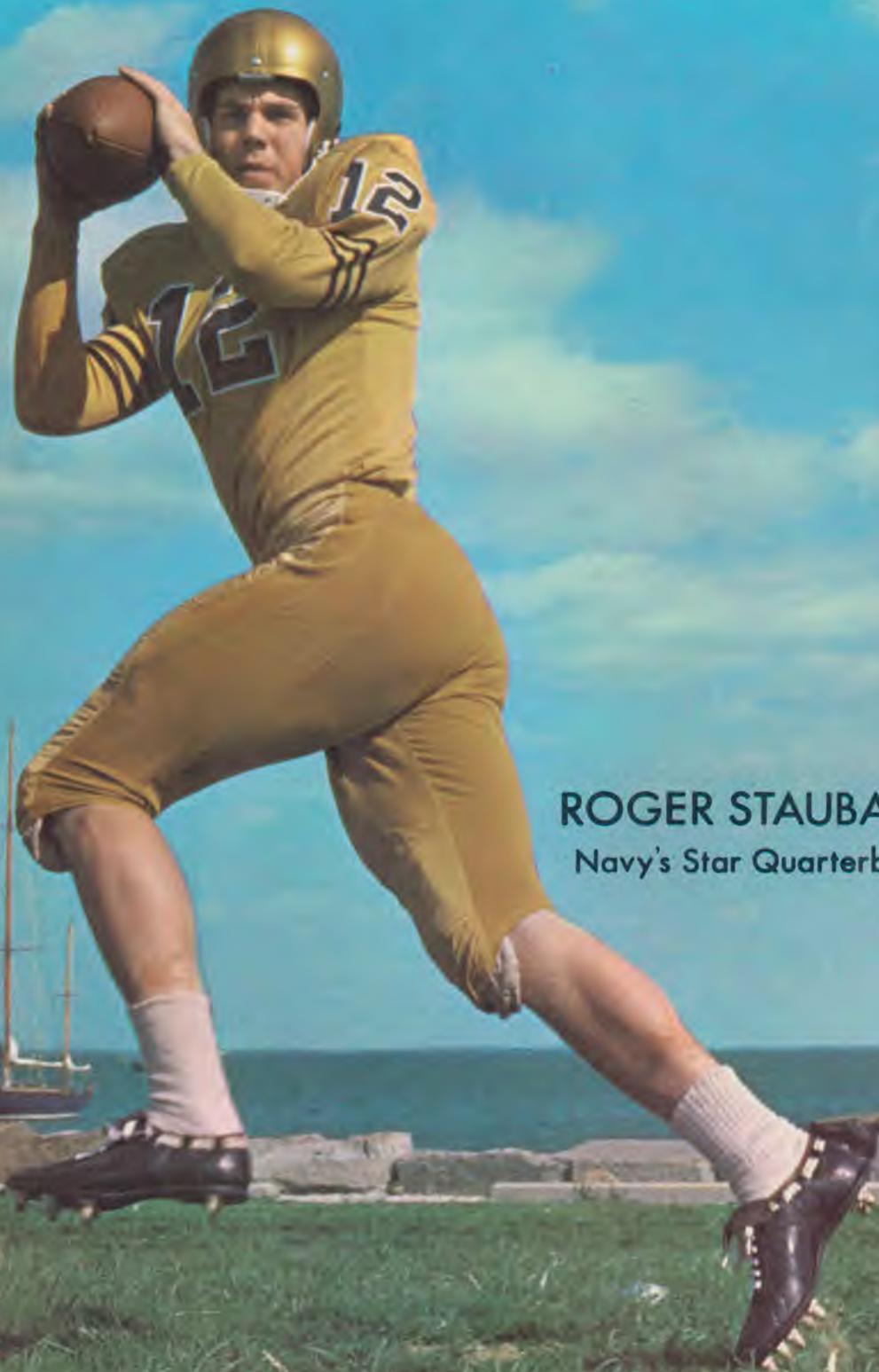
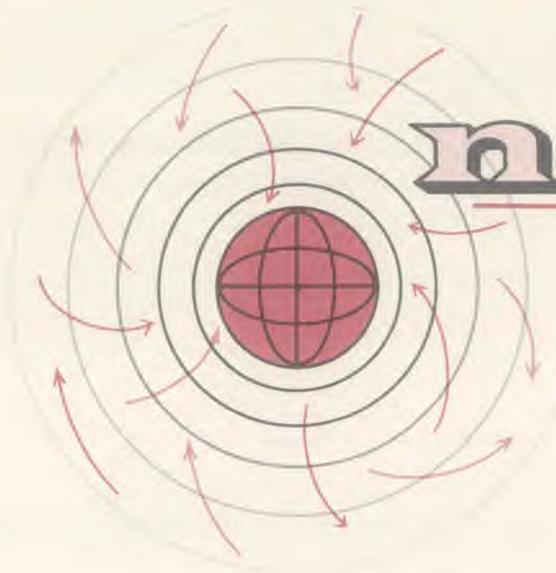


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



ROGER STAUBACH
Navy's Star Quarterback



news

❖ **BULGARIA HITS DRUNKS.** The Bulgarian newspaper, "Otechestven Front," noting that 70 percent of all acts of hooliganism and 47 percent of all murders are committed by drunks, has called for a nationwide campaign against drunkenness.

❖ **TYPE ALCOHOLIC.** The average person admitted for treatment of alcoholism at one of Maryland's five psychiatric hospitals is a white male Protestant under forty-five, with only an elementary school education and no previous psychiatric hospitalization.

This is the picture drawn by figures recently released by the Maryland State Department of Mental Hygiene. The figures result from a study of patients admitted for alcoholism to Maryland psychiatric hospitals during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1963.

During fiscal 1963, 2,188 patients were treated for alcoholism out of a total of 7,200 admitted to the hospitals. Hospitalization is for a relatively short period, with 40 percent of the alcoholics being released within one month.

❖ **MAJOR MINOR PROBLEM.** The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board reports that at least 653 minors have been arrested since passage of the 1963 law prohibiting minors from purchasing or possessing alcoholic beverages.

❖ **DRUG PROBLEM.** California Attorney General Stanley Mosk reports a 2.1 percent increase in narcotics offenses and other drug arrests during 1963.

According to the attorney general's report, California experienced a 42.1 percent increase in marijuana offenses, an 11.9 percent increase in arrests for heroin and other narcotics offenses, and a 20.8 percent decrease in dangerous-drug offenses. The attorney general notes that dangerous-drug arrests among juveniles are still greater than those for marijuana.

❖ **OUTSPOKEN FACTS.** Few people realize the extent and the seriousness of the damage to health attribut-

able to cigarette smoking. There are at least 100 deaths a day from cancer of the lung in the United States. Several hundred die daily from other diseases attributable to smoking. Over 50 percent more hospitalization is found among smokers than among nonsmokers.

A tremendous amount of disability from chronic bronchitis, emphysema, coronary heart disease, and peptic ulcer is associated with cigarette smoking. The death rate for heavy smokers is almost double that for nonsmokers for men between thirty-five and sixty-five years of age, the peak years of their careers and family responsibilities.—"Medical Bulletin on Tobacco."

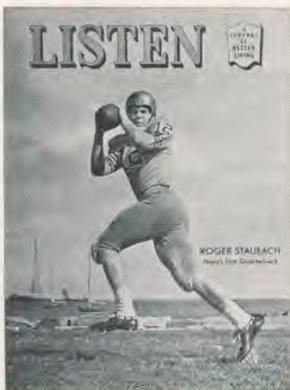
❖ **MORE DRINKERS.** Some 63 percent of the nation's adults admit they drink alcoholic beverages in some form. Five years ago the proportion that used alcoholic drinks was 55 percent, according to a Gallup Poll. The percentages translate into about 69,000,000 persons who say they drink. Seven out of every ten men are drinkers. Since 1950, the drinker-abstainer percentage ratio has been like this:

Year	Drinkers	Abstainers
1950	60	40
1951	59	41
1952	60	40
1956	60	40
1957	58	42
1958	55	45
1960	62	38
1964	63	37

❖ **LIE DETECTORS FOR SMOKERS.** San Antonio chemists may have discovered a new way to tell how heavily a smoker really smokes—a lie-detector device centering around a chemical called acetonitrile.

One of the difficulties in studies of the effects of smoking on health has been the need to depend primarily on the smoker's word as to how much has been smoked. Some professed nonsmokers actually sneak a few cigarettes daily. Some light smokers believe themselves to be heavy smokers.

A test developed at the Southwest Research Institute seems to provide an answer. The chemical acetonitrile is present in the body fluids of smokers, virtually absent in nonsmokers, and proves to be a tobacco-combustion product. The test is sufficiently sensitive to detect the smoking of only four cigarettes a day.



OUR COVER Roger Staubach, of the Naval Academy, was the best college football player in the nation last year. Whether or not he can win the Heisman Trophy again is really not so important. The big thing is that Roger Staubach gives life everything he has, both on and off the field. And surely this is all that counts.

Listen's cover is by Stu Whelan, of Annapolis, Maryland.

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TERROR IN THE STREETS

WITH THE rash of so-called race riots that plagued various parts of the United States this past summer there seemed to be one major factor always monotonously present.

As these disturbances reached their height, an action was taken in each city involved which if taken much earlier could have prevented a great deal of the trouble.

While mobs raged in the streets, and violence reigned in place of law and order, taverns were closed, embargoes were clamped on deliveries of liquor to all outlets, and sales of intoxicants were stopped.

Lester Cornell, secretary-treasurer of Local 816 of the Teamsters Union, said that in Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn the action during the July flare-ups was taken "to protect the drivers and their helpers from assault and robbery," and to "reduce a cause of violence and disorder."

This action was reminiscent of the riots which wracked Harlem in August, 1943, when similar action was taken.

Echoing the senseless eruptions in the New York City area, which had nothing to do with basic problems of race relations, were the riots in Rochester, New York.

In declaring a city-wide curfew, City Manager Porter W. Homer ordered that all bars, saloons, and gun stores remain closed, and that all sales of liquor be stopped. These riots left at least four dead and four hundred injured, with millions of dollars in property damage.

Chicago had its troubles, too. Its tragic August 17 rock-throwing bedlam in its suburb of Dixmoor started in a liquor store. The mayor and police chief immediately banned all liquor sales and locked the taverns.

Philadelphia was not exempt. A thousand or more rioters smashed a hundred stores, looted everything they could get their hands on, and defied attempts by police to restore order. Judge Raymond Pace Alexander of the Common Pleas Court described it as "a drunken brawl." United States Representative Robert N. C. Nix called it "the most disgraceful thing I ever saw."

Here again the taverns were shut up, with signs on their doors, "closed by order." City Managing Director Fred T. Corleto declared, "Closing of the bars has helped tremendously."

Similar stories can be told of the riots in Jersey City, Paterson, and Elizabeth, New Jersey, early in August and in smaller disturbances in a dozen or more other cities.

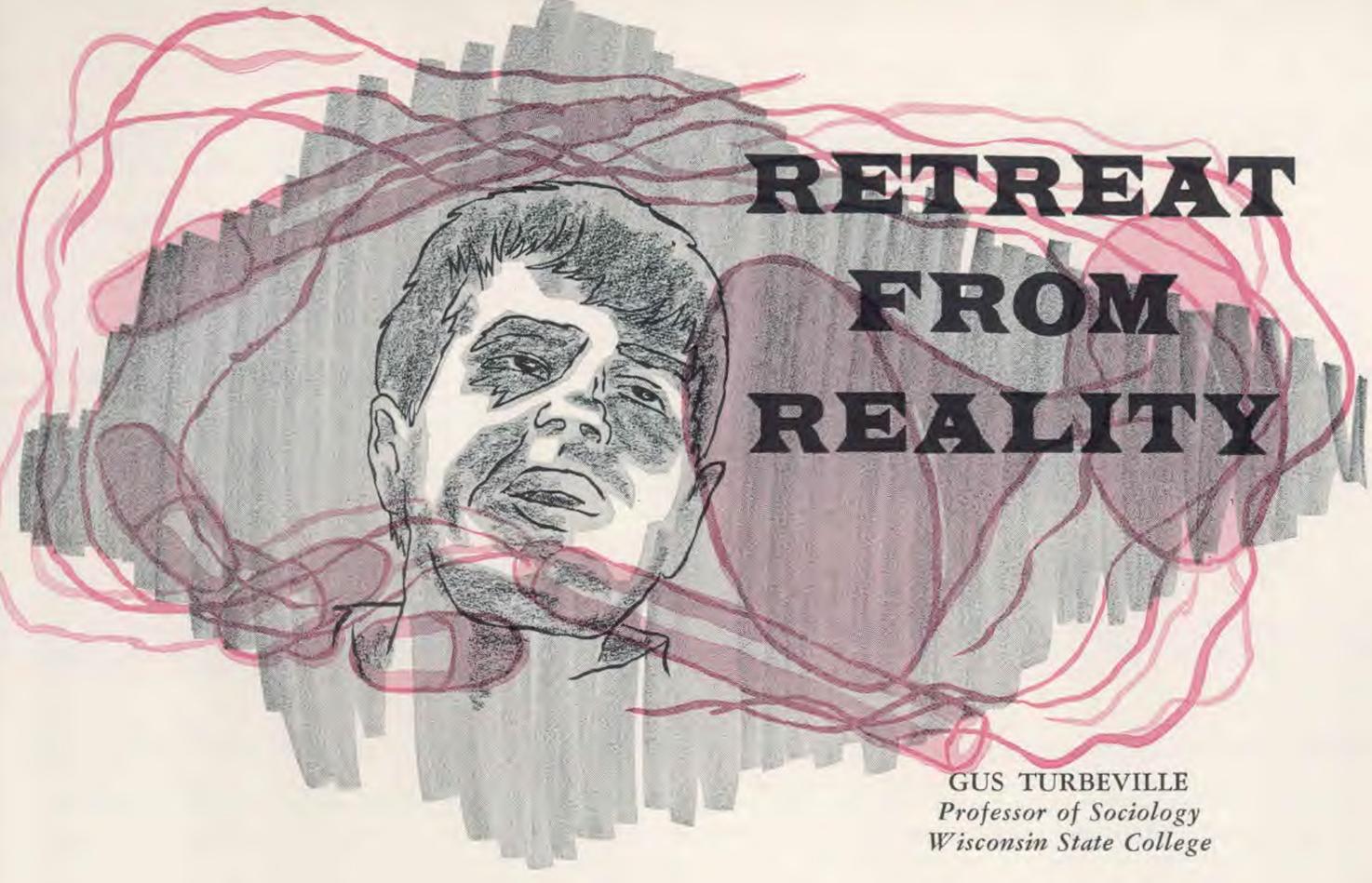
Two things are clear from this sordid record. First, and most obvious, is the fact that liquor added fuel to the flames of an already explosive situation. In some instances, it was reported, stored quantities were deliberately given to rioters in order to make them vicious in combat.

Secondly, it is difficult to believe that anything of a permanent and positive nature was gained when the liquor stores were reopened and supplies once more allowed to flow. Such action is virtual invitation for a repetition of the same trouble, with the only means of avoiding it being great reinforcements of police sitting on the powder keg to keep the lid on.

Trouble, trouble, trouble—liquor is always mixed up in it! This is true regardless of race, nationality, or station in life. No commodity requires more constant and drastic policing to keep it within the bounds of law and human decency. The reason is simple: liquor removes the best that is in a person, takes away common sense, judgment, and self-control. In the words of Dr. Haven Emerson, father of the modern public-health movement, "Liquor makes a man inferior."



Francis A. Soper



RETREAT FROM REALITY

GUS TURBEVILLE
*Professor of Sociology
Wisconsin State College*

HOWEVER trite the expression may seem, there is much truth in the adage, "Life can be beautiful."

There is beauty in nature. Who has not thrilled to the sight of hardwoods in the fall? flowers in May? a newborn puppy? There is beauty in human beings. Who has not thrilled to the sight of a handsome child? a pretty girl? an athlete in action? There is beauty in the cultural attainments of man. Who has not thrilled to the haunting simplicity of Schumann's "Traumerei"? the mystical loveliness of da Vinci's "Mona Lisa"? the bold eloquence of the Magna Charta?

In spite of the truism that life can be beautiful, all around us there is evidence of a retreat from reality. Life for many people is too unattractive, too harsh, too meaningless, to face. Let us examine some indications of this.

Morphine is used both as a pain reliever and as a means of attaining euphoria, a feeling of pleasant elation. In either case the individual wishes to escape from an unpleasant situation. In the former case, and under medical supervision, virtually all of us would agree that the use of the drug is permissible. In recent years the rate of morphine addiction, at least among young people, has grown. Are our young people attempting to escape from reality?

Why is marijuana increasing in popularity? The use of this drug, from all reports, is especially prevalent in our Southwest. Individuals seeking thrills find that this drug releases inhibitions and sometimes produces hallucinations.

At the present time there are approximately 110,000,000 Americans of drinking age, and it is estimated that about 65,000,000 of them consume alcoholic beverages in

varying degrees. More than 5,000,000 of these drinkers are addicted and apparently use alcohol to help them get away from reality.

The pros and cons of smoking recently have reached a feverish pitch because of the correlation between the use of tobacco and the incidence of cancer. It is safe to say that the use of tobacco is for many people a "crutch." Almost invariably when smokers feel self-conscious or inadequate, they will reach for their "crutch."

Coffee and tea, along with the cola beverages, are relatively mild stimulants. Though few people frown upon their use, certainly they are not healthful beverages, and perhaps their increased use is symptomatic of our times.

There is nothing beautiful about suffering, but one wonders about the need for the hundreds of millions of tablets of pain relievers used by Americans annually. These tablets, of course, do not act as cures, but merely deaden the sense of pain. Many physicians and psychiatrists report that a majority of headaches have emotional, not physical, causes. Sometimes the headaches, especially the migraine type, serve to prevent the sufferer from having to face some unpleasant duty or task.

There is nothing in the world more natural than sleeping. Yet millions of Americans suffer from insomnia and must resort to the use of sleeping tablets to get relief. Sleeplessness is almost invariably caused by mental factors, and the sleeping pills do not eliminate or cure those factors.

In the field of entertainment there are numerous signs of the retreat from reality. Witness the popularity of fantasy literature and the comic strips. Most movies are

designed for easy identification between the audience and the actors so that a vicarious thrill may be experienced. A heavy emphasis is put on romance, with the result that many people become dissatisfied with their marriages because the romantic element has long since retreated or even disappeared.

According to the best available estimates, more than half our hospital beds are occupied by individuals having mental illnesses. A neurosis or psychosis is an evasive tactic or an adjustment by which an afflicted individual avoids having to face reality. The mentally ill patient is difficult to cure because he finds his aberrant life more pleasant than the life of reality.

The final factor illustrating the retreat from reality is suicide. This, of course, is the ultimate form of escape—the point of no return. Our suicide rate has shown an upward trend during the last fifty years, and the rate is even higher than it appears to be because many suicides are not reported as such. Apparently men have more difficulty adjusting to reality than women, because the male suicide rate is considerably above that of the female. It must be stated, however, that women are less successful in their suicide attempts than are men.

Why is there so much retreat from reality? One possible answer may be that we live in too complex a world, one in which the process of change has speeded up many-fold within our own lifetimes and shows every indication of speeding up even more rapidly. We attempt to adjust to a static society instead of to a dynamic one. We then find, much to our frustration, that our previous adjustments no longer work in new situations. Inasmuch as individuals tend to reflect their society, disorganized individuals are but replicas of the disorganized world in which they live.

A second possible explanation for the problem of the retreat from reality is the emphasis on individualism. As the individual has been increasingly emphasized, he has looked more and more to his own desires to govern his behavior. All too often the result has been a seeking after one's own pleasures, or hedonism.

Stated in sociological terms, there has been a decline in the influence of the "primary group." No longer are one's attitudes and values influenced by the family and local neighborhood to the extent that they were in the last century. Along with the declining importance of the primary group has come an increasing anonymity. In most of our urban communities we have the condition of next-door neighbors not even knowing each other's identity.

Another factor to consider is the conflict between our ideals and our practices. The eminent Swedish sociologist and economist, Gunnar Myrdal, calls this "an American dilemma." We have very high ideals of democracy, brotherhood, Christianity, fair play, monogamy, and so forth. Yet, in practice, we see almost constant violation of all these ideals. The result is societal guilt feelings. In fact, this gulf between theory and practice makes us look almost like a schizoid society.

A final factor to be taken into account is that we have tended to think of happiness in terms of material possessions. As a result, we have been striving diligently to increase our material store while neglecting spiritual values. A result has been the growth of cynicism and disillusionment. We have found that material possessions have not brought us happiness; in fact, in many cases they have produced greed and discontent. We then attempt to escape from reality by resorting to drugs, alcohol, fantasy literature, neuroticism, and so on.

The solution to this retreat from reality is the development of more integrated personalities—personalities which can face reality. In order to achieve integrated personalities we need to identify ourselves with things stronger than ourselves; a family, a church, a fraternity, or some other institution. We need to think less of our own pleasures and more of the welfare of mankind. We need to face life as it is and to be prepared to make necessary adjustments as social changes take place.

Furthermore, we can best make these adjustments with clear, rational minds, unclouded by artificial stimulants or depressants.

THE HEART INDOMITABLE

Mary Louise Cheatham

Sealed with rock, a natural spring
Still contrives to flow and sing,
Bubbling up beneath the ground,
Murmuring an eager sound.

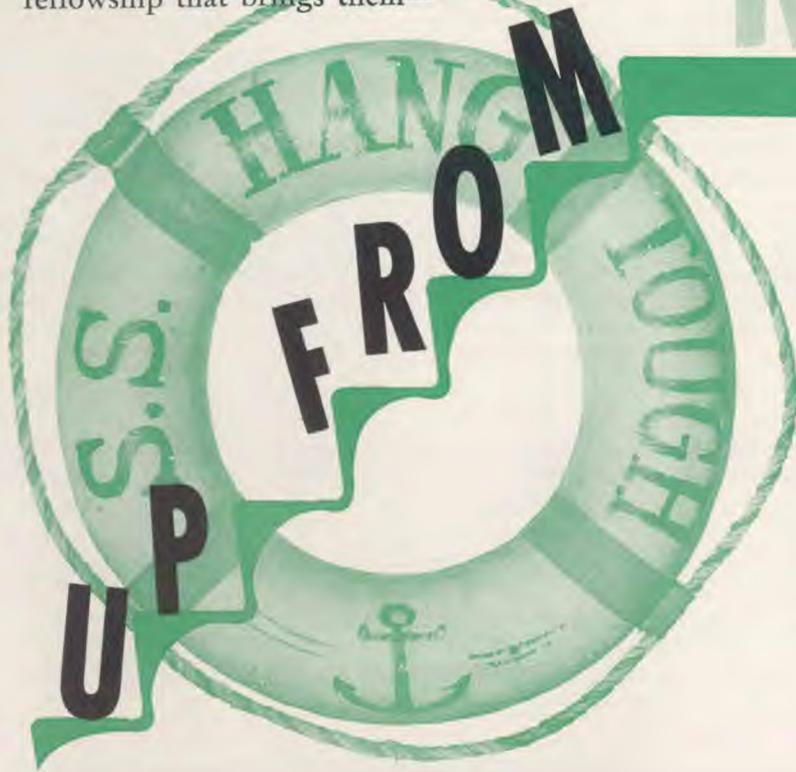
Springing dauntless from its source,
It will seek another course.
Crystal fingers will caress
Chill, crisp sprigs of mint and cress.

Blocked with grief, a sturdy heart
Finds itself another start,
And, breaking loose from sorrow's shades,
Fills with hope in bright cascades.



Wrecked in life and spirit, addicts are finding new hope in Synanon, a fellowship that brings them—

"NOTHING"



James Stirling



Synanon was founded by Charles E. "Chuck" Dederich (left) to apply group-therapy approaches in helping to rescue drug victims.

"HANG TOUGH, baby, we won't let you die."

To a drug addict who is "kicking the habit," words like these carry a special kind of impact when they are spoken by an ex-addict at Synanon. In this unique organization of, by, and for drug addicts, with headquarters at Santa Monica, California, dope users young and old are finding the courage—the ability to "hang tough"—that gives them victory over drugs.

Most dope addicts learn about drugs while in their teens. They are introduced to drugs by other teen-age or adult users; and because of public disapproval, they continue to move in a narcotic-using subculture of their own. Within a few short years they may have become old and broken in mind and spirit, fully convinced that "once a junkie, always a junkie" is an inescapable truth. Yet at Synanon many of them are finding the way to a life free from drugs.

I had heard about Synanon and the seeming miracles it produces in addicts; so I visited their headquarters to see for myself. I wanted to talk to recovered addicts, and I found them everywhere I turned. At a Saturday night open house held for visitors, I met Herman and Rita, a charming couple who in the last five years have seen from the inside almost the full history of Synanon. Their story combined much of the mingled pathos and triumph that typifies addicts who come to Synanon.

Herman entered Synanon in 1959 while still a parolee from a state prison. For fifteen years he had used narcotics purchased with money obtained largely through crime; hence he had been in prison for half this time.

Prison psychiatrists had given him up as incorrigible; the narcotics hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, had left him only temporarily "clean."

Herman did not know fully what to expect from Synanon, but he had a faint hope of getting help. He underwent withdrawal "cold turkey," without medication, on a couch in the living room amidst the normal activities of the group—people were talking, working, and reading. Although a member was assigned to watch him, it became evident that his sickness was not important to others who had themselves kicked the habit; withdrawal was a mere incident. Herman was not ignored by the group, however. People passing by would give words of encouragement.

"It's OK, boy," they told him. "We've all been through it before. For once you're with people like us. You've got everything to gain here and nothing to lose. Hang tough, baby, we won't let you die."

Withdrawal sickness lasted about two days; the symptoms were milder than Herman had believed possible. Afterward he was able to get up and take his share of duties with the group. He was told to sweep the floor, then to wash the dishes. This was not easy for Herman. Never before had he followed such orders. Later he was put on the hustling crew, which went out to contact local merchants and food producers for unsalable but usable items of food, clothing, or other materials.

In the "first stage" Herman was not allowed to converse with strangers. If he received letters he had to read them before older members. He was strictly and com-

pletely "off dope" and his former dope-using companions. Every day he listened to seminars; and three times a week he participated in "synanons," or small-group sessions where personality shortcomings were laid bare, open confessions of misdeeds or even wayward thoughts were demanded, and pent-up hostilities were released. The process was described by Charles Dederich, Synanon founder, as "dumping the mental garbage on the floor." ("Synanon" is an expression derived from a mispronunciation of "seminar.")

Herman found two things hard to understand. One was the insistent demand for reporting "slips" observed in others; in prison, such "squealing" would have made him highly unpopular. Then again, where in prison the ultimate punishment was solitary confinement, here it was exactly the opposite—expulsion onto the street. And the door was always open. Several times he was tempted to "split" and leave of his own accord, but each time his associates would talk him out of it. After all, what was there to go back to?

Herman told me that at first he had only one "good day" in a week; then it came to be two days, and in time every day. The combined program of work, of self-examination and study and training, of helping other recovering addicts, of identifying himself with a group of "clean" people—all were working in him the process that had resulted in the transformation of others. Thus, after about a year, he became a "second-stage" member, living in the Synanon quarters and working at a job in the outside community.

Rita, meanwhile, was learning to "grow up" in Synanon, too. She had come to Synanon from New York as a result of rumors she had heard about it, and had arrived ten days after Herman came. She had spent seven miserable years on dope; and as Synanon began to reshape her life, she not only participated in the institutional tasks but became a part of the speakers' bureau, giving lectures to local business clubs, church groups, and youth meetings. After nearly three years with Synanon, she and Herman married and became "third stage" members—living and working outside the organization. But they are still active members. On their frequent visits they talk to the new recruits, who can see in them evidence of the full story.

Synanon House has been called by Charles Dederich, the founder, "the largest concentration of abstaining dope addicts in the world." Dederich was once an alcoholic, and is a "graduate" of Alcoholics Anonymous. In 1958 he sought a new way to help alcoholics, through discussion meetings at his Ocean Beach apartment. Some drug addicts began to attend as well. Though Dederich had never before met

a drug addict, he intuitively devised methods for handling the growing addict group.

The real beginning came on what is called the night of the "big cop-out," when some of the addicts confessed to using drugs on the sly. They all set about to reinforce on another's efforts toward abstinence, and alcohol- and drug-free living became the way of life for the group. Everything was directed toward this goal. From the first small group of fifteen addicts the program grew until an abandoned armory on the beach at Santa Monica was rented to house the increasing numbers of people seeking help.

The basic outlines of the Synanon program were worked out by Dederich, and much later the addicts themselves were able to contribute ideas. The program is not the work of university-trained experts nor the product of governmental sponsorship. It is the result of a combination of intuitive practical psychology and the thinking of men who have been through the addiction experience.

Involved in the program is an organization of distinguished citizens from all walks of life called "S.O.S.," or Sponsors of Synanon. This supportive organization has a national membership of more than 600 persons who donate money, goods, and services. Synanon is recognized by the Federal Government as a nonprofit corporation with tax-exempt privileges for donors.

One of the most promising lines of advance taken at Synanon House is in the treatment of young addicts. Jack Hurst, longtime resident and now a staff director, pointed



1. When a newcomer arrives, he signs in at the desk. Careful observation is made of everyone who enters or leaves the building; but visitors are always welcome, thousands of them each year dropping by in order to see this fine project in operation.
2. New members undergo withdrawal with encouragement from those who have been through the experience previously.
3. All members work at Synanon. This group unloads furniture donated by merchants in support of this humanitarian project.
4. Therapeutic values of music are recognized at Synanon. The band provides entertainment for members and a creative outlet.
5. The small "s" synanon is a unique form of group meeting consisting roughly of ten persons who seek mutual, constructive help in comparing their mental attitudes, their personality problems, and their current progress in escaping from the drug habit.

It is to me that in the first years Synanon couldn't seem to hold anyone under twenty-five. Teen-agers did not feel they "fit in," and would leave within a few days after entering. At length, however, the House succeeded in getting at least one to stay and then another, until now there are some between eighteen and twenty-five. These are given special attention. A coordinator is in charge of youth activities, and there is a teacher who helps them with high school and college preparatory classes (even a literacy program for those who have difficulty in reading). Creative art and music classes, a youth club called "New Breed" with its own clubroom, and other recreational programs are fostered. A softball team plays regularly and sometimes competes with a team from San Diego's 185-member Synanon House.

I talked with the youngest of Santa Monica's Synanon residents, eighteen-year-old Jane Goode. She told me she had used dope in Nevada for a year, although always at the invitation of associates and never from her own purchases. She began to question the drifting course of her companions, however; and on reading about Synanon in a popular magazine, she decided to go to Santa Monica for help in making a new start. She plans now to go on to college.

One of the objectives of the youth program is to bring the Synanon youth in touch with the outer community through lectures at youth gatherings and participation in parties and games. Thus, as one of the leaders pointed out to me, the Synanon youth learn by observing the behavior of "normal" youth, and in turn help to inform such young people before they get "hooked" on the folly of drug use.

Drug addicts who have come to Synanon represent a wide range of ages and occupations. There are, of course, those with prison records; but there is an impressive list of

professions. The teacher in charge of the school holds the degree of M.D., and there are six other qualified teachers on hand as well, all ex-addicts. A member with a Ph.D. degree regularly presents penetrating analyses of world affairs during weekly lecture sessions. An ex-addict lawyer member suddenly found his talents called upon in defense of Synanon when the organization was threatened with unfavorable legal action. Artists and photographers from Synanon present shows of their work, and musicians give concerts in the community and make recordings.

Such people as these have abundantly demonstrated that no one is so bright he cannot be tempted with drugs nor too intellectual to benefit from Synanon's program.

Of course, achievement of status at Synanon is not dependent on one's past. Any one of the members can gain status and prestige within the group by his acceptance of Synanon's principles and by his evidence of loyalty to its objectives. The directors and other staff members have "risen through the ranks." This process of rewarding drug-free behavior and attitudes in a way significant to the recovering addict is considered by the criminologist Donald B. Cressey to be one of the most vital features of Synanon's success.

Synanon is not without its critics. From the time it first occupied its Santa Monica quarters it has been under heavy suspicion from many of the citizens for bringing a motley collection of ex-criminals and ex-addicts to town, and it is accused of encouraging other kinds of depraved people to congregate in the area.

Synanon leaders point out that their members do not communicate with the addict world, nor have they been a problem to the police. If anything, it might be observed that Synanon's strict rules of abstinence from all chemical stimulants and narcotics—including alcohol, barbiturates, and sleeping pills—make it indeed the cleanest place in town.

No form of alcoholic beverages—beer, wine, or whiskey—is allowed on the premises. Alcohol is one of the addicting drugs which could trigger a relapse, and thus all Synanites must forever abstain if they are indeed to "keep clean." The use of alcohol, like that of other drugs, is regarded as a psychological crutch for a weak personality and hence is spurned by Synanites.

Synanon has no barriers of class, color, or creed and is a conspicuous example of integration. Its unofficial and non-professional status is questioned by some. On the other hand, Synanon has been called upon by Federal prison authorities and by

(Turn to page 34)



SYNANON'S DAILY PRAYER

Please let me first and always examine myself.

Let me be honest and truthful.

Let me seek and assume responsibility.

Let me understand rather than be understood.

Let me trust and have faith in myself and my fellowmen.

Let me love rather than be loved.

Let me give rather than receive.

MUCH OF THE drinking in the United States might be eliminated by renaming the cocktail party, according to one of Washington's most sociable Congressmen.

This is the opinion of Representative Charles E. Bennett of Florida's Second Congressional District. A man who abstains from both aspirin and alcohol, Congressman Bennett believes that cocktail parties should be renamed "hospitality hours" or "receptions."

"We should do whatever we can to minimize the temptations of the thousands of young people who every day may be making decisions on whether or not to become involved in the use of alcohol," he says.

"When you say cocktail party, it's like saying liquor party. It's not really descriptive of what is happening," he continues. "Perhaps the word 'reception' is too formal. But 'hospitality hour' strikes me as a sensible substitute for some of these functions."

A former guerrilla fighter in World War II, Congressman Bennett at one time led over 1,000 guerrillas in the Philippines. He was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action and also the Bronze Star and Combat Infantryman's Badge. He has served in Congress for sixteen consecutive years.

On legislators' drinking, he says this is mainly a myth. "Congressmen don't have the time to indulge in much drinking," he declares. "They have to work and work hard or they don't stay in office."

Congressman Bennett practices his own preaching. He has not missed a floor vote in the House since June 4, 1951, a thirteen-year record unequaled by any other member of Congress. Extremely interested in the moral and ethical climate of government workers, he authored the Code of Ethics for government service and currently is pushing additional legislation to put teeth in the Code.

As to his own drinking habits, he sticks to fruit juices and sodas. "I have attended literally thousands of cocktail parties without drinking alcohol," he says.

Asked about the problem of social pressure to drink, Congressman Bennett states he has never felt any insecurity



HE PRACTICES
WHAT
HE PREACHES

CONGRESSMAN



Interview by a Staff Writer

Above: Congressman Charles E. Bennett of Florida.

Left: In a Jacksonville setting, the Congressman and his wife Jean with three of their four children.

Right: The Congressman and President Johnson.

Center and far right: While serving in World War II, Congressman Bennett led 1,000 Filipinos.

from social pressure. "I work hard," he says, "and I believe just rewards come to those who work. They have for me. I don't have anything to prove to anybody, and I don't need to drink. The few people who have tried to pressure me into taking a drink weren't worth my bother anyway.

"I have never felt I had to take a drink with a man to prove I was friendly," he adds.

He says his reason for not drinking stems from his rearing in a nondrinking family. "I suppose that during my teen years I had my heaviest pressure, but my family's feelings were more important to me than drinking was. I learned that most people other than a few kids don't give a hoot whether you drink or not."

Born December 2, 1910, Congressman Bennett is married to Jean Fay Bennett. They have four children, ranging in age from thirteen months to nineteen years.

Now living in Jacksonville, Florida, he practiced law there before entering Congress in 1949. He first announced his candidacy for Congress in 1941. When the war broke out, he withdrew from the race and enlisted as a private in the United States Army. He was discharged as a captain on January 13, 1947.

An author in his own right, Bennett has written two books plus a number of articles for popular magazines. He is economy minded as is evidenced by one of his most recent articles which appeared in *Nation's Business*, entitled, "How Your Congressman Becomes a Spendthrift." Bennett also serves as a senior member of the powerful House Armed Services Committee.

Active in many areas of national interest, Congressman Bennett sponsored the legislation which established "In God We Trust" as the national motto and required it to be placed on all United States currency and coins. His amendment to the 1964 Juvenile Delinquency Act provides for courses in morals and ethics to be taught in schools.

His back-home legislative achievements include the establishment of a wildlife refuge in the Florida Keys to preserve unique wildlife, the creation of the Mayport Carrier Basin, and the changing of the income tax deadline

from March 15 to April 15 to help Florida's tourist trade.

Several outstanding legislative accomplishments include the people-to-people program between the United States and other countries, and a Congressional resolution declaring the sense of Congress to be that communization of the Western Hemisphere is in violation of the Monroe Doctrine. The latter legislation provided for the use of force, if necessary, to forestall domination by Russian imperialism. It also gave Congressional sanction to stiffen American resistance to the recent missile threat in Cuba.

A former three-pack-a-day smoker, Congressman Bennett says he got hooked in the war. He went through the agony of quitting a nine-year habit with spiritual assistance. To solve the smoking problem today, he believes an intensive educational program is needed throughout the nation.

"I am convinced that smoking is a dangerous habit," he says.

"I smoked heavily for some years, and one of my foremost smoking problems was the potential of Buerger's disease. You can quit if you make up your mind and are willing to seek spiritual help. I have no doubt about that," he smiles.

On drinking, he and his wife had a prenuptial agreement to have no liquor in their home. "When we give a party at home," he grins, "the people drink no alcoholic beverages. Some people don't like this, but most of them laugh with me because I can laugh at myself."

He points out that people might have more lively parties if they varied the beverages that are available. "There are all kinds of exotic and delightful fruit juices that are rarely served today in America," he says.

Congressman Bennett believes there is a continuing need to expose the detrimental effects of alcohol and other drugs. He says that if you take care of your body there is usually no need for these habits. A teetotaling legislator who believes that positive living and hard work pay rich dividends, Congressman Bennett has found the dividends more than ample as he practices his own preaching.

CHARLES E. BENNETT



DRINKING has been among Mexico's worst problems since pre-Columbian times, and the immediate cause is pulque. This ill-smelling, highly intoxicating liquor was already the perniciously popular beverage of the Mexican peasant when Hernando Cortez conquered the Aztec empire in 1521.

Pulque costs about the same as soda pop. It is nothing more than the fermented sap of the maguey plant, which is of the amaryllis family. When this sap is distilled it becomes mescal, also a popular Mexican liquor, as are tequila and sotol, liquors similar to mescal. But pulque is far cheaper.

The sap that produces it is called "aguamiel," or honey water, and it begins collecting in the maguey when the plant is about eight years old. At that time, in maguey fields, the bud of the flower stalk is removed, and a hollow is scooped in the heart of the plant. The aguamiel rises in the heart, and workmen remove it by sucking it into traditionally club-shaped bottles. For about six months, until it dies, the maguey gives up to eight quarts of the sweet sap twice daily—in all, about 1,200 quarts, an amazing quantity for a plant rooted in the arid, stony, volcanic soil from which so many other of Mexico's troubles also arise.

Mules carry the sap to the nearby pulque hacienda, where it is poured into the complete cowhides which serve as vats. Each holds a thousand quarts, and after twelve hours of fermentation the honey water has become pulque—the peasants' favorite drink, and the quickest road to physical and mental degeneration. Its widespread consumption, now as in the past, creates a grave economic and social problem against which sporadic, ineffective measures have been taken by the federal government and by some states.

Meanwhile, the rise in Mexico's standard of living, though slight, has served to worsen the situation. Nowadays the Mexican peasant can afford beer, which is rather more intoxicating than the form Americans drink. On many a street today, the busiest spot is the bar, or *pulquería*, and the liquor store a few doors away does a good trade, especially in the cheap-wine department. For a few pesos a poor Mexican can get temporary, if pernicious, release from his troubles through a variety of liquors his father couldn't afford, though pulque is still the most popular of all drinks.

But the result is unchanged: Along the hot dusty streets, drunken men still collapse in doorways, still sprawl on stairs or stretch out in a scrap of shade. Passersby, without really noticing, pick their way around the bodies, though someone stops occasionally to see if the drunk is merely sleeping it off



MEXICO'S BUSINESS OF DEATH

PICTURE STORY
BY BERNATH
THREE LIONS

or has turned into a corpse. Otherwise no interest is evidenced, because acknowledging the problem but sidestepping it has been the Mexican point of view for a long time.

Fortunately, an increasing number of ex-alcoholics observe the state of drunkenness differently, and they are doing something about it. In the cities and larger towns a group called the Mexican Association of Alcoholics in Rehabilitation (A.M.A.R.) is effecting cures similar to those of Alcoholics Anonymous, which also has chapters in the country. The church has at times been of some help, and now that a growing number of the poor and illiterate are beginning to think that pulque is a deadly beverage, producing physical and mental degeneration, there seems to be a chance that Mexico may one day turn up the road of sobriety.





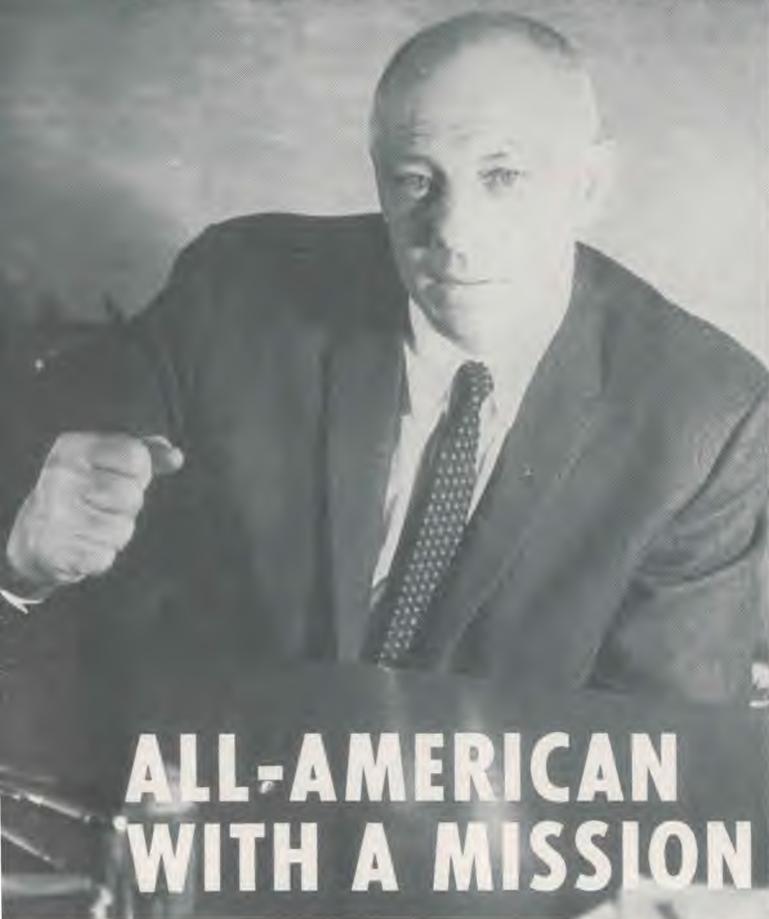
- ◇ 1. This woman in Oaxaca patiently waits with saddened but loyal heart outside a bar, called a *pulquería*. Her husband is inside getting drunk, and she is waiting to take him home.
- ◇ 2. Pulque comes from the sap, or aguamiel (honey water), of maguey plants.
- ◇ 3. Twice daily the sap is gathered in club-shaped bottles.
- ◇ 4. A laden donkey heads for the pulque hacienda at the edge of the field.
- ◇ 5. At the hacienda, the sap ferments in big *tinacos*, or vats, to form the milky-white pulque.
- ◇ 6. At dusk the *tlachiqueros* gather for evening prayers, a sort of pagan Angelus in which a litany of thanks to the Virgin is interspersed with minute-long screams.
- ◇ 7. In the shade before the Cathedral of Cuernavaca, a Mexican has spread his pillow, tattered blanket, and bottle of wine or beer.
- ◇ 8. Typical of a scene oft-repeated in Mexico, passers-by in San Cristóbal, Chiapas, step quickly around a peasant whose sleep is pulque-induced.
- ◇ 9. The loyal wife, the pulque- or beer-thirsty husband, and the crumbling corner bar sporting ads for liquor, laxatives, and spark plugs comprise a common sight in Mexico today.
- ◇ 10. A few fortunate ones, with mind sufficient to realize their plight, come for help. Determined to stop their drinking habit, part of the Mexican way of life for centuries, a clerk, a businessman, a mechanic, and a peasant wait at a small but busy headquarters of the Mexican Association of Alcoholics in Rehabilitation. Such efforts to help those in need are pitifully small in relation to the widespread problem.



Near Redwood City, California, is Woodside Acres, a haven for unfortunates, directed by one who was himself rescued from the depths.

Duane G. Newcomb

JAMES MOSCRIP



ALL-AMERICAN WITH A MISSION

IN THE glory days of college, when James H. (Monk) Moscrip was a football hero, he never dreamed that one day he would become director of a hospital dedicated to the rehabilitation of alcoholics.

"If anyone had told me then that one day I would wind up a hopeless drunk," he says, "I would have laughed at that, too. Sure I drank during college days, but I felt that I was a strong, healthy athlete. With a good night's sleep I threw off alcohol's effects easily. Later, however, I was caught short."

At that time Monk Moscrip was having the time of his life. An All-American football end, he was a member of the famed Stanford "Vow boys" of 1933-36.

During his varsity days the "Vow boys" whipped the University of Southern California, scourge of the Pacific Coast, three times. They won twenty-five Pacific Coast football games, losing only four, and went on to win over Southern Methodist in the Rose Bowl, 7-0.

Moscrip, a six-foot 190-pounder, was the best place-kicker Stanford had ever known. He was a near-unanimous All-American selection in his senior year, and the Indians were Rose Bowl champions.

When college ended, he was given a Hollywood screen test, but he played two more years of football with the professional Lions. His football career was cut short

by the war, and soon he was serving aboard the carrier escort *Shamrock Bay*.

Alcohol was becoming more and more important to him. "I seemed to be on one continuous party in those days. I was drinking day and night, and I still couldn't see that it was doing me any harm."

When he was released from the Navy, the truth dawned. On his own again, he was now a confirmed alcoholic and his life began to fall apart. He was depressed, everyone seemed against him, his job was in danger, and he was about to lose his wife.

That was the turning point. He says, "I couldn't go any farther without completely destroying myself. I reached out desperately for help and found the name of Woodside Acres quite by accident in the phone book. When I came here, I was determined that alcohol and I were through once and for all.

"After I got through the first six days, I was so sick of liquor that I wondered how I could ever have started drinking in the first place. That's what the treatment here does to you. It works on the principle of conditioned response, and actually it's quite simple. Everyone has heard of the experiments by Pavlov on his dogs. He tinkled a bell every time the dog ate, and finally tinkled it without giving the dog any food, but the dog still produced saliva.

"Here we give it a little different twist. We take the patient into the conditioning room where we have a complete bar. He can have anything he desires. Beforehand, however, he's shot with emetine. The minute he takes a drink, he's extremely sick. The trick is in the timing so that the patient associates the nausea with the alcohol. When I finished with this kind of treatment, I swore it was the end.

"I then went out and started picking up the broken pieces of my life. I suppose my story could end here, except that in 1960 the director of Woodside Acres died and the board began to search for a new one.

"When they asked me if I'd accept, I took the job immediately. Here was a chance to help other people in the same predicament I had been in. It excites me to watch a man who's beaten pick up his self-respect and go back to a full, vital life again.

"Believe me, there's nothing that can destroy a person like alcohol. It's a vicious cycle. Alcohol absorbs your life, then you become depressed and discouraged. When society begins to beat you, you drink even more to show them you don't care. At this point the end isn't very far away.

"If I hadn't entered this hospital with the determination to get well, I would have been back in the same spot in a few months. I came here a ruined man. However, I realized that if I didn't get help I would never amount to anything again. Today I can laugh at alcohol. I know what it'll do to me, and I also know I don't need it.

"I guess that's why I came back as director. I'm not a fanatic on this subject, but I do want to aid others to recover as I myself have."

So Monk Moscrip, All-American, has achieved today his finest goal in life—helping others regain their self-respect.



ROSALIE MONA HOFFMAN, a girl of sixteen, made her debut in the music world on June 14, 1962, as guest artist with the "Pops" orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston. In the seventy-five years of the orchestra's history she was the first blind person to be accorded this honor. Arthur Fiedler, famous for his RCA red-seal Victor records, was the conductor at the time. That Rosalie was a credit to the occasion was shown by the standing ovation she was given at the close of her rendition of Mendels-

sohn's "Piano Concerto in G Minor."

Rosalie was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on May 30, 1946, the youngest of three children of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hoffman. In early infancy she was stricken with retrolental fibroplasia, or incubator blindness. This is a condition which formerly baffled medical science, but recently the cause has been discovered and the results almost eliminated.

When five years old, Rosalie entered Perkins School for the Blind as a resident pupil; however, she was taken home over weekends. This school, one of the finest of its kind in the world, was built in 1832 by Dr. Howe, father of Julia Ward Howe, writer of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Under the school program she learned braille in the first grade. In the third grade she began to work with braille music. In the fourth grade she entered the typing class. She handles the typewriter well and at the present time types fifty or more words a minute.

At the age of twelve Rosalie decided to make the piano

the Boston "Pops," practicing four and five hours a day. Up to this time the invitation to play with the orchestra was the greatest incentive ever placed before her.

It is a signal honor to receive such an invitation. In 1885 the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra conceived the idea of offering the citizens of Boston and vicinity extra concerts after the regular fall and winter season had closed. He picked May and June as likely months, and chose from the symphony group one hundred players, organizing them into what he called the Popular Symphony Orchestra. The name signified their work, that of playing lighter and more modern classical numbers. However, the caption became tiresome in its use and the abbreviation "Pops" took its place; thus the Boston "Pops" came into its own. This orchestra, after the early summer engagement is over, leaves for Tanglewood in the Berkshires, again taking its place as the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Here, during July and August, it puts on the Berkshire Festival, a series of twenty-four concerts.

Rosalie's study of music is not confined to practicing for performances. She has delved into composition and is now working on a concerto of her own. She has also rewritten some of the older classics in modern idiom.

She has a system of practicing all her own, first learning the right hand of the piece, then the left. This accomplished, she puts the two together. In the study of classical pieces she memorizes a movement at a time, taking about fifteen days to learn one from such numbers as Beethoven's "Appassionata Sonata" or the "Pathétique." In this phase she is helped by her father. He, along with his daughter, has mastered the braille system of reading music and is well

(Turn to page 34)

Keeping the music "in her fingers" ROSALIE

HOFFMAN--

BLIND PIANIST



Elizabeth Wakefield

her career. A grant from the Boston Aid to the Blind made it possible for her to study music under Leo Litwin, permanent pianist for the "Pops" orchestra.

Each summer since she was seven she has attended Camp Allen Recreational Center for Blind Girls, located at Reed's Ferry, New Hampshire. The camp is sponsored by the Boston Kiwanis Club and the Lions Club of Manchester, New Hampshire. During her 1963 stay at the camp she organized and trained a girls' chorus that later won wide recognition for its public presentations. Governor King of New Hampshire and his staff attended one of the programs.

Rosalie has to work hard to learn her music. She spent three months in preparing for her appearance with



HIGH AS A KITE

DON PERRYMAN

SOARING over the blue water below, these skiers are thrilling to one of America's most exciting and breathtaking new sports! Admittedly not for the timid, it's that invigorating sport that is capturing thousands of new enthusiasts each year—kite water-skiing.

From an uncertain venture, often plagued by mishaps, the sport of kite skiing has made great progress since it was pioneered in the early 1950's. Now the entire family can safely participate. Any well-coordinated water-skier with the proper instruction can usually fly successfully even on the first attempt.

Boating and water-skiing clubs across America are showing an avid interest in this fascinating sport. Most of these clubs already have the necessary boats and water skis, thus the additional cost of purchasing kites is nominal, when spread over the entire membership.

The dimensions of a kite are related directly to the weight of the skier using the kite. The heavier the skier, the larger the kite should be. One manufacturer recommends a twelve-by-fourteen-foot model for skiers under 175 pounds, and a fourteen-by-sixteen-foot kite for skiers who weigh in excess of 175 pounds.

Kites usually come in kit form in a simplified design, and are easy to assemble for use or disassemble for storage.



Ken Tibado, of Lake Wales, Florida, demonstrates the simplicity of a kite's design. He holds the extreme ends of the bar in order to maintain the best balance and control.

All fittings holding the framework and cables in place should be double-checked when assembling.

The framework is constructed of aluminum-alloy tubing of proper strength or of airplane spruce. The fabric can be either a good grade of light, strong canvas, linen airplane fabric, or a synthetic material such as nylon or orlon.

A boat towing a kite flier should be able to maintain a constant speed of at least thirty-five miles per hour. Great responsibility is assumed by the boat driver, and he should be acquainted with the various reactions of the kite. To allow the driver to concentrate on the kite flier, it is important to have an observer aboard to watch for other craft or obstacles.

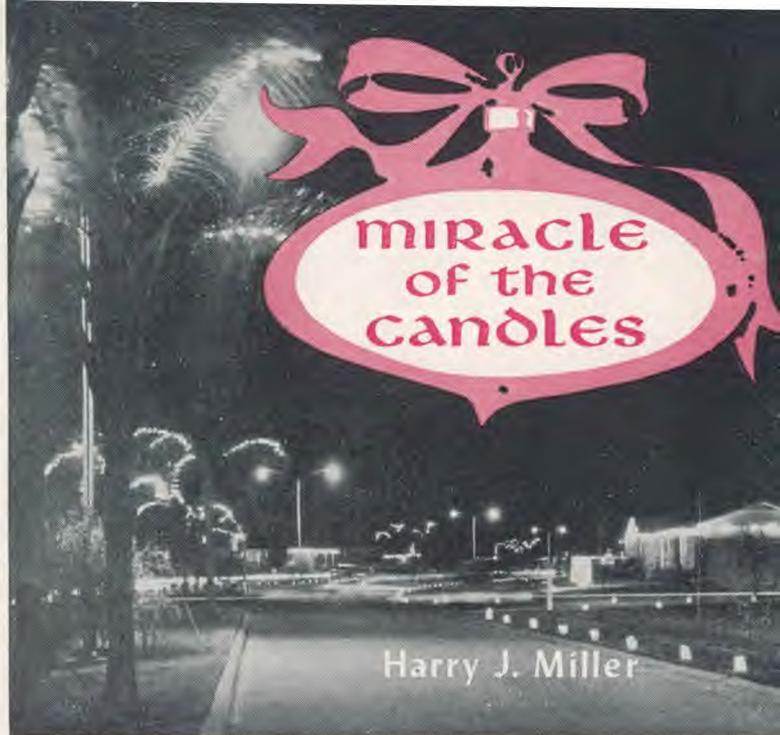
Many kite fliers, gripping the kite's handlebar at the extreme ends for best control, like to taxi along the water at slow speeds to get the feel of the kite before having the speed increased for takeoff. Maintaining kite control is accomplished by shifting the kite from one side to the other. This will have a banking effect as weight is transferred off center. This, incidentally, is the principle of control. Once a person learns the method of proper balancing it becomes second nature, like riding a bicycle.

Safe kite flying requires a calm day. Don't attempt kite flying on a gusty day, or when the wind exceeds ten miles per hour. Stay away from other craft. It is also recommended that kite skiers stay at least 1,000 feet from shore. A life jacket is another safety must.

Boys and girls can participate equally in this sport. Enthusiasts feel that soon there will be many regularly scheduled kite-flying tournaments, with participants competing for distance flights, trick flying, and endurance records.

Sound like fun? It is. And this thrilling new sport, growing by leaps and bounds, may be for you.

Imogene Tibado, Ken's wife, enjoys a more comfortable flight with a sling harness, which permits an easier ride. Notice that she has dropped her water skis. An experienced bare-foot water skier, she lands on the water without using skis.



CANDLES—8,000 of them—fire the Christmas spirit for some 800 families in Carrollwood, a Tampa, Florida, subdivision.

To foster friendships between new and old residents and to reestablish rapport among neighbors alienated during the year by a thoughtless word or action, the developers of the housing project, on the day before Christmas, hand each resident a paper bag half filled with sand, with a candle, for each ten feet of the home's lot line. Thus a person having a lot with a frontage of 100 feet gets ten sand-filled bags and ten candles.

The candles are stuck inside the bags in the sand to keep them from toppling over, and the bagged candles are placed each ten feet along the curblane. Area boy scouts help in this placement on the day before Christmas.

Promptly at 7 p.m. Carrollwood emerges from its respective doorways and lights its candles. Within a few moments the evening twilight is pierced by the flickering fires of 8,000 candles shining as far as the eye can see. The candles glow until close to midnight. All through the evening a steady procession of cars, bumper to bumper, winds through the many streets of the development, as people from the area drive through to see the lighting spectacle.

Neighbors talk pleasantly and gently; relationships are recemented; old friendships are revived and new ones made, under the dim starlight.

Who knows what the people of Carrollwood hear in their hearts, besides a whispered word of greeting from a neighbor? Maybe they hear the voice like that of angels when "Glory to God in the highest" came ringing out of the night to the shepherds of Bethlehem on that long-ago evening.

ROGER STAUBACH--

TO THE average American male the definition of Roger Staubach is "football." And the question most everyone is asking these days, including the Naval Academy for whom Staubach performs on the gridiron, is: "Can Roger Staubach come back?"

Crazy question? Maybe not. When you consider that this six-foot-two-inch, 190-pound midshipman copped more honors than any other football player in the entire nation last year, the question of whether or not he can do in 1964 what he did in 1963 retains more relevancy.

Staubach last year was awarded the coveted Heisman Trophy, which goes to the nation's best football player of the season, and he was only a junior. He was "Back of the Year" choice of both the Associated Press and United Press International wire services. And the American Football Coaches Association picked him as All-American quarterback for 1963.

During the year, Staubach logged over one mile of total offense and shattered five Naval Academy records



Roger fades to pass against William and Mary, in a game in which he set Academy record for total offense.



Football Player Fantastic

on his way to winning every major college football award.

And so the question—Can he do it again? No football player in history has ever won the Heisman Trophy more than once. Can Staubach change that? Says Roger: "Being on the winning team always helps when these awards are handed out. And there is no question but that I'll have a chance to repeat. But my only goal really is to win for the team. When you win you forget about everything else.

"If I didn't receive even one award I'd be happy just playing. I'd be happy just playing," he reflects, "but I'd love to have a 10-0 season, too."

Ability is no problem, for Staubach is a dazzling athlete on the gridiron. With long, powerful strides, he rolls out easily with deceptive speed. He throws on the run, or backing up. When trapped, he has a panther quickness and a mysterious sense of the best direction. And it is when Staubach gets into trouble that he is at his best.

MICHAEL
A.
JONES



Secret of top playing is often found in the huddle, where Roger Staubach is the master.



Fullback Pat Donnelly (left) and Center Tom Lynch (right) toast Quarterback Staubach in milk on his selection as "Back of the Year."

Always difficult to pull down, he throws with tacklers tearing off pieces of his jersey or clawing vainly at his legs as he leaves them behind.

He is that splendid combination of passer-runner who can inject excitement into every play.

Says Navy Coach Wayne Hardin: "Roger Staubach is destined to be the greatest quarterback that has ever played for Navy. This covers a lot of good men, but Roger possesses all of their talents plus size and a tremendous running ability."

Besides excelling on the football field, Staubach also performs well at basketball and baseball and feels that sports in general have helped him develop as an individual. "I probably wouldn't even be here if it weren't for sports," he says. "Sports are among the greatest activities a kid can have. You learn to give and take and you get close to the other fellows on your team."

Last May Staubach won for the second year in succession the coveted Thompson Trophy, awarded annually to the midshipman "who has done the most during the current year for the promotion of athletics at the Naval Academy."

A clean-living type, Staubach neither smokes nor drinks. "So often you see kids trying to be big shots and taking a drink," he says. "They usually get in trouble before they are done."

On smoking, he says: "Smoking is an expensive and useless habit."

A senior from Cincinnati, Staubach has impressed the coaches of all opposing teams. Tom Nugent of Mary-

land says Staubach is "truly the greatest quarterback of them all." Coach Chalmers "Bump" Elliott of Michigan said he doesn't know when he has seen a better football player. S.M.U.'s Hayden Fry stamped Roger as the finest offensive quarterback on the college gridiron.

What is life like on a typical day for Roger Staubach? He is up at 6 each morning for his devotions and prepares after that for breakfast at 6:45. Following breakfast, he cleans up his room and heads for classes, which last until 3:15. Then it's football practice from 3:30 to 5:30 or 6. Supper is at 6:30, and the study period lasts from 8:15 to 11 p.m.

"I try to get to bed by 11 during the season," says Roger, "so that I can get close to seven hours of sleep per night."

A hard worker, Staubach can be seen almost any afternoon working to perfect some phase of his already excellent game. He may be taking hand-offs from the center, sharpening his passing with two or three receivers who stayed to run a few more patterns, or sprinting to build up wind for those loping, easy runs that are so deceptive and have demolished many a defense.

So what does the future hold for Roger Staubach? Can he win the Heisman Trophy two years in succession?

No one has ever earned the trophy a second time, but for hard-working Roger, who makes the near impossible seem easy, the task may not be insurmountable. Given a hardworking team with talent to assist his own dazzling talents, he might make history and come through again. As for the team, he likes what he sees. "Everyone is working hard," he notes happily. Perhaps that will be the key for Roger Staubach—football player fantastic.

Calm, confident, but alert, Roger sits on the bench waiting for action on the playing field.



YOU DON'T NEED MONEY!



HEATHER HUME

THE CAR lights barely pierced the heavy curtain of rain ahead. Standing by a signpost was an unbelievable sight. I shook my head. "I must be dreaming," I murmured.

By my side my husband contradicted, "No, you're not! But it just seems impossible, and at this late hour! It's somebody's grandma."

There, in the heavy rain, with a big old-fashioned umbrella over her head and white galoshes on her feet, and somehow showing through the rain a smile, stood the little, frail lady.

We never pick up hitchhikers. For one thing it is against the law, but my husband and I looked at each other. The storm, the night, and that frail little old lady—but it was her smile that really stopped us.

We pulled over and opened the door. She picked up a small suitcase tied together with heavy cord and popped spryly into the car. "Goodness, it was nice of you folks to stop. But then, that's the way folks are—nice. All of them."

She settled back but her smile filled the whole car. So did her pleasant voice. "Bet you are wondering what I'm doing out on a night like this," she laughed. "Well, actually, you know it's the best time to be out. Folks will always stop in a storm. The meaner the weather, the kinder the folks. It works that way."

It developed she was going north to see an old friend. "Just closed my door and left. Don't have money, but you don't need money, just kindness."

At my bewildered look she explained, "Why, honey, I've been traveling all my life on my smile, and kindness."

She went on to tell about the kindness. "Why sure, honey, everybody needs kindness, and I give kindness to

the folks that pick me up. You'd be surprised how much kindness you can give when you're looking to give it. It's better than money."

She popped a lifesaver into her mouth, offered me one, and went on, "I'm a chatterbox, you know, but that helps. I amuse people. I tell them things. I meet lots of lonely people when I travel. Sometimes it's a mother, and I help her by telling the youngsters stories. You know how they get on long rides. Sometimes it's a man away from home, missing his family. It kind of takes away the loneliness when I chatter to them."

"Grandma," she said, "just call me grandma—everybody does. That's what I am, grandma to everybody. Like I say, I don't have money. Never needed it, but nobody lives a better life. I've done more traveling than anybody else I know. Decided that after my youngsters grew up. Just locked the door of my shack and took off. Still do it six months out of the year. I travel all over. I got friends most everywhere. I stop around and see them. Like now, Ida May. She hurt her hip. I'm going to stay with her till she gets on her feet; then I think I'll go north. Never seen Canada, and I'm sure folks there are as obliging as here."

And that was the story of grandma. With her little suitcase and her smile and her kindness she stood by the road and traveled everywhere.

Not only up and down the highways but, more important, up and down the hearts of the people who picked her up. There was more to her chatter than merely polite, entertaining talk that she gave as her pay for the rides received. There was the philosophy she warmly passed along so simply that one couldn't help absorbing it. She made the world a friendlier place. She made

man a kinder creature than reputation often shows him to be.

There was warmth that rubbed off on one—her belief and her outgoing kindness. It wasn't just talk. I found that out when we stopped at a restaurant that morning. She accepted only the offer of coffee. "Don't eat much of a morning. By noon I'll be at Ida May's, and I'll fill up there," she said as she patted my hand.

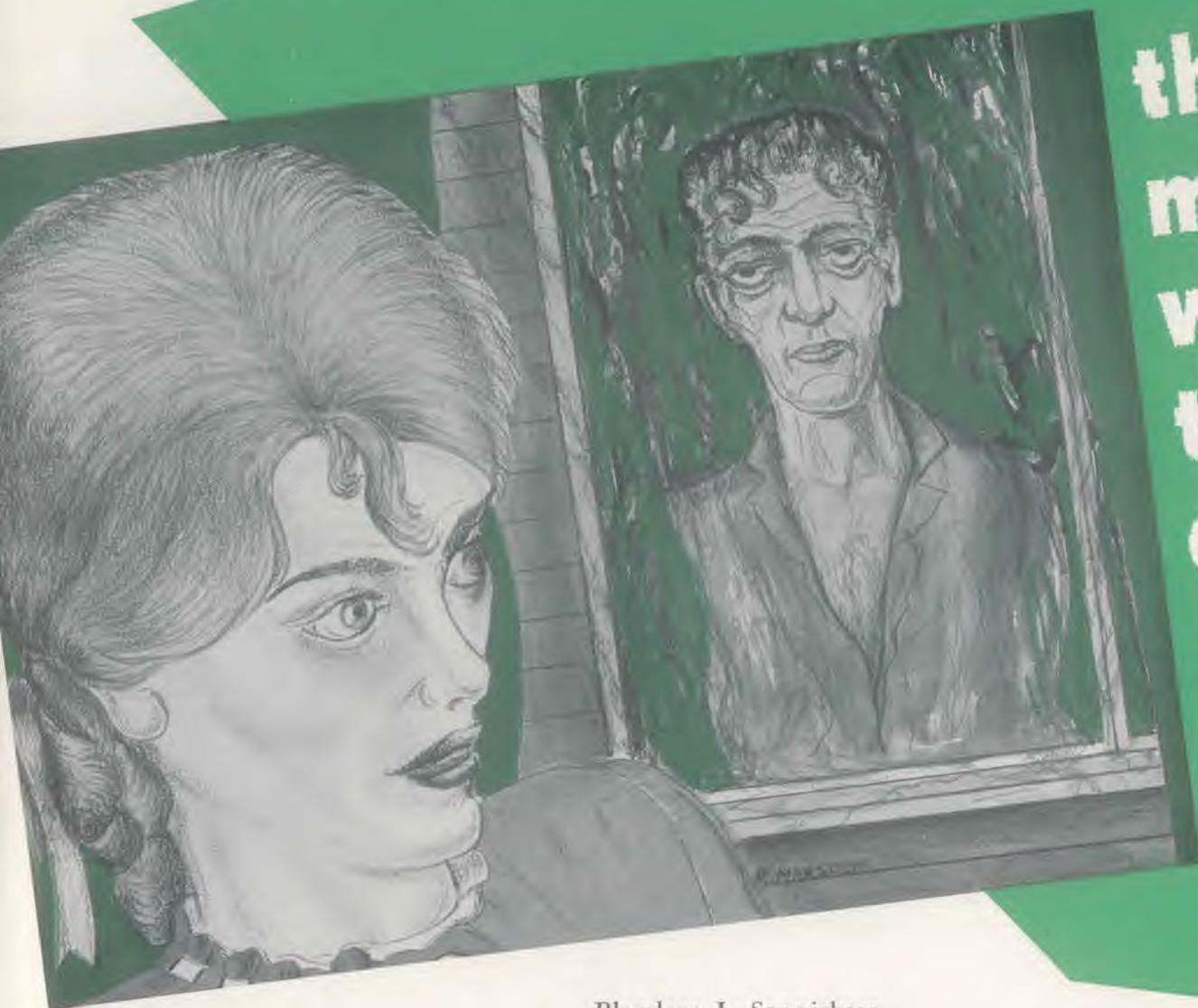
Then I saw her cross the room to where a tired mother tried to spoon food into a cross baby. "Honey, you go wash your face; you look tired. I'll feed the baby for you. That's it. Those nice folks will wait a little for me. They're giving me a ride."

I saw the look of gratitude on the mother's face. I saw the baby settle down and eat heartily for grandma. The mother did return looking refreshed and ready once more for the road, and when grandma tucked the baby in the car for the woman, the baby was blessedly asleep.

Absorbed in our own trip, I hadn't even seen the tired mother. Grandma had the eyes of kindness that saw everywhere. Before we had returned to the car I caught her opening her purse, and there were only a few coins in it. I had noticed that. But her eyes had noticed something else. Outside, a man with a pack on his back had stopped to drink from the faucet.

She went to the counter and bought a sandwich and carried it outside to the astonished man. "Here, honey," she said, "grandma knows you're hungry. You just take this along, and God bless you." The look of wonder and gratitude on his face matched that of the mother grandma had helped.

As we got back into the car for the last few miles of her trip, grandma sighed joyously. (Turn to page 31)



the man with the dead eyes

Blendena L. Sonnichsen

I WOKE suddenly, choking and gasping as I struggled to breathe through the acrid smell of smoke in my bedroom.

My house was afire! Panic shook me as I groped for the light. But when I turned it on I could see no fire, no flames.

I ran to the open window, pushed aside the heavy drapes that let the night air sift in, and a blast of smoke hit me, almost shutting off my wind. Spires of wild red flames were shooting upward from the frame house next door. The entire structure was ablaze from top to bottom.

Just then the smoke cleared away for a second, and, silhouetted in the living-room window facing me, was a man standing motionless in that fiery hell.

It was the man with the dead eyes!

"Jump!" I screamed. "For God's sake, jump!" But he couldn't hear me through the howl of the fire. Tears

filled my eyes, tears of helplessness and pity for that poor, trapped man. The house swayed with the fire's violence. Then, with an explosive roar, it suddenly disintegrated in a blazing heap, burying the man alive.

I stood transfixed. Then a nauseating odor forced me to close the window.

Even now, much later, that odor haunts me. My house, though fumigated and daily sprayed with a strong air freshener, still contains that sickening odor, reminding me of the house next door and the fire that consumed its horrible secrets.

Perhaps if Mr. and Mrs. Krienke, owners of the house and my neighbors for several years, hadn't decided to rent their home when they left in December for six months in Florida, this tragedy wouldn't have happened. Yet in another way the investigation and findings that followed the fire made the tragedy seem a godsend.

Mr. Krienke was a retired butcher, but once a butcher, always a butcher. About a year before he left, he built a ten-by-twelve-foot concrete-block room at the rear of his kitchen. He installed a sink and a huge deepfreeze. He had a butcher saw, a meat block, and a wall rack which held his tools—knives, cleavers, and saws. He called the room his "butcher shop" and spent his spare time breaking and cutting beef for the freezer, or cutting up a hog and making sausage and headcheese. The concrete floor was covered with sawdust which he kept neatly raked.

I was sorry to see my neighbors leave. There was a huge vacant lot on the north of my house. Now, with the Krienkes' house closed, I would really feel isolated. But before my neighbors drove away, Mrs. Krienke informed me that they had rented their house furnished to a nice young couple who would move in Sunday. "Now you

won't be lonely," she consoled kindly, as they drove away.

When I came home from church Sunday noon, a big black station wagon with a Texas license was parked in the drive about twelve feet from my property. The house blinds were all drawn. I presumed the newcomers were resting from their long trip.

I had a busy week, and it was Saturday before I really thought about my new neighbors again. I hadn't paid a duty call, and I wondered if they thought me unfriendly. I baked a batch of cookies, crisp and filled with pecans. Tomorrow I would pay them a visit.

As soon as I got home from church, I fixed the cookies on a fancy plate and covered them with cellophane. As I crossed the yard I saw the black station wagon was gone. In the drive stood a beat-up red sports car with a black canvas top.

They must have company, I thought, but it was too late to turn back now. Firmly I pressed the doorbell, once, twice, and waited.

Then I rapped loudly on the door. I heard someone moving inside, then the door slowly opened about a foot. I was smiling as I held the plate of cookies in my right hand. I knew just what I was going to say, but I never made my speech. Peering out the door was a tall, blond young man in a dirty white sweatshirt and trousers.

He had a growth of whiskers, and he shook as if he was having a chill. Then I saw his eyes. They were a pale gray and enormous. They stared straight ahead so transparent and without luster that they reminded me of death. The man stood soundless and lifeless. At first I thought he was blind, but when he reached out and took the plate of cookies I knew he could see. Then the door closed in my face.

I turned and ran home. I felt as though I had seen a ghost. The man reminded me of an old movie about zombies—those dead people brought to life by some supernatural force. I shuddered. It was silly to compare him to a zombie, but there must be some explanation for his actions. Perhaps I had called at an inopportune time, but I couldn't help feeling the Krienkes had rented their house to some very peculiar people.

At the end of two months I still knew nothing about my new neighbors, and I had not seen them. The blinds remained drawn. There was no sign of life about the house. The grass was dry and long. The flower beds were full of weeds. The only change that ever took place occurred sometime dur-

ing the night, when the black station wagon was periodically replaced by the red sports car.

One night when I had gone to bed early, I woke to the sound of shuffling footsteps outside my window. I got up and cautiously pulled back the drape, but it was too dark to see. I did smell a peculiar odor like alfalfa, but thought it was my overworked imagination. A couple of weeks later when the moon was bright I left the drape open so I could lie in bed and see the moonlight. I heard footsteps again on the dry grass. A man was shuffling slowly past my window, smoking a cigarette. His head was bent and he looked neither right nor left. I watched him circle round



BEER AND THE BEES

From a letter to the editor of the *National Good Templar*:

I was one of those to whom stings could be fatal until I took the immunization course a year ago. Since then I've done a little experimenting and pass the results on to you. Maybe it will help some other unfortunate.

I discovered that no professional beekeeper, to my knowledge, drinks. The reason is that alcohol drives yellow jackets (particularly) into a kamikaze frenzy. Using this fact as a starter, I planted forty beer bottles, each containing about an inch of beer, throughout the garden.

My score for last August was 290 very dead yellow jackets in the bait bottles. As for myself, I wasn't winged once. The yellow jackets swarmed into the bottles, imbibed, and got too plastered to crawl out.

Jim MacLean,
Sherwood, Oregon



and round in the yard like an automaton, puffing deeply on the cigarette as though he depended on it for breath. Again I smelled the strong odor like alfalfa.

I watched the ghostly meandering of the man until he walked toward his house. Suddenly he was gone. I could not sleep after that. There was something frightening, unnatural, about the man next door.

What it was, I didn't know. I wanted the protection of the police, but what could I say to them? That the man looked like a zombie? That he walked in the yard at night smoking a ciga-

rette that smelled like alfalfa? No. If I wanted police protection I would have to present more tangible evidence. I've heard that women who live alone sometimes become neurotic and suspicious. I kidded myself that I was too young for these symptoms. All that was wrong with me was fright. The house next door with its ghostly inhabitant and nightly visitors was simply scaring me out of my senses.

Finally I could no longer stand the dark solitude. One sunny morning I yanked back the drapes in my bedroom. Standing motionless facing me in the open window in the Krienkes' living room was the man with the dead eyes. The expressionless face haunted me for days.

One night I was so upset that I set my alarm for seven and went to bed early. The smell of smoke wakened me to the horror I will never forget. The tragedy of the fire next door and the overwhelming, nauseating odor was such a shock to me that I hurriedly packed and took a short trip. I could stand it no more. When I returned home, the ruins next door were cleared away. All that remained of the Krienkes' house was the solid concrete-block room off the kitchen, Mr. Krienke's butcher shop.

Mr. Redding of the narcotics division came by to question me. From him I learned that the huge freezer had been disconnected and all the meat removed. In it were small packages of pure heroin and hundreds of tobacco cans packed with marijuana that had been manicured (the seeds and stems removed, leaving the pure leaf). It was a haul worth a fortune. The odor like alfalfa that I had smelled outside my bedroom window was marijuana. The two cars parked alternately in the drive were probably used to bring in the stuff and to dispose of it.

There were three bodies in the house, burned beyond recognition. One was the young man to whom I had given the cookies. The other two persons were unknown, probably users either overcome by smoke or in such a narcotic stupor they were unable to save themselves.

The loss of the house was a tragedy for the Krienkes; but for all the people who would have suffered because of those narcotics, a death to end all death, the fire was a godsend.

As for the man with the dead eyes—I'll never know why he didn't jump out the window before the house collapsed and trapped him. Perhaps, like a zombie, he was dead from the use of narcotics long before he perished in the fire.



This filthy moonshine operation is in the basement of a Chicago tenement building. The liquor has been running into a dirty, germ-laden garbage can. The white substance on the still pot is homemade dough that is used to seal leaks.

Steel vats full of fermenting mash are waiting to be cooked into poisonous moonshine whiskey. The filth of this basement scene indicates how potentially dangerous this type of liquor is.



Moonshine liquor is running from this illicit still in attic of old house. Barrels in background contain fermenting mash. The lantern indicates that the moonshiner was operating during the night.

Charcoal fuels this illicit still in a barn. Sugar sacks, tacked on the wall, keep outsiders from peering through cracks.



BEWARE! MOONSHINE IS POISON!

RALPH OLIVER

MOONSHINE whiskey claims the lives of several hundred people every year, but since the victims' symptoms are similar to those of other ailments, many of the deaths are not attributed to the poisonous liquid.

Actually, if a person drinks moonshine that has been distilled under certain conditions, a small amount of toxic lead salts filters into his body tissues. Lead, like radioactivity, accumulates in the system and finally builds up a potent concentration, causing paralysis, blindness, and eventually death.

In 1960, poison moonshine killed eight people and hospitalized thirty others in one community of South Carolina. Veterans' hospitals claim they see patients every year with symptoms of lead intoxication. The tragic fact is that such symptoms often don't show up for nearly a year after consumption of the poison.

"It can't happen to me," the moonshine drinker often says while tipping the jug. "I've heard it takes something like a thousand micrograms of lead salts per quart of whiskey before it's dangerous." The danger amount sounds like a lot, but it actually represents a mass only one-third the size of a pinhead.

How does the poison get into the whiskey? The liquor is tainted by the apparatus used in the distilling process, not by the ingredients in the mixture or the relative cleanliness of the operation. An illicit distiller may take the utmost precautions to make nontoxic whiskey. He may use clean, fresh raw materials and pure water, and set his mash in new wooden barrels. He may let the mash ferment to perfection, cook it in a shiny copper pot, and store the whiskey in charred-oak kegs. Yet the smooth-tasting liquid may contain deadly lead salts despite the moonshiner's efforts. In practice, however, illicit operators in general use neither careful methods nor excellent equipment.

A less important consideration in condemning moonshine is the poor sanitation involved in the production methods. The fact that moonshine has to be made in secrecy causes the moonshiner to carry on the distillation process under conditions that would come far from meeting even the minimum requirements of a so-called legal distillery.

Probably the most unsanitary condition is the method in which the mash is stored during the fermentation period. The barrels are buried with the tops flush with the ground to keep the mixture warm and to speed up the natural process.

(Turn to page 31)

CHRISTMAS—what does it mean to you?

Seriously, it presents the sweetest story human ears will ever hear.

Creatively, it offers an opportunity to try your hand at culinary delights or artistic pursuits at a time when so many clever ideas are being initiated.

Socially, it rushes everyone into a breathless round of pleasant social occasions with family and friends. This vacation holiday season is an excellent time to extend your cordiality with a Christmas party.

With a little time on your part you can produce an elaborate fare for a few, or it may be more expedient to entertain a larger group with a simpler plan. The following suggestions may be used for this latter type of informal evening.

Decorating ideas are endless. Use some imagination. Why not make your buffet decoration at least partly edible? The arrangement in the picture features Christmas snow people that are fun to make. Directions for this are included.

MENU

- Blue Cheese Waldorf Salad
- Parmesan Melba Toast
- Cheese Gherkin Dip With Crackers
- Cold Mint Sparkle or Hot Cranberry Punch
- Cookies or Fruit Cake Slivers

For a "warmer upper," present each guest with ten small colored bell cutouts. Give them ten minutes to attempt to collect bells from their neighbors by getting them to answer a question with Yes or No. The person who collects the largest number of bells wins a prize.

Christmas charades: Use varied Christmas activities for having your crowd pantomime different charades. Examples might be clearing up the Christmas wrappings after the gifts are opened, or caroling.

Try this candle relay for some hilarity: Four feet ahead of each of two opposing team lines place a chair. Number one in each line is given a book of safety matches and a candle. At a given signal he lights the candle, and rushes with it around the chair and back to his line. Number two accepts the candle (better get the matches, too!) and repeats the feat. If the candle is extinguished, the player must stop until it is relighted. The group

Christmas— Cordial and Creative!



Christmas decorating ideas are endless. Decorations are always more fun when you make them yourself.

PARTY PICK-UPS

Blossom Engen

first getting all its players around the chair with the lighted candle wins.

Fancy wrap: Gift wrap a series of boxes one within another, the smallest containing something as profound as a stick of gum or a safety pin. In a sack place a large pair of gloves, a scarf, and an "appropriate" hat. Place both in the center of your circle of guests. Participants pass a small ball or other object from one person to the next around the circle while your record player plays some Christmas

music. When you interrupt the record, the person who at that moment has the ball dashes to the sack, puts on the gloves, scarf, and hat in that order, and then unwraps the outside package and opens it. The ball, meantime, continues to be passed. With each interruption of the music the person with the ball trades places with the former gift "unwrapper," dons gloves, scarf, and hat, and continues the unwrapping operation. The person who unwraps the last tiny box receives the Christmas gift.

BLUE CHEESE WALDORF SALAD (18 to 20 servings)

- 6 cups diced, unpared, tart red apples
- 3 cups diced celery
- 1 (No. 2) can pineapple chunks
- 1 cup broken pecans
- ½ cup crumbled blue cheese
- ½ cup dairy sour cream
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Combine apples, celery, pineapple, and pecans. Mix remaining ingredients; add to salad and toss. Chill.

PARMESAN MELBA TOAST (about 36 toast rounds)

- 1 long loaf French bread
 - Butter or margarine
 - Shredded Parmesan cheese
- Slice bread very thin. Spread with softened butter and sprinkle with cheese. Place on rack over a cookie

sheet and bake in slow oven (300°-325°) until very crispy.

CHEESE GHERKIN DIP (3 cups)

- 1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese
- ¾ cup milk
- 8 ounces cheddar cheese
- 1 clove garlic
- 12 small gherkins (2 or 3 medium-sized dill pickles may be substituted)

Using a blender, cover and blend room-temperature cream cheese and half the milk. Add garlic, cheddar cheese, and remaining milk and blend until mixture is smooth. Add gherkins. Cover and blend for a few seconds.

COLD MINT SPARKLE (16 punch cups)

- 1 (10-ounce) jar mint jelly
- 1 cup water

(Turn to page 32)



For three days, huge crowds strolled through the sidewalk art festival to gaze at the exhibits of paintings, ceramics, and sculpture.

Left: Nine-year-old David Smith won the Governor's plaque for his painting—judged the best of 12,000 paintings by school children.



Right: Youthful exhibitor learns new techniques from adult artist. Below: A young ballet fan finds a prize seat at the Art Festival.



WHAT WAS probably the world's largest sidewalk art festival, with more than 6,000 exhibits and well over 1,500 artists involved, took place last March in Winter Park, Florida. It was attended by an orderly, well-mannered crowd estimated at between 90,000 and 100,000 spectators during the three days. It went off smoothly and attested to the fact that a successful art festival can be staged without bars.

The festival consisted of huge exhibits of paintings, sculpture, and pottery and presentations of ballet and music. It was held in downtown Winter Park, along some eight blocks of the city street with business establishments on the one side and a sizable park on the other. It was under the expert direction of Anthony Poticelli, director of special events for Tupperware home parties.

He stages big sales meetings involving thousands of people without drinks being served, and he saw no necessity for having any sort of bar concession for the sidewalk art festival. The result: "It was the most orderly and best-behaved large crowd that has ever been seen in central Florida," according to Police Chief Buchanan of Winter Park.

One of the prime features of the festival was the participation of more than 12,000 students from kindergarten through high school age in submitting entries to the exhibits.

The crowd that viewed the

Art and

sidewalk exhibits included an exceptionally large percentage of children. Even more intriguing was the keen interest these children expressed in art, not only in the school exhibits but in the exhibits by adult artists as well.

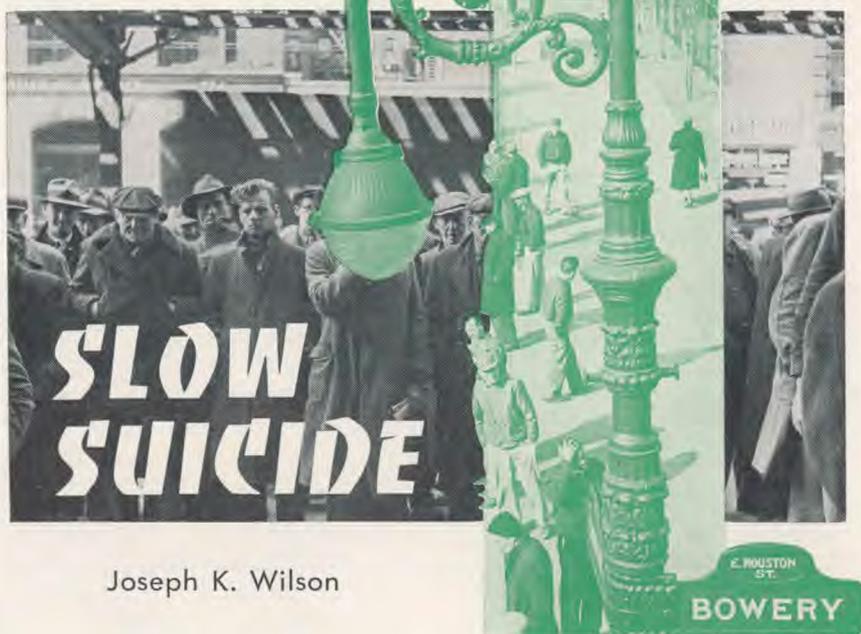
Richard Weidley, art director at Orlando's Edgewater High School, was general manager of the school exhibits. This young man, who has a number of children of his own, takes a keen interest in the prevention of juvenile drinking and delinquency. Discussing the help that an interest in art can be to problem young people, he says: "We are frequently warned by other teachers that a certain student about to be enrolled in art classes is a troublemaker. We've found some of these to be among our best students."

Weidley and the other art teachers of Orange County have been successful in convincing boys that painting and other forms of art can be challenging and are not at all effeminate. As a result, art courses are popular and well-attended in nearly all the schools, as evidenced by the large number of exhibits from the children.

The huge undertaking was sponsored by the city of Winter Park as well as a number of civic organizations. The directors were happy at having proved that 100,000 people can be brought together to enjoy an artistic and educational spectacle without the inducement of alcoholic drinks.

Charles Layng

Sobriety



Joseph K. Wilson

IT IS cold. The time is eleven o'clock in the morning. The rescue-mission doors remain closed. The midday service and meal will not be available for another hour. This is skid row!

Men are milling about on the sidewalk. Some are on crutches; all wear hats or caps, their last shred of dignity. Shuffling back and forth and stamping their feet against the cold, they move along, seeking the winter sun like cats. A few slouch against the mission building, completely relaxed, arms folded, hunched over, chins on chest, their eyes not quite focusing—studies in human misery. Nearly all are "look-alikes." All have baggy pants; all their grimy faces are in need of a shave. Here and there one clutches a paper sack, the most important item in the life of a "wino," for here he carries his bottle, so he may "sneak" a drink. He really needs no particular excuse to take a "nip," but he thinks it does warm him a little.

At the curb a small group discuss the merits of different downtown streets as to which are best for begging. Some of the men stand alone, muttering to themselves; others merely grunt and turn up their coat collars against the frosty morning air.

Unable to work even at odd jobs for more than a day or two, all are frustrated because of their vice. Some, however, are content to do no work at all; and as a result they exist no better than stray animals, sleeping in alleyways or behind billboards, huddled under newspapers for warmth. They roam the streets day and night, begging small change without shame; and as their personalities gradually crumble, they no longer bathe, shave, or change their clothing.

Their deterioration has reached a point where drink is paramount. These men are spinning out their lives in a prolonged suicide consisting of three cycles: rescue mission, food, and sometimes a bed; then a day of ordinary labor or "panhandling;" followed by arrest and jail where they are fed and clothed. Usually the "wino" receives a jail sentence; and when he is released, there is a magnet that seems to draw him back to skid row, where the same sad story starts all over again.

This pitiful cluster of humanity is served by a "revolving-door" type of justice, which fills a temporary need of saving the drunkard from himself. He is less of a public nuisance when in custody and is not likely to be run over by an automobile or to fall and injure himself, nor will he die of malnutrition or exposure. "On the street" he may become involved in innumerable hazardous situations. He remains alive only because he is usually in custody!

The "winos" did not come to skid row overnight. It was a gradual thing, a sort of slippage. Some had responsible positions. They drank whiskey, costly whiskey and a lot of it, not cheap wine. There were periods of being in and out of hospitals, of delirium tremens, of so-called cures, of being "dried out." Then again it was in and out of hospitals; then, finally—jail! After one makes the round trip from skid row to jail eighteen or twenty times, this becomes "a way of life."

Most of these miserable creatures will never change because of their lack of work skills, their uncertain marital status, their undesirable personality traits, their age, and, of course, their fixation on the bottle.

During the summer months a few do leave skid row to roam to other towns. Some return in a short time, or they drift on to another large city where there is always a skid row and a bottle.

This aimless existence is difficult to understand. These are just forgotten men who don't belong. Usually in jail or at the door of one of several rescue missions they wait, wasting away their lives, saying little, doing nothing.

What Can I Do-- For Rosemarie?



Arthur J. Fettig

ROSEMARIE is two weeks old. Last night as I held her on my lap, I wondered what I can do to keep her from smoking ten, twelve, or fifteen years from now. What can I say or do to "sell" her on the fact that smoking is not good for her and that it is something she should do without?

I use the word "sell." I think it will involve a real selling job, or maybe even an unselling job. I'm going to have to counteract the brainwashing my children are subjected to on television. Tobacco ads show them that smoking is fun, that smoking is sophisticated, that smoking is manly, that cigarettes attract girls, that cigarettes attract boys, that smoking is popular. Little Amy plays the sophisticate now and then with a shawl, and she never fails to have a pretended cigarette to puff smartly. Daniel pretends to be the tough cowboy, and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth is becoming a must. These are ideas and images I must unsell.

I know I'm in for a tough fight. Fortunately, according to current statistics, I have fifteen points in my favor with regard to the boys, and twenty-one points on the girls. Neither my wife

Ruth nor I smoke and because of this our children are less likely to smoke. The points are percentage points. Some 15 percent fewer boys smoke when their parents are nonsmokers, and 21 percent fewer girls.

The American tobacco industry spends nearly \$200,000,000 a year advertising cigarettes. In the United States alone more than 500,000,000,000 cigarettes are smoked each year.

How am I counteracting that advertising? I'm pulling out all the stops and bearing down hard. I am telling the girls that cigarettes cause bad breath and make them un-kissable. True? Surely it's true. I'm basing my campaign on nothing but the truth. Cigarettes make stains on the teeth, and nicotine stains pretty fingers. To the boys I'm saying that smoking makes first base farther away. Home runs are harder to hit. The hundred-yard dash becomes one hundred ten yards or more. Smokers don't swim as well, or play tennis, or box, or do push-ups, or participate in any other sport quite as well as do nonsmokers.

A cigarette is no longer a sign of strength, it is a sign of weakness. *Not*

smoking is manly. *Not* smoking makes a girl more feminine. Smoking is *not* a sign of maturity, for five-year-old Dennis next door could be taught to smoke as well as the most proficient smoker on TV. Smoking is a waste of one's allowance. If you get the habit, it may cost you at least twenty-five cents a day. Aren't there a lot of worthwhile things you need your allowance for without developing this habit? People who appear on TV commercials do it for money. What they say is what they are paid to say, and many times they endorse things for which they have no use themselves. Ask a football coach if he thinks the members of his team should smoke.

Adulthood implies the use of common sense. A youth does not need to harm himself merely to express his freedom of choice. When common sense tells you that something is harmful, then listen to your common sense. The only people that smoking is good for are the folks who own stock in tobacco companies. If you want to get something from smoking, then don't smoke.

Before my children reach their teens, I'm going to take them to a hospital to see what cigarettes do to people. I'll show them victims fighting for their breath. I'm also going to make a careful presentation of the actual cost of smoking during a lifetime. Let's say a hundred dollars a year is spent by the average smoker. With fifty years' smoking expectancy he will have spent \$5,000; that is, if he stays at one pack a day. If he goes to two, it's \$10,000. Of course, these estimates assume that cigarettes won't go up in price, but it is not very likely they will stay at the same price.

Perhaps I'll initiate a program where my children can start *not* smoking at ten years of age. When they start *not* smoking they can take the cost of a pack a day and invest it for their future. Their *not*-smoking fund could provide them with real luxury later in life.

The *Report* of the Surgeon General on smoking and health stated that "the overwhelming evidence points to the conclusion that smoking—its beginning, habituation, and occasional discontinuation—is to a large extent psychologically and socially determined."

I feel that if I can keep my children psychologically sound and socially sensible, the battle can be won. Naturally I would like a little help from the outside world. I'd like to see the tobacco advertisers controlled to the point that they let my kids alone. I'd like to have our mass communication facilities make known
(Turn to page 31)

DOES THE annual trimming of the Christmas tree get you down?

How would you like to trim a tree that takes 8,000 light bulbs and burns a total of 93,000 watts; a tree that has two miles of wiring in more than eighty separate strands; a tree that takes a thousand man-hours of painstaking, risky work to complete? Your own small trimming task would fade into insignificance!

This 175-foot-high, 240-foot-wide tree that involves one of the most specialized jobs of tree trimming, is the traditional "Tree of Lights," blazing over New York City from the Fifth Avenue facade of the store of Lord and Taylor's.

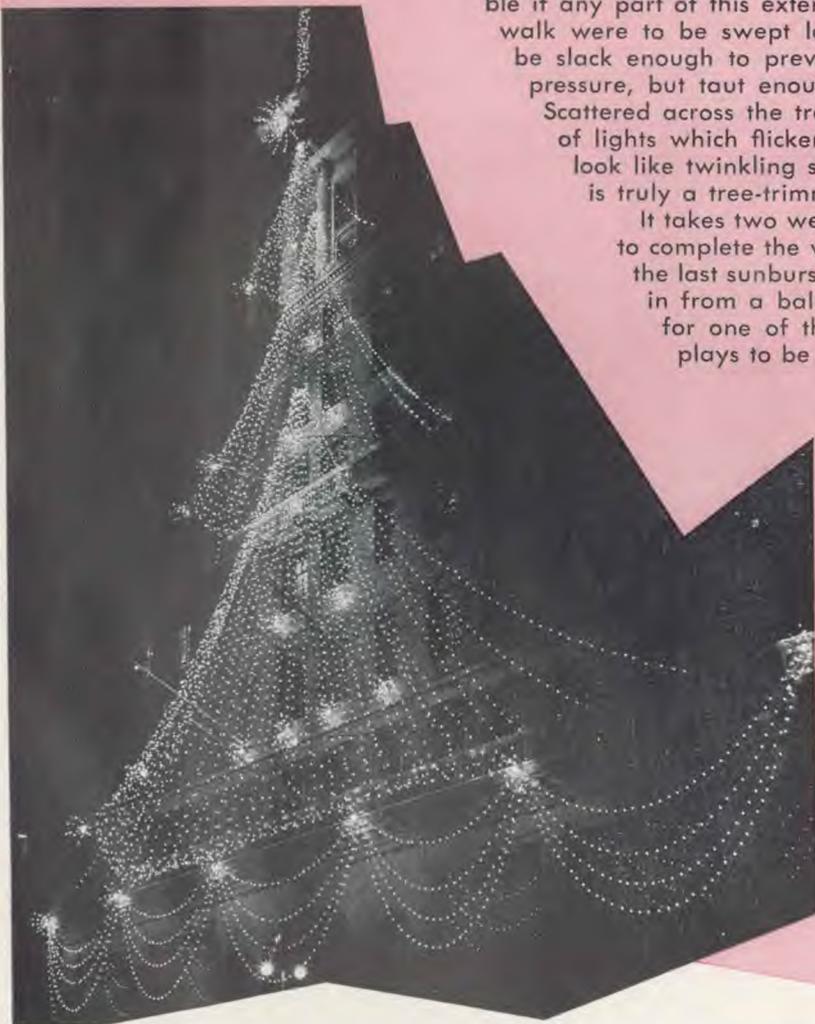
This spectacle, which can be seen from almost one end of Manhattan to the other, involves such a complex arrangement of wiring and lights as is little suspected by those gazing up at it each holiday season. This tree isn't a tree at all, but a creation that gives the illusion of a three-dimensional tree. It is made from a network of wire and lights attached to a series of semicircular metal frames which curve out between the third and eleventh floors of the building. The strings of lights loop down to within two feet of the curb. A metal pole towering twenty-eight feet above the store rears the tree even higher to its topmost "star."

Crowds come from all over to look, after light-up time at the dusk deadline on a mid-November evening. Then a tired group of men heave much the same thankful sigh you do, that it's over for another year—except for untrimming time. Men have worked since early November, shaping their raw materials into this vision of beauty. They have worked, sometimes out of sight and often like acrobats. Under a canvas canopy on the roof of the store they have carefully tested every light and wire for safety.

Others have assembled the fragile-appearing yet sturdy frame, and attached this metal skeleton to the facade of the building. Still others have installed the four electrical cables needed to feed the additional wiring, for this tree will need enough electricity to light seventy-five average houses.

December winds are strong, and the store would be in trouble if any part of this extensive frame above the busy sidewalk were to be swept loose. The wiring must therefore be slack enough to prevent snapping under strong wind pressure, but taut enough to maintain the tree's shape. Scattered across the tree are twenty-six giant sunbursts of lights which flicker on and off so quickly that they look like twinkling stars. How all this is put in place is truly a tree-trimming marvel.

It takes two weeks and one thousand man-hours to complete the work and meet the deadline, with the last sunburst in place. A last worker scampers in from a balcony and the switch is flicked on for one of the biggest Yuletide electrical displays to be seen anywhere.



Technology Trims This Tree!

DUANE VALENTY

BEING A MORE DYNAMIC YOU!

Frances Carfi Matranga

When you meet a man for the first time and carry away with you a vivid impression of a remark, the tone of his voice, and expression of his countenance, and perhaps a memory of a look into his soul, his personality has played its part and won.—L. Roy Curtiss.

PERSONALITY is character forcefully expressed. You may have character without personality, but you cannot have personality without character. Personality is a quality which makes an individual a distinct person. It is not always a gift from God, but it can be developed.

The man with personality has enthusiasm, a quality which has resulted in great triumphs and advancement, whether of individual, state, or nation. Enthusiasm is an irresistible force, enabling men and women to conquer obstacles and reach the climax of their ambitions. Enthusiasm is an animated faith in self and things in general; the man without it is also without hope and without confidence.

If you are like most people, you are not getting all the things you want out of life, be it success in business, fame, money, or friendship. Why? You have not developed your personality as fully as you might. You haven't made the most of your inner resources.

It is amazing how many of us go striving daily after petty trivialities and yet overlook so important a thing as self-improvement. Many things are achieved through and by personality, and every one of us is capable of achieving a more dynamic personality. The man with a dynamic personality gets ahead because his qualities are those which embrace all persons. He can get along with anyone, for he is capable of putting himself in the other fellow's place and understanding him.

He *likes* people and they like him. He is tactful, generous, and kind. He is positive in all his approaches. He is cheerful and charming. All these qualities go to make up the dynamic personality and each of them can be cultivated in us all. Believing this is the important first step.

Never mind what you are now, it's what you *can be* that counts. If you're not satisfied with your present personality, take heart, for you can strengthen

and improve it. You need time and patience, but you don't have to be overly intelligent, talented, or educated to accomplish it. You have within you resources of which you are not aware.

The best advice that can be given on improving the personality is this: Open your mind and heart to others and cast out self-centeredness. Accomplish this and the rest will follow without much difficulty. Success, however, depends upon the strength of your desire.

The best way to improve your opportunities is to expand your knowledge in the direction you want to go. Classroom education is only the beginning. If you will retain your youthful curiosity and maintain an open mind, you will continue learning in your work and contacts with other people. You will learn from *living*. To make the most of your opportunities, you need first of all faith in self.

One with a dynamic personality is willing to work for what he wants, is willing to invest that extra effort which can be so important. He is the one who will succeed in life. He is the positive thinker who never says or thinks, "I can't," but rather, "I can." You, too, can become this type of person *if* your desire is strong enough.

It is never too late to go after the things you want in life, nor is it too late to improve yourself and your personality. If the desire is there and the will is strong, you can accomplish almost anything. Of course, lucky breaks can be extremely helpful, but you must be prepared if such breaks come.

Perhaps you haven't had much education or were never very quick in school and feel, therefore, that you are not equipped to get ahead in the world. This is an erroneous attitude. The truth is that many things besides grades and I.Q.'s go into determining how much of a success you will make of your life. You need desire. You need drive. And, of course, you must have self-confidence.

Many of our most famous people of today and yesterday were no geniuses during their school years. Thomas Mann, a great author, was regarded as a dull pupil in school, and two of America's most beloved humorists, Will Rogers and Mark Twain, showed little interest in either school or humor in their early years.

General Dwight Eisenhower was never considered a remarkable student. When he was graduated from high school, he didn't know what he wanted to do in life, and for a time he worked at an ice plant and fired furnaces. Then, largely because it was free, he applied for an appointment to West Point. During his last year there his conduct deteriorated instead of improving. Nothing in his school records indicated that he would become a military general and President. You cannot really predict a person's success by his early scholastic record.

Paderewski was in his late teens before he showed any serious interest in piano playing. Albert Einstein was slow in learning to talk and, as a boy, was considered backward.

Perhaps the reason some people blossom out late is that in early tests they did not feel any great challenge. Or perhaps they felt that too much was expected of them, and so they didn't even try. On the other hand, those who come from wealthy homes have everything they want laid in their laps, and so for them there is no challenge.

Henry Ford II, grandson of the great engineering genius, Henry Ford I, flunked his engineering course at Yale and never did receive a college degree. He spent much of his time running around in his luxurious convertible. Then a crisis arose. His father, president of the Ford company, died suddenly. Henry Ford I gambled on his grandson and put him in charge. The results startled everyone. Production rose swiftly and triumph followed triumph. Within a few years, young Henry was being hailed as one of America's shrewdest industrial statesmen. That is what a challenge can do.

The successful person has not only ambition but *drive*, that force or energy that makes him keep on trying. This explains why many men who revealed no promise in school and at the beginning of their careers forge ahead of their brighter competitors as the years pass. Brains and brilliancy aren't enough. You must also have drive.

The man with drive is no quitter. Once he decides what he wants, he goes after it with all the energy in him. He usually gets it, too. Why don't you start today—being a more dynamic you?

YOU DON'T NEED MONEY!

(Continued from page 21)

"Oh, it's just the most wonderful world. Folks don't appreciate it enough, that's the trouble. If only folks would appreciate it enough."

An hour later we dropped grandma off at Ida May's. It was an hour out of our way, but it was worth an hour's time to soak up grandma's joy with the world, her optimism and good faith in people.

She jumped out of the car spryly and her dark eyes twinkled. "Grandma thanks you kindly; now have a happy trip. My, you've just been wonderful. It just proves what I've been telling you. The world is full of wonderful people."

MOONSHINE IS POISON!

(Continued from page 24)

Various types of wildlife are attracted by the strong odor of the sour mash. Rats, rabbits, birds, snakes, and insects fall into the mash barrels and drown. When the moonshiner dips the mash out with a bucket and pours it into the still pot, the decaying by-product goes into the pot, too.

A favorite place to bury mash barrels is in the slimy muck of pigsties. An odor of decaying corn is always prevalent in such places and the sly moonshiner figures that a snoopy revenue might consider the smell to be that of pig slop and rotting grain. After the mash is fermented and ready to cook, the moonshiner sets up his still inside a building and drives the pigs out of the pen. He scoops away the muck, removes the lids, and dips out the mash. Folks in the neighborhood may comment about all the fresh bread being baked that night.

An illicit distillery site in the open woods is inhabited for only a few hours each week. Once the mash is set, it takes from five to seven days before it's ready to distill. During this period there is no reason for the moonshiner to go near his still.

When the mash is finally ready, the crafty woodsman goes down to the still and fires it up. He cooks with wood in some areas, but prefers bottled gas. The gas is odorless and doesn't send out smoke signals. He pours the still pot about half full of sour mash, then sits back until it starts boiling. If any leaks are in the apparatus, steam will spurt out. The operator then applies home-made dough to the leaks. The dough hardens on the hot pot and seals immediately.

Vapor off the boiling mash passes



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, D.C. 20012.

How do you quit bad habits?

First, let's decide what we mean by the word "habit." Isn't a habit something that we do repeatedly? How do we decide what is a good habit and what is a bad habit? Is it not by the result produced by the repeated doing of any given act? If the result is good, we call it a good habit. If the habit is harmful, we call it a bad habit.

Then the simple answer would be: Just quit doing it! But woe is me! It's not that simple! For most things that we do best result from training. We repeat the act until we no longer have to think in order to do it—we do it unconsciously.

If we want to break a habit, we must think over and over that we don't want to do it, until we have made not doing it a habit. That takes determination and willpower. Or perhaps we might more appropriately say that it takes positive "won't power"!

through a copper coil that is immersed in a barrel of cool water. In this cooling coil the vapor is condensed into liquid, which drips into a container. The moonshiners who drink their own product and care about its quality let the whiskey filter through charcoal into a charred-oak keg. This practice supposedly adds color and mellows the liquor. It does nothing to filter out the poison, however.

Moonshine production is generally believed to have ended when prohibition was repealed, but there was an annual increase in illicit distilling through 1956 when it equaled the years immediately following repeal. Last year alone, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division, Internal Revenue Service, seized some 6,213 stills, made 8,507 arrests, and seized upwards of eight million gallons of mash.

What is the difference between a social drinker and an alcoholic?

A social drinker is like a social eater—both yield to social customs, social pressures. The alcoholic, like the fat man, has allowed the habit to rule him. Both are miserable physically as a consequence of their habit. The alcoholic lives to drink, while the glutton lives to eat. Nothing else is of value except to satisfy the overmastering desire to drink or eat.

But there is a difference. In order to maintain life it is *not* necessary to drink alcoholic beverages, but the eating of a balanced diet is necessary to sustain and promote the best of health. Food in proper amounts at proper times builds health, while alcohol destroys health, homes, and society.

A social drinker imbibes to be with the crowd. The alcoholic imbibes because life holds nothing better than a bottle!

WHAT CAN I DO?

(Continued from page 28)

the truth about the harmful effects of smoking. I'd like the schools to show movies on tobacco and disease. I'd like more of the world's athletes to speak up and reveal the truth that cigarettes are harmful. I'd like the myth that smoking is mature destroyed and replaced by the truth that smoking indicates weakness.

Yes, Rosemarie, I'm going to do everything I can to sell you on the idea that smoking is not for you.

Being Fair to Yourself

Henry H. Graham

THERE is a man in our community who spends so much time on the golf course that he has never got around to painting his house, which needs attention badly. Since the dwelling is small, a few hours' work would take care of the matter. This man is in poor financial circumstances, and feels that he cannot afford to pay for having the house painted; but he is perfectly healthy, and could do the job himself.

This man lacks a sense of comparative values. He should learn to put first things first, and do his playing only after necessary work is done.

One of this man's neighbors also lacks a sense of life's comparative values, perhaps without realizing the fact. She spends so many afternoons playing bridge with friends at their homes, shopping, and taking part in other activities that she neglects her children. Rarely is she at home when the little ones return from school. Left to their own resources, two of the youngsters have got into serious trouble. They feel that no one loves them or cares for them.

Many people seemingly cannot distinguish between life's great values and the lesser ones. They are apt to place too much emphasis on the trivial and too little on the serious.

Jim complains bitterly when some worthy charitable organization asks him to make a contribution, saying he cannot afford it. Yet he thinks nothing of spending large amounts on sports and night life. Many of his pursuits he would be better off without. Jim smokes a great deal and drinks heavily. These habits cost him money and are reducing his efficiency in business. Yet he claims he cannot part with even so little as a dollar to help smooth the pathway for some unfortunate who needs assistance.

Then there is Tom. In his opinion wealth outranks character, and worldly goods of all kinds are far more important than anything else. He measures men's worth

by bank accounts instead of honesty, integrity, and mental powers.

As a result, some of his friends are less than ordinary, because money and human qualities do not always go together.

These people all lack a sense of comparative values. Most children, of course, are inclined to overestimate the trivial and underestimate the important, largely because of their inexperience. Adults, however, should be smart enough not to fall into this trap, though millions do not seem to be.

Take Fred and Bill, for instance. Fred's reading is confined to the comic and sports sections of the daily paper. Rarely does he even glance at the front page, where the important news is found. There is no such thing as isolation any more. Happenings in the most remote and distant parts of the world can easily affect us all. Yet Fred won't be bothered. Naturally, being uninformed on world events and conditions, he is shallow in his thinking and a poor conversationalist. If he reads a book, it is of the "escape literature" variety. He reads only to be entertained.

How about Bill? He needs to appraise life's values, too. All his spare hours are devoted to the working of crossword puzzles. It is an obsession with him. Though this hobby no doubt sharpens his wits and is beneficial in some respects, he is foolish to devote all of his free time to it. Not long ago Bill was asked to canvass his block in a charity drive. He refused on the grounds that he lacked the time, and used the same excuse when asked to take a more active part in the church of which he is a member. Bill lives a narrow, lopsided life, of little or no value to his fellowmen. Nor is he being fair to himself. A well-rounded life, with the proper emphasis on each phase, would increase his own pleasure in living and turn him into a more useful and successful citizen.

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 25)

- 2 (12-ounce) cans pineapple juice
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 large bottle ginger ale, chilled

Combine mint jelly and 1 cup water in saucepan. Place over low heat and stir until jelly melts. Add remaining ingredients except ginger ale. Chill. Add ginger ale just before serving.

HOT CRANBERRY PUNCH

(18 punch cups)

- 3 pints bottled cranberry-juice cocktail
- 3 cups water
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon grated orange peel
- ½ cup seedless raisins
- 1 medium orange studded with cloves

Combine ingredients. Cover and

simmer 10 minutes. Remove orange. Serve hot.

CHRISTMAS SNOW PEOPLE

- ½ cup butter or margarine, soft
- 1 (3-ounce) package cream cheese, soft
- ¾ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 teaspoons water
- 1½ cups sifted enriched flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup flaked coconut
- 1¼ cups Quaker oats, quick or old-fashioned

Beat butter and cream cheese together until creamy. Add sugar and beat until fluffy. Add vanilla and water. Sift together flour, soda, and salt; combine with butter mixture, beating well. Add coconut. Stir in oats, mixing thoroughly. Make snow people by flattening balls or pieces of dough onto

greased baking sheet to achieve the desired shape. Press parts together firmly so they will join when baked. Prepare North Poles by shaping pieces of dough into a "rope" about 4 inches long and ½ inch in diameter. Place on cookie sheet. Press ball of dough on top. Bake in preheated oven (375°) 10 to 12 minutes. Allow cookies to cool about 5 minutes before removing from cookie sheets.

To decorate, frost snowmen with thin white confectioners' sugar frosting. Add a little cocoa to frosting for stovepipe hat. Use pieces of raisins, gumdrops, cinnamon candies, and coconut for faces and trim on snowmen. For North Poles, alternate strips of white and red frosting. Spread top of pole with red with a little frosting for snow.

Fasten snow people and poles to mirror or heavy cardboard with thick frosting. Arrange so that they stand in drifts of granulated sugar.



POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

Stillness

Inez Brasier

Only
The slow wheeling
Of stars this late December night
Proclaims movement when every thought
Is stilled.

Thanksgiving

Olive Bender

Give me a thankful heart, Lord,
As I walk life's varied way,
That I may not take for granted
Blessings from day to day.

Put in my heart a song, Lord,
Of gratitude unto Thee
For all the loving-kindness
Thou hast bestowed on me.

The Prisoner

Constance Ellison

Love flew in my window one beautiful day;
My house looked so empty, he thought he would stay.
I closed all the exits to keep him inside.
In no time at all—love sickened and died.

Meditation at a Manger

Nancy Childress

When snowflakes softly fall on earth that's bare,
They lay a downy carpet where may tread
Songsters, who upon the chill night air
Sing carols of the Child in manger bed.

The trees that not so very long ago
Were bare and gaunt against the winter sky
Are gowned in glistening white from top to toe,
And years upon their heads now gently lie.

The peace of that first blessed Christmas morn
Is breathed into the chill December air,
That He who on that holy night was born
May find on earth the peace that once was there.

Oh, God of love, dwell in the hearts of men.
We, too, must find that earthly peace again.

Snow at Dusk

Mark Bullock

Feather-soft snow
Descends with evening's dusk,
And with gentle hands
Tucks the earth to bed
Beneath a blanket
Of silvery silence.

UP FROM "NOTHING"

(Continued from page 9)

prison officials in other states for help.

What of its future? The present roster of 370 first- and second-stage members at the five centers represents only a tiny fraction of the total addicts in the United States—some 60,000 or more. Synanon leaders declare confidently that if they had the funds and the personnel, they could open houses in every metropolitan center. A new center in San Francisco has opened this year, and others are under way.

A significant new trend is the use of Synanon's approach for nonaddicted criminals. The governor of Nevada and the state legislature were impressed with Synanon's promise, and they appropriated \$24,000 for a two-year experimental plan at the Nevada State Prison in Reno. Synanon set up its system in the cell blocks among maximum-security prisoners. Now some 150 men, only a few of whom are former narcotics users, are with Synanon, many of them in special tiers where the cells are left unlocked day and night and the warden and guards do not enter except on invitation. These 150 prisoners now take a hand in changing the behavior of the rest of the inmates.

Warden Jack Fogliani points out that "these Synanon people can approach the convicts in ways that we can't. They've been at the bottom of the barrel, too; so other convicts listen to them."

As viewed by its founder, Charles Dederich, Synanon is still in its infancy. The fact that more than 370 persons with long addiction and criminal records are currently "clean" attests to its effectiveness. With more experience, improved methods, and larger facilities, it is expected in time to demolish the myth of the "confirmed addict" and to offer to far more addicts the hope of freedom from the shackles of dope—truly, up from "nothing."



"If you didn't stay open so late I'd get home earlier."

BLIND PIANIST

(Continued from page 15)

fitted for the role of assistant piano teacher. In helping Rosalie, he reads the braille music for her; in this way her memorizing moves along faster.

After the initial memorization of a number, Rosalie makes a tape recording of the piece. She plays it back and listens for any mistakes and carefully analyzes the interpretation of the piece. This done, her work is polished at her regular weekly lessons with her music instructor. Permanent records are then made of all her pieces; these she keeps on file in her music library. She never forgets a composition she has learned; however, she plays her pieces over occasionally to keep them "in her fingers."

On the night of June 11 of this year Miss Hoffman again played with the Boston "Pops" in Symphony Hall, Arthur Fiedler conducting. Her number was Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody." Rosalie had heard this composition played on Radio Station WCRB and had thanked the station for the number, commenting how much she had enjoyed its rhythm. The station re-

sponded by presenting her with a tape recording. The National Braille Press in Boston then transcribed the music into braille for her. It took her three months to master it.

The day following her performance the *Boston Globe* reported that when Rosalie struck the last chords of her piece, "the capacity audience was on its feet with shouts of Bravo! Bravo!" After she left the stage, the prolonged applause brought her back, escorted by Mr. Fiedler. She was asked to repeat her performance on June 20. This she did, and at the appearance played "Capriccio Italien," by Tchaikovsky. Mr. Fiedler invited Rosalie to return as their guest artist for the spring season of 1965. Leo Litwin, her teacher, feels that her blindness has been put to advantage in that it has sharpened her ear, her sense of harmony, and her memory.

During the past summer Rosalie was an invited guest at the Boston Y.M.C.A. Day Camp, where she organized and trained a junior choral group.

Rosalie is a careful guardian of her health. She is a member of the Athletic Club at Perkins High and finds much happiness in mingling with young people of her age.

She neither drinks nor smokes. When asked the reason, she replies that she must keep herself physically fit and her mind clear at all times. She realizes that a program of hard work lies before her, but she is bent upon reaching her goal—that of obtaining as high a degree in music as any pianist can.

She wants to bring her music before as many people as possible for their enjoyment and uplift; "for," she says, "good music has power to bring out the best in a person's life revealed in beautiful expressions of words and deeds."

Another conviction of hers gives one a look into her soul: "If by my playing I can inspire some other handicapped person to live a life of worthwhileness, my joy will know no bounds."

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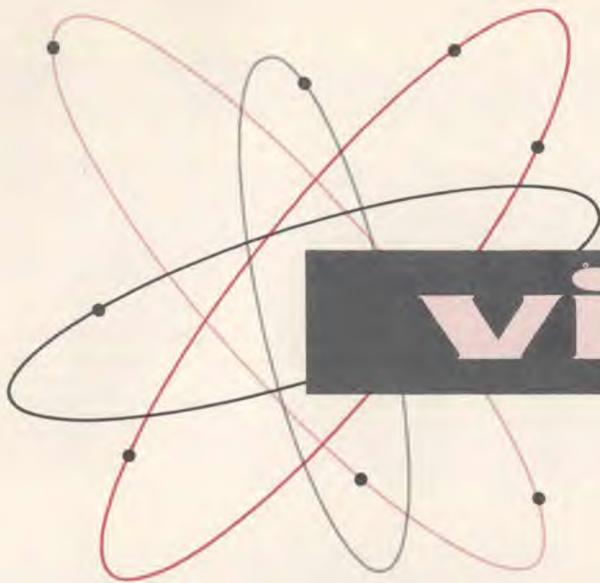
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views

❖ **A.M.A. TOBACCO RESEARCH.** Ten grants for tobacco research, including a project seeking chemical persuaders capable of inducing the body to manufacture cancer-fighting weapons, have been announced by the American Medical Association Education and Research Foundation.

The tobacco research grants were financed primarily from a \$10,000,000, five-year grant from six major tobacco companies, a move that was denounced by the official publication of the American Academy of General Practice. "For once, we would like to see a little more integrity and a lot less squirming," said the journal.

Those grants approved include projects to study the action of nicotine on cells, to produce synthetic radioactive nicotine for research, to find more facts on the relationship between cigarette smoking and cardiopulmonary disease, to study the effects of nicotine on the human heart, to determine how cigarette smoke affects the ability of the lungs to clear foreign particles, to measure the addictive qualities of nicotine, and several other projects.

❖ **NOT A MEDICINE.** "A person is on his way to alcoholism when alcohol hits him harder than usual, when he takes a drink as medicine, when he thinks he has to have a drink, and when he drinks at a time he knows he should not. When a person's body chemistry and psychological reactions become alcoholic, he has had it. If he continues drinking at all, he will become either alcohol dependent or a true alcoholic." —William B. Terhune, M.D.

❖ **OVERWEIGHT? CUT THE DRINKS.** The nutrition board of the National Academy of Sciences says a large segment of the population has become overweight. Recommending a 2,900 caloric intake for men and 2,100 for women, the board suggests the quickest way to cut down is to stop drinking. Four whiskey highballs or two martinis omitted would take off 300 calories.

❖ **SLEEPING OFF CRIME.** Sleep therapy (the playing of taped or recorded material through individual ear-

phones to sleeping subjects) proved its effectiveness in reducing crime 5 percent in Tulare County, California, for the fifth consecutive year in 1962, according to John Locke, originator of the program.

Jailings for the period of 1958-62 were 1,522 less than the projected figures based on the previous twenty-two years, he states. Jailings during the program of sleep therapy increased at half the former annual rate: 5.28 percent instead of 10.8 percent.

New juvenile delinquency filings for 1962 were also 31 percent less than for 1959, an indirect result of the sleep-therapy program at the county road camps, Locke says.

Tulare County's success with its program of rehabilitation will lead to the use of sleep therapy through state and federal prisons in the foreseeable future, Locke predicts.

❖ **"PURPLE HEARTS"** pep pills are the British teen-agers' newest kick in dope dabbling. According to a writer from London's "Evening Standard" who spent a lost weekend with some floating "kicksters," they wander in from respectable suburban and provincial homes for forty-eight sleepless hours, drifting from one all-night club to another where pills are sold for sixpence (7 cents) each and tea or coffee is served.

They don't drink alcohol and don't cause trouble. They just chat and dance and dream with eyes dilated, limbs relaxed. Some apparently go on from "purple hearts" to narcotics like cocaine and heroin.

The pep pills are various amphetamine compounds such as dexedrine, available by prescription and so far not covered by narcotic laws. According to "Evening Standard" inquiries, large quantities are stolen from manufacturers, bought from dubious druggists, or obtained from reputable doctors by ruses.



Once upon a time there was a young man whose picture appeared on the cover of *Listen*—Air Force Cadet Steve Ritchie—that is, in the early summer of last year.

Also once upon a time, there was a young lady whose picture—one of the most lovely of *Listen's* seventeen years—graced its cover, exactly one year ago.

It so happened that Steve, in Colorado, in becoming acquainted with Darla, in California, sent her his "at attention" cover. It also so happened that, several months later, Darla sent him her smiling cover.

Nature was taking its course. In the wedding month of this year Steve and Darla were happily married. *Listen* wishes its cover sweethearts only the best that life can bring them!

"Listen's" Sweethearts

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Elaine Cannon—An Old-Fashioned Leader in a Modern Young World	Reed Blake	17-5-7
He Fights for the Right to Serve His Country	Eloise Engle	17-5-16
"I Sell the Stuff"		17-4-16
I Tossed Liquor Out of My Store	W. A. Scharffenberg	17-1-30
Johnny's Teacher Needs Your Help	William Folprecht	16-6-30
Of Cats and People	James Scales	16-1-30
Operation Teen-Ager	William M. Hall	16-4-8
Teen-Age Key Clubs	Francis A. Soper	16-1-17
Teen-Agers in a Fast-Changing World	Darla Banks	16-6-18
Teen Talk	Marjorie Grant Burns	17-5-8
When You Apply for a Job	Russell J. Fornwalt	17-5-5
World's Largest Abstinence Society, The	Mary Purcell	16-6-20

Inspirational and Travel

Awareness	Robert B. Fox	16-3-28
Being a More Dynamic You!	Frances Carfi Matrauga	17-6-30
Being Fair to Yourself	Henry H. Graham	17-6-32
Big Little Things	B. Cousin Black	16-4-29
Castor's Cactus Curtain	Eloise Engle	16-6-14
Ever Watch a Bird?	Raymond Schuessler	16-2-26
Far North Winter, A	Elizabeth Scott	16-1-23
Freedom of Wind and Waves	Linda Barker	17-1-28
Hazards of Hero Worship, The	Henry H. Graham	16-3-25
Is Your Status Quo Showing?	Ferris Weddle	16-4-30
Lifting Our Thoughts	Katherine Bevis	17-5-6
Living Life and Loving It	Mary Jane Rup	17-2-26
Lopsided Living	Henry H. Graham	17-1-23
On Fishing	Patricia Kinaman	16-2-24
Pills or Willpower?	Lucile Joy Small, R.N.	16-5-30
Power for Living	W. A. Fagal	16-5-21
Recreational Waterway	Robert H. Riecks	16-4-24
Sailing Into Open Waters	Marie Layne	16-3-24
Silence	Marvin Edward Thrasher	16-1-22
Some Tranquilizers Are Not Pills!	Ruth A. Walton	17-5-28
Summer Outdoors, A	Duane G. Newcomb	16-2-5
Wedding	Ruth Hayward	16-3-29
You Can't Spell "Brothers" Without Spelling "Others"	Katherine Bevis	17-4-27
Youth	Jimmy Scales	16-3-34

Legislative Control and Economic Effects

California Counts the Cost	William L. Roper	16-6-12
Does Your Community Need Liquor?	William N. Plymat	17-3-9
Finding the Real Solution	James R. Phillips	17-3-24
Slow Suicide	Joseph K. Wilson	17-6-27
Teen-Age Jury	Marion Rubinstein	17-4-8
That "Extra"	Wilbur A. Stewart	16-1-36

Liquor Advertising

Advertising Goes for the Teen-Ager	Peter Bart	16-3-16
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Medical and Nutritional

Alcohol and Heart Attack	Zack Miller	16-2-30
Beware! Moonshine Is Poison	Ralph Oliver	17-6-24
Developing "Body Wisdom"		16-5-27
Good Health—Your Most Valuable Asset	Henry H. Graham	17-3-29
Hangover Facts		16-1-26
How to Live 102 Magnificent Years!	Duane Valentry	17-5-18
How to Stay Healthy on the Job		17-5-26
Is Alcoholism a Disease?	Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.	17-5-25
Put on Your Walking Shoes	Maurine Clements	17-4-26
Saboteur of the Brain	A. E. Bennett, M.D.	16-1-12
We Can Afford Only the Best	J. Lewis Schanbacher	17-2-27
Whiskey Is a Deceiver	H. Stuart Morrison	17-4-20

Miscellaneous

A.D. Three Thousand	Charles E. Weniger	16-6-28
Appropriate Hideout, An	Omer A. Kearney	16-3-28
Beer and the Bees	Jim Maclean	17-6-23
Bird With Two Suits	Duane Valentry	17-4-28
Catch a Falling Star	Raymond Schuessler	17-1-22
Catholic Authorities Speak on Liquor		16-6-22
Flying Hero Falls—the Second Time	Henry F. Unger	17-3-30
Get a Garden	Vera E. Griswold	17-2-22
"Go to the Ant"	James A. Tucker	16-3-22
High as a Kite	Don Perryman	17-6-16
Miracle of the Candles	Harry J. Miller	17-6-17
Segregation—I'm for It	Leola Seely Anderson	16-4-28
Table, The	Herbert Ford	16-3-12
Suddenly—It Crashed	Eloise Engle	17-2-19
Technology Trims This Tree!	Duane Valentry	17-6-29
10 Reasons Why I Drink		17-4-11
What Is It?	"Listen" Quiz	16-1-27
What's Your A.O.?	M. M. Feruski	17-4-20
Wonderful World of Nature	Raymond Schuessler	16-6-26

Narcotics—Informational

Dreams That Murder	Duane Valentry	16-3-6
Glove Sniffing	Jacob Sokol, M.D.	17-1-8
Peccodan, Politics, and Physicians	William L. Roper	17-2-16
Peypote: Menace at Large	Bob Karolevitz	17-4-7

Narcotics—Law Enforcement

America's Pill Horror	William L. Roper	16-2-9
Desert Dope Fighters	Photos by Three Lions	16-1-14
Taking the Lid Off Pandora's Box	William L. Roper	17-4-10
War Against Drugs	H. Stuart Morrison	16-2-22
Will Laws Solve Our Drug-Addiction Problem?	Judge Walter S. Gates	16-3-8

Narcotics—Need and Status of Education

Death on Their Breath	Lois L. Higgins, LL.D.	16-3-13
Don't Be a Dope!	Lois L. Higgins, M.S.W., LL.D.	16-6-10
Dope Substitutes	Duane G. Newcomb	16-4-11
"Liberty to the Captives"	Kenneth Wells	17-2-5
Tom Egan—He Helps Young Addicts	Alfred K. Allan	17-5-30
Up From "Nothing"	James Stirling	17-6-7

Narcotics—Stories (See also "Stories")

Death in the Aralias	Blendena L. Sonnichsen	17-4-24
Hello, Bennie		17-3-26
I Took the Road Back	Nadine Portugal	17-4-14
Man With the Dead Eyes, The	Blendena L. Sonnichsen	17-6-22
No Escape From This Whirlpool		16-5-14
Price Is Too Great, The	Lyslie Means	17-2-24
Shadowed World, A	Robert Clark	16-1-24
Twisted Shadows	Wharton B. Trout, Jr.	17-3-22

Personalities—Business

Case, Philip E.—Pharmacist	W. A. Scharffenberg	17-1-30
Webb, Del.—Builder and Sportsman	Duane Valentry	16-4-10

Personalities—Educational

Cannon, Elaine—Youth Writer and Speaker	Reed Blake	17-5-7
Egan, Tom—Counselor	Alfred K. Allan	17-5-30
Moscrip, James—Woodside Acres	Duane G. Newcomb	17-6-14
Neil, Robert—Principal	Ross L. Holman	16-2-6
Rafferty, Max	Gordon Dalrymple	17-1-12
Ratanakorn, Prasop—Researcher		17-1-36

Personalities—General

Arnold, Mrs. Dexter Otis—President, General Federation of Women's Clubs		16-5-5
Banks, Darla—Miss Teenage America 1965		16-6-17
Cody, William F.—Advertiser	Harold Gluck, Ph.D.	17-1-21
Eckert, Dick—No. 1 Cadet	Marie Layne	16-6-23
Ellis, Frank—Navy Pilot	Eloise Engle	17-5-16
Johnson, Ginger—Mermaid	Michael A. Jones	16-4-14
Kneen, John—Air Rescue Service	Eloise Engle	17-2-18
Le Duc, Jon—CAP Cadet	Read Wynn	16-4-18
Miller, Betty—Transpacific Solo Flier	Blendena Sonnichsen	17-3-21
Nordlie, Lyn—Teen-Ager		16-3-5
Nunley, William C.—Driver of the Year	Francis A. Soper	17-3-7
Ritchie, Steve—Air Force Cadet	Eloise Engle	16-3-17
Ritchie, Steve, and Darla Banks—"Listen" Sweethearts		17-6-36
Sherk, Wilfred—Key Clubs		16-1-18

Personalities—Public Life

Bennett, Charles E.—Congressman		17-6-10
Black, Cyril—Member of British Parliament		17-4-36
Brown, Edmund (Pat)—California Governor	William L. Roper	16-6-12
Christopher, George—Mayor		17-2-8
Churchill, Sir Winston	Paul Harvey	16-1-13
Clyde, George Dewey—Utah Governor		16-6-36
Manning, Ernest C.—Premier	Dieter Han	17-2-14
Mosk, Stanley—California Attorney General	Gordon F. Dalrymple	17-3-16
Santora, John E., Jr.—Judge	Marion Rubinstein	17-4-8
Siler, Eugene—Congressman	James C. Heffey	16-4-7
Strausser, David N.—Judge	Robert B. Hunt	17-3-28
Udall, Stewart L.—Cabinet Member	Francis A. Soper	16-5-18

Personalities—Radio, TV, Fine Arts, and Beauty

Bickford, Charles—Actor	Hoyt McAfee	16-1-8
Hines, Jerome—Opera Star	Edward L. Wertheim	17-1-16
Hoffman, Rosalie—Blind Pianist	Elizabeth Wakefield	17-6-15
Lord, Jack—Cowboy Hall of Fame TV Actor	Duane Valentry	16-6-9
Vee, Bobby—Teen-Age Singer	H. J. Steed	16-3-21

Personalities—Sports and Physical Development

Baggot, Jim—Coach	R. Wallace Anderson	16-2-11
Gillespie, Sue—Horseshoe Champion	E. M. Phillips	16-4-21
Hubbs, Ken—Second Baseman	Reed Blake	16-5-12
Johnson, Robyn—Swimmer	Mike A. Jones	16-2-17
Kindall, Jerry—Baseball Player	Richard Wager	16-3-36
Law, Vernon—Baseball Pitcher	Robert Hoag	16-4-36
LeCuyer, Phil—Basketball Star	R. Wallace Anderson	16-3-11
McKinley, Chuck—Tennis Champion	Marion Rubinstein	17-3-18
Peters, Gary—Baseball Pitcher	George F. Kinney	17-5-36
Schollander, Don—Swimmer	Duane G. Newcomb	17-4-17
Shantz, Bobby—Pitcher	George Kinney	16-5-13
Stagg, Amos Alonzo—Football Coach	Duane Valentry	17-5-18
Stanbach, Roger—Football Player		17-6-18
Fantastic	Michael A. Jones	16-5-36
Yang, Chuan Kwang—All-Round Athlete		16-5-36

Picture Features

Birth of Decay in Africa		16-2-12
Children's Village	Susan Schiff, Three Lions	17-3-10
Desperate Journey	Sherman, Three Lions	16-3-10
Interpol Fights the Narcotics Traffic		16-5-24
Mexico's Business of Death	Bernath, Three Lions	17-6-12
Teen-Ager Without a Father		16-4-12

Poems

Basket of Joys, A	Madeline Coyne	16-1-33
Best, The	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	16-6-33
Better You, A	Mrs. Brig. E. M. Young	17-1-33
Bravest Man, The	Clarence Edwin Flynn	16-3-33
Broken Image	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	16-1-33
Candle in Your Heart, A	Mildred M. Northam	16-6-33
Carnival	Beth M. Applegate	17-5-33
Challenge	Thelma Ireland	16-6-33
Character	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	17-3-33
Coals of Fire	Thelma Ireland	16-2-33
Coin of Evening	Rosemary Clifford Trott	17-3-33
Co-Workers	Clarence Edwin Flynn	16-4-33
Daffodil, The	Katherine Bevis	16-2-33
Decades	Catherine Voxtheimer	16-4-33
Dreams	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	17-4-33
Either Way	H. Praul Clarke	17-4-32
Enter the King!	Kitty Horton	17-1-33
Everyday Mother	Beatrice Munro Wilson	16-1-33
First Spring Thaw	Mary Vivian Small	16-2-33
Fog	Constance Quinby Mills	17-2-33
Garden Come Home	Kay Cammer	17-4-33
Happiness	Lillie D. Claffin	16-5-33
Heart Indomitable, The	Mary Louise Cheatham	17-6-6
Hour, The	Inez Brasier	17-2-33
How Big	Cathy Johnson	17-3-33
Humor	Thelma Ireland	17-3-33
Immortality	Mary Ann Putman	17-4-33
It's Up to You	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	16-3-33
Ladies to Like	Bertha R. Hudson	16-1-33

Last Frontier	Helen Baker Adams	17-2-6
Litterbug	B. R. Bristol	17-2-30
Lonesome	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	16-2-33
Meditation at a Manger	Nancy Childress	17-6-33
Miracle Is Many Things, A	Katherine McClure Amyx	16-4-6
Mistakes	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	16-5-33
My Garden	Bessie Gladding	16-3-33
Nature's Canvas	Constance O. Mills	16-5-33
Nature Vignettes	Frederick Woodward	17-4-33
New Year, The	Bess Berry Carr	17-1-33
Not Butterflies	June Lee	17-5-33
Offshoots	Kay Cammer	16-5-33
Of Time and Stream	Emmabell Woodworth Davis	17-1-33
Our Lives	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	17-4-22
Poor Farmer, A	Janie Hollenbeck	16-6-33
Prisoner, The	Constance Ellison	17-6-33
Progress	Constance Quinby Mills	16-4-33
Release	Mark Bullock	16-2-33
Searching and Finding	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	17-2-33
Security	Clarence Edwin Flynn	16-4-33
Seemingly a Little Thing	Joan Elizabeth Pecchia	17-2-33
Simple Way, The	Emily May Young	17-5-33
Snow at Dusk	Mark Bullock	17-6-33
Source of Light, The	Joseph Cherwinski	17-1-14
Stillness	Inez Brasier	17-6-33
Stirrings of Spring, The	Helen Sue Isely	16-2-33
Summer Nights	William Allen Ward	16-4-33
Taboo	Thelma Ireland	17-4-33
Thanksgiving	Olive Bender	17-6-33
To Find Within	Grace Ross	17-5-33
Too Busy	Katherine Bevis	17-2-33
To the Dogwood Tree	Frederick Woodard	16-3-26
Untrodden Pathway, The	Mildred N. Hoyer	17-5-33
Value Received	E. Jay Ritter, Jr.	17-1-33
View From My Window	Beatrice Munro Wilson	16-5-33
Visitor	June Lee	16-3-33
Voices	June Lee	17-3-33
Winter—Farewell	Myrtle Leora Nelson	17-2-28
Wintertime	Virginia Corbin Spencer	16-6-33

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As the World Turns	16-1-20; 16-2-20; 16-4-20; 17-1-20; 17-3-20; 17-4-20
For Your Reading and Reference	16-1-32; 16-2-32; 16-5-32; 16-4-32; 16-5-32; 16-6-32; 16-6-32; 16-3-20
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Youth Asks—The Doctor Answers	16-1-31; 16-2-31; 16-3-31; 16-4-31; 16-5-31; 16-6-31; 17-1-31; 17-2-31; 17-3-31; 17-4-31; 17-5-31; 17-6-31

Psychology and Mental Health

Forming and Breaking Habits	Harold Sherman	16-4-5
How to Break a Bad Habit	Harold Sherman	16-5-9
Retreat From Reality	Gus Turbeville	17-6-5
What Is Mental Health?	David A. Rann	17-4-5

Smoking and Tobacco Education

If You Drop It, You Can Break a Habit	Becky Burris	17-1-11
Peace or Armistice?	Lee Lester	17-3-5
Tobacco Is a Narcotic	Samuel Carter McMorris	17-5-14
What Can I Do for Rosemarie?	Arthur J. Fettig	17-6-28

Social and Cultural Aspects

Art and Sobriety	Charles Layng	17-6-26
Escape That Is Not an Escape	Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.	16-5-29
Music From the Sky	Duane Valentry	17-5-27
Public Image of Chester Miller, The	William L. Rankin	16-5-28
Singer With a Sheaf of Arrows	Edward L. Wertheim	17-1-16
Six Ways to Make Your Parties Successful		16-5-8
Social Drinker		17-1-15
Want to Be Miserable?	Henry H. Graham	17-5-24
What It Means to Have a Police Record	Ellen Gravino	17-2-17

Sports

He Plays for Keeps	Marion Rubinstein	17-3-18
Don Schollander—"So Many Really Big Goals in Life"	Duane G. Newcomb	17-4-17

Statistics

Alcohol Facts for Laymen	Winton H. Beaven, Ph.D.	16-5-6
Brazil—Drug Problems	H. Stuart Morrison	17-3-20
Mexico—Empire of Alcohol	Federico Ortiz, Jr.	17-3-20
San Francisco—Unhappy Champion	Gordon F. Dalrymple	17-2-7

Stories (See also "Narcotics Stories")

Adder's Sting, The	Ellis G. Guthrie	16-2-23
"Affectionately, Elizabeth Denning"	Kathleen Stilwell Edwards	16-6-24
"Banquet of Consequences, The"	William Folprecht	16-3-27
By Mutual Agreement	Helen C. Shoemaker	16-1-5
Consider My Inheritance	Anonymous	16-6-27
Dark Corridor	Ada Godfrey	17-5-20
Dead End	Gerald Meyer	16-5-26
I Watched Her Father Die	Mary Tracy	16-3-22
"Little Child Shall Lead Them, A"	William L. Rankin	17-4-21
Lonesome and the Damned, The	Gordon Thatcher	17-1-24
Mist of a Memory	Fred D. Cavender	16-4-26
Music From the Sky	Duane Valentry	17-5-27
Pursuit of the Monster	Louise Tensen Johnson, R.N.	17-2-30
That Extra	William A. Stewart	16-1-36
You Don't Need Money!	Heather Hume	17-6-21