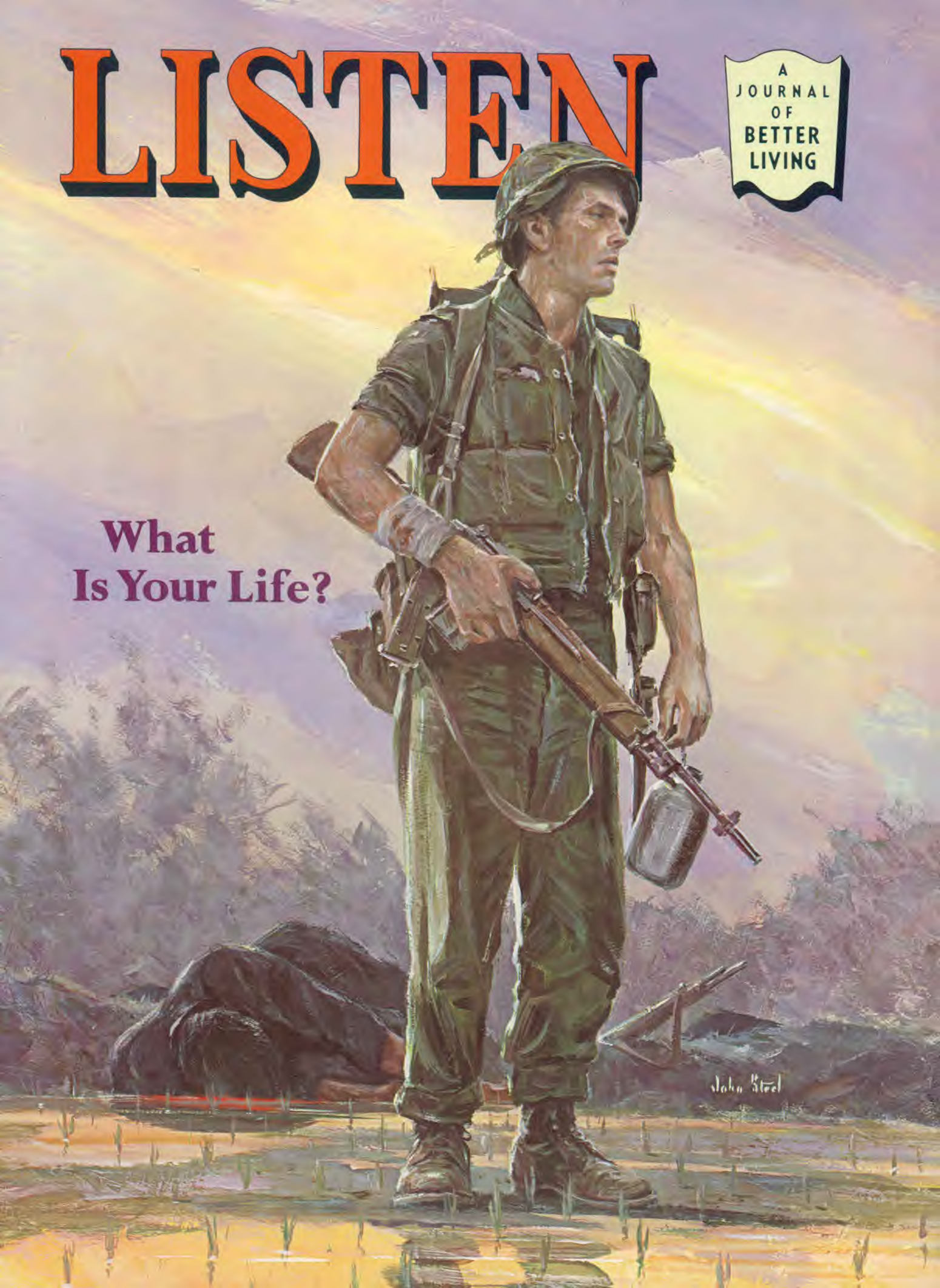


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

What
Is Your Life?



John Steel

What Is Your Life?

BEFORE a seven-man military court in Vietnam stood a young soldier, twenty years of age, waiting to be sentenced. He with a buddy had been found in a parked Army truck, which they had driven off without permission. Earlier the military police had found the bodies of an elderly couple and two teen-age boys beside a dirt road.

"I remember firing my weapon," he had told the court. "I couldn't believe it was happening."

But happen it did! With ready access to numerous bars in the vicinity, these two soldiers had gone on a twelve-hour binge. The court had been told that four murders had been committed during that "tragic spree."

Now the officer presiding at the court read the sentence: Life imprisonment at hard labor for the slaying of four Vietnamese civilians. The soldier could have received a sentence of death by hanging for conviction on four counts of premeditated murder. The court also sentenced him to a dishonorable discharge and forfeiture of pay and allowances.

Unusual? Perhaps, but all too typical of what can and does happen when liquor is used to lubricate and ease human trouble and uncertainty, particularly under the stress of military life.

What is your life in the military? What *can* it be? This issue of *Listen* is intended to help provide some answers to such questions—practical, commonsense answers, applicable to everyone.

To find such answers, we sought out people who are in a position to know. For example, Congressman Jerry L. Pettis has observed firsthand the conditions under which our fighting men must live. He points out that there are good ways to "escape," even where danger is present.

We asked Lt. Gen. R. L. Bohannon, top medical officer in the Air Force, whether it is possible for a military man to preserve the best of health while in military service. His reply is clear and unequivocal.

But what do the men in the field say? We talked to two winners of the Bronze Star, who have gone through the worst of battle conditions. They have found no difficulty in maintaining their principles.

In adverse environment, there is all the more need of spiritual undergirding, as well as the protection of good physical habits. The three chiefs of chaplains for the military services write on this subject, bringing in this *Listen* their personal messages to servicemen.

And finally, at the top of the military ladder, Gen. William C. Westmoreland has set an example in personal living that can well be emulated.

So, with these stories of people and places, along with much other material of fact and inspiration, we hope this *Listen* will serve to help answer the all-important query, What is *your* life?

The ancient Oriental philosopher Lao-Tse observed in his day the principle which today must guide our thinking and our living:

"He who gains a victory over other men is strong; but he who gains a victory over himself is all-powerful."



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JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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... in this issue

- 2 What Is Your Life? *Editorial*
- 3 You Are Now in Vietnam
Congressman Jerry L. Pettis
- 6 Health and the Armed Forces
Lt. Gen. R. L. Bohannon, USAF, MC
- 9 Bronze Star Heroes
Sp/5 Curtis A. Reed
Sp/4 George M. Vartenuk
- 10 Terror at Malibu
Thea Trent
- 13 From the Post Chapel
Chaplain (MG) Charles E. Brown, Jr.
Chaplain (MG) Edwin R. Chess
Rear Admiral James W. Kelly, CHC, USN
- 15 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL**
Listen's Vital Newspaper in Miniature
- 20 General William C. Westmoreland—
Military Leader

... in the next issue

★ "Superstar" is a word often used to describe Willie Mays, famed outfielder for the San Francisco Giants. Read his story in August's *Listen*.

★ Can you overexercise? Is stress good for you? What about LSD?—These questions, and many others, are answered by Dr. Paul Dudley White.

★ We hear a lot about the value of compromise. Henry H. Graham outlines some practical ideas on "How Much Should I Compromise?"

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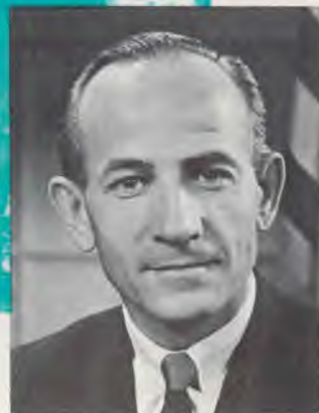
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LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, 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.



You Are Now in Vietnam

Observations from personal visits to that country by
Congressman Jerry L. Pettis
*Thirty-third District
State of California*



SPOTLIGHTS from every corner of the globe focus these days on a small scrap of geography in southeast Asia smaller in area than the State of Florida. Traditionally a sleepy, slow-moving little country, Vietnam in recent years has sprung to the center of world attention.

A plane arriving over Saigon today may be held in the air for an hour and a half trying to land through the congestion of plane movements, which total a thousand or more a day. The countryside below, so long verdant with forest and paddy, is now scarred with bomb pits and napalm strikes. The jungles in contested areas hide lurking death, the beautiful rivers are hazardous because of planted mines, even city streets may harbor sudden disaster from bomb attacks.

War is never attractive and pleasant, but certain con-

ditions in Vietnam make this war even grimmer than most. Fighting an enemy face to face is difficult enough, but advancing against one virtually invisible is an entirely different story. Gunfire may spurt suddenly from ambush, grenades may rain down from the trees, a road cleared and controlled one day may be back under enemy control that night.

In a war where there are no fronts, a soldier really is not safe anywhere, and his life can end at any moment, even though he may be in a hotel in Saigon or out on a street he would normally consider safe.

It is hard to generalize, but I would say with some degree of certainty that because of the tropical area, the miserable climate, and the hostile circumstances, a soldier in Vietnam has a very difficult time to maintain his

equanimity and a happy spirit. The situation often drives the insecure and lonely soldier to drink or to engage in other activities he normally would have nothing to do with. Frankly, you have to be there to understand how miserable it can be.

Another factor that makes Vietnam an unhappy place for our soldiers is that they have to do so much of their living in the open jungles with very few creature comforts. This means that their food is seldom palatable, in terms of palatability back home. Most of it is eaten out of cans or in the form of prepared rations carried by combat troops on their backs. Also it is difficult for them to maintain normal habits of cleanliness.

At times they have to spend night after night out in the rain, and may go for days on end without their clothes ever being dry—marching and slogging through swamps, many times up to their armpits in water, sometimes even deeper, in this kind of mushy swamp with leeches clinging to them. It's not a pleasant situation. And when a person is physically miserable day after day, unless he's a very stable person, the likelihood of his going off the deep end, to use the vernacular, is increased. That's another of the problems of South Vietnam.

Of course, chaplains provide spiritual food for these men; and I might say that I saw more men attending church services in Vietnam than I did during World War II.

The biggest problem as far as the Vietnamese people are concerned is the lack of medical care—a situation which has deteriorated over the last ten or twelve years to the point where today some seventeen million people have fewer than 200 doctors. This is fewer than there are in the city of San Bernardino, California. And these few must serve a people as numerous as the total population of California.

That means that the civilian population of South Vietnam receives virtually no medical care. It means that the malaria, the leprosy, the cholera, the dysentery—all of these tropical diseases go largely untreated as far as professional medical care is concerned.

I think one of the most tragic things that one sees in South Vietnam today is a civilian population suffering almost as much as the military in terms of wounds and casualties. These people, whether wounded by napalm or by a mine that blows up under them, maybe shattering an arm, a leg, or their whole body, are casualties of war and without benefit of good medical care.

I don't know whether our military men in South Vietnam drink any more than soldiers in other theaters of war. My impression is that, due to the miserable situation they face, they do drink a little more. This is only an impression.

"Gunfire may spurt suddenly from ambush."



"They develop a very deep friendship for their buddies."



"This mushy kind of swamp with the leeches clinging to them is not very pleasant."

The answer to this question must be obtained on the basis of the amount of alcohol sent out there as related to the numbers of soldiers there.

I do know that the bars of Saigon are always full right up to curfew—and the so-called "Saigon tea parties" are well patronized. The same tendency can be seen out in the villages. A village that used to have five or six bars may have twenty or more soon after the soldiers move in. This becomes "big business" for many of the native people. There is money in it. Everybody puts up a bar. Of course, the military people who frequent these bars are trying to "escape," a factor that influences them in a country so far from home, where danger is ever present.

But escapism is not peculiar to South Vietnam. Many



"War is never attractive and pleasant, but certain conditions about jungle fighting make this war even grimmer than most."

"Even city streets may harbor sudden disaster from bombs."



"Because of the tropical area, the miserable climate, and constantly hostile circumstances, a soldier in Vietnam has a very difficult time to maintain his equanimity and a happy spirit."



"The jungles in contested areas hide lurking death."



people in Washington, D.C., and in other cities face the same problem. The largest cities have the highest incidence of alcoholism. Perhaps these boys out there reflect mankind's ever-present fear plus additional frustration in wrestling with the grosser problems of their situation. Fortunately for these boys, our Government doesn't keep them out there as long as it kept soldiers in the South Pacific, let's say, during World War II. Their tour of duty is a little over a year, perhaps thirteen months at the most, unless they ask to be reassigned to South Vietnam, as some do.

There are positive aspects to help encourage our men toward habits of better living in spite of the environment in which they find themselves.

One great boon to the morale of the troops comes from



"In Vietnam no such thing as real safety can be found."

"Not one soldier I talked to felt he was wasting his time by serving in Vietnam."



"What we're fighting for, they'll tell you, is the preservation of a man's right to worship God as he sees fit and to make of his life whatever he wants to without interference or coercion."

involvement in what are called "pacification" programs. When these men have time off, they go out and help villagers build a school or rebuild a hamlet or a town. They also try to teach them better methods of sanitation. Many volunteer programs start here in the States, such as the sending of such a simple thing as soap out to Vietnam. It's a little amusing, and I think also helpful to the soldiers, to find themselves teaching simple habits of cleanliness. These volunteer services for the people are done during periods of leave. It might be helping a fellow fix his little motor bike or his bicycle or teaching some of the youngsters English. This is all done voluntarily, and it keeps the fellows occupied during periods when they are not directly involved in military conflict. They all seem to come back from these experiences happier men than they were when just fighting the mosquitos and the Viet Cong. You are always happier when doing something for somebody else and helping to improve his lot.

The morale of these fellows in the main is excellent. I didn't talk to a soldier who is psychopathic about the fact that he is in South Vietnam. For some of these youngsters—and remember they're not much more than youngsters—the military is the only real home they ever had. The first discipline that they've had is military discipline. Many of them are products of broken homes where there is no father-mother situation. They have had very little love and affection, and now in this military situation for the first time they feel that they belong to something, even if it's nothing more than to their buddy. Even though they may never have known these fellows before, they develop a very deep friendship for their buddies and will risk their lives to protect them. This is good in that it teaches these men something of brotherhood and to be outgoing toward other people.

The most significant thing that I observed was that not one soldier I talked to felt that he was wasting his time in South Vietnam. They all felt that this was the front line where freedom was being defended. You'll find that it's the young man or young woman here at home who occasionally has reservations about the war in Vietnam, but not the soldiers. I didn't find one who didn't believe that he was doing his duty.

When you talk to the soldiers and ask them the difference between their situation at home, or what their country stands for, invariably they will say that back home is a system of government under which a man can believe in God and worship God as he sees fit and where he can make of his life whatever he wants to make of it. "So what we're fighting for," they'll tell you, "is the preservation of our free way of life."



LISTEN interviews Lt. Gen.
R. L. Bohannon, USAF, MC
*Surgeon General,
United States Air Force*

HEALTH and the ARMED FORCES

Vietnam, France, Germany, Japan—it's a small world for Dr. Bohannon; and everywhere he goes he puts on a "good show," which is his favorite expression to describe work well done.

DR. BOHANNON, could you give a description or perhaps a definition of what good health is?

Health is not only freedom from disease, but an absence of infirmity which carries with it a sense of well-being and a joy in living as a result of the proper functioning of all the body systems—in other words, a state of complete mental, physical, and social well-being.

Does this involve the mental as well as the physical?

Yes, of course. When I say all the body systems, I mean to include the mind as well. Certainly the condition of mental health has a great influence on physical well-being and on the proper physiological functioning of the body. The mental demands are greater than ever in the highly complex operation of the Air Force of today. Maximum mental capability and emotional stability are constant subjects of surveillance by our medical service.

What is the importance of preserving good health,

particularly from the standpoint of a man in the Armed Services?

For a man in the service it's a duty for him to do all he can to preserve his health. He owes it to his country and to the unit to which he belongs, as well as to himself?

Conversely, do you have a comment on what ill health costs the military?

Ill health is a great expense to any organization which relies on the effectiveness of its personnel in the performance of their duties. The cost of ill health is tremendous, not only in numbers of people required to care for the sick, but also in the facilities that have to be provided and the medical supplies that have to be furnished. All this is in addition to the cost incurred simply because a man is lost from duty. Each member's physical and mental fitness must be maintained at the highest possible level.

Do you feel, Dr. Bohannon, that it is possible for a

military man to preserve the best of health while in military service?

I think it is possible indeed, if he will observe the principles of personal hygiene and mental health, taking advantage of medical facilities which are made available to him, and if he takes reasonable care in proper diet and exercise and avoidance of health hazards. As far as the Air Force is concerned, this is pretty well borne out by the low noneffectiveness rate of the Air Force as a whole, which is no more than seven people out of 1,000 off duty on any one day for a medical reason. Or to put it another way, the average man in the Air Force loses only about two and one half days per year from duty because of sickness or injury.

The young person entering the basic training today is more often than not poorly conditioned in his physical state and emotionally threatened by the variety of attitudes to which he has been exposed. Within a very short time in the Air Force, this young man's physical state and mental outlook undergo remarkable improvement.

During your thirty-four years in the military, what major health problems have you observed among our men?

Well, commonplace as it may seem, upper respiratory infection is still the principal cause of sickness. Strange as it may seem, even in the Air Force, automobile accidents surpass airplane accidents as the cause of injury and death.

Would you say the majority of these diseases and problems are preventable?

They are to a degree. Of course, we can't say right off that we can prevent all upper respiratory infections, like the common cold, yet progress is being made in all these things. We consider preventive medicine as the greater part of our objective, because it's certainly better to prevent a disease or injury than to treat it; and preventive medicine efforts affect larger numbers of people at a time.

Are these equally present as a problem with the men on the posts as with the men out on the front lines?

Wherever the serviceman is we have similar problems. But, as a matter of fact, the Air Force servicemen in southeast Asia right now have as good health records as their

compatriots back here at home or perhaps better. Our admission rates, for instance, in the Air Force in southeast Asia for disease and injury are lower than they are here.

What are the basic principals of good health?

The basic principles of good health certainly include the principles of personal hygiene, cleanliness, avoidance of obvious hazards to health, the proper amount of rest, a well-balanced diet, regular exercise, the avoidance of all excesses, but certainly of excessive smoking or drinking.

What does good exercise have to do with the body; what is the real value of it?

Regular exercise tones the entire system, makes you feel better, and makes you better qualified for your duties. You can't prevent old age, but at least you can postpone its effects. Proper exercise stimulates, first of all, the cardiovascular-pulmonary system. We have come to believe that good physical fitness is exemplified by the endurance of the heart and lungs, this as opposed simply to muscular development. In other words, a man's physical condition is measured more accurately by his ability to endure. This involves the heart and lungs particularly. Exercise which gives a good workout every day to the heart and lungs is a beneficial, healthful type of exercise. I refer particularly to jogging or running, or the running-walking exercise, because it builds up the cardiac reserve and the endurance capability of the heart and lungs.

Then would it be of real benefit for everyone to participate in some active sport, perhaps swimming or other outdoor sports?

Yes, that's true, even if it's only brisk walking. We have in mind particularly the exercise of the heart and lungs to the point of some stress. Of course, this should never be excessive stress, but exercise to the point of endurance. This is the reason that running or jogging a certain distance for a certain length of time is much more beneficial than running the same distance in a much longer time. You see what I mean? In other words, the effort and the time in which it is expended are both important. A walk out into the countryside is good for you, but an ambling walk is not nearly as good as a brisk walk over the same length of time.

Always curious as to how things work, the Air Force surgeon general is briefed as to the inner workings of an O1-F Spotter aircraft at Bien Hoa Air Base in Vietnam. Serving as instructor in this case is Captain Ronald J. Hatko of the 2d Air Division.

Surgeon General Bohannon in a very unusual pose—he is more at home out jogging, sailing, playing tennis, or gardening, when his duties permit. By both precept and example he advocates daily physical exercise as a means to good health.



You mentioned, Doctor, some of these habits that might become dangerous or degenerative, for example, smoking. Why do you feel people take up smoking in the first place?

Well, I'm afraid that most youngsters take up the smoking habit because it is somehow made to seem very attractive to them. The advertising is very clever, and they get the idea that it's a smart thing to do. Most of their friends are smoking, and it becomes not only acceptable but a highly desirable thing to do.

Is smoking sort of a status symbol among young people?

Yes, youths start smoking in order to be identified as adults. It seems to answer their status desires.



Inspecting medical facilities in Vietnam. Dr. Bohannon has a get-well smile for Air Force S/Sgt. Baxter Linam.

Can the habit always be controlled?

With many, smoking becomes an addiction, withdrawal symptoms being present when the habit is discontinued. Smokers claim that cigarettes relieve their nerves, but in reality they merely indicate their nervousness. One cigarette often calls for another in ever-increasing numbers.

Is the temptation any greater in the military toward smoking than in civilian life?

No, I don't think so.

Is the average serviceman aware of the potential danger in the smoking habit?

I believe he's fairly well aware that it's a harmful thing to do. I doubt that he knows very many details about it; but he doesn't consider it as a personal danger, somehow. He thinks the dire effects may show up only in other people.

In that case what is the most effective approach to an individual as an incentive toward better habits?

We are aiming at providing youth today more healthful adult symbols than smoking, to show that it simply is not smart to smoke. It is difficult to get through to a young person what might happen thirty years from now. He simply isn't impressed. He must see and recognize the present impact smoking has on athletic ability, appearance, and overall

good health. Perhaps our best hope is to develop somehow a comparatively "harmless" cigarette.

What is the military, particularly the Air Force, doing to help educate its men along these lines?

The Air Force has a general health education program. In it is included information about the dangers of excessive smoking. We continuously reinforce and strengthen this campaign, giving greater emphasis to three principal factors by which health may be retained: 1. The avoidance of complications from excessive smoking, such as bronchitis, emphysema, chronic cough, lowered vital capacity, and increasing propensity to lung cancer. 2. The avoidance of overweight, through proper diet, of course. 3. The reinforcing of good health by increasing the cardiac reserve and endurance of the heart and lung by proper exercise.

Is there a specific point beyond which a person would call his habit of smoking excessive?

Well, I go back to my firm belief that any smoking is excessive.

Do you feel that in the stress of military circumstances a man should be particularly aware of health hazards?

Everyone should be aware of the hazards of his environment. All should be well informed in the ways of avoiding those things which will impair health. Military duties are typically of such a nature as to require the best possible state of physical fitness and mental health.

What about the problem of drinking?

As to drinking, avoidance of excessive use of alcohol, either socially or as a symptom of underlying psychiatric trouble, is a part of health promotion of the Air Force. Flight surgeons continuously observe the physical and mental fitness of pilots and other crew members. If use of alcohol threatens to interfere with the exacting performance required of this group in particular, the individual concerned is promptly removed from flying duties. Every effort is made to treat or correct those conditions which lead to the drinking habit. The flier will not be returned to flying duties unless it can be proved beyond doubt that the drinking problem and its underlying causes have been eliminated and that he suffers no impairment which poses a hazard to dependable, highly effective performance of duties.

What might you say about the use of other drugs?

The problem of the use of other drugs with flying is also very real, including the use of tranquilizers. Crew members, if they take any drug at all, must do so only under strict medical supervision and only on a physician's prescription. The general rule is that no pilot or other crew member is permitted to perform flying duties while taking any medication, or while under the influence of a medicine.

Do you have a summary word, Dr. Bohannon, directed to those who are in military service?

To the young people today I would say, do not be easily swayed. Difficult as it may be, be a person in your own right. Develop your own standards with an eye on present and future health and well-being. Believe in yourself and your ideals regardless of the seeming monetary advantages of following the crowd. Step out and lead the group, basing your actions upon high principles and integrity.

BRONZE STAR *Winners*



"Small-arms fire opened up all over the place. In the dense jungle we couldn't see the grenades coming at us."

For four hours under heavy fire Army Medic Curtis A. Reed persevered in treating the wounded in a battle that cost some fifteen lives, often working as he says, "close enough to enemy machine guns to smell gunpowder from them."

It was this valor with the First Infantry Division in Vietnam that won him the Bronze Star and his overall "meritorious service" that earned him the Oak Leaf Cluster.

SP/5 Reed doesn't carry a gun, since he is a noncombatant by reason of religious belief and specializes in saving life.

The All-round Life

MOST important to me in military life is my personal devotion in the morning and again in the evening. I have found that a close connection with God has helped me tremendously. Other GI's, both in Vietnam and since I have come back to the States, have told me they wish they could have the same assurance and confidence.

Others have also noticed that I don't smoke, drink, or swear. Perhaps such convictions are unusual in the military, but they are respected and admired. When I am invited to go to various places, my convictions become well known. I feel that the all-round life should include good daily habits, regardless where a person is.



"I just thought I was doing my job," said SP/4 George M. Vartenuk, recalling his action in Vietnam in rescuing seven men from a burning personnel carrier.

Unmindful of his personal safety, he followed through by administering plasma to the four wounded while the enemy poured fire at him.

For this lifesaving bravery by a no-gun medic with the battle-hardened Fifth Mechanized Unit of the Twenty-fifth Infantry Division, George was awarded the Bronze Star.

It Can Be Done

IN MILITARY service a person needs a strong faith in something great. For me I have found my religious conviction more important than anything of a physical nature. I have observed that if a person lacks conviction of this nature, he may tend to rely on habits such as drinking and try to use them as an escape mechanism. However, these persons find that they have a broken crutch that lets them down. Instead of getting rid of their tensions and problems, they have to face them again, often even worse than before.

Soldiers are more alert during field operations if they are careful of personal habits, and can respond more quickly to emergencies, which in the battle areas can occur any time. But a fellow in the military can keep good habits in spite of the pressures.

THE NAME "Malibu" has come to stand for happy, carefree scenes, second only to the magic of Hawaii. It calls forth pictures of a snow-white beach; of towering blue waves, often crested by a tanned young figure poised on a flashing dart of a surfboard; of the attractive weekend cottages of the moving-picture colony. In short, Malibu is a joyful oasis in the troubled world of today.

But there was a different Malibu five decades ago, and the terror which destroyed it still lingers, all unrecognized in the drifting fog of a moonless night. There was no white beach then, only a wild stretch of sand along the coastline tangled with sand verbenas and dried kelp. A narrow

wagon road, scarcely more than a path, cut back through low cliffs into Malibu Canyon, which bore the name of a tribe of American Indians who had lived there in the long ago.

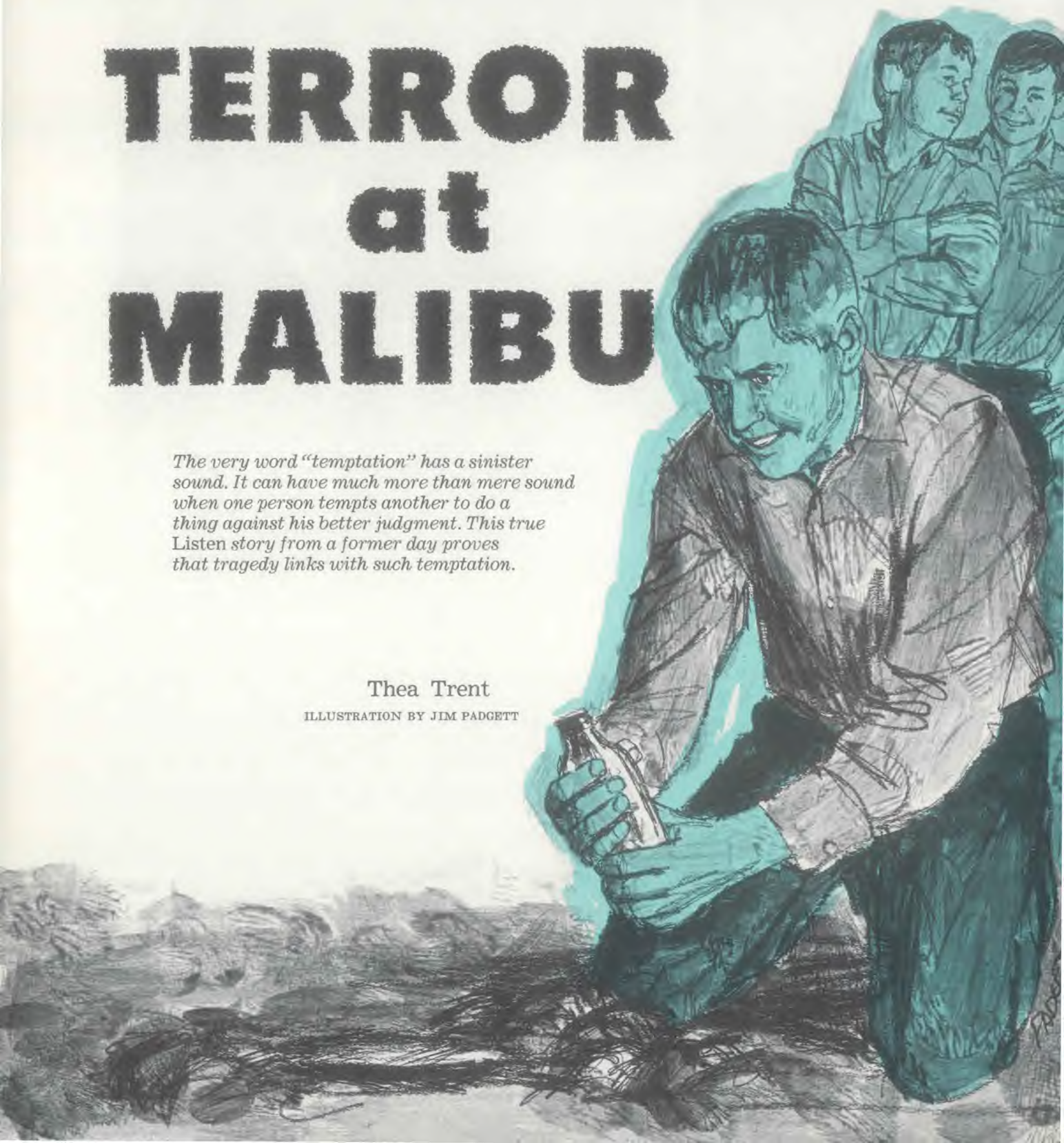
Fifty years ago you might have followed this rough road up the canyon for several miles, and you would have come upon a scene of enchanting loveliness. Or, if you delayed your quest, the Terror might have been there before you; and your blood would have been frozen by howls of such deadly fear and horror that they must have come from the throats of demons, or the dying victims of these demons. Terror at Malibu!

TERROR at MALIBU

The very word "temptation" has a sinister sound. It can have much more than mere sound when one person tempts another to do a thing against his better judgment. This true Listen story from a former day proves that tragedy links with such temptation.

Thea Trent

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM PADGETT



"So that's the story, John," old Dr. Westlake said to the noted architect who was both his close friend and his patient. "Shooting pains down your left arm, poor appetite, and trouble in sleeping! I can give you some pills to tone down the pain, but you know as well as I do that they aren't the answer. Tell me this: When was the last time you had some real fun?"

The slender man, with the short-cropped Vandyke beard and the piercing gray eyes, stirred restlessly in his chair and rubbed the throbbing arm. "Why do you ask that, Henry? You know we take a trip every summer—last year to Europe."

"Yes, and I know you had your nose in cathedrals most of the time, taking notes on all the Gothic arches for your next big job! That isn't what you need! You're so all-fired creative. You ought to find something to build or make just for the fun of it. What do you say if we both keep looking for the answer?"

After his friend left, the doctor went to the door of his office and watched him, shaking his head as he saw how the man kept rubbing the arm until he turned the corner.

"If he would just do what I told him to," the doctor mused unhappily, "and do it in time! Tell patients what to swallow, and they're right with you. Tell them how to live their way to health, and they think you're crazy!"

The scene around the architect's dinner table was, as always, rather quiet. His gentle wife, Margaret, set the tone of the home. Day after day showed little variation. Even the food cooked by the moody Irish Molly ran to steak or chops, potatoes, a green vegetable, gravy, and custard or rice pudding, with leg of lamb or beef prime ribs on Sunday. Margaret's concern over the throbbing arm made her wait for her husband near the door.

"Did Henry find something to help, dear? I've thought of you so much!"

"I prefer to tell you about it after dinner, my dear! No need to discuss health problems before the children!"

They exchanged a look of the understanding and affection which were the steadfast qualities of their marriage, and walked into the dining room. The dinner passed rather silently, perhaps because each of the four had an individual world of interest. Ralph, in his senior year of high school, and Mary, in her second, both had their father's sandy coloring, but whereas it had made a very handsome young man of Ralph, Mary was too tall and angular for the popular taste of that time. Fortunately, so far this did not distress her at all. She was an excellent student, and lived in a world of books and of the poems she loved to write. Her favorite recreation was to climb into branches of a huge pepper tree in the backyard, with a red apple and a volume of Tennyson's poems or one of the Waverly novels. Her goal was to teach English in high school—so far, against her father's strong disapproval.

"Woman's place is in the home," he would assert. "You have no need to earn your living, Mary. Pattern after your mother, and help with her flowers and needlework! Teachers are apt to be old maids."

"But Mother was a teacher when you fell in love with her, Father," Mary countered boldly.

Ralph favored her with one of his sardonic grins, and even the shadow of a wink. For the most part, this brother and sister were worlds apart, a fact distressing to the mother.

"Did you make the football team, Son?" his father asked. "Splendid sport, and good for the health too!"

"No, sir," Ralph answered respectfully. "I'm not really a football type. I plan to go out for track in the spring. The hundred-yard sprint, or perhaps the broad jump."

After dinner Ralph took a huge pile of schoolbooks and went off in the Hudson convertible which his parents had given him on his birthday. The home of his friend, Sidney Wells, was only a few blocks away, but Ralph preferred to ride. He and Sid had been pals since childhood. This boy was the son of a prominent lawyer. He was of stocky build, with straight black hair and eyes that could look as hard as jet. Sid had very few dreams, and these were all on the theme of himself as a nationally famous criminal lawyer.

Mary vanished up the stairs to her room and studies, and Father and Mother spent an hour in the den with its cheery fireplace, reading the papers and playing Caruso records on the Victrola. Then they set out on their short evening walk before retiring for the night.

Since the neuritis had become so bad, the architect slept in a separate bedroom, for he refused to disturb his wife's rest. He didn't know how her light sleep left her when she heard his pacing back and forth in the other room.

On this night, Dr. Westlake's pills numbed the sensation, and sleep came quickly. But by midnight the cruel, jabbing pain was thrusting down his arm again, and it was impossible to lie in bed. Pulling a robe over his shoulders, he paced the floor, cradling the sick arm in the well one. Scraps of memory drifted past: of the pale Lancashire child, taken out of school before the fourth grade to be apprenticed to a carpenter; of getting up in the black, icy darkness, and clomping over the cobbles in his wooden clogs to reach the job before dawn, always cold, always hungry, until the lamp of his genius was kindled the day he pictured in his mind a master builder, one of England's famous architects, standing with his plans in his hands on the site where a great cathedral was to rise. From that day he never turned from his goal.

At the end of his apprenticeship he received a few coins, and he and his wooden chest of tools traveled, steerage, to America. A skilled carpenter, he found work, and his first paycheck bought some of the books he would have to master to pass the architectural examination. Going West, he studied night after night by the light of a candle in his cellar room, and he reached his first goal. He passed the state architectural examination. And, far more important, he won his sweet wife against all competition, even against the disapproval of her parents at the marriage of their beautiful, popular daughter to "a mere nobody."

For an instant his tired eyes saw the row of his offices, and the huge one for his draftsmen and engineers. And word had now come he would probably be chosen president of the National Architectural Association. But against all this, he felt he had failed to come close to his two children—good, fine young ones, both. He felt he hardly knew them!

The pain grew unbearable. He looked at his watch. Four o'clock. He could take two of the pills now, and perhaps get a nap before morning.

Every weekend now, he and Margaret had a new purpose for their Sunday afternoon drives. In their heavy Peerless they bumped and lurched over the oiled country roads, looking for the right site for their new cottage.

Suddenly the answer was there! A narrow canyon, carpeted with soft green grass, widened as it neared the road. To one side, some distance along the canyon, was a beautiful, soft slope, and in the distance—rare indeed in Southern California—there seemed to be the glint of a stream!

Like excited children, the two climbed the fence and started exploring. Opposite the hill they had seen from the road, a spring of water sprang from the side of the canyon. It cascaded down the slope, bordered by ferns and wild flowers, and became the small stream that meandered down toward the sea. It made a spot of rare natural beauty, and the water of the spring was deliciously pure and cold.

A hundred acres were bought for a song, as the land was too rugged for farming and also for real estate development. The original plan was for the architect to build the cottage himself; but he was too eager to occupy it weekends, so he sketched what he wanted that very evening, and with the speed of magic the staunch, fireproof cement bungalow crowned the little hill, with its porch viewing the spring and the cascading waterfall. At one end of the few plantable acres there was the remains of a small farmhouse, and this was also made sound and neatly painted, as were the barn and chicken sheds.

Finally they saw just the right advertisement in the paper: "Swedish couple and son—experienced farmers, want work on place not near the city." So the Sorensens settled in—the couple, rugged and capable, and their son Sven, flaxen-haired and smiling, about the age of Ralph. They seemed delighted with the arrangements, and soon, whenever the family visited the place, there were fresh eggs, milk, and butter, and often delicious Swedish coffee cake.

Ralph and Mary were politely enthusiastic, but seldom wanted to join the weekend visits. One of Margaret's younger sisters was making a long visit at the house, so Mary was never left alone there. Sid and Ralph liked to drive down on Friday and come back the following night, but during spring vacation they would often spend a couple of days.

One afternoon during spring vacation, Ralph brought Sid home, coming in at the front door just as Mary entered the side porch. She stood at the foot of the staircase, shifting her books from one arm to the other.

"Are you going to the ranch tonight?" she asked with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

"No, Sister dear," Ralph answered, with a sneering tone. "We hope to go tomorrow, however."

"And how pleasant if you would join us!" added Sid.

Mary dropped her books on the floor, and her usually quiet eyes blazed. She almost rushed at the boys. "Enough of that!" she hissed. "I know what you two are doing, and it simply disgusts me! Wouldn't it be something if Father found you out?"

"If you tell him, I'll fix you so you'll never forget it!" Ralph threatened, shaking her by the shoulders.

"I won't have to tell!" she gasped. "You'll be found out anyway!"

The dinner gong rang, and the three entered in much the usual form.

"Going to the ranch tomorrow?" the architect asked his son. "That's fine!" The man's face looked years younger, and it showed the color of health.

"I wanted to ask you something: to be a little friendly to the Swedish boy Sven. His father told me they left

Sweden because their son had become a heavy drinker."

"Who? That kid?" said Ralph, feigning amazement.

"You have the great advantage of growing up in homes where there has been no such trouble. The terrible fact remains that that boy has had two attacks of delirium tremens. The last one threatened permanent insanity. It is hard for him to be isolated from all of his own age. Ask him up to the bungalow. He's quite musical, I believe."

"Count on us to do our best, sir," said Sid gravely.

Next morning the two boys parked the Hudson at the side of a liquor store some distance from town, went inside for a few minutes, and then rushed along. At the entrance to the ranch they stopped at the farmhouse and invited Sven for the evening. Then they drove to the bungalow, unloaded their supplies, and sat on the porch with some sandwiches and cans of beer.

"Look, Sid," Ralph began. "You think there's anything to that talk about the kid having D.T.'s?"

"Just old maid's chitchat," replied Sid with contempt. "Who ever heard of a few beers hurting a guy?"

Soon after sundown Sven came bounding up the hill, wild with excitement and heavily loaded with farm delicacies. He was warmly greeted, and a freshly opened beer can pressed into his hand. Sven recoiled from it as if it were a snake. "No! No! It is not for me!"

"What are you anyway, a man or a mouse?" Ralph shouted, forcing him to take the can.

"A man?—A mouse?" Sven repeated thoughtfully. Then he yelled, "A man!" and he drained the can. From then it went on, shouting and singing and drinking. Finally Sven called out: "You vait, my friends! I bring better as beer."

He stumbled over the path and up the slope to the spring. In a few moments he was back, cradling a huge bottle in his arms: "Aqua-Vit, from Sweden! All alcohol! Can make a mouse into a man! I buried it to stop drinking."

They all drank, till the room seemed full of dark fog, till Sven's terror began—the insane howls and screams of fear!

Ralph and Sid were too drunk to move—then the boy was gone.

Soon came a thud—silence.

In time the doctor and Ralph's father stood in the bungalow, having dashed cold water over the unconscious pair.

"Father," Ralph muttered.

"Don't call me that! I have no son!" His father flared fiercely. "I told you the condition of that poor boy, and you couldn't wait to ply him with beer and that terrible Aqua-Vit."

"Calm down, John," the doctor's voice interrupted. "Sven went into delirium tremens, and to escape the horrors that were after him, he plunged over a cliff. He will never be sound again physically, and I fear he has even less chance mentally."

"The ranch house will be demolished next week," declared the father bitterly. "What the place brings goes to the Sorensens, also the money I'd saved for your college, Ralph. There is only one thing you can do to atone. We are at war. Offer yourself as a soldier!"

So Ralph enlisted in World War I. He came home decorated with medals. And there were tears in his father's eyes as he welcomed his lost son.

Ralph escaped death in war. But his private demon never left him. At the age of forty he died of acute alcoholism.

FROM THE POST CHAPEL...

A Commandment for Clean Living

Chaplain (MG) Charles E. Brown, Jr.

*Chief of Chaplains
United States Army*

THE secularization of our society continues apace. Some say that God is dead. Many live as though He were. There are those who do not seem to care, one way or the other. Many of our city streets have become jungle trails.

Traditional standards of morality are being questioned; individuals demand the right to make and break their own commandments. Self-discipline seems silly; believers in God, right and wrong, heaven and hell, are subjects of ridicule. So often conscience seems asleep and integrity seems obsolete. It has been said that we are living in the sick sixties.

Those who really care are greatly concerned about the moral revolutions and upheavals of our time. The religious leaders in the military, commanders and chaplains alike, are extremely concerned about ways to preserve and strengthen the moral fiber of American youth who put on the uniform in the service of our beloved land.

While the person in military service may occasionally find the moral struggle more lonely than he ever knew it to be back home, the challenges are essentially the same. The member of the military may miss the support and the close supervision of the family and the church, but not if he keeps in touch with the basic sources of power which under-

gird the home and the church. The challenges of clean living, right thinking, and faithful witnessing can be met best by the person who proudly wears the uniform of his country on his body and the great commandments of his Lord in his heart.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Mark 12:30, 31.

Whether a person goes overseas or across the street, these commandments are in effect and are effective as inspirational guidelines. Young people who have learned these commandments by heart and in their hearts will emerge from military service finer citizens of the kingdom of God as well as of the United States of America.

Meeting Today's World

IT IS EVIDENT that more people today are vitally interested in youth for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the nation and the world at large. The ever-increas-

ing potentials of modern youth are evident in all fields of endeavor. Let's treasure their potentialities and say and do all we can to see that no portion whatsoever is wasted.





Chaplain (MG) Edwin R. Chess
Chief of Chaplains
United States Air Force

The problems of young people must be recognized realistically and sympathetically. They are deeply affected by the turbulence of this revolutionary era. Their reactions to these pressures are sometimes quite appropriate; sometimes quite distorted. They want to call attention to their need for security, for identity, for acceptance, by dramatic, melodramatic, and sometimes kooky behavior. They swing from coolness to desperation. The tensions and anxieties of normal adolescence are aggravated by the pressure to conform. Conform—to whom? To the nonconformist? To the adult world which is held suspect? To abstract ideals? To existentialism? To situation ethics? To religion? If so, which one?

The Center of Life

Rear Admiral James W. Kelly, CHC, USN
Chief of Chaplains
United States Navy

CHAPLAINS are provided a rare opportunity to observe young Americans. We see them coming through our recruit training centers by the thousands. We see them living and working in every conceivable environment. We hear their complaints, and we also catch clear glimpses of their aspirations. The chaplain sees them as they really are.

For a quarter of a century I have been a close and deeply interested observer. Out of those observations have come strong convictions about character and its development.

First, I believe that it is forever true that there is no substitute for the Christian home. Counseling with hundreds of young people has taken me back into their homes, and the result is almost like a mathematical formula. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." That is a great rule of life, and I have seen it verified again and again. The responsibility of parents is enormous in character development.

Then I have grown steadily in my conviction that the influence of the church has been rather seriously underestimated by our modern society. It has become almost fashionable to criticize the church for being irrelevant and out of touch. Yet we continue to see young men and women who have grown up in the nurture of the church standing firm in their faith. They have an idealism that reflects the very best that the church has to offer to any age. I believe it remains forever true that God's people, banded together

These are complex, basic problems. Thank God, our young adults are doing something about them. They are aware; they are not naively indifferent.

Another great evidence of our concern for youth—and this concern is sometimes expressed negatively by negative people—is the determination to share with them our moral and religious values and to assist them toward a life of fulfillment and self-realization in the service of God and our fellowman. This requires a realistic labeling of life's booby traps. It includes warnings about excesses, overindulgence, dissipation, psychedelic trips, promiscuity, the futility of a philosophy based on self-gratification.

To our young men and women in blue, I wish to say that we have positive trust and confidence in your desire and ability to live nobly and well. You are quite typical of a cross section of American youth; yet you are a select group in significant ways. You have been given a job to do—you are trained to do it—you understand why the job is important—you know where you fit into the big picture—you respond admirably to the expressions of trust and confidence which come from a grateful nation. I am glad to share and express my pride in you, and to express my confidence in the great majority of young adults in America today.



in the great community of the church, are the source and inspiration of the highest aspirations man can serve.

In this observing of our men and women in uniform, I also continue to be impressed by the idealism which our country produces in its citizens. Some of them cannot articulate it, and many shy away from any sentimental approach; but in their service to the nation we often catch glimpses of a devotion to the essence of human dignity and freedom which lies at the very heart of America. Our chaplains serving in Vietnam report many instances of sacrificial service to the people of Vietnam which clearly reflect this idealism related to the value of the human person.

The strength of a wonderful country like ours will always reside in the character of her people. While I see much in the present scene to indicate that a new generation of Americans is far stronger than we perhaps thought, it still behooves those of us who form the homes, the churches, and the citizenry to keep the lofty ideals and holy convictions of our Christian faith at the very center of our whole life.

Nicest--But Where?

To protect the good name of women in Wyoming, that state's legislature has passed a law prohibiting women bartenders.

Some lawmakers contended that any law banning female bartenders was discriminatory. In reply, the senate president Richard Jones said, "I think women are about the nicest things to have around, but not behind bars."

ON FAT PEOPLE

Being stout in a scarecrow-skinny society is an agony.

Medical experts paint a composite picture of the fat American, showing that fat people watch their every action, try fad diets but despairingly watch their girth expand anew, skip meals to enjoy one glorious—and ruinous—eating binge, and become adept at alibis on why they are the way they are.

Dr. Jean Mayer, professor of nutrition at Harvard University's school of Public Health, says obesity is partly a result of the easy life. No one walks, he says; they drive; people can afford steak so they eat it twice a day and have three eggs for breakfast; and rather than exert themselves at tennis or swimming or even walking, they hibernate in front of the television set.

And the American's daily diet is alarmingly heavy, he adds.

This has resulted in 39 million obese United States citizens.

Dr. Mayer estimates that obesity is a key cause of heart attacks, which he describes as an epidemic striking the American males as nothing else has since the plagues of the Middle Ages.



"PHONE BOOTH? WHAT PHONE BOOTH?" This lightweight portable "Manpack" radio, made for the United States Army by Hughes Aircraft Company, Fullerton, California, stands 18 inches high, 12 inches wide, and 3¾ inches thick. It is said to be efficient even in dense jungle.

Poor Diet May Hurt Children's Brains



Children's minds lag if their stomachs aren't satisfied. Diets can have much to do with intelligence and mental ability.

Improper diets do in fact cause brain damage in children.

Evidence of this has been found by Dr. Mavis B. Stoch, a South African physician, after an eleven-year study of children living in Cape Town, which showed that youngsters who were gravely undernourished from birth had smaller heads, lower intelligence quotients, and less coordination.

Even when the poorly fed children were given better living conditions, "there is cumulative evidence that undernutrition during infancy has caused permanent retardation," she reports.

Scientists have long argued whether mental retardation results from improper food or from social factors.

Dr. Stoch, who is both a physician and a psychologist, concludes that malnutrition is more important as a mental retardation factor than any other.

Germs Thrive in Smoke

Cigarette smoke—long associated with respiratory ailments—has been shown in laboratory tests to inhibit the lung's ability to fight disease bacteria.

Dr. Gareth M. Green of Boston City Hospital and Harvard Medical School has demonstrated that cells in the lung's first line of defense against bacteria are rendered less effective in warding off disease when they are exposed to cigarette smoke.

The *New England Journal of Medicine* comments that this may explain the high incidence of chronic bronchitis and emphysema among heavy smokers.

The number of deaths from these lung infections has increased sevenfold in the United States over the last ten years. Emphysema disables one out of every fourteen wage earners over forty-five years of age, according to the United States Public Health Service. Both diseases are caused by harmful bacteria inhaled with air.

"Cigarette smoking," Dr. Green says, "partially paralyzes the lung's defense cells—therefore bacteria can multiply and cause damage to lung tissue."

He concludes that the smoke contains a toxic element capable of preventing cells from functioning normally.

Further analysis shows that the toxic substance is carried in the gaseous, rather than the solid, part of the smoke. The bacteria-fighting inhibition, therefore, is not caused by the tar that is thought to be a factor in lung cancer.

Alcohol carried in the blood during modest intoxication has also been found to inhibit the action of the alveolar macrophages.

Alcohol Is Liver Culprit

Liver damage resulting from alcohol intake comes about because of the ethyl alcohol itself rather than from other substances and contaminants, according to research reported in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Of 526 chronic alcoholics studied, there was an increased number of those drinking liquor rather than beer, as the abnormality of liver function increased.

The extent of demonstrable damage depended on the amount of alcohol intake, and especially on its duration, rather than on an intake of beverages with a higher content of contaminants.

Alcoholic beverage revenues accruing to the Federal Government in the fiscal year ending June 30 may exceed \$3.5 billion.

However, in the same twelve months, the cost of automobile accidents caused by alcoholic beverages is estimated to have reached \$4 billion—or more than the total of the alcoholic beverage tax income.

In This NEWS

★ Can't sell something? Label it "psychedelic"! See page 16.

★ Is the liquor industry concerned about alcoholism? See page 17.

★ LSD comes out onto the roads now. See page 18.

"Psychedelic"--

New Magic Sales Word

Here's how to get rid of that bunch of wildly colored widgets that have been sitting on the storeroom shelf for years: Call them "psychedelic widgets." Then the turned-on generation and their elders will beat a path to your pad.

So it seems, at any rate. The word "psychedelic"—which has become synonymous with LSD and other mind-expanding drugs—is developing into a magic sales word. All kinds of stuff are being labeled psychedelic. Psychedelic shops are opening in big cities. Nightclubs are featuring psychedelic effects.

Generally the psychedelic items are either wildly colored or make wild sounds. But not always. In Cleveland, at The Headquarters (LSD users are called acidheads), owner Stan Heilbrun stocks penny Tootsie Rolls and a bust of Adolph Hitler carved out of a coconut. Mr. Heilbrun, who says his shop is a "storefront for the international psychedelic conspiracy," says everything he sells is either "satiric, esoteric, or acidteric."

The Head Shop, in New York's Greenwich Village, already has two stores in the Village, and a third—"a psychedelic department store"—is planned.

Among the top-selling items: Cigarette paper for marijuana smokers who roll their own; flickering electric lights (\$2.98), water pipes (\$14), and diffraction disks that show rainbow colors (25 cents).

After a person has outfitted himself at The Head Shop—or at one of the twenty-seven psychedelic shops in a ten-block section of San Francisco—he is ready to dance the Boogaloo at Cheetah, a New York night spot that advertises "Don't blow your cool, blow your mind."

The owners are licensing out the name Cheetah for use on psychedelic clothing, jewelry, and home furnishings. In that, too, they have hit on a big thing, for psychedelic fabrics are becoming the rage. S.T.R-E-T-C-H Fabrics Inc. ran a full-page ad in a trade paper with only three words: Introducing Psychedelic Fabrics. In Paris, couturier Michel Goma's recent dress showing included three models called LSD; they were orange and yellow, blue and green, and blue and yellow.

Why Student Suicides?

Contrary to popular belief, the peak period for college suicides appears to be the first six weeks of the semester, not during finals or midterms.

Over a ten-year period starting with 1952 and going through 1961, sixteen out of a total twenty-three suicides at the University of California at Berkeley occurred in February and October—within six weeks after the semester had begun. Only one student killed him-

self during finals in the entire decade.

Compared to the overall student body, the suicidal group was "older, contained greater proportions of graduates, language majors, and foreign students," said Richard H. Seiden of the University's School of Public Health. In addition, the undergraduates who committed suicide were all, excepting one, considerably above average in scholarship.

As in the general population, Seiden found a direct link between age and suicide. While the student body averaged twenty-two years of age, the mean age for suicides was twenty-six. Also graduate students took their lives more often than undergraduates.

Holiday Warning

"The goblets will
get you if you
don't watch out."

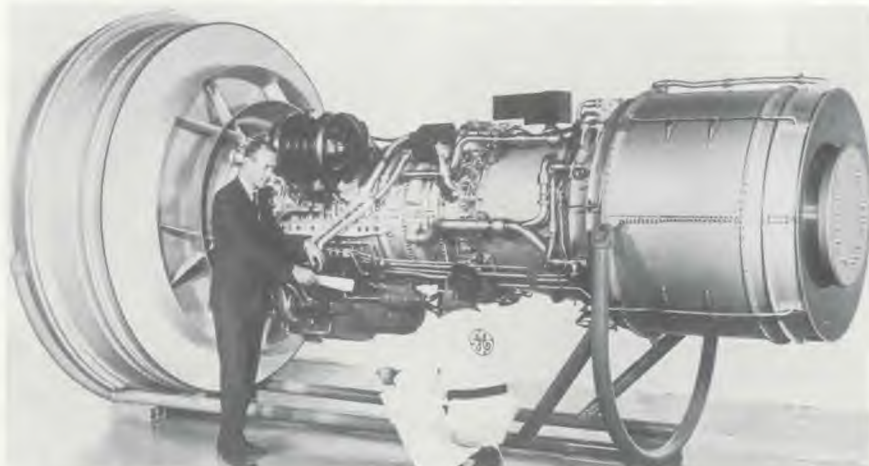
—R. J. Cvikota.

Beauty Really "Inner"

If a woman is not born with or fails to develop "inner beauty," then she really has no outer beauty, says Frank Toriello, director of "Miss Wade's Fashion College" of Dallas, which has produced three beauty contest winners since 1965, one of them a Miss Texas.

Inner beauty includes voice and diction, or a projection of the individual, says Mr. Toriello. Next is personality, and finally the daily etiquette, or what is usually called the "social graces."

Powerhouse for Biggest Plane



A BIG PUSH. The biggest transport plane in the country, the United States Air Force's C-5A, will get its push from four engines like this. Eight feet in diameter, each of these General Electric TF39 engines develops more than 41,000 pounds of thrust. The C-5A will travel faster than 500 miles per hour and will have a range of more than 6,500 miles without refueling.



Alcoholism in U.S.

"Ten percent of the population are alcohol dependent and 5 percent are alcoholic," was the conclusion of a survey by Dr. William B. Terhune, reported in the *New York State Journal of Medicine*.

The survey concludes that "alcoholism is now epidemic." According to Dr. Terhune, "This nation spends between 10 and 11 billion dollars annually on alcohol, and there is an ever-increasing rate of alcohol consumption."

"If would take 1,000 epidemiologists just to determine the full extent of United States alcoholism, let alone to work on any remedies," concluded a national conference on alcoholism called by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

Women in Trouble

A woman finds it harder to admit she is an alcoholic and seek help than does a man, says the National Council on Alcoholism.

"A woman who cannot control her drinking feels much greater shame and degradation and is more likely to hide away," the Council declares. For this reason it is difficult to estimate the ratio of female to male alcoholics.

"We used to think it was about one to six, then later we estimated one to five. But some doctors claim they see more women than men with this problem. Possibly it is as high as fifty-fifty," the report continues.



No Bottle on Roads

In order to assure greater safety on our roads, the Department of Commerce has submitted proposed standards for state highway safety programs, dealing with driver licensing, motor vehicle registration, vehicle inspection, motorcycle safety, driver education, highway engineering, and maintenance.

Included is the following in regard to alcohol and driving, calling for the states to—

1. Make it unlawful to drive when a person's blood alcohol concentration equals or exceeds .10 percent.
2. Require that any person driving on public highways give his implied consent to submitting to a chemical test for alcohol content in his blood, and refusal to submit to such test will result in revocation of driver's license.
3. Develop a program for checking alcohol blood content of motorists and adult pedestrians who are killed in traffic accidents.

V.D. FIGHT NEEDED

Leading American health authorities, citing a steady increase in the incidence of venereal disease—particularly among teen-agers—have urged Congress to appropriate \$17.5 million to combat this public-health problem.

Although there was a 3.3 percent decrease in reported cases of infectious syphilis in 1966 compared with 1965, cases of gonorrhea increased 8 percent. Last year, reported cases of syphilis numbered 22,473 and of gonorrhea 334,949.

The associations said that gonorrhea presented a particularly difficult public-health problem because women could have the disease and not know it and because antibiotic-

resistant strains of gonorrhea bacteria were growing in number.

The situation is considered most serious among teen-agers. Teen-age cases of syphilis rose 12.4 percent in 1964 and 1965, although the national incidence for all age groups combined remained almost constant.

Furthermore, a report from national medical groups noted, "the rate of infection per 100,000 among the fifteen-to-nineteen-year-old age groups for both infectious syphilis and gonorrhea was more than double the rate for all age groups combined in 1965"—24.2 compared with 11.6 per 100,000.

Is It Really So Much?

Recently the Licensed Beverage Institute, Inc., released a story to the press telling all about their deep concern about alcohol problems and alcoholism.

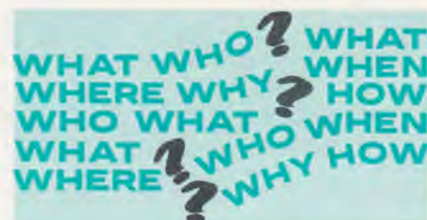
"Look what we put into research," they boast. How much? An average of \$100,000 per year. Sounds like a lot.

Take a closer look. The most recent yearly figures show the distilleries alone shipped \$1,090,462,000 worth of hard liquor from bonded warehouses. The L.B.I. kicked in .01 percent (one hundredth of 1 percent) of their sales.

It's like a confection company selling \$10,000 worth of gum to kids every year and then giving one measly dollar for research in tooth decay! —California Liberator.

TV Warns U.S. Smokers

Some twenty educational television stations have received grants of \$500 each by the Educational Television Stations Program Service to help stimulate the development of programs on smoking and its relationship to health.



★ At present growth rates, the world's 3.5 billion population will double to 7 billion before the year 2000. In the past six years in underdeveloped countries, population has gone up 3 percent annually, food production only 2 percent. (President L. B. Johnson, in message to Congress)

★ Traffic accidents killed a record total of 52,500 persons in the United States during 1966 and disabled 1.9 million others, costing the nation \$9.8 billion. The toll was 7 percent higher than in 1965. (National Safety Council)

★ Coffee drinkers in America dropped 3.8 percent from 1950 to 1966, but they averaged 2.86 cups a day, up from 2.38 in 1950. The percentage of ten-to-fourteen-year-olds who drink coffee dropped from 16 to 9.5. Half of the persons sampled in the Bureau's annual survey felt that teen-agers should not drink coffee. (Pan American Coffee Bureau)

★ In California there are 900,000 problem drinkers, who not only cause "a tremendous social impact on their families, friends, businesses, and the community, but also cause up to 55 percent of fatal traffic accidents." (Senator J. Eugene McAteer, of San Francisco)

★ For the first time in its nineteen years, the Petersen Publishing Co. of Los Angeles is opening up the pages of some of its magazines to liquor ads, including *Motor Trend*, *Sports Car Graphic*, *Guns and Ammo*, *Skin Diver*, and *Wheels Afield*. (New York Times)

★ "Every second prescription in this country is written for a drug that affects the mind." (Dr. John Griffith, Psychiatrist, Vanderbilt University)

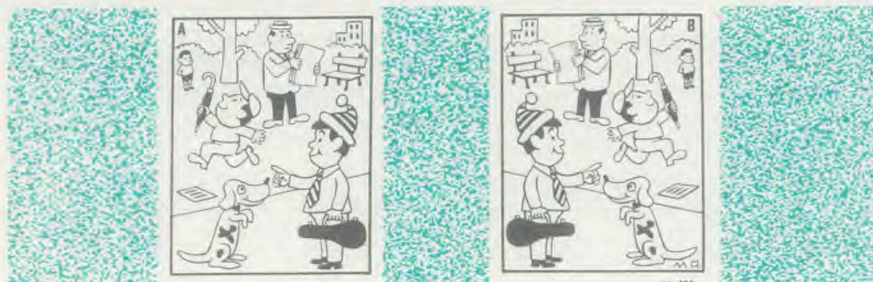
★ Americans will spend \$120 million on mouthwashes this year, up 15 percent from 1966. No one should go around without a sweet breath! (Wall Street Journal)

★ The year 1965 saw some 24 million prescriptions for amphetamines filled in the United States, and 123 million for sedatives and tranquilizers. (Food and Drug Administration)

★ To study glaucoma, a radio transmitter the size of a large pinhead has been developed, one that can be implanted in the eye of a rabbit. It will secure measurements of eye pressure. (UPI)

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer Features



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS: Drawing B is intended to be a mirrored reflection of drawing A. However, the artist has made five errors. Which?

New Blow to Skid Row

This summer Seattle is running many of its skid row derelicts out of town—to a 900-acre ranch where they'll be taught job skills.

Philadelphia is trying to clean up its skid row too—by hospitalizing its wine-soaked inhabitants and then moving them into new apartments. Boston is trying to reform vagrants by placing them in "foster homes."

This strategy being tried in a handful of major cities differs sharply from traditional skid row cleanup efforts—bulldozing downtown flophouses, pawnshops, and bars, or periodically jailing skid row denizens for a few days.

"We used to put these vagrants in a paddy wagon and dump them in a county north of us," says Ray Larsen, a police lieutenant in Miami, where vagrants from Northern cities migrate during winter months. "But we consider them our headache now," he says. Miami police last winter made special efforts to rehabilitate about 400 down-and-out drunks, with fairly good results.

More cities are shaping such rehabilitation programs because courts no longer will let them sweep skid row inhabitants off the streets by jailing drunks as vagrants, disorderly persons, or public nuisances.

New York City police stopped

mass arrests of drunks in the Bowery last summer after criminal court judges permitted each arrested derelict to be represented by a lawyer assigned by the local Legal Aid Society.

Appellate courts in Richmond, Virginia, and Washington, D.C., last year overturned convictions of two men sentenced to jail for public intoxication. The Federal judges ruled it was "cruel and unusual punishment" and said chronic alcoholics should be given medical treatment. Lawyers are appealing similar convictions in California, Michigan, Massachusetts, and Washington.

Can You Really Quit?

Some people say they can't quit smoking! Well, it can be done!

More than a thousand smokers have enrolled in the withdrawal clinics sponsored by the Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital, near Chicago. Of this number, some 30 percent were not smoking a year later and can be classed as nonsmokers.

Summing up what it takes to break the habit, Chaplain Willis C. Graves commented, "It takes a firm decision. You've got to really want to quit in the first place. We have no magic injection or pill that makes it easy."

Follow-up studies show that in addition to the more than 300 smoking cures credited directly to the clinics, 290 other persons—relatives or friends of the enrollees—quit smoking on their own.

Wobbly Drivers

The following appears in a full-page advertisement placed in the major newspapers across the country by Mobil Oil Corporation:

In a survey of fatal accidents in California, 65 percent of the drivers who were killed had been drinking. In another survey of fatal accidents in Chicago, 76 percent of those responsible had been drinking.

And in still another survey (they are endless) in New York, 38 per-

cent of the drivers who were killed had been drinking.

Not necessarily drunk, mind you. But not sober either.

You don't have to feel drunk to be too drunk to drive. A single drink can dim your vision, slow your reflexes, and warp your judgment. But since this alcoholic undermining doesn't announce itself with drums and bugles, you usually don't notice it. And that's what kills you: the quiet, treacherous effects of a drink or two.

A little more than a single two-ounce shot of whiskey in your blood can make you twice as liable to cause an accident as if you hadn't touched a drop.

Two such shots of whiskey in your veins can make you six times more liable to cause an accident. (Mind you, at this level you are not considered drunk in most states.)

And three shots can make you twenty-five times more liable to cause an accident than if you were cold sober. (Now, you're finally considered drunk in most states.)

Contrary to popular belief, God doesn't necessarily protect fools and drunkards. And you're a fool if you think you sober up when you get behind the wheel of your car. You may sweeten your breath to fool your wife and the state troopers. And you may sit up straight behind the wheel to fool yourself.

But the coroner will know you've been drinking anyway.

Daffynitions

Champagne—a beverage to make you see double and feel single.

Hangover—something to occupy a head that wasn't used.

Intoxication—feeling sophisticated without being able to pronounce it.

LSD Takes to the Road

The increasing use of LSD and other hallucinogenic drugs has doubled the number of referrals of narcotics violators to the District of Columbia Department of Motor Vehicles in the past year.

George A. England, director of the department, reports that the number of cases has grown from a rate of about five a month in 1964 and 1965 to about ten a month in 1966.

Much of the increase, he says, has apparently been due to people "taking a trip" with LSD.

The department is required by law to withhold licenses from those who might endanger other drivers, and it has been slow to grant driving permits to those who have been identified by police as narcotics users or who have been arrested on dope charges.

Now, England says, because of the increase in the number of cases, an effort is being made in cooperation with the health department to set up a regular method of medical screening.

MOON SPIDER



LANDLUBBER. This landlubber is a duplicate of the space-going Surveyor spacecraft that was built to send back to earth vital information about the moon and help prepare the way for astronaut landings on the moon.

cover, and the markings on the dog. the backround, the umbrella, the drain in the building, the boy in



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This General Stands Tall --



Refugees from Viet Cong areas are told by General Westmoreland about plans to relocate them temporarily in places away from devastated villages.

LEADERSHIP is "getting people to go the way you want them to go—enthusiastically." A good leader stimulates "a sense of belonging and participation."

The person saying this is himself a leader—General William C. Westmoreland.

His associates through the years describe him as a man with the "habit" of leadership, which helps to explain his rise to command levels in three wars.

Not given to bluff talk, "Westy," as his intimates know him, has become one of the most respected military leaders of our time. In World War II he was active in the North African and Italian campaigns. With the Ninth Division he landed at Utah Beach and then fought his way on to the Elbe River. Later he took parachute training and led the 187th Airborne Combat team to Korea. In 1956 at the age of forty-two he became the youngest major general in the Army.

General Westmoreland rather belies the traditional image of "tough," aloof military command. He doesn't

ask his men to do that which he himself is unwilling to do. On one occasion, when commanding the 101st Airborne Division, he canceled a jump when on a personal experimental jump he found weather conditions to be marginal.

His personal habits have led observers to talk about his "sober soldiering," even to the point at times of accusing him of being "uncongenial." He never smokes, avoids completely the habit of drinking. Profanity is out, as far as he is concerned. As a youth he was an Eagle Scout, and he considers scouting an excellent preparation for military life.

This general stands tall—a full six feet. It is obvious also that he stands tall in more ways than one.

Having just landed by helicopter, General Westmoreland goes to visit the Cu Chi Base Camp of the Twenty-fifth Infantry Division in South Vietnam.

