


LIS'N

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

A color portrait of John Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He is a middle-aged man with dark hair, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt, and a dark tie with diagonal stripes. He is seated, with his hands resting on a red folder or book. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a dark, textured curtain.

John Edgar Hoover, Director
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Wondrous World

Predictors of the future see an amazing new age of miracles ahead, a revolution in the way people live, and work, and play. The magnitude of change will even "explode," they say.

More men—more money—more machines are coming. Less work—less disease—less space to live in.

Here's a glimpse of the year 2000 through the eyes of these seers: Automated industry producing fantastic wealth for all; one family in three earning \$15,000 a year; doctors routinely transplanting hearts, kidneys, and other organs, or sewing in artificial ones when necessary; teaching machines making education easy and fast; translating machines eliminating language barriers; new food sources being found in the sea and in synthetic protein.

Man's life-span will be pushed up from today's average of seventy years to a hundred years. Bacterial and viral disease will be virtually eliminated—no more colds, pneumonia, or the like. Knowledge of genetics will increase so that no hereditary defects need be passed on to the next generation.

"Whatever the mind of man visualizes," boasts David Sarnoff, board chairman of Radio Corporation of America, "the genius of modern science can turn into fact."

This then is our world of the future! Wonderful? Fantastic? Yes, but frightening too, for this isn't the whole picture.

The same predictors see the crowding of human beings into massive supercities, with "high-density strips" so huge and unwieldy as to require Federal control to permit them to function.

With such crowding, "the major increase in government expenditures will be for police—including the National Guard—just to keep society together."

Computers will virtually operate that society, with every citizen only a number verified by his thumbprint, a mere cog in the grinding wheels of regimented living.

All of which has to do with man's environment and his physical being. The world of the future, however, will also involve his mind. By merely taking pills he can select his mental mood or modify his personality. Improved tranquilizers will calm him down, new pep pills will start him up again, better memory pills will help him learn, drugs will enable him to forget the unpleasant. In other words, he will perfect his ability to turn his mind on and off with pills. His mentality will be controlled by chemistry.

Undoubtedly the world of the future will be wonderful. It will be more convenient. It will be easy in many respects. But it will be more artificial too, with man pulled hither and yon by forces which he sets into motion and then of which he loses control. It will be a world of push buttons, of automation, of speed, of space conquest.

Here's the question though: Will it really be better? We gravely doubt it, unless, that is, man can control himself and can build his world of the future on spiritual and moral values rather than merely on mechanics and chemistry.



LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

E. J. FOLKENBERG, *Executive Director*

FRANCIS A. SOPER, *Editor*

Edna M. Tarr, *Assistant Editor*

Elizabeth Varga, *Editorial Secretary*

T. R. Torkelson, *Office Editor*

Howard Larkin, *Art Director*

Eric Kreye, *Layout Artist*

A. R. Mazat, *Circulation Manager*

L. R. Hixson, R. E. Adams,
Sales and Promotion

... in this issue

- 2 Wondrous World *Editorial*
- 3 End of a Short Circuit *Thea Trent*
- 5 Song of Praise (Poem) *Marie Daerr*
- 6 Jet-age Smuggling *Shields ReMine*
- 8 Where Drunks Go to School *Lynn Thomas*
- 10 The World and You *John Edgar Hoover*
- 12 Mission of a Tree (Poem) *Clarence Edwin Flynn*
- 13 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL**
Listen's Newspaper in Condensed Form
- 17 What Alcohol Can Do to Youth *A. M. Schneidmuhl, M.D.*
- 19 Wild Greens—and Memories *Ollie J. Robertson*
- 20 Anita Bryant—No. 2, So She Tried Harder!
Interview by Hoyt McAfée

... in the next issue

- ★ Can we build a sound economy on foamy foundations? See revealing facts in "Are Liquor Tax Dollars Profitable?"
- ★ Remember Ernie Pyle? Author Hoyt McAfée draws pertinent lessons from his life.
- ★ Forthright Dr. James L. Goddard speaks to youth today about dangers to health in our chemical age.

Photo and Illustration Credits

Page 5, Ray Atkeson from A. Devaney, Inc.; page 8, John Wright, photographer, Courtesy of "The Monitor"; page 12, H. Armstrong Roberts; page 13, Frank Licchello from A. Devaney, Inc.; Sherman from Three Lions; page 14, David W. Corson from A. Devaney, Inc.; Authenticated News International; page 15, Ben Murov; page 16, Singer Features; United Press International; General Features Corporation; page 20, Columbia Records from Three Lions; United Press International.

Editorial Office:

6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012

Publication Office:

Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$3.50; single copy, 35 cents. To countries taking extra postage, \$3.75; single copy, 35 cents.

Send change of address to LISTEN, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040. Zip code must be included. Allow thirty days for change to become effective. Give both the old and the new address.

Copyright, 1967, by the American Temperance Society.

LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Inc., also by many organizations in the field of rehabilitation. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3579 requested. Printed in the United States of America.

End of a

Short Circuit

Thea Trent



ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN

AS SOON AS we returned to the classroom from lunch, Miss Ames called me to her desk.

"What now?" I thought. Not that I really cared. She gave me one of those cold fried-egg looks, and said I was to go to the principal's office. So I went, rolling my eyes and making a few comic faces so that the boys began laughing and shuffling their feet. I heard the teacher's voice rasping at them as I went along the hall and down the stairs.

As I approached the principal's office, I walked softly, which is no achievement on crepe soles. I could hear a man's voice rumbling in an angry sort of way, and then the voice of Mrs. Felton, the principal.

I edged close against the wall beside the door, and listened. Only a dumb kid would stand by the door, especially one with frosted glass at the top.

"I am sorry to call you from your office, Mr. Martin," Mrs. Felton said, "but I assure you this problem is growing worse all the time."

"I'm the one who should apologize. If we hadn't failed at home, the girl wouldn't have developed these traits."

That was Dad, no fooling! And he was starting in smooth, the way he does in a big court trial, making everyone think he's on their side. I ought to have tapped on the door right away and gone in; but first I wanted to hear how bad things were.

"I have a transcript of Maureen's grades from the school she attended last. They are exceptionally good. Her IQ is unusually high. In the former school she was a leader among the students, with many friends. Here she is

so completely disinterested in all classes that I'd suspect a low mentality. But both her physical examination and the several talks with our counselor show no cause."

"You are aware that her mother and I were married three years ago?"

"Yes, Mr. Martin. But she seems very fond and proud of you. More so, it would seem, than of her own mother. And there seems no jealousy of her baby brother."

"I am so fond of her. I cannot understand what has happened."

"We have found no record of her smoking, drinking, taking drugs, or acting unsuitably with boys. She simply refuses to study, to take any part in school activities, or to do what she is told to do. Our psychologist says she is like an electric current that has short-circuited, so there isn't enough power with which to function. And because she influences other students, I must tell you she is the worst problem in this school since I have been principal."

Right here I rapped on the door. I'd heard more than enough of this talk. I walked in and stood, not looking at either of them.

"Sit down, Maureen," Mrs. Felton said coldly, and I sat in a chair by the wall, not even thinking of what I'd heard.

"Can you tell me why you take no interest in your classes, or refuse to study or recite when called on? Why do you not even attempt to write tests or examinations?"

"As you said, Mrs. Felton," I remarked coolly, "I'm just not interested."

Then Dad burned. He stood up and pointed a finger at me, as if he were breaking down a witness on the stand. "That's enough from you," he said, and his face got red as a three-day sunburn in July. "I've just heard that you're the worst problem the school ever had, and you're surely the worst one your mother and I have, and this is the end. You'd better think things over, and come back to this kind and patient principal tomorrow morning, beg her pardon for all the trouble you have caused, and ask her for one more chance. Otherwise I'll take you down to the Juvenile Court and list you as an incorrigible child. Does this meet with your approval, ma'am?"

Mrs. Felton just bent her head, but I could see a look in her eye that meant she rated Dad as top brass. He took me by the arm so hard I bet it bruised, and we walked out.

As soon as we were out of sight of the school windows, Dad let go my arm and really let me have it.

"I hope you're proud of the sorrow and shame you are bringing on your mother and me. If you were an idiot, you'd be entitled to sympathy, but you have more than the average portion of brains. Yet you are satisfied to be a lazy, useless creature, refusing to study or to stand for anything in the school except 'the worst problem the school ever had.' What's made you like this? Like a wet package of matches, or a short-circuited electric current, too feeble to function. I want you to think, and you'd better think hard, because if you can't find an answer, I'm taking you down to Juvenile Court tomorrow morning."

I wanted to say a lot of things, but what was the use? Dad was a wonderful guy, but the worst square I ever knew when things didn't go his way.

"Is it OK if I walk along the cliffs while I think?" I said, real cool.

He nodded his head. "I don't care where you go, as long

as you think this through. But see that you are home in time for dinner, or I'll send the police to find you."

"I'm hungry," I said. "I didn't eat my lunch."

He pulled out a dollar bill and shoved it into my hand. "This nonsense has cost me a whole day's work," he said, glaring at me. His car was parked by the curb. He jumped in and the car took off with a roar.

How good it felt to be away from all of them—teacher, principal, and Dad! As good as once when I had a toothache and the dentist pulled it out and the pain stopped. All three of them kept yakking at me as if I were a weirdie or a crook. I could have told them something of what some of the other kids were doing—in the back of cars, or sniffing glue, or smoking (and I don't mean tobacco). Some of them even drank out of flasks. I didn't do those things. But just because the kids put up a front in class and copied old themes they found around, they were "living dolls," and I was "bad news."

Well, at least I had thought that much out! But I didn't care, one way or the other. I just wished everyone would let me alone. Mother was the worst of all; she made with crying and all kinds of trimmings. If I had a little money, I'd just thumb a ride on the highway, and get lost.

Instead, I walked down the hill to the beach, where the hot-dog stand is. I bought two hot dogs, French fries, and two cokes, and had some change left. Bill put them in a bag for me. "Playing hookie again, tut, tut, bad kid!" But he grinned as he said it. If only more folks were like Bill!

There was an overcast and no surf, so the beach was about empty. In his tower the lifeguard waved to me. A while back Frank had shown me a lot about swimming and even lifesaving holds.

I started up a narrow dirt road that runs along the side of a canyon. There were cliffs on top, not very high, and no one would bother me. There was clean sand on top of the cliffs and wild sand verbenas. No one was in sight. There was a low fence with a sign on it, "Danger! Landslides! Keep back of fence." The fence was low so it didn't cut off the view of the ocean. I found a little sand dune with yellow and purple verbenas growing on it. Just right to lean against.

First I ate one of the hot dogs and some chips, and drank a coke. Then, with nothing else to do, I began remembering. In stories a character remembers her early life, one year after another, but it's not that way with me. First thing, I seemed to hear the sound of roller skates zooming around the corner on a cement walk. I was a little kid then, but how I loved to skate! Other kids were with me, and we were laughing and screaming and having a great time. When we came to the old stucco apartment house, I'd stop and go in, because Mother didn't like it if I wasn't there when she got home from work. I'd take off my skates and walk down the long corridor to our door. It smelled of cabbage and fly spray, but I didn't mind a bit.

I'd fix surprises for her like washing the breakfast dishes, or setting the card table by the window, all ready for supper, with a flower in the middle that I'd picked while skating.

I don't remember anything about my father at all—seeing him, I mean. Mother told me he left when I was a baby and never came back. She was a tiny woman with big blue eyes and ash-blond hair; she had a job typing in a law office. I was as big as she was when I was ten years old (I'm much

Song of Praise

Lord, as a bird lifts song to Thee,
I offer praise, as naturally
As feathered throat that knows no way
Other than this to start the day,
And cannot wait thus to express
Its overwhelming thankfulness
For sun and air and daily food—
It is as though my gratitude
Tumbles like music from my soul
And cannot stop. Who can control
The love and joy within my heart
That won't be halted, once they start
To pour forth fervent roundelays—
Dear Lord, accept my song of praise!



taller now, of course). She made everything seem fun, and never whined about being tired, the way some kids' mothers did. Sometimes she'd bring home a barbecued chicken and salad from the delicatessen. Or maybe we'd have big hamburgers and chips and chocolate ice cream for supper. After a while I had homework to do, and Mother would read the paper, or wash hoisery, or press something till I was through. I got top grades all the time at school, and the kids liked me because I thought up new games for recess.

Once in a while Mother would have a date; I didn't mind a bit. I was kind of proud she was popular. If she went out for dinner, she always fixed mine first. Then I'd phone some of my girl friends, and we'd laugh and talk. Everything seemed fun. After homework, I'd get a big apple, and eat it while I read a magazine. Then off to bed and asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. I wouldn't even hear Mother come in, but there she was in the morning.

Well, I hoped everyone was pleased at all this thinking! The sun was getting lower, but of course not setting yet. I got out my other hot dog, and ate it. Then I lay on my back and looked at the blue sky. How old was I when Mother began to go steady with Dad? Twelve, I guess. He was one of the lawyers in the office where Mother typed, and she said he was "making a big name already." He was lots of fun and seemed to like me. Maybe it was an act, but he knew all kinds of gym stunts, and he taught me to stand on his shoulders. Stuff like that. He had a big car, and once in a while he'd take me for a ride with Mother, down to the beach or along the cliff road where you could see the surf breaking. Then we'd have dinner at a place where the waves broke right up to the windows, and there was a seal in a tank outside. I began to think how neat it would be to live at the beach and swim and surf every day after school. I was extra strong for a girl and good at sports and games.

Anyway, when Mother told me he wanted to marry her after they'd been going together about a year, I said "Great," and I meant it too.

"Do you think you could stand me for a father, Maureen?" he asked that evening. For answer I jumped onto his shoulders, and stood the way he'd taught me, and yelled "Ya-hoo!" as loud as I could. Not very ladylike, but he seemed to think it was great.

Then we went house hunting and found this house on the cliffs. It was all redwood with a big picture window to the sea. It was summer vacation when they got married, and all I could think of was being able to swim every day. Dad gave me a surfboard "for being bridesmaid."

I about lived on the beach that summer, except for helping Mother around the house. I took the job of dishwasher for breakfast and dinner—and extra jobs as needed. That way I could streak down to the beach and spend the day. I had a locker in the bathhouse for my board, and it wasn't long before I could handle it on small waves. The summer after, I could really go, and even rode tandem.

Maybe I missed my old friends—but not much. Not as long as I could be on the beach and surfing. But when school began, everything changed. I was fourteen now, and the school and all the kids and teachers were strange. The old school had all sorts of races and nations coming to it, and I was kind of a leadman. Not bragging, but I got top grades all the time. Study came easy, like games and stunts. The school building had an easy look about it—shabby, maybe, but who cared? It was our own.

Now the new school was in beautiful grounds, and all modern and shining. The kids were from rich homes, mostly, and the girls were dressed just so, in tight navy-blue wool skirts and white blouses, and the boys wore sweaters and slacks. The girls wore their hair long, and either curled or ironed straight. Mine was short so it would dry as soon as I got out of the water, and I had on a print dress.

No trouble about my grades. They were topflight. But that was all. I took off wrong at recess by calling: "Don't stand there. Let's have some races!" They just walked away without answering me, and I could hear the girls tittering. These kids didn't play games or do any active things unless they were told to by a gym teacher. Sure, there was a football team, and tennis courts, and a gym, but it was all as ordered. Right from the first they had me pegged for a "dummox" who didn't know the numbers. All their parents knew each other, and most of them were rich. Maybe if I'd played it cool and slow at first—*asking* instead of *telling*—they would have let me in. After all, Dad was a well-known lawyer. But I didn't act their way, so they didn't

(Please turn to page 12)

Jet-age

Shields ReMine

1. Customs inspectors at Kennedy International Airport in New York check luggage, as is done also at other international airports in the United States.



2. First stop for the traveler is the Arrivals Building, where each traveler waits to have his bags inspected.

3. Inspector Frank Cerafidi finds a newspaper rolled tight, and in it a few packets of what appears to be smoking opium, so he tells the arriving traveler that both he and his bags must be searched thoroughly.



4. Removing the suspect's shoe, Officer Padden discovers a hollow heel and sole, with a couple of packets of reefers inside. Though the haul is small, inspectors are alerted to further search for contraband.

5. This proves fruitful when from under the suspect's shirt is pulled a plastic bag filled with a white powder—heroin, which in this quantity is worth thousands of dollars.



6. In a smuggling vest are found 111 packets of cocaine, also widely salable on the illegal drug market.

AIRPORT seizures of dope are on the increase owing to the enormous speedup of jet travel. This year, officers will amass almost unbelievable amounts through seizures in the cities of the American heartland, at her seaports, international air terminals, and the Mexican and Canadian border crossings.

Most of this mountain of dope will be marijuana. More than six tons, including reefers (marijuana cigarettes), were seized during 1965. But generally air smugglers concentrate on "importing" the costliest, hardest-to-get dope—opium, heroin, and cocaine—because jets provide the quickest, easiest access to the world's best narcotics supply points.

How air smuggling fits into the overall narcotics scene is suggested by seizures so large that they shock their way into national headlines. For example, at the Miami Airport inspectors discovered a couple of ounces of cocaine secreted inside rolled-up hose in the bag of a woman who had just jetted in from Bogota. The size of the seizure was about par for a day's work at Customs. But what fetched the reporters was the cache in her daughter's three suitcases. Under false bottoms the inspectors found eighteen pounds of the narcotic. This was the year's record seizure of cocaine, addiction to which leads to insanity.

Smuggling

Photographs by Susan Faludi

8. Further search turns up the complete haul, including a cigar tube holding "poppy-red" pot (damp mossy-like smell and brownish color), and packets of cigarette paper in which to roll the pot for smoking (this kind is difficult to obtain). The heroin is in the larger packet.



9. In her luggage, however, is a toothpaste tube mixed in with dresses. Rather odd, he thinks, aware that this device is favored for smuggling gems, and more recently, capsules of powdered marijuana concealed in paste.



11. Suspecting even the boy's toy dog, the inspector discovers in it a plastic packet of heroin.



8. Inspector Ceraldi routinely checks the Customs declaration of a mother. Everything seems to be in order, with no cause for suspicion.



10. Under a false suitcase bottom he finds an expensive cache of cocaine. The woman's son grabs an opium pipe which, though not illegal in itself, is favored for use at pot parties.



12. When the book, held by the woman after the search started, is opened, there are revealed hollowed-out pages containing pot worth \$200.

Heroin addiction usually means death, but the narcotic is popular with air smugglers owing to its high profit potential. Recently a cache totaling six and a half pounds was removed from the person of an Air France steward, and later through his cooperation five arrests were made within an air-smuggling ring.

Except for marijuana, opium is the world's most infamously popular narcotic and for centuries has been the basis of an illicit racket now reaching multimillion-dollar annual proportions. But there is nothing old-fashioned about the methods of today's opium smugglers. Last year a dozen seizures over the

country amassed some eighty-three pounds of the narcotic, some raw, but most of it of smoking quality.

To conceal their ounce or pound loads of dope, air smugglers use subterfuges that stagger the imagination, but customs inspectors are seldom outwitted. They know telltale signs to look for in every traveler and his luggage. The cases shown here occurred at Kennedy International Airport and were photographed through the cooperation of the Treasury Department. The seizures involve a twice-convicted "professional" smuggler and an amateur who attempted to use even her young son to hoodwink inspectors.

Where Drunks Go to School



Problem drinkers learn the basics about their life enigma
and study suggestions on how to solve it.

JOSH leaned against the guardrail to tally the number of men waiting to plead to charges. He counted five. A cold-faced clock listed the hour at 9:01 a.m. He estimated another three minutes before he would face the judge. At nineteen, Josh was undergoing his first encounter with the San Francisco "drunk" court.

As he appraised his torn, rumpled shirt and slacks and gently fingered his bruised cheek, memories of the preceding evening came to mind. First it was merely a group of fellows, a couple of beers in the car. Then it was a trip to Duff's Tavern for some "hard" brew. When a tough newcomer attempted to usurp Josh's stool, a delusion of strength goaded him into accepting the challenge. Minutes after the fight started, police arrived. His friends ran; Josh was too slow. He was arrested on two accounts—for procuring alcohol as a minor, and for being drunk in a public place.

Suddenly it was his turn.

"Name?" queried a uniformed officer.

"Joshua Lawrence Owings."

The black-robed judge peered down at the boy. "You're pretty young to be violating laws. Minors aren't allowed to drink in California, you know!"

"Yes, your honor."

"How long have you been drinking?"

"Three or four years, sir."

"Been in trouble with drinking before?"

"I've never been arrested," Josh replied.

The judge studied Josh momentarily. "It's time you learned a little about alcoholism before these court visits become a habit. I'm going to release you, but I'm putting you on probation. To complete probation, however, you must attend four consecutive classes of our School for Alcoholism Prevention."

A surge of relief swept through the boy. The five men before him had been sentenced to thirty days in the county jail. Josh expected to be the sixth. He was unaware that in San Francisco a unique alternative exists for the alcoholic violator. In an initial contact with the court, or if a police record indicates increasing complications with alcohol, the judge may assign the individual to San Francisco's School for Alcoholism Prevention.

This program was developed to help counteract the city's monumental alcoholism problem. Statistics show that San Francisco leads the nation in alcohol consumption and its results. One out of every seven San Franciscans who drink suffers a major drinking problem. Further, the death rate from cirrhosis of the liver, attributable to alcoholism, is four times higher in San Francisco than is the national average.

The city's courts contend with this situation daily. In the past five years more than 50 percent of all arrests each year were for public drunkenness. During 1965, there were 23,416 drunk arrests. Seventy-one percent of the violators were "repeaters," with one or more previous arrests during the year. Teen-agers like Josh comprise 5 percent.

In an attempt to keep alcoholism from increasing even more, two civic leaders started working toward a preventive program. Clinton Duffy, famed penologist and author and the then executive director of the San Francisco Council on Alcoholism, visited a session of the city's traffic school. He witnessed traffic violators being educated in traffic laws and driving-safety techniques. Studies showed that violators graduating from this school suffered fewer mishaps after completing their course. He pondered the feasibility of a similar program for alcoholics.

He presented his idea to Superior Court Judge Gerald S. Levin, chairman of the Council on Alcoholism, who recognized its merit. The judge knew that many problem drinkers who violate laws are well along the path to a harmful addiction, and that most of these offenders lack knowledge of alcoholism. Both men believed that equipping a person with such knowledge will enable him to evaluate his problem, and, with professional assistance, to overcome it.

Together they outlined a tentative program and the objectives of a school for alcoholism education. They then presented the plan to leading San Francisco officials for their approval, which in due course was given unanimously. With this backing, the school held its first session July 1, 1964. Since then, it has convened each Wednesday from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. in San Francisco's Hall of Justice.

Josh kept his appointment with the court school. He was ushered into an auditorium filled by approximately 200 people—men and women from all walks of life, and a few

Lynn Thomas

**Three out of every four offenders
do not come back into court after**



▲ A portion of one class takes the examination at the conclusion of the four-session school.



▲ In San Francisco's Contra Costa County, teen-agers attend a special school for young drink offenders.



▲ An official receives an examination paper. The classes give students a new view of life.

teen-agers like himself. Self-conscious and not wishing to be identified as part of the group, he sat alone in the back.

The program coordinator presented the school's objectives, making it clear that the purpose was to teach facts about alcoholism. "We hope this experience will equip you to evaluate your own problem with regard to drinking," he went on, "and will inspire you to work toward its elimination." He then advised that if anyone had further questions or problems he would be available for private counsel following class. He concluded by listing various treatment centers in the city specializing in assisting the problem drinker.

Every class begins with the same speech, but the main program varies each week. During the first session a physician speaks on the physical and mental aspects of alcoholism. The second class commences with a fifteen-minute movie, followed by a psychiatrist who discusses the social-psychological phase of alcoholism. The third week a member of Alcoholics Anonymous relates a pathetic story of his struggle with alcohol, which began with his first drink at fourteen. This session was of particular interest to Josh. Symptoms of the speaker's early addiction paralleled Josh's own bout with alcohol. Perhaps he, too, might become an alcoholic! During the fourth and final session a social worker discusses various community centers and outlines treatment programs.

By attending four consecutive classes, Josh's probation was terminated. He now knew enough about alcoholism to realize it threatened his own future and that he needed further assistance. The counselor directed him to the Center for Special Problems for assistance toward rehabilitation.

Studies made during the school's two years in operation illustrate that Josh is only one of hundreds of San Franciscans who have benefited. Latest statistics show that in the first three months of 1966, there were 1,400 fewer arrests for drunkenness than in the same period of 1965. This is the first decline in drunk arrests San Francisco has ever witnessed. Police Chief Thomas Cahill publicly credits the decline in arrests to the efforts of the school.

The San Francisco Police Department estimates it costs \$28.69 for the arrest, booking, and processing of an individual taken into custody. Housing and feeding an inmate at county jail is an additional \$3.45 per day. The average

jail sentence for a drunk arrest is approximately thirty days. Projecting the reduction of arrests into dollars, it becomes apparent that in two years the school represents savings to the community of approximately \$400,000.

News of the school's effectiveness spread rapidly. Within months following its inception, the school was receiving national and local visitors. They came to observe, to endorse, and to copy. Today at least five California counties sponsor court schools. Contra Costa County, on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay, has gone one step farther. In its efforts to curb problem drinking among young people, it instituted the first court school directed solely to teen-agers.

Measured by the decline in San Francisco drunk arrests and by national and local response, the school is a marked success. But does this program make a difference in the lives of individuals who attend? Following its first year, police records indicated that 69 percent of those graduating from the four-session course had not been rearrested. Not only were they avoiding contact with the law, but community treatment agencies reported that many attendants of the school sought their services in positive efforts to overcome their drinking problems. It is evident that the school deserves credit for the preservation of human dignity and happiness in thousands of San Francisco homes.

Student response to the program is gratifying. As high as 90 percent of the participants regard the school as a positive factor in their attempts to overcome alcohol addiction. In a letter to the program coordinator, one graduate expresses a sentiment shared by many: "Someone once wrote, 'Do I know how to help an alcoholic? Sure! If I see him lying in the sun I pull him into the shade.' I have just completed the required four weekly sessions at the School for Alcoholism Prevention. . . . I didn't go away feeling I had been confronted by mechanical men just making motions, but rather that I had been offered a bit of shade by human beings who care."

For this man, as for Josh and thousands of others, the School for Alcoholism Prevention has extended a guiding hand and genuine expression of concern. It is for the individual to decide to grasp the hand and be helped back to respectable, productive living through sobriety.

Attending San Francisco's Alcoholism Prevention School.

In this Listen
exclusive,
a world-
famous
leader
of law
forces
asks youth
the
question,
"Will you
take a free
ride, or will you
help carry the load?"



The Wor

THE Federal Bureau of Investigation is just what the name indicates—an investigative agency. Our special agents investigate cases involving violations of certain specific Federal laws. At the same time, we strive to cooperate with local law enforcement. We do so chiefly through such services as the FBI laboratory, the identification division, a nationwide collection of police statistics, and various police-training programs.

The resulting close relationship enables us to understand more fully than the citizen on the street the vital and often heartbreaking work of the police officer. I use the word "heart-breaking" advisedly, for it is the police officer who encounters the reality behind the front-page stories and endless records of youth crime. It is he who most often notes a crucial point at which a different decision might have altered a juvenile's entire future.

Today, increasing numbers of young people have never been exposed to sound parental discipline. The result is that

they have never learned self-discipline. Tomorrow, unfortunately, that lack may be reflected in an escalation of the endless records and tragic stories to which I referred.

Make no mistake about it, growing numbers of young people are violating the law. During the 1960-1965 period, arrests of persons under eighteen years of age for the commission of serious crimes rose 47 percent over the prior five-year period. This was more than double the percentage increase in the young age population during the same period.

While this number is a very small portion of American youth, nevertheless it holds grave portents for the future. Additional warning signs are to be found in the great number of people who appear to be seeking excuses for their irresponsibility. Among younger groups a favorite reason given for turning one's back on the duties inherent in good citizenship is the "world I never made" gambit.

This "I am the innocent victim of your errors" theme presumably is expected to excuse unpleasant, obnoxious, and even revolting behavior. It is the badge of the dirty-shirt brigade and the banner of the escapist. It is the wail of the immature who, one must indeed admit, do little for which to be held responsible, for the wailers of the world appear to be basically incapable of building or creating anything of value. Absorbed in self to the exclusion of all else, they refuse to accept the ordinary routine duties which are an inescapable part of any attempt at self-government.

The average American strives to fulfill his obligations, and he does a remarkably good job. He pays his taxes, supports his family, is considerate of his neighbor, fights his country's battles, and makes it possible for freedom to live in the world.

He upholds certain standards because he understands that self-rule can exist only if the citizens subject themselves to essential disciplines. He believes that laws are to be obeyed by all citizens, and feels his responsibility to report violations of the law for he knows there is truth in the ancient maxim: "He hurts the good who spares the bad."

In simply doing his duty, the average citizen exerts a tremendous influence on the world around him. At the same time, no matter how great his effort, he must bear on his back the burden of the freeloader. And that freeloader—he who demands the privileges of freedom while dodging discharge of

OUR COVER

In 1917, J. Edgar Hoover entered the Department of Justice. Seven years later he was named director of the FBI, a post he has held since, under fourteen attorneys general and seven Presidents. Probably no law officer in the world has been more widely or longer known for his consistent dedication to public service and safety, or has been more frequently honored for his continuing battle for law and order, than has Mr. Hoover.

John Edgar Hoover, Director

*Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice*



d & You

the responsibilities it entails—also exerts an influence. He lowers standards. He diminishes the freedom of others.

So I would say to all youthful readers of *Listen*, you have a choice. Your influence is going to be felt in the world. You have to make the choice as to where you will make the force of the influence felt, for only you can decide whether you will take the free ride, or whether you will help carry the load.

A writer of the last century is responsible for a statement that remains in my memory. He said: "How soon men and events are forgotten! Each generation lives in a different world."

The world of today—that world rejected by so many who cannot face the challenge of life—is the arena in which your strength will be tested. You make this world. Around you, your contemporaries are already deeply engaged in the struggle. Some of them are wholeheartedly preparing themselves to share in the attack directed toward the conquest of space. Others are going into a life of service in medicine or in the field of teaching.

Thousands upon thousands of splendid young Americans currently are engaged in repulsing an attack of an entirely different nature. Today in Vietnam, an army comprised in large part of youthful Americans is changing the course of history. It is not beyond belief that the blood and sweat expanded in the fever-ridden jungles of Asia may one day mark a point to which historians of the future will turn, endorsing the time and place and effort combined as the crucial juncture in which the tide of the most tyrannical totalitarian force ever loosed on earth was reversed. We can only hope that this will be so.

Meanwhile, the world is changing—being made by you into that "different world" of which the writer spoke. And you young people now emerging into manhood and womanhood in the most affluent period of all time will mold your world into a reflection of you. What you do each day does matter, for "it is not the situation which makes the man, but the man who makes the situation. . . . Situations are noble or ignoble as we make them."

At this moment, whatever you are doing is helping to set the code by which your generation will live. You are creating the atmosphere now that small children will absorb and in

which they will develop. What you do will affect them and the world which, in their turn, they will change for better or for worse. If, today, you violate a law and "get by," the effects will be felt far beyond your own small circle. Remember that "the least movement is of importance to all nature. The entire ocean is affected by a pebble."

The self-discipline which you exert now, changes you personally, but it also affects many others. For example, your refusal to spend a single penny for the obscene wares of the smut peddler can curtail his evil business drastically, while your purchase of his wares will encourage the spewing of a flood of filth across the counters of the nation. You wield tremendous power because there are millions of you. And right now you are writing the record by which your generation will be labeled in the future.

How will that record one day read?

The world is changing. It is becoming that "different world." And it is up to you to determine whether or not you are mature enough to endorse those qualities and virtues which, in the past, gave strength and dignity to our national standards.

What is the source of those qualities and virtues? What is the key to self-rule?

There was no question in the mind of a South American statesman who visited these shores more than a hundred years ago. He summed it up in these words: "Go to New England, and visit the domestic firesides, if you would see the secret of American independence. . . . Religion has made them what they are."

The spiritual beliefs on which our very freedom is founded are under bitter attack. The forces of materialism are driving with increasing intensity against the bulwarks that protect us. On every hand the temptation to place material well-being before all else grows greater. When honesty, justice, and patriotism are undermined and subverted, when apathy engulfs great numbers of our citizens, and when selfishness supersedes consideration for the rights of others, then our whole magnificent system of self-rule is exposed to grave danger.

It is not possible to separate the world and you. But the world does not have a voice or will. You have. How will you use them?

rate me, even though my marks were far above theirs. If anything, this made things worse.

I was used to being a leader, and now I was some kind of freak. I didn't have any friends there at all, and in time I really hated the place. I wanted to run, swim, jump, climb cliffs, and surf, not do exercises in a gym. When I'd hear the surf was up, I began to ditch school and take off to the beach. When finally Dad got word about this, he said he'd take my board away if I did it again. Then I got so sore at the school I didn't study at all. It didn't mean a thing to me. At home things got bad too. Dad was so anxious to be the all-American father that he just broke up when I brought back bad marks. I didn't like him anymore the way I used to, and Mother acted silly and twittersy.

I barely managed to make my grades by studying a little toward the end. The real reason was I was afraid I'd lose my surfboard if I failed.

By the time vacation started, I had a little baby brother. Now I had lots more work in the house, because Mother wasn't strong. Sure, he was a real sweet baby; but the way Dad and Mother took on, you'd think no one else in the world existed. I seemed to count only as a troublemaker.

When the second year in school started, it got worse and worse. I didn't try one bit—not for grades, not to make

friends. The kids had me listed as some kind of nut, and the teachers got madder and madder. Lots of times now I'd take off for the beach and surf all day. It was the only thing that seemed real now. I didn't care how many times Dad had to come to school and hear how bad I was.

I stood up and brushed off the crumbs from the last hot dog. All at once I saw this tiny kid, not much more than a baby, toddling along on the "danger" side of the wire fence, just where the slides start. She must have come out of a gray cottage half hidden by one of the dunes. In an instant I was like a steel spring. I reached where she was in about two jumps. I dropped on one knee and held out my arms. "Stand still, honey! I'll lift you over the fence. Stand still!"

But she shook her curls, laughing, and went right on. Suddenly bits of earth and stones began to break off the edge, the way a slide starts. What could I do? She was out of reach across the fence, and in a minute the slide would take her down. I'd have to ride it with her.

I jumped the fence and snatched up the little kid, and we were on our way. It wasn't a straight drop from the cliff; just a steep slope. I held the baby against my shoulder, and down we went! I could hear people screaming from the beach, and the earth and stones bruised and cut my legs. But those rugged surfer's legs saw me through, and we landed safely on the highway. All at once there were the police, the lifeguards, and reporters with cameras, asking questions. And the baby was screaming like crazy. Her mother came rushing along a path that led down the cliff farther along. She was a Mexican lady, and after she had grabbed the baby, she fell on her knees and kissed my hand. The newspaper camera took a picture, and it was in the paper the next morning.

Everyone kept asking, "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" They wouldn't let me move till a doctor came along to check. Tough luck for him; no broken bones! Then I asked if I could ride home in the police car, with a full siren and lights. Crazy! But that's the way I felt. I felt so full of life I wanted to laugh and shout, like in the fairy stories when some kind of bad spell ends. The prowling car tore along just like I wanted, right through stop signs with the siren screaming and red lights flashing.

When we got to the house, Dad rushed out with his face white as chalk. "My daughter!" he gasped. "There's been an accident! What hospital have they taken her to?"

I played it real cool; got down from the car, and said, "Thanks, gentlemen! That was the best ride I ever had." Then Dad grabbed me in his arms and there were tears on his face. When the police told him that I'd saved the little child's life, he was all shook again, and to add to the scene, Mother tottered out carrying the baby, both crying.

After things quieted down, and we sat in the living room, with chocolate bars, I said, "That ride down the cliff was the answer, Dad. If my legs hadn't been so strong and my balance so good, both from surfing, I'd never have made it. So physical strength is important. I want to be either an athletic coach, or a physical ed. teacher, and from now on I'm working with all my might."

I apologized to the principal and the teacher, and they were really great. Maybe seeing the picture in the paper helped. Now the kids accepted me as a kind of celebrity, so I was "in." Best of all, I had my sights on my goal, and life was great again!



The Mission of a Tree

Clarence Edwin Flynn

What a mission has a tree—
Standing calmly, silently,
Giving shelter from the storm
Or the sun when days are warm,
Whispering soft lullabies
And soft praises to the skies,
Watching in its kindly way
When the children come to play,
Waiting when the tempests blow
Till the winds have laid it low,
Leaving memories that last
Till the day has long been past.
What a kindness we can see
In the mission of a tree!

ACCIDENTS— Worse Than War

On the average, the chances of surviving battle wounds in Vietnam are better than the chances of surviving an accident on a city street, according to the National Research Council.

Accidents "are the neglected disease of modern society," the Council says.

It notes that total research grants to investigate accidents average only about 50 cents for each of the ten million annual accident victims, while such grants for cancer average \$220 for each of the estimated 540,000 victims of that disease, and for cardiovascular disease, \$76 for each of the 1,420,000 victims.

Ready for Suicide?

How likely are you to take your own life? All attempts and threats can be placed on a nine-point "lethality" scale and rated for seriousness. According to Dr. Edwin S. Shneidman, chief of the Center for Studies of Suicide Prevention, the index measures the strength of an individual's drive toward self-destruction.

The lethality index calls for such information as: How much stress does a person think he has, how many resources, personal and financial? What are his personality characteristics and do they fit the suicide picture?

Beyond a certain point on the scale, lethality, defined as the probability an individual will kill himself in the immediate future—today or tomorrow—shoots up. Then the doctor or public health officer must be aware of imminent danger.

The U.S. suicide rate, reported at 22,000 per year, is bound to increase in the next few years.



The "dead end" of suicide can now be predicted with a greater degree of accuracy.

Trust in God Is Secret of Fight Against Drugs by Teen Challenge

Gay Pauley



Addiction is a spiritual problem which can be solved only by the power of God. This is the conviction of Teen Challenge. Each addict is urged to pray intensely, to put his dependence on a spiritual faith bigger than himself or his habit.

Heredity Has Effect on Drinking Habits

Drinking can run in the family. According to a Finnish study, whether you drink, how much, and how often is partly determined by heredity.

And if alcoholism is defined in terms of how much and how often, then a genetic element in alcoholism "seems highly plausible."

The study, at the Finnish Foundation for Alcoholic Studies, was based on 902 male twins born between the years 1920 and 1929 and a complex interweaving of their drinking habits, personalities, intelligence, and arrest rates.

The researcher found no strong evidence of inheritance of a drinking personality. The frequency of indulgence seems to be independently inherited. The amount one drinks on a single occasion is also highly affected by heredity and, in fact, is the drinking characteristic most independent of the influences of environment. A genetic drinker might drink in a "dry" house, as a genetic abstainer might abstain in a "wet" one.

Since scientists cannot yet pick out a genetic molecule and label it "alcoholism," such studies have to resort to studying identical twins, whose genetic inheritance is the same. Any difference between identical twins is solely due to environment.

The habit might start with the goofball or pep pill. From there it is easy to experiment with smoking pot. Then comes the next and most tragic step of all—the hard narcotics such as heroin.

A minister devoting his life to working with young narcotics addicts says that smoking marijuana (pot) is not an innocent pastime, even though it is "in" today.

"Marijuana weakens the resistance," says the Rev. David R. Wilkerson. "Ninety-five percent of the addicts we take in started on marijuana."

Wilkerson, who until 1958 was minister of an Assemblies of God church at Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, is founder and executive director of Teen Challenge, a non-profit organization, with headquarters in Brooklyn.

Teen Challenge's basic war is on narcotics addiction, and its aims are complete rehabilitation of those who have turned to stealing, robbing, and other crimes.

Currently, the organization operates two centers in Brooklyn, one for male and one for female inpatients, plus a rehabilitation center for boys on a farm in Pennsylvania and one for girls at the one-time Astor estate in Rhinebeck, New York.

And centers operated like Teen Challenge now are in eighteen U.S. cities and one soon is to open in England. Wilkerson travels constantly on his youth crusades.

He has outdrawn the Beatles in England, once talked to 4,000 teenagers at Disneyland and to 14,000 in his crusades in Seattle.

"It is the first time I've seen teenagers fight to get to a gospel meeting," Wilkerson says of his crusades.

(See MORE TEEN, page 16)

In This NEWS

★ Is marijuana really harmless? See page 14.

★ Can fat girls get into college as easily as thin ones? See Facts, page 15.

★ What classifies a person as an alcoholic? See page 16.



Milk might be used to help offset the effect of alcohol—but it has to be inside, not outside!

Keep Sober With Milk

Research now proves that milk helps to prevent intoxication.

Some people use olive oil to coat their stomachs, but many do not like the viscid substance. But milk is easily available and most people can take it readily in large quantities. Three nutrition researchers at Queen Elizabeth College, London, made a test and proved that milk in the stomach reduces the effects of alcohol in the blood.

For Teen-agers

How Serious Are Drugs?

Sylvie Reice

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," said a teen-ager recently. "Marijuana isn't even harmful like cigarettes. It can't hurt you at all, and it makes you feel so good."

Well, as Dr. Stanley Einstein, executive director of the Institute for the Study of Addiction, points out, "Marijuana can affect some unstable personalities so that they become disoriented. This is a risk every drug taker assumes."

Also, it can never be predicted who will or who will not be affected harmfully. And furthermore, no one can predict which drug experimenter will become "hooked."

But all these risks aside, the fact remains that the possession and use of drugs in our country today is against the law. And little differentiation is made by the law as to whether a person is caught with marijuana, heroin, barbiturates, or amphetamines. All are illegal, and the possessor is guilty under the law. Just how serious this is may not be realized by most people, especially teen-agers.

Not only is the teen drug user hounded out of school, but the drug offense goes down on his school record.

If a teen is arrested for using drugs, he gets a police record. Once he has a police record, many jobs

are no longer open to him, such as government and civil service jobs, and probably all jobs which require answering the question: "Have you ever been arrested?"

It's almost impossible to get into college with any record of drug use.

Some states will refuse a driving license to the person with a drug record.

The Armed Forces will not accept someone with a drug record.

Why would any clear-thinking teen risk his whole future just for kicks?

Don't You Believe It!

Sydney J. Harris

How many of these statements do you believe?

1. "Drug addicts frequently commit violent crimes."
2. "Drug addicts are sex fiends."
3. "Pushers actively attempt to entice the uninitiated into drug abuse, and are responsible for its spread."
4. "Once you take a shot of heroin, addiction is inevitable."
5. "Those who chronically use marijuana or opiates such as heroin and morphine experience progressive physical deterioration."
6. "Narcotic addiction is a medical illness similar to diabetes."
7. "Drug addicts have specific personality defects."
8. "Once an addict, always an addict."

None of the above statements is true, although a few of them contain just enough truth to blind us to the larger falsehood. But the fact that about 90 percent of Americans believe all, or most, of the statements to be true, indicates our appalling ignorance and naïveté.



Alcohol and Radioactivity

Alcohol can produce more than one kind of aberration. The man who sees pink elephants may also be exposing himself to the same hazards faced by those exposed to the atomic bomb. Scientists have found that alcohol can cause the same biological changes as radiation when tested on onion root tips.

"A concentration of only .25 percent, the alcohol level in the blood of an intoxicated person, was as potent as exposing the root tips to 10 r/days of chronic gamma radiation. If alcohol is equally radiomimetic for human chromosomes, the consumption of one ounce of alcohol per day would be equivalent to 1 r/week of ionizing radiation, 100 times the Atomic Energy Commission's maximum permissible dose for the general public," Drs. Karl and Hally Sax of the Cranbrook Institute of Science report.

Smoking and Death

Smoking caused at least 231 out of 1,274 deaths from fires of known origin, according to a special study from supplements to death certificates in a cross section survey carried on by the Public Health Service and the National Safety Council.

In 184 of these instances the smoker was asleep.

Automobile for the Moon



This earthbound version of a twenty-one-foot lunar vehicle mobility system is designed to climb seven-foot obstacles and to cross crevices of the same width. It will be tested to furnish design data for a small lunar surface vehicle called the Local Scientific Survey Module (LSSM), which is under study for possible delivery to the moon in a modified Apollo Lunar Excursion Module (LEM). This LSSM features design and performance characteristics allowing an astronaut to make short excursions from the Apollo landing site regardless of terrain.



"Gentlemen, don't worry about cigarette sales declining. We can always convert to industrial tar production to offset losses."

WHAT WHO? WHAT
WHERE WHY? WHEN
WHO WHAT? WHEN
WHAT WHO? WHEN
WHERE WHY? HOW

Nearly 90 percent of Americans live in areas where distilled spirits are legal. When prohibition was repealed in the early 1930's, 62 percent lived in such areas. (AP)

Some high schools are alarmed to find their students experimenting with nutmeg, which is capable of producing hallucinations. Serious liver ailments have been attributed to nutmeg poisoning. (UPI)

An intelligent-but-fat high school girl has one third less chance of getting into college than her intelligent-but-thin classmate. Fat boys also have a tougher time gaining admission than thin ones of comparable intelligence. (Harvard School of Public Health)

Studies show that from 2 to 6 percent of employees in industry are victims of alcoholism. (Michael A. Petti, M.D.)

Americans are consuming 3,500,000 bottles of champagne annually. This is expected to increase by 15 percent this year. (New York Times)

Tea drinkers are advised that tea contains phenols that have the ability to promote cancer—not to start cancer, but to aggravate it. (George Washington School of Medicine, Washington, D.C.)

Drugs - Basic Facts

There is an underworld market in the United States which this year will sell an estimated five billion barbiturate and amphetamine capsules—half the nation's total production.

The price of one of these capsules to the youngster who is looking for a new adventure or an escape can range from 10 to 50 cents, sometimes higher.

While these pills are valuable drugs for legitimate medical purposes, they can be dangerous and sometimes lethal when not prescribed by a physician.

Following is a breakdown on these drugs, signs of use, and dangers:

Barbiturates—these are the sedatives, often called by slang names: goof balls, red birds, yellow jackets, and blue heavens.

Barbiturates are probably the most misused drugs because of their easy availability. They are also the most dangerous drug, causing a true physiological addiction. Death can result from either an overdose or sudden discontinuance of the drug.

A person under the influence of barbiturates often acts as if he had been drinking, but there is no alcohol on his breath. When combined with alcohol, it takes much longer to sober up.

A small amount of barbiturates makes the individual feel relaxed, sociable, good-humored, but less alert, slower to react, and drowsy.

As dosage increases, the individual might undergo personality changes, become sluggish, gloomy, and even quarrelsome.

An overdose can cause staggering, a deep sleep, or sudden collapse into a coma. Death can occur unless a physician is notified.

Amphetamines—these are the stimulants, often called by slang names: bennies, pep pills, copilots, hearts, and footballs.

These drugs can cause an indi-

vidual to be more active and talkative. Increased dosages cause recklessness, with an individual often behaving dangerously.

Persons under the influence of amphetamines may become psychotic, have ideas of persecution, or suffer hallucinations; often they act in an irrational or destructive way.

Probably the greatest danger to the individual and society is the effect the drug may have on drivers. A person under the influence of amphetamines can suddenly black out or fall asleep.



Sylvanus and Evelyn Duvall



Yes, we know some of the reasons. To a great extent, they think and feel as the community to which they belong determines. The criminal defies the larger society because the community to which he belongs approves and applauds his activities. Laws on the statute books are unenforceable if they are contrary to community demands. As the noted anthropologist Dr. George Murdock says, "The community [of face-to-face contacts] is the primary seat of social control."

How Much Alcoholism?

A special five-year Stanford University study on alcoholism to be published this summer, has established that:

Alcoholism is the No. 1 mental health problem in nine states, according to hospital diagnosis.

Public drunkenness and drunken driving accounted for at least 40 percent of a total five million arrests during 1965.

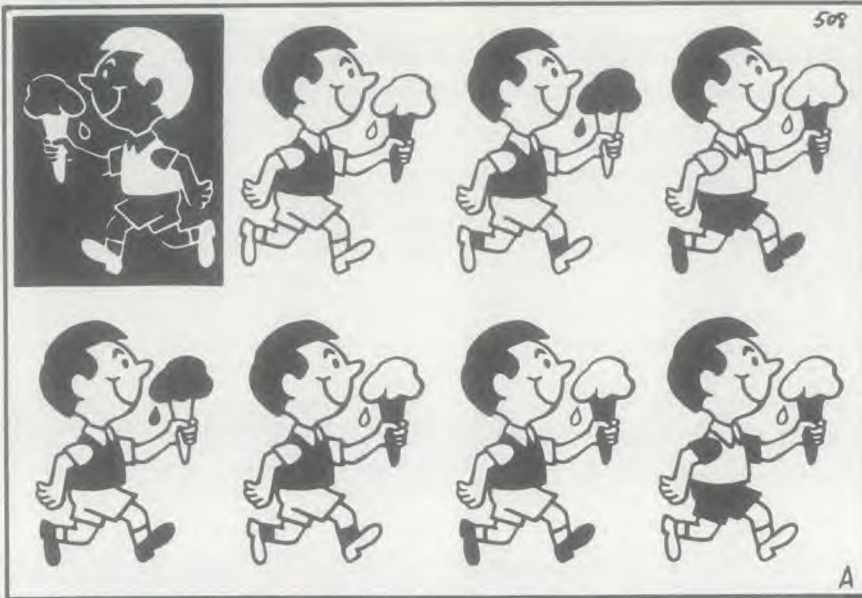
Alcoholics constituted about 22 percent of all the male first admissions to 300 mental hospitals throughout the nation.

Partly because of the magnitude of the problem, it is "not reasonable" to set up a vast separate network for treating alcoholics, says Dr. Thomas F. A. Plaut, who presented the Stanford material to a national conference of state mental health authorities.

Such a network would rob other agencies of their personnel, he says. Moreover, alcoholism cannot be divorced from other psychological, social, and vocational problems.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer features



ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE: To which of the seven drawings does the negative in the top lefthand corner belong?

What Is an Alcoholic?

Dr. J. G. Molner

Chairman, Automotive Safety Committee, Colorado Medical Society

There isn't any exact dividing line between being an alcoholic or not being an alcoholic. Nobody becomes one overnight. It's a gradual thing, but I think the real definition of an alcoholic is anyone to whom alcohol becomes a problem.

Lacking any simple, single rule of what an alcoholic is, I like a set of seven symptoms which have been listed as follows: The drinker

1. has, by his own definition or that of his family or immediate friends, been intoxicated four times in a calendar year.

2. goes to work intoxicated.

3. must drink in order to get to and perform his work.

4. is intoxicated and drives a car.

5. sustains bodily injury requiring medical attention as a consequence of an intoxicated state.

6. comes in conflict with the law from the same cause.

7. does, under the influence of alcohol, something he contends he would never do without alcohol.

In short, anyone who feels that he "needs" alcohol, or whose life or behavior is changed or controlled by alcohol, has an alcohol problem, and is therefore an alcoholic.

Who Should Pay?

Horace E. Campbell, M.D.

"I have long believed that the costs of rehabilitation of the chronic alcoholic should be borne entirely by the alcohol beverage industry. That any group of people should be allowed to make stupendous profits from the manufacture and sale of a product which is directly destroying six million people in this country, without being made to take full responsibility for their rehabilitation, seems too naïve to need further comment.

"This can only be implemented by increasing Federal taxes on the industry. A national rehabilitation program, not in any way to be administered by the alcohol beverage industry, but to be financed entirely by this industry, is the next step in the traffic safety program."

Electric Muscle



Two Temple University researchers demonstrate the new Myoelectric arm, or electric muscle, designed for use by amputees.

More TEEN

(Continued from page 13)

The thirty-five-year-old minister, father of four, says that Teen Challenge treats about 600 addicts a year, all of them voluntarily seeking help.

The minister estimated an 80 per cent cure rate, based on self-discipline and the patient's putting himself or herself into the hands of God.

The addict has to face the grim fact he is hooked, that there is no easy way out. So-called cold turkey, or total cessation of narcotics, is the rule, and along with it cessation of smoking and drinking. The organization works to help the addict shake off all fears and all desire for drugs. It motivates him to find new associates, better environment, and a job.



BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: A water puzzle.

NEEDED: A water hose with adjustable nozzle, a table tennis ball.

DO THIS: Adjust the water so that it comes out of the nozzle in a gentle solid stream. Place the ball on the stream of water and it tends to remain there seemingly in defiance to gravity.

HERE'S WHY: This is a variation of the Bernoulli principle, in which the lateral pressure of a moving fluid—such as air or water—is less than that of the still or more slowly moving fluid around it. Here the pressure of the faster moving water is less, and as the ball tends to move to the right (in the drawing) the faster moving water on the left exerts less pressure than the slower water on the right. The greater pressure of the slowly moving water tends to push the ball back into the stream.

The stream coming from the nozzle upward pushes against the lower side of the ball to keep it from falling straight down.

Puzzle solution: w. the third in the bottom row.

What Alcohol Can Do to Youth



Concluding article based on interviews with Dr. A. M. Schneidmuhl, director of Baltimore's alcoholic clinic.

KNEPPER

LAST MONTH you concluded your remarks with a note of caution to youth, stressing the importance of their understanding the dangers of drinking. Did you say that when alcohol destroys the cells of the brain, these can never be replaced?

That's right. Brain cells or nerve cells never regenerate. Once a brain cell is destroyed, it is replaced by scar tissue and doesn't come back. This, of course, is in contrast to the liver, where the liver cells can be regenerated; they can grow back.

Do you think that many people, particularly young people, realize this potential danger when they begin drinking?

Maybe some realize it, but I think that young people are not that much interested in what will happen to them twenty years from now. They are more interested in what is happening now. It would, therefore, be better to stress not so much what will happen twenty years from now, but the things that can happen right away. When one drinks he loses control over his inhibitions, he loses control over his intellect; and many things can happen during this time when control is lost. We know a great deal about the sexual behavior of young people when they are under the influence of alcohol, also what happens to their driving ability.

You would say, then, that alcohol is both a very present danger to the drinker as well as a potential danger long-range?

Definitely, and this is what we need to stress with young people. Although they may develop the habit, and although they may become alcoholics later in life and pay dearly because of organic changes, there is also the immediate danger of what they may do while under the influence of alcohol.

I have heard, Dr. Schneidmuhl, that the younger a person is, the greater the impact of alcohol on his system. Is this true?

We like to believe that as we grow older our system becomes kind of toughened up. I imagine that a younger person

would be subject to a greater impact, but I don't know whether this is proved or not.

Might it be true that the younger a person starts to drink, the more rapidly he tends toward alcoholism?

I think I would rather explain it this way: If a person starts to drink at an early age, he denies himself the opportunity of maturing emotionally, because while he is drinking he is not developing; he is not benefiting from the good experiences in life, and he is, therefore, even less well prepared for adult life as he moves into it.

You say, then, that if a young person drinks, it decreases his ability to pass from adolescent stage into adulthood?

That's what I had in mind.

And make the adjustments for adult living?

Yes. Let's take an example: When a young person goes to college to study and to prepare himself for an adult life of responsibility, if instead of learning he spends his time drinking, obviously he is denying himself the opportunity for study and preparation for life. When he grows up, he isn't ready to be an adult, and therefore he may have a tendency to try to run away from adult responsibilities. Also it is important to stress that he may get into difficulties which again would only compound his problems of adult life.

Would you say that an alcoholic who has been cured can drink again?

We don't feel that an alcoholic who has once been so-called "cured," who stops drinking, should go back to drinking again. Although there are reports that claim that some alcoholics have been successful in resuming social drinking, here in the clinic we feel that this is too dangerous a risk. After all, alcohol is not that important in an individual's life, so why should he take a chance and try to drink again?

When my patients ask me about these reports of people returning to social drinking, I usually tell them that there are some people who survive an airplane crash. Now this

Should you? Should you not... ...send **LISTEN** to a friend?



Here is a *Listen* reader furrowing her brow trying to decide what to do about *Listen*.

She knows *she* enjoys *Listen*—its true stories, the extraordinary facts, the experiences of such people as baseball players, television stars, even U.S. Senators. But what about her friend? Would he enjoy *Listen*, too?

Why not? *Listen* facts, personalities, and true stories will speak just as personally to your friend as to you. And maybe they'll speak just a little louder to him, especially if he's been tipping the bottle a bit more often or even dabbling some in barbiturates and narcotics.

Yes, all kinds of people enjoy *Listen*, because *Listen* helps everybody enjoy life. Have you decided yet about your friend? Good. He'll be grateful for *Listen*. For a twelve-month subscription, just send his name, address, and \$3.50 to *Listen*, Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040.

Pacific Press Publishing Association



doesn't mean that everybody would want to jump out of an airplane or be involved in a crash just because there are reports that some people survive. It is the same way with the alcoholic who starts drinking. Maybe there are some, very few, who survive, who are able to go back to social drinking, but those are very few and far between. Therefore, it isn't worthwhile to take this chance.

It would seem from our conversation that you would emphasize to young people the fact that alcohol is not a necessary ingredient in their lives, and when it is included, it is a definite element of danger both from a physical and an emotional standpoint?

Yes, alcohol is dangerous. It is too easy to use it as a drug, as a way to escape from reality. And if a young person finds himself drinking because he is uneasy, because he feels out of place and not accepted in the group, then this could be the first danger signal of using alcohol as an escape from reality. This is the beginning of alcoholism.

Do you feel that it is difficult for the average person to recognize the transition from social drinking to problem drinking?

Generally the individual is aware that something is going on; something that he doesn't like. However, once an individual is habituated to a drug to the extent that he refuses to recognize the danger signals, it then becomes most important to emphasize the presence of these danger signals which warn of the beginning of problem drinking.

This is the type of individual who, when invited to a party, feels he needs to take a few shots even before he goes, or before he goes out to apply for a job, or before he ap-

proaches the boss to ask for a raise. This is the individual who seems ashamed of his way of drinking and has to sneak a drink without the knowledge of his relatives or his friends. This is the individual who has blackout spells, who the next day fails to remember what happened the night before and has to be told by his friends or relatives what a good time or what a bad time he had at the party. This is the individual who in the morning has a hangover, and somehow this hangover seems to become more and more chronic, and he needs a drink in the morning to chase away the remnants of the hangover. These are the danger signals of the beginning of alcoholism, and it is worthwhile to emphasize them when there is still time to do something about them.

On this matter of prevention, do you feel that it would be helpful to educate young people as to what alcohol might do to them?

I have confidence in the young people, and therefore I feel that the more we can tell them about alcohol, and the more they know what it is and how it works and what may be the eventual results, the better equipped they will be to deal with alcohol as well as with other problems. So education is very important.

The wider the basis of knowledge, then, the better the decision would be on the part of the individual for his own life?

After all, we cannot be with an individual for the rest of his life. We can't hold his hands. We have to educate him, we have to teach him how to live and how to make good decisions. So the more he knows about the effects and nature of alcohol, the better the decision he will be able to make.

Wild Greens - And Memories

Ollie J. Robertson

WHEN the early April sun grows warm and the long-slumbering earth wakes with the green of wild plants, I remember my mother and the many times she and I would go gathering wild greens.

In the early morning she would say, "The blue thistles I saw peeping through the grass in the lower orchard are ready to pick, Son. How would you like a mess of wild greens for dinner?"

"Oh, fine," I'd exclaim, not that I found wild greens so tasty, but because the first trek over the fields in springtime was a treat my winterbound senses found very enjoyable. The pleasant smell of fresh-plowed earth, the sound of bird and brook, the refreshing feel of wind in my face were exciting heralds of summer.

Mother would get a tin pail, a large case knife for herself, and a smaller knife for me. She would put on her gingham bonnet, and I'd jerk on my worn winter cap; and we were off to the lower orchard.

The blue thistles were green and tender, just right for picking. Mother would stick the blade of her knife under the plant and cut off the roots. Then she'd lift the plant and carefully snip off the curly green leaves. I'd do the same, only when my leaves were ready to drop into the pail there were usually bits of dry grass mixed in, which Mother would finger out.

"Enough thistles," she would soon say. "Let's look for wild lettuce and white blossom. Wild greens taste so much better when you have different kinds in the pot."

We would walk on and find tender green white blossom and wild lettuce, which dripped milky juice when the stalk was clipped off. A few bunches of these, and off we'd go again, looking for lamb's-quarters, bunch greens, old field cress, and spikes of poke.

Soon the tin pail was full. "We had better get back to the house and wash our pick," Mother would say.

I carried water from the spring and poured it into a large wooden tub. Mother dumped the greens into the water and splashed them about. She'd pick up a handful of dripping leaves, shake them, and put them into a pan. When all greens were out of the tub, I'd carry more water for another wash.

"Think maybe I'll cook them outside," Mother would

say, when she was satisfied that each leaf was clean. "Food cooked in the open has a different taste from that cooked on a kitchen stove. Run to the woodyard and bring some chips for a fire."

While I brought chips, Mother pressed the greens into a large black kettle. She hung the kettle on the pole where we boiled last year's summer washings. Then we piled some dry chips around the kettle and started the fire. The tiny blaze grew into a larger blaze that sent tangy smoke curling up into the spring sky.

"My, don't they smell good," Mother would say. "You watch the greens while I get some housework done. Keep the fire going, and don't let the pot boil dry."

I kept an eye on the bubbling kettle while I played about the yard. After a while Mother came out, lifted the kettle from its hook, and drained out the water.

"Always parboil wild greens," Mother would explain. "Granny taught me that long ago. They don't taste so strong when you parboil them."

Then she would add more water, sprinkle in some salt, and drop in the seasoning. Soon the greens would be boiling again.

"Bring them in now," Mother would call, when she thought the greens were about done. "They can finish cooking on the stove."

To eat with the wild greens Mother would bake a round pone of corn bread.

"New greens, especially wild ones, are like a tonic," Mother would remark when she sat down to eat. "Perks up your blood. So eat plenty, Son, and you'll be frisky as a calf."

Time changes ways of living. Few people pick wild greens anymore. I do—but only in my memory. When the late snows melt and the earth warms up and things begin to grow, I prance off to the lower orchard. Mother isn't far behind with her tin pail and sharp knife. We gather greens again. I carry gallons of water. We wash them and bring the old black kettle outside. The chip fire burns, the blue smoke curls upward, and there's a good smell in the air.

May the wild greens always grow!

Any way you look at it, it makes sense.

Why spend your money to send a journal
to other people? Because it could save their
lives! Brilliant, timely, effective,
SMOKE SIGNALS' facts help people beat
the smoking habit. That makes sense,
doesn't it?

One year (12 issues) only \$1.00

Order in quantities for youth groups, lodges,
clubs, churches, and schools.

5-9 subscriptions, one year each, . . . 85c
10-29 subscriptions, one year, each, . . . 80c
30-99 subscriptions, one year, each, . . . 60c
100 subscriptions or more, one year, each, 42c

SMOKE SIGNALS 1350 Villa Street,
Mountain View, California 94040



Anita

No. 2, So She

AS A growing girl in her native Oklahoma, Anita Bryant felt a driving urge, as she says, to express herself. "I liked to recite and compose poetry. No matter what idea came to me, I searched for the right word to express it." This love of self-expression prompted her to hum lovely old melodies and popular ballads. Music held a fascination for her.

Early in her teens Anita blossomed into a vivacious, beautiful young woman, showing a zest for living and an inner fire that made life both a challenge and an adventure for her.

It came about naturally—her nomination to enter a beauty contest. She thought out loud, "Well, if my friends and sponsors want me to give it a try, I'll do my best for them."

To Anita's pleasant surprise, she survived the first round with a flourish. In the state finals, the judges named her "Miss Oklahoma." It was an award which sent her on to Atlantic City, there to compete for the title Miss America.

In the early stages of the pageant, reporters and photographers took a keen fancy to Anita. She had poise, a congenial nature, and a competitive spirit. Along with that, the judges noticed something else about her. Her inner fire seemed, as one of them wrote, "to make this Bryant girl from Oklahoma sing with the joy of living."

Anita sings to United States troops in Vietnam during her Christmas tour with Bob Hope in 1965.



Bryant-

Tried Harder!

The judges frankly admitted that their final decision was an "agonizing" one. Anita Bryant barely missed the Big Prize, and wound up with the runner-up award—No. 2. In Anita's case, she was never one to set a goal for herself and then, because of difficulties encountered, forget about it. Following the Miss America pageant, a hope, misty at first, began to consume her. Her perseverance led to auditions with Columbia Records, where soon it was evident that she had a natural talent.

Since then Anita has addressed herself to a challenge which has made her one of the most popular recording artists in America today. In a special album she sings with all her pent-up feeling and beauty of spirit, "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America the Beautiful." Her voice stirs the imagination and, as one critic puts it, "quicken the emotions of every true patriot in the land."

This one-time Miss America beauty contestant has never been "tempted, impressed, or deluded," to use her own words, by the beguiling plea, "'Come on, Anita, have a sociable drink. It will give you a lift. You'll then feel in the swing with us.'"

"Drinkers waste their time, money, and energies," she adds. "How much better if they'd devote their cocktail or highball hour to doing something creative and useful."

Good-naturedly, yet firmly, Anita has always said, "But the way I live makes me feel fully alive and good. My natural spirits have already given me a big lift. A glass of orange juice or a soft drink makes me as sociable as the next person."

It should be added that Anita Bryant has attended some of the biggest and liveliest parties in the land—in Hollywood, New York, Vietnam, and elsewhere—without feeling an urge to take an alcoholic drink. Fair-minded observers are quick to testify that this has enhanced, rather than lessened, her popularity. For Anita presents herself with naturalness, sincerity, and conviction.

So, at last, a young woman who finds her way of life exciting and satisfying has achieved her goal. She has proved a vital point: that a girl who finishes second need not accept that as a lifelong verdict; that with spirit and zest and determination she can go on and become No. 1.

Interview by Hoyt McAfee