

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



LINDA LOFTIS,
ON JOKER B



news

❖ **CARNAGE BY CAR.** Since the first horseless carriage chugged noisily down cobblestone streets, more than 60,000,000 Americans have been killed, maimed, or crippled in the automobile's relentless butchery, reports the Travelers Insurance Companies. More persons have died on the nation's highways than on all the nation's battlefields; more have been injured in auto accidents than in all the world's wars combined.

❖ **CRIME RATE UP.** Serious crime in the United States registered a 10 percent increase in 1963 over 1962, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's annual Crime Report. More than 2,250,000 serious crimes were reported in 1963. Since 1958 the nation's population rise of 8 percent has been outstripped by a 40 percent crime increase.

During 1963, arrests of young persons under eighteen years of age for criminal acts climbed 11 percent. The FBI estimates the annual crime bill of the nation at a conservative twenty-seven billion dollars.

❖ **ALCOHOL EDUCATION BILL.** Senator Everett Dirksen of Illinois is scheduled to reintroduce a bill into Congress this session that would set aside the fourth week of April each year as Youth Temperance Education Week. The Illinois legislator indicates the measure would bring to the nation's consciousness the nature of the alcohol problem. And with the establishment of an annual week, the emphasis would be more than of a temporary nature, he says.

❖ **NONSMOKERS SAVE ON INSURANCE.** In the first six weeks of its new nonsmoker policy, the State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America sold \$5,841,969 worth of policies. This policy accounted for 34 percent of the sales of the State Mutual's most popular life insurance contract, the preferred protector policy.

Total sales of the policy available to anyone who has not smoked in the past twelve months, including cigarettes, cigars, and pipes, may reach above \$40,000,000 a year, company estimates indicate. Savings vary according to the applicant's age and the amount of the policy purchased, but the savings average about 3 percent at most ages.

❖ **RISING ROAD DEATHS.** "People have just got to realize they can't drink and then drive. It isn't two-car accidents which are giving us the most concern. It's these one-car accidents that have driven the death rate up," states New Hampshire Commissioner Robert W. Rhodes of the Department of Safety.

He notes that in fifteen of seventeen one-car accidents "the drivers were found to have a bodily alcoholic content of more than the .15 percent allowed by law. They were simply driving while under the influence and you can't do that and live."

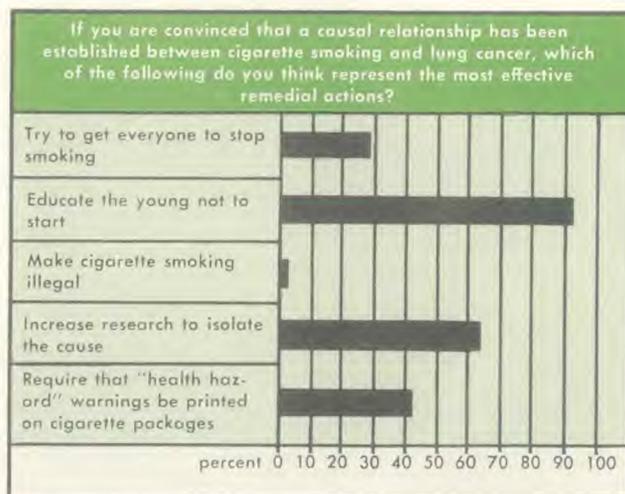
❖ **CIRRHOSIS OF THE LIVER.** In cooperative patients, early cirrhosis of the liver is completely reversible in most cases, particularly in its nutritional or alcoholic form. So says Dr. William Davis, Jr., speaking at the 106th annual session of the Missouri State Medical Association.

❖ **AD BAN.** "If cigarette advertising is to be curbed, liquor advertising should be abolished," says Magistrate Charles A. Fassel of Toronto. He says not a single day passes in his court without at least one serious case in which the accused says: "I don't remember what happened. I was drinking."

❖ EDUCATE THE YOUNG!

In a "Medical Tribune" poll, the overwhelming majority of nearly 1,300 surveyed physicians described themselves as convinced that a causal relationship between cigarette smoking and lung cancer has been established.

The accompanying graph shows how the physicians answered the question as to what should be done about the smoking problem.



(Percentage of participants who checked each choice)

OUR COVER Unlike many beauty winners who strut on their stage briefly and then are forgotten, Linda Loftis, a winner in the Miss America Pageant, is now well on the road to a spectacular career in music and television. Because of the high ideals which she holds, Linda should be the means of encouraging millions in our modern day to live better lives themselves.

Listen's cover of Linda on Joker B is by James Cathay of Fort Worth, Texas.



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LISTEN



NANCY

DYING IN VAIN?

ON last June 22 two cocktail parties, perhaps among others, were held in the fashionable New York suburban community of Darien, Connecticut. Since that time these parties have become two of the most famous cocktail parties of all time, focusing attention of people across the nation on some principles involved in certain modern social trends, and in adult responsibilities to youth.

Michael Smith, eighteen, and Nancy Hitchings, seventeen, attended the parties, as did 200 other teen-agers. On the way home about four o'clock in the morning Nancy was killed when her mother's Ford station wagon failed to make a turn, plowed through a hedge, and crashed into a tree.

At his trial three months later, Michael said he remembered nothing of the accident, couldn't even recall who had been driving. He had had during that fateful night twelve Scotch-and-water highballs.

Circuit Court Judge Rodney E. Eielson mushroomed the tragic incident into national prominence when he ordered the arrest of fourteen adults who had been serving liquor at the two parties that Michael and Nancy had attended. These adults, he ruled, had violated the law forbidding any adult, except the immediate parents, to give liquor to a minor.

Seldom has any action, in court or out, attracted more attention or caused more debate. It has given rise to many questions such as, Can youth be kept away from liquor until they are twenty-one? or should they? Should the law be made to apply to people serving young guests in their own homes? How can bartenders in modern homes be sure of the age of their customers?

Questions like these are good in themselves. However, none of them really gets down to fundamentals. They all beg the real issue.

The matter of when a young person should be permitted to drink is purely academic. As long as adults indulge, youth tend to follow suit. Age in itself is no criterion of whether a person is ready to drink. The tragedy is that the so-called "sophisticated set" takes it for granted that maturing youth today will automatically drink. This is not something to be taken for granted. Millions of young people are finding life to be much better in every way when alcohol is not around.

Furthermore, the questions being asked in the wake of the Darien story do not take into consideration the nature of alcohol itself. Medically it is a narcotic drug, and indeed our society has sunk to a pitiful low when it is thought necessary to drug our young people in order to show them a good time.

"If you try to restrict your child, he tells you everybody serves drinks, and they call you an old fogey," complains one Darien father. Such fathers and mothers—and many others across the land—should set an example that is not based merely on expediency or custom. They might be surprised to learn that their children would appreciate their showing a little backbone for a change. Children would appreciate being treated like real adults, instead of being made to feel that in order to be adult they have to indulge.

If the Darien experience doesn't result in a close look at some of these basic considerations, then Nancy will have died in vain, and other Nancys will continue to pay the price—an entirely unnecessary price.

Francis A. Soper

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME



Duane Valentry

A SLOW-MOVING line of men and women, some pale and some visibly shaken, move along beside a casket.

Mourners at a funeral? No. These are drinking-driver offenders in the Santa Monica courtroom of Judge W. Blair Gibbons, viewing the coffin which he likes to refer to as "the careless driver's overcoat," flower-decked and grim enough to remind them forcibly of the tragic consequences of drinking and careless driving.

Judge Gibbons, who has gained wide publicity for his startling treatment of offenders in traffic cases, is achieving results by making the punishment fit the crime.

These men and women coming before him in court are not criminals, he says. "They are perfectly decent, average men and women, good citizens under most conditions. They have driven too fast, made ridiculous errors in safety, or operated motor vehicles while under the influence. To jail them, toss them in with sex offenders, holdup men, vagrants, and what-have-you, would obviously be an error. Yet here they are, a moving danger to themselves and others, and something certainly has to be done."

Some of the tough penalties the judge hands out are said to frighten the offenders and shake them up, like being publicly tagged a traffic violator with a red windshield sticker, or sentenced to watch at the hospital the accident cases as they are brought in. Perhaps the offender will be put on the "broom detail"—sent out to clean up a bad accident.

Does this work? What do they see?
"Smashed windshield glass, laced

with blood. A broken doll, the toy of a child who will have no further need for toys. The mangled remains of a new automobile, now the property of the former owner's heirs," reads a typical report of a pale and shaken broom detail.

"In general, it does no good to fine or imprison the traffic violator," says the judge. Let the driver see the human cost at first hand. Let him hear the moans of the injured, see the faces of the ambulance attendants, sense the hot-metal smell of a smashed automobile, and it becomes real—and personal."

Not everyone agrees that the judge has found the right solution to a terrifying problem, but he has succeeded in reducing Santa Monica accidents by at least 20 percent.

A "repentant speeder," a young woman, was sentenced to count accident victims as they were brought into Santa Monica Hospital on a single night as an alternative to spending five days in jail. She said of her hospital visit, "All you have to see is one case being brought in."

Speeders are put into jail if they make a second appearance in court and also made to work on street-cleaning details.

Eighteen traffic-law violators—fourteen men dressed in prison coveralls and four women—troop wearily into court. Given the choice of a fine or the death tour, the eighteen had chosen to visit an emergency hospital, a mortuary, and a freshly dug grave at the cemetery.

With what effect? One woman said, "When you see things like this, you stop to think."





"Fines and scoldings do nothing to stop accidents," says Judge Gibbons. Here some 5,000 people, mostly teen-agers, jam into a session of the judge's "Terrorama," where the effects of unsafe driving are portrayed in word and picture.

Which is exactly what the judge, who personally conducted the tour, had in mind. As he stood with them in the cemetery he commented: "We trust none of us will come to an early grave here; we trust this lesson will leave a lasting impression on your mind. Keep the law, and maybe you can live out your appointed threescore years and ten. When they put a stone on your grave, you are all through. No more automobiles—nothing."

At the emergency ward of a hospital the eighteen were told by the intern in charge that 16,000 persons a year, an average of almost forty-five a day, were brought in for emergency treatment, with doctors working ten-hour shifts to care for them.

Violators also serve as crossing guards for schools. Straight jail sentences are given to be served on Sundays. "Horror" movies are shown. These movies play an important part in Judge Gibbons's educational campaign. He is convinced that fines and scoldings do nothing to stop accidents caused by careless or drinking drivers and that drastic measures are needed.

After announcement in the press, on August 21, 1962, a public safety meeting was held; and a movie, "Terrorama," was shown to 2,500 people. At another session some 5,000 teen-agers were packed in the auditorium to see the film.

"The program vividly presents all the horror of traffic accidents in color," explains the judge. "This is not a Hollywood movie depicting what might occur; it is a series of motion pictures taken by the Ohio State Police

at the actual scenes of automobile accidents in that state."

It is the judge's opinion that few people have actually been projected into the middle of an accident itself to observe "the unspeakable horror involved."

"None for the Road" is a film dealing with drinking drivers. Since August, 1963, not only traffic violators but alcoholics have appeared before Judge Gibbons. They can expect no coddling at his hands but the same kind of punishment he metes to the others.

For example, he will require them to clean the beaches as trustees, removing glass, rocks, paper, beer cans, and all other debris which careless bathers leave behind. This will be one method of boiling out the alcohol—exercise and sun on the beach—and will improve their health and mental outlook.

Frequent drunk-driving violators are sent for six months to the honor farm and come out very often "so healthy and benefited they never come to see us again."

The winner of many safety awards, Judge Gibbons was asked by his city to attend the fiftieth National Safety Congress in Chicago for his "outstanding contribution to public service through a safe-driving crusade."

Santa Monica is proud of its crusading judge, and it is likely that his effective methods will be widely imitated in towns large and small around the world.

"It is worth something to see the number of traffic violations drop," he says. "If even one person drives more safely, if even one human life is spared because of this, it is enough!"

IN THE year 1910 a young American of Norwegian birth knocked on the door to the Hall of Fame. The door opened a little, but not quite wide enough for Anders Haugen, champion ski jumper, to enter. He had won the national championship.

The next year, ski jumping at Ironwood, Michigan, he established a world's record of 152 feet. The door opened a little wider. But then came a slump, and the bitterness of defeat. Apparently Anders had gone the way of some other champions—victory, defeat, oblivion. The door to the Hall of Fame had closed and seemed to be locked and sealed, never again to be opened to him. But Anders Haugen found the key that unlocked the door.

All the strength, skill, and daring of his Viking ancestors were bequeathed to this young athlete. Unfortunately for him, as with many others, Anders knew little of certain basic laws of living, laws which are the *sine qua non* to lasting strength and enduring fame. He drank; he smoked; he ate things which would have made the steel stomach of a robot squeak and groan. Tobacco, jazzy food combinations, and drink did their deadly



Anders Haugen with his Hall of Fame plaque.

work. For a time he took the lonely trail which leads into the valley of "it-might-have-been."

Then something happened.

Among the skiers at one tournament was a young man greatly admired for his radiant health, calm nerves, rugged endurance. In some ways he was considered a "square" (if such a word was used in those days), for he neither smoked nor drank nor found pleasure in night life. He had never experienced the "letdown" that inevitably follows the "lift" so eagerly sought by many people. Above all else, he had an abiding faith in God. This skier became a close friend, then a counselor, to Anders Haugen. Gradually there came a new life for Anders. He adopted a rigid program of right living and soon learned to love it. Moreover, he staged a startling comeback.

In 1913 he won five first prizes. In 1919, at Dillon, Colorado, he broke the world's record with a leap of 213 feet. The same year he once more won the national championship and established another record. In 1923 he took first prize in every contest in which he participated. In 1924, at the Olympic games held at Chamonix, France, he was captain of the American Olympic ski team. There he made a sensational jump of fifty meters, outdistancing

the men from Norway. In 1926, sixteen years after his first national championship, he again took the national ski championship.

Years passed, and Anders was in his forties, his fifties, his sixties; but he could still be seen mounting the ladder that leads to the top of the ski jump. He invented an indoor slide with cane mats taking the place of snow, and appeared at sportsmen's shows in various cities. Watching him stand on a dizzy height, race down a slide only thirteen inches wide, and leap out into space gave many a spectator a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

The year 1964 saw the door open wide for Anders Haugen. He received a plaque inscribed with his name in letters which will never fade. He was admitted to the skiers' Hall of Fame.

The key that unlocked the door? Exceptional skill, dexterity, poise, records broken? I talked with Anders about his way of life, the direction he had taken, his many experiences. He told me of friends he had known in days gone by, once strong and robust, who had become flabby and then the victims of weakened hearts. It does make a difference what a man eats and drinks—in the life he lives.

(Turn to page 31)

FINDING THE KEY TO THE HALL OF FAME

VARNER J. JOHNS



PHOTO: SPENCER GORDON

Linda Loftis -- "Christmas Girl"

MARJORIE GRANT BURNS



It is time that young people become aware of the fact that because advertising makes a product appear wonderful, glamorous, the "thing to do," it isn't necessarily so. We must decide for ourselves and stand on our own convictions.

I don't want to lose my health, happiness, or the promise of future happiness in my career or home through the dangers inherent in alcohol or any

other damaging product.

I don't feel that this is a lost cause. I have the greatest faith in America's young people and their desire for integrity and moral standards. Because of this, I feel justified in saying that each one of us must look at drinking and other moral problems as personal decisions. Only by sincerely looking within ourselves will we be able to say, "I can do without it."

Linda Loftis

Skitch Henderson accompanies Linda with Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra.



AS THE slender, blond child pushed open the screen door of her home and headed for the corral to saddle her horse, no one could have believed that within a few years she would be entertaining heads of state in her nation's capital. Her life was simple and uncluttered, filled with a child's fun and the tang of outdoor living.

But about a year ago this child, now grown to a lovely young woman, occupied the place of honor next to Chancellor Ludwig Erhard at a state dinner in Washington, D.C. Later in the evening she rose gracefully to take her place beside the grand piano in the White House and sing Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," one of the chancellor's favorite songs.

Linda Loftis, *Listen's* cover girl for this issue, reigned as Miss Texas in 1961. She sang for the crowds at the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City, and was acclaimed "a truly great singer." Linda was invited back the following year as guest soloist for the special television broadcast of the pageant.

These peaks of triumph, however, do not give the real picture of this golden-voiced girl. There is a quality about Linda that is at once haunting and yet elusive, and which causes the mind to pursue it as one learns to know her. She has been described as the "chrisma girl" of the Southwest, a term which indicates a person of great spiritual magnetism.

One day Linda opened a drawer for me as we sat talking in her home; and, pointing to its contents, she said with a slightly wry face, "There is all my junk." As I pulled out some of the "junk" and examined it, it was hard to believe that in five or six short years Linda could have done so much. The full story stretches away in an endless series of vignettes.

Her first public appearance was in a cantata in the Baptist church choir. Everyone smiled at the porcelain-like little figure when she appeared, but no one was prepared for the clear, flutelike sound of her voice. The people she had grown up with were amazed by the display of her unrealized talent. Many urged the Loftis family to capitalize immediately on the beautiful young voice, but her mother felt that Linda still needed some quiet years at home. She did not start voice lessons until she was fifteen years old.

Linda finished high school in three years, and was elected Senior Sweetheart before graduation. Her picture, running full page in the newspapers, showed a truly attractive girl with that shy, elusive look that so many notice. As one schoolmate put it, "There are pretty girls, and then there is Linda. She has something besides mere beauty. It's hard to define."

We see her again as an invited celebrity at the famous prison rodeo at Huntsville, Texas. Linda had been guest there more than once. Then a thought occurred to her which she voiced to the prison officials. "Could I go behind the prison walls and sing to the men in their prison chapel?"

The request was a surprise because no woman had ever gone behind those prison walls to appear in the chapel. But why shouldn't she?

"I sang hymns," Linda said, her eyes softened by the memory. "The men were so quiet; and one dear old man, sitting on the front row, wept. I think I wept with him."

This girl, who can think of lonely men behind prison walls—and here her "chrisma" quality comes out again—also remembers children with her talent, and they

Nothing brings a greater thrill to Linda than the lure of the outdoors in field and pond.



She spends what spare time she can caring for her horses on the ranch.



"Admirer" is a weak word for this boy, who will cherish Linda's autograph.





Linda believes the simple life in the open air is the best for teen-agers.

adore her. Hundreds ask for her autograph. With each autograph goes her favorite text, Colossians 3:16: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

"I hope," says Linda, "that I can help them see how good life can be if they will only try to do their best. Too many children are left to shift for themselves. They seldom have the chance to develop refinement or artistic culture. I find that most children love good music. I try to make music attractive and understandable."

An especially charming vignette is that of her father, proud and happy, catching Linda up in his arms at the airport as she returned from winning the Miss Texas title. "I owe so much to my parents," Linda says, "and to so many wonderful people who have done all they can to help me." Linda established something of a record in this Miss Texas contest, being the only girl up to that time to win two preliminary contests.

Linda Loftis finished third at Atlantic City, but was voted the most photogenic by the press covering the Miss America Pageant. The next year when she returned as guest soloist, she was introduced as "the best talent who has performed at these pageants."

By the side of these memories Linda puts another, made on the same stage but under different circumstances. The Southern Baptist convention, meeting in Atlantic City, sent for Linda and asked her to be their guest soloist. In comparing this occasion with the one when she had competed for the Miss America title, she

says, "This time I had the opportunity of testifying to my faith in an all-seeing, all-loving God. My talents belong to Him, and I want to use them only in the best way."

Linda loves radio and television work and has often appeared as hostess on "Date Line" and other programs. She has sung roles with Jerome Hines and has appeared in Rogers and Hammerstein musicals at Casa Mañana in Fort Worth. She has given a concert with the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Skitch Henderson. She displayed her versatility by singing "Getting to Know You" from "The King and I," in four languages, at the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition. She also appeared in "Desert Song," starring with Nolan Van Way. Other appearances have been at the Rotary International Convention, on the Red Skelton and Lawrence Welk shows, at nine summer stock musicals, and in at least twenty performances for the Southwestern Exposition.

"I find," Linda says, "that high standards give one an advantage. A career in the entertainment world, or the business world, calls for hard work, a good mind, full use of one's talents, a responsible attitude toward one's commitments, and fair treatment of all those with whom one has to deal."

At this writing Linda is with RCA, interviewing celebrities and doing news flashes over color television at the New York World's Fair. She has signed to appear with three national automobile shows in 1965.

"It is exciting and interesting," Linda says, "and you'd be surprised how many of the people I work with show a kind respect for my faith. I do not smoke or drink. No young person should. It would hurt my voice, injure my health, and certainly be a poor influence on other young people of America. Young people should never feel it necessary to hide their convictions in order to get along."

Linda Loftis seems well on her way to becoming a well-known personality across America. A graduate of Texas Christian University, Linda wants a career in music, but with a slant toward youth work.

"I want to help young people to *believe* in what's right," she goes on, (Turn to page 30)

As Miss Texas, Linda Loftis signs programs for youngsters who want her autograph.



Out of his experience as a specialist in handling drug-addiction cases, this well-known criminal lawyer outlines practical and vital suggestions concerning—

the NARCOTICS PROBLEM —

DOPE addiction can be attributed to the presence of three factors: (1) the biochemical properties of narcotics, which create an unnatural need that must be satisfied or result in dreaded "withdrawal symptoms;" (2) greed; and (3) ignorance. You simply have to combine these three ingredients and mix well. If we are to do anything about addiction, we must understand and cope with these causes.

Not much can be done about the first-named cause, except to realize that if certain narcotics are taken into the human body regularly, for even an amazingly short period of time, addiction must necessarily result. There is no such thing as "willpower," even of the most intelligent minds, the strongest personalities, that can ward

must either take another drink, the "hair of the dog," or go through a long, depressive stage until the effects of the alcohol have worn off and the body chemistry has adjusted to normal.

Here again we see the relative intensity of the stronger drugs, for the hangover period of the dope user is of such long duration and is so violent and obsessive that he will do almost anything merely to get out of his misery or fear of misery. Since most addicts do not have a legitimate income sufficient to support the habit at the abnormally inflated black-market prices at which dope is supplied by the underworld, this "almost anything" usually consists of various forms of criminal activity.

Add to the physical need to prevent discomfort, the

SAMUEL CARTER McMORRIS

WHAT TO DO ABOUT *it*

off this development. Chemical changes take place, which make the body need or crave more and more of the drug. This condition can best be described as a man-made or artificial hunger or thirst. Once created, it is as real, as compelling as are natural appetites for food, water, or sex; and unless this need is catered to, the addict suffers what are known as withdrawal symptoms—violent convulsions, cold sweats, vomiting, diarrhea, abdominal cramps, intense mental and physical pain and suffering—sometimes leading to collapse or even death.

This craving or need for dope can be explained to the uninitiated in terms of more common experiences. It is much akin to the desire for a cigarette, the nicotine in tobacco being a narcotic. Most of us are familiar with the difficulty experienced in attempting to quit even as mild a narcotic as tobacco—mild only because most of it goes up in smoke. Several drops of pure nicotine ingested or injected would be fatal. Addiction to "heavier" drugs is simply a matter of degree.

Again, a somewhat less exact analogy can be drawn between the withdrawal period and the more familiar hangover following alcoholic indulgence. This is particularly true in the case of the confirmed alcoholic who

fact that certain intense mental and physical pleasures accompany the use of drugs if a somewhat larger quantity than needed for normalcy is administered, and we have a further reason—the mental craving—for dope use. This subjective desire will persist, in most cases, even after the physical need is removed by treatment or forced deprivation. It is this fact, the desire of the addict to capture again that "high" feeling, the "kicks," and the escape from reality, that leads to the high rate of return to narcotics, even after an expensive "cure" has been effected.

In a word, addiction can only be prevented, not cured. Thus emphasis must be upon preventing the first experience or escapade. There must be a positive social action to prevent and counteract the efforts of those who profit by the addiction of others. To place such selfish profiteers in their proper perspective, we must consider the second factor leading to addiction—*greed*.

In this present state of our cultural development, greed is highly developed and almost inherent, so that taking undue advantage of one's neighbor is becoming the accepted pattern. The type of greed which permits the dope pusher to destroy the mental and physical health of

his customers, or even to kill, is simply an extreme form of the profit motive. As long as we glory in predatory economic practices—from unfair wages, cutthroat competition, and excess profits, to the inhumane subjugation of peoples or races—and fail to devise and follow a practical code of social ethics based upon the realities of human nature instead of one based on fantasy or wishful thinking, we will continue to develop, in ever-increasing numbers, those persons who are willing to engage in acts of greed and profit which we call crime. This is particularly true as crime becomes increasingly profitable and less detectable and punishable.

Such a person is the dope pusher, and such are the importer and manufacturer. However, really to understand this type of racketeer, to place him in proper perspective, and, perhaps, to be fair to him, it is necessary to point out that he is an extreme degree of the profiteer who is accepted by society as necessary to its economic functioning. He is not a great deal different from the enterpriser of old who worked whole families, including children, in the name of moneymaking.

Too, the product purveyed by the narcotics merchant is not far removed from certain substances which are recognized as part of the American way of life. Not often enough do we hear or read that cigarettes undermine health and shorten life or that alcohol dulls the brain and lowers resistance to disease. Those who sell or use these products may sit upon juries and judicial benches and roundly condemn the purveyor of dope. However, for thirteen years the bootlegger was also a criminal, while today the alcoholic-beverage manufacturer or seller is a respected member of society.

This is not an attempt to justify the narcotics dealer. However, it should, in the interest of perspective and fairness, be pointed out that many nationally respected medical authorities have urged that, even today, alcohol is intrinsically a greater menace to society than narcotics. Furthermore, we are becoming increasingly aware of the connection between cigarettes and lung cancer. Other effects on health and longevity, more subtle and less easily provable, may well be suspected.

The pusher does not think of himself as a criminal any more than the bootlegger did. He has a product to sell, a willing market. He pictures himself as a kind of businessman, misunderstood by the "squares" of society. He does not force anyone to buy his product. At the lower levels of the business the seller is almost always an addict himself so that, unlike many others, he uses what he sells. He finds justification in the widespread use of his product, the big names connected with it, particularly in the entertainment world. He, like his addict-customer, feels little respect for the law because he feels that the law cannot be enforced in view of the secret nature of his activity and the corruptibility of a sufficient number of representatives of law enforcement, television programs to the contrary notwithstanding. His ultimate justification, in fact, is that the symbol of society with which he comes in most intimate contact, the policeman, sometimes looks the other way when sufficient bribe is offered by the well-heeled men who run the illicit narcotics business, while making token arrests to keep up the semblance of law enforcement.

Then, enforcement alone *cannot* stamp out the narcotics traffic. There are at least two reasons for this. First, narcotics use and sales are such a private, secret business that there are not enough police in the world to detect all offenders, even if we remove, as some are suggesting, the constitutional safeguards against unreasonable search and seizure. Secondly, of those who are apprehended, not all will be prosecuted, because at least some policemen—enough to create a serious enforcement problem—will weaken in the face of a share of the proceeds which are said to be in the millions annually, enough to corrupt many officers.

Since we cannot overnight eradicate the greed in human nature, we must attack it, in the realm of narcotics, by fully informing the public and appealing to the instinct of self-preservation. This is the most immediate and effective single attack on the problem, and is the only realistic hope for its present or long-range solution. In connection with this attack, however, we must not overlook the third factor causing our present dilemma—*ignorance*.

In a recent investigation of the problem, the Los Angeles County Grand Jury virtually threw in the sponge, admitted the helplessness of law enforcement, and suggested that the harm of narcotics use be taught in school. I heartily join in this suggestion. We have dope addiction because knowledge of the facts comes too little and too late—too little because most of us even now are virtually without information in this field, apparently preferring to close our eyes to unpleasant reality; too late because those who know the facts most intimately, the addicts themselves, are mentally and physically powerless to do anything about it.

The attitudes and motives of a person who takes a "joy-pop" of heroin are, morally or criminally, no different from those of one who takes a "shot" of whiskey; except that there is the added thrill of taking "forbidden fruit" in present-day narcotics use, a thrill no longer available in alcoholic indulgence since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The purpose, in either case, is to go along with the gang, or to escape the problem of the moment, or to feel good or "high." Furthermore, no one starts using narcotics expecting to become an addict. Each novice thinks he can control the use, "chippy" around with it, until one day he finds he has developed a craving. Even in the advanced stages of the habit, the typical addict actually believes that he can quit at will. He did not stop to consider that, once addicted, he would lead a life of fear, frustration, and crime:

Fear—of a fatal overdose supplied by the nonexpert seller who must "cut" or dilute the pure heroin with milk sugar or some other substance, and who may forget or do it improperly; fear of a "hot shot" of cyanide or a deliberate overdose if the addict, under police pressure or otherwise, should reveal the source of his illicit supply; fear that not enough money will be available to satisfy the greed of the peddler and the underworld hierarchy above him, that perhaps the addict will miss a needed dosage; fear of detection by the police, of incarceration, where the addict will suffer through a withdrawal period and then be without his drug until he is released from custody and again makes

(Turn to page 30)

In this age when adults say but not do, youth feel that they are on a great fleet of—

SHIPS WITH NO CAPTAINS



ANN GUTHRIE NORTH

WHO ARE WE?

We, the youth of today, cry out for identity in a world too unpredictable, too much on the verge of annihilation, to give us an answer.

Long ago adults decided we must be activity conscious to be well adjusted; but they give us no time for solitude or orderly thinking, to find our special aptitudes and interests. We have no time for learning how to live with our own needs. Our aspirations are few because we have not sufficient time to cultivate them. We want to be creative; otherwise we shall become a nation of robots.

Society's glowing presentation of ideas and ideals seems hazy and contradictory. People expound about the essential goodness of man and then tell us that men are selfish creatures. They teach the virtues of hard work but strive to shorten the workweek. They praise economy but live as the most boastful spenders of all time. They extol family unity and matrimonial sanctity, yet ever more of us are born out of wedlock, and more of us are growing up in broken homes. In our personal as well as our public lives, they give only confused answers and then cringe when we are quick to sense this confusion.

You all know a Jim Grant. He is sixteen and attends a local high school. His parents were dumbfounded when the principal called to tell them that Jim was caught cheating in his semester exams. "We've always tried to raise Jim right," his mother says. "How could this happen?"

Jim says, "Sure, they're always telling me how to be good, but my father openly brags about his employer's lumber that he brings home for his own use." Jim is becoming confused. He doesn't understand it.

Values today are set upon too many levels. It is hard to make the right choice. Think of the father who tries to be kind at home but remains intolerant in politics, tyrannical in business, and prejudiced about religion. How can he expect his son's behavior to be consistent? Why don't adults have a true continuity of values to hand us? Because they don't, it is difficult for us to learn ethics in our personal lives, democracy in our social lives, and spirituality in our religious lives.

Why is individual success today based so much on material gain alone? This criterion of success is often obtained and justified by questionable methods. Idealism declines where personal success is the only motivation.

Some young people are short on enterprising enthusiasm. Give them the promise of security or a comfortable spot in industry, and they will conform to almost anything. This results from unhealthy parental pressures.

All good adults would fight to protect us from the evils of alcohol or narcotics. Don't they realize that anxieties can be as dangerous when wrongly handled? Anxiety is the reigning emotion of society today. It threatens our physical, social, economic, and emotional life. The greater the anxiety the greater the possibility of failure, and we have not yet been taught to accept failure and keep a steady course.

We, today's youth, are victims of confusion and inconsistencies. We don't know what we should believe, where we are heading, or what we shall do if we ever arrive. We feel that we are on a great fleet of ships with no captains.

We want to believe in truth, honor, and fair play; but the temptations are many, and we need help to strengthen our belief. Macaulay once said, "Great minds react on the society which has made them what they are, but they only pay with interest what they have received."

In this crazy world we cry out to you—the adults. We beg for your help, your guidance, but most of all for your love and understanding. We need your help to find the way to solve and overcome our problems. We must be directed by counsel, by encouragement, by example, to the best in life—physical, mental, spiritual.

With this help we can and will find a better life, not only for American youth but for troubled youth the world over who truly do not want to be the lost generation.

Vivid portrayal of a reliable report of alcohol costs by the Commission on Alcoholism of Los Angeles County

WHAT ALCOHOL COSTS LOS ANGELES

EVERYONE knows that beverage alcohol costs taxpayers money. However, very few estimates gave any idea of how much, until the Commission on Alcoholism of Los Angeles County released a report of its study of the costs of alcohol to the county.

Based on 1961-62 figures, the Chief Administrative Office and affected county departments estimated costs incurred by departments of the county government attributable to the use of alcohol at nearly \$15,500,000 annually.

In considering these figures, it is to be noted that exact costs attributable to the use of alcohol are impossible to obtain because available statistics do not isolate such information.

Further, alcoholism is not a reportable condition. Most alcoholism is "hidden" and does not come to the attention of government or governmental agencies. The costs of alcohol, social as well as economic, involve every part of public life, but a precise determination can never be made.

This compilation is based on the best estimates of the Chief Administrative Office and the departmental personnel involved. In the future its precision can undoubtedly be improved, but it is safe to say that as an estimate it is very conservative.

It is apparent, according to the Commission on Alcoholism, that alcohol is a cost element in county government of such size that serious efforts must be directed toward its reduction.

Most of these efforts must necessarily be of a long-range nature. Medically, alcoholism is a chronic disease, perhaps the only disease which causes its victims to show up more in police courts and jails than in hospitals.

The Commission intends to follow up this study with others on various aspects of how the alcoholism problem affects Los Angeles County and is dealt with there.

Estimated Costs of the Use of Alcohol (1961-62) by County Departments



CHARITIES \$2,296,589

1. *General Hospital* \$1,290,851
Estimate based on 4,637 cases involving the use of alcohol, including 920 psychiatric cases at the rate of \$45.05 per day and 3,717 acute alcoholism cases at the acute medical rate of \$32.26 per day. Average stay for both types of patients is 8 days.
2. *Harbor General Hospital* \$27,821
Estimate based on 98 acute alcoholism cases at the acute medical rate of \$32.26 per day. Average stay is 8.8 days.
3. *Acton and Warm Springs Camps* \$383,250
Estimate based on a listing of 150 Acton patients and 200 Warm Springs patients in camp because of an alcoholic problem. Cost per day to maintain each patient is \$3.
4. *Bureau of Public Assistance* \$594,667
Estimates that 25 percent of all single males on general relief have an alcoholic problem which could have resulted in their being on the relief rolls. On this basis, 4,012 intake cases and 2,231 approved case months were included. Aid is

extended to intake cases for an average of 4 weeks at a cost of \$79. The average monthly aid for approved cases is \$84.41. For each case month in these two categories, an overhead of \$14.32 is added.



CORONER (MEDICAL EXAMINER) 76,456

Of the 10,825 deaths investigated by the coroner, the coroner estimates that 864 or 8 percent showed traces of alcohol upon examination. This percentage was applied to the coroner's 1961-62 budget.



COUNTY CLERK \$182,122

Of all Superior Court case filings, estimates are that 8.9 percent resulted from alcoholic involvement. Criminal cases

as well as psychiatric, juvenile, civil, domestic relations, and probate cases are included. The percentage was applied to that part of the county clerk's budget (plus overhead) involved in the processing of the cases through the courts.



DISTRICT ATTORNEY \$1,069,614

The sheriff estimates that 9 percent of all felony crimes and 40 percent of all misdemeanor crimes are committed under the influence of alcohol. After weighting the various elements of felony and misdemeanor work load, it was calculated that 19.6 percent of the district attorney's work in 1961-62 could be attributable to the use of alcohol. This percentage was applied to the district attorney's 1961-62 budget.



FORESTER AND FIRE WARDEN \$1,412,093

Twelve battalion chiefs were asked to estimate the percentage of fire incidents in which alcohol could have been a contributory cause, based on their experience. Estimates ranged all the way from 0.5 percent to 25 percent, with an average of 5.8 percent.

This average percentage was applied to the total net 1961-62 budget for the forester and fire warden and the fire-protection districts. Including workmen's compensation and retirement costs, a total of \$24,346,431 was budgeted for fire protection services during 1961-62. If the average percentage of 5.8 is applied to this total cost, an estimated cost of \$1,412,093 can be attributed to the use of alcohol.



HEALTH \$55,583

Alcohol's effect on the cost of the Health Department is reflected in follow-up visits made by public-health nurses to persons treated by the Los Angeles City Alcoholic Rehabilitation Clinic, and programs in tuberculosis and venereal disease control. Costs incurred in these areas can be summarized as follows:

1. *Follow-up Visits* \$864
Estimates made by the health officer are that 8 cases per month are referred to the department for follow-up visits by public-health nurses. Each case requires that an average of three visits be made to verify the patient's progress. At an estimated cost of \$3 per visit, the annual cost of such visits amounts to \$864.
2. *Tuberculosis Control* \$18,946
The Health Department estimates that 2 percent of persons treated through the tuberculosis-control program have an alcoholic problem. The estimated cost of this program in 1961-62 amounted to \$947,303. Applying the 2 percent to the cost of the program, a cost of \$18,946 can be attributed to alcohol.

3. *Venereal Disease Control* \$35,773

Some 10 percent of the venereal disease encountered in county health clinics results from exposure during acute intoxication and 1 percent from chronic intoxication. Costs of operating the venereal disease control program in 1961-62 amounted to \$325,211. Applying the total percentage of venereal-disease cases which could have occurred as a result of the use of alcohol (11 percent) to the cost of the program shows a cost of \$35,773 attributed to alcohol.



MUNICIPAL COURTS \$1,189,592

Based on an analysis of the work load of all municipal courts, the court estimates that 12.3 percent of the courts' work is related to cases involving the use of alcohol. This percentage was applied to the municipal courts' 1961-62 budget.



MARSHAL \$121,621

The marshal estimates that 25 percent of his work load is involved with municipal court functions. As noted above, it is estimated that 12.3 percent of the municipal court work load is related to cases involving the use of alcohol. These percentages were applied to the marshal's 1961-62 budget.



PROBATION \$2,127,186

1. *Adult* \$540,086
The department estimates that 4,015 adults under supervision and 3,819 adults investigated in 1961-62 were involved either directly or indirectly with the use of alcohol. Case costs of \$6.16 per month for supervision cases and \$63.77 per investigation were applied against the number of cases indicated above. Costs for adult custody are shown under the Sheriff's Department section.
2. *Juvenile* \$1,587,100

The department estimates that 13.9 percent of the juvenile cases handled by the Probation Department originated in part as a result of the use of alcohol. Applying this percentage to the appropriate portion of the department's budget produces the estimated cost.



PUBLIC DEFENDER \$107,850

The sheriff estimates that 9 percent of felony cases handled involve the use of alcohol. This percentage was applied against the public defender's 1961-62 budget.



ROAD \$6,000

The annual cost of trash pickup along county roads is approximately \$60,000. The department estimates that at least 10 percent, or \$6,000, is attributable to the pickup of "alcoholic" trash such as beer cans and liquor bottles.



SHERIFF \$6,349,239

The sheriff developed and agrees with the estimated custody costs of \$5,410,728 attributable to the use of alcohol, as noted below. The sheriff was unable, however, to estimate costs for patrol, detective investigation, and juvenile investigation. Because there are such costs attributable to the use of alcohol, and in the interests of making this report as complete as possible, the Commission on Alcoholism has used available data in an attempt to develop reasonable estimates.

1. Custody \$5,410,728

The 1961-62 average daily inmate population was 7,838, of which 94 percent were male and 6 percent were female. The sheriff estimates that 33 percent of these inmates were sentenced because of an involvement with alcohol. The daily custodial rates of \$5.51 for males and \$9.22 for females were applied against 33 percent of the average daily inmate population.

2. Patrol \$738,659

Usually crimes are reported by the public to the various stations and are handled first by the patrol division. During 1961-62, there were 355,073 such cases handled. By dividing this number into the patrol division budget, plus overhead, an average cost-per-case of \$32.53 was obtained. Of the total cases, it is estimated that 22,707 had an alcoholic involvement. Applying \$32.53 per case to the 22,707 cases produces this cost estimate.

3. Detective Investigation \$119,819

Of the 355,073 cases handled initially by the patrol division during 1961-62, there were 117,970 referred to the detective division for further investigation. Applying this number to the appropriate part of the detective division's 1961-62 budget produced a cost-per-case of \$28.61. Of the total cases, it was estimated that 4,188 had an alcoholic involvement.

4. Juvenile Investigation \$80,033

The patrol division referred 46,509 cases to the juvenile bureau for further investigation. By applying this number to the juvenile bureau budget, an average case cost of \$23.45 was obtained. Of the total, it was estimated that 3,413 cases involved the use of alcohol.



SUPERIOR COURT \$503,136

1. Criminal \$238,174

The daily cost of operating a criminal court is estimated to be \$452.37. This figure was applied to the 25 criminal courts operating in 1961-62, each of which was estimated to have been in session for 234 court days. Some 9 percent of the felony crimes heard by the courts are attributable to the use of alcohol. This 9 percent figure was applied against the total cost of running criminal courts, to obtain costs attributable to alcohol.

2. Civil \$215,845

Daily costs of operating nonjury and jury civil courts are estimated to be \$272.81 and \$355.04 respectively. Total civil court days in 1961-62 were estimated to be 18,486, of which about 42 percent involved jury trials. It was estimated that 3.8 percent of all civil cases involved the use of alcohol. This percentage was applied against the total cost of operating civil courts.

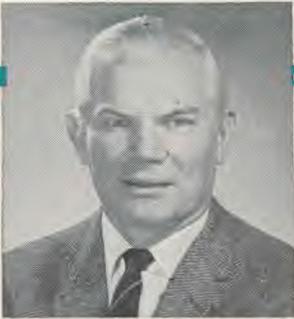
3. Juvenile \$49,117

It is estimated that 13.9 percent of the 11,470 juvenile arrests, or 1,602 arrests, were attributable to the use of alcohol. Applying this percentage to the juvenile court budget of \$353,362 produces the cost estimate.

SUMMARY—Estimated Costs to Los Angeles County Attributable to the Use of Alcohol

	CHARITIES	\$2,296,589		MARSHAL	\$121,621
	CORONER (Medical Examiner)	76,456		PROBATION	2,127,186
	COUNTY CLERK	182,122		PUBLIC DEFENDER	107,850
	DISTRICT ATTORNEY	1,069,614		ROAD	6,000
	FORESTER, FIRE WARDEN	1,412,093		SHERIFF	6,349,239
	HEALTH	55,583		SUPERIOR COURT	503,136
	MUNICIPAL COURTS	1,189,592		TOTAL	\$15,497,081

ANOTHER LOOK AT ALCOHOLISM



Dr. Nevitt Sanford, scientific director
The Cooperative Commission on the Study of Alcoholism

Interview by Gordon F. Dalrymple

Dr. Sanford, what is the scope of the work undertaken by the Cooperative Commission on the Study of Alcoholism?

Sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health, this Commission is engaged in a five-year study of alcohol problems on the North American continent. Offices for the director and his research staff were established July 1, 1961, at the Institute for the Study of Human Problems at Stanford University. A number of institutions of higher learning in the United States and Canada are represented by members on the Commission. Presently they number twenty.

What fields do these specialists represent?

They come from the fields of psychiatry, psychology, sociology, biochemistry, biometry, and documentation. Also included are representatives of the North American Association of Alcoholism Programs. Specialists in other fields will be added from time to time.

How is the Commission financed?

Financing comes from the National Institute of Mental Health. A 1.1 million-dollar grant has been provided.

What are some of the specific aims of the Commission?

In its study, the Commission hopes to find bases for recommendations for coordination and improvement of efforts in research, treatment, control, and education regarding alcoholism. The chief need presently is to stimulate interest in alcohol problems on the part of reputable investigators at leading educational centers in the United States. Both quantity and quality of research in alcohol problems need to be improved.

What are some of the projects the Commission is undertaking?

A careful survey is to be made of public and private institutions dealing with alcoholism, including hospitals, clinics, Alcoholics Anonymous, Governmental agencies, and medical schools.

Will behavior in connection with alcohol problems be under study?

Yes, the Commission intends to take a penetrating look at prevailing attitudes and behavior relative to alcohol. This survey will include the individual aspects and the social facets. Obviously, alcohol must be studied in a broad framework since it touches nearly all human activity.

Do you intend to show how alcohol affects the United States and Canada as countries?

Yes, attention is to be given to the impact of alcohol on the national life of these two countries.

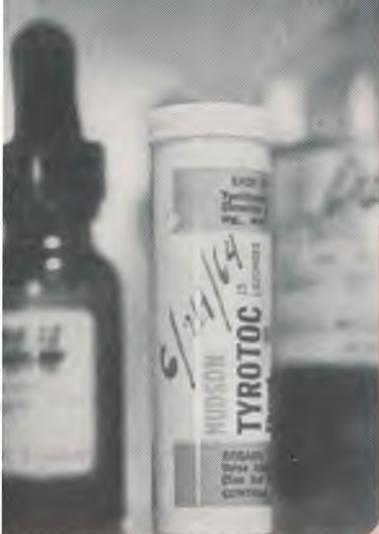
How much attention will be paid to the literature already prepared on this subject?

A vast amount of literature has been compiled. The Commission will study this carefully, evaluating and organizing existing knowledge.

I understand that Dr. E. M. Jellinek, at the time of his death, was working on an "Encyclopedia of Alcohol Problems." Will this project be continued?

Tragically, Dr. Jellinek died before the *Encyclopedia* was completed. Indeed, he had only begun the tremendous task of compiling this work. Presently no one has been found to take Dr. Jellinek's place. It is possible that later a qualified individual, or perhaps even an organi-

(Turn to page 32)



1

Date all over-the-counter drugs when you buy them. Prescription drugs will be dated by the pharmacist.



HERE are some tips for home medicine safety. The home medicine cabinet is always a good idea when inexperienced or unknowing hands get into the drugs. Drugs are boons when used wisely and sparingly, but they can be damaging when taken in large or excessive amounts. The information in this picture feature was adapted from the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Photos by Charles

2

Be sure to store all drugs out of the way of small children—under lock and key if they cannot be protected any other way.



Buy medicines and health supplies in realistic quantities. Old drugs deteriorate and may be dangerous.

3



4

Safeguard tablets which are candied, flavored, or colored, since small children eat them like candy.



6

Never take or give medicine in the dark. Be sure the label can be read clearly.



5

Never give or take medicine from an unlabeled bottle. Transparent tape over the label will protect it.



DOs AND DON'Ts FOR DRUGS

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7
Before measuring medicine, always shake the bottle thoroughly.

8

When measuring drugs, give full attention to what you are doing.



9

Weed out the leftovers regularly from the home medicine chest, especially any prescription drugs that may have been ordered for a prior illness.

10

When you throw away drugs, flush them down the drain, and be sure the discarded containers cannot be reached by children or pets.



ODDBALL

MARION F. ASH

THE FIRST time Bill Page saw Donna he thought she was the prettiest girl in Newton High. She had blond hair and sparkling blue eyes that laughed every time she spoke. And when she gazed at Bill, his heart gave an extra flip.

But Jason Swift had seen her, too. He had come down the hall from general math, found her reading the bulletin notices, and stopped to lay first claim on this exchange student. Jason wasn't any more attractive or masculine than the other boys, but he was the kind who barged ahead and defied anyone who tried to cross him.

"Jason has found another." Bill turned to see his friend, Tom Barker, staring at the couple in front of the bulletin board.

"I bet she doesn't know what kind of fellow he is!" exclaimed Bill. He was thinking about the gang that Jason ran around with. Evenings after school they stopped at the Green Lantern, where was sold more than soft drinks, and Bill had heard that the gang had sampled everything.

"How could she know?" Tom asked. "On the other hand we don't know much about her, except that she's from France."

"Just the same," Bill said, turning to go to his next class, "I'm not intruding—not now."

As soon as school was dismissed in the afternoon, Bill waited on the front steps to speak to Donna. But when she came from the building with a group of other girls and boys, including Jason Swift, Bill lost his nerve.

"Heh! everyone," Jason called, "let's go to the Green Lantern for a soda."

"OK, OK," came from the group. Bill hesitated. He knew the place and had determined never to go there, but this seemed to be a case of necessity. If he wanted to meet Donna, and get her to notice him, he would have to go along with the gang. And he wanted Donna to notice him more than anything else.

Besides, if he didn't go with the gang, he'd be tagged an oddball, and to be called an oddball at Newton High put you automatically into the lowest bracket.

Bill had been called an oddball many times before, but Donna wasn't around then. This evening made all the difference in the world.

The group started south toward the Green Lantern. "You're going to have to count me out," Tom Barker said. "I just remembered that my term paper is due tomorrow."

Bill watched Tom head north. Well, he got by without being tagged oddball, he thought. Then he realized that the term paper offered him a good excuse also.

"Say!" he exclaimed to the group. "I almost forgot my term paper. Miss Perkins will raise a storm if it's not in tomorrow."

He turned and headed east toward his home.

It was hard for Bill to concentrate that evening. He kept telling himself that he should have gone, and that merely because there was liquor at the Green Lantern didn't mean he had to drink it. It was too late now. Even if the gang hadn't called him an "oddball," they probably thought it. But it was Donna he worried about.

"Oh, well," he said aloud, "Jason has staked his claim by now."

The next morning Bill stopped to read the new notices on the bulletin board.

"All students interested in dramatics should contact Mr. Thomas before the end of the week. Who will be our 'Joan of Arc'?"

Then farther down he saw an announcement of the minstrel show coming to the high school auditorium in just two nights.

Bill loved minstrel shows and seldom missed them. This was the chance for which the boys would be waiting. Jason probably already had a date with Donna, but he was determined to ask her the first chance he got.

That chance came very soon, for when he turned to go, there she stood reading the notices.

"Oh, good morning, Donna." Here was his chance, but he wanted to run.

"Hello," she returned, but her gaze never left the bulletin board. "I don't understand the meaning of the dramatics notice. Would you explain?"

Bill jumped at the opportunity. He was one of the leading members of the dramatics club, so he could fill her in on all the details. He told her that every year the club put on a school play.

"Say!" He stopped and looked at her. "You are from

France—you would be perfect for Joan of Arc!”

She smiled. “I love plays. I once played the part of Joan of Arc when I was in France.”

“Great!” Bill exclaimed. “Come with me and I’ll take you to Mr. Thomas. I know he’ll be thrilled to have a real French girl play the part.”

As they walked down the hall toward the dramatics room, Bill knew that if he failed this chance, he might as well forget Donna.

“Did you see the notice about the minstrel show?” he asked, trying to keep his voice casual.

“Yes,” she said. “I hear minstrel shows are the greatest.”

“They sure are. Would you like—are you thinking—I thought—well, would you go with me?”

He had really botched it up. If she hadn’t thought him an oddball before, she surely would now.

“Certainly, Bill, I’d be delighted,” Donna said, smiling. “What time will you pick me up?”

His throat felt dry.

“About seven,” he managed to say.

So that morning before class, Bill had made a date with Donna; and Donna had been introduced to Mr. Thomas, who was very much impressed with her.

Bill could hardly keep his mind on his schoolwork for the next two days. He gave much thought to his big date with Donna, realizing that this could either be the beginning or the end.

He’d have to plan an evening she’d enjoy. He would take her to the minstrel show first. Then after that he’d take her someplace for a soda. Bill knew Donna had gone to the Green Lantern, but he also knew the gang would be there after the show.

Then after that he would take her for a little drive along the county lake where they would park for a while. That seemed to be the custom of all the young folks.

He debated the problem almost up to the moment of his date. Finally he decided he would take Donna to the Green Lantern, but that he wouldn’t drink anything stronger than a coke. If the gang wanted to go to the lake afterward and Donna wanted to go, he wouldn’t object. He was determined to show her he wasn’t an oddball.

Bill’s dad let him take the car for the evening. Everything was working out as he had planned. The minstrel show was great, and Donna really enjoyed it.

When the show was over, his plans faced their real test. He knew if he failed to please Donna, this would be his last date with her.

“How about a soda?” he asked.

“Great,” she answered.

“Do you have any special place you’d like to go?”

Donna looked at him. “You are the one to choose the place.”

He started the motor. All he had to say was “Green Lantern” and he’d be on the way, but he couldn’t seem to bring himself to do it.

“How about Mike’s Ice Cream Parlor?”

“That sounds great to me,” Donna said.

They sat at the table for nearly an hour, talking and laughing. There was so much she wanted to learn about the dramatics club, and he was so eager to tell her.

When they left, it was too late to drive to the lake. He drove Donna home and walked her to the front steps.

“I’ve had a wonderful evening,” she exclaimed happily.

“So have I,” Bill said. “I’m sorry if you’re disappointed because I didn’t take you where the rest of the gang went, but I just don’t believe in going to those places.”

“You would have taken me there only once,” she said.

Bill stared unbelieving.

“But you went to the Green Lantern the other day.”

“I’d never been there before,” she answered. “You see, I’m like Joan of Arc. I’m fighting for a cause, too. I believe such places should be barred to teen-agers.”

He felt a big load had been lifted from his shoulders.

“Then you don’t think I’m an oddball?”

She smiled. “I don’t know exactly what you Americans mean by that, but if you’re an oddball, I want to be one, too.”

He was feeling better by the second.

“How about going to the movies at the auditorium next week?” Bill asked eagerly.

“I’d love to, Bill.” Her eyes were laughing now. “I think it would be swell for two oddballs to join forces.”

An Open Letter to a Drinking Driver

Dear Sir:

I saw you barely miss a boy on a tricycle this afternoon and heard you yell, “Get OUT of the way. Can’t you keep off the street?”

He didn’t answer because he hasn’t yet learned to talk very well. I will answer for him.

No, the boy doesn’t know any better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don’t heed warnings. Some adults don’t either; for example, the one limiting the speed of automobiles.

I’m going to tell you something about that boy. He has a mother who endured considerable hardship, anxiety, and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made many sacrifices to keep him healthy and happy. The main purpose of their lives is to make their boy a useful man.

Now stop a minute and think. If you should kill a child, how would you face his parents? What excuse could you give for having robbed them of their dearest possession? More important, what excuse could you possibly offer Him whose kingdom is made up of little children?

Children, my hasty friend, were here long before you or your automobile were thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one boy. We don’t know what that boy may someday be, but we do know what you are without your common sense and judgment. We could get along without you, but we can’t spare a single little boy on these streets.

JAMES L. SCALES.

The unpublished story of
the "Lakonia" disaster



"FIRE ON BOARD!"

SYLVIA E.
CLARK

THE *LAKONIA*, a 608-foot cruise ship belonging to the Greek Line, left Southampton, England, on December 19, 1963, for what was to have been a Christmas cruise to Madeira and the Canary Islands. She carried some 650 passengers and a crew of 385.

It was late Sunday night, December 22, and so pleasant that most adult passengers were still taking part in the many entertainment programs. One of these events was a gala party and ball in the main salon. In spite of most vehement denials later by the Greek Line, surviving passengers claimed the ship's bar was being patronized by unauthorized persons.

A few minutes before midnight, the British Admiralty at Gibraltar and ships near the African coast picked up a cryptic radio message from the *Lakonia*. It gave her position and added, "Fire on board." At 12:22 a.m. Gibraltar and all ships along the Spanish and North African coasts heard the urgent plea: "SOS from *Lakonia*. Last time. I cannot stay anymore in the wireless cabin. We are leaving the ship. Please help immediately."

All ships changed their courses and raced toward the given location, but all of them were hours away from the placid sea where the *Lakonia* was burning.

When news of this tragedy was flashed over England, Ormos Shipping Company, Ltd., London representative of the Greek Line, was flooded with calls from anxious relatives. The passenger director gave out elaborate assurances, most of which were criminally false in view of what was actually happening.

Some passengers later said there was no fire alarm. Others said it was so faint they could hardly hear it.

"We went to the lifeboat station," stated Ivor S. Buchanan, an American stationed at a United States Air Force base in England, "but as we were going, I noticed fire-fighting activity. It was quite amateurish, people trying to connect two male ends of a hose—that sort of thing."

The public read with amazement that elderly Sir Ivor Jennings, Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England, acted as navigator of one lifeboat while his daughter and a man suffering from a slipped disc rowed. Mr. Leslie Barnes, a London company director, took charge of a lifeboat station. Colonel Edward Stead (68) reported, "I was in the lifeboat for six hours rowing with another elderly man like myself. The two of us totaled 150 years."

Mr. Lovat, of London, said, "We were in a public room where there was a party going on. About 11 p.m. we saw smoke. The cruise director told us to go outside on deck. We saw no officers, and then it was utter chaos."

Mrs. Helen Gartside, a passenger, reported that the director of entertainment gave all orders that were given. "He told us, 'You must abandon ship,'" she said.

Other passengers said the purser told them to abandon ship.

Emanuel Bibaspopoulous claimed the ship was still moving when they were launching the lifeboats, "dragging the boats with her, spilling passengers into the sea."

"By the time we got away," Colonel Stead reported, "the flames were roaring around us, but there was no

Flames engulf the Greek liner "Lakonia" as the vessel begins to list to starboard, about 180 miles from its destination, the island of Madeira.

panic among the passengers. The crew, however, seemed to be completely untrained for such an emergency and were rushing about wildly."

As the fire advanced, passengers left without lifeboats were forced to go overboard. They were 450 miles off the African coast. The nearest land was Madeira, 180 miles away.

It was nearly dawn when the first rescue planes arrived. United States Air Force Lieutenant Larry Dishon, flying over the ship in a C-54 plane from the Azores, was one of the first outside eyewitnesses. "It was like a bad dream," he reports. "They were helpless, and a lot of the people were waving at us."

Rescue operations by the Royal Air Force and the United States Coast Guard and Air Rescue Squadron were directed by U.S.A.F. Lieutenant Colonel Frederick V. Sohle, circling above the wreck in a C-54. Planes dropped life rafts that inflated on impact, and survival bundles. One observer reported seeing more than 100 persons, all of whom appeared lifeless, floating in life preservers.

First rescue ship to arrive, the Argentine liner *Salta*, radioed back at 4:08 a.m., "Boats 11 and 17 now alongside and people coming on board. *Lakonia* now exploding, and fire spreading rapidly to all parts of the ship."

By full daylight a score of ships were at the scene, being directed from the air by planes. At last the captain and a few members of his crew were taken off the stern by the Belgian freighter *Charlesville*.

It was not until the first passengers were brought into ports by rescue ships and met the press, that the truth began to come out about the absence of officers and the strange behavior of the crew. Five rescue ships picked up 877 survivors. Most of them were brought into Funchal, Madeira; some were taken to Casablanca on the Moroccan coast.

Mrs. Helen Gartside, of Bovingdon, England, was one of the most outspoken passengers. She told newsmen that when the fire alarm first sounded, "some of the crew were drunk around the bar, making passes at some of the women passengers."

A British nurse, Anne Storey, said of some crew members, "They looted the cabins, and then took the first available lifeboats and made their getaway."

Brian Payne, an employee of the shore-excursion company, said, "Some of the crew panicked and fought passengers to get into the lifeboats."

An elderly lady passenger, when asked why she did not use a lifeboat, answered, "Because the stewards got into them."

Mr. Arthur George, of Norwich, stated, "Some of the crew screamed their heads off for five solid hours until the Argentine ship *Salta* picked us up."

Anne Storey observed that only about ten crewmen were responsible for all the drunkenness and misbehavior. The rest, she said, were brave and chivalrous.

Where were the officers of this ship? Where was the

captain? Some light is thrown on these questions by a remark made by Colonel Stead. In describing one of his last experiences on board before the fire broke out, he told how he was sitting in the main salon where the captain was entertaining passengers at a party. "One of the ship's officers was sitting behind me and was sick down my neck," he said. This becomes all the more significant when one realizes that the sea was perfectly calm that night!

Most accounts agree that the fire started in the ship's hairdressing shop. By the time a steward discovered it and other crew members managed to break down the locked door, the fire was out of control.

Mrs. Margery Craige, of London, said she was dancing with the captain when the fire became known to the passengers. "After the dance we returned to the captain's table to rejoin my husband. While we were there, a message came through to the captain to say the liner was on fire.

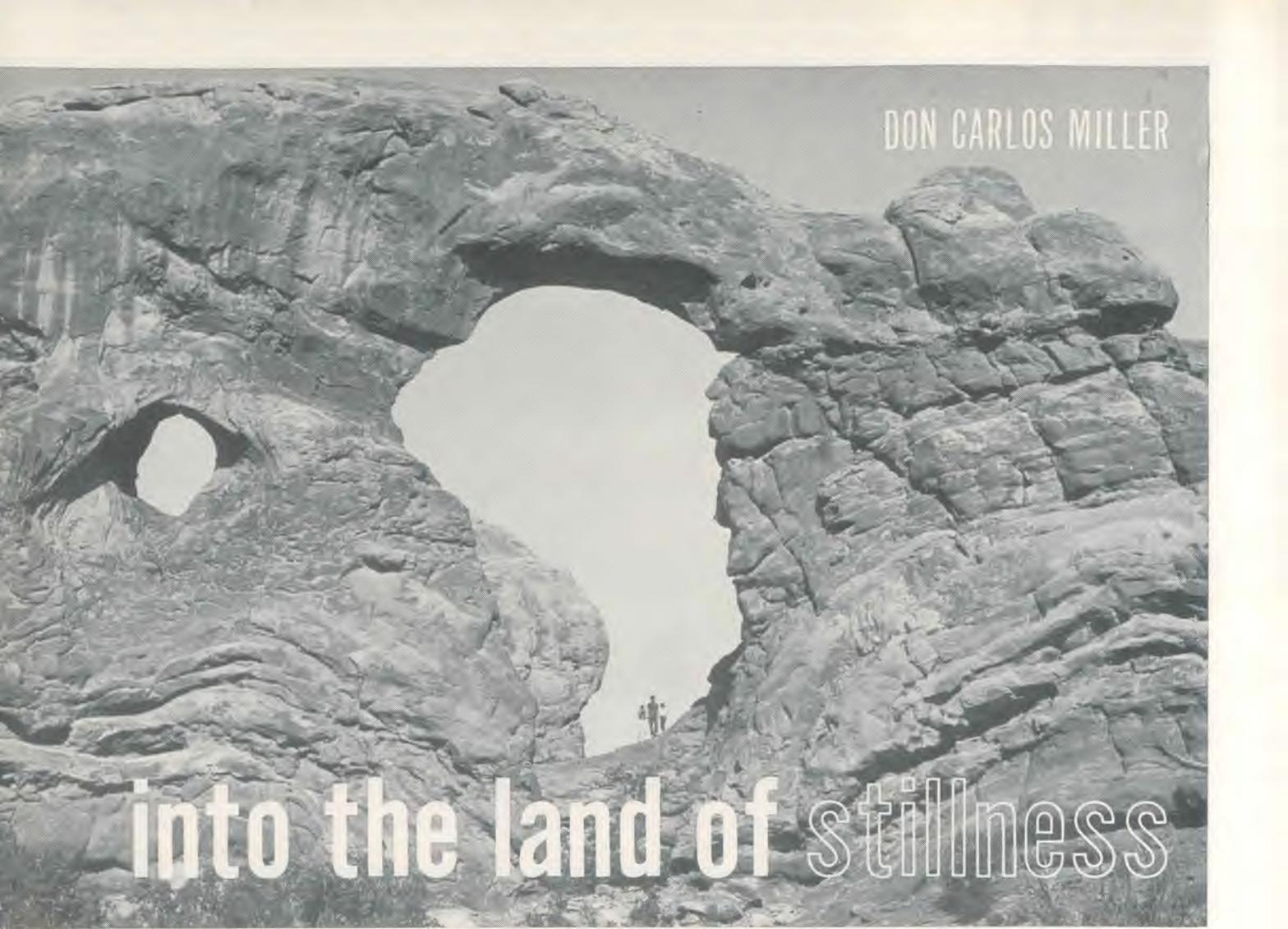
"It was exactly 11:05 p.m., and then I saw smoke billowing into the ballroom. The fire started at 10 p.m. but nobody told him about it until that moment. The captain went very quiet and looked flabbergasted. He ran toward the smoke, and that was the last I saw of him."

When fire fighting did start, there was no pressure in the hoses, showing that employees responsible for emergency equipment were not at their posts. Mrs. Gartside said, "The sprinklers didn't work and the pumps didn't work. Passengers were asked to carry buckets of water to the fire. The performance of the crew is impossible to describe," she added forthrightly. "The captain of the ship was wandering around with tears streaming down his face."

Mr. Ralph Pugh, a British passenger, told in a telephone interview from Tenerife in the Canary Islands how he climbed back aboard the ship after spending some time in the water. (Turn to page 34)

Arriving in London after the "Lakonia" disaster, this elderly survivor is assisted from a Moroccan airliner, followed by others, some still in their bathrobes. These are part of the 877 persons rescued from the ship by an international mercy armada.





DON CARLOS MILLER

into the land of stillness

Turret Arch. Note the figures at the bottom of the opening.

THE ROAD wound upward past Park Avenue, the Three Gossips, the Organ, Tower of Babel, and Sheep Rock. It was a black strip in a land of amber red; it ended in a parking circle in a high amphitheater surrounded by piñon and juniper trees and gigantic, statuesque figures. Beyond the figures, the earth spread away in a vast infinity of color—of light and shadow, of red and black—of dim distances—a mixture of tumultuous crevasses and upheavals.

The car motor was stilled and all else was still, too. The quiet rose as high as the mountains; it surrounded the place and permeated it, made a void of soundlessness. But small children shudder at quiet. "Where are the windows, daddy? You said we were going to hike up to the windows."

Car doors slammed, splitting the stillness. It was a warm morning in the Arches National Monument in eastern Utah. A slight breeze rustled the junipers; the amber-glazed sky cast a weird light upon this wild land, called the "world's greatest museum." The soft earth made a pleasant path through the sparse growth and past the wind-scoured rock figures that stood in huge grandeur, like man-carved statues.

Here was realism, formalism, modernism, impressionism—every art form—torn, eroded, worn by tempestuous elements across an infinity of time, a never-ending process still going on, the imperceptible creeping of eternity toward eternity.

At last we were in the center of Turret Arch, surprised at its size, its graceful sweep. Beneath it the soft earth was swept clean, down to the hard, bare rock. We looked up in awe at the great curve. One of the boys asked breathlessly, "How could it do it—just wind? Looks like a bomb hole."

Behind us the car seemed a toy out of place, lost in this wilderness of unrestrained shapes, left there by some child a week or a month ago. Nearer, the Parade of Elephants stood in ponderous hugeness, seemingly swaying in the wind with the stunted trees, waiting only for the band to strike up. Beyond, with the brightening sunlight glowing through its great span, South Window beckoned. "We must get on the other side of it," I said, more to myself than to the awe-stilled youngsters.

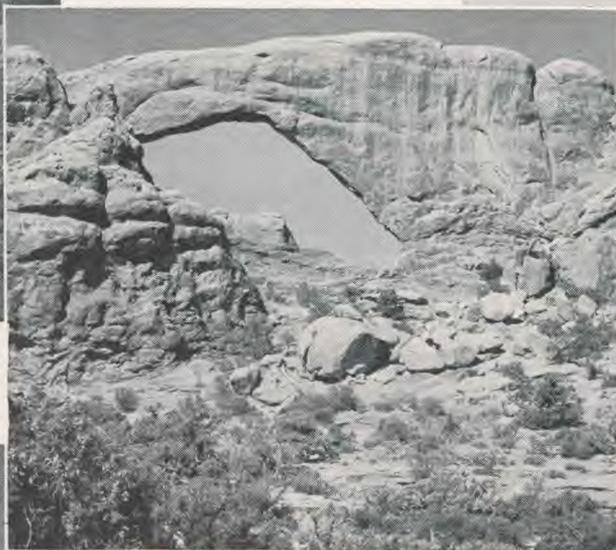
Here the rock was slick in places, flat sheets curving up and down in rolls across the land toward South Window. Actually it was not hard walking, and we were soon skirting the end. Ahead, a surprised deer leaped from the shade of a juniper so quickly only one of the children saw him. In a moment he was lost in the vastness of space and the interwoven shadows that spread across its limitlessness. We turned, then, and saw not only South Window but also North Window. Together they gave the queer impression that this great, tumbled wall was the remnant of an ancient castle with



Wind-scoured rock figures stood in huge grandeur like carved statues.



This land is "the world's greatest museum."



Beyond, with the brightening sunlight flowing through its great span, South Window beckoned.

We turned, and saw also North Window, which gives a queer impression of this great, tumbled wall.



junipers and piñons clinging precariously to its crevices like great chunks of gray-green moss.

This sight in this never-ending wild land of torture and upheaval, of color and wind and grinding quiet, is breathtaking. Here on the shelf of the world the eroding of time has done its artistic best.

Altogether there are eighty-eight known arches and windows in the monument area, and there may be many others not yet found. In these 34,000 acres is some of the most fantastic artistry known to man. Such names as Devil's Garden and Fiery Furnace describe the agony of creation exemplified.

Trails and roads lead to most of the known arches. There are campgrounds, but water is in short supply and usually must be brought in. Care must be observed at all times in planning extended hikes. But most casual travelers will not go far, will stand in awe, observing Double Arch or South Window, will dream of fallen castles, of knights and ladies, of time gone by.

A small hand was tugging mine, bringing me from my reverie. It was not

far to the car. The wind had stilled and the morning glaze had dissipated, leaving the sun to shine in all its brilliance. The blue void warmed and the land hurt with the cry of dryness. Far away the Colorado cut a wild path through the maze of canyons it threaded on its escape to the sea. Other than that inaccessible, muddy flood, moisture was nonexistent; drought held the land in its torturous grip.

Our water jug was a pleasure.

"I've never been anywhere where it was so still," my wife said. "Not a car came by."

Most people come here in spring or fall, though the park is open throughout the year. But mornings and evenings are wonderful here even on summer days. Nights are unbelievable. No one living in the city would dream there are so many stars.

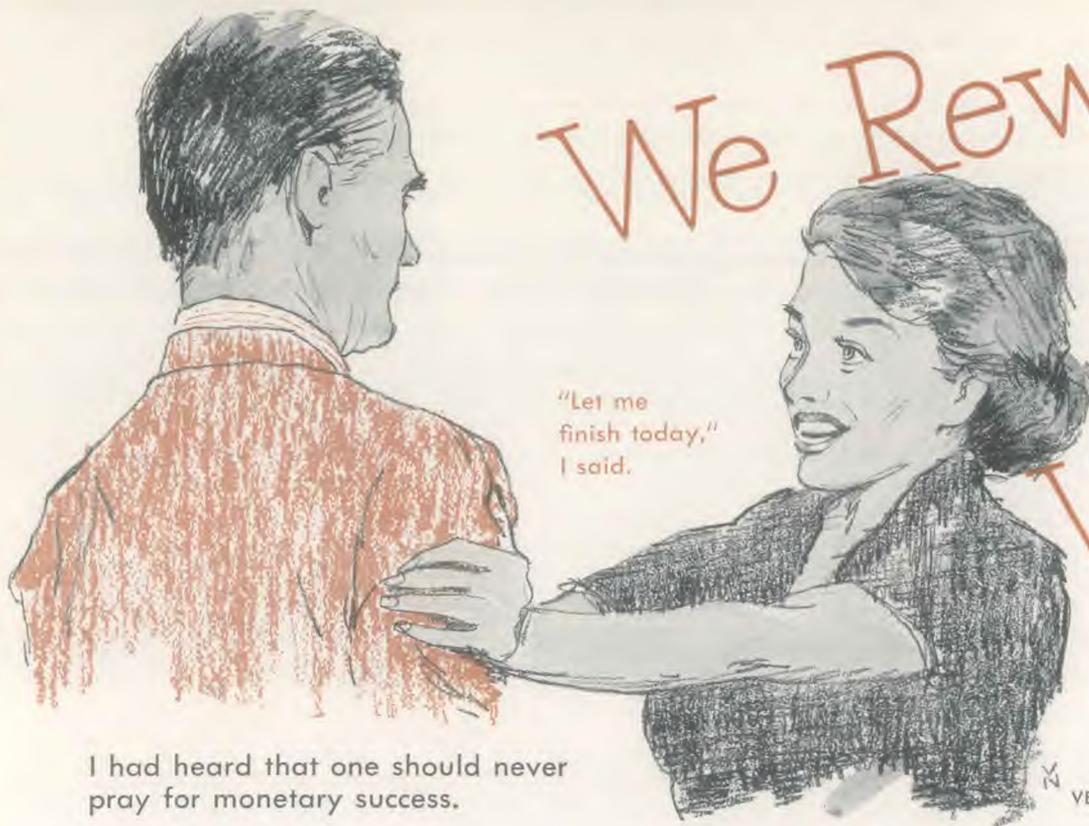
I saw a rabbit and a lizard or two. They are quiet as a breath of wind, moving from shadow to shadow.

Even the birds don't sing; it is as if everything here is silenced in awe of some great presence—as if this is a gallery with the artist watching over it, or as if it is a temple with all its sacredness beholding the movements of everything and everyone that comes here.

I looked across this lonely land with its parade of figures standing in moveless grandeur; I saw in the eye of my mind the ancient castle wall and its windows; I felt the stillness moving in closer, noted that even the noise of normal youngsters was silenced. I wanted to speak, but words seemed utterly futile.

This land of arches and figures and spaces, this land of endless turmoil and stillness, was sacred in its own right, breathlessly so.

We Rewrote the Verdict



"Let me
finish today,"
I said.

VERNON NYE, ARTIST

I had heard that one should never pray for monetary success.

THE DEATH sentence had been pronounced.

"Let him die," friends implored my wife, who had called an ambulance. "He'll never stop drinking. He's hopeless."

There would be no reprieve, but—I knew nothing about this verdict. I had passed out countless times, been thrown into jails, rushed to hospitals, committed to sanitariums, warned and threatened, yet drink remained an obsession with me.

While recovering from this last prolonged bout, although expected to die, I was again presented with the ultimatum: One more drink will kill you.

They never frightened me, although years before I had been scared. After my habitual Saturday-night binges I always drank a pint of milk before going to bed. One Sunday morning I became violently sick. My throat clogged. Thoughts of death were terrifying. Something squeezed through my throat and fell into the tub. It was a mass of semisolid milk which I thought had nearly strangled me to death.

It was then I realized something had to be done about my drinking. I swore off milk. Another time I quit mixing drops of lime juice with my gin on account of the damage the acid was doing to my stomach.

Blackouts became more frequent. I came to in strange places. Between spells I was in a fog, or in the crazed hallucinations of delirium tremens.

Eventually I also accepted the fact that I was hopeless. I wanted no more of this tormented existence. I wanted

more than anything—except to get drunk—to give my wife peace.

The suicide was planned carefully. My wife would discover what a self-sacrificing husband she had lost through a tragic, untimely death!

I turned on the gas, staggered to the bed, lay down, crossed my arms piously, and waited. It wouldn't be long. It wasn't—until my wife rushed in, turned off the gas, and glared at me.

"You forgot to close the windows," she said.

I never could forget her sobbing through countless nights to come. I knew that her heart was crushed and that I had crushed it, yet I could not stop drinking.

She would ask me, "Why, why do you keep on when you know it is killing us both?"

My answer always was a weary: "I don't know."

My replies never satisfied her, yet they were the only answers I knew. I just *had* to drink, and pass out as soon as possible, no matter how disastrous the consequences.

Finally, I was only a signature away from the state asylum. It was clear to me, too, that I was insane. I was not the straitjacket type, but I had been shackled in our front yard, on city streets, in police cars, and in hospitals and sanitariums. That is what alcohol had done to me. But I was powerless.

This time I determined I would succeed in killing myself. It would free my wife. But, I reasoned, if I kill myself I will be dead, and when dead I will not be able to get drunk anymore.

I immediately dropped that silly suicide idea.

So I drank on, ignoring the danger signal of the morning drink. Many times I passed out before dawn with my timetable on the floor. It showed the time at which I had taken each drink until I stopped making notations, knowing how much I drank by counting the empties afterward.

My watches were in hock. Everything pawnable had been pawned—dishes, tools, clothing. I even peddled postage stamps in the financial section to get wine money.

During all these years of despair, relatives and friends ostracized us. No one would employ me.

"You're sick," my wife said repeatedly when I asked why she didn't leave me. "Alcoholism is a disease, but it can be arrested. I want to help. Surely someday you'll straighten out."

She had learned of the illness angle through Alcoholics Anonymous. She urged me to join. I gave it a whirl, attending meetings periodically; but I had to be sober to be an A.A. When I did attend, there was always the theme of staying sober one day at a time. Don't take that first drink. It is the first drink that does the damage. For me it was never enough, then always too much.

Our duplex unit was empty again. I was frantic to get a tenant so I would have wine money. Our household funds were exhausted. My wife had an idea.

"If two people pray for the same thing at the same time, the prayers will

be answered," she said. "Will you promise to pray every hour on the hour today for a tenant, and I'll do the same while I'm at work? I'm sure our prayers will be answered."

I vowed I would keep my promise regardless, this time meaning it, proving that I could keep my word to her at least once.

My habitual morning goal was with me—to get drunk. I had enough change for wine. It was nearly eight o'clock, almost time to begin keeping my promise. I was set to pray for a tenant and more drinking money.

At eight o'clock I prayed for a tenant, assuming my wife was praying, too. She would buy groceries with her half of the rent. As an afterthought I prayed for a sober day, to stay away from that first drink.

Suddenly it was time to keep my promise again. I paused—that was praying for financial gain. Atheist that I was, I had prayed because my wife wanted me to pray for a tenant. Our plight was desperate, but I had heard that one should never pray for monetary success. I dropped that part. The prayer for a day's sobriety was repeated.

Despite thinking about staying sober for that day, I started to go for wine, then had to stop and pray to keep my promise, although not praying for what we had agreed on. By midafternoon I realized something was radically different. I was sober. Certainly there had been time for a dash to the bar between prayers an hour apart. Those hours had passed so incredibly fast that there was not time to leave and be back to pray on the agreed schedule.

Gradually I realized what had happened. My habit of drinking every fifteen minutes had stuck with me. Instead of praying every hour, I had been doing it every quarter hour. That first drink had been postponed every fifteen minutes.

But the obsession to get drunk persisted, although I was proud of my unexpected sobriety. It was then *I made my decision*. I would stop drinking. Sobriety meant more to me than anything else. I would go to any length for it. I would keep on staying away from that disastrous first drink. My last chance had arrived. I could drink myself to death, or insanity, or stop drinking and find a new life.

As I fought it out minute by minute, staying sober one second at a time, I knew every one counted in my battle of making a day. I began to feel an unknown strength although I was physically wilted. I determined to keep faith, to do my part. The chance might never come again. (Turn to page 34)



TIRED EARS

GRACE HILL

DO YOU have tired ears?—so tired that you cannot listen to a voice on the radio for two minutes and register every word that is said?

Perhaps you dial in a newscast or a program that you really want to hear, then close your ears to a couple of fanfare commercials while your mind busies itself with something else. You discover, too late, that your newscaster is saying something you really wanted to hear but have missed because you simply were not listening.

Do you complain that your husband never listens when you talk to him, or that he never hears what you say? Can it be that he hears the sound of your voice so much that he has subconsciously closed his ears to it? Not intentionally, of course, but it does happen.

Have you noticed that children frequently pay little attention to mother's voice, the voice that is with them all day, but that they quickly obey the commands of father?

All these evidences of nature rebelling against perpetual noises are indications of auricular fatigue, or just plain tired ears.

There is little quiet in most homes today. As we move from room to room, we get the echo of a radio in one part of the house, perhaps another in another part, maybe a television in still a third.

Nature demands some quiet, so in sheer self-defense we close our ears to much of the din and thus acquire for ourselves a synthetic quiet.

Can it be that the singing commercials are defeating their own purpose, that we hear them and hear them and hear them until we no longer hear them at all? At a party, slips of paper were handed out on which bits from ten singing commercials had been written, and the guests were asked to name the articles advertised. Not one guest could name more than four, though all had heard the ads and knew the ditties. When it came to naming the cigarette that "had it there," or the gasoline with "the deicer," they simply couldn't do it.

No wonder that program after program is going off the air for want of a sponsor. Can you imagine yourself going into a store and asking for a package of the cigarettes that "have it there," or driving into a filling station and asking if they are the people who handle the gasoline with "the deicer"? And we can wonder, do the sponsors realize that "tired ears" may really be the cause of their difficulties?

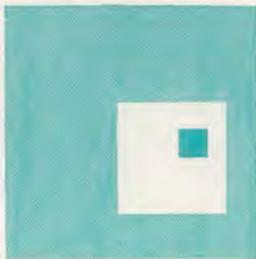
We may not be able to control the noises we hear in public places, but we can control some of them in our homes. Auricular fatigue is an insidious disease, and a firm hand on the radio dial, with insistence upon a few hours of freedom from noise each day, is a part of the remedy.

If it's true that "children will be children," then "adults should be adults" and exercise their grown-up prerogative of decreeing for all the family the things that are good for that family. Certain periods of peace and quiet, with the opportunity to think and to meditate, are definitely good for every member of the family.

This might be a period set aside for reading, for playing games, or for anything else the family likes to do that does not include piped-in noises.

Those poor old tired ears will be most grateful!

"LISTEN" COMMENTS



■ OUR WEEKENDS

"The 'weekend alcoholic' is very much with us," says Samuel Grafton, writing in *This Week*. "The simple 'Saturday-night binge' of long ago has broadened out across a two- or three-night spectrum."

One Chicago bar owner says that he does 40 percent of his business on Friday and Saturday nights. This, projected over the entire city, is the major reason that Chicago's police force, which normally receives 3,500 calls in any weekday twenty-four-hour period, is summoned at least 5,000 times for help in accidents, crimes, fights, and other disturbances in the similar period beginning early Friday evening, and again in the next twenty-four-hour segment beginning Saturday night.

■ SLIPPERY WHEN WET

Some 62 percent of drivers responsible for accidents "had been drinking," and 53 percent were "under the influence," in a year-long survey during 1963 of traffic in eight counties of California. In contrast, only 20 percent of drivers not responsible for accidents had been drinking, and 13 percent were under the influence. The survey included 633 tested drivers who died within six hours after their accidents.

Among 310 fatally injured pedestrians, 40 percent had been drinking, and 32 percent were under the influence, with the percentage figures higher for those under sixty-five years of age.

In Delaware records show that during the six years, 1958 to 1963, some 400 fatal accidents occurred, of which 44 percent involved a drinking driver. In thirty-nine pedestrian fatalities, 31 percent of the pedestrians had been drinking. In individual years the drinking-driver figure ranged as high as 55 percent and the drinking-pedestrian figure as high as 43 percent.

It is evident that the impact of drinking on driving is considerably more than superficial thought may indicate and that whenever alcohol appears behind the wheel, danger is present.

■ WIFE BEATERS

According to a study reported by Drs. John E. Snell, Richard J. Rosenwald, and Ames Robey, of Framingham, Massachusetts, most wife beaters in middle-class society are not hulky brutes who pound their "shrinking violets" whenever they don't get their own way.

Such men as a rule, according to the study, are shy, sexually ineffectual, reasonably hardworking "mother's boys" with a tendency to drink heavily.

The essential ingredient leading to physical abuse seems to be the need both husband and wife feel for periodic reversal of roles.

■ TEEN-AGE DRIVERS

During 1963 some 2,800,000 teen-age drivers had accidents, of which 6,600 were fatal, according to the National Safety Council. A teenager's chance of becoming killed by an automobile is about one in 3,000. The chances for older drivers are about one in 4,650.

A study in Iowa, which checked the ages of drivers through a twenty-four-hour period, found that during daylight hours teen-agers made up only 6 percent of drivers, between dark and midnight they made up 14.8 percent, and after midnight the percentage rose to 20.4 percent.

■ NAME YOUR POISON— PAY THE PRICE

Heavy drinkers of gin hold onto their marriages longer than wine drinkers, says Dr. E. Y. Williams, head of the department of neuropsychiatry at Howard University. He has found that various drinks produce different results in alcoholics. Here are samples:

Gin—Low back pain, rapid heartbeat, unexplained heart murmurs, headaches, and blackouts, with a nervous feeling marked chiefly by fear. One such fear is that their marriages will break up, so they hold onto them "with all the force they can muster."

Whiskey—"Much more appalling" results, including stomach upsets, unsteady walk, severe hangovers, hallucinations, shortness of breath.

Wine—Blurred vision, bloodshot eyes, dryness of the mouth, loss of interest in self and the world. Twenty-six of thirty patients studied were divorced or separated.

Beer—Gain of weight and development of "beer bellies" in most heavy beer drinkers, along with restlessness, lack of appetite for food.

Rum—Reddened lower lip, talkativeness, squinting eyes, and rapid heartbeat. "All reported a funny feeling in the abdomen."

In view of the obvious physical results of drinking, it is no compliment to the intelligence of man that he will, as Dr. Williams points out, always try to find "some solace in drinking."

■ MORE RESULTS

Of a total of more than 5,000,000 alcoholics in the United States, more than one-fifth are women, says the Chicago *Sun-Times*. Alcoholism costs the public more than \$1,000,000,000 a year and is responsible for more than one quarter of the nonsupport cases in Chicago.

PAUL BUNYAN, the popular legendary giant in the early logging operations from Maine to Oregon, becomes our focal point for this month's party.

Paul; his faithful friend Babe, the blue ox; Sourdough Sam, the executive cook; John Inkslinger, his accountant; and others performed massive and ingenious feats in these northern areas. Minnesota's 10,000 lakes came into existence as Babe walked through the swampy country. Isle Royale was made when Paul fell off a hemlock pole where he was engaged in a pole-sitting contest. His left heel hit part of the Keweenaw Peninsula and broke off a big chunk of the mainland, which landed fifty miles out in Lake Superior.

The woodsmen who cultivated the image of this braggart and much-loved character were real artists in the Bunyan yarns. They made you want to meet the mythical fellow.

Games

Choose your best storyteller to research some of the best in Paul Bunyan lore and regale the guests with the tall tales.

For an interesting outdoor relay where snow is plentiful, try a North country favorite. Collect two sleds from the neighborhood. Divide the crowd into two even-numbered groups. At the starting point, each side sends a pair to a goal post, one as passenger and the other as Babe, the blue ox (transporter). At the goal post, passenger and ox trade positions and return to their teammates, where the trek is repeated by the next two, and so on, until one side completes the run.

Skating, a sleigh ride, skiing or tobogganing, or favorite outdoor winter games can complete your evening.

- Sourdough Sam's Flapjacks
- Corduroy Roads
 - Ole's Specialty
 - Mac's Scotch Treats
- Your Favorite Hot Drink
- Choice of a Black Cow or a Blue Ox

Decorations

Birch logs, candles, and evergreens can become background or centerpiece for your party. Any representative objects from the logging industry will add an authentic

PARTY PICK-UPS



Blossom Engen

'Cuz We're Paul Bunyan's Men!

touch. Cardboard hatchets should be readily available at the local five-and-ten, since February is the month of Washington's birthday.

Encourage your guests to dress informally. Plaid shirts will help to classify you as Paul Bunyan's men.

Refreshments

Your food can't compete with Sourdough Sam's in scale. For instance, when his order of four tons of split peas broke through the ice on one of the lakes in Michigan's upper peninsula, he built 300 fires around the lake, cooked the peas, and served the soup to the ravenous lumberjacks.

But what you lack in amount you can make up for in delicious food and novel serving.

CORDUROY ROADS

Using buttermilk pancake mix, prepare batter for pancakes according to the directions on the package. Be sure the pancakes are thin. Additional liquid may be necessary. Roll buttered pancakes and place in a row on an ovenware plate. Place in slightly warm oven. Just before serving, pour chocolate

syrup on pancakes and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish with whipped cream and chocolate shot.

OLE'S SPECIALTY

Prepare buckwheat pancake mix according to package directions. Serve with butter, frozen blueberries, and maple syrup.

MAC'S SCOTCH TREATS

(Makes 12 4-inch pancakes)

- 2 cups buttermilk
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 cups oatmeal
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt

Combine buttermilk, eggs, and oatmeal. Stir in remaining ingredients which have been sifted together. These may be mixed in a blender. Blend milk and eggs for five seconds. Add remaining ingredients and blend an additional five seconds or until mixed. Bake on hot griddle.

A good northwoodsman will serve these with thimbleberry jam.

Jam and jelly companies haven't heard of this yet! Use your favorite jam or jelly.

BLACK COW

For each serving place a large scoop of chocolate ice cream in a mug. Add root beer.

BLUE OX

For each serving place a large scoop of vanilla ice cream in a tall glass. Add grape soda.

LINDA LOFTIS

(Continued from page 10)

"and I want to help them to *do* what's right. It always pays in the long run."

As I sketch these vignettes, I find myself thinking of one of my own. It is January, and I am sitting with friends high up on the southwest side of the great rodeo arena at the Will Rogers Coliseum in Fort Worth, Texas.

Below us in the arena the oil-treated, rich brown soil is being churned up by many hooves. Flags are flying as expert riders weave in and out on their beautiful mounts, forming the intricate patterns for which the Fort Worth rodeo show is so famous. The drums are beating, and then suddenly—a bugle call. The motion stops. Horses and riders become immobilized where they stand.

The lights go out, and the great spotlights turn to one gate. The drums roll, and, midst a spine-tingling fanfare, the gate opens, and out races the widely known Appaloosa, Joker B. On his back, gorgeously attired in Western dress, leaning forward, smiling, and expertly guiding the racing mount, is Linda Loftis with the golden voice. The crowd rises to its feet roaring, then hushes as the orchestra strikes up the first bars of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Joker B stands motionless, a beautiful statue in the blue light. Linda reaches for the swaying overhead mike, and a voice fills the great building, sending a thrill through every listener.

That voice and the music rise, filling the space clear to the dome; then they die away on quickly diminishing echoes. Joker B lifts a foot, the spell breaks, and the crowd sighs as they are seated once again.

Perhaps the most beautiful implementing of Linda's personality came a few months ago at a Dallas amusement area known as Six Flags Over Texas. On Baptist Youth Day the park was filled with nearly 40,000 guests, mostly teen-agers. At about 10 a.m. the announcement came over radio and television that the park's gates had to be

closed for the day because of the capacity crowd inside.

That evening Linda stepped onto a barge that carried soft lighting, and there, from the waters of a little lake, she sang the haunting hymn, "No One Ever Cared for Me Like Jesus." As the vast crowd stood in silence, listening with its very heart, one caught again the touch of Linda's elusive personality.

"That voice, and that girl, can make a better person of you," commented one listener after hearing Linda sing.

Her lovely voice, coupled with her sure resolves and high standards, may make better citizens of all of us as Linda goes her way giving of herself. Giving oneself, she says, "is the most wonderful thing in all the world."

Now one can understand why Linda is called, "The Christma Girl of the Southwest."



LUTHER W. YOUNGDAHL



Judge, United States District Court
District of Columbia



"The legacy I have been fortunate enough to receive by way of a Christian heritage handed down to me by dedicated parents, pastors, teachers, and others has sensitized my conscience to the importance of clean living. The youth of America are fortunate, indeed, if they respond to the disciplines provided them in keeping their minds and bodies healthy, both from a physical and spiritual viewpoint."



THE NARCOTICS PROBLEM

(Continued from page 12)

contact with the peddler (who may give away the first few shots to get his customer hooked again); fear of the terrible suffering which arises when no dope is available; fear that the pressure of law enforcement may temporarily cut off his supply; fear of agony and of death which may come from the denial of dope to a long-confirmed addict.

Frustration—of watching the series of ugly puncture marks left by unsterile needles on once unblemished arms and legs; frustration of seeing bright and even teeth rot away in time from loss of calcium due to the habit; frustration because the wants and needs of normal people must be subordinated to the obsessive, overpowering, all-consuming need for dope because all the money which can be acquired by whatever means must be spent to satisfy an ever more expensive habit as bodily tolerance requires more and more of the drug to establish normalcy and give the added boost in spirit; frustration as mental and physical health become impaired, and as sexual feeling declines and is lost.

Crime—to acquire money to purchase dope at the black-market rates set by the underworld suppliers; crime such as prostitution, dope pushing, forgery, robbery, burglary, till tapping, pocket picking, shoplifting; crime which is victimizing an ever-increasing number of the productive members of our society; crime which may lead to murder in the attempt to escape; crime, and the possibility of spending much of life in jails and hospitals.

These are the facts, the reasons why dope is bad. These are the facts which should be made available in the prevention stage, before the habit is formed. The community should be taught the whole truth in movies, newspapers, radio, television, magazines, books. In hygiene, biology, and social studies classes, from at least the eighth or ninth grade on, our children should be taught the facts. Present to them moving-picture accounts depicting the narcotics wards of, say, Los Angeles General Hospital, or the Tombs Prison in New York. Let them see and hear the sights and sounds of the things that happen to a person when he takes to the needle—the misery, the fear, the suffering, the degradation. Show them girls and boys once lovely and healthy, now sallow and helpless drug addicts. Show them the rotting teeth, the sickly, blemished skin, the marked arms, the emaciated bodies. Tell them of the

danger of death from an overdose or from sudden deprivation, of the unbearable agony of the withdrawal. Give them the facts about mental deterioration, of general physical impairment, of lowered resistance to disease, of sexual debilitation, of the number of years by which the span of life is shortened.

Mass education will take ignorance out of the dope problem. This realistic approach can and will work, and it is the only thing that will solve our dilemma in the present imperfect state of human society.

As a criminal lawyer, I would like to be one of the first to sacrifice on the altar of human betterment whatever part of my income may be derived from the defense of persons accused of narcotics law violations. Unless positive steps are taken at once, I fear such a spread of this vicious social sickness as indicated by the dire prediction of one of my clients: "We had better prepare for a push-button war, if war comes again. There will not be enough health and vigor left in our youth to fight any other kind."

FINDING THE KEY

(Continued from page 7)

"How can you continue through so many years and still be skiing at the age of seventy-five?" I asked him. He gave credit to his avoidance of the bad and his temperate use of the good. He has had many converts, he told me. Some of the most famous ski jumpers in America have adopted his nonflesh diet, his use of milk in place of beer, his abstinence from narcotics, and his balanced program of rest and recreation, work and play.

There have been the usual temptations to let down the bars of conscience. He has been urged to lend his name to cigarette advertising, but he has refused. Men have respected him, admired him, for his strong convictions. Through the years, tournament after tournament has been altered because Anders Haugen, a devout church member, keeps Saturday as his rest day. He lives his religion and enjoys it. There is a connection between happiness and health. Anders has always had a forward and "upward" look.

Today, as I talked with him, I saw a man, well along in years, but ever young in spirit. There is the same glint of the Northland pride in his blue eyes, the same radiant smile as he talks of past pleasures and future hopes. He values the plaque, indicating that his name is inscribed in the skiers' Hall of Fame; but he values far more a life crowned with real success.



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.

Is it true that all drugs are poisonous to a certain extent?

In answering this question, it is necessary first to understand what is meant by a drug. One dictionary defines a drug as "any substance used as a medicine." Another states it is "a medicinal substance used in the treatment of disease."

Using these definitions, we cannot say that all drugs are poisonous to any extent. Many vitamins and minerals are used as medicinal substances, and these substances are essential to life. An absence or deficiency in the diet of one or more vitamins or minerals may be productive of certain diseases. We usually speak of these as deficiency diseases. Replacement of the missing food supplements is essential for the cure of such disease.

Such medications or drugs as digitalis, so useful in certain types of heart disease, and belladonna, to mention only two of many drugs taken from plant sources, are medications which are definitely poisonous if not used cautiously and with full knowledge of their potentialities. Codeine and morphine used so effectively and widely for the relief of pain are also habit-forming. They, too, are taken from plant sources. They require a special license for handling because of their high degree of addictive potential.

Alcoholic beverages also require a special license for handling because of ethyl alcohol's strong tendency to be habit-forming. Alcohol is an excellent solvent and consequently is used in many medicinal preparations. Except for this purpose, alcohol is a drug that is usually excelled by other medications for therapeutic use.

All drugs need to be used in their proper dosage in order to be beneficial. Even vitamins and minerals can be harmful when used excessively. Our most common solvent, water, can produce a kind of drunkenness when taken

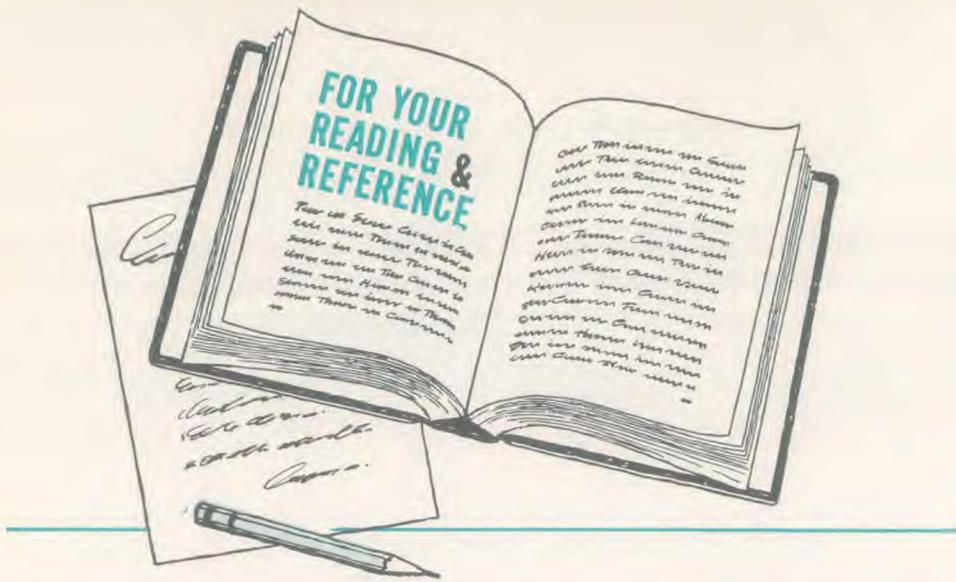
in grossly excessive amounts. Air taken into the lungs excessively can produce unconsciousness. Even the best of food or drink used to excess may become poisonous. Moderation in the use of the good and the nonuse of that which is harmful is the only safe rule.

How can one help a person who has been an alcoholic for many years? He knows that drinking is dangerous, but he has a craving for drink.

An alcoholic is one who has a frequent, overwhelming craving for alcohol and uses it for the effect it has on him. His drink is of greater importance to him than anything else in life. He often seeks it before his food. He loses his appetite, and his body may be in need of nutritional essentials, especially vitamins. He craves highly spiced and seasoned foods. Ordinary food tastes flat and unappetizing. Serving attractive meals is of special importance. Fruit drinks rich in vitamin C, food rich in vitamin B complex, and good quality protein are important to increase his appetite and the feeling of well-being. They also help to cure or prevent neuritis, which occurs so frequently in the alcoholic.

It is also important to understand the reasons why the alcoholic has sought relief by drinking. If he can be made to feel that he is understood and is not being condemned for his habit, he may be willing to be helped. Until a person wants to be helped, he will not receive advice kindly. This is especially true if he suffers from a guilt complex.

In summary, if we wish to help the alcoholic, we must make his surroundings, especially his home, attractive to him; his food and drinks must be tasteful; and we should make him feel that we are indeed his friend, knowing and understanding his problem, but loving him still. He must feel accepted and wanted, a person of value.



ANOTHER LOOK AT ALCOHOLISM

(Continued from page 17)

zation, will assume this assignment.

Will the Commission explore new frontiers in regard to alcohol problems?

One of the objectives of the Commission is to ascertain the many gaps that exist in our present knowledge and then deal effectively with at least some of them. Original research is to be initiated by the Commission's staff in several areas which need illumination before recommendations can be made. Also investigators outside the Commission will be encouraged to conduct research.

What is the basis of information-seeking by the Commission?

The Commission will endeavor to identify clearly the questions that today are being asked and discussed by policy makers, educators, parents and other segments of the general public. This, of course, is in addition to specialists within the field.

Will the Commission prepare definitive reports on alcohol and alcoholism?

As the projects of the Commission move to completion, reports will be published with the objective of providing useful information to all who are interested.

What is its ultimate goal?

As a direct result of the preliminary projects currently being engaged in by staff members, it is hoped that practical suggestions will be developed as to how existing and potential resources for treatment, research, and education can be utilized. Successful management of alcohol problems is the sought-for goal.

Do you feel that alcoholism has been studied extensively enough in this country?

No. Actually, some aspects of alcoholism have been pretty much neglected in the United States and Canada. Treatment today is inadequate. Furthermore, attitudes on the part of a large segment of the public toward alcohol and alcoholism are biased. The Commission hopes to correct many of the myths which exist regarding alcohol.

It is true that most states in the United States and several of the Canadian provinces have alcohol centers, at which a rehabilitation program is presented; but the overall effort is small in relation to the size of the problem.

Ashley Montagu, **LIFE BEFORE BIRTH**, New York: The New American Library, 1964. 244 pages. \$4.95.

Much attention has been focused recently on the impact of certain drugs on the mother and her infant.

Though this book, as its title indicates, covers life from the moment of conception until birth, one of the most fascinating sections, and most significant, deals with the need for extreme care by the mother during pregnancy in the taking of any drugs.

This precaution extends to the habit of smoking. Marshaling a surprising amount of medical and scientific evidence, the author concludes: "The vast majority of children are entitled by their inheritance to healthy bodies and functioning minds. By the simple act of smoking a pack of cigarettes every day while she is pregnant, a mother can appreciably reduce her child's chances of receiving this inheritance. Does she really want to do this?"

Directed toward the average reader, this volume is popularly written for those who are interested in improving not only the knowledge of the present generation but also the health and happiness of the generation to come.

Malcolm F. Willoughby, **RUM WAR AT SEA**, Washington, D.C.: United States Government Printing Office, 1964. 184 pages. \$2.00.

One of the most important aspects of the prohibition era was the effort by law-enforcement agencies to prevent smuggling of illegal liquor.

The United States Coast Guard was the agency assigned to protect the nation's coasts from the rum runners. This book graphically tells the story of interceptions, battles taking place, seizures being made. Though factual, the incidents are written in interesting, very readable style.

In its description of prohibition, the book is hardly objective, since it presents only the claim of failure for the "noble experiment," but ignores the mass of evidence of good results.

TEACHING GUIDE

TEACHER'S EDITION OF

LISTEN

MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

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Vol. 18, No. 1

"Listen" Teaching Guide

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Teachers may write to Narcotics Education, Inc., P.O. Box 4390, Washington, D.C. 20012. Ask about this service, and request a free catalog of teaching materials in the fields of alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics.



STILLNESS

Charlotte Shifrin

Hush, falling snow,
The earth sleeps.
Fall silent from above;
Leave her in peace.

Hush, leaden sky,
The earth waits,
Her children bleak and bare
Against your face.

None must disturb the laden boughs,
Heavy and sleepy with soft snow
Which touches with a tender kiss,
Gently, with love.

Poems with a Purpose

SNOW BABIES

Mary Louise Acton

Tumbling down on gauzy wings,
Snowflakes have their earthly flings;
Piggyback they ride the breeze,
In and out around the trees.

Cuddling closely they will hover
Over earth, a mist-white cover;
Powder puffs that spill their dust,
Beautifying autumn's rust.

When the sun begins to shine,
Hand in hand they form a line;
Ride upon the sun's bright beams
To the land of New Year's dreams!

IMPORTANCE

Clarence Edwin Flynn

The winds have traveled farther,
The stars on more have gleamed,
The sun performed more labors
Than we have ever dreamed.

And yet they all keep quiet,
Without a hint or clue,
And listen to us praising
The little things we do!

TODAY IS MINE

Ethel Peak

Today is mine. I'll not betray
One hour, regretting yesterday;
Nor will I strain my eyes to see
What luck tomorrow has for me—
Today is mine.

While the moments slip away,
I'll plant, and build, and sing, and say
The kindly word, and I shall be
Aware of life and ecstasy—
Today is mine.

ALWAYS THERE

E. Jay Ritter, Jr.

God sees each tiny tear that flows,
He hears each plaintive sigh.
He never leaves us all alone,
For always He is nigh.

God hears each tender little prayer,
He hears each heartbeat's sound.
He shares our sorrows and our joys—
His love is so profound!

Each prayer, each tear, each plaintive sigh,
Each heartache that we bear
Is heard and seen and felt by One
With ever-watchful care.

USE CAUTION IN MAILING DRUGS

Raymond Schuessler

A prescription drug containing strychnine was mailed by a physician to a rural address. The package was picked up by a neighbor who shared the mailbox. He placed it on a dresser pending the neighbor's return. When the mother returned, she found her daughter and three-year-old son playing with the pills. Both children were rushed to the hospital. The boy survived, but the girl died.

The need for care by both shippers and receivers in the handling of drugs and chemicals sent through the mail was emphasized by the Post Office Department and FDA in a joint announcement. To determine the frequency of accidents arising from mail shipments, FDA polled its eighteen field districts. No other accidents of a similar nature and seriousness were disclosed, but circumstances that might lead to such accidents were reported in several cases.

One district reported a complaint from a Detroit woman that a free bleach sample containing 12 percent chlorine was too large for the mailbox and had been left on the doorstep by the postman. While no misuse of the bleach occurred, the woman pointed out that children had access to it and could have been injured. This product was prominently labeled with consumer protection information, including the legend: "Toxic: Keep Out of the Reach of Children." Unfortunately, some mailboxes are accessible to children. Packages that are tamperproof against children should be used for any mailings of drugs and hazardous chemicals.

One district reported having received protests about receiving through the mail free samples of cough medicines and other drug products which were opened and used by children without parental consent. Another district re-



"Now I know why it's called a punch bowl."

ported having observed, in connection with the policing of destruction of unfit food and drugs at city dumps, that many families apparently dispose of outdated or unused drugs by simply throwing them in the trash can in their intact containers.

The potential dangers of this practice are evident. Children sometimes go into trash cans to recover discarded toys and may get hold of the drugs, and they also sometimes play on city dumps and might find the drugs. Discarded drugs should be removed from their container and flushed down the drain or consigned immediately to the incinerator.

WE REWROTE THE VERDICT

(Continued from page 26)

My wife walked into the yard. Seeing a miracle, she cried out the happiest words I have ever heard from her lips: "Thank God, you're sober."

"Yes," I said, "all day so far."

"What about tomorrow?"

"Let me finish today first," I said.

"Right now I'm taking care of today."

That is what I have been doing since October 4, 1955, although I drank for thirty years before that.

Remember? I was hopeless, but we rewrote the verdict.

"FIRE ON BOARD!"

(Continued from page 23)

"At the stern I found Captain Zarbis and eight or nine other people. They gave me some whiskey from a bottle and put a rug over me."

Rescuers of the *Charlesville* reported that Captain Zarbis broke down and wept when they took him off his ship. He wept again over the telephone from Tenerife, while denying to a representative of the United Press International the complaints of his passengers. He kept repeating, "It's not true. It's not true. I was doing my duty." At Madrid Airport he became angry when questioned by newsmen, and shouted, "I am talking too much; this is worse than it was on the liner." Then he sat down on a bench and covered his face with his hands, sobbing.

The final count of the death toll was 129 persons, ten of them children. It may be partly true, as the Greek Line claimed at the inquiry in Athens, that the large loss of life was due to factors beyond the control of the captain and crew. However, there was plenty of work they could have done to save more of the passengers. If watchmen had been more alert, the fire could have been discovered sooner. If there had been pressure in the hoses, the fire might have been brought under control.

A purser stated that most of those who perished were in a group with him left aboard the ship after all the lifeboats had gone. Some of the lifeboats were reported to have pushed away only half full of crewmen. It can hardly be denied that a great many more lives could have been saved if the captain and all of his crew had been in condition to attend to their duties.

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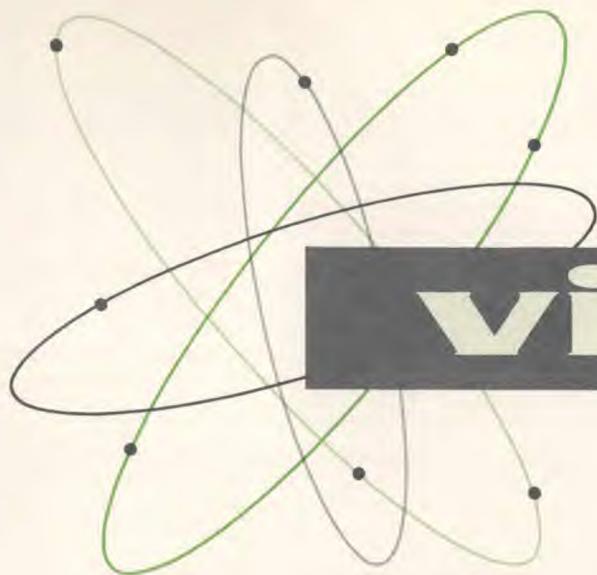
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views

❖ **SMOKING FROM FEAR.** Fear underlies the tobacco habit, according to Dr. Richard D. Chessick, a Chicago psychiatrist. Persons habituated to cigarette smoking are seeking a "keyed-up" state to protect them against the deep fear that they will be destroyed, ruined, or exposed if they let their ego defenses down, says Dr. Chessick.

In this sense, he noted, tobacco habituation can be understood as an ego operation which constantly, through artificial means, keeps the ego functioning at a high level of alertness. The "essential psychic ingredient for many addictions and habituations," he points out, can be found in the desperate need for defensive mechanisms and the chronic pressure to maintain them working continuously in high gear.

This hypothesis is consistent with studies indicating that smokers tend to live faster and more intensely and to be more socially outgoing, the "counterphobic" aspects of which are obvious, Dr. Chessick comments. The theory also is consistent with the fact that the compulsion to smoke in increasing amounts represents an ominous sign, he adds.

❖ **"THE FACTS ARE IN."** "None of us is about to be misled by the half-truth that we need more research before we can take action. Certainly we need more research, . . . but the research is to learn HOW cigarette smoking produces lung cancer, bronchitis, and other diseases, not WHETHER it produces them.

"On that part of the question, the facts are now in, and no reasonable person should dispute that cigarette smoking is a serious health hazard."—Luther Terry, M.D., Surgeon General, Public Health Service.

❖ **ALCOHOL OR OIL?** The chief lubricant for the wheels of modern society is alcohol rather than oil, for better or worse. "For the high-paid executive who can't or won't drink on the job, it gives a quick termination of tension at the end of the day. For the salesman, it dissolves inhibitions."—Dr. David A. Rodgers, psychologist, Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, La Jolla, California.

❖ **DRUGGED DRIVING?** Police in Maryland and in Washington, D.C., are hamstrung when it comes to charging motorists who are driving under the influence of narcotics. So says Maryland State Senator Paul A. Dorf, who is pushing for legislation making drugged driving punishable by loss of the driver's license. A number of wild-driving arrests in Maryland have involved individuals who were drunk on pep pills or tranquilizers.

❖ **"ALCONSUMPTION" AT ALL-TIME HIGH.** The average American adult consumes 2.6 gallons of absolute alcohol per year. Annual consumption stands currently at an all-time high of 160,000,000 gallons of spirits, 90,000,000 gallons of beer, and 150,000,000 gallons of wine.—Dr. Hardin Jones, assistant director, University of California Donner Laboratory.

❖ **WOMEN ALCOHOLICS.** "About one of six alcoholics is a woman," reports the Chicago Committee on Alcoholism. "There is some evidence," the committee continues, "that the number of women alcoholics is larger than that and is increasing."

❖ **"I'VE SEEN THE . . . EFFECTS."** When the nationally known columnist Cedric Adams was writing his regular feature, "In This Corner," for the Minneapolis "Star," he interviewed Mrs. Douglas Rigg, wife of the warden of the Minnesota State Penitentiary at Stillwater.

Noticing that she didn't drink at the time of the interview, Adams asked, "Don't you ever touch the stuff?"

"No, I never have," she replied. "In my twenty-three years around prisons I've seen the damaging effects of liquor, and it has become something that I don't want to have anything to do with. I'd guess that 80 to 90 percent of the men who are behind bars today could trace their being where they are to the effects of liquor, in part at least."

GENE SCOTT...DAVIS CUP STAR

"Common sense and the desire to feel his best all the time should be one's guide. For a short time, when I was a teen-ager, I smoked; but from then on I observed that I felt better when I didn't smoke. Youngsters usually smoke today because of idle time and a desire to emulate what they see around them."

"Anything in extreme can injure one physically. However, drinking or smoking even in moderation can injure once's chances in a close tennis match. The mere thinking about the need for a cigarette during competition can be crucial. Tennis is basically 50 percent confidence and 50 percent concentration."

"People who smoke and drink in their youth are not constructively occupied. Do something useful all the time, be resourceful, enjoy yourself, and don't spend time in self-pity."



Interview by
Ralph Dio Guardi



Gene Scott (second from right) plays with the United States Davis Cup team in Adelaide, Australia. Other members of the team include (from left): Captain Bob Kelleher, Frank Froehling, Martin Riessen, Dennis Ralston, Chuck McKinley, and Pancho Gonzales.

Davis Cup star and fourth-ranking tennis player in the United States, Gene Scott has taken his place with other tennis greats such as Seixas, Trabert, Richardson, and Shields by winning the Johnson Award for outstanding contribution to the game of tennis.

Gene, twenty-six years old, has competed in the major world tennis centers such as Forest Hills, New York, and Wimbledon, England. He has also competed for the Australian national championships and the French national championships and has played in Davis Cup matches all around the world.

Versatile in sport, he was a nine-letter man at Yale when he graduated in 1960, specializing in soccer, hockey, tennis, and track. His ambition, following a tennis career, is to complete the law course and enter the diplomatic corps.