

# LISTEN



A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING

Dr. James L. Goddard  
FDA Commissioner

*"Youth in Our Chemical Age"*



## Teen Tryouts

If today's teens could be summed up in a word or two, perhaps it would be "try it."

Perhaps too this is one reason why recent surveys show alcoholism to be rising among teen-agers. They rely on drinking to make them part of the crowd and to give them the prerogative of growing up, so they "try it."

No teen-ager we have ever talked with has said, "I drink because I like it." One confessed, "I really hate the stuff, but I don't want to act like a creep."

Some teens may have the notion that liquor makes every party and every date a barrel of fun, but in fact alcohol is a depressant and simply adds to problems rather than solving or eliminating them.

In spite of the "try-it" urge, more and more teen-agers seem to be having second thoughts before they have to sober up after "it" has happened. One high school senior, invited to her first college weekend, tells her story.

"When we got to the fraternity house, the party was in full swing. The place was filled mostly with college kids. Someone was passing around a bottle of rum. I noticed one of the co-eds, a beautiful girl everyone was making a fuss over. When someone offered her a drink she just pushed the bottle away with a casual, 'Skip me—I hate the stuff,' and no one thought the less of her. So I did the same and no one batted an eyelash either."

We live in a society characterized by personal liberty, individual freedom. We would not have it otherwise, but this does add to the necessity of decisions as to personal conduct being made on an informed basis after carefully weighing the facts and arguments on both sides.

Furthermore, the very word "society" implies that we don't live alone. That well-known expression, "No man is an island," sums up aptly the responsibility we have to others as well as to ourselves.

Simply because a thing is socially acceptable, or is done by the majority of people in a society, isn't in itself proof that it is for the best good either of the individual or of society.

Three principles outlined at a youth conference not long ago are apropos here. These are basic principles that might well be followed in making personal decisions.

1. Is my contemplated conduct such as to harm me now or in the future?

2. Is it such as to harm someone else, either now or in the future?

3. Is there a better way to accomplish the same purpose?

Putting these principles into practice, in connection with the "try-it" urge, will assure right decisions being made—decisions of real value to ourselves, to our families, and to our society.

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# LISTEN

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# When the Newness Wears Off

Shirley M. Dever

"BARBARA, how long has it been?" a friend asked a new bride when they bumped into each other in a department store.

Glancing over the wide assortment of miscellaneous items at the novelty counter, the less-than-radiant bride confessed: "Just long enough for the novelty of it to have worn off—one month, to be exact."

Can this young bride have joined the group of Americans referred to as pleasure neurotics? In an era of increased leisure, are we going to be capable of enjoying it? An estimated 95 million of us took roving vacations last year. Some traveled overseas; others camped out in our national parks or went boating on our protected inland waters. An impressive number of people flocked to bowling alleys. Many of us had money to spend on an outboard motor or a new fishing rod—or even a new car. But what happens next year *when the newness wears off*?

A girl buys an elegant gown for a special social event. On the night of the big affair she feels like a queen, the dress attains a regal status in her mind. But what happens when the next gala occasion arises? "I can't wear that old rag!" she'll most likely scream.

Perhaps the richest people in the new jet set are the ones who still place some value on the best things of life, which happily are still free. When this type of person travels to provocative places, he delights in a panoramic view from a roadside lookout or rises early to capture the beauty of a

spectacular sunrise. He gets a thrill out of admiring a golden moon and its sparkling reflection mirrored on a rippling sea. He even appreciates a moon-flooded garden scene framed by a window in his own home, or a sweeping view of the stars at night.

Most mothers learn to stow away some of the vast assortment of toys their children receive each Christmas. By bringing out a few *new* toys at a time to replace those that are partially worn out, they can help a child to experience an aura of Christmas excitement long after Santa has deposited his treasures under the tree. What an ingenious way to keep the newness from wearing off for the small fry!

Even in a family of adults, the thrifty housewife may hide a few delicacies away to keep them from being devoured the day she does her weekly shopping. If she provides an assortment of taste-titillating goodies several days in a row, the day they are gone, someone is sure to peer into the refrigerator and say, "Isn't there ever anything good to eat in this house?"

After taking the gigantic step from childhood to adulthood, many grown people begin to face a vague discontent. They may even wonder if contentment can be merely a state of mind. Let's face it. Some people manage to live contented lives while others, in similar circumstances, are dissatisfied and unhappy with their lot. What accounts for this difference?

Contented people have a knack for appreciating the little



things in life. They believe in a song which was once quite popular, "Little Things Mean a Lot." A girl whose boyfriend brings her a small gift for no special reason radiates with happiness from his simple gesture. A young businessman sincerely appreciates his secretary's thoughtfulness in reminding him of his wife's birthday, and then helping him in the selection of some delightfully feminine gift. An employee who desires to advance in a company is always grateful for a small wage increase—even when a substantial raise was expected.

People who are satisfied with their lives learn to avoid taking things, and other people, for granted. They lavish praise on others when they feel it is justified, and they remember to say Thank you for all the compliments and favors they receive.

Ask any contented human being his secret, and he will likely tell you he has a close association with the Lord. A religious faith does wonders when it comes to making a person satisfied with his lot in life. Prayer can be instrumental in either solving a problem or learning to live with it, for religion provides the inner strength that those lack who choose to go it alone.

*When the newness wears off*, a well-adjusted bride and groom go on to the next phase of their married life. Mature men and women accept as inevitable the time when romance starts to ripen into a deeper, more mellow love. They know the responsibilities they face in starting a home and family together will be rewarding and challenging. The immature newlyweds who can't adjust when the newness wears off are unhappy because they expect marriage to be an eternal honeymoon.

*When the newness wears off*, a wise employee will face the next step on his job. If he wishes to advance, he will learn all he can about the business. After an employee proves he is capable of handling his job efficiently, he will find his efforts are usually noticed. When an opening in a better position comes up, he stands a good chance of being considered for this job. Until then, taking an avid interest

in the entire operation will make his present job more interesting and challenging and will aid him in future advancement.

*When the newness wears off*, a bowler may decide he has enough ability to try tournament bowling. Or he may settle for playing with a group once a week just for fun. Or he may decide to take up other sports and hobbies, bowling occasionally as a diversion.

Life is what we make it. Boredom is seldom anyone's fault but one's own. If boredom poses a threat to *you*—

1. Look it squarely in the eye. Don't blame someone else for its presence. Make up your mind to do something about the situation, keeping in mind that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

2. Find satisfaction in little things. "Rome wasn't built in a day," and your dreams and ambitions won't come true overnight either. Be grateful for each small weekly raise—if you get enough of them, they'll add up to a significant increase.

3. Make religion an integral part of your life. Pray for guidance every day. It's nothing less than amazing how this can show you the way to the kind of life you yearn for. No recipe for contentment can be complete without this main ingredient.

4. Remember that "variety is the spice of life." People who find pleasure in many different things have an edge on those who do not. Take up more than one hobby or sport, have several close friends rather than only one, and be interested in both your work and your home and family. With so many interests to occupy your waking hours, you don't give boredom a chance!

*When the newness wears off*, you have a choice: Accept it or reject it. If you accept it, you learn to live with it and adjust accordingly. If you reject it, you tackle the problem and do something constructive about it. But, in either case, you'll learn the wonder and satisfaction of contentment; and when you're content, it doesn't matter when the newness wears off.

## Loved Days

*Enola Chamberlin*



I have loved days of springtime  
With everything eager to grow.  
I have loved days of winter  
With the whole world white with snow.

I have loved days of summer,  
Peaches ripening under the sun;  
Days of the wind-dry autumn  
When the streams have ceased to run.

But the days I have loved most dearly,  
Which have meant the most through the years,  
Are the ones when I've given of comfort  
Or dried a grieving one's tears.



*"LIQUOR in Madison Benefits the Poor,"* chronicled a prominent front-page story in the Huntsville (Alabama) *Times*.

The bracketed, editorial-style article continued: "More than 3,400 Madison County citizens received \$64.86 each from the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board in 1965. This represents the amount paid to old-age pensioners and indigent citizens by pensions and security from ABC Board profits and taxes. . . . The county economy was also enriched by more than \$300,000 spent in Alco-

## Are Liquor Tax Dollars Profitable?

holic Beverage Control Board operations within the county."

This overmanaged handling of a routine State Beverage Control Board financial report bears all the earmarks of a deliberate plant by the liquor interests. It is another example of the all-too-frequent skillful use of fact manipulation and half-truths by liquor propagandists.

In order to take a critical look at the "boon" of liquor revenues, we must first consider the nearly \$14 billion spent for legal liquor products each year. It is apparent to observers of the traffic in and out of liquor stores and honky-tonks that many of the patrons are from low-income families who can ill afford to spend their money this way. According to studies by Dr. Harold Mulford of the University of Iowa, 54 percent of the population making under \$2,000 annually use alcohol. It is obvious that money which goes to slake an ever-growing appetite for strong drink cannot go for groceries, clothing, housing, medical expenses, and other legitimate necessities of life.

A county judge in Garza County, Texas, made the following observation on community prosperity after his formerly dry rural county had experienced several months of legal liquor sales: "If there is more business in our community, it is liquor business. I do know that there are more bad checks and unpaid bills. The increased costs to the county this year for law enforcement, even with taxes paid



Rayburn  
W. Ray

by the liquor traffic, will be from \$6,000 to \$8,000 above the cost when we were dry."

Furthermore, liquor tax dollars are not to be compared with tax dollars paid by legitimate corporations and business firms out of their profits. Liquor outlets serve only as collecting agents for the Government; the money comes directly out of the pockets of imbibing taxpayers.

A survey of Texas circuit judges reveals how drinking homes produce the bulk of public welfare cases. The judges found that 62 percent of needy children on public welfare were in this situation because of drinking parents. Domestic relations counselors and other public officials frequently cite alcohol as a home wrecker. The comment of Judge Mildred Lillie, formerly of the Superior Court of Los Angeles, is typical: "In practically 75 percent of the domestic relations actions brought into court, alcohol contributes to the problems involved."

The relation of drinking to crime, court, and penal costs is well documented in police and prison records. For example, a survey of 882 felonies in Columbus, Ohio, reveals that 72 percent of the offenders were under the influence of alcohol when these major crimes were committed. The city of San Francisco found that seven out of ten crimes in that city involved the use of alcohol, and that half of their annual arrests were for drunkenness.

On the highways, liquor-caused property damage in a recent year amounted to \$4 billion, based on National Safety Council estimates. Columnist Sylvia Porter says that alcohol-related absenteeism is costing industry at least \$2 billion a year. These two expenditures alone exceed the slightly more than \$5 billion in liquor revenues received by all levels of government each year. In fact, money spent for alcoholic beverages in 1964 (\$13.6 billion, according to the Licensed Beverage Industries) plus the financial loss resulting from alcohol-involved accidents (\$4 billion) are large enough to have provided every poor family in America an extra \$1,000,



# ERNIE PYLE

Ernie Pyle, on the European war front, works on one of his well-beloved dispatches which meant so much to his readers.

With the foot soldiers at the front in Okinawa just ten days before his tragic death, Ernie (third from left) slogs along to cover a dangerous operation.



ERNIE PYLE, the most widely read and admired war correspondent in American history, wore an air of sadness that spring afternoon (1945) in Honolulu. Seated at a Moana Hotel dining-room table with me, he averted his eyes for a moment, long enough to glance toward Diamond Head in the near distance and then at the shimmering expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

In a husky voice he described how the experience of having covered numerous bloody campaigns of World War II had left him "drained and tired." He had witnessed Nazi Germany's aerial blitz on London and the landings and battles in North Africa, France, Italy, and Germany.

Ernie Pyle, a former vagabond-style, knockabout reporter, had—soon after America's entry into the war—been hailed by millions of "little people" as their eyes, ears, and voice at the fighting front. American mothers with sons stationed around the globe began their day by reading Ernie's dispatches.

High-ranking admirals and generals fought for the privilege of having him come to their combat fronts and cover their operations. In their sight, Ernie was a symbol of the everyday man at war, a reporter who could sway millions with the magic of his written words. Some showed him preferred treatment over other American war correspondents assigned to their front—openly and boldly so.

But to Ernie's credit, he remained shy and self-effacing, totally unimpressed by the red-carpet treatment and flattery. He felt more at home among the battle-trained GI's in their pup tents, foxholes, and trenches, and in no-man's-land.

Ernie sought them out. He listened, he sympathized, and he learned. What endeared him most to millions of fighting men in North Africa, Europe, and the Pacific, was the way he shared their loneliness, their aches, fears, and danger. There were literally dozens of occasions when Ernie was out in the thick of it all with them, out where the bombs were falling.

according to a Business Men's Research Foundation report.

While gross liquor taxes seem impressive, the net received above administrative and enforcement costs is often relatively small. For example, a study by the Alabama Temperance Alliance shows that Alabama's state treasury received only 3.6 percent of its net income from liquor revenue sources in a recent year. Oklahoma, which legalized liquor on the wave of glowing economic promises several years ago, received barely above 1 percent of the state treasury's income from liquor revenues in 1965.

Furthermore, the devastating effects of beverage alcohol in society make the liquor tax dollar the most expensive revenue dollar collected by any level of government. A study in Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia, participated in by Emory University, concludes that police, court, penal, rehabilitation, and welfare obligations arising out of alcohol usage cost Atlanta taxpayers \$6.43 for every \$1 received in liquor revenues and fines. A Department of Health study in California concluded that each liquor revenue dollar costs the state \$7.48 in direct, measurable expense. New York City's Bureau of Alcoholic Therapy estimates that each alcoholic costs taxpayers \$3,000 annually in police, court, hospital, penal, and welfare services.

But the greatest toll exacted by the poverty makers is not financial. It is human and spiritual, the appalling waste of human resources! Who can put a cost label on a man's genius, his self-respect, his health, his home, or perhaps his life, laid waste by beverage alcohol?

J. P. Miller's close-to-life screenplay, "Days of Wine and Roses," brilliantly depicts the progressive human tragedy often lived out by the alcoholic and his family. In one touching scene, Joe Clay, the former wizard of Madison Avenue, cries out to Kirsten, the faded beauty who is his alcoholic spouse: "I had a revelation. All of a sudden I saw the whole thing. You know why I've been fired from five jobs in six years? No! Not politics like we always say. Booze! It's booze. We get drunk. We stay drunk. Poor little Debbie. It's like we're her children instead of the other way around. Look at this dump we live in, the way we send our little girl off to school. I'm a drunk and I can't do my job, and that's why I get fired all the time. Look at us. We let ourselves turn into a couple of bums."

Any minister, doctor, social worker, or policeman, in fact, anyone in vital touch with life, knows legions of Joe Clays and their families. Who can begin to calculate the circle of tragedy surrounding America's 28 million dependent drinkers and alcoholics? Figure it yourself: "Alcoholism is now epidemic; 10 percent of the population are alcohol-dependent, and 5 percent are alcoholics."—Dr. William Terhune, *Reader's Digest*, June, 1965.

Shouldn't we bestir ourselves when we consider the thousands massacred on our highways each year in accidents involving a drinking driver or an intoxicated pedestrian? The National Safety Council has released figures indicating that the 29,400 people killed in alcohol-related auto accidents in 1965 nearly equaled the total killed in America's fifty-nine major disasters for the past 100 years. This is one finished product of alcohol that liquor propagandists never feature.

When will an aroused citizenry come to realize that public welfare cannot be erected on the false economy of the liquor revenue dollar? As Lincoln once said, "That which is morally wrong cannot be politically or economically right."



respondent recalls some happy memories—and also some tragic ones.

# MEMORY LIVES ON!

Hoyt McAfee



Two GI's pay respects to Ernie Pyle's memory at the memorial erected at the site of his death.



Ernie confessed that exposure to war "terrified me most of the time." It was at such a moment that he described it as "an evil force compounded of fear, death, noise, and anguish." Ernie discovered no glamour or glory in war.

A frail-looking, leathery-faced little man who never weighed more than 120 pounds, Ernie experienced various afflictions. His low blood pressure kept him weak and weary most of the time. Stomach ills assailed him, and he seldom slept peacefully—even in quiet places.

His weakened physical condition and the grave risks he took combined to flatten him twice. Overcome by exhaustion, he returned to the United States to regain his strength. He was, by then, a celebrity in his own right and well off financially. He could have taken a home-front assignment for the duration without suffering any loss of esteem among his legions of admirers.

But, as folksy little Ernie explained it to me, his return made him feel distinctly uneasy, "much like a deserter." As the days and weeks wore on, he knew that he must go back to "where men braced themselves for combat."

Despite the entreaties of close friends that he recuperate for a while longer, he packed his gear one day and set out for a new theater of war in the Pacific. Honolulu was his first stopover point; and it was there that he and I renewed acquaintance.

At the outset he insisted that I recount, for his benefit, what I had witnessed, felt, and learned during the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. Ernie knew that I had, through a stroke of luck, written the first on-the-spot account of that disaster. Accordingly, he pressed me for the hushed-up aspects of it—those behind-the-scenes details still unknown to the reading public.

As we talked, Ernie kept massaging his forehead and sipping from refilled glasses of tomato juice. He was still suffering

and visibly shaken from a hangover. On the preceding day he had arrived in Honolulu, en route for on-the-firing-line fronts in the far Pacific.

Friends, co-workers, and well-wishers had immediately taken him in tow and arranged a celebration. What it amounted to, however, was an alcoholic binge—this in spite of their knowledge that Ernie Pyle, for all his humility and greatness as a reporter, was a wild and uncontrollable drinker.

Ernie Pyle, a thoroughly subdued man after "celebrating" with his buddies the night before, confided to me in a burst of frankness: "It's a mistake for me to take even one drink. Liquor never does me any good. A few moments after it enters my bloodstream I begin to feel sick at my stomach."

"You, a nondrinking reporter, know the advantage of writing with a clear head. Sometimes I take several drinks with friends at night, and the next day I'm too soggy to compose my thoughts. I sit at the typewriter and cudgel my brain. But what I write sounds hazy, flat, unreal. In disgust I tear it up. For me, it's a wasted day."

During that frank chat with Ernie he remarked twice: "I'm no compulsive drinker. It seems I'm always bumping into people who have a bottle handy—even at the combat front. They ask me to have a drink with them. It may sound like a weakness, but I've never found a way to turn them down."

"I go ahead and have one with them. If I'm at a bar or a party, I have several drinks, knowing all the time that I'll wind up sick." With a weary sigh, Ernie Pyle added: "And disgusted with myself for joining the crowd!"

It was fortunate for Ernie that Navy Lt. Commander Robert Ruark—his good friend and one-time newspaper colleague—was near at hand on those occasions. Quietly behind the scenes Ruark went to bat for Ernie, banging out his dispatches in a style which closely resembled Ernie's way of expressing himself.

For him, the end of the road came on far-off Ie Shima Isle. He jumped at a chance to tour a fighting area in a jeep. Moments later an unseen Japanese sniper opened fire on the vehicle. Instinctively Ernie Pyle dived into a ditch by the roadside, but the sniper's next shot proved fatal.

Word of Ernie Pyle's death filled me, as it did millions of his admirers, with inexpressible sorrow. My thoughts flashed back to my last conversation with him in Honolulu. With fatalistic calm he conceded: "Maybe I'm pressing my luck too far. I have a feeling that this will be my last assignment. But I've got to go out there and do my best, no matter what happens."

Ernie has been dead twenty-two years on April 18, 1967, yet countless thousands of Americans and many people from other lands still talk about his exploits and visit his grave at Punchbowl Cemetery in Honolulu. Recently a TV commentator in Los Angeles asked dozens of passers-by near a busy street corner this question: "Thirty-two American correspondents were killed covering World War II. How many of them can you name?"

Ernie Pyle was the only one of them could remember. His memory still influences American reporters today, as they cover the Vietnam war. Many a one among them has been heard to remark: "I've got to go out and share the best and the worst with the fighting men at the front—then try to write about it all the way Ernie Pyle wrote about World War II."



"WHAT are we going to do about this social drinking?" asked my fiancé one day shortly before we were married. "We will be facing this question everywhere we go. We must decide what we intend to do about it in our home."

Bernerd had been reared in a family of five. His father always liked a glass now and then. Both brothers drank "to be sociable," one having acquired quite a taste for alcohol. Bernerd had never liked what it had done to his brother, so he had never developed any particular taste for it, although he was not an abstainer as I was.

I had been reared in a home where liquor was taboo. Neither Bernerd nor I cared to acquire a habit that might become difficult to break or was expensive or might be harmful to our health. We disliked the effect alcoholic beverages had on our friends; and, furthermore, we didn't feel that drinking was something we had to indulge in in order to be "good sports," to be popular, or to have a rousing good time.

After a great deal of discussion, we decided that life in our new household would not include alcoholic beverages or the serving of them in our home. We knew that we would be criticized by some and, on occasion, considered old-fashioned; but we felt certain that we could work things out harmoniously and be much happier as a result.

Now, after more years of marriage than I care to admit, we are glad that we took that stand right at the beginning. If we have lost friends because of it, they were friends whom we could well do without. We've noticed that friendships formed over a glass of liquor often do not last; and, frankly, we feel that we don't want the kind of friendships which depend solely on such conviviality.

Through the years Bernerd has held responsible positions, some of which have required that he do a great deal of entertaining. When we entertain at home there is no problem. We do not serve alcoholic beverages, and no questions are asked.

When we are invited out to parties, we simply ask for fruit or tomato juice, ginger ale, or whatever happens to be on hand. If we don't see a soft drink, we quietly ask for one, trying not to make ourselves conspicuous. We find that if we refuse quietly, with a smile and a simple No thank you, that is quite sufficient. Thus we make no enemies, but everyone knows where we stand.

When eating in restaurants on business occasions, we always ask our business associates before the meal what they would like to drink. Usually they will counter by asking what we will take. When we reply, "We're taking a soft drink, but we want you to have whatever you desire," nine times out of ten our guests say, "Oh, we don't care much for liquor either, but we usually drink to be sociable," and they happily settle for a soft drink.

At one time Bernerd was offered a promotion job for an engineering construction company. Being interviewed for the job, he said to his potential employer, "Mr. Jones, I may as well tell you now that I don't drink liquor, for I have a feeling that this job may include a necessity to do so." Mr. Jones replied, "On the contrary, I see no reason to believe that drinking is a prerequisite for making a success of the job; although, of course, you will be called upon sometimes to entertain others who do drink."

He got the job, and an interesting sidelight is the fact that on many occasions men have said to him: "Why is it that you don't drink, Keatts? Is it because of religion, health, or what?" He always replies, "Oh, it's very simple, I just don't like it and don't like the effect it has on people, that's all!"

After this reply one man said, "Stick to it, old boy. I admire your courage."

Another said, "Keatts, you're an institution. You're the only promotion man I know who doesn't drink; and I say, 'More power to you.'"

Then came the time when Bernerd was sent to Europe by his engineering company. They told him very frankly that they were choosing him to go "because you are the only man we have who has the ability of keeping a clear head when it comes to spending our money." In France he established and managed a European branch of his company.

When we first arrived in the city where we were to live, one of Bernerd's business friends said to me jokingly, "Madame, if you don't drink our wine, French people aren't going to like you!"

And in my badly fractured French I laughingly replied, "Well, monsieur, I'm afraid that we aren't going to drink your wine, but I feel sure you are going to learn to love us."

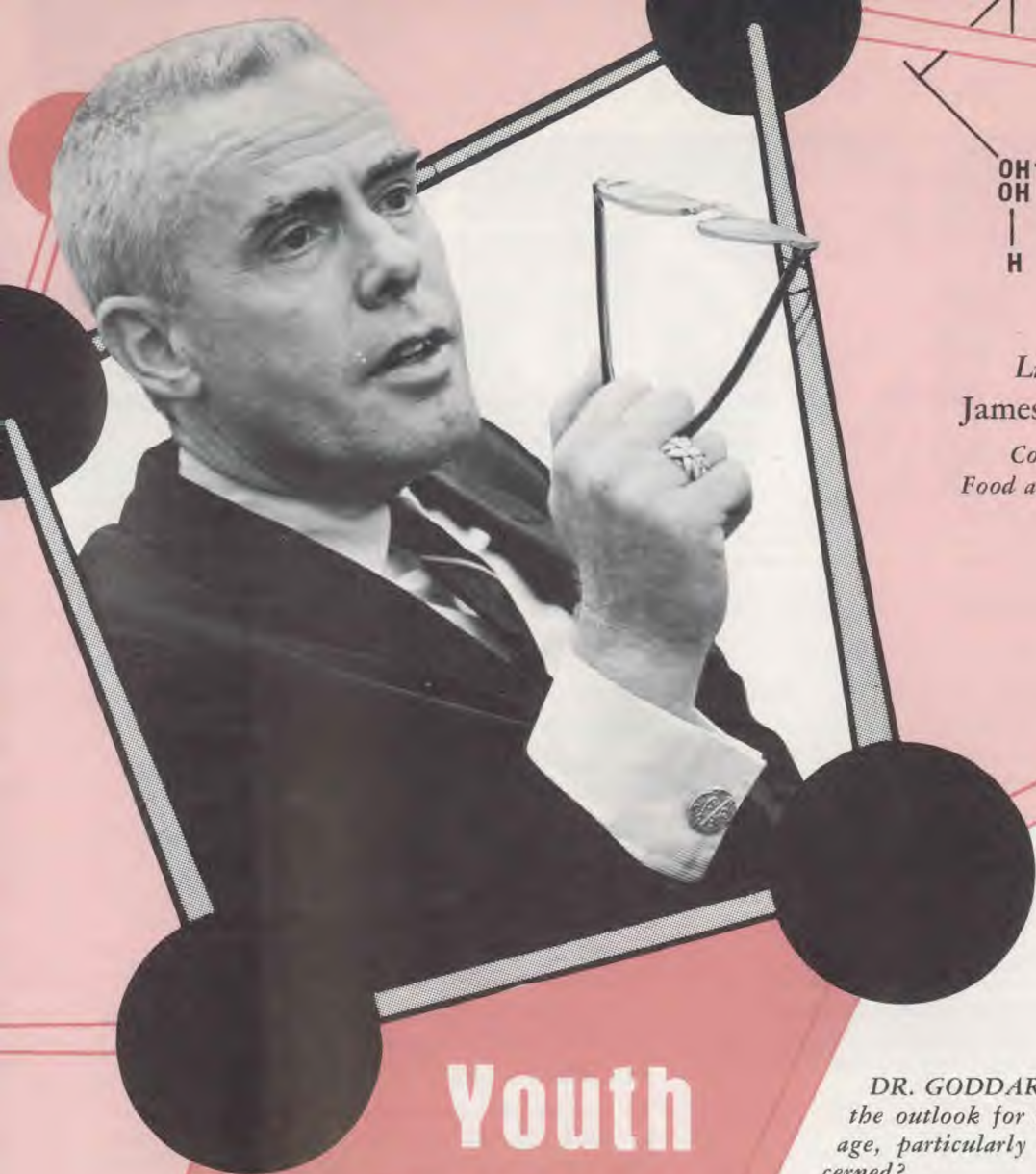
We became fast friends with this man and his wife—a friendship which we cherish and which has lasted through the years.

We were in France seven years and learned to love the country like a second homeland. Bernerd's business took us all over Europe, and not once did we ever find it necessary to lower our standard on drinking in order to make and keep friends. Instead, we found that people respected us for having standards and sticking to them.

I've concluded that young people usually drink in order to be popular or to be like the crowd, but we have found that popularity doesn't depend in the least on such habits. As for being like the crowd, who *wants* to be like everybody else? It is far more interesting and more fun to be oneself, to set one's own standards and live up to them, rather than to conform always to the opinions of others. And it is so much easier to set those standards while we are young; so much easier not to become tied to a habit than to try to break it later in life.







# Youth in Our Chemical Age

*Listen interviews*  
**James L. Goddard, M.D.**  
*Commissioner, Federal  
Food and Drug Administration*

*DR. GODDARD, what is your concept of the outlook for the future in this chemical age, particularly as far as youth are concerned?*

To me the future is very exciting and holds great promise. Our work in the field of chemical agents, including drugs, food additives, the entire spectrum of chemicals, shows great promise. We're going to have many significant breakthroughs in the years ahead, and many of these will be of greater benefit to generations coming along than to those of us who have been here for quite some time.

We don't have to fear these new developments, but rather we have to understand them. That to me means that the young people of today have to be well prepared for careers which go more deeply into science perhaps than their fathers and grandfathers ever did. This is just the nature of the world we live in.

*Would you have in mind some specific dangers that youth should look out for in this escalation of the chemical age?*

Yes, I think we can point today to some problems that youth are running into that really are based on a lack of their understanding of what the nature of their chemical environment is.

First of all, we seem to have developed an attitude in our society that the taking of medicine is quite socially accept-





*As guardian of the drug market, the Federal Food and Drug Administration is responsible for the safety and efficacy of new compounds. These pictures show some of the many methods used to test such compounds before they are approved for public use.*



A 210-power polarizing microscope, which can be used to compare crystalline structures of unknown tablets with known, to identify them.



This "artificial stomach" tests a dextroamphetamine tablet, by determining the rate of its dissolution under the simulated conditions of digestion.



With a micrometer, an investigator measures the exact dimensions of a tablet being tested in order to make sure it meets established specifications.

able, and that anyone can take it at almost any time. This unfortunately has led to widespread misuse of drugs, such as the amphetamines, or pep pills, barbiturates, tranquilizers, and drugs that are even more dangerous, such as LSD.

I say this is unfortunate because many of the young people experimenting with these drugs don't fully appreciate the potential for addiction that may occur. They get trapped into something before they fully realize what is happening to them. Then they wind up in a situation in which they become dependent, and even addicted.

The problem to be confronted is to provide through our schools enough understanding of pharmacology, starting in the elementary schools, then in the junior high, high school, and on through college, that the youth will appreciate the proper role of drugs in our society. There are drugs that have very positive benefits, but they should be used only when those benefits are needed, and avoided in all other circumstances.

Drugs aren't any substitute for the experiences of man. They shouldn't be used for false stimulation, to seek to gain a type of stimulation that can better be obtained through normal activities in very positive fashion. We have real dangers—LSD is one of the most dangerous drugs we've ever been acquainted with. It has produced suicides and accidents, and a significant number of the users have wound up in mental hospitals. One of the problems that the youth fail to appreciate with this drug is that the dosage level on LSD when purchased on a street corner or from an acquaintance is uncontrolled. Under controlled clinical trials we use about 100 micrograms. We find that in the average dose they're getting between 300 and 700 micrograms, and this is a very high dose. So they're really playing Russian roulette with sugar cubes when they try LSD.

*How would you summarize, Dr. Goddard, what drug abuse actually is?*

Drug abuse in simplest terms is taking a medication for a purpose other than that for which it was developed. Amphetamines, or pep pills, as they are commonly called, were developed to help get rid of anxiety in patients who have a mild depression which often occurs late in life, and also to curb appetite for people who have weight problems. Used in this sense, they're fine. But when they are taken by individuals who are seeking thrills, and they begin to take the drug daily and

in ever-increasing doses, it can seriously affect motor coordination, their ability to discriminate, their time sense.

*Would you classify alcohol also as a drug?*

Of course, alcohol is a drug. It's a depressant, a fact that's often overlooked by many individuals. It seems first of all, to provide some release from the normal sensory mechanisms of the brain, and so one often experiences a mild exhilaration; but make no mistake, pharmacologically, alcohol is a depressant and thus is subject to abuse. Abuse of alcohol is one of the major problems in our society today, with about five million alcoholics. Alcoholism is something a person can be easily led into, but it is difficult to get out of and very destructive.

*Doctor, in a speech not long ago you referred to stimulant and depressant drugs posing an even broader hazard to health than LSD because they are more readily available, easy to take, and in some circles socially acceptable. Why do you think there is a trend toward drugs like this; what's wrong with our society?*

It would be difficult in a few words to tell you what's wrong with our society. There's no single reason, no simple reason or explanation; but we think some of the things that account for the more widespread abuse of drugs relate to the appearance of drugs in terms of movies, television plays, and in fact the commercials themselves, which encourage people to take medicines for very minor symptoms which in the past—well, we were taught just to ignore them. All of us have periods of nervous tension. This is perfectly normal. In fact, it is desirable under many circumstances to be tense, if we want to give a good performance. In an athletic event, or a play in college or high school, this is desirable. This is the adrenalin in the body working and getting us ready for a good performance. To substitute a drug has deleterious effects, first of all on the immediate performance, because people think they are doing better than they actually are. This has been proved scientifically. So we think that this type of widespread mass media advertising, which is designed to increase the use of drugs by the general population, may be a contributing factor to their easier acceptance by young people today, and the abuse of them where large amounts of amphetamines, barbiturates, and tranquilizers are used. In fact, 50 percent of all those manufactured in 1964



were diverted to illicit use, or five billion out of ten billion of those pills were sold in illegal channels.

*Would you say, then, that in order to avoid a problem of this nature, there needs to be an intensive educational campaign toward more healthful escapes and better habits?*

I certainly agree. We need, as I indicated, to begin educating the children in the primary school, on the elementary school level, in the junior high and high school on the basic facts about pharmacology. We need to create a healthy attitude toward the use of drugs in our society—that they're there and when they're needed they should be taken, but that in general their use should be reserved exclusively for periods of illness. They should not be taken in order to create an artificial thrill. I think the more we can encourage young people to find their outlets in sports and more appropriate types of recreational activities, the better off they and the entire society will be.

*Some people feel that if we talk about drug abuse, it will serve as an invitation to adventure as far as the young people are concerned. How can we talk about it and yet avoid this result?*

I'm aware that this fear does exist, but I always have maintained that we must talk about these things and provide the information in an intelligent, understandable fashion in order that the individual will know all the facts. Now, it's true that this won't be a deterrent to some individuals. They're going to be more easily swayed by some of their peers who say, "Oh, that's not so, go ahead and try it anyway." But by and large, if we do the job intelligently, and give them the basic facts, I have enough faith in the young people of this nation that they will avoid the misuse of drugs. The same arguments were used when we were talking about the problems of venereal disease, and certainly the ignorance that existed surrounding venereal disease was a serious barrier to getting effectively to the source of it and trying to treat the victim so that it wouldn't be spread further. I think we have the same problem here.

*Many of these drugs we are speaking about have to do with the mind and the action of the mind. Are there specific suggestions you might give as to how youth might develop better mental balance to avoid involvement in these mental drugs?*

I, being the parent of three teen-agers, am not unaware of the problem you've posed. Basically, it comes down to me that the teen-ager, the young person in our society, needs to be fully

occupied and feel that he or she is making a contribution toward his own education and improvement. If we manage to do this and have motivation and good opportunities available to them, then I certainly think that we have made the proper first step.

Now, we have to go beyond that. It's difficult to outline all of the steps that need to be taken, but if we have a good understanding in the home and frank discussion of these kinds of problems, avoidance of them can occur. That, coupled with good educational programs in the schools, should go a long way toward reducing the use of these harmful drugs that affect the mind.

*You mention the home. Many of these young people soon will be setting up their own homes. Do parents have a distinct responsibility along this line as well as the schools?*

I certainly think they do. I feel that a parent's attitude toward drugs, whether you're talking about alcohol or about the use of medications, is one of the major determinants in terms of the young person in that home as to what his or her attitude will be in the future. The parents do indeed have a responsibility. This means that drugs must be stored properly; they must be treated with respect; because the child, even at a very early age, perceives that this is something that is handled with care. Thus he has ingrained in him from a very early age the proper attitudes toward the use of medication.

*Might you have a statement that could summarize your suggestions especially for young people today, of the advantages of a better way of life than dependence upon such crutches as drink and drugs?*

In summary, first of all I would say that I have great faith in the young people of this nation today. They're better prepared than at any time in the past history of this country, and that's a trend that's going to continue. As part of their preparation for life, I feel rather keenly that they need to learn a good deal about alcohol and other drugs. They should know what the consequences are of the misuse of these, and have a good understanding of what effects drugs may have. This knowledge should not be based on just locker-room gossip or statements that are heard in a casual fashion, but on a careful study of the facts. I think that if this kind of opportunity is provided, then the young people in this nation will make better selections for their own habits. Obviously, not everyone will—that's never been the pattern—but what we're striving for is to get a larger proportion of them to act wisely in this chemical environment of tomorrow.

By spraying a reagent on prepared paper, a chromatogram helps identify unknown compounds if they match color patterns of known compounds.



This specialist determines the weight of certain tablets under scrutiny, using an analytical balance that is accurate even to 1/300,000 of an ounce.




The ability of a drug to absorb ultra-violet light is an identifying characteristic, and is shown on this device designated as a spectrophotometer.





# "Why, Lennie?"

Elaine V. Worrel



*Jerry tried to figure in his mind,  
by the sound, where it stopped.  
A sudden chill ran down his back.*

JERRY felt boss, the kind of feeling he had when he hit a high one and surted in easy. Only it was a bigger feeling than that. He grinned at the wide, curved windshield and reached down to turn the radio up a little. The Rolling Stones, they were way ahead of the Beatles anytime, for his money.

Out of sight! He was sixteen, had his driver's license in his billfold, a date with the prettiest blond surfer in the junior class, and was revvin' up to her place in Mom's new car. Hey, Mom wasn't so bad. He had to be home by eleven, but that was late enough what with punching the time clock at the icehouse in the morning.

Here it was, his Mary Anne's house. He parked

carefully. And then had to restrain his feet so they would walk, not run, to her door.

Mary Anne opened the door before he had a chance to ring. She stood there framed in the doorway as a model would be posed. Her shoulder-length straight blond hair shimmered, falling away from her face, her bangs just over the winged black brows.

"Hey, Jerry," she purred, and extended her slim hand. He took it and they entered the living room.

"Like me?" She whirled back so he could take in the new rust velvet suit, the white Go-Go boots. Her blue, deep-bitted eyes sparkled over her freckled nose. He was glad she didn't make with the grease paint. He liked her clean and shining.

Illustration by Jim Padgett



He closed off his mind as Mary Anne's mom repeated, "Now just to the party at the school. A half hour to stop and eat and have her home early. Have a nice time." The adults in the room turned back to their pinocle game and ashtrays and drinks in the tall tumblers.

Then they were in Mom's car, purring the few miles to the high school gym. Jerry put his arm about the smallness of Mary Anne's waist and she leaned her blond head against his shoulder as they walked into the gym.

"Hey, Jerry. Mary Anne." And the gang had gathered. "Band's pretty good tonight. The man on bass is really beatin'. Drummer's way out. Can't say too much for the horn man, but it's early, man. It's early."

Lennie said, "Hey, Jerry, come outside a minute." He winked over Mary Anne's head.

"What gives?" Jerry followed Lennie out.

"What gives? What gives? the man asks." Lennie laughed. He strolled on out to a hot Thunderbird. "In, man, in."

Jerry slid in on the soft leather quilted in diamond pattern. "You had a birthday?" he asked, trying to swallow the lump of envy in his throat.

"Hadn't you heard? I put my old man through a hard time, but he gave in—two months ahead of time."

"Pretty neat," Jerry drawled. "Look, I'll take a look in the daytime. I want to get back to the gym."

"After you, friend." Lennie reached down to the floor, brought a pint bottle up. He opened it and extended it to Jerry.

"No, thanks."

"What do you mean—No, thanks?"

"I don't drink."

"You don't drink!" Lennie's tone held a sort of horror as if he'd seen an accident happen in front of him.

He tipped the bottle up, gulped a few swallows, coughed, and extended it to Jerry again.

"You don't hear so good, friend." Jerry's voice was hard. He opened the door and left Lennie and his bottle in his new toy.

The anger had pretty well left him by the time he reentered the gym.

Mary Anne appeared from inside the knot of fellows on the football team, her small hand coming inside his. Soon Lennie appeared suddenly on the gym floor, solo, and caught Mary Anne to him on a twirl.

Jerry started to follow and received the back of someone's beat across his ankle. He knew he'd been wiped out. OK, so he'd catch Lennie at the gym door. His fists knotted until the veins stood high as he dodged and sidestepped his way to the entrance.

Carol, who was Lennie's current date, latched on to Jerry. "C'mon, Jerry. Lennie said meet him outside. His bit with Mary Anne was just to get you off the floor. We're ditchin' this place and taking off for Tonio's."

Jerry turned to face her. She'd been a shrill voice. But the shrill voice had said words he didn't like.

"Who's going to Tonio's?"

"You. Mary Anne. Bert and Sandra. Lennie and me. Moose and Bev."

"Why?" Jerry's voice was soft now, so soft he could barely make her hear. He realized Carol was loaded. Even the gum she pressurized couldn't hide the smell.

"Why? Because it's fun there, and we can drink and dance in the back room. It's outside of town, so the cops won't come around."

"Yeah, that's why." A heavy arm flung itself over Jerry's shoulder. Lennie's perspiring face was inches from his own.

Mary Anne was suddenly at his left side. She put her arm around him. "C'mon, Jerry. Sounds like fun. I've never been there. Please." She turned on her soft, pouting look.

Savagely, Jerry's elbow came back into Lennie's midsection. Someone caught Lennie as he buckled, and Jerry, pulling Mary Anne through the gang, yanked her along to his car.

"But Jerry!" she wailed.

He opened the door and pushed her in hard. He went around to his side and got in. He turned the car key and gunned out of the parking lot.

Mary Anne was crying now, or pretending to, her words half snuffles. "Jerry Rogers. I'll never go out with you again. I've heard of dead ones, but you really are one."

He didn't answer.

He parked outside her place and came around to open her door.

"But Jerry, aren't we even going to eat someplace?" she asked. She stumbled against him as she left the car. As she came against him, he realized she had been drinking too, probably while he had been out in the T-Bird with Lennie.

He walked her to the door and punched the doorbell hard. He couldn't have told her goodnight if someone had paid him to. The lump in his throat made it difficult for him to breathe.

He got into his car and drove on up a mile farther to Winchell's Doughnuts. He ordered three iced doughnuts and hot chocolate. He climbed back in the car and turned on the radio too loud so he couldn't think, and took a bite of a doughnut. It tasted like sawdust. He dropped it back in the sack.

He felt sick. His mother had been right again, about Mary Anne. She'd told him Mary Anne was too fast for him, and he'd yelled at his mother, wanted to hit her. Now, she was right again. It made things worse.

Jerry took a gulp of hot chocolate. It still hadn't cooled and it burned his mouth. He suddenly felt like bawling, like one of his kid brothers. Just plain bawl. Only when you're sixteen, you're over that. Or are you? He took another gulp of the too-hot drink, fast.

The shrillness of sirens cut into his self-agony. The screams of sound sliced away all self-pity, and he turned to watch the Orange County ambulance, lights flashing, tear by.

He tried to figure in his mind, by the sound, where it stopped. A sudden chill ran down his back. It must be about the corner that was the turnoff from the school to Mary Anne's house. And if it was—Jerry's stomach curled small and tight into a lump—and if it was, Lennie had headed for Mary Anne's and rolled his T-Bird.

Jerry found himself pulling out of the driveway and retracing his tire tracks, past Mary Anne's again. He hoped it wouldn't be as bad as the knot in his stomach told him it could be. Lennie hadn't been able to keep his balance standing, much less been fit to drive. Thank God, his mind said, he'd taken Mary Anne home.

He could see the flashing red light of the squad car now.



## *I Dare You!*

John Walker

He slowed to a crawl, afraid to see and yet unable to turn around and go back without knowing. Still a half mile from the accident! Then, the wail of the ambulance started up again, heading away toward the Orange County Hospital. The squad car growled as it made a quick turn, and then the flame of its voice came full and hot as it flicked after the ambulance.

Jerry parked his car a hundred feet from the red flares the cops had put up. No street lights out here. County road, and narrow and graveled. He got out and walked up slowly to the flares. It was Lennie's T-Bird—what was left of it. He'd rolled it all right. Jerry took in the scene and felt dizzy, like the time he'd been cleated in a football skirmish. They'd taken fourteen stitches across his forehead that time. He staggered a little from shock as he walked back to his car. He put his cheek down on the hood, his weight against the car as he leaned over the hood. The heat of the engine was all he was conscious of for a few seconds. He straightened, breathed deep, and climbed back in his car. Slowly he turned around and started the long way home. He couldn't make himself pass what he had just seen.

The picture was burned into him—Lennie's car flattened and smashed, still on its side. The flicking red flares with the wind blowing their hot breath toward a man's shoe with some foot in it. Glass so fine it looked like sparkling snow over the patches of red blood that the ground hadn't absorbed. The broken bottle the cop had stood on a mound of gravel between the front flares.

The clean-up men would come, and no one else would ever see that picture unless they got there right away.

Jerry started to tremble.

He finally made it home. He sat out in the car awhile and then drifted up the drive. Mom met him halfway to the door.

"Oh, Jerry, thank God you're all right. Mary Anne just called. Said Lennie and three others had been in an accident, near her house. Her parents drove down to see it, and it must have been pretty awful. She called the hospital. Lennie and Carol are both dead. The other two are very critical."

They were in the front room now, and Jerry sagged onto the davenport. "Oh, Jerry, you saw it." Mom's hand was on his pulse. She was walking him back to bed now. She pulled off his shoes and covered him swiftly with two thick blankets. "You're in shock, Jerry. And I'm calling the doctor to be sure what else to do."

"Mom—" He felt so tired, yet good and safe, and he suddenly knew everything would be OK—sometime.

"I'll be all right. But just one question, Why do people drink, Mom?"

She stopped in the doorway and raised her hands helplessly.

He heard her dialing the phone as he dozed off. He also heard his mind ask: Why?

The picture of Lennie in his new T-Bird, tipping the bottle up to his mouth, came stark—as if it were happening again. Why, Lennie? Why do people drink?

Jerry's mind didn't wait for an answer, directing Jerry into healing sleep.

And wind blew over a wrecker that carried what was left of a new T-Bird, and a broken whiskey bottle, to the scrap pile.

WE HEAR a great deal about teen-age drinking. Studies show that it ranges from 40 percent to 90 percent. Most teen-agers have taken their first drink by the age of fourteen. Many take that first drink much earlier. But there would be no teen-age drinking if you adults were seriously united in your own convictions.

Why do teen-agers drink? Well, we like to prove that we are adults. After all, 71 percent of adults use alcohol. And because we copy adults, we teen-agers grow up thinking that most people enjoy social drinking and that moderate drinking is OK.

According to a study made by the National Education Association, "most teen-agers are introduced to alcohol in their own homes under parental supervision. Most adolescents tend to conform to or imitate their parents' drinking habits." But as the teen-ager grows older, he does more of his drinking outside the home, and unsupervised.

We teen-agers are looking for adults to copy, to set up as our ideals. When you as leaders in the community, in the school, in the churches, use beer, wine, and liquor in your homes, when you allow a tavern in Blue Mound, when you think it is funny when the punch gets spiked at a high school party, when you chaperon a teen-age party and wink at coke bottles filled with liquor, when you invite guests to have a drink, you are telling us teen-agers alcohol is all right.

There is a tragic but nevertheless funny story told of a church Christmas Eve program. The little boy who played the innkeeper must surely have surprised the congregation when he said to Mary and Joseph, "There isn't room for you in the inn, but won't you come in and have a drink anyway?"

You adults who don't serve liquor in your homes tell us teen-agers to stand up and say, "No, thank you," and that if we do, others will follow. Do you?

My mother tells the story of attending a statewide meeting of about twelve people, which started with a coffee. She was standing, holding a cup, and commented that she didn't really like coffee, but it was easier to hold it than to refuse it. A nationally known woman who was standing beside my mother said that that was the way she felt at a cocktail party—it was easier to take the drink and hold it than to refuse. The conversation was about to resume when a man inquired, "Do you think that was right? Do you ever think of your influence on people who are watching you?" That man stood up, he spoke out, he was counted.

If adults were seriously opposed to alcohol, we teen-agers would not be able to get it. But teen-agers who cannot get it at home openly or by stealing, can still get alcohol in spite of state laws against sales to minors. Youngsters can buy it openly in grocery stores during rush periods, or they can borrow a driver's license or a draft card. Boys as young as eleven have been known to get fellows to buy alcohol for them, and there are always dropouts who hang around school activities to furnish it to youngsters to prove how big they are.

To drink or not to drink is the teen-ager's choice. We all know that schools are required to teach information about alcohol. Also, according to a Yale study we learn that at least 20 percent of divorces, 25 percent of all insanity, 37 percent of all poverty, 47 percent of all child misery, 50 percent of all crimes, and 50 percent of holiday traffic deaths are caused by the use of alcohol. But when we teen-agers look around for someone to copy as a life ideal, and we find you giving silent approval to liquor, we begin to wonder.

With school and community activities taking us away from home more and more, you adults have to bear part of the responsibility for training us.

I dare you to stand up, to speak out, and to be counted on the side of the nonuse of alcohol.



## Drugs May Hold Hidden Dangers for Heart

### Germ's Find Drinkers To Be Easier Target

Alcohol appears to impair a person's ability to fight off bacterial infections, according to Dr. Donald B. Louria of Cornell Medical School and Bellevue Hospital.

"If a person drinks and gets exposed to bacteria, he is more susceptible than someone who doesn't drink," Dr. Louria explains.

The alcohol seems to impede the movement of white blood cells—a major line of defense—to the infected area.

In the experiments, as Dr. Louria describes them, men were given small amounts of alcohol intravenously for half an hour. Then a small patch of skin was scratched and a collecting cup placed over the area.

After two hours, only 100 white blood cells seeped into the cup, compared with 10,000 cells collected from men who had received no alcohol. Yet, in the bloodstream itself, levels of white blood cells were the same for both groups.

Similar results occurred four and six hours after the alcohol was injected, and then the effect wore off.



Drugs may become a hazard to the heart. Here are shown human heartbeats, plotted by a device called a spectral analyzer, which enables the isolation of some sounds not detectable by the ear.

### More Working Wives

Do you work, lady?

If you do and you're married, you are one of some 15 million working wives. About 35 percent of all wives earn a paycheck today, compared with 20 percent two decades ago.

Nearly half of all families earning over \$10,000 a year are in that bracket because the wife works.

Two facts are worth noting: more than half the working wives live in suburbs, and the more educated the woman, the more likely she is to be working. Over half of all college-educated women work after marriage.



Blood in good condition helps protect the body from infection. This picture shows plasma, the most basic blood product, being drawn away, leaving behind a jellylike residue of precipitated cells. Plasma is an important emergency weapon against shock, but its use has decreased in recent years because of the creation of blood banks.

The human heart has many safety factors built into it.

It is a most remarkable and durable organ; but in our time it finds itself, as never before, under what some scientists call "chronic bombardment from powerful drugs."

And the question a good many of these researchers would like answered is: "What are these drugs doing to the heart's natural defenses?"

Some of the concern being felt by scientists was expressed by Eleanor Zaimis, professor of the Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine in London.

"What worries me as a pharmacologist," she says, "is that we use hundreds of drugs without in most cases having the slightest idea of how they work, let alone how their side effects may be produced."

Too many doctors, she goes on, have come to rely on the use of these drugs with too little thought of possible consequences.

Professor Zaimis says the heart beats an average of 70 times a minute for an average of 70 years—equal to an automobile traveling 1,500,000 miles without a breakdown or repairs. There are many hazards along the way—aging, alcoholism, disease, and other disturbances, including the new drugs.

Professor Zaimis says American researchers are considering the possibility that prolonged treatment with tranquilizers could lead to degeneration of heart muscle, a theory raised after the deaths of a number of patients in a mental hospital.

These patients, who had been treated with tranquilizers for a long time, were found to be suffering from previously unreported changes in heart muscle.

### In This NEWS

★ How is the brain affected by stress? See page 16.

★ What happens to women when they try to be "equal" with men? See page 17.

★ Is LSD any worse than alcohol for human beings? See page 18.





This little fellow can worry all the time, but you can't without hurting your brain. So why bottle yourself up with stress and tension?

## Brain Affected by Stress

Brain chemistry is definitely affected by stress, isolation, noise, and other environmental changes.

Using mice and other animals, Drs. Bruce and Annemarie Welch of the University of Tennessee and the Oak Ridge Institute for Environmental Studies, report that the output of three compounds in the brain affects animal behavior and response. The amount of chemical substances regulates transmission of specific nerve impulses.

The compounds that affect behavior are norepinephrine, dopamine, and, to a lesser extent, serotonin.

The researchers say they were able to measure a chemical substance in the brain that correlates with behavior. In some of the tests an inhibitor was injected that lowered the norepinephrine level so that animals could not remember to perform tasks such as pressing a lever.

Dr. Bruce Welch says he hopes the animal research can lead to a better understanding of mental illness.

## Coffee and Crashes

Too much coffee drinking can lead to highway accidents, says Dr. Dale G. Friend of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Someone drinking eight to twelve cups a day is a "potential road hazard." Excessive coffee tends to make people "jumpy, jittery, and dizzy."

## Some People Steal Cacti for "Kicks"

Someone has been stealing mescaline-producing cactus plants from the Royal Botanical Gardens in London. To prevent their further theft, the plants have been removed to a restricted area of the gardens.

But Britishers with a penchant for taking LSD-type "trips" can always get the cactus variety from one of several London florist shops, which will order the plant and promise delivery within days.

Something of the kind can also be done in the United States. The peyote cactus—from which mescaline comes—can be bought from Southwest cactus growers, ostensibly only for horticultural purposes. The Food

and Drug Administration does not control its sale.

One reason is that peyote, used by Indians as a rite in the Native American Church, has never spread far. It has an obnoxious taste and produces nausea, unless the mescaline is extracted.

No action is being considered in England either. The problem is not yet big enough, according to a Scotland Yard drug spokesman.

But one cactus seller feels differently. Charles Gilbert, the only cactus exhibitor at the well-known Chelsea Flower Show, says that if a customer asks for three or four of the plants, he refuses to sell.

"I suspect the person's interests. Anyone who chews this plant can develop grievances that become murderous," he says.

## Prisoners Emphasize, Don't Spare the Rod!

People who advocate a tougher approach to discipline in schools have some support from a place where the discipline is really tough.

The monthly magazine of the Iowa Penitentiary at Fort Madison, in an editorial asks, "What's wrong with administering a good rap on the knuckles to an unruly student?"

The editorial in the inmate-edited *Presidio* said: "If you let kids get away with smart talk, it's not too long before they no longer listen to or believe in you. They begin instead to believe they can get away with anything. We have about 1,200 men here who know you cannot get away with anything. But now, it's too late."

The unsigned article was prompted by news reports about a teacher forced by his school board to quit because he had spoken harshly to students, and "occasionally manhandled a few of them."



## Fatal Last Puff

For smokers it is that last puff that may leave them breathless!

That is when the buildup of tar and nicotine is highest, says Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, famed expert researcher for the American Cancer Society.

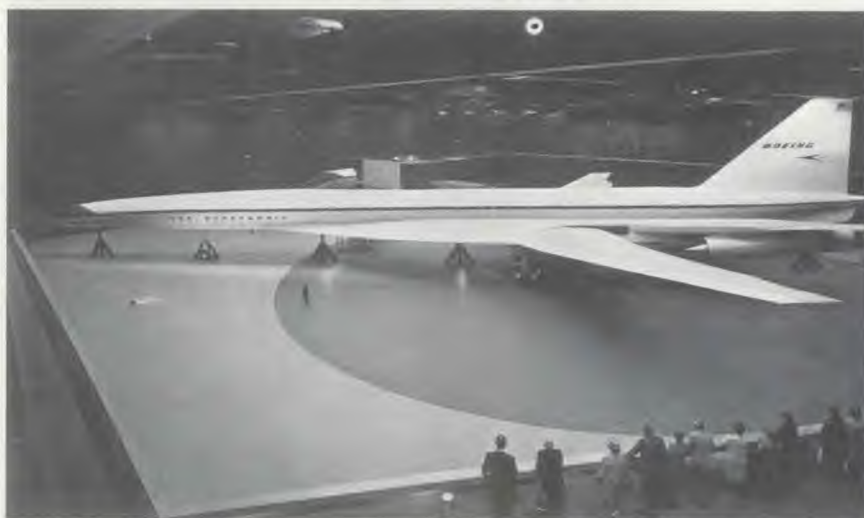
If a smoker throws away his cigarette one third unsmoked, his chances of avoiding lung cancer are much higher.

Of course, Dr. Hammond advises no smoking at all, but he concedes that many people find it very difficult to quit. In other words, if you smoke, resist the urge to puff your cigarette down to a short butt.

## Jet Stream Cleans Arteries

The life of a forty-four-year-old mother of three was probably saved in an operation reported to be the first in which a gas jet "cleanout" of dangerous obstructions within the coronary artery was used. She had had two previous heart attacks—the second one only six weeks before the surgery.

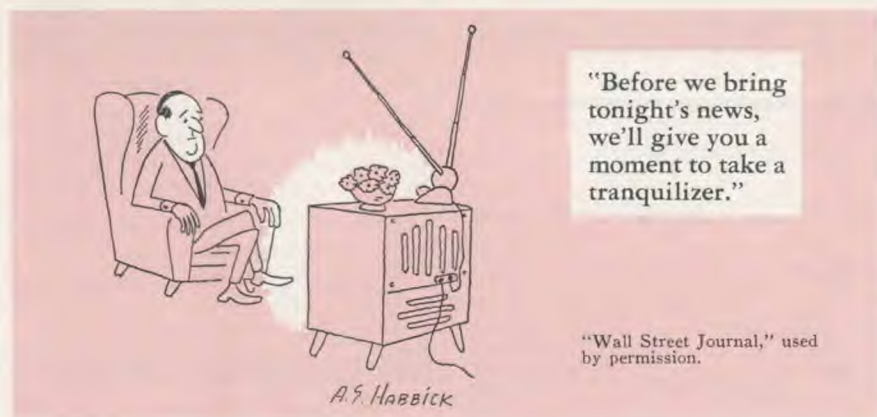
The surgeons who performed the operation at King's County Hospital, Brooklyn, New York, were the same ones who originated the gas jet cleanout a year before, and they revealed that it had proved successful in clearing arteries of the neck, abdomen, and legs in life-threatening vascular disease conditions. The new operation is their first report on the use of the jet within a coronary artery, however.



AUTHENTICATED NEWS INTERNATIONAL

SST of the 70's—Built of wood, steel, and aluminum, instead of the titanium which will form the structure of the actual airplane, this mock-up of Boeing's supersonic transport is nearly as long as a football field and almost five stories high at the tail. It features a variable sweep wing and a moveable nose, both designed to move into the best position for speeds up to 1,800 miles per hour.





## Smoking, Easy Living Seen as Deadly Duo

Soft living and smoking are a deadly duo, reports a group of New York researchers in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

The heavy smoker leading an inactive life has been found to be the most subject to heart attacks.

During an eighteen-month study of 110,000 men and women, 301 men suffered a first heart attack.

"Fifty percent of the least active men who smoked cigarettes were dead within four weeks of the attack, compared with 28 percent of the smokers with higher levels of activity."

The report goes on, "The least active nonsmoker is nearly twice as likely to experience a rapidly fatal heart attack as the more active smoker."

Lack of exercise is shown to be an even more deadly influence on male survival than smoking.

"The amount of exercise men get seems to be the major factor in determining whether they survive the first heart attack. The more active they are, the better their chances."

## Women "Equal" With Men

Although only 5 percent of women studied in a Gallup Poll are classified as heavy drinkers, the trend is toward more drinking among them as they get on a so-called equal footing with men.

Dr. Ebbe C. Hoff of the Virginia State Department of Health reports that a few years ago there were eight heavy drinkers among men to one woman drinker. Now the ratio is three or four men to one woman.

Dr. Hoff defines an alcoholic as one whose drinking is out of control and who uses alcohol as self-medication.

As might be expected, patients treated for alcoholism are often depressed and beset with a sense of loneliness, hopelessness, guilt, and confusion, with emptiness of life.

The best success in treating alcoholics is reported among adults in

the early 40's, who have recognized the seriousness of their problem.

## Can Coffee Sober You Up?

Should motorists take that one-for-the-road coffee? Not according to the Automobile Legal Association.

Once alcohol enters a drinker's bloodstream, coffee is powerless to sober him up, Philip C. Wallwork, safety director of the association, contends.

"Motorists who take a few drinks and then have hot coffee for the road may be worse off because they will have a false sense of security," Mr. Wallwork says.

"They'll think the coffee will sober them up enough so they can drive safely, but they'll be wrong."



TO BE EFFECTIVE,  
LEARNING MUST BE  
**FUN!**  
TRUE? FALSE?



False. Learning is unquestionably related to the satisfactions and dissatisfactions of the learner. But learning can result from either pleasant or unpleasant experiences. The boy who stirs up a hornet's nest may learn very effectively through a decidedly unhappy and stinging experience. Severe penalties may be one of the most effective means of learning. On the other hand, some things are not well learned until the student gets real satisfactions from the newer ways of behavior. Penalties and rewards are both factors in good learning.



★ Smoking has caused a 400 percent increase in deaths from chronic bronchitis and emphysema in the past ten years, and a 900 percent increase in the past twenty years. The death rate for these two diseases is six times as great for smokers as for nonsmokers. (Public Health Service)

★ In New Jersey there is no license for LSD. The Division of Motor Vehicles has shelved 900 license plates bearing these letters. (AP)

★ Drunken flying accounts for at least 30 percent of the fatal light-plane crashes, mostly because drinking pilots think of their planes like cars. Flying is "ten times more complicated than driving a car." (Federal Aviation Agency)

★ Trying to keep her teen-age daughter from gaining weight, Mrs. John Bockey pasted this notice on the cookie jar, "Taste makes waist." (New York Times)

★ American smokers consumed a record 542 billion cigarettes in 1966, an increase of 2.5 percent over the 529 billion used in 1965. (UPI)

★ The fifty-three-room mansion formerly owned by the late tobacco magnate James B. Duke in Charlotte, North Carolina, was heavily damaged by fire—caused from a lighted cigarette! (AP)

★ If you have a cocktail three or four times a week, or indulge in three or more drinks at one sitting, you fall within the 12 percent of Americans who are "heavy" drinkers. About 32 percent of the population are abstainers, and 56 percent are "moderate" drinkers, according to a survey by George Washington University. (Los Angeles Times)

★ Arrests of men for all crimes outnumber arrests of women by a 7-to-1 ratio. (New York Times)

★ The Ohio State Life Insurance Company now offers a "preferred risk" rate for nonsmokers and to former smokers who have been off for two years. (UPI)

## Alcoholism -- a Disease

The theory of alcoholism as a disease is not based on scientific fact, says Dr. Demmie G. Mayfield, psychiatry professor at Duke University.

Alcoholism lacks the well-defined cause and clinical symptoms and response to treatment usually expected of a disease, he declares. On this basis it cannot be regarded as a "single disease entity."



# ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Frieda M. Lease

## PORTS

Use a dictionary instead of an atlas to locate these twenty "ports."

- |          |                 |          |                |
|----------|-----------------|----------|----------------|
| 1. port  | newsman         | 11. port | transferable   |
| 2. port  | doorway curtain | 12. port | conduct        |
| 3. port  | case for papers | 13. port | diversion      |
| 4. port  | urgent          | 14. port | to depict      |
| 5. port  | to banish       | 15. port | stately        |
| 6. port  | door            | 16. port | convey         |
| 7. port  | to uphold       | 17. port | harbor         |
| 8. port  | hotel employee  | 18. port | foretell       |
| 9. port  | steak           | 19. port | ship's opening |
| 10. port | part            | 20. port | sofa           |

## LSD May Not Be as Dangerous as Alcohol

While much publicity has been given to the dangers of using the mind-altering drug LSD, there may

at times be as much danger in the use of alcohol.

This is the opinion of Dr. Joel Fort of the San Francisco Health Department. It is just as possible for someone to commit a dangerous act while under the influence of alcohol, he says, as after taking LSD.

He estimates that 80 million Americans now use alcohol, six million of whom are alcoholics. "Only about one million have ever used LSD," Dr. Fort goes on, "and most of them only once. Yet people worry much more about the effects of LSD than they do about excessive drinking."

This is not to underestimate the impact of LSD on the user, he points out, but it would be well to put into better perspective the problem of alcohol.

## He Wanted to End War

The year was 1861—the Civil War was in full swing. Dr. Richard J. Gatling of Indianapolis was fascinated by soldiers, frequently going down to the railroad depot to watch them drill. He watched them leave for war. He also watched them come back—some afoot, some in boxes. One day Dr. Gatling took it upon himself to examine eighteen such boxes, and found that only four of the dead soldiers had died from bullets; the rest, apparently, from disease.

It occurred to Dr. Gatling that if war could be made more horrible, nations would be less willing to resort to arms. He started out with the thought of making a rapid-firing, revolving gun capable of firing 100 shots a minute. Thus, one soldier could do the work of a hundred.

The Gatling gun was continually improved until it would fire 400 rounds a minute. And while the gun was obviously the most advanced weapon in the world, the war ran its course. Unfortunately, other wars have come and gone since. The device to end all wars failed.



## You Can't See So Well

A driver who thinks he can take "one for the road" and get away with it had better not be so sure of himself.

"Your judgment—to you—may seem just as sharp as ever. You think your reaction time and coordination are still good enough to stop on a dime. Chances are they aren't. The probability is you're not seeing what you think you see."

This is what Dr. Palmer R. Cook of the University of Houston told the American Academy of Optometry, in reporting a special study by his university's college of optometry on the effects of alcohol on visual functions.

The investigation found changes in the eye-focusing mechanism which cause a driver to have difficulty shifting his view from the dashboard to objects twenty feet or more away.

A drinker not only may have impaired reaction time and judgment, Dr. Cook summarized, but "such a

Answers to Quiz: 1. reporter; 2. portiere; 3. portfolio; 4. important; 5. deport; 6. portable; 7. support; 8. porter; 9. porthouse; 10. portion; 11. portable; 12. deportment; 13. sport; 14. portray; 15. portly; 16. transport; 17. seaport; 18. portend; 19. porthole; 20. davenport.

driver also may encounter a decrease in ability to see clearly, an inability to distinguish poorly illuminated objects, a marked decrease in depth perception. He may suffer double vision, and great difficulty in shifting his view from objects in his path to his speedometer dial and back."

This study of drinking and seeing dealt simply with driving after drinking; it made no attempt to set a standard of how many drinks are "too many."

## Motorcycle Deaths

More people are being killed on motorcycles, motorbikes, or motor scooters than ever before—most of them in dry, clear, good-driving weather, according to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians.

Deaths are reported to have risen from 700 in 1961 to more than 1,100 in 1964—a 60 percent increase.



BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Where do plants breathe?

NEEDED: A houseplant and a jar of petroleum jelly.

DO THIS: Coat the topsides of two leaves with petroleum jelly; coat the undersides of two other leaves. Leave them on the plant for a day or two, and then compare them. The leaves coated on their undersides will be dying.

HERE'S WHY: On most plants the openings through which leaves breathe are on the undersides. They are called stomata. Petroleum jelly closes them, and the leaf suffocates.

Light used by the plant in its production of food shines mostly on the upper sides of the leaves, and the jelly does not cut it off. Another ingredient of the plant's food, water, generally comes up through the roots and is not affected by the presence of petroleum jelly.





**only  
a few**

**will**

**ever**

**read**

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# Pat Shea found that-- HAPPINESS is a BOOMERANG

Rita  
MacLachlan

Pat Shea (right) and his son Danny, assisted by friends, load a railroad car with supplies for the needy.



PAT SHEA gives of his time, energy, and resources to voluntary work as few do.

He has worked on the board of directors of the Cystic Fibrosis Society and served as chairman of their Christmas Card Committee, often putting in eight hours after his regular job. He also labors tirelessly for the Easter Fund for Crippled Children in his city.

But his pet project is collecting food and clothing for the needy on Indian reservations. In 1965 he loaded a boxcar which went to Frog Lake, northern Alberta. In 1966 he sent two more, one to Moosonee and the other to Kenora.

The chairman of the Canadian National Railways, for whom he worked, had this to say about him: "He is amazingly dedicated to any project designed to help others."

Last year word reached Pat Shea that there would be no Christmas for the Indian children at Moosonee unless someone could help. He volunteered, "I am going to see that those kids have a Christmas."

So he went to work. The local radio station carried his appeal for donations of money, candy, and used toys. Two weeks before Christmas half a ton had been collected and was on its way to the northern reservation.

But he was not always the respected citizen he is today. When he was seventeen, he took his first drink of beer on a dare, and he was launched into the world of the alcoholic. His parents asked him to leave home, and he traveled all over Ontario and Manitoba via boxcar, working for whatever he could get.

When World War II broke out, he enlisted; and with a regular paycheck to spend, his "battle of the bottle" began in earnest. His army career was a long series of crises triggered by drinking.

The war ended, and he came back to civilian life; but he did no better. When his money was gone, his wife left

him. He says, "I became a lonely drinker. I was in constant depression unless made happy by alcohol."

One day he went to a church to pray for the help he so sorely needed. He knew at last that he couldn't help himself. He had hit bottom; there was no way to go but up.

The next day, having managed to stay sober, he happened to meet his wife. When she asked what he had left of their belongings, he pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket. That was it.

He said, "Do you think we could start over?"

She said, "That is up to you."

Pat Shea won his fight. After the torture of the first few months he found once again that "life can be beautiful." People told him how they admired the battle he was waging. He sought God's help and guidance, for his needs could not be met by mere mortals. Each victory gave him new strength.

Today he has two fine children, a good job, a satisfying life. When people ask him why he does so much work to help others, he explains it this way: "God has given me another chance. I feel that by helping others I may repay at least part of the debt I owe."

Then he adds, "And in helping others I have found great happiness."