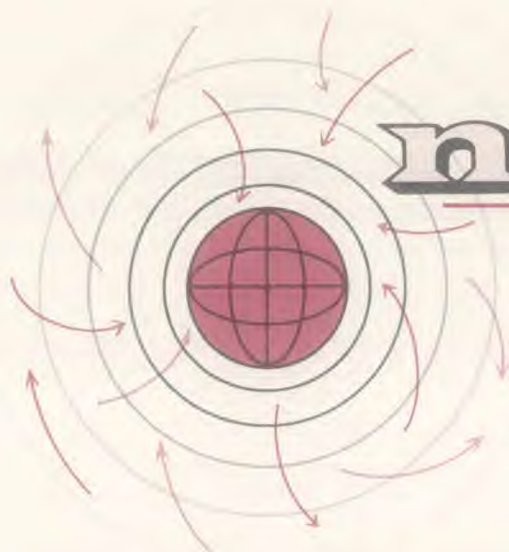


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



ABIGAIL VAN BUREN
"Dear Abby"



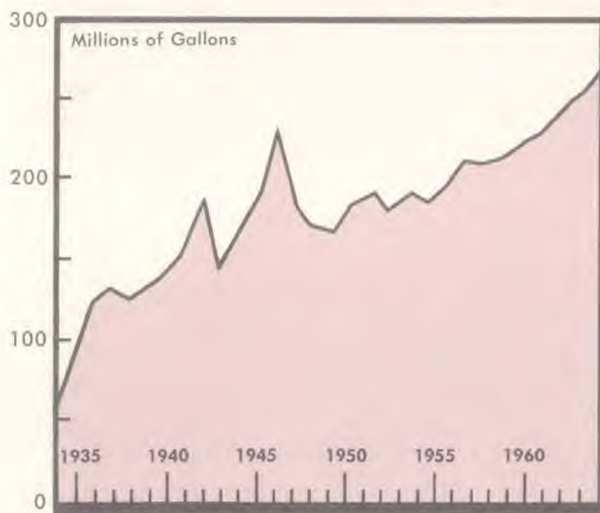
news

KEEP YOUR HEART

Animal fat and cigarette smoking are dangers to be avoided by everyone, not merely by persons who are overweight or with high blood pressure, says the 1964 annual report of the American Heart Association. The report suggests that vegetable oils or other polyunsaturated fats should be substituted for animal fat in the diet. It also estimates that at least 100,000 premature deaths occur in the United States each year from heart disease associated with smoking.

❖ **PILLS LURE RACKETEERS.** Illegal traffic in pep pills and tranquilizers has become so lucrative as to be attractive to racketeers, according to George P. Larrick, director of the Food and Drug Administration. There is a big market for the illegal sales among teen-agers, leading to delinquency, bizarre crimes, and suicides. It is estimated that half the pep pills, tranquilizers, and goofballs used in the nation last year were sold illegally.

Liquor Consumption Climbs



Drinkers consumed a record 273 million gallons of distilled spirits in 1964, up from 260 million gallons in 1963, Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., estimates. Liquor consumption has not declined since 1957.—Graph from *Wall Street Journal*.

❖ **WHY TRAFFIC IS SO HEAVY.** More persons than ever before, 95,000,000, own drivers' licenses now, says the United States Bureau of Public Roads in its 1964 report. By 1980, this total is expected to reach as many as 139,000,000.

❖ **DRUG MENACE IN GERMANY.** Nearly a thousand West German police and United States narcotics agents have been raiding bars and night clubs in Frankfurt, Germany, to halt the sale of marijuana to American servicemen stationed there. Two hundred civilian agents have been infiltrated into night spots frequented by troops in an effort to track down pushers and suppliers.

❖ **SHOULD PARENTS SERVE TEENS?** Young people do not feel it wise for parents to serve them liquor at home. A survey of 1,198 boys and girls by Gilbert Youth Research, Inc., showed that 72 percent of them rejected parental hosting of teen-age drinking parties in homes. However, 62 percent of them felt that the law should not try to prevent it. In other words, youth believe parental wisdom, not legislation, should dictate the decision not to serve liquor.

❖ **STARTING YOUNG.** Arrested and processed through the courts, 500 boys aged seven to nineteen were interviewed by the Youth Service Board of Massachusetts. Of the total, 318 admitted they were repeat drinkers, and 20 percent blamed alcohol for their trouble. Many of the heavy drinkers were eleven, twelve, and thirteen years old, but most of the boys said that fourteen was the most dangerous drinking age, when the young teen-ager seeks to show his adulthood by drinking.

OUR COVER Millions of Americans, when their daily newspaper arrives, take a glance at the big news stories on page 1, then start leafing through the paper till they come to "Dear Abby." Avidly they read the queries and counsel in her column, often identifying themselves with problems they recognize as similar to their own, and feeling quite superior when the troubled questioners tell of hard situations the reader has avoided.

Listen's cover of Abby is by Ed Benedict, photographer for the Miss Teenage America Pageant in Dallas.



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Editor Francis A. Soper

Associate Editor Euel H. Atchley

Assistant Editor Edna M. Tarr

Editorial Secretary Grace E. Tucker

Art Director Howard Larkin

Layout Artist Eric Kreye

Circulation Manager A. R. Mazat

Sales and Promotion L. R. Hixson

Jesse O. Gibson

Editorial Consultants

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Office Editor Charles D. Utt

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"Another Pizza Pie"



FOR many months the State of New York and her neighboring states have been arguing about the "right" age to allow teen-agers to drink. New York is being pressured to raise its legal age in order to match the age recognized by New Jersey and Connecticut.

In this connection, the solution urged by an Episcopalian clergyman is receiving wide attention, being publicized in the public press perhaps more than any other suggestion.

Completely abandon any drinking laws based on age, says Rev. Joseph D. Herring, vicar of the Church of the Transfiguration in northern New Jersey. "The advantages would outweigh the disadvantages," he says.

He calls his idea "a much more mature approach," and claims it would help to take alcohol out of the "forbidden fruits" category for teen-agers.

"We are still enslaved to a prohibitionist mentality and under the surface don't appreciate the good aspects of alcohol," asserts the vicar. He advocates teen-

age drinking in "moderation," and says, "We force youngsters to grow up so fast nowadays, I think we ought to satisfy them with some of the adult rewards." He goes on to point out that the problem of teen-age drinking will persist as long as alcohol is kept a "mysterious possession of the adult world."

He doesn't stop there. "If the drinking age were low enough, high school kids would soon come to regard alcohol as another pizza pie."

When it comes to defining "low enough," however, he begins to hedge. "Practically speaking, we can't allow ten-year-olds to order liquor, but perhaps sixteen would be a good age to start drinking moderately."

The vicar started publicizing his views by writing a letter to a New York newspaper. Predictably he received a mixed reaction. Those who agreed with him he called "enlightened people," such as psychiatrists, jurists, and lawyers. Those who disagreed he described as "fanatics, religious and otherwise."

It is obvious that the age-old drinking problem will not be solved by legislating that a seventeen-year-old can't drink and an eighteen-year-old can, or that both have to wait until they are twenty-one. As long as adults set the pace, the youth will follow.

Incidentally, the latest gadget the breweries have concocted—a beer dispenser for the home refrigerator—makes it possible for any toddler to begin drinking as soon as he can open the tap and pour himself a glass.

But Vicar Herring's recommendation of doing away with virtually all controls of youth drinking is unrealistic and unknowledgeable. It doesn't take into consideration the following facts:

1. "Moderation" cannot be defined. It is not the same for any two persons, neither is it the same for any one person on any two occasions.

2. "Good aspects" of drinking too often turn out to be tragedy—on the highway, in the home, with teen-agers in parked cars, or in combination with criminal tendencies.

3. Alcohol has a greater impact on young bodies than on those who have over a period of time developed a certain tolerance to alcohol.

4. There can be no comparison between pizza pie and alcohol. Alcohol is a narcotic drug which, even in small quantities, begins to put the brain to sleep and to affect judgment, self-control, and willpower.

5. Youth today, in an age of complexity and speed, and with pressures from every side, should receive adequate warning of the potential danger of a drug like alcohol rather than be openly encouraged to start experimenting with it with no knowledge of either its nature or potential danger.

It will behoove Vicar Herring, and others who may agree with him, to look carefully at the long-range effect of what they are advocating rather than the mere expediency of the moment.

Francis A. Soper



IT WAS one of those things that had to be done, whether he liked it or not. Just why it had to be done, Onyango never quite knew, except that it was custom; and one must obey custom whether or not there was any sensible reason.

Some African tribes did strange things with their hair; some tattooed themselves; some filed their teeth; some wound tight wire around the necks and upper arms of their women; others made large holes in their earlobes so that they could hang beads, safety pins, or circular pieces of wood as ornaments from the thin lobe hanging nearly to their shoulders. Yes, each tribe seemed to have its own peculiar customs.

Even Europeans did strange things. At times their women wore shoes with high, very pointed supports beneath the heel of their feet. Onyango wondered if it was painful for them to walk. Some whom he had seen in the cities dyed their fingernails dark red, even purple.

Was there an explanation for this? They did, said, ate, and wore many other strange and incomprehensible things. But thoughts of the doings of white men only flitted through Onyango's mind as he walked hesitatingly to his appointment.

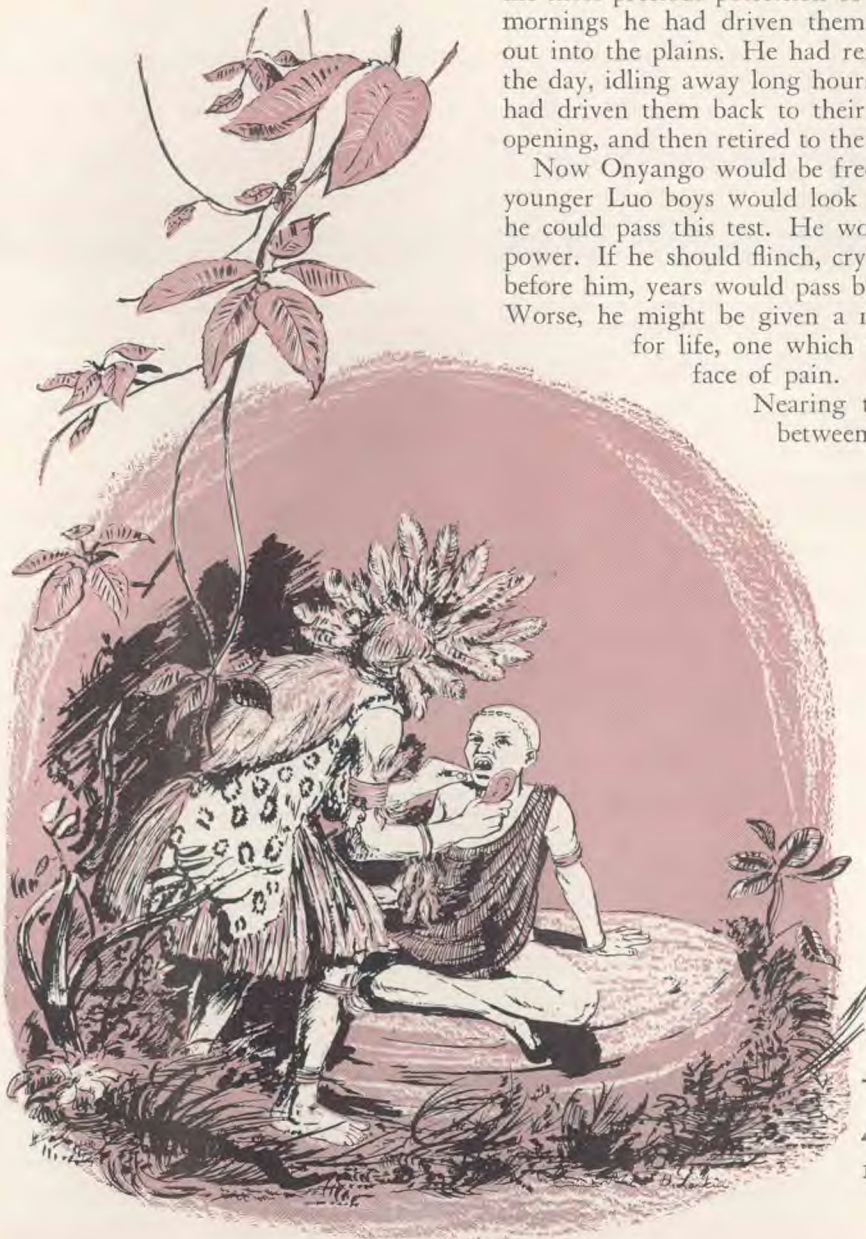
This Kenya boy had long anticipated the time when he would take his place as a man in his tribe. During the long growing-up years he had faithfully performed his duties, helping to herd cattle, the most precious possession of his people. In the chilly dew of early mornings he had driven them from their thornbush enclosure and out into the plains. He had remained with them during the heat of the day, idling away long hours with other boys his age. At even he had driven them back to their enclosure and placed poles across its opening, and then retired to the family campfire and his evening meal.

Now Onyango would be freed from this small-boy task. Now the younger Luo boys would look up to him—a man! A man? Yes, if he could pass this test. He would need all his courage, all his willpower. If he should flinch, cry out, or even groan during the ordeal before him, years would pass before he could live down the disgrace. Worse, he might be given a name, one which would cling to him for life, one which would brand him as a coward in the face of pain.

Nearing the appointed place, Onyango passed between thick

(Turn to page 30)

WHAT PRICE CONFORMITY?



*This youth
was now
indeed
worthy!*

ALTA ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD LARKIN



The TV Cowboy -

If you, like many millions of Americans, have formed a mental picture of the American cowboy from the Westerns on television, lend a listening ear. "It just ain't so!" The modern cowboy, unlike the one on television, does not spend his time shooting his way through saloons, drinking with beautiful barmaids, and then breaking up the furniture when another cowboy intrudes.

Instead, the modern cowboy usually is a responsible and highly skilled young man who works hard and long. About the only shooting he does is at varmints—those birds and animals which have predatory tendencies and eat other birds and animals.

All this is explained by Jack West, the tall, rugged, hardworking general manager of the 50,000-acre Mariposa Ranch at Falfurrias, Texas, where the largest herd of Beefmaster cattle in the country is being raised by owner Dan Sullivan.

Four days spent at the Mariposa Ranch, eating with the cowboys in their cookhouse, talking with them, and observing them at their work proved to this writer that the modern cowboy does not even look like the cowboy on television. He looks clean instead of dust-covered and sweaty. He is clean-shaven and well-laundered, usually wearing khaki shirt and trousers because "they don't show the dirt so soon." His hat is not dust-covered either. In summertime it is straw. In wintertime it is felt. It is always a good one, for the cowboy takes pride in the Western hat he wears.

The modern cowboy does not wear a gun belt, nor does he swagger like the cowboy on television. He moves quickly, for there is much work to be done on a cattle ranch. He is usually shy and soft-spoken and courteous. His polite "ma'am" stands out in his conversation often.

With these common factors the resemblance ends, for there is no typical cowboy. He may be clean-cut, fresh-faced, blond, and in his mid-twenties like Bob King, the ranch foreman at the Mariposa Ranch; or he may be Latin-American, his skin darkened by the wind and sun, and his face lined with the worries of years on the job.

He may be a college boy who is curious about cowboy life and, because he rides well and has proved that he can take it, has been given summer work.

Whatever the modern cowboy may look like, he really loves his job, and he goes at it with a zest that employers in other lines seek and rarely find. In Robert King's case, he confided that he has read and studied much about the care of cattle and the operation of a modern ranch.

At the Mariposa Ranch four-wheel-drive equipment is vital to successful operation. Says ranch manager West, "This is rough country, and we have to get around fast. Should a cowboy find a cow with a bone cutting her mouth, two-way radio contact gets a trailer with two horses to that cow immediately, and takes her out for treatment. In the old days it might have taken a cowboy on his horse a couple of days just to find that cow."

The two-way radio, recently installed, prevents such situations as "walking twenty-two miles from the east fence to the house," which West said he often had to do when his car broke down.

This does not mean that the horse, beloved companion of the television cowboy, has disappeared from the modern ranch.

"Oh, no," manager Jack West says as he shakes his head. "When the going's rough, that's when you need the horse."

A cowboy like Bob King has to be not only a man of many skills, but also a responsible man. There are windmills to be constructed to increase the water supply for the ranch. There are fences to be built and mended. There are gates and fences for the cattle corrals and feedlots.

There is machinery to be welded. There are cars and trucks and trailers to be repaired and greased. There are large bulldozers to be driven so that land can be scooped out for the water-storage holes.

The modern cowboy must even be somewhat of a chemist, for when he stops by a waterhole, he must scoop up the water and taste (Turn to page 28)

**You can't believe
everything you see,
especially the Westerns
on television these days.**



Jack West, general manager of Mariposa Ranch, discusses with his foreman, Bob King, plans for the construction of a new windmill which will provide for the ranch's supreme necessity, fresh water.

"It Just Ain't So!"

"Home on the Range"

"The real pleasure for a cowboy," says Bob King, foreman of the huge Mariposa Ranch, "comes from the outdoors.

"You get your pleasures on the job. A cowboy's life is always a challenge, something new. The world looks different and more beautiful when you see it in the early morning with the sun coming up. The air is fresh and cool, and you feel like a million dollars.

"You stop when you see a fawn crossing the road in front of you. It stops and looks at you, so startled and yet so trusting. That young fawn has beauty, and so do the other deer who come. From the bush come the wild turkeys who have made their nests there. They look at you with trust.

"I just can't find the right words to explain this beauty to you, but it is this—there is new life all around you. The world you live in is clean-washed and fresh, it is always changing, always filled with beauty. There is the sun and the wind, and your good horse under you, who knows where you want to go, and how fast, and gallops off with you to a terrain where you can look up into the blue sky, where beautiful clouds float by and you see a flock of bright red birds flying.

"It is then that you feel like the monarch of all you survey, right on top of the world!"

Marion Rubinstein

The day's work over, the cowboys gather in groups and provide their own entertainment, singing songs to guitar accompaniment.



A fast horse and ready lasso are basic when rounding up cattle.



Living constantly with danger, the modern cowboy learns to respect it, and he keeps a safe distance when he is bringing in the herd.





WHAT ALCOHOL DOES

Anonymous—as told to Dr. Irwin Ross

Many communities are setting up chapters of Non-alcoholics Anonymous, to help wives and other family members who face indirectly the specter of alcoholism.

I AM not an alcoholic. I don't even like to drink. Yet I, and thousands of others in my position, have an alcoholic problem as overwhelming as that of any man or woman who imbibes.

I am the wife of an alcoholic, a member of that vast, unheralded company of persons whose destinies are linked inextricably with those of the intemperate.

Guidance and help have been available increasingly of late to the alcoholic. Doctors have grown more and more concerned with his case; clinics have been established for his care; and, for companionship in trouble

WE WHO ARE CLOSE

and possible cure, he can turn to organizations like Alcoholics Anonymous.

But where can those who suffer indirectly from his complaint go with their troubles? Until recently, they could depend only on the uncertain, frequently dan-

gerous advice of friends. Now, some of them have found a new course to follow. In a number of communities they have begun to form informal organizations of their own, appropriately called Nonalcoholics Anonymous. At meetings, the members' problems are discussed and solutions suggested.

For the help and solace it may offer to others whose cases are similar to those of my particular group, I am giving a condensation of a few thoughts and experiences of members. Since our meetings are largely discussions of anonymously written questions handed to the chairman, I am making my report in question-and-answer form, covering some of the situations which seem to be common to all of us.

Can a wife or husband talk an alcoholic into giving up his drinking?

No! Nagging, or even a reasonable argument, will accomplish nothing until the alcoholic has made the decision by himself, uninfluenced by another.

The most that a nonalcoholic can do is to maintain a detached attitude as each episode occurs, be ready to deal intelligently with each situation, and cooperate with the alcoholic's first fumbling steps toward reform. This requires real strength and staying power, to be sure, but it has been rewarded in thousands of cases.

Should we allow our natural fear and worry to be seen by the alcoholic when he is in the first stages of sobriety?

No. We must show only confidence, no matter how many times our hopes have been shattered in the past. This is not as dishonest as it may sound.

Having gone through years of lies and subterfuges forced upon us by drinking, we must now use this strength to win and hold tolerance and faith.

How can the mate of an alcoholic stop worrying?

First, analyze the situation, putting it on paper to clarify it in your own mind. Then, think of the worst that could possibly happen; accept the possibility that it might happen; and then start constructive thinking about what, if anything, can be done to remedy matters. Facing the problem in this way will bring an automatic release of tension and fear. (Turn to page 31)



TO THE FAMILY

I INVITED Monty to my office in an attempt to find out why a boy with an IQ of 140 would be flunking all his courses. Monty didn't seem to know why. Just didn't feel much like studying, he guessed. Could his mother and dad come in for a conference? I inquired. Monty doubted it. His dad wasn't home much, and his mother was laid up with a broken hip.

"Oh, that's too bad," I said, knowing that anything a child says in a counseling office might be a clue to the child's trouble. "How did the accident happen?"

"She was drunk and fell down getting into the house," Monty explained. "Well, I better go now." He stood up and headed for the door.

"She drinks quite a bit, does she?" I asked.

"All the time. She's an alcoholic. But I'm not supposed to tell anyone."

THE ALCOHOLIC'S CHILD

"Does she go to A.A.?" I asked.

"Naw. She won't admit it's got her licked. Says she could stop drinking if she wanted to. Never does, though."

An alcoholic parent. Reason enough for a student not to "feel like studying." I know, for I spend a great deal of time trying to keep the sons and daughters of alcoholics from flying apart until they are out of high school and able to make it on their own. Trouble is, they are usually too sick to function efficiently.

Thus their grades are poor. They don't graduate when they should. They aren't either physically well enough or emotionally stable enough to be making the difficult transition from adolescence into the world of work, higher education, or marriage.

There is Jackie, out of school a fourth of the time with asthmatic attacks. John is often too sick with vague symptoms such as nausea and headache to come to school in the mornings. Karen is self-conscious and unattractive from a severe skin disorder. Nervous, stuttering Julie avoids classmates so she won't have to take anyone home from school to see her mother "laid out" every afternoon after a day of secret drinking.

Why isn't Allen in school today? I call the home to find out. The slurred voice at the other end of the line informs me that Allen ran away from home over the weekend. "No tellin' where the kid's at!" the voice tells me.

I don't know what Allen went *to*, but I know what he went *from*. Allen's father drifts from job to job in order to earn a few dollars to buy enough alcohol to keep himself sedated against the discomforts of everyday living.

Mrs. K. spends hours in my office describing the indignities she suffers at the hands of her alcoholic husband. Something simply *has* to be done before the kids go to pieces. Only just the other day Kerry went into convulsions, and the doctor said it was nothing but her way of escaping from an intolerable home situation!

"Have you thought about leaving your husband?" I asked.

"Well, yes, but I just can't bring myself to it. He's like a helpless child—he *needs* me."

"A helpless child doesn't make a very adequate husband or father," I pointed out. "Is your husband involved with A.A. or any other recovery program?"

"No. He won't admit he has a problem."

"Perhaps he would realize he has a problem if you and the kids booted him out."

"But he'd get into trouble!"

"He's already in trouble, and so are you."

"Well, I just feel a marriage shouldn't be broken. I just have to stick by him. After all, he's a sick man."

"And your children?"

"Well, I feel they need a father."

There is no point in pursuing this discussion. Here is a woman who has resolved to stick by her alcoholic husband, even if by so doing she simultaneously helps him to destroy himself and drives her children in the direction of correctional or mental institutions.

Usually the child of the alcoholic hasn't even recourse to the comfort of a supportive group such as Ala-Teen, because the drinking parent won't admit he is an alcoholic and therefore won't permit his son or daughter to admit it either. Children (Turn to page 30)

Many articles are written about the symptoms of alcoholism. In this one, a high school counselor tells of the symptoms she finds in the perhaps greater tragedy of children who have alcoholic parents.



Anonymous

These exclusive pictures show how the law tries to help young glue sniffers before they suffer permanent injury as a result of their--



DREAMS WHICH TURN TO NIGHTMARES

Photos and story by **Kurt Severin**

Behind these hands is hidden the shock of a rude awakening, despair, pain, tragedy, and fear of consequences, but also hope for the future.

GLUE sniffing by teen-agers has become a significant problem in many areas. Almost daily, reports are appearing of the arrest of juveniles for committing acts of vandalism, robbery, or other crimes under the influence of the "glue-bag dream." A number of cases have been found in which the fad has resulted in major physical damage. Fortunately, however, most cases are discovered before progressing that far.

The pictures on these pages are a case in point. Taken in cooperation with the Juvenile Department of the Sheriff's Office in Miami, Florida, the photos were obtained with a long-range lens. Detective Edward Taddia, by long experi-

ence well acquainted with gang habits and meeting places, had had this photographed hideout under observation for some time.

City and county authorities are seriously considering restrictive controls on glue sales. On the other hand, it is difficult to make such actions effective, since the cheap tubes of glue contain such ingredients as acetate, acetone, and xylene, which are available for legitimate purposes in most drugstores, hardware stores, and hobby shops.

The only real solution to the problem seems to be to warn and persuade youth to avoid that which holds real danger for their physical and mental welfare.



1. One boy squeezes glue from a tube into his bag as a refill while the other youngsters are already deep in the fumes, unaware that discovery is only a step away. This picture was taken with a 600-mm. lens.
2. After leaving the car at the end of the road, Detective Edward Taddia approaches the group without difficulty because they are so engrossed in what they are doing.
3. The boys vault for the bushes and stumble away half-dizzy while the other glue sniffers are too far gone to realize at first their plight.
4. Though dazed, the older boy struggles before he is handcuffed. Girl still has not awakened to reality.
5. Still not alert, girl cannot move on her own. Smaller boy is too sick to move at all and is picked up later by another detective.
6. Detective Taddia takes girl and boy to his car for the police station, where parents are called and decision made whether youngsters will be sent to Youth Hall or released in parental custody.
7. Owner of hobby store, where glue is an important and legitimate item, shows Officer Taddia some of the brands most frequently used by customers for work on airplane models, but also for the intoxicating effect.

Turn the page for a related story.

THE GAME IS FIXED

"I'd bet my *life* on it!" How many times have you heard those words carelessly tossed around!

If the occasion arose and you had the choice, would you really gamble your life away? No! Of course you wouldn't! Yet thousands of young people every year are doing this very thing. They don't even have an even money bet. In fact the odds are more than a thousand to one against their breaking even.

Ridiculous, you say?

But no more so than their first introduction to narcotics. The odds against their getting hooked are just as high as betting that the moon is made of cheese.

Assuming that you are a normally healthy young man or woman, contemplating this step, let's pause for a moment and weigh the odds intelligently on both sides. Let us take it from the profit and loss angle, and that means—money.

It is a fact that most apparently self-respecting addicts will not admit to having a habit at all, at least if they use under a gram a day. The cost of this gram, or ten capsules, amounts to some \$25 a day, or \$175 a week. Can they afford it? Not many can! Consequently an addict has but two alternatives: He can either kick the habit, or he can become a thief.

Let's assume that he can't take the "cold turkey" cure, so he takes the easier way out. He becomes a thief. In fact, he's a pretty good thief. With his all-consuming habit he now has little desire for an abundance of good food. He looks more and more like a walking skeleton. Presentable? Hardly, but he never seems to go where a variety of clothing is necessary. By watching outside

dope expenditures, and hustling a bare minimum of twelve hours a day, he manages to scrape up enough money for today's needs and tomorrow morning's fix.

Let's backtrack a little. I neglected to mention that during his apprenticeship in the art of becoming a competent thief, our friend has taken at least two vacations as a guest of some authority, be it Federal, state, county, or city. But then, what are a few years out of our lives? That's only one of the *minor* hazards of the game.

Game, you say? Yes, definitely, a game. And this is one game that you play for keeps, one in which time is never called, unless it be by that judicial fellow banging a gavel on some desk.

And do you know the saddest part of it all? Those who cheer you into this game are never there for the finish. Once you are a player, you are strictly on your own. This is one game you play alone. You have everything to lose and absolutely nothing to gain.

Now, you may ask, if this be true, why are there so many young addicts? It can be explained almost in one word—acceptance.

Among many wonderful attributes, youth is possessed with a genuine curiosity for anything different and daring. In the thirties, a bottle of home brew would make you a big man with the fellows. In the forties and early fifties, if you had a connection for some weed, you were moving fast. Now it seems that in order to belong to that select group you have to stick a spike in your arm.

Do you *really* think that smoking marijuana in the hectic forties and frantic fifties, or jabbing a needleful of heroin in the insane sixties has made any of those youngsters happy? Don't you believe it!

Watch that fellow beg a half here, a buck there, make promises he knows he can never keep. Watch him strip himself of all self-respect in search of his own destruction.

There are a few questions I would like to ask you, if you are contemplating gambling with dope. If you aren't mentally prepared to accept these odds, then don't pick up that spike, for sooner (Turn to page 34)



Years ago a miracle was wrought in
my life, so now—

I'm Repaying My Debt



C. Winn Upchurch

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

FOR the past six years I have devoted my summer vacations to flying supplies to American missionaries in faraway places such as Africa, Brazil, Haiti, Guatemala, Panama, Ecuador, and Peru.

This annual project is my way of trying to repay the Lord for a miracle He performed in my life.

For more than twenty years I was a newspaperman, working on daily papers in Atlanta, Georgia; Newark, New Jersey; and St. Petersburg, Florida.

I drank constantly, and on weekends I augmented my malt diet with whiskey.

There were numerous times I halfheartedly wanted to quit. At one time I was "dry" for thirty days; but on the thirty-first day I attended a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous and was so elated over the fuss my fellow members made over my sobriety that I sneaked out, made a beeline for a nearby tavern, and began gulping sherry wine.

I never returned to A.A. My drinking began to accelerate, and before I could start my day's work in the newsroom I had to dart out and buy three miniatures to get me over the shakes.

On July 18, 1954, I somehow drove home in the wee hours from a bender. I fell into bed and sought the merciful sleep that takes the alcoholic from reality.

To this day I cannot tell why I did it, but I staggered from bed and fell on my knees and prayed, "Dear Lord, please remove this curse from me. I am powerless without Your help." (Turn to page 32)

Some of the 200 little patients at The House of Hope, in Haiti, a convalescent home for babies and children who have undergone surgery for tuberculosis of the bones. Some of the girls are holding puppet dolls which the author presented them. Malnutrition, which plagues many of the children arriving at The House of Hope, leaves them listless.

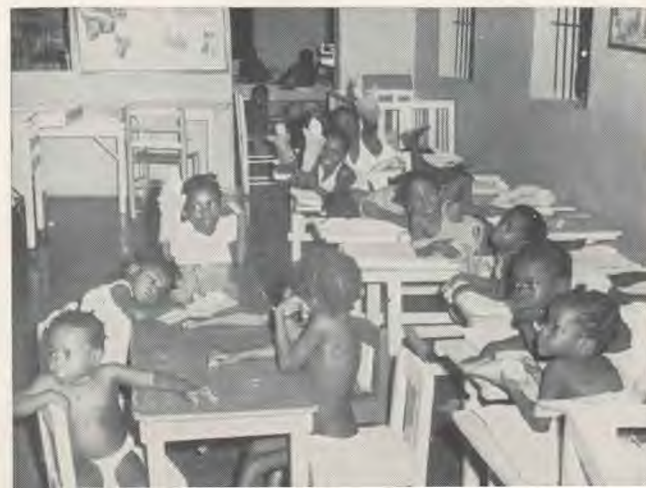
◀ At Machu Picchu, the long-lost city of the Incas in Peru, the author contemplates the rewards of visiting faraway places and seeing the dedicated work of missionaries in other lands.



▲ When Dr. Albert Schweitzer decided to add a leper colony to his jungle clinic at Lambarené, he was baffled for want of land. There was a deep gully near the river. This ingenious man imported mining cars and rails from Europe, laboriously laid the track himself, and moved dirt from the top of a hill to fill in the gully. The track still stands next to the raffia huts which house the 200 lepers who are patients.



▲ Shipibo Indians of Peru, known as the "monkey people," strap boards to their infants' foreheads to flatten them "so they won't look like monkeys." The tight boards are kept on the babies' foreheads for about a year. In order to take this picture the author had to bribe the mother with money.



This is a story of sincere and skilled efforts being put forth at the Government hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, to cure drug addicts. How much more effective would be adequate warnings to prevent people from getting caught in the deadly drug trap in the first place!

IN THE midst of the bluegrass country of Kentucky can be found a hybrid institution with some 1,042 beds. It is both a prison and a hospital. Operated by the United States Public Health Service, it is the only place of its kind for both men and women.

To the nation's estimated 60,000 drug addicts, it is referred to simply as "Lexington."

Established by Act of Congress in 1929, it opened its doors in 1935, and has since been treating both prisoners and voluntary patients. Prior to this, all addicts appre-

hended by officers of Uncle Sam were placed in prisons.

Dr. Robert W. Razor, psychiatrist and medical officer in charge, says Congress wanted a special institution for addicts that was more a hospital than a prison. Most of them, it was believed, had committed nonviolent crimes to get money to keep up their habits. Women addicts were often those who had turned to prostitution or shoplifting for the same purpose.

The hospital is on a site with the same number of acres as beds. Designed by a penal architect, it retains many aspects of a jail such as bars and cell-like living quarters.

Its purpose is to provide a place where the addict-prisoner may serve his term and at the same time be withdrawn from drugs while under medical treatment. A psychiatrist has always been its top administrator. The hospital also has a rehabilitation program to help the narcotic addict so that he may learn a skill and practice everyday living without depending upon drugs. There are four major industries at which the patients work—printing, woodcraft, needle trades, and agriculture.

As an institution the hospital also serves as a place where an addict may confidentially volunteer to be admitted and may decide himself when he will leave.

For its patients the hospital has this message:

"The hospital endeavors to assist patients to return to the community as useful and contributing citizens. In order to achieve fulfillment of this aim patients must work toward these goals:

- "1. Learn to live without drugs.
- "2. Live in peace with others.
- "3. Accept authority and respect common rights.
- "4. Learn and practice good work habits.
- "5. Control emotions and meet reasonable and varied situations in a more mature way.

"6. Progress to less supervised areas and self-control and assuming responsibility."

How does Lexington's performance compare with its goals?

The real test comes when the addicts return to society, but accurate statistics are hard to come by. Rough estimates make the work seem discouraging and point up drug-addiction problems about which the hospital can do little.

Dr. Razor estimates that only 25 percent of the persons who leave remain off drugs for as long as a year. This figure is overall, both for the prisoner patients who leave when their sentences are up and the volunteers who may leave at any time, even against medical advice.

A large number of volunteer patients are continuously admitting themselves and departing. In a year, there may be 300 prisoner patients admitted, but as many as 2,500 volunteers. Prisoner patients spend their entire



Is CURE

Enough?

Oliver W. Brown, Jr.

sentence at the hospital; but with the volunteer patients, 75 percent leave against medical advice. "We think a person should stay about six months to a year for a reasonable chance to stay off drugs," Dr. Rasor says.

The average addict is usually withdrawn from drugs in about four or five days.

At least 40 percent of all patients have been admitted before. The hospital prefers not to admit a person more than five times. Dr. Rasor says that one patient who holds the record has been admitted thirty times.

About 90 percent of all patients are said to have been involved in some crime in connection with their habit. As for keeping a habit a secret, it's not likely to be undetected for more than two years, says Dr. Ray H. Hayes, clinical director.

Why does a person become hooked on drugs?

One reason is that he has failed to grow up. That's the opinion of Dr. Warren P. Jurgensen, deputy medical officer. "The great difficulty in treatment," he says, "is that most of our addicts are really people with major problems in arrested development. It is pretty difficult to make up for the past."

Dr. Jurgensen says he always asks an addict who gave him his first shot. "I've never met a single addict who was talked into taking the drug by a pusher," he asserts. "Often, the addict will say he had his first trial because there was someone he knew who was using the drug and he was curious. He wondered what he was missing.

"He'll go to his friend and say, 'How about letting me try it?' The friend is likely to discourage it; but he is still curious and keeps after the friend. The first time he tries it, he usually becomes nauseated. There is nothing he likes about it. But he still thinks he is missing something. So he tries again, and soon the disagreeable side effects begin to fade away. We so often get the idea that there is a sinister figure outside a school building who is pushing the drug. If this were the case, can you imagine how long he would stay out of jail?" the doctor asks.

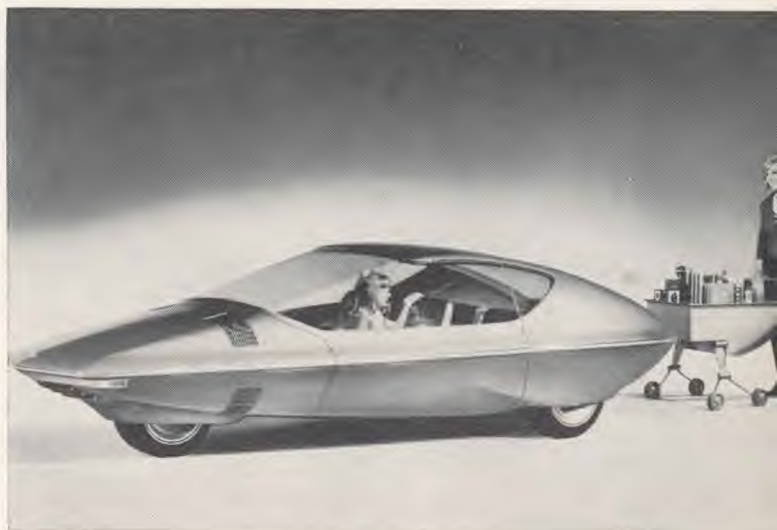
"There are certain people who try drugs two or three times and are able to discontinue. To become addicted you must use them regularly for a week or two, which means several shots a day before genuine addiction takes place. But it is fooling with dynamite. Some take it, don't like it, and never take it again. Probably some do not become addicted because of their emotional well-being. Others have their first introduction to drugs through medication, as a pain reliever. Certainly a minority do, but yet this is a very significant number."

Withdrawal from drug addiction at Lexington is not what one sees in the movies. There is no pounding on beds or doors, no agonizing sweating.

Doctors visit each patient daily. Specially trained nurses on the ward watch for withdrawal symptoms, and then they give some drug medication which is gradually reduced.

"The symptoms a person undergoes in withdrawal," Dr. Jurgensen says, "are not unlike those of flu. The more severe symptoms which we relieve by medication are insomnia, diarrhea, vomiting, or muscle cramps. Patients cannot control their own withdrawal. If they could, they wouldn't be addicts in the first place."

Car of the Future



"Runabout," a car designed for the busy student or housewife, will have only one wheel in front. The shopping cart will fold up completely and fit into the rear of the car.

A veteran on the hospital staff, W. F. Owsley, says, "You can almost see patients running out the gate to get back onto drugs." A member of the staff for twenty-seven years, he is chief of general services. "They'll be in here for ten years and then go out and become polluted when they get to town."

Only one out of fifty of the patients at the hospital has any real motivation to get off drugs, Owsley believes. "If they leave with the same anxieties they had when they entered, they're likely to go right back on narcotics," he continues. "Many volunteer patients come only because a member of the family, a judge, or narcotics agent put pressure on them to enter. Some come just to be reduced in their addiction."

As for the effects of addiction, Dr. J. J. Monroe, psychology chief, says, "Addicts will work for drugs but not for anything else. They can acquire so strong a habit that they need \$50 to \$100 a day to support it. That's why drug addiction is tied in with crime. If they steal goods and sell them to a 'fence,' the 'fence' will give them about 12 percent of value.

"Society can't tolerate people being on drugs," he asserts. "Those addicted are no longer productive and have lost the basic drives that keep society going. They no longer are interested in sex, competing, achieving, or accomplishing anything. Addiction leads to racial suicide."

There is virtually no follow-up activity for patients who have been to Lexington. The fact that a person was ever a voluntary patient will not be revealed by the staff without his permission.

Unless the former prisoner patients have to report periodically to a parole officer, it is difficult to keep track of them, too. Thus, it is

(Turn to page 34)

Want to Start a Bar?



Herbert Ford

WANT to start a bar? Set yourself up in the liquor business? The Small Business Advisory Service of one of America's largest banks will tell you how. They've researched the matter and declare that for \$14,000 you can break into the business of running a bar.

And, if you're the right fellow, they'll be happy to swing a loan for you, too!

That \$14,000, incidentally, includes \$6,000 for a twenty-foot bar, sinks, and back bar. Then there's another \$6,000 for a liquor license (in California). The remaining \$2,000 goes for business inventory.

There is another, more elaborate version, which allots \$10,000 for the twenty-foot bar, sinks, and back bar, but it also includes refrigeration equipment under the back bar, tables or booths, a mixer, cash registers, and glassware.

It's all spelled out quite clearly, even to the type of personality a person going into the bar business should have:

"A person of flexible characteristics, who represents 'all things to all men.' He must be friendly, yet subtly

discriminating, for though he may cater to a combination of customers, his primary stress should be given to the predominant type."

That's quite a description when you take it apart—especially that "predominant type" part. What that really means is: "If the socially elite frequent your bar, cater to them. If the working class predominate, cater to them. If perverts or lawless people find your bar attractive, cater to them."

It is a call to spinelessness!

The bank's advisory service has done a good job researching how one gets into the bar business—as far as the research goes. But not all the facts are in their presentation.

They haven't, for example, explained how the bar owner is to act (or react) when someone drops in to tell him that one of his steady customers shot and killed his wife last night. And that was the fellow who was getting an extra "load" on earlier last night.

The bank's information doesn't tell the new bar owner how he should feel as he takes what he knows to be the last quarter of the red-nosed lush who is making his final appearance in the bar before he hits skid row permanently.

And the literature that tells you how to get into the bar business doesn't talk about the immoral unions that will be nurtured in those booths that the \$10,000 will help buy. Nor does it explain the feeling that might possibly steal into being when an obviously worried, white-faced Mrs. Lawson from down the street anxiously asks, "Has Jim been here earlier?" You tell her that he has, and she gasps, "He said he was going to get loaded and then kill himself!"

No, the research on starting bars doesn't go too deeply into how to go about running them, or how to feel about the problems created in running them, or how to handle the people who use them, or how to repair the broken homes and shattered lives caused by the product that bars dispense.

The research findings are specific about the "efficient" levels of dispensing liquor: "A 10- to 15-stool bar will keep one man working at capacity during peak hours; bartenders can serve as many as 100 drinks per hour, and waiters and waitresses can produce as many as 125 servings per hour. But a capacity house eventually means loss of quality in service and drinks so that production should not exceed 70 bar and 100 table servings per hour."

That's "production" and "output" language. But, strangely, there is no "input" or "result" language to help the new bar owner. He's got to get those answers in the best way he can. As often as not it's the worst possible way!

Want to start a bar? Set yourself up in the liquor business?

It's easy. It's all been researched out by the advisory service of one of the country's biggest banks.

Well, not quite *all* of it has been researched out.

ABIGAIL VAN
BUREN—Discern-
ing and incisive,
friend to teen-
agers, wailing
wall for the disil-
lusioned, moral
guidepost to the



careless, binder-up
of estranged fam-
ilies, champion of
all sincere par-
ents, upholder of
vital values, dis-
penser of common
sense, and so—

“Dear Abby”

Interview by Marjorie Grant Burns

WITH the world in such a mess, what is there that a teen-ager can count on for sure?

You can count on more of the same, probably, but remember one thing: The world is made up of people, of whom you are one. Will this world be a better place because you have lived, or worse?

Parents never understand. Do you still have to do what they say?

You'll be a parent someday. Treat your parents the way you hope to be treated when you are one. And you might give some thought to understanding your parents. If you do, it will help them to understand you. You may be surprised to hear this, but your parents are human, too.

What do you think causes teen-age riots?

When young people live by turning a switch, or pushing a button, or turning on a tap, they do not learn responsibility. They think the world owes them everything on the same easy terms. When they don't get it, they have a tantrum. You've seen babies lie on the floor, scream, and bang their heads? That is some of what is involved in a teen-age riot.

So many people tell you so many different things to do, how can you know whom to follow?

Take counsel from your parents, your clergyman, your teachers, and in that order. If the three conflict, do some thinking on your own and determine what it is that you really need, and carry on.

They talk about a teen-ager needing emotional balance. What is emotional balance?

"Dear Abby"



Can you bear to take a good hard look at your character? Can you laugh at yourself when you make a mistake? If you can do these things, you probably have emotional balance. Some people never acquire emotional balance. They grow up, but they never become mature.

What's wrong with a fellow whom all the girls like but the boys don't?

He is just a girl's toy. And they will tire of him as quickly as they tire of a toy. Girls want a fellow to be a man, not just a toy. If he is not a man, and they catch on, it's "out, James."

If I follow the crowd I get into trouble. If I don't, I am a square. What shall I do?

A square is the thing that won't fit into a round hole. Do you remember any of the round people who fit so neatly into the round holes? I don't. You'll never accomplish much by just following the crowd. There are reasons for being square; Abraham Lincoln had good reasons. If you have a good reason, I dare you to go ahead and be a square. Well, hi there!

My folks say I don't need a car yet. All the fel-

lows have some kind of a car. What is the matter with my folks?

Do you know who gets the highest grades in school? Boys without cars. Do you know which group gets average grades? The crowd with a car or two. Do you know who gets the worst grades? The fellows who have cars. Now, make a bargain with your parents. Tell them you'll lock the car up if your grades drop. And get a job and help them buy the thing. Then, enjoy your car, but stick to your bargain like a man.

Where I live there is nothing to do on dates but park and pet. Can you suggest something better?

No bicycles to ride? No horses? No picnics? No boats to row? No hobbies of any kind to do together? No kites to fly? Yes, I said kites. A couple can have a whale of a time flying one of those fancy kites. Look around. Try lots of things. Fun is to be had if you just look for it.

My parents don't like my friends. What can I do?

What kind of friends do you have? Do they come from a home like yours? Is your friend a lot like you? Then your parents ought to like your friend. But if you find them in the rummage pile, or in the far-out set, and bring home something that your parents can't even recognize, what do you expect?

My mother is reasonable, I think, but I always feel as if she is trying to boss me. It infuriates me. Who's at fault?

Both of you. Mothers always have a hard time noticing that the time has come to ease up on the bossing. It gets to be a habit after so many years. But gentle does it. Don't get furious, just suggest that mother give you time to do it on your own. Then, be sure you do it! She will appreciate the change as much as you.

Seems to me I should be left to decide if I should go to church each week. What do you think?

For now, go along with your parents, and be thankful they are the kind who go to church. Later you can decide if church is what you want and need. And believe me, most of us do need it very much.

I need different kinds of help at different times, but I never know where to go to get it.

If the car breaks down, you take it to a mechanic, don't you? So, if you have spiritual problems, go to the minister. If it's sports, go to a coach you admire. A nurse or a doctor will help you with personal problems. The point is, go to someone who is qualified to provide you the kind of help you need. You don't want to be



told to jump off the Empire State Building to cure a toothache, even though it would!

With so much talk, I get the feeling that all teen-agers "make out" on their dates. Do you think this is true?

No, it certainly isn't. I've read several articles lately that not only prove it isn't true, but also prove that most don't even want it that way. Now, help this good trend toward the better ways of life. Don't spend too much time alone with your date, parking and petting in the dark. Most of all, don't fall for the line, "If you love me, you will." True love never demands wrong acts; it always strives to protect the good.

My chums say I'm a dope because I won't cheat in school. If everyone else does, why shouldn't I?

Don't be guided by what everyone else does. Cheating deprives you of your honesty, affects your self-respect, and besides it seldom changes your grades in the long run. In spite of what the cheaters say, there are still many who take pride in being honest.

America seems pretty mixed up to me, Abby. How can I go into the Army and fight for my country when I feel like this?

America may get mixed up at times but, believe me, it is still a very good place. Every time I come home from a trip abroad, I marvel at what America has to offer me the minute I step ashore. A mixed-up America is still better than any other place on earth. Travel and you'll see.

Everything irritates me. Sometimes I could scream. What can I do when I feel like this?

This happens to all of us occasionally, if that's any comfort to you. Change your mood. Go for a walk, call someone up, go for a short ride, put on a record, start a book. Relaxation comes with change. Or pitch into a cleaning job, or do some vigorous physical exercises. And if you haven't had a physical checkup in a year, get one.

Some of my pals want to drink. I'm seventeen and I'd like to try it. What do you think?

One word, DON'T. If you read some of the carefully written books on drink, you'd know why I say this. I never drink. My own teen-agers do not. It's expensive, it doesn't taste good, and it can become habit-forming. You will be better off in every way if you just leave it alone.

They say that drinking improves one's personality. Would it be wrong to drink just to loosen up a bit?

What is it you plan to loosen? Your tongue? Do you really want to talk with all the brakes gone? Your morals? Is that what you are after, no brakes on your morals? Your emotions? Want to laugh over nothing, or cry for no reason at all? Your conduct? Do you want to take a poke at someone? Or get bold with the opposite sex in public? Or in private, maybe? See what I mean? You may take an aspirin for a headache, but it also relieves pain in any other part of the body. When you take a drink to loosen up, you loosen up everything. Pretty big risk, if you ask me. I can think of much safer and more acceptable methods by which I can improve myself socially, can't you?

My dad stands with a drink in his hand—then tells me not to drink. Who does he think he is, anyway?

Figure it out for yourself. He is a man who has tried drink, and now probably wishes that he never had touched the stuff. That ought to prove something to you.

Certainly I don't want to be a drunk. But what's wrong with moderate drinking?

Wiser people than you have started out as moderate drinkers, and ended up as drunks. Drinking is a subtle form of escape, of making things look solved when they aren't. If you meet the little problems of life this way, where will the muscle be to handle the big problem when it comes along?

Can you give me some general grooming rules for teen-agers?

If you don't respect yourself, no one else will. Good grooming is a sign of self-respect, and I'm glad you asked about it. So here goes. Do you bathe every day, even twice if need be, you know, after a hard game or something? Do you use a mouthwash now and then along with all the tooth brushing, and deodorant always? Do you change your clothes at least once a day, especially your underclothes? Keep your fingernails clean? Scrub your neck, and behind your ears? (You'd be surprised how many miss these spots.) Do you keep your hair clean? Do you carry kleenex when you have the sniffles? Keep your shoes polished? Your shoes reveal a great deal about you, you know. Take the time to keep your person and your clothes in order. Take a last careful look in the mirror, then walk out in full confidence, knowing you look as good as you can.

I'm very confused by conflicting reports about smoking. I see ads with athletes saying it is all right to smoke. What is the real deal?

Listen magazine carries covers of people who won't sell out for a price. I do not smoke. It is expensive, en-



How I Met Abby...

by the Author

WE HAD been standing in the press room for the Miss Teenage America Pageant in the Sheraton-Dallas Hotel when one of the men glanced up at me and said, "She is a tiger if she ever gets the idea you are in any way endangering the morals or the morale of the American public."

"Then I ought to be safe enough," I laughed. "Listen magazine goes all out to protect both."

Famous last words! A few moments later I inquired at the

desk in order to send a message to her. It was 7:30 a.m., but Abby was already out, and I was told to call the maid. So, though it was early, I called the maid and was told to leave the message for Abby at the lobby desk.

Some hours later in the Dallas Memorial Auditorium the C.B.S. rehearsals for the crowning of Miss Teenage America were in full swing, and I still hadn't caught up with "Dear Abby."

Ed Benedict, pageant photographer, stopped beside me. "Seen Abby yet?"

"No, but if I do catch up, and can get her to autograph these two books for the college, you rush right up and get a picture if you can. The newspaper asked for one."

"Will do."

Suddenly everything happened at once. With her daughter, Abby came quickly into the auditorium and took a seat near the stage. We headed for her, but already she was on her way to rehearse. I handed the books to Abby's daughter. She soon took them herself to get her mother's autograph.

"Get up there quick," Ed called, coming toward me with a glint in his eye. I could see him possibly tossing me up the stairs by main force, so I ran up and barged in among the top brass, to come suddenly face to face with Abby.

She glanced at my press badge. "Oh, so you are Marjorie Grant Burns!"

"Yes."



Married to a prosperous businessman, Abby is the mother of two happy youth.

"Well, I want to ask you something." Silence fell around us.

"Why do you take the liberty to call people at 7:30 in the morning?"

I heard a little intake of breath, and a slight shuffling of feet around me.

"Who called you at 7:30, Abby?"

"Aren't you Marjorie Grant Burns?"

"Yes."

"Then you did."

"No, I didn't call you, Abby. I called the maid."

"At 7:30? How do you dare call even the maid at 7:30 in the morning?"

"Because the desk said you were already out, but that the maid would take the message."

"The maid? The maid, indeed! There is no maid."

Someone called to Abby from the center of the stage. As she turned away, I said to her daughter, "Was it you I talked to?"

"Yes," she grinned.

Abby turned back.

I certainly didn't want Abby to make the next move, so I said, "Abby, the college wants a picture of you signing these books."

We had drifted back a little, off to the side of the stage, but now Abby stepped out directly into the floodlights. As she finished signing the books, her name was called again and the huge spotlight picked us up. She tossed the books and pen to me and went running for the center of the stage, calling back as she went, "Don't go away, I want to talk to you."

Later, getting to know Abby personally was a pleasant experience. She is friendly, outgoing, charming, sincere, and totally unpretentious. She is as objective about herself as she is about the problems of life she tries to help solve. Syndicated by 700 newspapers a week, she is, according to *Time*, "the fastest rising columnist in the business."

And having her so accessible, I had to ask her a question of my own, "How do you manage such a big career and a family, too?"

"I never use family time for my career. In the evenings, when my husband is home, I give all my time to him and to the children, if they are home. If he must work on his business in the evening, then I go to my office and work on mine."

"And we never go away from each other on long trips. We either go together, or we go on our separate trips at the same time. While I am here in Dallas, he is up in Chicago. I never go away and leave him sitting at home alone, and he never leaves me. We have a great deal of love in our home, and I wouldn't let any career interfere with that."

A good answer, as far as I am concerned, by a woman who is doing a wonderful job helping thousands in trouble, and doing it well.

Abigail Van Buren, incisive champion of family togetherness, is careful to put into practice what she places in print. Her own happy and successful marriage gives greater credence to her advice in "Dear Abby" columns.

dangers the health, gives your breath a very bad odor, impairs your sense of taste, lessens your physical drive in sports, and it makes a slave of you. I have yet to hear anyone say, "I'm glad I smoke." But I've heard many say, "I wish I had never started. Now I can't quit."

We are sisters and we have a room together. But we get on each other's nerves something terrible. What can we do?

Everyone needs privacy. Can't you possibly arrange for a room for each of you? If not, divide the room with a pretty curtain, or a pull divider, or bookshelves.

And divide the time in your room a bit. Have some time just for yourself, and some time just for your sister. Be as considerate of each other as possible. Do all the noisy things elsewhere. And talk quietly in your room. Things will get better with this treatment. If you think you have troubles, imagine, if you can, what it is like when poorly matched people marry and have to share the same room.

How can I tell if I am in love?

There is puppy love, that comes and goes with the brown curls and blue eyes versus the black hair and blue eyes, et cetera. Then

(Turn to page 31)

What if it were



Mary Branch

TAINTED PEANUT BUTTER HUNTED. This headline appeared in a San Francisco paper not long ago. Immediately two hundred cases of imported peanut butter, believed to be contaminated by a powerful cancer-producing product, sent Federal investigators searching out the culprit.

A few years ago the cranberry industry suffered a setback which took months to overcome when headlines shouted the overuse of certain weed killers and frightened people away from cranberries just before the holidays. Even since the Food and Drug Administration corrected the misuse of weed killers, many people still refuse to eat cranberries.

About eighteen months ago the announcement of another product dangerous to health did not cause the removal of one package of cigarettes from the shelves of stores or bring about any major effort to protect the users from the risk they were running. Not only did this product remain on store shelves, it stayed on every consumer market in the United States, including easily available vending machines.

One year after the report Sur-

geon General Luther L. Terry called for a national effort to "convince people of the danger of cigarette smoking."

Why will otherwise intelligent beings accept one form of poisoning, and panic at another?

Rationalization by cigarette smokers would be more incongruous than it is if it were not so pathetic.

"Don't buy ice cream which has artificial vanilla in it," a man told his wife. "Vanillin has been proved to be harmful to the nervous system." And, as he said it, he lit a cigarette.

"How about tobacco?" his wife asked.

"Oh, I smoke only half a package a day. Only the heavy smokers are in danger."

One newspaper carried the story on peanut butter and on the same page as the large black headline was the inconspicuous announcement of the death of R. J. Reynolds, tobacco millionaire. At the end of the article, a brief statement mentioned that he died of "emphysema, a disease of the lungs that was complicated by smoking."

When two women died of botulism from contaminated tuna, peo-

ple stopped eating canned tuna, and wouldn't even feed it to their cats, until it was clear that none of the affected tuna was left on the market. Yet every day we read of more celebrities suffering from lung cancer, all of them heavy smokers. One movie star who underwent surgery for lung cancer admitted he smoked four packs of cigarettes a day.

Emerson Foote, chairman of the Interagency Council on Smoking and Health, labels cigarettes "killers," and says they kill in very large numbers. He asserts that cigarette smoking kills at least 125,000 persons every year, and perhaps as many as 300,000. Think what a catastrophe it would be if 125,000 persons died from food poisoning!

If a large group of people had become "hooked" on peanut butter, and the announcement came out that *all* peanut butter might cause cancer, would these peanut-butter eaters rationalize their habit?

Some of their answers would probably be, "The report only said it is *believed* to cause cancer." "They didn't make a human test." "I don't believe it causes cancer." "Besides, I eat only one jar a day."

WHILE we lived on the ranch, all of us neighbors (close, though perhaps miles apart) belonged to our little community church. We had wonderful suppers in the social hall, and strawberry festivals with homemade ice cream in summer, and pitchers of ice-cold lemonade and cookies brought in when some old Ford rattled up the hill.

All of that began to change when Bill took a job in one of the aircraft plants in the city. We had been falling behind, financially, on the ranch, and Bill's brother persuaded him to accept a well-paid shop job to catch up. We were ranchers by inheritance and love, you might say, but not by training.

The dear old ranch had been willed to us by an uncle, and when we first moved there, we actually didn't know oats from barley! But it was the real home of our hearts, and our four youngsters were born there. We agreed that it was the best life in the world—but crop failures and market slumps, plus some pretty costly mistakes, had made a critical situation.



Bill was an expert mechanic. So we leased the ranch, and rather sadly hit the trail for the city. At least it was a comfort to know we hadn't sold out, that the old ranch was still ours!

Bill's brother, James, and his wife gave us a warm welcome, and in a matter of hours we were moved into a cement-block bungalow, exactly like blocks and blocks of others in a huge development not far from the plant.

There was a shopping center nearby, and a grade school; and on our first drive we found our church. But everything was still as strange as strange could be. We were used to the sweep of planted fields and the fragrance of sagebrush and the call of quail and doves up the canyons. Beyond it all were the soft, purple foothills! But we knew the Lord was every bit as close to us in these funny bungalow blocks as He was on the ranch. There was no whining, not even from the youngest of our four. They pitched in to do their best in the big school, and I got squared off to work in our trim little rooms "with all the conveniences." We were lucky in being able to rent, furnished, from a family who had been sent to one of our overseas plants. They had children, too, so furnishings were rugged—bunk beds for the boys, and a room with more bunks for Kathleen and Sue. These they thought were great fun. And before the first day ended we had been adopted by a kitten with a bit of every cat color there is.

Bill came home in a glow; they had decided to move him from "shop" to "engineering" because of his college record. After supper we went out to water our little squares of lawns. The neighbors on both sides came to the low hedges and introduced themselves, and chatted a little.

One of the men called out, "How about coming over to our place for a drink or two? Welcome cheer to our nice new folks!"

Bill reached out in the friendliest way, and put his big hand on the man's shoulder: "Thanks a lot, Steve. We don't drink! But let's get together soon, right?"

I was proud of the way he came right out and said that, and I told him so. "Only way!" he said with a grin. "Let 'em get it right from the start."

So of course we went over after supper. They were real friendly and kept bringing us our "special" drinks with peanuts and chips. But as the evening went on, voices and laughter grew louder and louder, and with so many in a small space, the air got close and smelled of liquor. We were glad to get back to our own quiet, sweet rooms, with the evening breeze blowing in the curtains.

I guess Bill felt I was troubled, for he put his arm around my shoulders as we settled on the cretonne-covered couch on the porch. "It's just something we have to live with, honey," he said. "These people drink and we don't, and we're not about to start in, right?"

"Right it is, Bill! But these neighbors don't under-

stand. One of the women said to me, 'Don't get a wrong idea and think we're a drinking crowd! We're home folks, just like you, and you'll never see us taking one too many! It's just that when we get together, tired from the day's work, it's sociable and friendly to have a drink together.'

"What worries me," I went on, "is how can we entertain these neighbors? We want to return their friendliness, and I'd just love to fix soft drinks, sandwiches, and cake, but won't some of them bring liquor with them?"

We resolved to show our goodwill in other ways. I'd bring a special cake when I knew someone's child had a birthday, or I'd help out when there was sickness, and I would visit with them over the low fences in the morning. I guess Bill had a harder problem than I, because groups of men often stopped in for a couple of drinks at some bar on the way home. Once in a while, when they went to a steak house or lunchroom instead, Bill would join them and grin cheerfully at their ribbing as he drank a lemonade or such.

One afternoon I had been hard at work getting my baking done, and the house was full of the rich blend of spices. I love to make cookies from old family recipes, wrapping them up in foil or wax paper, and packing them in gaily painted little cans with tassels on the cover. The cookies were Welsh, Scotch, English, German, and Scandinavian, and people seemed to think there were no others to equal them.

When I started to clear away my baking tools, there was a knock at the door. A young woman, Peggy Simons, stood there. I'd met her a couple of times; she was one of the young wives. She was a pretty girl with auburn hair, but her face was flushed and her eyes were red.

"May I come in?" she asked, uncertainly.

"Indeed, yes!" I said cordially. "I've been doing some baking, and I planned to have something to drink and a few samples. Come join me, Peggy!"

She went to a wicker armchair, stumbling a little on the way. I made haste to set a hot drink on the stand beside her, along with a saucer full of cookies, and I took my own cup to a chair near by.

"You're good; you're kind," she muttered, not touching the refreshments.

"Nonsense!" I said cheerfully. "The only thing good about me is my cookies; and I want you to try them!"

She shook her head. I saw a kind of stupefied terror on her face. She reached for her cup. "I've got to tell you what happened. You'll listen?" I nodded my head and smiled.

She swallowed a sip, and then put the cup down. "When Paul and I were married, we just didn't drink at all, like you and your husband. Our folks never had liquor in their homes. I didn't know anything about it. But we weren't strong like you and Bill. When Paul



Thea Trent

got this good job at the plant, and we moved into the block, we were welcomed just like you were.

"So we had a couple of drinks. My, they tasted awful, but from then on, we went with the crowd. Paul stayed out later and later Friday nights, and most often he'd come home real high. First, I just sat watching TV, and then I'd feel so hurt and lonely that I couldn't stand it. I'd pour myself a drink, for we always had it in the house, ready for company.

"After a while, if Paul would phone he was going to stay out late, I'd sometimes get dressed up and go to a bar and drink. The thing is, now I'm hooked on it! Hooked! Do you hear me? When things go wrong, when I feel mad or lonely, I have to have a drink right away! And lots of times, even when there's *nothing* wrong, I get the feeling I'll *die* if I don't have a drink!

"I tell you, it's the devil himself who started that talk about 'just a social drink'! Now I'm lost. I can't live without it! And no one can help me! No one!" She covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, there is Someone!" I said, taking her hands in mine. "His name is God."

The Millionth Chance



ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD LARKIN

October 5, 1930, stands as a black day in the history of aviation, for on this day the famous airship R-101, overloaded and bucking bad weather, crashed in France.

"She is as safe as a house—except for the millionth chance," Lord Thomson of Cardington had said before she set forth on her maiden voyage.

Using the title, *The Millionth Chance*, James Leasor, in England, told the R-101 story, making clear why this giant of the skies went down, including the little-known fact that, even though the crew's parachutes had to be left behind because of excessive weight, crates of champagne and barrels of beer were brought aboard. Strange concept of safety, indeed!

This Listen feature is based on, and adapted from, Mr. Leasor's book, published in the United States by Reynal & Company, New York.

BY 6 p.m. on the day of departure, more than 3,000 people were already waiting huddled together in the bleak October rawness, and as many more were watching from parked cars around the airfield.

Above them, shining silver and ethereal in the hard glare of many searchlights, hung the gigantic torpedo shape that was the reason for their journey, the world's largest airship, as long and as costly as an ocean liner, His Majesty's Airship R (for Rigid)-101, due off on her maiden trip from England to Egypt and India.

A little apart from the main crowd stood the wives and relatives of passengers and crew who were going to fly in her on this first journey. Everyone shared the feeling of immense expectation and privilege; she had taken six years to build, and most people in the neighborhood had at least one friend or relative who had worked on her.

Should this first voyage be successful, it would be but the first of a regular airship service, initially between Britain and India, and then to be extended so that it would girdle the Empire, with regular flights between Britain, Australia, and Canada.

"Slip!" came the crisp command from the control car.

"Slip!" came back the echo.

The pin securing the release lever was whipped out and then jerked down, releasing the airship's retaining safety wire, so that she was free of the cone, the tower, and all contact with the earth.

"All engines full speed astern."

They were pathfinders, the blazers of this new Imperial air route that would bring Egypt within a two-day and Bombay within a five-day journey and eventually make all the world a smaller, friendlier place. Although in distance they might only be a few miles from their starting point, their thoughts were already ahead, dwelling on the first stop at Ismailia.

Each, in his own way, on his own level, from the air minister to the chief steward, had a reason for wishing he were actually there. For Lord Thomson, waiting to sit down to dinner in the wide dining room, with the glasses all stamped with Royal Air Force wings, and crockery stacked on the dresser—for the airship usually traveled so gently and so steadily that the cutlery did not even rattle—the reason was partly political.

The high commissioner for Egypt, with various senior British and Egyptian officers, was coming to dine aboard His Majesty's airship, just as they had so often dined in the past aboard one of His Majesty's warships. This would be the first time that such a dinner party had ever been held in the air, for the airship would be riding at anchor from the new mooring mast at Ismailia, a hundred and eighty feet above the ground. It would indeed be an historic and Imperial occasion worthy of the most detailed preparation, and so that none of the essential pomp and circumstance should be lacking, heavy carpets and loads of special silver had been taken aboard some time before they left Cardington.

Because of this dinner, and also, no doubt, because of the distinguished passengers who were traveling, the 600-foot-long corridor that ran from the door in the bows of the vessel to the cabins within, had been covered with a pale blue Axminster carpet. Similarly, the floor of the lounge, which was as large

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"We are not here to judge you.

I don't know if this is the first time you have been arrested or the fifty-first. Even if this is the first time you have been in trouble with the law, it's a sign you are approaching subnormal behavior.

"We know that one out of sixteen people who drink becomes chronically addicted to alcohol. And once you do, there are only three ways out—suicide, an insane asylum, or quit."

The speaker, William A. Wallace, teacher in the School for the Prevention of Alcoholism, is addressing about 100 people who are sitting on the benches of the police court of Louisville, Kentucky.

Louisville is seeking an answer to its problem of drunkenness. The old and tested philosophy of teaching the drunk a lesson and at the same time protecting the rights of orderly citizens by imposing full penalty for drunkenness, is not a workable philosophy. Neither is a newer concept, rehabilitation, being successfully achieved with only 1 percent of the alcoholics in the nation currently being helped.

Prevention through education is the cornerstone of Louisville's "alcohol school." The school strives to reach the users of alcohol early before the disease progresses. This is why each person who gets into trouble with the courts is assigned to attend the school.

Although there are other schools that teach the facts of alcohol and alcoholism, this school is somewhat unique in

the United States because it is the first to attempt to reach *all* those in trouble resulting from the use of alcohol, the potential alcoholics, and not just the drunks who can't bail out of jail. Alcoholic schools in three Indiana cities, Gary, Fort Wayne, and Hammond, were recently started after a study of the Louisville school. Indianapolis is showing interest and is expected to begin a similar school soon.

Much credit for the Louisville school goes to Judge William G. Colson, who launched it into the courts of Louisville. "Traffic schools for traffic offenders are effective. We believe we can do the same type of thing with a school for people who misuse alcohol. We can inform and teach them of the potential destructive power of alcohol," states Judge Colson.

The school already has offered a financial saving to the taxpayers. This is obvious from the records of forty-one who attended the first four-week class. In the six-month period before they attended the school, the forty-one had a total of seventy-five arrests involving alcohol. In the six-month period after attending the school, they had a total of only twenty arrests.

The estimated cost of each arrest in Louisville, from pickup to the bench, is \$65. Schoolmaster Wallace claims that 60 percent of the 2,100 to 2,200 inmates of Kentucky's state prison at La Grange are there as a result of the use of alcohol. Indeed, the use of alcohol is a major monetary expense to society. A greater

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Through the efforts of a judge and a recovered alcoholic, Louisville, Kentucky, has launched an intriguing—

SCHOOL FOR THE PREVENTION OF ALCOHOLISM

Geneva Warren Calvert

Judge Colson sentences an alcohol offender before him to attend training sessions in the School for the Prevention of Alcoholism.

Bill Wallace, teacher in the school, has helped many halt their downward course.





BEAUTY WORTH DIGGING FOR

Don Carlos Miller

WIND scoured the bleak hills, whipped across the rocks, tore at the mesquite, the sage, the Joshuas. It was a hard wind and cold, but to the people in the low-walled canyon it was like jammed traffic—a senseless thing that had to be endured.

They were a motley group, these people. They were of all ages and sizes, neither alike nor unlike, neither friends nor enemies—strangers, yes, but actually not strangers. They were a dedicated, even a united people, because they were all looking for the same thing.

That isn't exactly true, though. Rightly enough, they were all searching, but the "thing" was pictured differently in each mind's eye. Its size, its shape, its color—dreams are like that, never the same.

A thin man, glancing this way and that, stepped on a stone the size of a baseball. Behind him his wife saw the stone as soon as his foot moved ahead. Stooping, she picked it up, studied it a moment, wet it with her tongue. "Frank," she called.

The thin man returned, took the stone. "Too dark," he said.

"I like it." She put it in her sack.

"All right, if you want to carry a load of junk."

A small boy came running. "Look, Mamma! I found one."

"It has a crack in it, dear."

"It's pretty," the boy said stubbornly, clutching it tightly.

High on the side of the canyon wall a man was pounding on a boulder with a sledge; another was prodding an outcropping with a pick, as if wondering where to strike. From over a hill a fat man came with a bulging sack.

"You're loaded," the man, Frank, said. "No wonder we can't find anything."

The fat man laughed. "Lots more up there," and he pointed. "Climb over the second dry falls in the gulley. Best plume [agate] I ever saw."

That's rock collecting. The whole family does it; anyone able to walk can do it.

Strictly speaking, rock collecting has been going on for a long while, before King Solomon and the Pharaohs. The early high priests of Israel, beginning with Aaron, wore a breastplate with twelve gemstones, each two inches square. These, identified in modern terms, are presumed to be sard, peridot, garnet, malachite, lapis lazuli, corundum, amber, agate, amethyst, beryl, onyx, and jasper.

Some of the most famous and valuable stones have been collected by persons who never left their drawing rooms or palaces. Precious stones have had a tremendous effect upon the his-

tory of every age. Historians say that Queen Isabella of Spain pawned her jewels to send Columbus on the journey that led to the discovery of the New World. But this was only one incident in a multitude; whole armies, countries, alliances, princesses, and queens, as well as countless beauties without royal status, have been purchased with stones. Of course, not any old rock will do. This is the trick of the trade—knowing the right stone. Often this is not so simple, as some of the most beautiful are encrusted in drab, hard coverlets that deceive the eye of all but the most experienced.

Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds—everyone knows something about these—and pearls, which aren't stones, but concretions made by mollusks. There's scarcely an unwed girl anywhere who doesn't intend to collect at least one diamond.

But these are the rare stones, known as "precious." They are only the beginning, so far as rock collecting goes. There are jade, agate, opal, amethyst, beryl, jasper, topaz, garnet, turquoise, tourmaline, and many more. In fact, there are approximately 1,600 different species of rocks—some, of course, of little value. A rock's worth as a gem is determined by its hardness, its color, and its size, as well as its scarcity.

While only diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are considered precious and all other gems "semi-precious," many of these latter have commanded tremendous prices. For example, a cowboy reputedly found an opal in the Rocky Mountain region that brought him more than a quarter of a million dollars.

It is for such that the rock hound is eternally seeking with that vague, far-off hope. In the meantime, he is willing to brave inclement weather, snakes, dust, scorpions—anything—for the reward of less rare pieces.

Although gems have always played an important role in the world's history, at no time has there been such a universal interest in them as there is today. This is especially true in America, where rock hounds are nearly as plentiful as the proverbial flies. Rock-hounding is one of the fastest-growing hobbies in the country; some say it is second only to stamp collecting, and even that won't stay ahead for long.

As recently as the 1930's, lapidary—the art of cutting and polishing gems—was considered a profession, not a hobby. But, with the coming of more leisure time and the development of

★★★ TODAY'S FASTEST - GROWING HOBBY ★★★

new, simplified, and inexpensive equipment, this has rapidly changed. Adult evening schools in many communities are offering courses in lapidary and, in most instances, can't handle all the would-be pupils. Courses in geology, mineralogy, and kindred studies have also increased tremendously in popularity.

No doubt, too, the automobile and improved roads have had much to do with the swift increase of interest in this pleasant pastime. Nearly every state in the Union has gemstones of one sort or another, and many, such as Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Wyoming, produce an almost limitless variety of good specimens.

Many rock hounds never learn to cut or polish. Sometimes this is due to a lack of time, or patience, or opportunity. To these, however, there is still a wonderful reward in collecting, an irresistible fascination in the rough stones—here is beauty untouched, eternally enduring. A flower fades and drops its petals; a stone is forever.

Most uninformed people think that gemstones are used only in making jewelry. Nothing could be more untrue. Many collectors use their collections to create things of unspeakable splendor, such as colorful mosaics for coffee tables, stands, lamps, wall decorations, inlaid work in patios, or fountains. Others use the rough stones for displays which are shown with ultraviolet lights that cause the stones to fluoresce with strange and striking colors where normal light presents only drabness. And still others build rock gardens in their yards to combine flower, plant, and stone in a way that can, with proper planning and an artistic touch, create supreme beauty.

Probably the most outstanding and striking example of rock gardening in America is Petersen's Rock Garden in central Oregon. Each year this display attracts some 200,000 visitors who gasp in awe at its agate castles, its obsidian bridges, its moats and lagoons. The work of one man, this fantasyland spreads across acres of valuable farmland simply because of his vast love for rocks and things beautiful.

A true rock hound is never quite satisfied; there is always another gem which he lacks, another trip he must take. When he is unable to travel great distances to search out the thing of his desiring, there is invariably a kindred spirit across the land who is willing to trade or sell. There are rock shops throughout the country dealing in gems—in the rough, cut slabs, polished stone, or mounted jewelry.



One of the three giant rock castles at Petersen's Rock Garden near Bend, Oregon.



Mirrored bridges span beautiful lakes in Petersen's gardens.



Polishing stones is an art developed over many years of practice and careful selection. The gem is held to the grinding surface by a dop. Faceting is a modern precision method used today in the preparation of precious stones.

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



And there are numerous rock-hound magazines advertising numberless things pertaining to the gem field.

Many communities have gem societies that put on annual shows, go on field trips, pass out information and maps of gem fields. Truly the rock collector comes closer to having assured success than many other hobbyists.

However, for the rock hound who wishes to find his own treasure, good stones are not nearly as plentiful as they were, say, ten years ago. He must dig deeper, look longer, perhaps go farther. The law of supply and de-

specimens so tremendous that winches had to be employed to lift them from the depths.

Often encrusted like an egg in its shell, rough to the point of unsightliness, the stone must be cut, shaped, and polished to bring out the hidden beauty, the sparkle, the awe-inspiring colorations. Here again, as in the choosing of the stones, the creative individuality of the artisan comes to the fore. Likely enough, no two people would ever render the same stone in identical fashion.

For those who understand, the history of the earth is written in its rocks.

THE TV COWBOY

(Continued from page 6)

it. If it is too salty or has any unpleasant taste, he must be alert enough to sense it and report it instantly. The wrong kind of water can be fatal to a cattle ranch.

The "working of cattle" means many things. Some days it means getting the cattle out on the range for grazing. Other days it means bringing them into the feedlot to be fattened. Cattle also must be inspected, treated, vaccinated, and sprayed before being turned over to their buyers.

All this working with cattle can be very dangerous, for as both ranch manager West and ranch foreman King explain, range cattle "are mean and ornery; they stampede at the least provocation." At such times fast-stepping quarter horses, trained for "working cattle," are necessary; and so are alert cowboys with clear minds and steady hands, who are quick with a lariat. Their very lives may be at stake. The modern cowboy lives and works with danger.

"That's why the modern cowboy doesn't carouse like those you see on television," says Jack West. "We could not afford to have that kind of cowboy on our ranch, for the cattle business is competitive, and you must have reliable men as cowboys."

If this is all true, where does the modern cowboy get his amusement? Ranch foreman King explains that many of his men are married and live with their wives and children in homes provided for them on the Mariposa Ranch.

The unmarried cowboys also live on the ranch in quarters provided by the owners. On weekends they drive to Falfurrias or to neighboring towns. Do they head for the nearest dance hall where girls dressed in evening gowns that look as if they came from Paris try to get the men drunk in order to part them from their month's wages?

"I see that you, too," says King, "have been seeing too many Westerns on television." There are weekly parties held on Saturday nights either in Falfurrias or in neighboring towns, but these are attended by entire families from neighboring ranches and farms. In many instances these community gatherings are under church auspices.

"And my men go to church on Sundays when they're off," said King.

In the evening there is relaxation and music, time to think. The cowboy lives a more isolated life than the average man, but his life close to nature gives him inner resources.



mand prevails here as in most phases of human endeavor.

Places such as Arizona's fabulous petrified forest and Washington's ginkgo petrified forest are for seeing only—and fortunately so, from the standpoint of the general public. It is to the desolate places that the present-day collector must turn. He must search out the windswept canyons, the jutting outcroppings, or the coves along ocean beaches.

Even the floor of the ocean is no longer out of reach of the persistent collector. In the mid-thirties the famous cliff road from San Simeon to Big Sur was opened on the California coast. Shortly, jade discoveries were made there. And in recent years, skin-diving rock hounds have come up with

Each stone has a different story—no two are alike. Out of the travail of heat and fire and flood they were born and spewed up within the reach of man. And man has always sought and prized the beauty in them.

Worldly wealth is not necessarily essential to obtaining a treasure here. Nor is superior education called for. Gems worth thousands of dollars have been literally stumbled upon by illiterates or by small children.

Truly, hunting rocks, working with them, owning them can be one of the most pleasant of diversions. For the family wishing to do something together, there is no better pursuit, no more educational a pastime than venturing into the land that travail made and glorified long ago.

Around the World in 80 Minutes

PARTY PICK-UPS / Blossom Engen



EVER wish you had the courage to plan a party just for folk from the immediate neighborhood? It's a wonderful opportunity to cement community relations. It's amazing how interesting your next-door neighbors may really be in spite of the fact that now they only discuss the weather. If you have the courage to invite those from two houses in either direction, fine. Perhaps your preference will be friends from your particular vicinity. But whatever you decide, have fun with a—

SUNDAY-NITE PATIO SUPPER

Food served in an atmosphere of hospitality will be your primary concern for this type of evening. Here's a menu with a flair of individuality that should be favorable to all your guests. You might call this "Around the World in 80 Minutes."

- * Fjord Soup
- * Egyptian Bean Dip With Crackers
- * Texas Open-Face Sandwiches
- * Greenland Iceberg Drink
- * Polynesian Sundaes

You'll have to feel your way on games if your guests are more or less strangers to you and to each other. Some groups will be strictly "visity." Here are three varied suggestions for activities, all of which may fit.

Descriptive Initials: Each person introduces the individual seated to his left by describing him with words beginning with his initials. Should your guests be good-enough acquaintances, you may want to go around the circle the second time with something more facetious.

Shiny Nose: Here's a simple coordination exercise that is hilarious to watch. You'll discover how little coordination most people have in this particular area. Pinch your left ear with your right hand, simultaneously taking hold of your nose with your left hand. Now, pinch your right ear with your left hand, while taking hold of

your nose with your right hand. Change. Change again, faster and faster. Better quit before you have a shiny nose!

Change Your Name: Any number up to twelve may play this game. Using black crayon, prepare 10 sets of 3-by-5 cards with the numbers 1 through 15 on them (one number to a card). Divide all of them evenly as far as possible among your guests who are seated at a table.

The leader determines a single category of names for each person to assume, such as cars, Indian chiefs, famous Americans, and so on. If the category were cars, for example, each guest would indicate that he has chosen to be a Ford, Pontiac, Porsche, Cadillac, et cetera, only one person to a name.

Place the cards face down. At the leader's signal each person turns the top card over. If any players have like numbers, each tries to say the other's name first. The first successful one gives all his up-turned cards to the slower individual. Continue until one person gets rid of all his cards.

FJORD SOUP

(12 servings)

- 2 (10½-ounce) cans condensed green-pea soup
- 1 pint commercial sour cream
- ½ teaspoon onion salt
- 2 cups milk
- 4 tablespoons chopped chives

Mix condensed soup, sour cream, onion salt, milk, and chives. Stir well and chill. Pour individual servings into cups or mugs.

EGYPTIAN BEAN DIP WITH CRACKERS

(2 cups)

- 1 (No. 303) can red kidney beans
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ teaspoon garlic salt

Mash or blend well-drained beans. Stir in remaining ingredients. Serve with a variety of crackers.

TEXAS OPEN-FACE SANDWICHES

(about 5 slices—20 medium-sized sandwiches)

- 1 round loaf of bread (8- or 9-inch), sliced horizontally and buttered
- 1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese, softened
- ¾ cup chopped walnuts
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine
- ¾ teaspoon salt

Toppers such as sliced tomatoes, celery and carrot curls, cucumber, potato chips, et cetera.

Mix filling together and spread on the large round slices. Place in 8- or 9-inch aluminum pie pans. Cut in quarters. Guests add their own top layers.

GREENLAND ICEBERG DRINK

(about 20 servings, 8-ounce)

Lime powdered drink with sugar and water to make a two-quart drink

- 1 (6-ounce) can lemonade plus water as called for
- 1 quart sparkling water
- 1 quart lime sherbet

Combine lime drink with lemonade. Just before serving add sparkling water and softened sherbet. Place an ice cube in each glass before filling.

POLYNESIAN SUNDAES

(about 1 cup topping)

- 3 tablespoons mashed ripe banana
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice
- ½ cup orange marmalade
- ½ cup pineapple-apricot preserves
- ½ cup toasted coconut
- Vanilla ice cream

Combine banana and lemon juice. Add marmalade and preserves. Cook over low heat for five minutes, stirring constantly. Cool slightly. Ice cream may be scooped into paper dishes, covered, and returned to the freezer earlier in the day. To serve, spoon sauce over ice cream and sprinkle with toasted coconut.

Don't You Believe It!

Teen-agers often have misconceptions about what drinking does to their judgment, self-control, and driving ability. Adapted from Allstate Insurance Companies, here are some of the most common misconceptions:

Beer won't make you drunk.

There is as much alcohol in a bottle of beer as in a shot of whiskey. Three bottles of beer in an hour will have the same effect as three highballs in an hour.

Some people can "hold their liquor" better than others.

Appearances are deceiving. An experienced drinker can only mask the effect of alcohol better than the inexperienced drinker.

Alcohol is a stimulant.

Alcohol is a depressant, not a stimulant. The exhilaration a drinker feels is the alcohol's effect on his inhibitions.

Coffee will sober a drinker.

Coffee stimulates, but it does not sober. Only time will sober. For example, a man weighing 150 pounds needs about an hour to wear off the effects of an ounce of liquor.

You can drive safely if you've had just a few drinks.

The drinking driver cannot react quickly, and his front and his side vision are impaired. Worst of all, he may take chances that he normally would not take.

liberations, village celebrations, even worthy to begin thinking of marriage.

In a far more enlightened country, Carl faces the same growing-up challenge as did Onyango. Although in a very different way, he, too, must prove his manhood. It is the custom in Carl's country for boys—and for some girls as well—when they reach a certain age, to begin the use of cigarettes as proof of their adulthood.

If Carl, sophisticated and smoking, should meet Onyango and see his smile, he would probably exclaim, "He's crazy, knocking out his teeth like that, just to prove something."

Onyango, though, might turn to Carl and reply, "Who's crazy? I follow my custom, you follow yours. Any coward can follow your custom; it took courage for me to follow mine. Yours was not painful to begin with. Mine was, and even perhaps dangerous at the time. But from now on I will be strong.

"You will be inhaling poisons, while I breathe pure air. You will be yellowing your teeth and your fingers, coughing, blowing smoke in other people's faces. You may become diseased and will surely shorten your life by your custom. I will not. And if you think my custom makes me look ugly, I can tell you that yours doesn't improve your looks.

"Don't talk to me anymore about this, Carl. As I said before, I take my custom, and, if you must, you take yours."

So, as Onyango might query, "Who's crazy?"

WHAT PRICE CONFORMITY?

(Continued from page 5)

bushes. He thought of how Luo warriors in bygone days had been required to prove themselves, either by killing an enemy in battle or by spearing a lion. Now the tribal wars were past, and the lions had disappeared from that area. But there still remained this test of courage. Onyango shrank within himself. How could he face his ordeal?

At last he reached a tumbledown hut. On a small stool in its doorway sat an elderly man, a village elder, who was expecting him. Without a word of greeting the man arose, went inside, and then emerged clutching the instruments of his trade—a rock of a certain shape and a large nail, more like a spike.

Motioning to the inwardly trembling boy to follow, the man set off down a crooked trail leading to a muddy stream. Near its bank, under the shade of a large tree, he stopped, pointed to a slightly elevated, flat rock, and ordered Onyango to sit down before him.

In that place, with no antiseptics, no anesthetic, no pain-relieving medica-

tions, but with only a stone and a spike, the old man knocked out, one by one, six strong white teeth—strong from years of biting and chewing kernels of hard, roasted corn on the cob.

In front of Onyango, the six front teeth of his lower jaw suddenly lay on the ground, for the old man knew his business. Bleeding and faint, the boy felt only relief that he had allowed no sound to escape, no indication of the agony he had felt.

His task completed, the old man turned his back on Onyango and strode up the crooked path to his hut, to hide away the tools of his trade until they would again be needed. The boy hastened to the stream. He rinsed his bleeding mouth with its muddy water.

After a rest, limp with relief that his ordeal was completed, he took the path leading to his home village. With each step his gums throbbed. But he could not cry. Onyango was now a man!

That evening around the fire he noticed the men looking upon him with approval, the younger boys with admiration. Word had been sent by the elder that this youth was indeed worthy, worthy to join in village de-

THE ALCOHOLIC'S CHILD

(Continued from page 9)

of alcoholics are usually cautioned or threatened against discussing the parent's drinking with teachers, counselors, or other adults. Even if the child breaks down and talks to someone, he suffers a feeling of guilt for doing so. Alcoholism is supposed to be a family secret.

Children of alcoholics often remain silent and withdrawn through shame. Their unhappiness and frustration at being deprived of a responsible adult for a parent festers inside and finally breaks out in the form of physical symptoms, truancy, underachievement, insomnia, skin disorders, kleptomania, delinquent behavior, antisocial behavior, unwanted pregnancy, too-early marriage, or epileptic-type seizures and hysterical paralysis in extreme cases.

Alcoholics' children may cut themselves off from normal friendships and either become isolates or become in-

volved with dangerous associates who have been rejected by society.

"I can't take my friends home," one counselee told me, "on account of never knowing whether dad will be drunk or not."

"Don't your friends understand that your father is ill?"

"Yes, they know that alcoholics are sick and all that, but they won't put up with having him paw them or call them foul names and order them out of the house."

I have deep sympathy for the alcoholic and for his relatives. However, with the current emphasis on recovery programs for the alcoholic, no adult has to remain a practicing alcoholic, nor is any adult compelled to live with an alcoholic. But children and young people are another matter. Emotionally and economically dependent on the adults in his environment, a child is trapped by whatever situation the home has to offer.

Here they are for your acquaintance—the sons and daughters of practicing alcoholics—and, believe me, they are very sick little guys and gals.

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES

(Continued from page 8)

What is the best attitude to take during the difficult times when an alcoholic is sullen and morose, or just plain bad-tempered?

These periods usually occur during intervals between bouts and indicate the poor adjustment of the person to daily living, which is intensified for him by the pressure of abstinence. We have found that keeping busy with our own affairs, leaving the offender gracefully alone, and being emotionally objective about the situation are the greatest helps in riding out the storm.

Should a mate accompany the alcoholic on his rounds during drinking bouts?

No. Many of us have done this, thinking our presence would reduce his drinking, or protect him from possible disaster as a result of his inability to cope with situations while intoxicated. What we actually do is furnish a crutch for him to lean on. We also supply a basis for the ever-ready comment that we don't seem to mind his drinking, since we have joined him at it. The sooner we refuse to let ourselves be so used, the quicker will be his recovery.

Is it wise for the mate of an alcoholic to accept or serve drinks while the other is trying to stay sober?

This is a problem which the individual must solve for himself. However, it has been the consensus of our experiences that it is unwise for the nonalcoholic mate to drink when alone with the alcoholic.

What is the best handling of the situation when children are involved?

Until a child is twelve, it is preferable to minimize the situation. Pass over it by saying that father or mother is indisposed. Try to avoid contact between drinker and child until the current storm has passed. When this is not physically possible, be alert to act as a buffer between them whenever necessary.

When a child has reached an age where he can absorb the knowledge, tell him the simple facts about alcoholism and its slowly progressing pattern.

Today's children are wise in the ways of this world, and any mother or father who believes that she or he can conceal drunkenness is acting like the proverbial ostrich.

These are only a few of the basic problems confronting every man or woman who has an alcoholic in the family.

But to the wife or husband of a heavy drinker, our recommendation is this: Quietly, without preliminary talk with the alcoholic, call the organization known as Alcoholics Anonymous. From A.A. you can learn whether there is a Nonalcoholics Anonymous group, such as ours, functioning in your vicinity.

There have been chapters organized in places as far apart as Long Beach, California; Toronto, Ontario; Edmonton, Alberta; Richmond, Virginia; Washington, D.C.; Syracuse and Rochester, New York. Any person who has an alcoholic in the family is eligible for membership.

Experience has taught us that there is hope for anyone who faces the alcohol problem, either his own or that of a loved one, provided he is willing to work for "the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

"DEAR ABBY"

(Continued from page 20)

there is infatuation, a much stronger thing. It lasts longer, usually, but demands what it wants, no matter whom it hurts. Then there is true love. It gives rather than takes. It protects at all costs. It is unselfish. And it lasts

and grows as time goes on. Be honest with yourself, and you'll know which you have.

Is blind dating ever safe?

Let us say, it could be. If the date comes recommended by someone you can trust, if it isn't just a last-minute call for a fill-in, if someone knows the background of the party and you find it acceptable. But if it is a sudden yell from some sinking ship out in the dark, beware! Don't go.

What makes me feel picked on all the time? Are others at fault, or am I?

You, probably. If a person is objective about himself, and can laugh at himself, then it is actually hard to pick on him even if you want to. But if a person is touchy and sensitive, all he has to do is to bump into a light pole to knock the chips off. Talk to a counselor and get help in this matter.

Is there a reasonable guide to teen-age kissing?

Yes. Make it I-G-Q-F. (Infrequent, gentle, quick, finished.)

How do I manage at a party where others drink and I don't want to?

You have as much right to refuse a glass with intoxicants in it as you have to refuse a glass of water. Remember that. If you feel conspicuous, ask for a soft drink. Or try my "cocktail," a cherry in ginger ale, or in plain water. Hold it and sip occasionally, and no one will keep asking you to drink. Keep quiet. You don't have to make a big deal out of it.

Advertising tells you to do one thing, and people tell you not to. Someone has to be wrong.

Who might it be? If I tell you not to drink, I do it because I have your best interests in mind. Do they have your health and happiness in mind when they tell you to drink?

My dad drinks, and when he does he embarrasses me. I hate to feel ashamed of him, but what can I do?

We know what you mean. The saddest part is, your father knows, too. But he evidently can't help himself, at least not yet. Can you find an understanding teacher to help you, one who understands people who drink heavily? And find out if there is an Alcoholics Anonymous in your town. They will help you by helping your dad. There is a teen-age organization called Ala-Teen that can give you wonderful help if you have one in your town. And in

the meantime keep your chin up and remember, it is your dad who is drinking, not you.

I don't want to be a "goody-goody," but I'd like to be considered a responsible citizen of my community. How do I go about it?

I know what makes you ask such a question. We adults have a strange faculty for yelling about the delinquents while we ignore the teen-ager who is behaving himself. Just offer your services now and then to some adult endeavor. After a time or two, they will learn to depend on you. Then interest some of your teen-age friends in helping, too, with the understanding that you have to behave to belong. You will soon be a force for good in your community. Serving one's fellowmen, no matter how corny some make it sound, still brings the same rich rewards that it always has. You teen-agers will soon be America. At that

time we adults will then be the recipients of what you teen-agers do with America. We want to see some like you take over the job, and do it well.

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE

(Continued from page 24)

as a tennis court, had been fitted with an enormous carpet of the same color. This added weight did not please those who knew the slender margin of safety the airship possessed in ideal weather and flying conditions.

In an attempt to scrap other disposable weight, the crew had been ordered to leave their parachutes behind at Cardington.

Crates of champagne and barrels of beer embossed with the crossed flags of Britain and India had also been carried aboard, and with desperate ingenuity no less than twenty excellent varieties of cheese had been blended to produce something original for the dinner party.

As R-101 pulled out of the cone at the masthead, her bow should have soared up, but instead it dipped slightly. She was so heavily laden with fuel for the 3,000-mile journey to Egypt and with passengers and luggage, that she had no resilience left.

The R-101 was intended to change the story of misfortune that had characterized so many earlier attempts to build successful airships in Britain, and with this in view her size was comforting. She was so large that even before her construction could be started the existing airship shed at Cardington had had to be extended in length from 700 feet to 800 feet, and raised in height from 110 feet to 157 feet, an increase that made it the largest building in the British Empire.

The airship was equally enormous. She contained two miles of longitudinal steel girders, six miles of booms, or smaller girders, and eight miles of side and base struts, making 18,000 struts in all. The bracing cables that pulled in her huge sides represented a total length of eleven miles; and she carried twelve miles of webs and twenty-seven miles of tubing of various kinds.

"She's moving!" someone shouted. So she was; sluggishly and heavily, like a ship that has taken water and is weary before the voyage begins. People began to cheer loudly, stamping their feet and clapping their hands with excitement as slowly, heavily, almost casually, the great airship began to back away from the mast.

Then she lifted her nose, as a ship rises to meet an oncoming wave, and

slid out into the darkness toward the southeast of the town. Only the faint dying roar of her engines remained, with the heavy smell of oil in the damp air. As time went on, the rain, so long awaited, began to fall; lightly at first, and then more heavily. The wind rose violently. It was a rough night.

Before that night was out, the R-101 had crashed and exploded in a field near Beauvais, France, carrying forty-seven people to a fiery death, and bringing to an end the gradiose plan for a worldwide network of air routes flown by airships.

I'M REPAYING MY DEBT

(Continued from page 13)

The room no longer whirled about me. I felt peace for the first time. I slept soundly.

Last July 18, in Pucallpa, Peru, a jungle town on the Ucayali River, I celebrated my tenth year of sobriety. What a glorious feeling!

Many people have commended me for my willpower. I have to tell them that it hasn't been willpower but faith in a Higher Power.

After my return to sobriety I thought of ways by which I could show my gratitude for the miracle in my life. I decided to help missionaries because of the wonderful work they are doing for primitive people whose lives have been blighted by superstition, witchcraft, and voodooes, just as my life had been marred by alcohol.

Where to get the money for these projects? I decided to moonlight, and was hired by a newspaper to work on its copy desk from 5 a.m. to 8 a.m., after which I went to my regular job.

During the past six years I have delivered, among other things, 1,000 garments to Dr. Albert Schweitzer's jungle clinic at Lambarené in Africa; \$5,000 worth of medical supplies to missionaries working among the Apinayé Indians in central Brazil; \$3,000 worth of drugs and medical supplies to The House of Hope, a children's home in northern Haiti; \$1,000 worth of power tools to the Queche Bible Institute in Guatemala; a \$1,500 anesthesia machine and an operating table to Dr. William Douce's clinic in the Andes, at Cuenca, Ecuador; and medical supplies to Bible translators working among the primitive Machiguenga Indians in the jungles of Peru 400 miles from the nearest civilization.

In every undertaking of this nature I have found great satisfaction in bringing help to those in need, instead of living a life which requires others continually to serve and help me.

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Poems With a Purpose

I
Must
Be
Free!



Constance Quinby Mills

I must be free! Free as the ever-changing ocean
Whose tides continually ebb and flow
Upon the rocks below,
In ceaseless motion.

I must be free! Free as the gulls that skim,
Then wheel and fly
Into the sky
From the water's clear blue rim.

Also, I must be free of any prejudice that binds my soul,
Intolerance of race or creed,
Of envy, hate, or greed,
That is my goal!

Listen! The Tidal Thrash of the Herd

Juliette Sierra André

Unbridled, unbroken, forever free,
In rhythmic gallop on the maverick sea;
Arched necks tossing their foam-crested manes
From thoroughbred heads unfettered by reins;
In metronome surges the steeds of the deep
Graze the sand pastures lush at their feet.
The invigorating, tangy, salt-laden air
Flaring their nostrils, whipping tail-hair—
In whinnying tide they pirouette and flee
Back to the vast open prairie of sea.

Riches for a Fool

Joan Elizabeth Pecchia

I paused to watch the grains of gold
That glistened in the sunlit pool.
They seemed to laugh and beckon,
Calling, "Riches for a fool!"

My eager hands grasped for the gold;
My heart was high—with contraband.
But as the sunlight faded,
All my treasure turned to sand.

SCHOOL FOR PREVENTION

(Continued from page 25)

tragedy, however, is the loss of self-respect and the irreparable personal damage caused by alcohol. The school hopes to prevent much of this misery by reaching the potential alcoholics—everyone who takes a drink.

The school is conducted once a week for an hour. The course consists of only four sessions. Nearly 100 persons are in attendance at each session. About 25 percent of the students attend voluntarily. The remainder are requested to attend by the courts in and near Louisville.

Phases of alcoholism are defined for the students, enabling each one to see how far along he is toward becoming an alcoholic. It also permits him to know what to expect in the later stages. Statistics showing the high correlation between alcoholism and narcotics addiction are presented.

Exposure to facts is enough to cause some to change their attitudes toward drinking and their drinking habits.

But for others it is not so easy to give up an established pattern of behavior. Many are social drinkers who may have sipped socially for from five to fifteen years before learning they are alcoholic. There is help for these—if they want to quit. Depending upon the degree of affliction, these students are steered to Alcoholics Anonymous, their pastors, doctors, psychiatrists, or a special alcoholic counselor in a downtown Louisville church.

The drama of the fourth lesson reaches out to those who have been unmoved in the preceding lessons.

In his informal and friendly manner, Bill Wallace tells the class in its last session, "There's lots of room on skid row for anybody who wants to live there. We hope you won't choose it. It's rough getting rustle money for a bottle at three in the morning. It's hell when you want a bottle worse than food when you haven't eaten for ten

days, when your body is covered and tormented with sores of malnutrition and filth. It's torment to be so sick you want to die after just one more drink."

Continuing the drama of the last lesson of the school, he adds, "I know what I'm talking about, friends, because these things happened to me. I was a drunk who would rather die drunk than sober up."

With the full drama of his life, the fourth lesson of Louisville's School for the Prevention of Alcoholism ends and William Wallace is a greater man than he was when the drama began. His sincerity, concern, and unpretentious manner prevent many from becoming alcoholics and bring back some who already are.

IS CURE ENOUGH?

(Continued from page 15)

difficult for the hospital to evaluate approaches to treatment.

"We have no real follow-up program," Owsley says. "For that reason, we don't know what happens to patients when they leave. We do know that some who have stayed here the full time have returned to drugs. We've no way of finding out what the factors are that make a person go back on drugs or what it is that keeps guys off."

Ernest Ficco, deputy chief of social work service, declares, "Returning to the community is extremely important. Even though we can gain for the patient here some insight into his problems, it is different when he comes face to face with everyday problems. And this is a community responsibility.

"When the patient leaves, he definitely needs some sort of professional help. In many cases, the former voluntary patient isn't strong-willed enough to seek professional sources himself. It is my personal opinion that the community must be aware of the employ-

ment needs of these people because so many have no work history as such."

Owsley believes there are two things which ought to be done: First, a long-term management situation is needed with these people, so that they can get a job and be with an understanding employer. Second, a better way of evaluating emotional stability of youngsters is needed. It is easy to evaluate physical defects. Why not try to evaluate the emotional ones?

THE GAME IS FIXED

(Continued from page 12)

or later you'll lower yourself to each and every one. In fact, you have no other choice.

Have a look at some of the many changes that will transform your life:

You will lose complete respect for yourself, both physically and mentally.

You will allow no affection for parent or loved one to hinder you in your search for dope.

You will dismiss from your mind everything except the overpowering urge to acquire dope.

You will change your personality to coincide with your immediate physical need.

You will have to resign yourself to spending at least one fifth of your adult life in a penal institution.

I doubt if any of you would attempt a game of Russian roulette, or jump from the Golden Gate Bridge, or stand in the path of an onrushing train just for "kicks." Yet any one of these feats leaves you with more chance of survival than does that innocent-looking syringe of living death.

There is no halfway mark. You are either *in* or *out*. If you are in, you're out.

This is the only game I know of that, when the hand is dealt, you have a loser before you even look at your cards, for the game is fixed!

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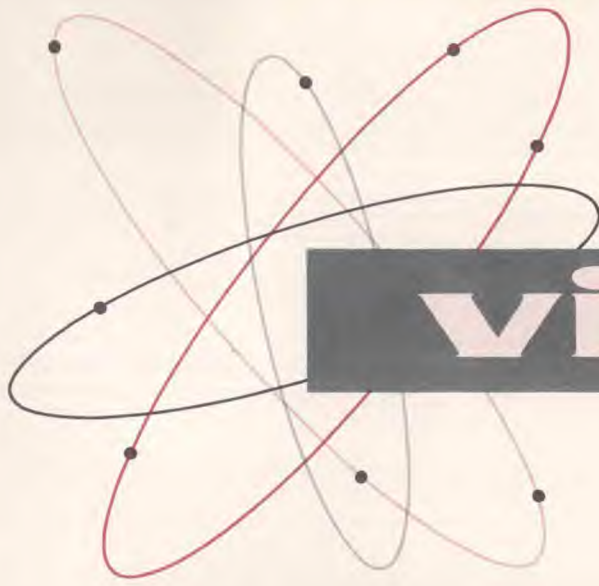
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views

❖ **DUBIOUS RECORD.** California has an estimated 805,000 alcoholics, according to the Department of Public Health, and an alcoholism rate of 8,200 per 100,000 total population, second only to New York in the nation. San Francisco, with a rate of 23,810, and Sacramento, with a rate of 11,320, have the highest rates in the state.

❖ **EPIDEMIC.** Some 10 percent of the population in the United States are alcohol dependent, says Dr. William B. Terhune, medical director of The Silver Hill Foundation. This totals more than 19,000,000 persons. About 5 percent, or 9,500,000 persons, he asserts, are alcoholic, for whom "there is no cure." He has studied and treated 1,500 alcoholic patients.

On Becoming a Woman

Alcohol used to be denied to teen-agers, and it still should be; yet many of them nowadays drink alcoholic beverages. The issues here are the following:

1. Does your family have religious or ethical scruples against the use of alcohol? If so, you need not feel ashamed. Respectable people with high ideals will grant you the privilege of living up to your own beliefs. The opinions of others need not trouble you.

2. Are you afraid of being left out of a group of your friends and called a "square"? If you voice your convictions without being quarrelsome, the worthwhile friends will admire your courage—and again, the others should not matter to you. You're a "square" only when you succumb to the fear of what other people may say about you.

3. Do you honestly dislike alcoholic drinks? If so, don't be wheedled into drinking them. Remind your friends that insistence on drinking if you don't want to went out of fashion some years ago. Courteous hosts always provide fruit juices or soft drinks these days. And here again you can remind the persistent one that you don't force him not to drink—so why should he insist that you do?

4. Have you a family history that includes alcoholism? Do you find that one drink calls for another—still another—AND another? If this is true, don't begin with the first one because of the danger of gradually becoming an alcoholic.

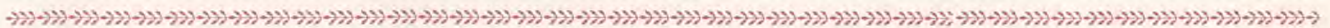
It is best, in every instance, for young people to avoid alcohol altogether. It is not a necessary food, and it may lead you into unpleasant experiences. It is commonly regarded as a stimulant, but it really is a narcotic depressant.

It "takes off the brakes." The higher brain centers are affected first, and the "life of the party" begins to tell jokes he wouldn't tell if he were sober. His companions laugh because intoxication has dulled their judgment of what is proper.

The boy at the wheel, after one drink or several, thinks he is a better driver than he is, and runs risk of a serious accident. The girl, especially if she is unaccustomed to drinking, is less sensitive to pressures that may lead to sexual adventures she would abhor were her resistance not hampered by alcohol. The "brakes" have been removed, and a lifelong tragedy may be the result.

The sum of all a girl's problems, like those of everyone else, is bound up in the ideals and ambitions present in every worthwhile individual. Only the no-account is without the desire to be successful in some way among his fellows. Those who meet you day by day will judge you, not so much by the things you say, as by the way you conduct yourself under varying circumstances. You can be gay upon occasion, always thoughtful of the needs of those about you, willing to listen to others rather than keeping the spotlight for yourself, and hugging to your heart those ideals you have formed but letting people around you glimpse them when necessity arises.

When the time comes that you are able to stand alone in a crowd, you are well on your way to successful and attractive womanhood, and you will be a magnet drawing to yourself others who are adult and worthwhile.—Adapted from the book *Way to Womanhood*, by W. W. Bauer, M.D., and Florence Marogne Bauer, © 1965, by Doubleday and Company, Inc.





Linda Cooper-

HIGH-DIVER



Only five feet four inches in height, Linda Cooper gives the impression of being fragile.

All thought of fragility disappears, though, when she launches herself into space from a diving board thirty-three feet above the water and skillfully executes the difficult one-and-a-half somersault with two twists (shown in sequence on this page), a specialty few divers can do with real grace and competence.

A swimmer since she was nine, Linda became a California champion in 1960, and the next year she went on to the junior national platform championship. The following year saw her become the senior national platform champion, and 1963 brought her the Pan American championship in Brazil in her specialty, also the International Sportweek championship in Tokyo. Last year she returned to Tokyo as a top contender in the Olympics.

Linda trains vigorously two to five hours daily—every day—through the entire year, with careful guarding of diet habits (including vegetables and skim milk), sleep time (eight hours), exercise (port-a-pit and trampoline, also the Canadian Air Force plan), and general health (no smoke, no drink).

Interview by Blendena S. Sonnichsen