

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Ginger Johnson MERMAID WITH A MISSION



news

❖ **BIRTH DEFECTS.** One way to reduce the present incidence of birth defects may be for women to take no drugs during the first three months of pregnancy. This is the opinion of Dr. Ernest W. Page, San Francisco obstetrician. "We do not know and we may never learn how many drugs currently in use may affect embryonic development in a small percentage of cases," he states.

❖ **ALWAYS INJURIOUS.** "The one fact that stands out is that the human respiratory tract cannot be exposed to smoke in any form without irritation or even injury. Those who smoke have been able to acquire some tolerance to the effects of this, and 'get along' with the chronic cough and sensitive throat, but the condition of the mucous surfaces is no longer normal."—William Bolton, M.D., in "Today's Health."

❖ **ANTIDELIRIUM TREATMENT.** Attacks of delirium tremens have been prevented by injection of amino acids, essential blood elements, which are found to be at low levels among alcoholics subject to delirium tremens.

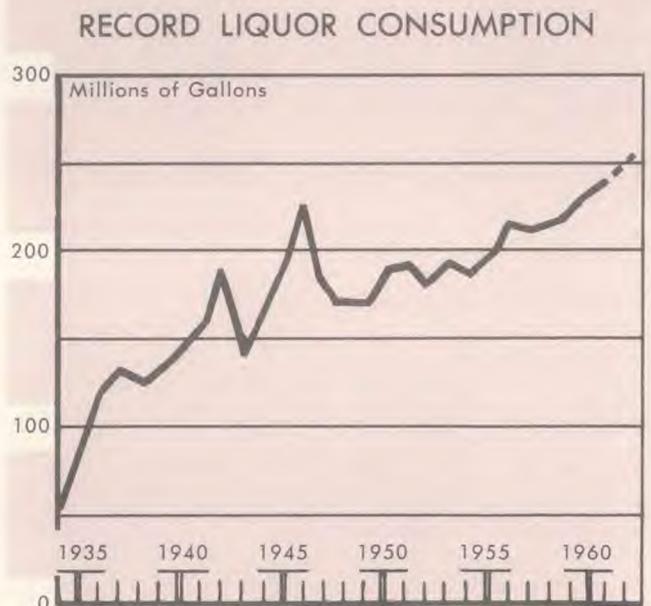
❖ **ANTICANCER DRUG.** MPT, a new anticancer drug, has resulted in longer survival time for mice with breast tumors than any other cancer-fighting drug observed in the Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, New York. MPT-fed mice survived 100 days in contrast to mice surviving fifty days when treated with another type of drug. Researchers report that MPT is still in the stage of animal experimentation and no plans have been made for human trials.

❖ **INTOXICATED INFANT.** The Canadian Medical Association "Journal" has reported a case of a baby born drunk to a twenty-seven-year-old Yukon mother who was in an alcoholic stupor. The four-pound-fifteen-ounce infant's breath smelled of alcohol and for twenty-four hours the child was jerky, jumpy, and had delerium tremens symptoms. Living with foster parents, the baby is reported normal now.

❖ **BOURBON STATE VERY DRY.** Kentucky, where the nation's bourbon industry flourishes, is the driest local-option state in the country, according to the Rev. Walter House, Kentucky Temperance League director. Ninety-four of Kentucky's 120 counties forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages.

❖ **NEW YORK LIQUOR BILL.** A bill has been introduced into the New York State Legislature to create a twenty-one-year minimum age for on-premises consumption of alcoholic beverages in New York, where the present legal age is eighteen. Stated Assemblyman Joseph Kottler in submitting the bill: "New York's present eighteen-year minimum drinking age is totally unrealistic and has been responsible for untold grief and tragedy among families of this and neighboring states."

❖ **\$THE ALCOHOLIC HOUR\$.** "The cost of alcohol consumption per hour is \$1,369,360," says Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe, fellow of the Department of Pharmacology and Psychiatry, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, New York City.



Drinkers in the United States last year are estimated to have quaffed a record 252,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits, up from 241,500,000 gallons consumed in 1961, according to a claim made by the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. Liquor consumption has not declined since 1957, and another gain is indicated for 1963, the L.B.I. says.

OUR COVER

You get a strange sensation sitting across a table from a mermaid. It's not the mermaid that gets you, though. It's that odd feeling you get at nine feet underwater with no air. But the only "bubbly" you find when you chat with Ginger Johnson, mermaid at Weeki Wachee (Florida) Spring of the Live Mermaids, is that of escaping oxygen bubbles. Good mermaids can afford only healthful habits, and Ginger is some mermaid!

Cover photo courtesy of Weeki Wachee.



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Dilemma of the Sioux

When the white man came to North America, the Indians taught him to plant corn; in return, the white man taught the Indians to drink an elixir distilled from corn mash. Ever since that time, the use of firewater has been a matter of contention between the white man and the Indian.

For many years there was complete prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks to Indians anywhere and under any circumstance. In 1953 Congress repealed this law, in this way causing new major problems on most of the reservations. A notable exception was the Pueblos of New Mexico—farmers who were not as much influenced by the white man's civilization as were other tribes. Drinking problems among the Pueblos are reported to be at a minimum compared with those of most of the tribes.

Typical of the other side of the coin is the Oglala Sioux tribe in South Dakota. In the olden days the women did the work at home and the men killed the meat and carried on warfare. As the tribe was subdued and the buffalo herds disappeared, the men's work came to an end. The Federal Government worsened their plight through a ration system following the Sioux wars of the 1870's, regularly handing out doles of food and clothing. This system came to a halt by 1930.

The whole depressing picture for the Sioux resulted in many of the tribal people's taking refuge in the bottle, thus giving rise inevitably to violence and other dire results. True, the Sioux voted by a ratio of 11 to 7 to retain prohibition within the boundaries of their reservation, in accordance with the provision of the 1953 Congressional act giving the Indians local option rights on their reservations. On the other hand, a supply of firewater was readily obtainable across their borders in adjoining areas of South Dakota and Nebraska. It is no fancy that today alcoholism is a serious problem among the Sioux—not among the majority, but among the conspicuous minority.

One has only to sit through a morning session of the tribal court presided over by Chief Judge John Richard to find that some 95 percent of all the cases coming before the court stem from liquor, with drunk driving the chief offense. The tribe is troubled over the number of braves who stray away in high-powered cars and come to grief on the highways. Unsteady drivers have been piling up in spectacular wrecks.

Those convicted are fined \$50 and jailed for thirty days. Comments Judge Richard, himself half Indian, "It doesn't do them a bit of good. Turn them loose and within a week they're right back in here."

Being currently recommended as the solution to this situation is the legalizing of liquor sales in tribal stores so that the "inherent problems" can be kept on the reservation where they can be "better controlled." It is claimed that the Indian, when provided with the opportunity to drink at home, after the novelty of it has worn off, would learn to "control" his drinking.

This may be a self-determining approach to an historic controversy, but it may well be a self-exterminating one.

It should be noted that many Indians are nonusers of alcoholic beverages, chief among whom are Dick Whirlwind Horse, the tribal president. It is said that the tribal members, whether they themselves drink or not, insist on electing to high tribal office only men known for their sobriety.

Whenever the subject of the Indians' use of firewater is mentioned or discussed, always the same reasons are repeated. The Indian is frustrated, pitifully poor, miserably housed, jobless, bored stiff, and simply not equipped to deal with conditions of life he must face.

But all this is a vicious circle. The drinking obviously does not improve the Indian's lot or make him more able to remedy the unfortunate circumstances in which he finds himself. The reasons for drinking should not be used as excuses for using that which makes his lot even worse.

Wherever drink is widely used by any people, whether palefaces or Indians, or any other race, the inevitable results follow. Nations in the past have discovered this; nations today are discovering it. It seems tragic that present peoples cannot learn from what has gone before, that history cannot be the foundation on which to build the present, that today's people have to go through the same tragic consequences in order to learn again that which should have been evident from past experience.

Francis A. Soper

FORMING and BREAKING HABITS

Harold Sherman

Author of *TNT—The Power Within You, Your Key to Happiness, Know Your Own Mind, Anyone Can Stop Drinking.*

DO YOU KNOW how your mind really works, and how habits are formed in your mind? The chances are you do not, because this is not taught in schools or colleges. There your mind is usually filled with technical and useful knowledge about everything else but your own mind. You probably know the least about your mind, yet upon it you must basically depend for every good thing you desire. If your mind is not functioning properly, if it is the victim of destructive habits, you will be severely handicapped in life.

Here, in a capsule, is what you need to know about the operation of your own mind:

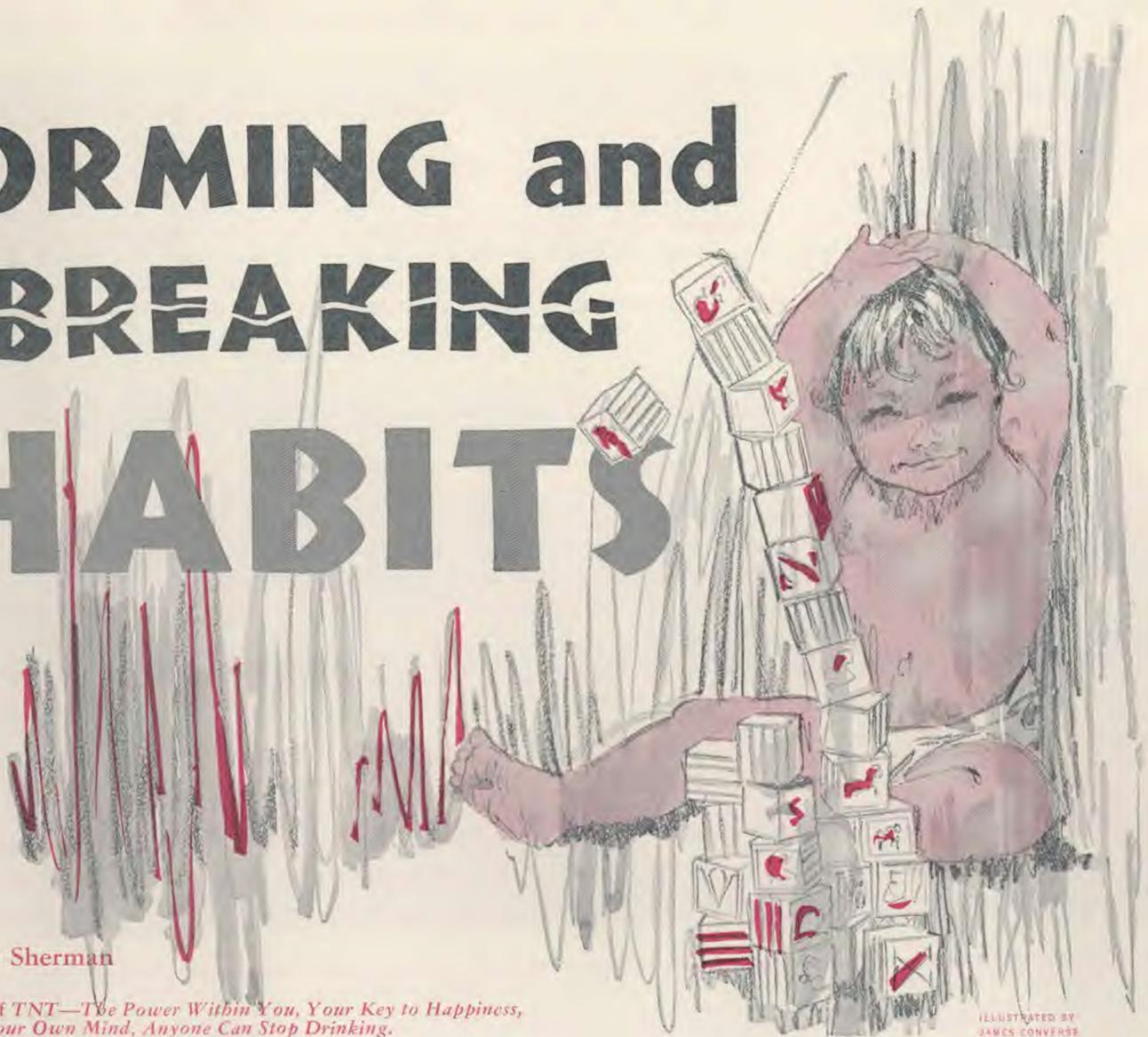
You think in mental pictures. Everything that has ever happened to you in life, since the time you were born, is recorded in your subconscious mind, in the form of mental images. Associated with every one of these mental pictures is the feeling or emotional reaction you had at the time. These experiences, bad as well as good, continue to exist in your mind as desires and repressions. What you have experienced that has given you pleasure, you want to repeat. What you have experienced that has caused you grief or displeasure, you want to keep from happening to you

again. You might even wish to forget it or bury it in your mind entirely.

But, like it or not, you must face the fact that you are the result today of all your past thinking. There is a creative law of mind that "like always attracts like." If you picture something in your mind that you very much want, and keep on picturing it, you are apt to attract this experience to you. But because of this creative power in your mind, if you picture something happening through fear, you are as apt to bring this happening to you.

What you continue to picture in your mind, in other words, tends eventually to come to pass in your life. You can see from this how important it is for you to control your mind and the nature of your thought pictures at all times, because you are what you think.

For example, if I had decided that I wanted to smoke or drink, I would have been a smoker or drinker today. If I had pictured myself as a doctor instead of a writer, and had held to that picture, I would have been a doctor. You can be or do or have whatever you want in life



within reason, if you apply your mind to it and put forth the necessary effort in that direction.

It is, therefore, imperative that you decide what kind of habits you are going to take with you on the journey through life. Do you want to acquire habits which may well destroy your health, happiness, and everything you are starting out to achieve—a husband or wife, a home, children, and satisfaction gained from worthwhile accomplishments?

The choice is yours, and if you are not yet involved with a habit which can prove injurious it need not be a difficult choice to make.

It is entirely different, however, if you have already started such a habit as smoking or drinking. I am using them as illustrations because they are two of mankind's most prevalent habits that are doing damage to physical and mental health. Should you wish to break a habit like these before it gets too strong a hold on you, you have a job on your hands. It is much easier to keep from developing a habit than it is to eliminate a habit once it is established.

This is true because every time you repeat an act, it is stored away in your mind in the form of a mental picture along with the emotional reaction you had at the time. These feelings are strengthened and intensified by repetition. When you want to memorize something you repeat it over and over again until the mind finally grasps it. Then you can recite it almost without thinking. It has become a part of you.

A habit is nothing but a mental pattern, a way of doing something, which becomes as apparently natural to you in time as breathing. And this habit always stays with you until you do something to get rid of it.

Before an appetite is created it has no emotional hold upon you; but when you have a new experience which is repeated until you get accustomed to it, you may come to enjoy it and even look forward to experiencing the same type of sensation again.

Many men and women have testified that they didn't find smoking or drinking appealing in the beginning, but they kept on because someone else seemed to be enjoying the habit, and they eventually came to like it, too. In addition, few people derive pleasure out of doing things alone, and smoking and drinking are usually associated with sociability. This has led to the excuse that many men and women offer: "I don't particularly care for these habits, but I engage in them just to be sociable."

How do you break a smoking or drinking habit? If you really want to stop, there is no halfway point. You can't succeed by tapering off, cutting down so much a day until you are down to no smokes and no drinks. Neither can you win by saying to yourself, "I'm going to go without a smoke or a drink for a week, a month, or a year."

A prominent businessman had become an alcoholic, a fact he did not wish to admit. He said to his friends, "I can quit anytime I want to quit. To prove it to you, I am quitting right now and will not take even one drink for at least a year!"

True to his promise, this man, to the amazement of his friends, *did* stop. But exactly on the day and date when the year ended, he went on the biggest binge of his life. He had counted the days and the months while this desire built up inside him, but his integrity—the habit he had established of keeping any promise he might make—kept him from drinking until the time he had set was up. Then, released from the promise he had made himself and others, he cut loose.

The average human being is placed under too great a strain, once he has become a smoker or a drinker, to declare that he will never take another smoke or drink. He is constantly in the company of others who are smoking or drinking, and is tempted to do likewise, many times a day. It is easier to overcome an urge at the moment than to say to oneself, "I am never, never going to taste a cigarette or a drink again."

Alcoholics have learned the hard way that they must pursue sobriety on a day-to-day basis. They thank God at the end of each day that they have gone that day without a drink, and pray for the strength to live the next day in the same sober manner.

To give up smoking or drinking, you must have an *incentive*, something to *replace* the desire to drink and to smoke. You must have an inner conviction that you will be better off, in every way, freed of these habits, and that smoking and drinking can be and are harmful; that they will, if not discontinued, keep you from attaining things in life which mean much more to you than any number of smokes or drinks.



a miracle is many things

Katherine McClure Amyx

The weightless, emerald hummingbird
Selects a juicy flower,
Piercing straight to its very heart
With slender, pointed power.
His wings melt into crystal light
As he floats in the air;
With his frail body poised and still,
He banquets with great care.
A miracle is many things,
Even a bird, less wings!

"Listen's" next issue will feature the second part of Harold Sherman's article on "Forming and Breaking Habits," specifically answering the question, *Must I undergo the same experiences as others in order to find out what these experiences do to me?*

THE SPECIAL MESSENGER plopped the attractive gift-wrapped package on the secretary's desk. "Compliments of my company to Congressman Siler," he said.

A moment later Congressman Eugene Siler, a tall, slender Kentuckian from the mountain area, came in with some work. Eyeing the colorful package, he asked, "For me?"

The girl nodded. Picking it up and shaking it, he could hear the slosh of liquid inside. He read the small gift card, then smiled.

"Call the rest of the staff in, please," he said.

A moment later the members of his staff were crowding about his desk, curiously watching as he unwrapped a bottle of choice Scotch whiskey.

"Let me show you what one Congressman does with liquor," he said as he walked to the lavatory in the corner of the room. Then, uncorking the bottle, he turned it up and let the contents gurgle down the drain.

"Most of the distillers don't even bother to send me liquor anymore," Congressman Siler said later in an interview. "They know what I stand for."

In his eight years in Washington, this Congressman has attracted a large number of both friends and enemies. Temperance advocates have praised him for his efforts to get remedial liquor legislation passed. Four times, in as many terms, he has introduced a bill that would ban interstate advertising of alcoholic beverages on radio and television and in newspapers and magazines. Each time the bill has been referred to the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and there it has stayed bottled up until adjournment.

"I'll keep trying," Mr. Siler declares, "just to let the liquor lobbyists know they don't have everybody under their control."

Congressman Siler, who represents the Eighth Congressional District of southeastern Kentucky, is often ribbed by fellow Congressmen for his convictions. As a speaker he has been introduced as "the driest man in Washington."

As a Congressman he has to attend many social functions where liquor is served. "Most hostesses around town know me well enough to offer me ginger ale or fruit juice," he says. "However, when one makes a mistake I let her know right off how I feel about liquor."

The Congressman from Kentucky is not dismayed by opposition and criticism of his stand. "A man who stands for Christian principles will always have opposition," he declares in his customary mountaineer's drawl.

Eugene Siler is a tithing member of the First Baptist Church in his hometown of Williamsburg, Kentucky. There he serves as a deacon, trustee, and member of the finance committee. He has served two terms as moderator of the Kentucky Baptist Convention, a post usually held by a minister.

While in Washington during Congressional sessions, he teaches part time in Vaughn Sunday school class at the Calvary Baptist Church. On Sunday and Wednesday nights he attends services at the suburban Clarendon Baptist Church just across the border in Virginia.

"I never accept social engagements on Sunday or Wednesday nights," he declared forthrightly. "Attending the worship and prayer services is more (*Turn to page 29*)



Driest Man in Washington

by James C. Hefley





Four Texas prisoners
fire big guns
against crime
in their—

OPERATION TEEN-AGER

"Sure, it is difficult to build a good life, but it is almost impossible to rebuild a wrecked one."

ABOUT A YEAR and a half ago four inmates of the Texas Department of Corrections put their heads together and reviewed their sorry plight. Ahead of them were prison sentences totaling 505 years. Behind them were crimes ranging from simple theft to armed robbery and murder. Time in prison had given them a new slant on life, and an insight into the activities of young people, spotlighting the mistakes that so often lead to trouble and imprisonment.

What could they do to prevent young people from ending up in prison? How could they reach beyond steel-encased cells and concrete corridors to warn youngsters on the outside that it is the so-called little things that so often lead to a life of crime—things like cheating, greed, dropping out of school, rejecting parental discipline, refusing to attend church services, shirking responsibility, and taking the easy way out?

The answer was "Operation Teen-Ager." This is a program based on the stories and experiences of these four inmates, each man giving an account of his teen-age mistakes and the inevitable results, and a plea that those who hear them take heed lest they meet a similar fate.

But "Operation Teen-Ager" is more than merely a recital of the mistakes committed by the four. It is a hard-hitting effort to hammer into the impressionable minds of young people that it is the so-called little things that so often grow into bigger and more dangerous activities; that it is the smart thing to stay in school, aim for worthwhile lives, and work toward an honest and constructive security.

The program gets under way with graphic statistics on juvenile crime. Addressing the audience is a tall, gaunt man with sad eyes. "Last year," he says, "over 30,000 youngsters in the State of Texas were haled before the courts and proba-

WILLIAM M. HALL

tion authorities. More and more of them are hearing the doors of prison closing behind them.

Right now over 40 percent of the population of the Texas Department of Corrections are between seventeen and twenty-four, and that percentage gets higher every year. One of every five prisoners is too young to vote."

The first speaker explodes the idea that there is a "typical convict," a mental deficient from the slums. "I was born on the so-called right side of the tracks," he says in polished prose. "My family gave me most of the things a high school boy dreams of. I had a car, plenty of spending money, nice clothes, a good home to which I could take my friends, and I received a degree in college. But in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, I ended up in prison."

Why? Because as a youngster he skipped school, played hooky, and shirked his responsibilities. He cheated his way through college, stole from his employer when he went to work, dealt dishonestly with his customers when he went in business for himself, and wanted more money quicker. He got it—at the point of a gun.

"Crime is not the glamorous life that movies, television, and cheap novels portray," says the second speaker. "Instead, it is a very crude life. Life must have a purpose, an aim. Otherwise it is no life, only an existence. I believe now that the most important things in a teen-ager's life are to establish a definite aim, a realistic goal, an education to enable him to reach it, and a sincere, responsible attitude toward his community and, above all, his family. We owe them these things. We owe it to ourselves. I challenge each of you to collect what we four have thrown away."

What brought this man to his present point of view? Bitter

experience. As a youngster he was a quitter. Self-centered and arrogant, he regarded work, school, responsibility, as something reserved for "squares."

He quit school. He learned to drink. He left his family. He quit the service. By the time he was twenty-five he found himself in a job he could not quit, for he was just another number in the Texas state penitentiary.

Another tall, gaunt man is the third speaker. When he was a teen-ager he wanted to be free of all restraints. No one could tell him when to go to bed, when to get up, what to eat, what to wear, where to go, or what to think. He wanted no advice and he accepted no responsibility.

The result? After roaming the world and indulging in every pleasure and vice offered a man in the seaports of the world, he finally reached bottom.

"I found myself early one morning in a strange old house," he says ruefully. "There was an unnatural stillness in the air and on my shirtfront was the symbol of my achievement: a few dark-red, wet spots. Yes, I had finally achieved my ideal. I knew what life without all restraints really meant, and I was alone."

The fourth speaker is a clear-eyed, trim-looking man bearing little resemblance to the wreck he made of himself a few years ago. But his prison sentence adds up to more than twice the life span of an average individual.

"I was the kind of guy who always wanted attention and would go to any length to get it," he says. "Anything that didn't involve me wasn't important. I had no consideration for my family or friends; self-satisfaction was always my goal. I was jealous of everyone who had more than I had and I looked down on those who had less.

"Alcohol and the crimes I have committed while under its influence," he says, "cost me everything in the world I ever loved. They have cost me my wife, my son, the respect of my entire family, and years of freedom. They have caused sorrow and grief to my mother and dad that could never be expressed in words."

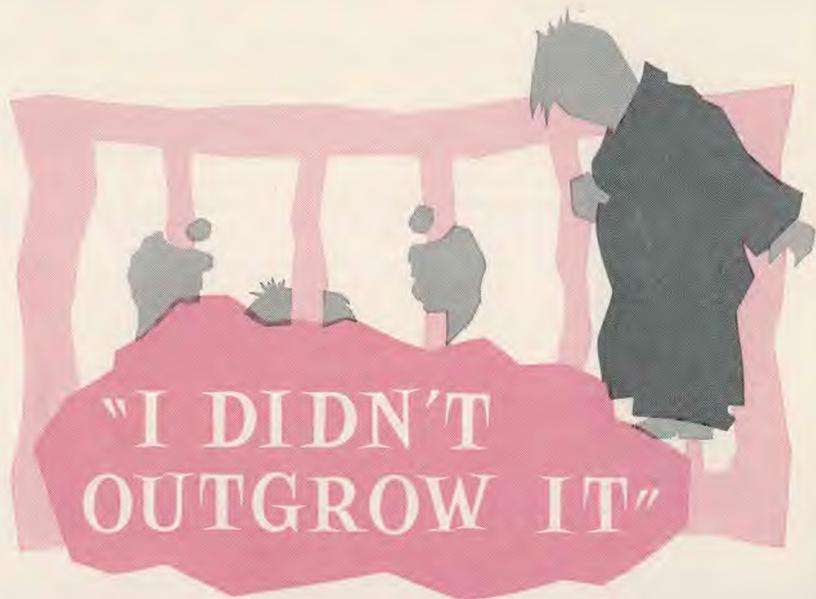
No speaker ever addressed a more attentive audience or received greater response than the boys and girls give these prison inmates. There is scarcely a move made by anyone as this final thought is left with them, before the listeners are given a question-and-answer period with the prisoners:

"It is now that you are forming the friendships, the habits, the ideals, the attitudes and goals, which will surely determine whether you are to become tomorrow's teachers, nurses, doctors, lawyers, the honest and respected business and working men and women of the world—or whether you will just as surely become the skid-row bums, prostitutes, dope pushers, thieves, robbers, and killers like those who inhabit the place we now call home. If your lives mean anything at all to you, weigh your decisions and values carefully. Sure, it is difficult to build a good life, but it is almost impossible to rebuild a wrecked one."

The real impact is made when the boys and girls talk to the prisoners. Their questions cover the entire range of teen-age conduct and activity. The answers they get are straight from the shoulder and pull no punches. Here is the voice of experience speaking direct to the hearts of thousands of young people. It involves them and comes from men who seem but a few years their senior.

Two days after the program was given at one rural high school, a boy who attended the assembly returned a \$48 pair of stock clippers and a \$5 bill.

These four inmates are not starry-eyed idealists; they're realists who know the odds. "If we can positively affect the life of only one person in each audience, we feel that the pain of going out there and stripping ourselves naked is worth it," they say hopefully.



James Scales

IF THERE is anything that will make an "old con" sit back in his cell and shake his head in bewilderment, as he is confined behind the high walls of the state penitentiary, it is the ever-increasing number of youngsters barely out of their teens who are getting prison numbers stamped on their shirttails. An "old con" cannot help but wonder just who is responsible for this situation.

Take it from an "old con," there is plenty that parents can do to help remedy what is going on in our country today; that is, if you only take heed about four little words which you use in your vocabulary. These four little words can mean the difference between a healthy youngster who goes by the rules and a delinquent who ends up behind bars.

How many times have you let one of your youngsters get away with some caper and thereafter said, "Oh, he'll outgrow it!" Perhaps these are familiar words, and if so, you had better forget you ever learned to say them.

Let's say you have a boy eight or nine years old. Does he rebel against your authority? Does he do as he pleases, and give his teachers a bad time? Does your reprimanding do him absolutely no good? Do you figure that it is one of those phases that all children go through, and then say, "Oh, he'll outgrow it"?

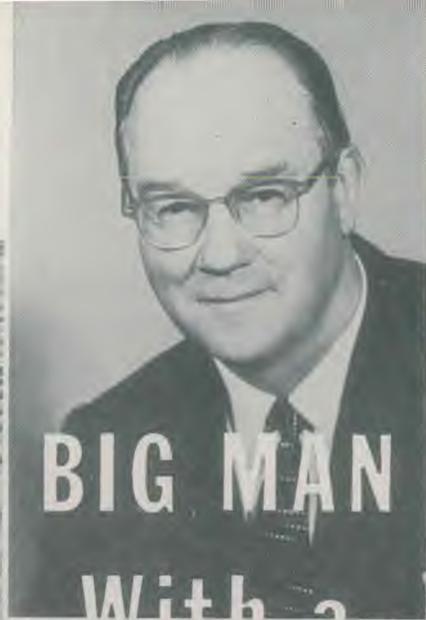
Let me be the first to inform you, from behind the bars myself, that a great many youngsters such as this will get bolder a few years later and begin to think it is a smart thing to steal a car or snatch a purse. Reformatories are full of adolescents like these who didn't "outgrow it!"

There may be other signs that indicate a youngster may end up in some reformatory. Do you fear leaving any money lying around in the house because junior will snatch it? Now would you give a youngster like this a little talking to and think to yourself, "Oh, he'll outgrow it"?

Get wise to yourselves! You let a child get away with a caper like this, and by the time he reaches his middle teens he will think he has a license to pick up money that doesn't belong to him. And he might kick in a store window or door to get it. There is a certain place in your state which is surrounded by a high wall, and it is filled to capacity with young folk who didn't "outgrow it."

Yes, parents can help curtail delinquency by forgetting those four words and putting the brakes on a youngster before he really gets started in the wrong direction. You must nip him in the bud; a flower will grow as it is tended. So parents, take heed of some advice from a fellow who wishes his parents had given of the same advice to him, because "I didn't outgrow it."

Del Webb



BIG MAN With a BIG PLAN

Duane Valentry

TALK TO ANYONE about the man who seems to have had most to do with the current national trend toward a new type of retirement housing, and in a matter of minutes the subject of baseball comes up.

Why? Because Del Webb is probably best known as part owner with Bob Topping of the New York Yankees of the American Baseball League. While it actually takes a small part of this unusual business tycoon's time, it gets much more publicity than all his other activities combined.

Born in Fresno, California, in 1899, Del Webb aspired to the major leagues from boyhood, and became a "drifting" semipro doing carpentry odd jobs when not in a game.

When bad health dropped his husky 200-pound frame to a puny ninety-nine, he decided he was ready to try his pitching arm on another target. Somewhat prophetically, as it turned out, he and his wife piled their few possessions into the car and headed for Phoenix, Arizona.

The time was the middle 1920's.

Out came the erstwhile ballplayer's hammer and saw, and he went to work on any job he could get, until 1928. Then, somewhat discouraged, he packed the Model A again, this time for the return trip to California. But the Webbs were not to take that trip.

Del's last paycheck for \$70 bounced, stranding the couple for the weekend. Finding the contractor gone and the money uncollectible, he agreed to stay and help the

man whose store was then in the process of being built.

Other jobs came up, and soon on a carpenter's shack was the sign "Del Webb Construction Company." Mrs. Webb acted as secretary as things got busier, and the company began to help change Phoenix to a bustling city of 300,000.

Other contractors were there, too, competing for the jobs. "I applied the rules of baseball to business," says Webb. Other assets were his loyalty to the men he hired, the fact that it got around that his word was his bond, and his preference for doing business by the golden rule. Add to this a keen sense of humor, and you have at least part of the secret that has developed one of the truly fabulous business names of the time.

When the war came, Webb Construction was one of the biggest companies in the Southwest, with a firm financial rating and in a position to work for the Government in all types of construction. The company built in record time some of the West's biggest military installations—airfields, Army and Navy training hospitals, and prisoner-of-war camps.

Headquarters was still Phoenix, but activities spread from coast to coast, and at the war's (Turn to page 30)

Sun City, retirement community near Phoenix, is carefully planned and attractively laid out, with pleasant winding streets and modest homes. Designed by master constructionist Del Webb, it has a population of 3,000, a majority of whom are newcomers to Arizona.

ONE NIGHT not long ago it was my unhappy experience to witness a tragic sight. As I stood by, eight youngsters, all under the influence of the so-called "dope substitutes," were led into the room in all stages of emotion—giddy, happy, sad, staggering, senseless, and finally depressed.

What brought them there were several supposedly harmless and easily obtainable items: airplane glue, carbon tetrachloride, vitamin pills, novocaine, nail polish, lighter fluid, and a number of others.

It was a heartrending affair. I was witnessing it through the invitation of a high school principal who was himself extremely concerned. A number of incidents had turned up at his own school and he had begun a campaign to wipe out the improper use of these products not only locally but throughout the country.

As he told me, "These seemingly harmless jags are having disastrous effects. Right here there has been at least one case in which a juvenile gang, under the influence of airplane dope, beat up a truckload of farm workers. In addition, in Dallas not long ago a glue-crazed boy shot his parents for denying him more of the same stuff. It's so bad that I think we should all become alarmed. I certainly am."

As we talked, the phone on the desk rang and a voice screamed from the other end, "They're crazy, they don't know what they're doing—help, quick!"

As he jumped in his car, so did I, and when we arrived moments later at an attractive house in a middle-class neighborhood, the police were already there. Eight boys were doing all sorts of contortions in the kitchen.

"It all started with airplane dope," a mother cried out. "They spread it on a handkerchief, took a few sniffs, then this. It's awful."

By this time three of the boys were on the floor. It made me sick to see the strange looks on their twisted faces.

Here they were, under sixteen years of age, and possibly well on their way to becoming addicts. Mopping my face, I looked into the mother's intent eyes and saw a vast sadness there.

"They can't stop," she told me. "They've tried and they can't. Help them! Please, help them!"

There was nothing I could do, and actually there is very little the authorities can do, either. "This problem of glue sniffing is so new," one Los Angeles official told me, "that we hardly know how to deal with it or how to stop it. But we're extremely concerned. We try not to talk about it too much because we're afraid if this sort of thing gets a lot of publicity, there will be other teenagers taking it up and the problem will become even worse.

"As it is, however, it's a real headache. For instance, there were 285 arrests the first six months of last year in Azusa alone for glue sniffing, eighty-five in San Diego, and a number of others in Bakersfield. Besides this, there are records of this being used in almost every major city in the country.

"It really does things to kids, too. Why, one boy here tried to stop the Santa Fe Special with his bare hands as though he were a bullfighter. If it hadn't been for a quick-witted engineer, he would have been only a blob out there on the track.

"Of course, we don't actually know if taking these things will lead on to illegal dope, but we're almost 100 percent sure that it will. At the present time, we're on the defensive. All we're really doing is trying to piece together a pattern for law enforcement. Actually, however, we are quite a ways along. Now we can give you a pretty good idea of the background of teen-agers using this stuff.

"Usually they are in the dull group, run in gangs, and their families are in the lower incomes. However, this is not always true. Sometimes it's (Turn to page 34)

Not all habit-forming drugs are illegal. Some can be bought at your corner drugstore.

DOPE SUBSTITUTES

Duane G. Newcomb



Alcohol's Innocent Victim

Teen-Ager



Absorbed in his home problems, Brian carelessly crosses a busy street, quite oblivious of the traffic hazards all around him.



This time dad hid his bottle in a place where it could be easily discovered.

When Brian discovers his father passed out in a stupor on the porch, he patiently tries to help him, trying all the time to suppress hostile feelings welling up inside his own mind.



Without a

Adolescence is one of the most difficult times of life, with its baffling body and personality changes and its feelings of need for purpose, direction, and identification with adults.

For the child of an alcoholic, however, adolescence is not only a difficult time but a crisis period. A teen-ager with a drinking parent is actually in worse circumstances than a child with one parent missing from the home; for such a parent is physically there, a constant reminder of weakness and negativism, but of no use to his children.

Here is Brian, a fourteen-year-old boy, typical of teen-agers everywhere who are on the threshold of what could be useful, happy lives, but who are struggling with their conflicting feelings about a drinking father in the very period when inner attitudes are in a state of painful formation.



Sometimes it takes the help of mother, too, to get dad into the house after a binge.

It is even worse when in the middle of the night Brian's father has not returned home and his mother has to call the places he frequents in order to find him.



Father



When in grade school, Brian was a bright youngster, getting good marks and making many friends. In those days he thought his father's "sick headaches" in the morning were the result of some illness. In a way, of course, they were. But now he is old enough to "understand," in a confused sort of way, that the bottle and his father's impotence as a productive human being are in a direct cause-and-effect relationship.

Brian wavers between pity and disgust for his father. He feels vague sympathy for his mother, but can't really get close to her because he doesn't think she understands *his* problems. He needs a father badly, but doesn't really have one at all.

He is one of the millions of alcohol's innocent victims.



Lacking companionship at home, Brian helps a neighbor fix a car, but such a friendship can never take the place of the father-and-son relationship he needs so much.



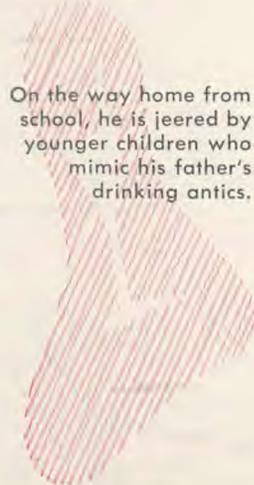
Passing the bar, he sees his father inside, but can't decide whether to go in after him or merely try, as usual, to forget it.



When he has trouble with his schoolwork, Brian would like to ask for help but knows his father is not able to help.



On the way home from school, he is jeered by younger children who mimic his father's drinking antics.



Preoccupied, he walks down by the waterfront, now deserted as he feels he himself to be. Nocturnal strolls like this could easily lead to more serious trouble for Brian.



Ginger Johnson..



It's fun being a mermaid.



Sometimes you feed the fish



or go looking for underwater pirate treasures . . . always keeping a

A NEW and novel way to drown your troubles has been discovered—merely take a dip and don't come up for air for about forty-five minutes. When you surface, your worries will be gone and you will never feel more relaxed.

At least this is the opinion of Ginger Johnson, nineteen, whose current occupation is that of mermaid. A native New Yorker who migrated to the warmer clime of Saint Petersburg, Florida, fourteen years ago and stayed, Ginger recently became a mermaid in the Spring of the Live Mermaids underwater performance at Weeki Wachee, Florida.

And if you think this kind of work is glamorous and easy, you're only half right. The glamour is there, all right, but only for the girls who are willing to work hard and keep themselves physically and mentally fit at all times. As Ginger puts it: "Being a mermaid is hard work. But I enjoy it. It is really satisfying. Two stipulations are that you have to watch out constantly for colds and you need to eat the right foods regularly."

Surprisingly, you don't have to be an expert swimmer to become a mermaid. The mermaid role requires a special ability in breath control and a good sense of underwater rhythm and timing. Of course, being a good swimmer is a decided asset.

A mermaid who performs in an average day may work two solid hours beneath the surface of the water at the Weeki Wachee underwater grand canyon. A typical program runs forty minutes, and the girls swim no more than three per day.

How do you feel after performing, or after doing three performances in one day? Says Ginger: "If you didn't eat well or sleep well the night before, you're probably exhausted when you come out of the water. On the other hand, if you have been taking care of yourself you will feel relaxed.

"I usually feel fine when I come out, but I try for eight to nine hours of sleep at night. Also, I try to eat regularly."

The Weeki Wachee management maintains a bevy of thirty beautiful mermaids, who swim in teams of seven. The girls must be able to glide gracefully through aquaballet routines to the accompaniment of such numbers as "The Sabre Dance" and "Me and



MIKE A. JONES

My Shadow." Most of the action takes place twenty or more feet below the surface of the water.

Perhaps the most dangerous and thrilling part of the mermaid act is when one of the girls concludes the program by diving nearly 100 feet into the 137-foot spring and comes all the way back up without an air hose. Ginger is among the select few who have successfully mastered this plunge.

Among her chief hobbies, of course, is swimming. While attending Saint Petersburg high school, she swam competitively for three years. But now, in addition to swimming performances underwater, Ginger hopes to pursue a career in art.

"I've been painting ever since I could hold a brush," she laughs. "I enjoy doing landscapes and I usually attempt a surrealistic type of painting. This is when you do original or definite forms in an abstract setting. After I complete three years here at Weeki Wachee, I want to study art at Carnegie College in New York."

Ginger's plans for an art career are not merely the whimsical dreams of a young girl, either. She already has sold some seven paintings for from \$35 to \$60, and she is continuing her hobby at Weeki Wachee despite her strenuous schedule.

To become a mermaid, she says, you have to train for from eight to twelve weeks. First you are a trainee. Then you become classified as a swimmer. And finally, when an opening comes, you make your own aquatic history by becoming a full-fledged mermaid. Ginger became a swimmer after only one month of training. However, she had to wait three months for a mermaid opening.

But now this brown-eyed girl with a soft voice and good diction is one of the best. Besides swimming two or three shows a day, Ginger takes tickets, announces shows she's not performing in, and does secretarial work. When she finds time, she enjoys reading. The assorted daily exercises she does on her own initiative include twenty sit-ups, toe touching, and many of the rest that track and field athletes use in their training.

Naturally, Ginger neither smokes nor drinks. Smoking adds nothing to the endurance necessary for this demanding profession, nor to the precision for the strenuous routines required of the mermaids.

Neither does Ginger see any sense in drinking. "Personally, it makes me sick and I don't like the smell or the taste of it," she explains.

"Ginger is a very gracious girl," declares a friend. "Although she does not drink, she is very nice about turning a drink down at a social function. She asks for an orange juice or a soft drink instead."

(Turn to page 32)

The following pictures show what happened when the assistant editor of "Listen" plunged into this personality story. It was a good interview at nine feet under—but obviously he was out of his element. His spirits undampened, however, he got his story despite a leaky pen, several very nosy bluegills, and almost drowning.



Mermaid With a Mission

Best solutions for problems of delinquency are found in positive programs of prevention such as these featuring—



HORSES FOR FLORIDA YOUTH

Charles Layng

"GIVE A BOY a horse to ride and he won't have the time or inclination to cause trouble. He'll be too busy having fun."

This statement was made by Sheriff Dave Starr of Orange County, Florida, some years ago, and he has since supplied ample proof that he knew what he was talking about.

A tragic accident about six years ago awoke any Florida officers who might have been lagging in enforcing liquor laws, to the necessity of keeping strong drink out of the hands of teen-agers. Eight boys careened down a beach in a fast, open car. Heedless of warning signs, two of which they actually knocked down, they drove on at high speed until they hit an iron drainage pipe that had been raised off the beach. Tragically, it was at the right height to mash in their heads, and all of them were killed.

Afterward, arrests and convictions for liquor-law violations took a marked turn upward. However, Florida suffers from an insidious liquor blight that is hard to stamp out. It is still a pioneer state in many areas, with a large amount of wilderness area without roads. Moonshiners flourish in the swamps and the piney woods, and such lawbreakers not only lack scruples against selling liquor to minors, but they actually solicit minors to buy their poisonous stuff.

The extent of the traffic is indicated by the fact that in 1962, 605 stills were destroyed by law enforcement officers and 2,738 moonshiners were arrested. Florida sheriffs work hard to rid their counties of this evil but, unfortunately, they lack adequate manpower to do a thorough job. For example, one sheriff has to patrol a county of a million acres with only six deputies. This huge county has only two small cities, both with tiny police forces, and much of the area is inaccessible and extremely wild.

In Florida, as elsewhere, moonshine is even more lethal than "legal" whiskey since it is distilled under the most insanitary conditions imaginable. As a rule it is made with the poorest grade of corn, which has often reached the rotting stage. In one batch of the horrible stuff, a raiding sheriff found three small dead snakes and a number of dead rats.

Realizing that conditions do not permit them to stamp

out the traffic entirely, Florida sheriffs have decided on a campaign to keep the youngsters occupied with positive and productive activities. Taking Sheriff Starr's lead, they have promoted youth projects, many of them centering around riding horses. The results are not accurately measurable, of course, but a youngster who is interested in the activities that are available to him in Florida if he has a horse or is interested in horses, is not likely to sacrifice.

(Turn to page 31)



Fascinated teen-agers look on with rapt attention as one of their number clears a hurdle in faultless style.

A beaming teen-ager receives her prize from a visiting sheriff from New York as Dave Starr, sheriff of Orange County, Florida, an ardent backer of horse shows for teen-agers, looks on approvingly at the award.



RESCUE ON THE RANCH



Joe Koller

BOYS-TO-MONTANA MOVEMENT

NICKIE, from the city jungles, breathed deeply of sage-scented cow-country air. The horse with head over the corral bar nuzzled his face in the dark. The collie whined for attention. They were new friends found on his host's ranch, friends that were companionable. The bigness of Montana sky and the blackness of prairie night gave him a new sense of relativity. The boy looked up at the vast, spangled dome, and desire awakened within him. This was the life! This was living!

His thoughts shuttled back to the survival race in the city. There his associates had dubbed him Punk. That "rat haven" looked less inviting now. After this visit to the open country the old life would never be the same.

That is the purpose of the Boys-to-Montana movement. It gives boys of less fortunate circumstances a chance to see the other side of life and arouse ambition to attain it.

Nickie, called Punk, is symbolic of some forty boys who as delinquent prospects are selected each year for two weeks in Montana, a program that now numbers hundreds of young men as its alumni.

Glendive, Montana, a range town, is the seat of this humanitarian project, and the boys to be oriented are recruited under Elks Lodge auspices. The dedicated champion of this program, which is supported by ranches and civic organizations, is James L. Shirby of Glendive.

This Montana movement amounts to a rebirth for boys like Nickie. These young derelicts prowl the city's badlands where the roar and commotion of traffic are a ruthless challenge, and where their contact with the outdoors, is limited to a glimpse of blue sky above skyscrapers.

Like Nickie, these youngsters take from life what they

can snatch. Insecurity and survival are integrated like day and night. There is no future, only tomorrow.

The man who founded this youth-salvaging movement, some years ago, was a bighearted chamber-of-commerce secretary, Cliff Harsh of Glendive. Later he volunteered to drive a man who had been hospitalized in Rochester, Minnesota, back to his ranch. The pair were caught in a blizzard and both men froze to death. Harsh had done the spadework on the Boys-to-Montana project, and had made contacts with the Elks Club in Minneapolis, finding its members cooperative. James Shirby, Harsh's assistant, carried on the work. His success in this venture is the more praiseworthy because he himself is handicapped by arthritis.

Rancher hosts have to be singled out and oriented on the program. The boy assigned to each ranch has to be given an opportunity to develop his dream. Some boys take willingly to range chores and display aptitudes that channel them into careers on the range.

Prospects for this project are carefully screened. Some prospects have been in trouble with the law. Some come from broken homes, and others are castaways of society.

There is an evident change of attitude in the boys after only two weeks on the range. The ranchers are not forgotten when the boys get back home, for lasting friendships have been developed. Many boys break away from city life to branch out into productive activities of their own. All this speaks well for the effort of Jim Shirby and his associates for promoting and expanding the Boys-to-Montana movement. It is the type of project that other states would do well to emulate.

The boys take part in range and ranch work, here participating in a branding—good experience for active youth.

Boys-to-Montana arrive at Glendive, and are welcomed by Jim Shirby (tall man in center, wearing a cowboy hat), who is the chief sponsoring worker in the novel program.



Living for Leadership



Jon Le Duc, active leader in the Civil Air Patrol puts into practice his conviction that "leadership is one of the most important things for a young man to learn."

Read Wynn

in collaboration with Carol Gasaway

COLD WINTERS and the Packers football team are not the only claims to fame that Green Bay, Wisconsin, can boast. Another such claim to

fame is a young man who has developed and practiced a "most satisfying" way of life since he was fourteen. He believes in "living for leadership" and is putting this message across to scores of boys years his junior who are stepping into the pattern he has set.

Jon Le Duc is cadet commander of the Green Bay Composite Squadron of Civil Air Patrol (CAP), the nationwide auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The national organization, composed of fifty-two wings, includes each state, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico. It marked its twenty-first anniversary last December. Officially organized in 1941 under the Office of Civilian Defense by private aviators, CAP helped on the home front until the military services could muster more personnel and aircraft for stateside duty. Many of the early founders of CAP are still members, although most have retired to give way to the younger generation.

Through its wartime efforts as a coastal patrol, civilian pilots are credited with sinking two Nazi submarines with bombs and depth charges dropped from improvised racks on the little planes' undersides. The put-putting of tiny Stinsons, Wacos, Fairchilds, and other makes of civilian aircraft was music to ears of salty seamen in merchant ships plying East Coast waters with defense loads.

Supervision of CAP went to the Army Air Corps and it was the Army's chief of staff, General "Hap" Arnold, who gave his blessing to the use of the jury rigs that enabled the little planes to carry explosives. They dropped them against fifty-seven submarines, spotted 173 U-boats, and reported countless floating mines. Twenty-six CAP aviators lost their lives on coastal patrol and sixty-four died in service during the war months.

The CAP aviators flew more than twenty-four million miles. This service and time was without pay, although there was established a small per diem allowance out of which came billets, food, uniforms, and incidentals. Twenty-one coastal patrol bases were strung from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Brownsville, Texas.

The small aircraft carried precious cargo for defense. They flew courier and mercy missions and patrolled the Mexican border as well. They also towed targets for Army ground antiaircraft units.

The wartime exploits of CAP prompted Congress to charter Civil Air Patrol in 1946 as a private, nonprofit corporation and in 1948 it became a volunteer, civilian auxiliary of the Air Force, though not an agency of the Federal Government.

The Civil Air Patrol of 1963 that Jon Le Duc knows is an organization that still flies most of the search, rescue, and mercy tours throughout its fifty-two wings. But its primary national objective is aerospace education for American youth, whether or not they are members. Nearly 600 high schools carry CAP aerospace education courses as science electives.

Several schools, such as Maryknoll in Hawaii, are all CAP. Members must study the texts prepared by National Headquarters at Ellington AFB, Texas, and pass examinations in various fields to earn their Certificate of Proficiency, the coveted diploma that leads cadets to participation in top-drawer national training activities.

Le Duc, an honor cadet of CAP's Wisconsin Wing, graduated from Premontre High School, Green Bay, in 1961. He is a 1961 alumnus of the annual CAP-sponsored International Air Cadet Exchange with air-minded young men of a score of European and Latin American countries. He visited Spain and flew with "Major Pietro," a Spanish war ace, who escorted the CAP cadets there.

In 1962 he represented his wing at the Jet Orientation Course at Perrin AFB, Texas, where he studied jet flying and, with a regular instructor aboard, flew a T-33 Lockheed Lodestar jet trainer for several hours at speeds up to 600 knots.

In addition to his duties as cadet commander, Cadet Le Duc helps his father operate a service station and he also works in a grocery store to save money for his college education and for more flying hours.

He has established his own "air academy" for volunteers of his CAP cadet unit. They meet on Saturday nights, in addition to regular Wednesday squadron meetings, and study principles of leadership.

Prior to the beginning of the Civil Air Patrol's national long-range plan in January, 1961, which is designed to strengthen its present programs with a quality mem-



Cadet Jon Le Duc carefully inspects the landing gear of a T-33 jet trainer during his jet orientation course, one of four on-the-job aerospace education courses offered each year by the Civil Air Patrol.



bership of 100,000 cadets and 60,000 or more seniors by 1966, cadet membership in the Green Bay Squadron dropped from forty to three. Then Jon became cadet commander. He began a crash program to rebuild the squadron, and taught almost all of the classes himself—from leadership to Bernoulli's law of pressure differential. The cadet strength began rising appreciably.

With Le Duc's primary objectives approaching realization, he began to set higher goals. He spent much time pondering a new program designed not only to expand his squadron but to give all squadrons a new concept of dynamic leadership, in the setting of the "Wing Cadet board."

Cadet Lieutenant Le Duc is one of more than 40,000 teen-age cadets in Civil Air Patrol (nearly 900 boys and 250 girls in the Wisconsin Wing), few of whom can claim quite the same self-sufficiency as Le Duc. He is able to finance two solo hours weekly at Nicolet Airport (he has had his student license since August, 1961), aiming for his private pilot's license.

Le Duc holds a tight rein on more than fifty teen-agers of his squadron's cadet corps. Drinking is strictly taboo, as well as misbehavior either during or outside Civil Air Patrol activities. Le Duc has lost one cadet who was a speeding "repeater" although he didn't drink. The boy

dropped out of his own accord because of the rigid regulations imposed on the cadet unit.

Cadet Le Duc, a darkly handsome young man with a friendly smile, says that one of his goals in life is "a better understanding of the moods and foibles of the people we live and work with; we must learn to get along with other people to get along on this earth."

With bars open to eighteen-year-olds, Le Duc says there are some cases in Green Bay of beer drinking by teen-agers, which he feels is "very bad," but he feels that hard work, with Civil Air Patrol as a primary avocation, is a good answer. From a nondrinking family, Le Duc did smoke at one time but quit, feeling that it and drinking are detrimental habits.

Le Duc subscribes to the belief expressed by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, that the Civil Air Patrol cadet program is "a unique contribution in the fight against juvenile delinquency."

A visit to Civil Air Patrol summer encampments at some forty Air Force bases where thousands of cadets and seniors spend at least ten days each year, or a review of the more than 2,000 CAP units across the country, will tell the story even better. Leaders are being built on the principles that Cadet Jon Le Duc has set for himself and others.

AS THE



TURNS

Report From South America

H. Stuart Morrison



Bolivia, source of enormous quantities of cocaine which find their way into Brazil and then to the United States, is beginning to tighten up on control of the many hundreds of cocaine factories in the Bolivian wilderness.

This has been announced by Minister René Jordán Pando, Bolivian ambassador to Brazil. He says his government realizes that the cocaine traffic of the Western Hemisphere originates in Peru and Bolivia and passes through Brazil. He also comments that with frontiers running through almost impassable jungle that is infested by savage Indians and ferocious wild animals, there really is little that either government can do to halt the traffic completely.

The Bolivian government has initiated a campaign against clandestine cocaine "factories" hidden away in the jungle lands close to the Brazilian border. Financial policies are being tightened up, and illegal distilling plants will be destroyed.

The real problem is the border, where there is insufficient patrolling due to the jungle conditions.

Brazil, on the other hand, is doing little to control the steady flow of cocaine across its borders and through that country to the Atlantic coast, where it is shipped by smugglers to the United States. While there are many clandestine factories in the jungle portion of Brazil, there are hundreds of times as many in Peru and Bolivia, where the coca plant, from which cocaine is derived, flourishes on the slopes of the Andes Mountains.

Two small cities on the Brazil-Bolivia frontier have been cited as the key ports of entry for Bolivian cocaine. They are Ponta Pora in the state of Matto Grosso, and Guajara-Mirim, in the territory of Rondonia.

Guajara-Mirim is the headquarters of customs officers for 1,200 kilometers of Brazilian-Bolivian border, and there are only two customs officers stationed there. Within twenty

miles of the little city are half a dozen tribes of savage Indians, some of whom are cannibals.

From the Beni River in Bolivia, canoes are paddled to Guajara-Mirim, and from there the cocaine is transported over the world-famous Madeira-Marmore Railroad that penetrates the wild jungle to a point where the Madeira River is navigable. This railroad, built at the turn of the century, claimed a life for every tie that was laid, workers dying like flies from malaria and the poisoned arrows of the Indians.

The cocaine is then carried by small paddle-wheel steamers down the Madeira River to the Amazon River, and from there to the seaport of Belém, where it is smuggled out of the country.

There is no secret about narcotics smuggling in Guajara-Mirim, and any American who shows up is immediately considered a likely customer because it is well known, even deep in the jungle, that American merchant seamen are an important link in the smuggling ring out of Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and Belém.

Across the little river on the Bolivian side there is not even a Bolivian customs post, let alone officials, to prevent cocaine from crossing the watery border.

Even the Guajara-Mirim newspaper treats cocaine smuggling as another daily occupation, running as a gag a small box on page one with the question: "Who's selling cocaine here today?" And of course every reader knows the answer.

Two arrests have been made in a year as the result of cocaine smuggling through Guajara-Mirim. Two Brazilian youths bought narcotics there and traveled to São Paulo, where they were arrested. They turned out to be a couple of amateurs eager to make a fast dollar! Professional smugglers never are bothered on the long haul.

The picture is about the same at Ponta Pora, except that there the professional smuggling ring is bolder and more aggressive, and maintains a corps of *capangas* (gunmen) who kill any official who interferes with this lucrative operation.

Cocaine is smuggled out of there by plane, usually to Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo. Ponta Pora is bordered by Paraguay, and absolutely no cocaine is sold on the Brazilian side. The customer must cross over into Paraguay, where he finds the "sales office" right out in the open, with neither Paraguayan nor Brazilian customs officials to bother him.

While Ponta Pora is the secondary cocaine smuggling point, it does not compare in quantity with Guajara-Mirim, as an open door for the Bolivian product.

Manaus, the "seaport" 1,000 miles up the Amazon River, has long been the principal port of entry for Peruvian cocaine,

which comes down the river from the coca-growing lands on the slopes of the Andes. Much of the cocaine is sealed in plastic sacks and hung inside the tanks bearing Peruvian crude oil and gasoline to the city of Manaus.

With such a thriving trade in smuggling, little wonder it is that the specter of vicious addiction is facing many into whose hands this deadly and deceptive drug falls.



ETHER FROLICS

Some three million Rio de Janeiro *cariocas* participated in the 1963 carnival in February. Narcotics authorities called it another big "ether jag."

Once each year Brazil stages its mighty fun festival that runs four days and nights. The carnival this year was no exception. During this time the city was turned over to the *folions*, as the merrymakers were called, and the streets were a packed mass of frolicking men, women, and children.

Tourists—some 3,000 from the United States and twice that many from Europe and Latin American countries—sat on bleachers and watched the "street carnival."

They listened to samba after samba, the boom of drums made from orange crates, garbage cans, and hollowed-out tree trunks. They watched the scantily clad, poorly costumed slum dwellers cavorting, screaming, caterwauling, jumping, leaping three feet into the air, spinning dizzily around before their feet touched the ground again. Arms were flying in all directions, shining white teeth or gaping red toothless mouths screaming tuneless songs, laughing their mad merriment.

Tourists who were *observante* were at times puzzled at the merrymakers' actions, wondering why the dancers constantly put their handkerchiefs to their faces.

The answer was a simple one.

They were whipping up their flagging strength, gaining new impetus in their orgy of carnival.

The handkerchiefs were saturated with ether.

The merrymakers sniffed the ether, and the carnival became a huge ether spree.

Tourists entering a restaurant were shocked to see a father and mother giving their five- or six-year-old child a "snifter" from their handkerchief, and in the case of a slightly older child, dousing the youngster's handkerchief with ether.

The ether madness has defied Brazilian narcotics authorities for generations. They admit the situation is hopeless; little can be accomplished in the way of reducing the "consumption" of ether during carnival time. Complete abolition seems impossible. There always will be clandestine sources, they declare.

The ether is sold in squeeze bottles, made either of metal or squeezable plastic, capable of shooting a stream of ether ten or twelve feet away.

Originally these bottles were designed to add to the frolic. Young men loved to attract the attention of young girls by shooting an icy-cold stream of ether against a girl's back. The eager young men quickly learned that the ether was a good tonic when muscles became weary of leaping and dancing. So they squirt the ether on their handkerchiefs, hold them to the nose, and take a good, long sniff. Then they are ready for another bout with King Momus and his cavorting followers.

No figures are available as to the consumption of ether. Even the police have no statistics, but its use is general. About nine out of every ten merrymakers are armed with squeeze bottles, and more of the ether goes up their own nostrils than down a girl's back.

Police have been somewhat successful in banning ether bottles indoors, but are unable to do anything in the open air. Ether is barred at private clubs and bars, and mere possession of ether at a carnival ball sends the culprit to jail until the carnival ends.

Alcoholic liquor sales drop sharply during the carnival, since only beer and champagne are permitted. The champagne is sold in the night clubs, carnival balls, and other high or low society. But the beer is sold everywhere, including hundreds of special beer stands erected on sidewalks for the convenience of the merrymakers.

And among the frolicking *folions* are the ether vendors, their pockets loaded with squeeze bottles which they pass furtively in exchange for cash.

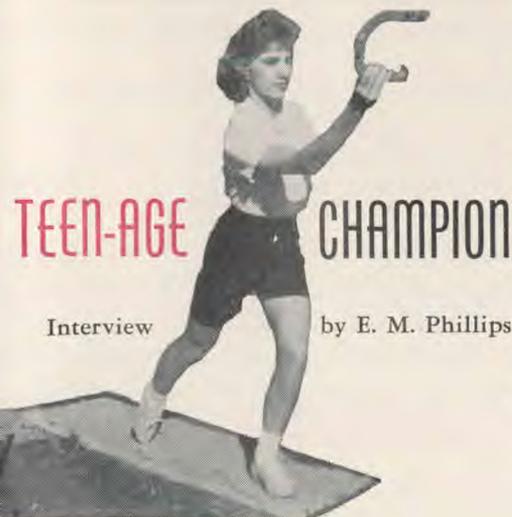
Starting to pitch horseshoes at the age of eleven, Sue Gillespie of Ohio has made a meteoric rise to fame, winning the national championship horseshoe-pitching contest in 1962 at the age of fifteen.

Beginning at an early age she also learned acrobatics. For two years now she has won the well-known Centennial Contest at Decatur, Indiana, and has her eyes on the Olympics in 1964.

Physical achievements are not the only interests of this Hoosier lass. At school Sue assumes a leading role in Y-Teens and her Junior Classic League. Scholastically she has won a place on the honor roll every period since she entered the seventh grade.

Sue attributes her excellence both physically and mentally to her careful way of living. She simply is too busy to be bothered with habits with which some other young people are getting mixed up today. She feels that such habits would only impede her progress. Both smoking and drinking are strictly taboo. With her tremendous need for stamina and muscular coordination, Sue is convinced that either of these habits would be a great hindrance to her excelling in any area of endeavor.

And from the standpoint of achievement, who would be a better judge of the ingredients that go into success than Sue Gillespie?



OF THE ESTIMATED seventy million Americans who drink, at least one out of every fourteen is destined to become an alcoholic.

Almost every business or social circle has one or more actual or potential alcoholics. But the figures don't tell the whole story. Of the seventy million, there are various kinds of drinkers: the "sometime" drinker, who may take only a few nips a year; the "moderate" drinker, who drinks at parties and other occasions but never takes more than one or two; the "social" drinker, who rarely gets drunk but may frequently get "tight" or "high;" the "heavy" drinker; and, finally, the alcoholic.

One thing separates the alcoholic from the other types. Once he starts he

best time to help him is during these early stages; for alcoholism is a one-way street. The victim gets progressively worse unless he is treated. The sole remedy for this progressive condition is for the patient to put an end to his drinking. Alcoholics can be restored to health provided they abstain from alcohol.

If you find that a person is headed toward alcoholism, there are several things that you can do:

1. *Learn all you can about alcoholism.* Alcoholism is the No. 3 public-health problem in the United States today. Those stricken by this self-inflicted disease include at least five and a half million, and from two to two and a half million heavy drinkers who are in

ered alcoholic. If you are an employer, don't wait until the only thing left to do is warn the alcoholic that he will lose his job "if it ever happens again." The problem drinker should be sent to the medical department, after you have

How to Help A PROBLEM DRINKER



can't stop. The incipient alcoholic, according to the National Council on Alcoholism, may behave in any of several ways: He may break promises to himself about drinking; alibi or lie to himself about drinking; gulp drinks, where others drink slowly; drink to get up "Dutch courage" before a party or an appointment; feel the necessity to have drinks at certain times; insist on an allotted time for drinking regardless of the convenience of others; drink for "that tired feeling;" drink for "shattered nerves;" drink to forget troubles and alleviate depression; and drink to celebrate even quite simple and everyday occurrences.

The warning signs may be psychological danger signals not necessarily connected with drinking periods. They may include recurrent periods of tension which show themselves as extreme irritability, flashes of temper, unreasonable ideas, and a general attitude of resentment toward the world. But these emotional symptoms may also be found in heavy drinkers and in nondrinkers as well.

If you suspect that a friend or associate is on the road to alcoholism, the

serious trouble with alcohol although not yet complete alcoholics. Since only about 1 percent of alcoholics are being helped today, a program of prevention would seem to be the best answer to this gnawing problem. But those already afflicted should be referred to Alcoholism Information Centers or Alcoholics Anonymous groups, which are located in most major cities around the country.

2. *Avoid the "home treatment."* Never harp on the problem drinker's condition; it is better not to mention it unless he does. Never lecture or preach.

3. *Talk to someone about the situation.* Doctor, minister, social worker, or friend. Face the problem openly. Prepare for constructive action. Don't threaten a problem drinker. If he shows interest in information about alcoholism, let him take the initiative. The best time to talk to him is when he is "hung over," not when he is drunk or drinking.

4. *Use your knowledge of alcoholism to make him feel that someone understands him.* Remain objective. If possible, try to introduce him to a recov-

had a frank talk with the doctors there so that the alcoholic cannot minimize or explain away his condition. In smaller businesses with no medical department, the employee's doctor should be informed.

There are today a number of good medical treatments for sobering an alcoholic and building up his physical condition in a very short period of time, which is usually five days. These are by no means "cures," but they have great value in preparing the alcoholic mentally and physically to undertake further treatment or to understand and adopt some program of recovery.

In most cases you are going to suspect alcoholism long before you can be sure that it actually exists. If you think that a friend, member of the family, or co-worker is suffering from this condition, you can be helpful by first biding your time patiently. You can learn much which can alert a knowledgeable person as to whether or not alcoholism, or potential alcoholism, really exists. Then if you believe that your suspicions have been confirmed, contact a person or organization that can give professional advice and help.



Sleep Therapy and Alcoholism

CAN SLEEP THERAPY cure alcoholism?

"Yes, in many cases. If put into effect nationally, it would greatly reduce the nation's crime cost, which the Federal Bureau of Investigation estimates at \$22,000,000,000 for 1962."

So declares John Locke, former public defender of Tulare County, California, and one of the chief advocates of this new technique in criminal rehabilitation, initiated at Woodlake prison road camp in Tulare County on December 10, 1957. The program, which Locke as public defender helped to put into operation, is now in its sixth year.

Recently, after checking the records of 4,576 former prisoners at the camp who had taken this treatment, and calculating the reduction in the county's crime, Locke reported that the program had saved his county alone possibly \$150,000 in the past four years.

Locke's enthusiasm is understandable. It is his brainchild, and he can now cite statistical evidence to support his contention that sleep therapy can cure alcoholism, at least in some cases, and that it has reduced Tulare County's crime.

"When one considers that from 65 to 70 percent of all prison inmates have an alcoholic problem of some kind," Locke says, "this phase of the program offers tremendous promise. We believe that sleep therapy can change the alcoholic's attitude toward life.

"The idea of the sleep treatment is to reach into the sleeping man's inner consciousness and reorient the pattern of his emotional reaction to life. We do this by earphones placed under the pillows of those receiving the treatment. At night their pillows seem to talk to them, giving them positive, softly voiced suggestions designed to help them accept life and become useful citizens."

Actually, it is the "subliminal suggestion" approach to changing aggressive, antisocial behavior into good citizenship. The fifty-year-old Locke, a student of psychology, philosophy, and law, credits the inspiration of this personality-changing therapy to the teachings of Dr. Albert Schweitzer that antisocial behavior is largely caused by a rejection of life.

"Most alcoholics actually want to quit drinking, and most criminals know that crime does not pay," Locke explains, "but they go right on committing their offenses without knowing why. The root of their trouble is that they reject life and seek death, or at least a recess from life, in alcohol, narcotics, and crime. They are obsessed with a feeling that life is futile and not worth living. To change their pattern of behavior, we must lead them to acceptance of themselves and life.

"Because they haven't been able to accept themselves, they are taking it out on society. The only way to get at this problem is through the subconscious. We must attack that because it is the controlling factor in human behavior."

Three men who had a prominent part in helping Locke put the experiment in operation in 1957 were Attorney Edgar D. Price, a graduate of the University of Minnesota; the Rev. Glenn Peters, pastor of the Ivanhoe Presbyterian Church; and Robert G. Lally, a professional recreational therapist formerly with the California State Department of Mental Hygiene.

They collaborated in composing the basic scripts used in two tape recordings. The recordings are played on the camp's broadcasting system and are heard through individual earphones located near the pillows of the men receiving the treatment.

One record begins with a message to induce relaxation, and then suggests a positive mental attitude toward life with a definite purpose, straight thinking, self-discipline, cooperation, and living in harmony with one's fellowmen.

Another message is phrased as though a man's better self were speaking to him. It starts like this: "Listen, my inner self. Remember and obey this creed of life. . . . Life is worth living, . . . worth living wholeheartedly. Love, rule my life. Love God, family, others. Do to others as I want them to do to me. Have faith, faith in myself, faith in others. . . . Work with others. . . . Accomplish more together. Grow in mind and spirit. Attain self-respect and maturity. . . . Think creatively, imaginatively. Face life without fear. Be calm, unafraid. Enjoy inner peace with God."

For ten minutes at a time, the calm, soothing voice continues with this exhortation. The tapes are first played at 9:15 p.m., just after the lights are turned out, and then repeated softly at 11 p.m. They are played again thirty minutes after midnight and repeated at 6 a.m. as the men are awakening.

There are suggestions in both recordings which are designed to strengthen the listener against drinking. Other county officials besides Locke have become enthusiastic over the results, especially over the success the program has shown in curing chronic alcoholics.

California, which has in excess of 600,000 alcoholics and 7,500,000 drinkers, is particularly interested in this facet of the Tulare County experiment. A state assembly interim committee is now studying the alcoholic rehabilitation program and may recommend extension of the sleep-therapy program to various state institutions. It has been

WILLIAM L. ROPER

tentatively used in some of the state's prisons.

Locke reports that a check with the 4,576 former road-camp prisoners who have participated in the sleep-therapy program shows that inmates serving an average of 116.3 days indicated a benefit of 72 percent; those serving seventy-seven days a 59 percent benefit; and those serving forty-two days a 52 percent benefit. The manner of determining this benefit is not specified.

"A number said the treatment had helped them to solve their alcoholism problems, and a recent check indicates that such cures are lasting," Locke adds. "During the period of the experiment, the rate of increase in crime has dropped in Tulare County. The same is not true for California and the United States as a whole."

Considering Tulare County's rapid rate of population growth, which Locke estimates at 15.9 percent for the past four years, the county-jail bookings show a remarkable reduction, he points out. Bookings at the Tulare County jail decreased by 516 during the four-year period.

Juvenile delinquency also showed a steady decline from 624 cases in 1958 to 396 cases in 1961. While no juvenile delinquent has participated in the sleep-therapy program, Locke believes that the rehabilitation of chronic offenders, particularly alcoholics, has brought about this improvement in youthful conduct by bettering the home environment. This apparent indirect beneficial result of the program, he believes, justifies the attention of all who are concerned with the growing national juvenile delinquency problem.

Cost of the sleep-therapy program in Tulare *(Turn to page 34)*

Replete with historical lore, the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal affords a bonanza for nature lovers today.

Robert H. Riecks

Photos by the author

The sun-dappled towpath stretched in a long curve until it and the canal disappeared around a bend. It was a sunny, early June morning that brought back a flood of memories of the time when I was a little boy following my father down the steps from Chain Bridge to the towpath along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. From there it was a long and thrilling hike through the woods and over rocks until we came to the Potomac River, where my father loved to fish.

The whole countryside was different then. The canal was harder to get to, and the scenery was much more rugged. To get there, you came out from the city by electric trolley car, and got off at a little way station and walked down a wooded pathway to the canal. At Chain Bridge, you went partway out on the bridge and then climbed down a set of steps to the towpath below.

Big canal boats pulled by mules would go by. They looked awfully big to me then. I later found out that they were ninety-two feet long and fourteen and one-half feet wide, which just allowed them to fit into the locks, that were exactly fifteen feet wide. Most of the boats had names, such as "George Washington," or "Henry Clay," or "Susan," or "Enterprise," or even "Grandpa."

The canal boat was not only a business but had become a way of life for the captain and his family who lived aboard. And so "Grandpa" could bring a chuckle to your lips if you happened

to see him on a Monday morning, loaded with 130 tons of grimy coal from Cumberland, gliding along at mule speed (perhaps four miles an hour) with a varicolored "fashion show" hung out on his wash line.

There was an aft cabin where the skipper and his family lived. It usually had a tarp stretched above it and out in front of the door to give added living room, especially in the summertime when it became very hot where the trees grew close along the canal's edge to shut off the breeze. The children played on deck much the same as we played in our backyards in Washington, D.C.

Through the window of the smaller center cabin we could see bales of hay. This was aptly called the "hayhouse," for here was stored the fuel for the mule power. Through the windows of the front cabin you might see the spare mules,

for this was where they were kept. A large boat had a complement of five. Each barge always had three cabins.

If a boat looked particularly dirty you knew that it carried mostly coal. During the period of the canal's operation, more than a million tons were loaded. There were all kinds of other things, too, such as corn, flour, salt, beef, pork, apples, peaches, lumber, plaster, stone, ore, ale, beer, whiskey, barley, buckwheat, and all manner of provisions. In fact, about anything was carried on these boats.

To see one of the boats enter a lock was a thrilling experience for a small boy. Each lock was 100 feet long, and when a boat had entered and the lower gates were closed (if it was going upstream), the fit was so close it looked as if the boat were wedged in the stone of the lock. Then the water would begin to rush in from the bottom as the lock tender opened the iron gates in the bottom of the lock at the upstream end. Slowly the barge would rise until it was level with the water in the upper channel. It had risen eight feet. The driver started his mules and slowly the big boat would come out of the lock and again start its journey.

There were seventy-four of these lift locks, so that when a boat had gone from Georgetown, D.C., to Cumberland, Maryland, it had risen about 600 feet. In the upper reaches the waterway narrowed to sixty feet, while the standard in the lower stretches was eighty.

The canal had long passed the heyday of its operation (the 1870's) when I first became acquainted with it. The records of that earlier time show that there were 540 boats in use, and that 100 had "locked through" at a given point in one day.

At Paw Paw, West Virginia, the canal passed underground more than 3,000 feet. This was an expensive accomplishment. But the construction that intrigued me the most was that of the aqueducts for carrying the waterway over rivers and creeks. The only one I remember seeing was the one that spanned the Potomac River at Georgetown, D.C., and gave the canal a seven-mile extension to Alexandria, Virginia. It seemed strange to see a boat traveling in water, on a bridge over another body of water. The abutments for this aqueduct were removed from the Potomac's channel last year.

There was also an aqueduct at Seneca, Maryland. It now stands empty and deserted, filled with grass. There is one at Williamsport, Maryland, too. The most picturesque of all is the long one (483 feet) over the Monocacy River. It has seven fifty-four-foot arches made of quartzite.

When the canal was built as far as Cumberland, it had cost eleven million dollars, or about sixty thousand dollars per mile.

While George Washington is generally credited with being the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal's organizer, actually his Potomac Company, created in 1785 with the intention of clearing obstructions from the Potomac River and using it as a commercial waterway, only built short skirting canals around the river's worst falls. The longest of these (1,200 yards) was at Great Falls, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. There were two others on that side and only two on the Maryland side. The much-later Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was a continuous waterway constructed entirely on the Maryland side.

The Potomac Company started its operations in 1802 with the use of small hand-propelled raftlike boats which used the river's currents as much as possible. The service was not dependable and was soon abandoned. Washington in the meantime had resigned as its president to become the President of the United States.

The canal is not owned by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, as some suppose, but got its name from the

Recreational Waterway



Above: The Great Falls of the Potomac was one of a number of reasons why the river could not be used for boat transportation.

Upper right: One of the six canal locks around Great Falls on the Potomac River. Note the bypass for overflow located at the right.

Right: On the extreme right is the Potomac River, next the canal, then the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. (National Park Service photo.)

Below: Guided trips on this mule-drawn barge bring back memories of the canal as it was years ago during its full operation.



builder's intentions to connect the Chesapeake Bay area with the Ohio River at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Because of legal and financial difficulties the construction stopped at Cumberland, Maryland, although the original name was retained.

When President John Quincy Adams lifted the first shovelful of earth for the construction of the canal on July 4, 1828, he was not thinking of recreation. America was on the move westward, and this was during what has since come to be called The Great Canal Building Era. The Erie Canal had been a great success, and there were now more than 4,000 miles of canals under construction or being planned. It was in this same year that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad started building from Washington, D.C., to Cumberland, which in many places paralleled the C. & O. Canal. They were able to reach Cumberland eight years ahead of the canal.

The boats could carry heavy goods at one fourth the price of the overland freight wagons, and so the canal, the railroad, and the horse and wagon competed for the heavy westward trade through the Potomac River Valley.

The canal's most formidable competition, however, came from the heavy rains and floods which caused extensive damage over a long period. In 1889, the Johnstown Flood destroyed long sections of the canal. The company never completely recovered from this catastrophe, although it continued to operate until 1924.

The canal was purchased by the Federal Government in 1938 and is today administered by the National Park Service. Stretching its narrow right-of-way for 184.5 miles, the 4,253 acres are probably America's most unique recreational area.

Today as I hike the towpath it all seems like a dream, for now much of the canal is only a big open ditch filled with grass, bushes, and trees. The work of restoration is progressing and in some places water has again been turned into the canal. In the restored Georgetown division, park naturalists conduct guided trips along the towpath and tours aboard a mule-drawn barge. But it is the sections that are quiet and seldom visited that I like the best, for whether or not there is water in the

(Turn to page 32)

Black and frightening, the newspaper headline jolted Roger Stogill out of his ingrained habit, and it all came at him through the—

Mist of a Memory

Fred D. Cavinder



THE HOTEL hallway, dimly lighted despite the fact that it was midmorning of a bright summer day, lay like a constricted tunnel before Roger Stogill as he moved unsteadily from his room toward the elevator.

His curly, sandy hair was slightly disheveled. The dull mist of alcohol still hung over his eyes as it had for the last nine mornings. More than a week ago he had awakened to the same half-sober feeling to find the new car he was using from the auto agency where he worked, packed with most of his clothing and a few personal items.

"When you decide to straighten up, come back," his wife Sarah had said sadly. "We'll call for help whenever you want, but you are not ready for it yet." He still could remember those warning but forboding words through the fog of the intervening days.

"Lobby," Roger mumbled to the elevator boy. He stood looking vacantly at a hole in the elevator carpet as the car descended, and involuntarily reflected on the few memories of his binge that stayed with him.

It had started out with a feeling of defiant determination buoyed by excitement and a rather substantial amount of cash in his wallet. Pawning the radio and fishing rod, which also had been in the car, increased his wealth.

He spent the days maintaining a delicate balance of intoxication, a buildup to the night's drinking of gin, which usually rendered him senseless by 8 or 9 o'clock. That part bothered him, if only in the way that indigestion bothers a compulsive eater. Those periods when gin destroyed memory were slightly haunting and disturbing when consciousness returned.

Once Roger awoke to find he had spent the night on the beach. He recalled a number of pretty faces there before the gin closed in. But they were gone when he awoke. They swam in his memory with the montage of desk clerks, marquees, and elevators. He remembered spending one night in a hotel

where his friend, Glenn Arany, was desk clerk. What night had it been?

The elevator reached the lobby and Roger went quickly to the coffee shop for juice to calm his stomach. "Would you like a paper, sir?" the waitress inquired, looking strangely at him.

Roger self-consciously rubbed his hand over his stubble of a beard and took the newspaper. He looked at the date: Monday, July 19. A week and two days—

The headline screamed about the brutal murder of a girl in the Palo Hotel. The medical examiner estimated that she had met death two days earlier and there was a description of the slayer being sought:

"Police said the man who last occupied the room was of medium height, about thirty years old, with curly, sandy hair. He had been drinking heavily when last seen, hotel personnel said."

The curly, sandy hair on Roger's neck crawled with naked terror. He saw himself pictured in the cold, black type. At least, it could be he. The glass slipped from his hand and the bright-red tomato juice spread on the tablecloth like blood. Roger fled the shop.

Outside he hesitated in the sun, which was already beginning to gain the penetrating strength which would soon make the day sweltering, and tried to think.

He looked at his hands. Would he, in his alcoholic detachment, be capable of killing? Would he then somehow retain the instinct to clean these shaking hands, his clothing, flee and hide?

The awful fear of what he might have done without remembering was growing, and Roger quickly found his car and examined the misshapen pile of clothing in the back seat. His blue suit was gone. Had he thrown it, blood-stained, away? He began to shake more violently, now, than ever he had trembled from alcohol.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES CONVERSE

"I've got to have a drink," he shrieked inside his own mind, and headed toward a nearby tavern until fear stopped him. Someone might recognize him. A bartender, perhaps, who had just finished reading about the sandy-haired suspect, or a customer who might be reading the description even as Roger entered.

Abandoning the car for fear it also might be watched, Roger walked the six blocks to the hotel where Glenn Arany was on duty. Glenn's eyebrows arched in surprise when he saw Roger.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"When was I here? What did I tell you? Where was I going? What hotel?" Roger asked in a torrent of questions.

"Tuesday," Glenn answered, sensing urgency. "You came by and told me you were on a fling and were going to the beach. You came back Friday and stayed here until Sunday morning, yesterday. Why?"

"Day before yesterday, I was here, then," Roger cried. "With you."

"Not exactly with me," Glenn said. "You were drinking all day and you came in late, but I saw you around."

"Then I wasn't at the Palo Hotel two days ago?"

"You kidding? You haven't even paid me yet for two nights here, let alone get up the scratch for a place like the Palo. When are you going to pay me, anyway? And when are you going to pick up your suit? The blue one."

"You have it?" Roger asked.

"You left it in the room. Listen, you're all shook up. You better stop the booze. How about it?"

Roger dropped onto a nearby sofa and sobbed.

It took him a day to regain enough sobriety and courage to return home. He shaved and got a haircut, thanks to help from Glenn, and he wore the blue suit.

"I don't want to drink anymore," he blurted when Sarah opened the door, "or be afraid."

MY WIFE teaches a class of retarded children. Some of them have IQ's of only 70. Many of them can learn to spell such simple words as "cat" only with much difficulty and repetition. These boys and girls of ten or so cannot count to a hundred or do the easiest sums in arithmetic.

However, here is a peculiar thing: Although they have great trouble learning or remembering things of a useful nature, even the weakest intellects among them seem to learn undesirable habits quickly! They learn bad words, bad habits, or hostile attitudes.

We have often discussed this seeming paradox and sought an explanation. Aside from pointing to the general proposition that evil and wrong are negative qualities, and that these little minds are far from positive, no explanation is forthcoming. But it seems that learning clean, wholesome, worthwhile things poses a challenge.

Now, I suppose no normal boy or girl really wants to be known as a stupe, a moron, or whatever is the teenage term for a person bordering on feeblemindedness. So when someone comes along and tries to get a young person to experiment with something that all human experience has proved foolish and wrong, that person is really offering him an insult.

That person is suggesting that his potential customer might be interested in acquiring this negative bit of "knowledge" because he is mentally incapable of learning anything else.

How much of a brain does one need, to learn to drink and perhaps become an alcoholic? What kind of an intellect does one require, to learn the art of taking dope and becoming an addict? Or a glue sniffer? How difficult is it to learn to smoke?

If someone came along and called you a mental gnat, you wouldn't like it. Yet many boys and girls accept the implication without protest, and some even accommodate their accuser by proceeding to prove what he alleges.

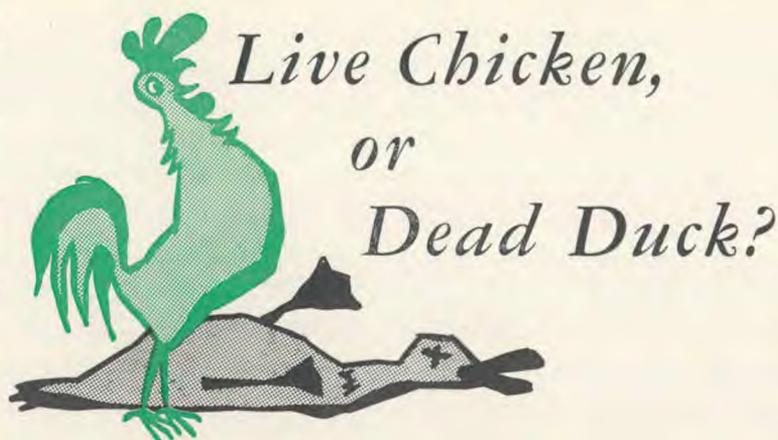
Admittedly doing wrong can give you a thrill. A person can get a thrill, too, by diving headfirst off a high bridge. Doing a wrong thing will only give you a wrong thrill, never a worthy or satisfying one. And often the thrill ends in death.

On the other hand, there are thrills to be had by doing right, chivalrous things that will bring pleasure for many a year. As a youth I chummed with a group of boys. Once, just to see what it was like, we boys cut a load of wood and took it over to an old man who had no fuel on a cold, wintry day.

I guess we would be called "squares" for doing that today, but I want to say that the old man's surprise and gratitude thrilled us all. I am sure the memory of that little decent act of ours stirs pleasant thoughts in all of us still living. That slight effort has paid rich dividends for years.

It may be that your refusal to do wrong things will make you "chicken" in the eyes of "the gang." That's too bad. But as someone has said: "Better to be a live chicken than a dead duck."

Vollie Tripp





SEGREGATION?

--- I'm
for It

Leola Seely Anderson

I gasped for breath. Across the low partition between booths in a fine restaurant, somebody's grandmother had exhaled a mushroom cloud of smoke which drifted directly into my face. My English muffin and orange marmalade rebelled. Silently, valiantly, I struggled with them.

I do not smoke. I cannot endure secondhand tobacco smoke for breakfast—or any other meal. In fact, I abhor the stench of smoldering weeds in any form, except perhaps in the wide-open autumn air when the whiff of a bonfire carries with it a connotation of cleansing.

Freedom is precious to me, and because of that I would not deny anyone his rights. But small boys formerly tried smoking out behind the barn; perhaps all smoking should be done there. However, certainly one would segregate the barn from the breakfast table!

Painfully I peered through the smoke billowing over the partition. I did not notice just how Madame was dressed, but the quality of her culture was showing blatantly. Freedom! What about my right to breathe and to enjoy an uncontaminated breakfast?

If you do not like bullfights you don't go to the arena. If television offends you, you can turn it off. But if tobacco smoke makes you ill, how can you escape? I sometimes wonder whether man's persistence in penetrating outer space is not a subconscious compulsion to rise above the fancy rings of his own blowing. Surely no atmosphere at all would be preferable to the murky blue of the average earthbound dining room.

And smokers are so blissfully unaware that they are obnoxious. "Have a cigarette?" "No, thank you." "Mind if I smoke?"—even while he is lighting up! One bit of popular advertising is true; even I can't tell my best friend how he smells.

The casual assumption that nobody objects to the odor of "fine, mellow, 'springtime'-tasting smoke" provokes varied feelings among us noncombustibles. I've often suspected that the catch in the voice of the sweet young thing on television, as she gazes soulfully into the narrowed eyes of her hero, is due less to emotion than to the smoke wreathing up from his yellowed fingers. No wonder she buries her face in his shirt front! As to the villain, I quite understand why, as a gesture of sheer contempt, he blows smoke into the face of Eliot Ness. Can anyone conceive of a more contemptuous gesture?

Meanwhile, back at my table I desperately seize a breakfast menu and try to clear a small channel to my contracting nostrils. Madame across the partition has taken on the appearance of a factory smokestack. There must be some way to put her in her proper habitat. If I could only think—if I could only breathe!

I would not silence the mighty hue and cry against smog in our fair cities, nor would I discourage the muffling of car exhausts on our freeways. I would rather go one step further and advocate also the muzzling of dining smokers. If only there were some way to confine the offensive fumes to a ten-inch radius of Madame's own head. Perhaps space helmets, provided by the management—but that would be murder, wouldn't it?

One ceases to wonder that the tranquilizer has become our national substitute for thoughtful consideration of each other as we go on rationalizing our own boorishness. Nonsense! One may not be responsible for the color of his skin, but the shade of his courtesy is strictly homemade.

Nor is the excuse "Why, everybody smokes!" valid. It is simply wishful thinking on the part of merchants of the weed. Hundreds of thousands of Americans who think for themselves do not conform. In religious groups alone, with memberships numbering millions, smoking is taboo. Looking at Madame as through a glass darkly, I reflect that she is enough to drive a body into church. I've never yet seen anyone smoke there. I wonder why?

On a mass scale, perhaps the personal freedom due all men might be better served if those feeding the public provided segregated areas according to color: The Blue Room for smokers, and the Golden Rule Room for imbibers of fresh air.

Hazily I ponder the mentality that produces the phenomenon of the human smokestack—Madame, for example, across the partition. When did she begin to get such feelings of insecurity that she must shroud herself, and all the rest of us, in obscurity? She is well-dressed, the common variety of upper-class dowager, and this smoking obsession is not a new escape with her, judging from the power of her drag and the emphasis of her emission.

Too, she can hang the thing on the edge of her lip and never miss a sentence, not a word, though one of her eyes squints to coexist with the smoke stream. I bolster my sagging fortitude with the thought that this, too, will pass as it burns itself out; but again my hopes are futile. She lights the next from the rosy tip of this. When is the woman going to eat?

Such strength! Unmistakably she takes on "equality" with her male escort. One can easily conceive of her beating him down in a high-echelon deal, as she calmly grinds out the old butt in a copper ashtray and fondles the sleek new king size. Woman triumphant!

As the air grows thicker and my resistance thinner, I welcome the concern in my husband's voice: "Honey, are you ill?"

I nod my spinning head and gratefully lean on his strong, gentle arm as he guides me out of the blue-black haze. The rush of cool morning air in downtown Los Angeles is *life*. How good the smog smells!

DRIEST MAN IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 7)

important. In times like these a Congressman needs to stay close to Christ."

Mr. Siler is proud of his Christian parents who brought him up "on the Bible and family prayers."

He recalls that in his later teens he had a desire "to go forward in service for Christ." At first he thought God was calling him into the ministry, but when he enrolled in Cumberland Baptist College one of his professors helped him see the need for Christianity in politics.

"We need more right-thinking men in politics," the professor declared with a thump of his fist on the desk. "We'll not have clean government until we have clean men in government." When Eugene Siler suggested to his professor that he might try a political career if it were not for fear of being defeated, the old professor snorted in reply, "Suppose you are defeated. Run again."

Eugene Siler never forgot his teacher's advice. Following in the path of his lawyer father, he went on to finish law school. He hung out his own shingle, practiced for a few years, then threw his hat in the ring.

In 1938 he ran for a circuit judgeship and was defeated. In 1940 he ran for the Kentucky Court of Appeals and was defeated again. "After those defeats I thought of what my old professor said. I also remembered that Abraham Lincoln was defeated several times before being elected."

In 1942 Eugene Siler ran for Congress. Once more he was defeated. Then in 1945 he ran for the Kentucky Supreme Court, and when the votes were counted he had won.

Pleased at this success, he came back and was nominated for governor on the Republican ticket in 1951. During the campaign he spoke plainly about his feelings on liquor, although he was well aware of the industry's power in the Bluegrass State. A precinct chairman in his own party resigned after his nomination. She was a liquor dealer. The Republicans lost that election, but their candidate was by no means ready to retire from politics.

In 1954 he came back to run for Congress. Taking his campaign to the people, he visited almost every mountain town in southeastern Kentucky. Often speaking from a park bench or the back of a pickup truck, he became known as "the Bible-quoting politician" for his frequent sprinkling of Bible passages in his speeches.

The mountain people of the Eighth
(Turn to page 30)

BIG LITTLE THINGS

B. Coursin Black

Sometimes it seems that our desire for speed and bigness is cheating us of that which is valuable.

For example, many articles and books are appearing telling us how to read with greater speed. Courses are offered to increase coverage of printed matter and permit the seeing of a whole page with a few movements of the eyes. Yet it is more important that we learn to read more slowly—and with greater discrimination. Enjoyment and knowledge are not matters of poundage; not the eye, but the mind, must absorb, must evaluate!

Reading material accumulates until it becomes a chore. I devoted one weekend working hard to go through a pile of favorite magazines, and somehow found little pleasure in such mass reading. Another day I put a single little volume in my pocket and wandered out under a tree. There for an hour I studied a brief poem, savoring each word, letting mental pictures form, imagination touching the stars. It was a restful, inspiring experience.

Bigness is another ogre we have spawned. We must cover the very globe. A fellow worker tells what effect Saudi Arabia will have on the complex international situation. The doctor discusses how religion has failed. And I work up considerable heat in explaining how the tax problem should be solved, though I was quite unable to fill out the short tax form unaided.

There is nothing whatever wrong with discussion. It is one of the pleasures of living. Perhaps it has gone sour, because we attempt to discuss only the big topics—art, government, politics, science maybe. Need one carry a grandfather clock when a watch is handier? Is it not more interesting to examine details rather than explore magnitudes? I'm quite unable to argue about modern art, a complex subject beyond my studies, yet I enjoy and learn from a discussion about a single picture and my personal reactions to it.

We tend to argue, not because of knowledge, but from a feeling about something, a like or a dislike, and the need for expression. When it is narrowed down to a field where we are really capable, we shy away. Recently I wrote an article and wasn't satisfied with it. So I tried again, then was baffled whether the first or second try was the better. So I approached a friend.

She was frightened. "Oh, but I wouldn't know, I'm not a writer," she exclaimed.

"That's why I want your opinion; I didn't write for writers!"

"But I'm not a critic either."

"That's good. Neither is the average person. Please, just read the manuscripts and let me know whether you like them or not. Something like the argument you had with your neighbor the other day about the coming election. You aren't a politician, are you?" I was laying it on!

It is strange how reluctant we are to discuss books, or plays, or pictures, or philosophies, or plans—and how quick we are to jump headfirst into worldwide things that have baffled experts through the centuries!

At a sports dinner a well-known player gave a talk on baseball. It was somewhat disappointing. The subject is too big, too varied, too general, to lend itself to argument or explanation in comparison with other sports. It is only in details that one may really understand its drama and thrill.

I remember one hot night several years ago, stretched on a bed in my cabin in Michigan, listening to a radio play-by-play report of a game between the Detroit Tigers and the Saint Louis Browns. Satchel Paige was pitching for the Browns at an age when most pitchers have been long, long retired. The Browns filled the bases in an early inning, but failed to score. Then in the ninth the Tigers got three men on with nobody out. The old man had lost his zip, the string was out. He had hurled a whale of a game, (Turn to page 32)

IS YOUR STATUS QUO SHOWING?

FERRIS WEDDLE

IT HAD BEEN five years since I had seen Jim, a good friend of college days. In the course of our reunion chatter he made a remark that left me a bit shaken.

"You know, you haven't changed at all," he said, with approval.

I would have been insulted had I thought Jim was insincere. He thought he was complimenting me. But—no change in five years? Certainly, the years had been kind physically. What about change of intellectual and spiritual levels—was there no indication of broadening?

Well, I thought, if my status quo is showing that plainly, I'd better start a personal checkup! No one after five years should be quite the same. Later Jim soothed my anxiety by saying, "I was wrong. You have changed a great deal, added dimension and depth."

No doubt you've heard a person remark about another, "Why, he hasn't changed a bit for years."

Such remarks are cause for concern. Growth—emotional, intellectual, spiritual—is the purpose of existence. Growth is *dynamic*, not static or unchanging. On the physical level change is inevitable. It happens whether we want it to or not; but on the more important levels, we must make our growth a continuous, vital force.

Everyone has this mind power, but unless it is used it, too, is static. Knowledge unused is also static; so are unused talents and aptitudes. Thought followed by action is the energizing agent, the dynamic agent.

You may say, "Well, so-and-so is still a kind, generous person, as he was ten years ago."

That may be true. He may be even more tolerant. But there is never an absolute peak of perfection, only rungs to be reached, one by one. There is no plateau when one can say, "I am as kind, as generous, as loving as I can ever be, so here I remain."

How does one measure growth, and gauge the presence or absence of the status quo?

Reconstruct various experiences, good and bad, and try to pinpoint what you learned from them. If you learned little or nothing, then such experiences were static, and thus of no real value to you.

Have you sought out new experiences, new knowledge through reading and travel, new people, new jobs and hobbies? If so, have these things left you unchanged? You will find that changes have occurred without your realizing it; but if they are difficult to detect, then your status quo is certainly showing.

A friend of mine, a woman now in her seventies, once said to me, "My life has been like an endless column of figures to be added with no totals possible because there are always more figures to jot down. There is no such thing as a minus sign in life—it is *all* pluses."

She could say this and mean it even though, from the viewpoint of many, she has had a difficult life with much misfortune and hard work. Today she is youthful in spirit, her zest for life as fresh as spring flowers. She is that way because she considers the status quo a menace to growth.

DRIEST MAN IN WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 29)

District gave him a solid majority, and Eugene Siler went to Congress. Since then he has been reelected for three consecutive two-year terms. During the most recent election he triumphed over four opponents.

One of his favorite Bible texts is the story of the conversion of Zacchaeus. "Here is a man who ran, repented, and

received salvation," Congressman Siler says. "His story is proof that God is even interested in saving politicians."

When asked about his views on the future of his nation, he comments after a moment of sober thought, "I have a strong conviction that God is guiding our national destiny as long as we are a righteous nation. I see some signs of renewed spiritual interest in our country. However, there are several dark clouds on the horizon which worry me very much: the increase in crime, di-

vorice, and drinking; the crass materialism of many of our people; the constant increase in armaments and taxes. We need a revival of old-time frugality and honesty from the grass roots up into the high circles of our government."

"Often I've stood alone in my convictions," Mr. Siler says. "I've called upon God for strength and He supplied it. Then I've had letters from the folks back home saying that they were praying for me. With their prayers and God's help, I'll keep on trying to be a testimony for Christ in Washington."

BIG MAN

(Continued from page 10)

end continued with the building of veterans' hospitals, industrial plants, and warehouses in twenty-six states. With renewed defense preparations came work on technical plants for production of guided missiles and modification of fighter planes, huge runways for B-47 Stratojets, military training facilities, and housing projects for personnel at Vandenberg Air Force Base and the new United States Air Force Academy in Colorado.

Somewhere along the golden road of this supersuccess tale, Del Webb matured the idea that was to result in a new type of home for the senior citizen, and would also bring him the fame he had usually adroitly managed to dodge.

Meantime, in addition to constructing defense and Government buildings, his company built plush hotels, business buildings, supermarkets, restaurants, airline terminals, and motels—at least a few of which Del himself has an interest in. Such a business roster could only be managed by flying, and today he is likely to take off on short notice from anywhere.

If you were to meet Mr. Webb in person, you would see a six-foot-four-inch skyscraper of a man. Webb is agile and rangy despite his 200 pounds. He doesn't seem to allow himself to get too tense over the workings of his manifold business affairs. He neither smokes nor drinks, and those around him act in deference to the "No Smoking" sign in evidence at Webb conferences.

Work for Webb and you give full value for the better-than-average salary paid you. Many of his associates have been with him several decades and have become only slightly less successful than the boss.

To hold together such an industrial empire as the one he heads takes initiative. One of Del's rules is that each foreman of every construction project file a daily report which gives all the

myriad details Del needs as he carefully goes over them.

"I may go broke someday, but if I do I'll know why," he has said. "And that's not a joke. Many businesses have gone broke and it was weeks or months before anybody realized it."

Webb isn't too surprised at the massive success of his senior-citizen Sun City idea, but is definitely gratified. At this time in his life he has learned to govern success, having acquired considerable of it. But the dream city he had in mind for many years does have significance—it involves a lot of people and their happiness.

He makes frequent visits to Sun City, talking with the citizens and watching their varied activities before catching a plane for some faraway spot where he may observe construction on one of the nation's biggest rocket-test stands.

Some have called Webb a "man of mystery," partly because he does stay out of the public eye most of the time by preference. But the title poorly fits this unassuming, quiet man who doesn't seem much different from many a resident of Sun City, even though he is one of the most successful businessmen in the country.

"There are only two things I know anything about and try to talk about—baseball and construction," he says.

HORSES FOR FLORIDA YOUTH

(Continued from page 16)

this pleasure by becoming a delinquent.

To rescue boys whom nobody else wanted, the Florida Sheriffs Association established the Florida Sheriffs Boys Ranch near Live Oak in 1957. The original money came entirely from sheriffs and their deputies, but public-spirited citizens are now contributing substantial sums. The original small undertaking is growing rapidly, and the change in the boys in only a few years is unbelievable. The ranch is not a reform school or penal institution of any sort. It supplies homelike, healthy ranch life for boys who because of neglect or loss of parents, are in need of security, love, and a disciplined way of life.

Part of the 737 acres is devoted to agriculture and part of it to dairy and beef cattle. The boys assist in working the ranch, but their dormitories are located in a lovely wooded area near the Suwannee River. Boating and fishing are favorite pastimes, along with horseback riding. The boys are also taken on frequent educational and sight-seeing trips. They attend the regular public schools in nearby Live Oak, as well as the Sunday schools and churches



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 it true that only people who are mentally unbalanced or socially maladjusted become alcoholics?

Who is to decide whether you are mentally unbalanced or socially maladjusted? If you decide, I'm sure your answer will be, "By no means." But maybe your classmates and some of your teachers may think so!

Does that 1963 Corvette your neighbor just bought show any indication of being socially maladjusted? Not by the way you and your friends crowd around for your turn to try out the driver's seat! And does she purr? But put a little alcohol in her gas tank! Is she mentally unbalanced—or did she just die?

What is A.A.?

Alcoholics Anonymous, better known as "A.A.," is an association of reformed alcoholics which is dedicated to the purpose of giving personal help to other alcoholics who have reached the

of their choice there, but spiritual and moral training are an important part of life on the ranch and the boys themselves conduct a daily devotional each morning in a nondenominational chapel.

Several of the sheriffs in other areas have regular classes in horseback riding for youngsters and stage special events for riders. Teen-agers are also encouraged to take part in such events as the "100-Mile Trail," an annual competitive trail ride staged by the Florida Horsemen's Association.

Scattered throughout the state are other ranches where riding is taught by competent instructors, many of them English-trained at the famous Institute of the Horse in England. The Triangle

place where they are seeking for help. Every member of A.A. has at one time been an alcoholic, and he seeks to help another as he himself has been helped. Established more than twenty years ago by a doctor and a businessman, A.A. now has some 2,000 groups with a membership well over 100,000.

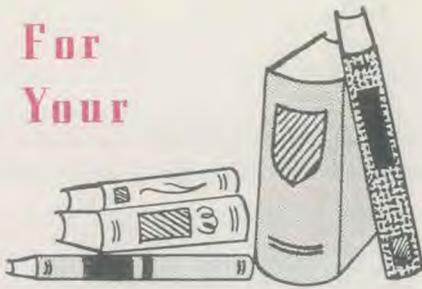
Recently we read that "Cokes" contain caffeine. Does this include all cola drinks, such as Pepsi-Cola and Royal Crown Cola, or just Coca-Cola?

All cola drinks contain about the same amount of caffeine as does coffee or tea. And caffeine is a nerve stimulant, used as such by druggists and physicians in the treatment of such cases as may require that stimulation. Caffeine is to the tired body what the whip is to a tired horse. Caffeine borrows energy from tomorrow at a high rate of interest. Don't start down the road to bankruptcy!

Ranch, a 900-acre spread near Haines City, is typical of these. In all of them, particular emphasis is placed upon the education of teen-age riders.

Sheriff Starr proudly supports his conviction that juvenile drinking and delinquency don't occur when youngsters are interested in riding, by pointing out that no riding teen-agers are ever arrested for misdemeanors. "Boredom and the feeling of not being wanted are the two prime causes of juvenile drinking," he says. "We keep the riding enthusiasts busy by staging numerous events and encouraging other civic bodies to do so, too. Between the horses and ourselves we manage to make them feel that they are very much wanted and appreciated."

For Your



Reading and Reference

Harold Burn, M.D., DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND MAN, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962, 248 pages. \$4.50.

The wide coverage of this book makes detailed information on any one subject impossible. However, the popularized presentation makes it interesting reading for the nonprofessional reader.

Particularly enlightening are the chapter on nicotine which describes in simple terms exactly why a smoker gradually increases his habit, the chapter on the drugs of addiction which include not only heroin and morphine but barbiturates as well, and the chapter on tranquilizers that brings up-to-date some new information on this rapidly broadening field.

The section on alcohol is disappointing in that it is so sketchy. It does, however, put over two good points: that alcohol, even in small amounts, deteriorates driving skills; and that the effects of drinking are the more serious in those who lead sedentary lives. Our modern trend away from exercise and the out-of-doors certainly accentuates the impact of drinking habits on our society.

GINGER JOHNSON

(Continued from page 15)

A good mermaid must be resourceful. Being one of the best, Ginger has this quality. This was exemplified one time when she was about to perform the feat of peeling and eating a banana underwater during a performance. The banana popped out of the peeling and floated away. Undeterred, Ginger seized the banana and made believe she was screwing it back into the peeling. Then she ate it while the audience laughed appreciatively.

Although Ginger is now a topflight mermaid who glides gracefully through each performance, it wasn't always so easy. "My first impression of Weeki

Wachee was how pretty it was. My second impression was that I'd never learn to breathe underwater with an air hose," she laughs. During those first few days of training, Ginger admits she had to cope with a bloody nose part of the time.

One might wonder how the mermaids can keep time to the music underwater. This problem was solved with fifteen sonar speakers which broadcast both the music and the applause of the audience to the performers. According to Ginger, it is actually possible for the girls to talk with each other underwater.

Mermaids are paid on a unit basis. Swimming in one performance is worth one and one-quarter units and announcing and ticket taking are worth one-half unit each. Thus, a mermaid who is being paid top wages of \$4.70 per unit can gross upwards of \$600 a month.

Furthermore, a mermaid is paid \$100 for every new mermaid she breaks in. "The reason we pay on a unit basis," says Jack Mahon, public relations director, "is that the girls who have desire and initiative can really make good money. Ginger Johnson has both these qualities."

So if you're casually canoeing down the Weeki Wachee River some balmy winter day in Florida and you spot some lovely creatures that look half fish and half human, stop right away. One of them may be Ginger Johnson at work, for she is truly a mermaid with a mission.

BIG LITTLE THINGS

(Continued from page 29)

but now it seemed he had to go down in the shadows of defeat. So the wily pitching artist made two batters hit grounders that forced men at the home plate, and the third man popped out. In the tenth the Browns scored the lone run of the game.

Yes, drama, skill, suspense, thrills. A single game; not baseball as a whole.

We hear religion dismissed in a single sentence, as though two thousand years would vanish at an idle word. Only when we realize that we live one day at a time, not a year; that one crippled child tells more of polio than a quote of statistics; that a personal reaction is more significant than a sweeping statement—only then do we begin to gain the fun and help of genuine discussion!

It is well to think big and aim high in one's aspirations and dreams. But we live in the details of life, a step at a time. We'll enjoy things a lot more if we know that!

RECREATIONAL WATERWAY

(Continued from page 25)

canal, there can hardly be a better place for the nature lover.

It was in one of these areas that I saw my first pileated woodpecker. They are not common in the Washington area, and about four years ago when we heard that one had been seen along the canal, we immediately did our best to locate him but with no success. Another time while hiking with two friends I saw a flash of wings, and there it was. If you are a bird watcher you will understand the experience of such a moment.

It was also in one of these more isolated sections, where there is no water in the canal, that I found out how fast a snake can really move. I was returning, alone with my memories of the once-busy waterway, when a large black snake shot out from the right side about fifteen feet ahead of me and headed for the canal's ditch. Since I am used to the outdoors, snakes are not new to me and I have no particular fear of them, only to treat with proper respect those that are poisonous. I stopped to see why the excessive speed. He seemed to hesitate at the canal's edge, and then with the most amazing burst of speed I have seen in a wild creature he dipped over the edge and down into the canal's grass-filled ditch, and slithered along the top of the foot-high grass almost to the other side before he disappeared under the grass. It was as though someone had a string in his nose and had jerked him across. If a man can run a mile in four minutes, this snake can run it in two, I thought. Later I found out that the snake was a black racer and could easily outrun a man.

There are canoeists, hikers, bird watchers, bicycle riders, and fishermen to be found all along the canal's banks. I have seen the colorful wood duck, and, in the migratory period, hundreds of warblers. The fox is perhaps the largest of four-footed wildlife to be seen.

At Great Falls there are several locks. You will marvel at the condition of the stonework after more than 130 years. Here also is the old Great Falls Tavern built in 1830 as a rest stop for visitors along the canal.

If you like the things that make for better living—fresh air, sunshine, exercise, the smell of the woods, the music of running water, wild flowers, the flash of a bird through the trees—the canal will help you be a better American today the same is it once helped build a better America in earlier years of our country's history.

* POEMS WITH A PURPOSE *

CO-WORKERS

Clarence Edwin Flynn

God made the earth, its fruits to give;
We build the world in which we live.

God gave us paper lined to scale,
And pens, but we must write the tale.

God gave us lovely years to fill,
The contents being what we will.

God gave us memories. What may
They hold? That is for us to say.

God gave us pathways high and low,
But we decide which we will go.

The looms we use are God's alone;
The fabric patterns are our own.

God gives us frames to hold our art;
Painting the pictures is our part.

SUMMER NIGHTS

* *William Allen Ward*

Summer nights are queens who wear
Stars for jewels in their hair,
And in their brilliant diadems
The milky way is used for gems.

SECURITY

Clarence Edwin Flynn

Whatever things are true,
Live with them the long years through.
They will bear the frost and rain,
And the wildest tempest's strain,
And withstand the fiercest shock
Of the earthquake on the rock.

Sure and steady they will stand
Under Time's corroding hand.
Their foundations strong and deep
Safe against all things will keep.
Surety they will be for you—
Whatever things are true.

DECADES

Catherine Yoxtheimer

At thirty, with a little aid,
My mirror answered back
That if I weren't the fairest maid,
At least some things I did not lack.

At forty, although fair and trim,
My dreams had narrowed more;
I wished to please my only "him,"
To make him love, if not adore.

And now, at fifty, just a "bit"
Less slender, graceful, glowing,
My mirror's where it's dimly lit,
But I'm more kindly, thoughtful,
knowing.

PROGRESS

Constance Quinby Mills

As one progresses
Through life's school,
One turns philosopher
Or fool.



DOPE SUBSTITUTES

(Continued from page 11)

the kids from the upper income bracket just out for kicks—which is even more depressing.”

These last words are almost the same ones used by Willie S. Ellison of the San Jose, California, Juvenile Department in describing the situation: “We don’t want to punish, just educate,” says Ellison, “but the use of dope substitutes such as glue is the worst thing to come to our attention in some time. Fortunately for us and the youngsters, there are several basic ways of telling when a teen-ager is becoming addicted:

“1. There will be a loss of appetite and sometimes a change in diet.

“2. The addict will become irritable and listless, as if he’s not paying attention.

“3. In the case of products containing benzedrine, there will be the smell of glue on the breath.

“4. The pupils of the eyes will become dark and enlarged.

“5. The victim acts as if he were under the influence of alcohol. Often he will have hallucinations. Hundreds of youngsters have done things they would never think of doing in their normal state.”

In addition to these intoxicating effects, there is a purely medical side to the problem, too. “The use of many of these things results quite often in serious tissue damage.”

In warning, Dr. Dwight Bissell of the San Jose Health Department adds, “The benzedrate found in glue and nail polish is extremely injurious to the kidneys, liver, bone marrow, brain, and nervous system.”

This evidence is conclusive, yet every effort to make these products harder to buy has met with tremendous opposition. In addition, the suggestion by California’s attorney general Stanley Mosk to label them with a skull and crossbones has been turned down cold.

Says one industry spokesman: “It



“That’s the only business I know of with the gall to run a sale on headaches!”

would drive many of our firms out of business. However, we are considering agents such as isobutyl mercaptan that will make dope, glue, and fingernail polish extremely foul smelling, and our research departments are trying to develop solvents without intoxicating effects.”

Thus, at the present time nothing has really been done to reduce the danger. There are no steps being taken to control these products effectively. As pointed out by H. L. Verhulst, chief of the Poison Control Bureau of the United States Public Health Service, “The danger is on the increase.”

Says Verhulst, “Our first reported case was in December, 1960. Since then, there have been many in Chicago, Salt Lake City, Washington, D.C., and a number of other cities. Undoubtedly there will be more.”

Tragically, we are up against a loathsome enemy. Every scientific device and resource must be pitted against

this danger. Above all, teen-agers themselves should know these things for what they are, terrible, habit-forming cripples when misused. With these seemingly harmless products, the physical damage is tragic and the bitter end may be addiction and, last of all, death itself.

SLEEP THERAPY

(Continued from page 23)

County has been negligible, less than \$1,000 for the four-year period, or about 22 cents per inmate participating. Taking \$300 as an average jail incarceration cost, he calculates that the county has saved \$150,000 in the past four years because of crime reduction and the decrease in alcoholism. He credits the sleep-therapy program for a large part of this saving.

“But even if one figures the saving at only \$100 an incarceration,” he points out, “the county has saved \$50,000.”

This is a part of the program that should interest every taxpayer, Locke declares. “Every person retrieved from a life of crime means a tremendous saving to the taxpayers. It costs \$1,200 a year per inmate at the jail or road camp, and \$2,000 at the state prisons. A criminal may cost the taxpayers any amount up to \$100,000 during his lifetime. The FBI estimated crime cost the people of the United States \$22,000,000,000 in 1962. Sleep therapy could have cut that cost.”

Locke is hopeful that there will be increasing use of Tulare County’s unique sleep-therapy program. Already many penologists have shown an interest in the experiment. Locke is convinced it offers much promise both in solving the country’s alcoholism problem and also in combating juvenile delinquency.

“We must teach our youngsters to say Yes to life,” he says. “Then life will assume new meaning for them. It is that simple. And the savings in money and human suffering will be tremendous, perhaps beyond calculation.”

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views

❖ **SAVAGE SOCIAL RITUAL?** "Ever since the end of prohibition, the nation's capital has annually won all such pennants as are offered for the nation's highest per capita consumption of alcohol. It has long been acknowledged that the cocktail party in Washington is not so much a savage social ritual as the indispensable bent elbow of the body politic.

"Any visitor to Washington who has tried to spend a week on its social merry-go-round returns home awed by its intake of eight-to-one martinis aggravated by frozen canapes."—Inez Robb, newspaper columnist.

❖ **DEADLY STATISTICS.** "About 12 percent of all drivers on the roads at any one time have been drinking. These drivers account for 60 percent of the fatal auto accidents."—Horace E. Campbell, M.D., chairman, Automotive Safety Committee, Colorado Medical Society.

❖ **DON'T-SMOKE EDUCATION.** Pennsylvania high school teachers are being asked to enroll in a program to discourage smoking among their pupils. "We would like to begin with the eighth grade before children start smoking. The teachers could warn the pupils of the problems they might encounter as smokers."—Dr. Charles L. Leedham, director, Bureau of Educational Activities, Department of Health.

❖ **QUESTION AND ANSWER.** Is there anything a person can do for a nervous stomach? I drink a lot of coffee and beer and smoke heavily.

"Stop your bad habits, eat sensibly, and walk four miles a day. If the stomach and nervous system appreciate the rest and airing, you should be better within ten days."—Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, medical writer.

❖ **A COMMUNICABLE DISEASE?** "It is also important to recognize that alcoholism is a communicable illness. It has been demonstrated that in families where a member is alcoholic, the environment and circumstances become conducive to the production of the same problem in other members of the family.

"As a method of escaping reality, children have a tendency to imitate their parents, even when there is objection to the method used."—Marvin A. Block, M.D., chairman, American Medical Association Committee on Alcoholism.

❖ **MORE EXPENSIVE THAN DEFENSE.** "Alcoholism costs the nation more than the entire budget for the Defense Department. The nation's alcoholism bill probably runs at least \$50,000,000,000 a year. Currently, we are spending about \$49,000,000,000 on defense.

"If we do not do something to halt the alcoholism epidemic which now affects almost half the United States population, we soon will be overwhelmed by these problems in our society. We claim to be living in the space age, but actually we are still in the Dark Ages as far as solving alcohol problems is concerned."—Dr. Winton H. Beaven, associate director, National Committee for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

❖ **HIGH COST.** Former Governor Steve McNichols of Colorado has said that "the cost of alcoholism in human suffering, in disintegration of family life, in economic attrition to the individual and the community, is incalculable."

❖ **HOW TO GET LOST.** "Drinking can also become a habit, but a much more serious one. Some boys think they can't have any fun on a date or a party unless they bring along a bottle. They're playing with dynamite, and so is any girl who thinks that she has to follow the crowd and drink in order to be popular.

"Following the crowd is a good way to get lost."—Debbie Reynolds, entertainment star, in her book, "If I Knew Then."

❖ **VILE VODKA.** The editor of a Canadian liquor magazine, in an editorial entitled, "What's So Vile About Vodka?" comments on restrictions several provinces have placed on the sale of vodka, and bemoans the fact that this drink is not more readily available to the public. "Back of these restrictions," he says, "must lie a conviction that vodka is vile stuff, excessively injurious, and unfit for human consumption." He should know what he's talking about!



A hero to young America, Vernon Law must ever have his pen ready for a much-prized autograph.

VERNON LAW BASEBALL GREAT

Interview by ROBERT HOAG

VERNON LAW, ace pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is perhaps best known for his courage as he pitched two and a half games against the New York Yankees in the 1960 World Series with an injured, painful ankle that grew steadily worse. His wins contributed heavily to Pittsburgh's winning its first championship in thirty-five years.

That year Vern received the Cy Young Award as the most valuable pitcher in both major leagues, and the Los Angeles Award for outstanding baseball achievement, and was named to the National League All-Star Team.

Though injuries have plagued his pitching arm, his record over a decade and a half in major-league baseball has been an enviable one indeed. This right-hander has been a pillar of strength to his team, coming through in the clutches and winning repeatedly either as a starter or as a relief man.

His strong convictions, never hidden or suppressed, are also a pillar of strength to encourage young people today to high ideals of life. During the 1960 World Series Vern received a phone call from an advertising agency in New York City asking him to endorse a major brand of cigarettes, which he declined to do because, he said, he didn't smoke. With the full realization he was turning down thousands of dollars, he said earnestly over the phone, "I think it is wrong for you to ask any athlete to endorse your product; it has no place in athletics." Law claims:

"I have seen many young men come up from the minor leagues in baseball, but they didn't stay around long. They were not able to develop their great potential, for alcohol and tobacco cut their efficiency and muscle coordination. You've got to be at your best not only to win games and be a top athlete but to win success in the broader aspects of life as well."

Thoughtful and curious, students jam into their gymnasium to learn more about the real values in life from one who knows what he is talking about.

Vern demonstrates the effort constantly needed to develop muscle tone for the rigors of major-league baseball, especially in making a comeback after a pitching-arm injury such as he sustained during the 1961 season.

