, not to prove himself a daredevil, but to gain valuable experience and knowledge. As he phrased it: "Every time I control an airplane in an emergency I improve my chances of overcoming future challenges decisively and quickly. No straight-thinking person would take a dare unless it served some constructive purpose."

That attitude and approach made John Glenn an outstanding success as a test pilot. I often read accounts of his feats in aviation magazines and service publications, but I saw him no more until one weekend some three years ago. After catching a ride with a major from Biggs Air Force Base, near El Paso, Texas, to Washington, D.C., I had a chance to visit Langley Air Force Base in Virginia. A reporter friend, the Air Force officer, and I encountered Glenn early one afternoon.

All of us, of course, had read about Mercury Project, its hopes, its aims, and how it was gathering under its banner seven of the best-qualified candidates in the land to serve as future space pilots. We all knew men who had volunteered for that admittedly risky project, but not one of those had been accepted for training.

So it fascinated us to learn that John Glenn had met all the requirements, that he was "in," ready to undergo long and strenuous training in the art of manning and flying spacecraft. His enthusiasm was contagious. Right off it struck me that Glenn had discovered an exciting new world to conquer. And, as it later turned out, he had.

It surprised me none that he had earnestly sought an opportunity to get in on the ground floor of the man-into-

space program. That was in keeping with his spirit, character, and vision. But what did surprise me was his insistence upon the most dangerous, up-front assignment. As a man with a wife and two children, he had family responsibilities to think of, and I knew Glenn was one to face up to them.

But he had met that problem by talking it over with his wife and others close to him. He even consulted with his minister to find out whether there would be any objection to his proposed new career on religious grounds.

John Glenn presented his side and spelled out his hopes, and he convinced all involved—his wife, parents, and minister—that he could serve his country and humanity best as an astronaut. His heart was in the challenge, adventure, and opportunity of that new field. From those he loved most came the response: "Go to it. We'll all be pulling for you!"

That accounted for Glenn's state of exhilaration at the time I saw him. He assured me: "I was fortunate enough to wind up here. Had my heart set on this project a long time. The men in charge thought I should be a part of it. No other opportunity in my lifetime has meant as much to me.

"If you refer to me by any title, make it astronaut! This one gives me a warm feeling away down deep. Maybe you should call it pride. I think of it as a glorious adventure, a chance to be of service as an explorer of outer space."

When I mentioned the difficulties to be overcome before an American could be launched into orbit, John Glenn agreed that "many obstacles remain and solutions to them must be found yet." Then he added: "But I have faith that the scientists and other experts assigned to our project will come up with them." His prophecy was that the project of launching a man into outer space would be accomplished "within three years or so." This was in 1959.

He also made it emphatically clear that he wanted to be "the first one to go up." As to the risks involved, the possibility of sudden death, his comment was, "These exist, and have always existed, where really important exploration was concerned. Our great explorers and trailblazers have had to take these risks. Some paid with their lives, but others carried on and eventually triumphed, to the betterment of our world and humanity."

He stressed that every worthwhile project should be pushed to successful completion, despite setbacks, discouragement, and "the loss in human life along the way." This was the hope he voiced: That if misfortune or death



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.

Is alcohol a stimulant or a depressant?

First of all, alcohol is a deceiver! Those who drink know that alcohol is a stimulant! Those who observe drinkers, whether as scientists keeping records or bystanders, know that alcohol is a depressant. So which is it, a stimulant or a depressant?

Scientific tests demonstrate that alcohol first affects the nervous tissues of the body. The first effect is on the brain, the center of thought. The highest mental faculties are affected first—judgment, memory, reasoning. When these are put to sleep (anesthetized, if you please) tensions relax and that tired feeling is gone. Of course the drinker is sure that he has been stimulated. That which warns him of tiredness or of danger has been put to sleep! But ac-

curate testing of drinking by scientific methods reveals that reflexes slow, vision narrows, and especially judgment decreases, while the ability to choose between good and bad is depressed.

Take your choice, but scientists have demonstrated that alcohol is a depressant, even in small amounts.

How much alcohol is contained in beer? In wine?

BEER:	
White	1-3 percent
Lager	3-5 percent
Ale	4-9 percent
WINE:	
German	7-14 percent
French	6-10 percent
American	10-17 percent
Champagne	8-13 percent
Port	16-23 percent

should overtake him, "others who share my enthusiasm must go forward. I am confident they will have the good sense and courage to do that," he remarked.

Glenn's serenity of faith in God, in science, his country, his countrymen, and the future shines brightest when he talks about the "secrets of the unknown." They offer him the supreme challenge. He feels certain that these secrets will, when brought forth, "broaden and brighten our destiny as a people and a nation."

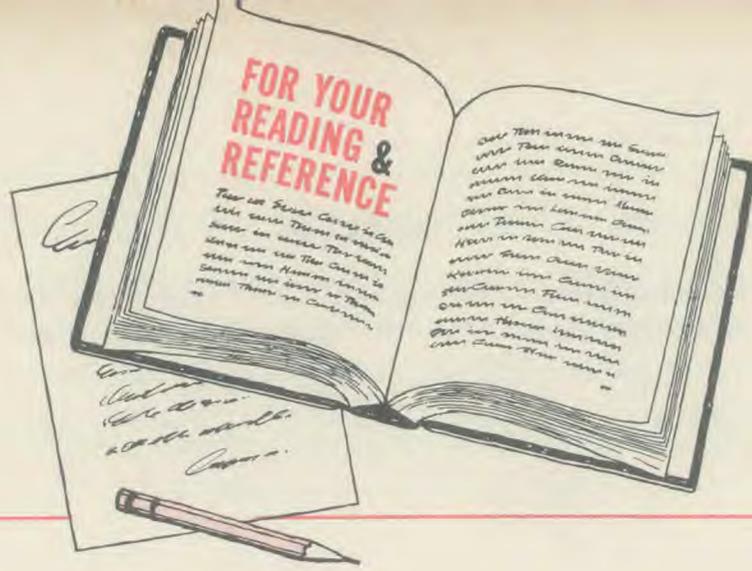
As for the future, it holds no terror for him. He puts it this way: "If a man accepts the dare of the future, he can have some control over his destiny. What an exciting idea, at least to me! I think it better to take the dare of the future and the unknown than to wait around to see what's going to happen."

Although astronauts Alan Shepard and Gus Grissom made suborbital flights ahead of John Glenn, the intrepid Marine was the first American to

orbit the earth in a space capsule. His calm good humor and self-reliance earned him the admiration of his countrymen and other freedom-loving people around the globe.

After his epochal space flight last February he said, "What a fireball of a ride!" As has been widely publicized, his "most anxious moment" came during his descent into the earth's atmosphere. At that point Glenn spotted "big chunks from the retro-rocket package streaming past my capsule window." Even so he continued to function calmly, thus demonstrating his rare brand of courage under extreme stress.

Those who know John Glenn well and understand what makes him "go" realize how richly he deserves the acclaim of America and the free world. He perhaps has done more than any other living person to rekindle the spirit of real, zestful living in the ambitious youth and adventurous citizens of all countries.



Harry J. Anslinger and Will Oursler, **THE MURDERERS**, New York: Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy, 1961.

As much as anything else, this significant book is a virtual autobiography of Harry J. Anslinger, United States Commissioner of Narcotics, and his thirty-year fight against the illicit drug traffic. In spite of the grim aspects of such a battle against unscrupulous human poachers, the author tells of major progress made in recent years in combating the dope traffic.

Offering a bird's-eye view of narcotics problems as he sees them, Mr. Anslinger tells specifically why he is opposed to government-sponsored narcotics "feeding stations," and why he feels that more stringent laws will solve the narcotics problem most effectively.

The Murderers recounts historically the major campaigns the commissioner and his agents have carried on the past three decades, including those against Lucky Luciano, Louis Lepke, and Elias Eliopoulos, to name a few.

Case studies of addicts in this book

range from a Hollywood movie star to a prominent politician whose addiction would have caused a domestic scandal had it become known.

This volume should be read by everyone working in the field of prevention of narcotics addiction. It would best be used by students who are on the senior high school level or above. It is well written and highly interesting.

Malachi L. Harney and John C. Cross, **THE NARCOTICS OFFICER'S NOTEBOOK**, Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, 1961.

Though directed as a specialized reference work to law-enforcement personnel, this book is very readable to the average person.

Its authors, between them, have been in police work for some seventy-five years, and have had a close acquaintance with the specter of addiction, so they write from personal experience concerning the addict as a police problem.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND

(Continued from page 27)

of the warm sun beating down on the ice. Again my collapsible aluminum drinking cup came in handy.

Returning to the United States, we made a one-day trip to Swiftcurrent Lake, picked up our trailer at East Glacier, and drove to Two Medicine Lake Campground for our final camp in Glacier.

In this unusual concentration of rugged mountain splendor, where myriads of waterfalls drop over rocky cliffs, scores of glaciers glisten in the sun, and more than two hundred lakes shimmer in emerald or sapphire glory, is also one of the world's greatest con-

centrations of wildlife. Here roam the black bear, grizzly, wolf, coyote, mountain lion, wolverine, elk, mule deer, white-tailed deer, otter, mink, badger, beaver, porcupine, moose, mountain goat, bighorn sheep, fox, lynx, bobcat, fisher, marten, weasel, skunk, ground squirrel, pine squirrel, chipmunk, gopher, jackrabbit, snowshoe hare, and seven or eight types of mice.

In addition there are 216 species of birds, including the golden eagle, osprey, and pileated woodpecker. Also the more than one thousand species of flowers and trees, which in spite of the rocky terrain grow in great profusion, help make this an outdoor wonderland, where inspiration and recreation come to all who make the effort to see firsthand the marvels of the natural world.

ALCOHOL AND ALGERIA

(Continued from page 15)

independence, a heavy import tax will be levied upon all alcoholic beverages brought into the country. Morocco and Tunisia did this when they gained their freedom from France, and Algeria, whose people have the same faith as those in Tunisia and Morocco, will undoubtedly do the same.

Moslem countries long under French rule have invariably found that a growing percentage of their young people slowly tend to take up drinking. The constant association with French families living in the nation, and the continued advertising of spirits, gradually have their effect on the growing Moslem youth, with the result that many of them leave their religion and simply go through life without any faith at all.

Anyone who has studied a translation of the Koran knows that in some respects the Moslem religion is similar to Christianity. There are the same admonitions to live a good, clean, decent life, to shun theft and adultery, and never to injure or kill. All these are taught in the Moslem Koran, plus the nondrinking rule.

True, the Koran officially permits a man to have up to four wives, but only if he can afford to keep them well. Despite this sanction, Moslem leaders for the past two decades have been discouraging more than one wife and actually frown upon multiple marriage even though it is not strictly prohibited. But with drinking, the Moslem religion has made no compromise. It is absolutely forbidden!

Yet a Moslem nation such as Algeria must put up with heavy propaganda encouraging drink, the importation of great quantities of French-made spirits tax-free or virtually so, and the consequent undermining of the Moslem morals of its people.

In their war for independence from France, the Algerian people have had the wholehearted support of their neighboring nations, all of which are Moslem. Even in France proper there is a high percentage of people who would rather let Algeria go. But the huge French group engaged in the growing of grapes for wine, the distilleries and the other manufacturers of alcoholic drinks, are violently opposed to Algerian separation, for enough of their product goes to Algeria and so much increasing profit comes from Algeria that they are fearful of losing this market and this monetary gain.

Obviously alcohol is a complicating factor in the relationship between France and Algeria.



Poems With a Purpose

by "Listen" Authors

Forest Song

Mark Bullock

The fingers of the wind
Softly touch the trees
And play melodies
Upon their leafy harps,
While fleecy clouds drift low
To hear the lullaby.



TRUE LOVE

E. Jay Ritter

"I love you, honey," so he said—
She did not bother looking up;
For he seemed rather old at ten,
And she was just a pup!



Maternal Wish

Annette Victorin

A charming little girl I know
Pretends she is grown-up,
Plays house and serves each little doll
Some tea in her small cup.

And watching her, I know someday
All this playing will come true;
Yet how I wish she'd stay three
And I just thirty-two.



You who only ride the highways
Miss the beauty of the byways;
Hidden paths just off the road
Conceal the cottontail's abode.

The wildest flowers are never seen
Where highways hide the brightest green;
And driving only where traffic flows
Will never take you where beauty grows.

BEAUTY ON THE SIDE

Kay Cammer



LOST—ONE LIFE

(Continued from page 7)

one, and I couldn't get out of the trap. I tried."

There was bitterness when Barbara separated from her family at eighteen and went on her own. When they found her dying of an overdose of barbiturates, her third try at suicide in six months, there was a tragic note in the pocket of her pedal pushers. Addressed to her mother and brothers, it indicated that had it not been for "the stuff," the rift might have been healed.

"I love you, I'm sorry," were the last words Barbara ever wrote.

One of Barbara's friends was a girl two years younger than herself named Kathy. They found they liked the same things, and both had family troubles.

Kathy was there sometimes when her friend was suffering the pangs of withdrawal, and that made an impression, the kind Barbara hoped it would.

Although Barbara had an allowance from her father's estate that should have kept her comfortably, she was usually penniless because of her habit. Virtually all the \$500 she received each month went to "one of the largest peddlers in Hollywood," by her own admission to police.

"I use ten caps a day and it costs me \$30. I want to stop. I tried to get into a hospital for addicts. There was no room."

Her once pretty face became pale and blemished, tired and older than her years. She grew very thin.

There were many who wanted to help, who wanted to be her friends. Sometimes, meeting unexpected kindness, she even had hope again. "Maybe I can break the habit. I had a pretty voice once. I could sing again."

Barbara was offered a small part in a television series when she was released from jail. She also was given a contract which called for four days of work each month and a promise of

other work to supplement her income.

Barbara tried, but the uphill struggle took all her strength and courage. "I tried sleeping pills. They told me the pills would help. I would sleep for a week sometimes, but I would wake up."

Loneliness and fear haunted her apartment, a fear that would start her shaking. And Barbara knew only one way out.

She was arrested twice more, and as always these arrests made the front pages. By now she had become a celebrity in her own right, with the whole world apparently interested in whether or not she would make it.

"I'm finished now, it's two to twenty years for me," said the girl who hated jail and had vowed to die rather than stay behind bars. In a pitiful effort to hide hypodermic needle punctures, she had seared her wrists with a cigarette, but the fresh bleeding puncture marks were there for police to see.

"I know I'm in here for my own good," she wailed. Then in panic she'd beg, "Get me out of here, just get me out, somebody."

Calmer, she admitted she couldn't do it alone. "Back at the apartment, I know what will happen. If I try it alone, the terrifying mental anxiety, the stomach cramps, the craving, are too much for me."

There was a time when Barbara gave the police names, real names "to help other young kids like myself who don't know where to turn."

Sadly, though, she knew where to turn. Desperate, sick of her own inability to lick the habit that held her in a savage embrace, she turned the only way she knew—to death. Twice she was found in time and brought back, but she wasn't grateful. "I'd rather die," she said over and over.

For Barbara there was to be no escape. But there might be for those she had tried so hard to help.

"Barbara scared me out of taking my first fix," Kathy says. "If I hadn't met

Barbara Burns I know I would have ended up like she did." Perhaps Barbara's tragic life will be a warning to other young people, too, before they become enmeshed in the deadly tentacles of addiction. If so, she will not have died in vain.

TIJUANA DOPE

(Continued from page 25)

death, they did not succeed in stopping the antivice crusade for which he gave his life. His death has served to dramatize the issue and has given new impetus to what is called the National Border Program in Mexico, now supported by President Lopez Mateos. Throughout Mexico other courageous newspaper editors have taken up the campaign for tighter control over the border cities.

Although Tijuana now boasts a population in excess of 166,000 and has an annual income of more than \$160,000,000, mostly from American tourists, many of the town's citizens live in unsanitary, overcrowded slum areas known as *colonias*. Because the city's water system is obsolete and is adequate to serve only a population of about 30,000, one of the city's big problems is the lack of water. Thousands of Tijuana residents have to buy their water from *piperos*, or water salesmen, who peddle it from door to door.

In a city where Americans go to drink all kinds of alcoholic liquors, the people are suffering from the want of sufficient clean drinking water.

While Mexico has inherited many of the most beautiful scenic attractions on the North American continent, a wonderful climate, healthful mineral springs, and archaeological marvels left by the Aztecs, too much of its energy has been given in recent years to catering to the drinkers and the dope addicts. There is evidence now of some awakening. The murder of Tijuana's crusading journalist may have speeded that awakening.

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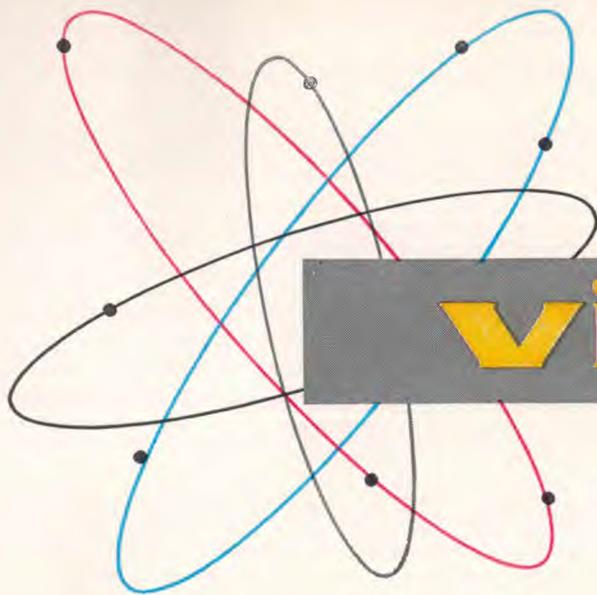
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views

BETTER CHECK WITH MAMMA AGAIN. Alcohol is a poor defroster when it comes to warming the affections of a woman. So claims Dr. Leon A. Greenberg, formerly with the Yale University Center on Alcohol Studies. Dr. Greenberg maintains that far from reducing the will of a woman to resist male advances, alcohol only fortifies her to remember what mamma always said.



Governor Mark O. Hatfield

ROLE OF ABSTINENCE

"Abstinence ought to be considered as a part of our whole discussion of alcoholism. It ought to be looked upon as something that has a rightful role, that is not set aside in sort of a joking or facetious manner. I think there is a real serious consideration that ought to be given to abstinence, and I think it has not received that kind of consideration up to this point in dealing with problems of alcoholism."—Governor Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon.

SOCIAL PRESSURE AGAIN. "Social pressure is the most frequent reason given for drinking. Most teenagers would rather be dead than different, and this especially holds true where alcohol is involved. And the same is true with adults. The average adult wants to be recognized as one of the crowd. To please his host or hostess, he will take the cocktail that is offered to him."—W. A. Scharffenberg, executive secretary, International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

TOO EXPENSIVE. Tippling costs local industry in Los Angeles \$10,000,000 a year, reports Dr. Jerome W. Shilling, California Medical Association chairman of the committee on industrial health.

COBB AND COCKTAILS. "I would train and train and watch everything. Food and rest and all. After I went to one cocktail party, I said: 'Well, is this what it is?' And I tried it another time, and it was the same. So I figured I'd seen cocktail parties and didn't bother to go anymore."—Ty Cobb, baseball great.

DUPED BY A SIGN. Women buy most of the bottled and canned beer sold in the United States, says President A. A. Steiger of Tel-a-Sign, Inc., of Chicago. The housewife's beer buying is largely impulse buying, touched off by the reminder of an illuminated plastic sign in the store where she shops, he maintains. He states that brewers have used these signs with enormous success in increasing their beer sales for home consumption.

IS THIS "REALISTIC REHABILITATION"? Commenting on the need for "realistic rehabilitation," Stanley Mosk, attorney general for California, says: "A brother's keeper should be dedicated to the proposition of putting his brother on his own two feet." In this connection, he reports the San Mateo County welfare department has signed a contract with a wine company, which pays the residents of the county rehabilitation center for weaving wine-bottle jackets and repairing bottle crates.

How inconsistent can you get?

David S. King



Member, United States Congress

A tall man with tall convictions is Congressman David S. King of the State of Utah, now in his second term in the United States House of Representatives. Congressman King is one of few members of the House who serve on two or more of its standing committees—the important Committee on Science and Astronautics, or the "Space Committee," to which he was appointed when he first came to Congress, and the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs.

The father of eight children, this rising star in the legislative world has a real burden for the young people of America and of the world. He speaks out frequently and forthrightly on matters pertaining to health, and with logic and fact exposes those things which may hold potential danger.

"All Out of Proportion"

"To me the matter of the nonuse of alcohol, and also tobacco, is more than merely preserving one's health. There is a spiritual principle involved. Since alcohol and tobacco become habit-forming, one puts himself in a position in which these things dominate him rather than his having control over his own habits. I believe it is not right for a person to allow himself to get into a position of slavery.

"Alcohol, even in minute quantities, has a narcotic effect. It is a poison. Our nation needs an educational program to give young people the facts about both drinking and smoking. Young people have the right to know the facts concerning the risks they are taking when they indulge in such habits.

"These problems in our society are all out of proportion. We spend about \$15 billion on education in this country while we spend \$17 to \$18 billion for alcohol and tobacco. This is crazy! On the one hand we have education, which is the heart of our democratic way of life. On the other hand we have a nation spending much more on two destructive luxuries than on the lifeblood of democracy.

"What's happened to our sense of values?"