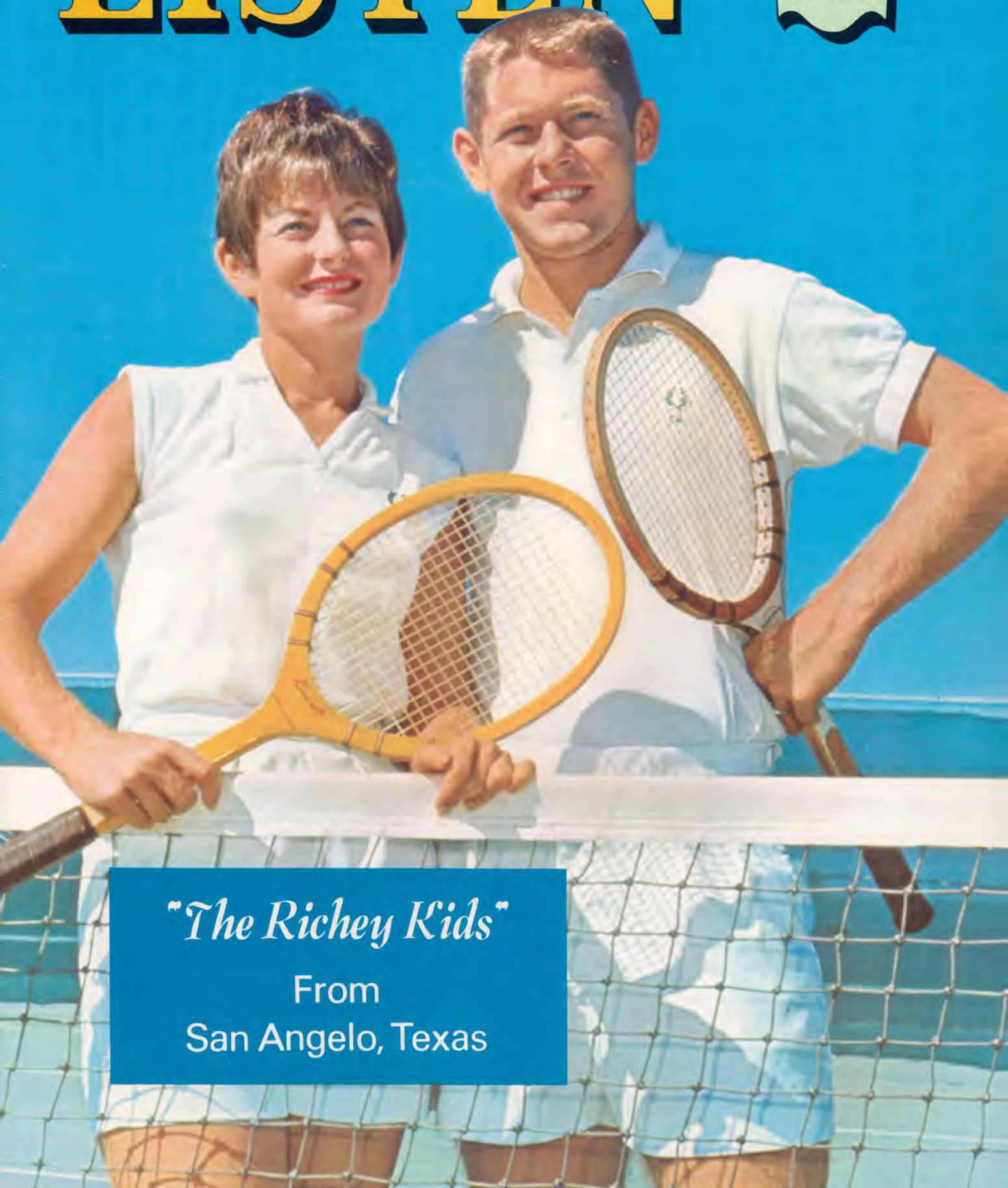


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



"The Richey Kids"

From
San Angelo, Texas

Triumph of Vulgarity

Probably no observer of our modern scene is more astute or perceptive than is the *Wall Street Journal*. And small wonder—its specialty is to watch carefully for trends in business and signs of prosperity or recession and note the reasons for such indications.

Thus it merits more than passing attention when the *Journal* takes a look at society in general and evaluates what is taking place about us.

"Much of what is annoying or depressing about contemporary life can be described in one word—vulgarity," it said editorially not long ago.

"It is an ironic circumstance in a time when educators, bureaucrats, and commentators prate hopefully of progress in the 'pursuit of excellence,' of improving the 'quality of life,' of the wonders to be wrought by universal higher education. It sometimes seems the actual trend is mostly away from excellence."

The *Journal* follows with a series of examples of this trend. "Witness, for a start, the state of painting and other arts. If art reflects the dominant mood of a society, it makes a sad commentary; pop, op, psychedelic, or whatever, its distinctive feature is mindlessness. . . . The same stricture applies to many—certainly not all—current musical, theatrical, and literary works."

And the editor goes on, "Next on our list of unlovables, obsession with the slovenly is grotesquely evident in the phenomenon of the drug-drunk hippies. They would not merit mention except that their careless attitudes are also found to some degree in a much larger segment of the population, namely teen-agers. Whatever else anyone may think about the hippies, going around in rags and crowding together in filthy rooms—by choice, that is—constitute a triumph of vulgarity."

Further examples are noted in "the excessive and often gratuitous pornography now permeating practically every avenue of communication," and the trend of "high fashion," which designs for women today gowns that are "remarkably ugly, mechanistic things." These rate "some kind of award for crudity."

"Advertising," the editorial continues, "has never been known for subtlety or great artistic achievement, particularly in the case of radio and TV commercials, and these appear to be getting worse. You might almost suspect that the copywriters and announcers have convinced themselves they have to appeal to a lower breed of audience than heretofore."

In summary, the *Journal* observes, "Far from the so-called pursuit of excellence, much of human activity today seems geared to appeasing the lowest common denominator." It is "a disturbing debasement of standards," which "inevitably raises doubts about the quality of life in the future."

This description, of course, does not take into consideration the beautiful, the attractive, the positive—the many aspects of life today that add to living and make it worthwhile. But it is indeed accurate in pointing out many of the sore spots, those things that muddy the waters and smudge the scene. If these unsavory and distractive elements could be cared for, what improvement there would be in our world!



LISTEN

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- ★ "Do You Need Fixing?" This will give you a real lift if you worry a great deal over your troubles.

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DECEPTIVE Sweets

*Do they create
a taste for addiction?*

Photography:
Schiff, Three Lions



▲ This chocolate cigar duplicates a real stogie, even to the holder. Not unnaturally, this lad likes to pretend; it may even be hours before he unwraps and eats his goodie. He enjoys the idea of smoking more than he does candy.

◀ What habits may develop eventually! Treats such as bubble-gum cigarettes, chocolate cigars—even candy pistols and chocolate beer bottles—help convince youngsters the real things are fun.

THE DELICACIES which these children are obviously enjoying were purchased during an ordinary shopping tour through several well-known stores—dime, drug, and department.

These candy cigarettes and pills were priced so low that any child with a bit of spending money could have bought them himself or talked a parent into purchasing them with hardly an argument.

Yet these “goodies” are dangerous. Manufactured exclusively for a child’s taste, they share a common, built-in factor that ensures continuing resales. Even after a child outgrows the product, he will find a satisfying replacement, for that is the pattern compelled by a deep-rooted habit.





At the corner drugstore, dad and son buy their cigarettes together. Father's are made of tobacco, the son's of milk chocolate or bubble gum. In acquiring a liking for "cigarettes," and developing so early the psychology of their use, the child will be all the more likely a confirmed smoker of the real ones long before he is a teen-ager.

Playing doctor, this lad makes an "injection" with a toy hypo filled with small candies. Syringes are hardly playthings, especially when coupled with the sweet thoughts of candy. Habitual use of such a toy could contribute later to the use of dangerous drugs.

These seemingly innocent products are each habit-forming. They convert to cash profit the psychological truth that youngsters, highly impressionable of personality and taste, automatically emulate habits and actions of parents and other older persons.

Hence, from a sales viewpoint such habit psychology is as intrinsic a part of the product as color, packaging, shape, and how it is to be enjoyed (flavor, feel)—whatever feature attracted the youngster initially. But it is the high bad-habit-forming potential and rather less the content which renders the products pictured so dangerous when used during a youngster's formative years. If, for example, a bubble-gum cigarette gives pleasure, who knows how soon the resultant habit naturally enough will demand a tobacco cigarette, and eventually a marijuana cigarette? Perhaps from there on to—

Many stores mix in with harmless toys such things as chocolate cigarettes, cigars, or pipes, and liquid-filled candy bottles looking like beer or wine bottles. This is not conducive to developing safeguards in juvenile minds against dangerous habits.



If a child is allowed to keep her own bottle of candy pills in the medicine cabinet, near the family prescriptions and first-aid supplies, as an aspect of her wanting to feel grown up, it is not difficult for her to mistake the real pills for hers, or to feel that any pills resembling hers are merely for fun too.



Candy pills are a sweetly dangerous treat for a tot. Packaged like many prescriptions, and resembling real pills, such candy can easily lead to confusion in the child's eyes and mind, so that thoughtlessly he may swallow medicinal pills, with serious consequences. Moreover, a narcotics habit can sprout from such a candy beginning.



SHADOWS

"A shadow is more than a dark spot on the wall."

THE ROSES cast elongated shadows on the chapel wall. I counted them. What the minister was saying wasn't relevant; he was talking about a man who had been a stranger to him, a person I didn't recognize from his description.

There were more shadows than people. Maybe if we hadn't lied, the people would have outnumbered the shadows.

But the newspapers had lied too. On the day he died in an apartment-house fire, reporters and radio newscasters and television cameramen had swarmed the tiny enclosure. Because it happened on the day before a holiday—a time when people smoke a lot, burn candles, light fires in their fireplaces, and are generally jubilantly careless—they gave the episode full treatment. Unable to contact the widow (who was working), and pressed by deadlines, they concocted a dramatic story of how he had fallen asleep on a davenport with a lighted cigarette. An alarm clock, they said, had wakened him to a smoke-filled room from which he had been unable to escape. The cameras then zeroed in on the telephone, melted into a black free-form puddle. And they followed the sheet-swaddled stretcher to the ambulance.

I watched with abstract horror, believing the tale—until they announced the victim's name. The dead man was my father. I had recognized neither the charred apartment nor the mutilated human figure.

The fact that the alarm clock had stopped the day before, and that he never lay on the davenport, neither my mother nor I mentioned to anyone. Nor did we say that a half hour earlier, when she had departed for work, he had been sitting at the kitchen table drinking, as he had on countless past occasions. Or that the most likely explanation was that he had dropped a match on his robe, and in his disoriented state, had attempted to run, falling near the telephone, igniting the curtains. None of this seemed important—they were details after the fact, truths that could not undo what was done.

Yet, sitting there in the chapel in the company of those unmoving gray stalks that resembled the forms of friends who should have been there and weren't, made me recall all the other lies we had told in his lifetime: "He is working," "He is sick," "Sorry, he had to go out of town," we told those who inquired, when he failed to make an expected appearance. We agreed with him when he said, "I am not well," but we never mentioned the name of his illness—or talked about a cure. Our little understanding would have hurt him or made him angry. And, I suppose, the protracted game of Secret enabled us to keep face over a period of time longer than I now willingly admit.

At any rate, little by little his friends stopped calling. The

announcement of his death stunned many, because in their minds he had ceased to exist years before. They responded with flowers, memorial contributions, and vague, cautious letters of condolence. But they did not come to the service. It was hard for them to remember him, what he had looked like, the kind of man he was, and, even more embarrassing, what his illness had been—and if, perhaps, they had failed him. Their compassion was dredged up out of their complex of memories—the losses they themselves had at one time suffered—and was tendered us, the living.

How do I know what these well-meaning individuals felt? It is what I feel. While my father was alive, I could not recall the face that had been dear to me in childhood. The one that I repetitively saw was a stranger's: dull, unresponsive, frequently distorted in anger, frustration, and often the terrible anguish of temporary withdrawal. He was a different man too from the one who, when I was young, handed me moral scripts in story form while sitting on the edge of my bed at night. Finally, I could think of him as nothing so much as a very sick man. I had too frequently been summoned to hospitals to find him tethered, his wrists and ankles raw from his struggle against the restraints, his gown smothered in vomitus, his eyes uncomprehending. Cause was forgotten in this miasma of obvious symptoms.

But, as the sun diminishes the shadows on the white chapel walls, I know that yesterday is gone, that it cannot now be amended, and that tomorrow is almost here—tomorrow when I must address many people, those who sent their sympathies and, more importantly, those from whom I didn't hear. The ones I do not even know. I must speak to each honestly and without guilt.

To the first I shall say, simply: "Thank you for your kind expression of sympathy; I loved my father, his death grieves me." They will be cheered, believing they have cheered me.

To the others, those who, as I did, despair in silence, comes an additional message. I loved my father, but it was a timid love; I was constantly on the alert for pain. It is only now that I am able to love him wholly—now that the present cannot affront me, now that I am free to discard the dark memories and to forage through the sweet. His death grieves me, even more than if all along I'd been able to love him as I do at this moment.

A shadow is more than a dark spot on a wall. It is the reminder of another existence, a cloud under which human beings cower. It is an elusive and secret thing. Love cannot flourish in the shade.

LSD

A Trip Without a Return Ticket?

SLOWLY the detective drew the blood-stained blanket over the badly slashed and mutilated body of the middle-aged woman. Obviously, this was the work of a fiend—a wild, unprincipled, lustful maniac bent on murder.

The only clue in the case was a missing son-in-law, a medical school dropout who was having difficulty getting along with his wife. He had threatened the life of his mother-in-law, and now had abused his wife so badly that she was forced to leave him.

Efficient police work soon found the mixed-up and befuddled thirty-year-old delinquent holed up in a dingy apartment. When questioned, he could only look at the police through glassy, unfocused eyes and babble: "What am I here for? Did I kill

Colleen Curtis

someone? Man, I've been flying high for three days on LSD!"

This incident is not a "might happen" or a "could happen"; this is a "did happen."

But before we "turn on" with LSD, let's turn the light on LSD itself to see what it really is. LSD is a colorless, tasteless, odorless substance that belongs to a group of drugs called "hallucinogens," so-called because they induce a person to "hallucinate" or imagine things. 1/300,000 of an ounce of LSD—a literal microscopic speck—is capable of sending a person on a so-called "trip" for eight to ten hours, accompanied by flashing lights, colorful patterns, and an exotic array of hallucinations and images.

The LSD craze has swept college campuses from coast to coast. But even more frightening is the fact that this potent chemical can be manufactured by anyone with a high school knowledge of chemistry.

According to LSD's chief proponent, Dr. Timothy Leary, ex-Harvard instructor, LSD opens the door to "ecstasy, sensual unfolding, religious experience, revelation, illumination, and contact with nature," it "turns a person on," it is "mind-expanding," it intensifies every sense we have. It releases energy and is the long-sought-after fountain of youth.

Admitting that young LSD users become drop-outs from society, that they often lose their motivation and become unable to adjust to reality, evasive Leary says, "There *is* an LSD dropout problem, but it's nothing to worry about. It's something to cheer. The lesson I have learned from over 300 LSD sessions, can be stated in six syllables: Turn on, tune in, drop out."

If what the controversial Dr. Leary says is true, this drug would be the most far-reaching, most dynamic, most powerful, and the most desirable drug yet discovered by man! But when one considers a little further the claims made for this drug, he finds quite another picture.

Leary claims that *no one* has ever become *addicted* to LSD, but he ignores the fact that even one dose of the drug no larger than a speck of dust not only produces an effect that lasts for several hours, but that this effect may keep recurring—may even be permanent.

Leary claims that only one person in 10,000 ever develops insanity, yet Dr. Donald B. Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction states that 130 cases of insanity due to LSD were admitted to Bellevue Hospital in New York in a period of sixteen months. He personally examined 100 of these cases.

Leary further claims that no human being has

ever been known to *die* as a *direct result* of an *overdose* of LSD. Yet among the cases admitted to Bellevue, one out of ten was either a homicide or a suicide attempt.

What of the student in Los Angeles who turned on with LSD two years ago to "expand his outlook" on life? He "turned on" with such confidence that he walked boldly into the path of a speeding car on a busy boulevard, raised his hand in the false belief that he could "will" the speeding vehicle to an instantaneous halt. Of course he was wrong, and paid for his hallucination with his life.

Or what about the otherwise-well-adjusted young woman whose business colleagues prankishly slipped LSD into her soft drink? Her "trip" included a profound suicidal depression that caused her to take her life.

This unpredictable drug can give its users the impression they are birds or snowflakes. They may even think they can fly.

For example, consider the twenty-year-old student actor, son of a prominent professional man, who took an LSD "trip" while being watched by a friend who was to "stand by" to see that everything went all right. While the friend left the room momentarily, the "trip" took the young man out a fourth-story window.

Dr. James L. Goddard, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, calls LSD trips a "chemical Russian roulette." He further states that LSD presents "one of the most dangerous challenges in our time." In spite of twenty years of experimentation and some 2,000 articles on the subject, not one medical use for the drug has been found!

In the place of "mind expansion," many have found a narrow, extremely confining room in the psychiatric ward. In the place of promised peace of mind that was to come from greater insight, many have found only panic, shock, disorientation, and confusion. In some tragic cases, they have found suicide.

So dangerous and unpredictable have been even the medical experiments conducted by legitimate doctors, that the only remaining drug company producing LSD gave it up in April, 1966.

So in taking another look at this so-called "heavenly" drug, we find that—

LSD is so unpredictable that doctors fear to experiment with it.

LSD is so dangerous that it can cause permanent insanity.

LSD can make its user fly so high that he doesn't know when he commits murder.

LSD is so potent that a tiny speck can give a one-way ticket down the road—perhaps to suicide.

Do *you* want to take this chance with *your* life?



“The Richey Kids” - TOPS IN TENNIS

IT HAS never happened before in tennis history! Nancy Richey, a beautiful 5'3" player from Texas, was fighting to the last ditch to retain her hold on the National Clay Court championship. Two more points against her, and it could be all over.

Then suddenly the loudspeaker announced the beginning of the men's finals on the court adjoining Nancy's court, and the contender in this new match was her brother, Cliff Richey.

A moment of surprised silence followed, then an official called, "Somebody hold that next match."

"Can't," shouted a camera crewman. "This one goes on TV."

"That's a frame-up," commented a match observer.

"No frame-up, just an unbelievable coincidence," responded someone running by who happened to hear the comment. "We don't want it, but it is too late to stop it now."

George Richey, Cliff's father and coach, took Cliff's jacket. "It's a tough break, Son. If Nancy hangs on out there, you'll just have to plug your ears and try not to listen. You'll lose this match if you don't concentrate all the way, and it is the most important one of your life up till now."

That was at Chicago in 1965, and Cliff still buries his head in his hands every time he thinks about it, as he lost that final and Nancy went on to win hers.

Known the world over as the "Richey Kids," Nancy and Cliff are the most remarkable brother-sister combination in tennis today. In '66 Nancy was ranked No. 1 in the United States (held jointly with Mrs. Billie Jean King), and Cliff was No. 3. And during '66 the Richey kids pulled another big first in tennis history by winning the Adult Men's and Women's Singles in the United States Clay Court Tournament at Milwaukee, and they won these titles on the same day!

"How did these two get this way?" is a question often heard from people who watch Cliff and Nancy; but those who know the family know how they got that way. George Richey, their father, is one of the top tennis coaches of the country, and Betty, a slender, very attractive woman who certainly looks too young to be the mother of Cliff and Nancy, is herself an accomplished tennis professional. The family eats, sleeps, talks, breathes, and plays tennis with an intensity that involves their entire lives.

"Of course, some people don't understand us," Betty says to me as she sits on the sofa in their attractive ranch-style home. "A few people actually get angry at us if we are too busy playing tennis to socialize when they want us to. But the thing is, we are pouring everything into a family effort, and we are doing it simply because we want to. It is no drudgery to us; it is thrilling and challenging."

"And we couldn't do it without Mom and Dad," Cliff

Interview by Marjorie Grant Burns

joins in. "Dad coaches and warms us up before games. Mom tends to the clothes and cooking, and keeps us all cheered up. It's work for all of us, but it's fun. I wouldn't exchange it for anything I know of."

Cliff is a solidly built 5'9", intense, good-looking high school graduate. He has dragged a tennis racket around since he could manage to hold the thing, and that racket has taken him all over the world.

In 1962 Cliff was National Boys' Champion, and he won the Junior title a year later. In '66 he was the third-ranking player in the United States, following Dennis Ralston and Arthur Ashe. He has been invited twice to play with the United States Davis Cup team. And Cliff is just nineteen and may well become, according to some experts, the world's leading tennis player. He has things to overcome, but he has time on his side, and a determination that never quits.

Cliff is a thoughtful, forceful talker. When asked if his diet always has to be strict, he looks a little sheepishly at his mother and says, "Well, when I'm home I snitch a little. Mom keeps little things in the icebox, and I get in there now and then."

When Cliff says this I have visions of ice cream, soda pop, cake, pie. It turns out to be carrot sticks, stuffed celery, apples, and the like. Cliff's idea of falling off his diet is mild to say the least, and brings a hearty laugh from all of us. His mother doesn't discredit the situation by keeping a lot of sweets around to begin with. And there might be ashtrays in the house, but if so I didn't see them. No one in the family smokes, or drinks for that matter.

Nancy is a quiet girl and weighs just 120 pounds. How such a small girl could account for eight national women's titles is hard to see. And in January of '67 she took the women's singles in Australia. But Nancy has had fine training, and most of all she is totally dedicated to the business of tennis. She never breaks training, seldom dates, and would rather play tennis than eat. Nancy is the first to admit she has some things to do if she arrives at Wimbledon, the most prestigious of all the tournaments. Nancy's specialty is clay court, Wimbledon is played on grass. But she intends to keep at it, taking each goal in her stride as it comes. Her ground strokes are formidable. Her game is consistent and tireless, and she usually wears her opponents down until they finally begin to make mistakes. Nancy may be overpowered by a rival, but she seldom loses because of making mistakes herself. In fact, her father says, "I know of only two matches Nancy has lost because of errors on her part."

The Richey family is close-knit, and Cliff feels his dad would be hard to improve on. "Dad had an accident that permanently injured his right arm, you know," Cliff recalls. "So he took up tennis, and taught himself to play with his left hand. He kept at it until he was eighth in world standings, using a left arm that was unnatural to him."

Cliff's reputation for temper on the courts is understood by a dad who had to fight to become a left-hander. "Cliff is loaded with fight. I could nag him on it, but he needs this fight. When he finally gets it under control, it will help him win." It is evident that Cliff is gaining in getting himself under control.

Turning back to Nancy, I ask what her greatest thrill has been so far. She smiles, and her eyes take on a dancing sparkle. "I'll tell you what it was. I was up in Boston, and



the people up there kept laughing at me, as a doubles player. So when the officials announced my partner and me for a doubles against two other girls in the finals of the U.S. National Doubles Championship, and we came out, you know what happened? The stands laughed right out loud at us. It made us so mad we played like fury. And we won! That was the biggest thrill of my life." (Nancy's partner in this game was Carole Graebner.)

Dad Richey says his biggest thrill came when Cliff won his first National Junior title at the age of fifteen.

Cliff grins and says, "I'll tell you one thing, I started this game pretty early. Once I lost a match because I saw a bird caught in a drain, and I couldn't get my mind back on the game. That was in Houston, and I must have been about seven, I think."

"What do you think has contributed most to your becoming a tennis player in the first place?" I question.

"Mom's willingness to put up with the changes and variations a sport always brings into any family. She never fussed, was always glad and willing to help. Early, late, or whenever, she always was happy and excited, and it inspired me. The *kind* of player I am, of course, comes from Dad."

George Richey says, however, that he has given both Nancy and Cliff a lot of latitude so that they could develop their individual strengths. As one observes their play, the differences become apparent. Nancy is a baseliner, and can hit harder than any other woman I know of from the back court. She seldom goes to the net, but Cliff is a formidable net rusher. On the forehand they have identical Eastern grips. Nancy, because of less weight and strength, will grip the racket a little higher to gain weight and control. Nancy varies again on her backhand grip, putting her thumb up the back instead of Cliff's wrap around, and again it's to gain strength.



George Richey coaches his son, trying to develop the best in every detail of his playing.

... "The Richey Kids"

Cliff uses an extreme Continental grip in forehand volley, but Nancy modifies to semi-Continental because of the strength difference. Even their serves vary, although in this instance their grips are identical. It is obvious that they have both benefited greatly by the wisdom of a dad who can be both objective and individualized with them in their training program.

"What do your friends think of your interest in tennis?" I ask Cliff.

"Well, some go along; they have interests themselves. But most keep saying, 'Aw, quit that stuff and come have a little fun.' The thing is, what is fun? I wouldn't have fun goofing around like they do. Fun, to me, is trying to reach my goal. I enjoy tennis. Even running and jumping rope to help my legs is a challenge to me. I enjoy it." Cliff has been plagued at times by severe leg cramps.

And when two kids can go out and practice on a court too hot to go barefooted on just to improve a stroke a little, or a serve, then they must be made of the stuff champions are made of. When they play each other, Cliff usually wins now. Time was when Nancy trounced him so thoroughly that Cliff nearly lost his mind to frustration. "So now this beating is good for her," he grins. Nancy isn't so sure, but she endures it gracefully.

At the end of the living room in their spacious ranch house in San Angelo, Texas, are the shelves containing the great array of trophies Nancy and Cliff have won. Some are large, almost too large for Nancy to carry around. Some are very small. But in each is bound up a story in effort, in clean living, and in devotion to a good goal. These kids won't fail, even if they don't win.

"I don't smoke or drink; neither does Nancy. A good athlete cannot afford to. Sometimes one of the top ten in tennis may sell his name for advertising, but if he really does make a habit of smoking or drinking, he won't stay at the top long."

Cliff crosses his knees, clasps his hands across them, and warms to his subject. "It seems to me that one of the big problems today is parents who are so lazy they squelch every

Practice is the most important essential in achieving the heights of tennis perfection.



desire their kids express to excell in some field. It might take money to buy a tennis racket, a ball glove, a fishing pole, a golf club. And it takes time to teach a kid, time to go to games, time even to show interest. So why bother?"

"How do kids react to this?"

"Well, whatever dream it was the kid had, that resistance and lack of interest by the parents often kills it. The next thing the parent knows, he has a teen-age drifter on his hands who refuse to excel in anything. A little help at nine or ten, and that kid would have headed for the stars. Now he couldn't care less."

"Do you feel this way about the younger kids, Nancy?"

"Yes, I do. And I feel I owe any and all of them whatever help I can give. You can't hoard things to yourself and be happy and personally rewarded. Life is sharing."

"Has tennis given things to you?"

Nancy dimples, and her eyes crinkle. "So much! I've learned personal courage, how to keep on when I am losing, how to win gracefully. And I've learned to ignore people who stand around and criticize even when you are trying to give your best."

Cliff leans forward. "Most people don't understand the price of becoming a champion. You simply can't divide yourself. You can't spend time doing things that don't contribute. A party, for instance, would be fun socially; but it actually would be lost time from more needful things and lost energy expended in something that doesn't contribute at all. If you are trying to head for the top, some things you might do otherwise have to be sacrificed to the overall goal."

nts in the serious business of tennis are
by Dad and Mom Richey, both of whom
are tennis greats in their own right.



After a workout on the
courts, a smile takes
the strain out of
heavy concentration on
the game.



"Do you feel cheated sometimes, bypassing these things?"

"Never," rejoins Cliff emphatically. "Pushing for my goal is the greatest happiness I know. A worthwhile goal is the best guarantee of happiness to any kid."

Cliff hitches himself into a more comfortable position on the couch, eyes me intensely, and continues, "Mrs. Burns, you may think this is silly, or a bit egotistical. I don't mean it that way, but I actually feel sorry for kids today. Kids my age. They ride around in cars, date every girl who comes along, drink. But are they happy? They don't even know what they want from life. Know what this does to a kid? Leaves him with no identity at all. He drifts. And you know the quickest way to any kind of trouble is to be a drifter."

"Yes, I do know. And too many kids are learning this every day. Cliff, you mentioned self-discipline when we first started talking. What's your definition of this term?"

Cliff stretches his legs far out on the rug, his eyes examine the soles of his tennis shoes, and he frowns thoughtfully. Finally he says, "To me self-discipline is doing the things I know to be right. I don't think one reaches his peak without it."

"Do you find this too demanding at times?"

"Well, no, I can't say that. You see, self-discipline rewards you along the way, as well as at the top. And that is what makes it really worthwhile, I think."

The conversation turns to Nancy. "Nancy, if you had a chance to say just one thing to kids starting out in tennis, what would it be?"

Nancy rocks in the little chair to which she has moved, glances sideways at me, and says in her soft way, "I'd tell them if they want to play tennis, *start right*. Find a dependable person, take a few lessons, then hit a million balls."

After looking at the trophies, somehow our talk turned to LSD. The Richeys have been so busy they haven't read the last reports, so I tell them of the last clinical report that I had read. "Why," said Cliff, looking up at Spencer Gordon, the *Listen* cover photographer, "that stuff would scare me to death." Something for the LSD user to sneer at perhaps, but no mature mind would sneer at it. His statement carries very mature weight, considering all that Cliff has seen and experienced in his travels all over the world. It is evident that he and Nancy see no need to turn their minds over to a drug to get a thrill. They get their thrills from life.

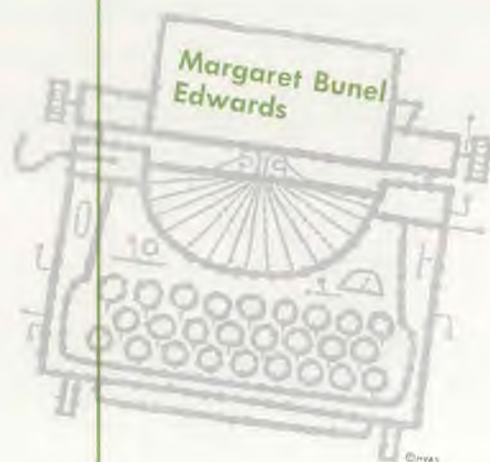
This year will bring its changes for Nancy and Cliff as each year does when one is in constant competition. But I'll settle for the year that breaks tennis history again—the year that two kids, brother and sister, reach the top at the same time!

And whatever happens, I know of two kids who will always be the stronger, the better, and the richer in health, attitudes, memories, and happiness for having given everything they had to trying. Even tennis asks no more than that! And that is exactly what it will always get—from Nancy and Cliff Richey.



NO OTHER CHOICE

"I'd rather pinch pennies any day."



SHE had until tomorrow morning to give her answer. Marion Hargroves fitted a fresh piece of paper into her typewriter and tried to think clearly. The business of the advertising agency hummed about her, and she felt as if her co-workers were glancing pointedly her way.

You are forty-three years old, she reminded herself sternly, and older women are seldom offered a promotion like this. In fact, you are lucky to be working with the Bingham Agency at all. So why don't you accept the new job right away instead of saying you'll have to think it over?

Marion stifled a sigh and rearranged her notes for the benefit of Lydia Craig at the next desk. Lydia was obviously curious to know why she'd been called into the manager's office, and Marion didn't want to give her a chance to ask questions.

Almost wearily she adjusted her smart new glasses with the pearl frames that flattered her blue eyes and complimented her graying, upswept hair. Her navy dress fitted trimly, and she looked every inch the capable ad writer she was.

She'd been fortunate, she realized. When her son, Wally, started to college, her salary had been needed for the extra expense. He had helped by working during the summer, but this year there were fewer opportunities. So far he hadn't any work lined up and unless, through a stroke of fortune, he had

heard of something today, she would feel obliged to accept the promotion tomorrow.

Perhaps she was being silly even to hesitate. After all, the ads she wrote would not have her name on them, so no one could identify them as to author.

The problem bothered her all afternoon, and not even the warm spring sunshine cheered her as she hurried briskly along the sidewalk on her way home from the bus stop.

Wally had already set the table when she opened the front door. She hung her coat up and stepped softly along the beige carpeting in the hall. Perhaps he would have good news about a summer job.

She didn't need to ask. He was doing homework in the breakfast nook, his wide shoulders hunched over his books, his young face earnest with concentration. Yet she could tell by the quiet smile and the slight shrug of those shoulders that there was nothing new.

Disappointed, she quickly tied on an apron and busied herself with making a salad. "Have a good day?" she inquired, trying to keep her tone light.

"Sure," he replied noncommittally. There was a shade of hesitation in his voice. He's keeping something from me, she sensed. He had his dad's aggravating habit of deliberating at length before speaking.

"By the way," Wally began, finally, almost too casually, "I had a chance

of a job today, but I turned it down."

She felt her fingers tighten angrily on the spoon, and it took all her will-power not to turn round and explode. How could he turn down a chance!

"Before you stir the bottom out of that pot," and Wally's amused voice cut across her furious thoughts, "I'll try to explain how it happened."

"Yes, do," she snapped, whirling to face him.

"Actually, Mum, I turned down the job because of you," he continued, his eyes completely serious as he held her glance. "You see, it was with Dawson's Brewery. They wanted an undergrad in biology to work on yeast cultures for them."

She slowly sat down beside him on the padded bench. "The pay was good, but I guess I know how you feel about the liquor business. I couldn't live here without listening to you and seeing that you won't have an alcoholic drink in the house. Since you've worked so hard to help me, I have an idea you'd rather see me with a pick and shovel, digging ditches for less money, than developing a tastier beer." He was smiling now, and she joined in, a little shakily, to be sure.

"You turned down a job today, Wally," she said, "and tomorrow bright and early I'll turn down a promotion which would involve ad writing for a liquor company. I'd rather pinch pennies any day than feel the pinch of conscience."

Will Hot Dogs Contribute to Alcoholism?



Rats are frequently used as experimental animals in laboratory research. In order to measure results accurately, the technician controls everything the rat eats and drinks, and at times even what he breathes.

Athletes Must Avoid Use of Drugs in Olympics

Athletes competing in the 1968 Olympic Games and in future Olympics will have to sign a pledge that they will not use drugs to improve their performances and must agree to submit to medical examinations, the International Olympic Committee has ruled.

An Olympic medical center will be set up at Mexico City where official doctors and specialists can check for the use of dope or stimulants.

Included in the category of "dope" are the following: alcohols, pep pills, cocaine, vasodilators, opiates such as opium, morphine, heroin, hashish, and anabolic steroids.

Anabolic steroids are defined as male hormones that increase the size of muscles and that are taken over a long period of time. They cannot be detected by a normal spot medical check.

LSD May Promote Leukemia

Investigators report a high rate of chromosomal damage among six out of eight LSD users. The type of damage found in the blood of the users raises the possibility that both leukemia and autoimmune disorders could be the result of LSD use.

One of the abnormal chromosomes found in two users was similar to that occurring in a type of leukemia, say Dr. Samuel Irwin and Jose Egozcue of the Oregon Regional Primate Research Center in Portland.

Of the eight LSD users studied, six showed a 22 percent to 38 percent chromosomal breakage, three to four times the normal rate of

abnormality in humans. Chromosomes are the hereditary units that direct cell reproduction.

By contrast only one of nine non-LSD users showed abnormal chromosomal damage. The one who did had had X-ray therapy for acne several years previously. It is well known that X rays damage chromosomes.

There seemed to be no relationship between the number of LSD doses and chromosomal damage. One of the users, for example, had taken only four doses and showed damage.



Not a riot or a demonstration, this scene is of young German helpers of the International Young People's Association Service who chose, instead of a skiing holiday, to work hard in Florence, Italy, helping to clean up flood debris.

Persons who drink a lot of coffee, live on nutritionally poor diets, and use a lot of spices may be driving themselves to alcoholic drink, according to Dr. U. D. Register, associate professor of biochemistry, Loma Linda University.

An extensive study on the effect of diet on consumption of alcohol in rats conducted by six university researchers headed by Dr. Register, concluded that experimental animals which were fed meals eaten by many Americans developed an abnormal taste for alcohol when coffee and spices were added to their diet.

Results of the study have been reported by Dr. Register at the 51st annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, in Chicago, Illinois.

In the university laboratory, where rats were fed a popular American diet consisting of doughnuts and coffee for breakfast; sweet rolls and coffee for the 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. breaks; hot dogs with mustard and pickle relish, a soft drink with apple pie, and coffee for lunch; spaghetti and meatballs, French bread, green beans, chopped salad, chocolate cake, and coffee for dinner; a candy bar, cookies, and coffee for a "television snack"; and were given a choice of water or a solution of 10 percent alcohol to drink, the rats chose to drink about five times more alcohol than a group of rats on a milk-vegetable control diet.

The animals decreased their alcohol intake to low levels or completely gave up the drinking habit when they were fed nutritionally balanced meals.

While there is not, as yet, conclusive evidence linking diet and alcohol consumption in man, Dr. Register believes that "this study will discover possible factors in the diet or habits of man that might aid in preventing the progressive onset of alcoholism in problem drinkers."

In This NEWS

★ When smoking stops, lung damage is reversed. See page 14.

★ What does the Berlin Wall have to do with alcoholism? See page 15.

★ Firewater is expensive to the Navajo Indians living in the Southwest. See page 16.

Lungs Start to Heal When Smoking Stops

A New Jersey scientist who produced most of the factual evidence that cigarette smoking causes cancer has offered factual evidence that lung damage is reversed if smoking is stopped.

Dr. Oscar Auerbach, senior medical investigator, Veterans' Administration Hospital, East Orange, New Jersey, got his new evidence by dissecting the lungs of 216 men who had died of causes other than lung cancer. Seventy-two had never smoked cigarettes, seventy-two were smokers when they died, and seventy-two had stopped smoking at least five years before death.

Each group of seventy-two was matched individually with the other



Dr. Oscar Auerbach uses a high-power microscope to present evidence that damage to the lungs is reversed when smoking is stopped.

groups as to age at death, occupation, and residential history. The ex-smokers and continued smokers were matched as to amounts smoked. Each set of lungs was cut into fifty-five sections covering the bronchial tree.

Technical difficulties reduced the potential of 11,880 sections to 10,861 which were examined microscopically for cellular abnormalities. Of the sections from continued smokers, 97.8 percent revealed the abnormalities. Of ex-smokers' sections, 66.6 percent revealed them, and the total for men who had never smoked was only 25.7 percent.

Dr. Auerbach's previous contributions to the scientific case against cigarette smoking were detailed postmortem microscopic studies of thousands of lungs from cigarette smokers, some of whom had died of lung cancer. They revealed consistent cellular abnormalities interpreted as precancerous which were found in much smaller numbers in lungs from nonsmokers. The other evidence against cigarette smoking is statistical.

The most common abnormality was in the nucleus of the cell which caused it to resemble the nucleus of a cancer cell. Auerbach found this abnormality in 93.2 percent of the sections from smokers and in only 6 percent from ex-smokers, and 1.2 percent from nonsmokers.

Walking—Most Popular

Americans may be getting soft, but the Government says that their favorite outdoor recreation in the summer is walking, not driving.

Walking for pleasure has increased in popularity faster than any other major outdoor recreation since 1960, according to a survey compiled by the Census Bureau.

Swimming also is becoming more popular, and by 1980 it is expected to displace walking as the No. 1 outdoor recreation activity, the report says.

Can't Dream? Watch Out for D.T.'s

The pink elephants, scurrying mice, and other strange hallucinations that are part of an alcoholic's delirium tremens may be due to his inability to dream.

Dr. Roy Whitman, associate professor of psychiatry, University of Cincinnati, reports that alcohol, which is a depressant, seems to suppress dreaming and that this ultimately causes or at least contributes to the alcoholic's D.T.'s.

Scientists now know that dreaming is a vital part of sleep, says Dr. Whitman. The mind insists upon its dreams and will hallucinate when deprived of dream time.

And the problem goes beyond alcoholism. The trouble with most



Help for the Liver

Cirrhosis of the liver, the fourth most common cause of death in males under forty, is now being treated by a salt-free diet, by the use of drugs to help control the fluids, and by vessel ligation or binding off. An operation to bypass the liver with the blood supply is available.

Attack on Heart Attacks

Reported is a possible breakthrough to develop oral drugs that might help eliminate "our worst killer"—blood clots that cause coronary heart attacks. New synthetic compounds are being tested that can dissolve abnormal-type blood clots in test tubes, reports Dr. Kurt N. Von Kaula, University of Colorado.

LSD Hits Cells

Geneticists have found an unusually high incidence of genetic damage in the blood cells of persons taking the mind-expanding drug LSD. In one patient the cell disruptions were found six months after he last took LSD.

drugs that induce sleep, Dr. Whitman asserts, is that they suppress dreaming and then undermine our mental well-being. He would like to see a sedative developed that does not inhibit our dream life.

Coming: "Seven-League" Shoes



Astronauts may one day use jet-propelled shoes to maneuver in space during extravehicular activity. Here research pilot Lee H. Person, Jr., from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, tests shoes while "riding" a six-degree-of-freedom weightlessness simulator. Four-pound thrust jets are mounted on the bottom of each shoe and are operated independently by downward flexing of toes. Streamers on the bottom of the shoes are used to check air flow.



"I'm sorry
you had
to wait so
long for
a table."

Berlin Wall Tragedy

The Berlin Wall has increased the problem of alcoholism in East Germany, especially among women, according to Dr. Dietfried Müller-Hegemann, medical director of the City Hospital for Psychiatry and Neurology in East Berlin.

Alcoholics often come from split families. This is especially the case with women.

A majority of women treated for alcoholism are alone, says this authority, either because their families are split between East and West or because their husbands and fiancés are dead. They have little chance of marrying, since East Germany has nearly twice as many women as men between the ages of 20 and 45.

He points out that the alcoholic psychosis is three times as prevalent among single women as other groups; their basic need for food and survival are filled; and they want more out of life than is possible for many single women.

Even Worse Than LSD

The hallucinogenic drugs like LSD are stimulating the most interest among youth today, but the most dangerous drug of all at the present time is alcohol, says Dr. William Lorack, psychiatrist, Butte County, California.

Nearly two million persons have difficulty with it, 20,000 are permanently crippled by it, and it is responsible for one out of every two arrests, he points out.

Is Alcoholism Curable?

There is no cure for the alcoholic, but he can frequently be rehabilitated and returned to the mainstream of life, declares Dr. A. M. Schneidmuhl, director, Baltimore Alcoholism Clinic.

"There is no cure," he explains,

"if the word 'cure' is defined as restitution to pre-illness or social drinking level. Alcoholism is a chronic condition similar to tuberculosis—incurable, but arrestable."

Drying Out Pisa's Tower

Electricity may be the tool used to straighten out Italy's Leaning Tower of Pisa.

A current passing between iron electrodes planted in the ground on the side away from the tilt could draw the water out of the soil beneath the tower's high side, letting that side settle as the soil compressed, says Melvin I. Esrig, associate professor of civil engineering at Cornell University.

The process has been used successfully in Mexico City to straighten out buildings up to twenty-two stories high that had been tilted by an earthquake. An international competition is now open for proposals of ways to save the 179-foot Tower of Pisa, which now leans fourteen feet ten inches from the perpendicular.

Why Car Crashes?

An \$8.7-million program to find the causes of and cures for traffic accidents has been set into motion by the Federal Highway Administration.

Including some thirty areas of safety research, the program is probing the performance of both new and used vehicles, the protection of occupants when a crash occurs, the testing of vehicles for safety reliability, the training of experts to carry on safety campaigns, and the role of alcohol and other agents in accidents.

Dr. William Haddon, Jr., director, is a physician and is particularly interested in alcohol's part in the steadily climbing traffic toll.

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

★ Smoking a single pack of cigarettes a day is about as bad as being ninety pounds overweight. People who refuse to give up smoking for fear of getting fat would be healthier if they were chubby and smokeless. (Dr. E. S. Gordon, University of Wisconsin; Dr. Jean Mayer, Harvard)

★ Nearly \$9 million a year is spent in Rhode Island for illegal drugs. Many of the drug users steal to support their habit. (AP)

★ Some four million cases of gonorrhea occur annually in the United States, but probably "less than 10 percent" are reported. The disease is "the leading bacterial infection in adults, and is spreading virtually unchecked in the nation's metropolitan areas." (National Communicable Disease Center)

★ Last year it took 1½ billion pounds of sugar and more than \$1 billion to satisfy the American sweet tooth. Artificial sweeteners have gone up in ten years from a quarter million pounds to 10 million pounds. (Washington Star)

★ The suicide rate among physicians (33 per 100,000) is double that of average white American males, and among psychiatrists (70 per 100,000) the rate is four times the average. (Albany Medical College)

★ More people ride the subways in New York City every twenty-four hours, in cars that travel twelve times the distance around the world, than live in the five states of Nevada, Wyoming, Delaware, Arizona, and Utah. (City promotion)

★ A five-year study of the blood alcohol level of 518 persons killed on Massachusetts highways from 1962 to 1966 showed more than 60 percent impaired by alcohol. (AP)

★ It is estimated that some 2,500 highway deaths each year are suicides—deliberately undertaken. (National Foundation for Highway Safety)

★ The Illinois State Senate has passed a bill prohibiting women from inducing men to buy them drinks in taverns by winking or crossing their legs. (UPI)

Boston Is No 2!

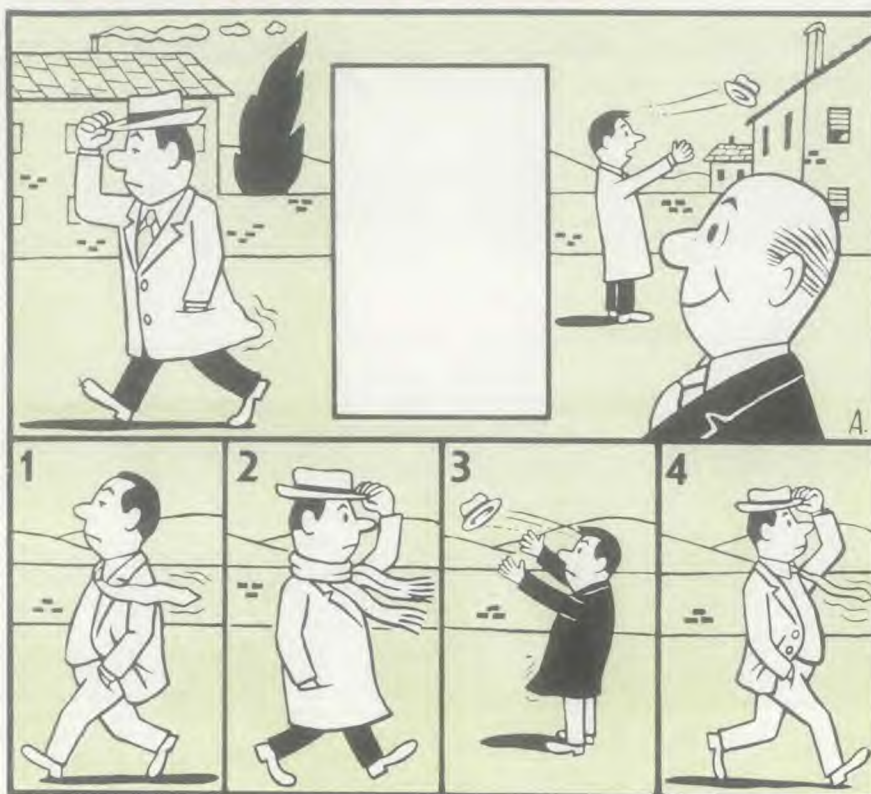
Boston is No. 2, but probably it isn't anxious to "try harder" to get into first place!

Greater Boston has more alcoholics per capita than any other city in the nation except San Francisco, according to the National Committee on Alcoholism.

One of every fourteen Greater Bostonians over eighteen years of age is an alcoholic. This means some 170,000 victims.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Singer Features



THE MISSING SQUARE: Which of the squares in the bottom row fits into the white square in the center of the picture?

Firewater Is Costly

Alcoholism is costing the Navajo Indian tribe about \$4 million a year, in the opinion of Peter MacDonald, executive director, Office of Navajo Economic Opportunity.

MacDonald, speaking at the first

Navajo tribal conference on alcoholism, at Window Rock, Arizona, said, "Drinking is one of the foremost depraving problems of the Indian people throughout the country and has in large measure contributed to the high incidence of poverty on Indian reservations."

He cited figures from the Gallup, New Mexico, police department which show that from 500 to 700 Navajos are arrested each month for drunkenness. This represents a 40 percent increase in Indian drinking since the Federal liquor prohibition for Indians was lifted in 1954.

Represented at the conference were also the tribes of Hopis and Utes from Utah, Seminoles from Florida, and the Pimas, Apaches, Salt River Indians, and Yumas from Arizona.

UN Identifies Marijuana

While its defenders insist marijuana is harmless, United Nations doctors fight for more control over the traffic in "pot," "tea," "hashish," or "kif," as it may be called.

One first step is to learn what it is. Experiments on its effects around

the world are not comparable because there is no standard "pot." Its active principles vary widely.

Made from the female cannabis plant that grows wild as well as under cultivation in many parts of the globe, marijuana is, according to the UN Narcotics Commission, the most widely abused natural "mind-expanding" drug.

The commission is attempting to develop an international standard against which all marijuana can be measured for potency.

Samples have been collected from around the world and mixed. Now the result is under study, by thin layer chromatography and ultraviolet and infrared spectroscopy at the commission's laboratory, to work out a standard reference sample.



"Fresh air, vegetables, and eight glasses of water a day."

Inviting Trouble!

Alcohol is a contributing factor in more than half of all fatal traffic accidents, according to independent surveys, as summarized by Travelers Insurance Companies.

The alcohol connection was established through postmortem studies of persons killed in accidents. The studies, conducted in a number of states, agree remarkably well in results.

"Obviously," says the insurance firm, "the driver enormously increases his chances of being in an accident—involving not only himself but others—when he drives after drinking. And the research on this subject shows clearly that he increases his risk with each additional drink."

Last year more than 52,500 persons were killed in highway accidents, an 8 percent increase over 1965. Additionally, 4,400,000 persons were injured. Beyond the human suffering, the economic loss as a result of the traffic accident problem amounted to \$9.8 billion.

New Safe Bottle



This new plastic container for toxic products helps prevent children from accidental poisoning. To open, the top must be depressed with the index finger while the margin is held between the thumb and second finger, requiring considerable strength and coordination. The bottom part is then unscrewed.

Solution:

No. 4. Note direction of wind and of shadow.



"The Road Back"—

But Not Far Enough!

A Sequel Story

IN 1956 I wrote a story for *Listen*, entitled *The Road Back*. Now eleven long years have passed.

At that time I was nearing the end of a prison term for forgery, and was looking forward to a new life I felt sure awaited me.

Everything I had dreamed about during the dreary, lonely nights in my cell came to pass. I went to work at a good job, earned excellent money, and soon accumulated most of the things I had wanted for so long: a home, a nice car, tools, pets, everything that meant so much to me. And most important of all, I stayed sober. My family began to believe that a miracle had indeed occurred.

Now I am back in prison. Everything that I worked so hard to gain, is gone. The family who had begun to believe in me has drifted away. The house, car, tools—all is gone. At the age of forty I am destitute. My mother, who faithfully stuck by me in good times as well as bad, has passed away. She died worrying about her son.

It all began twenty-five years ago when I was only fifteen years old. The war was on. Workers were at a premium, and it was easy for a boy of fifteen to get a job. My employment was with a railroad construction crew, and I was separated from my parents most of the time.

It was at this time that I was first introduced to alcohol. I remember it didn't taste good to me, but the urging of the older men, coupled with my own desire to belong, to be accepted by the group, eventually overcame my distaste and my parents' earlier counsel.

Soon I was drinking regularly after work, on my time off, and for fun. I say "for fun" because I had gradually begun to substitute getting drunk for the conventional party, picnic, or movie that I would have

attended had I not turned to alcohol. I remember my mother pleading that I stop drinking, but of course I knew better—or thought I did.

By the time I was seventeen I was in the Navy and serving overseas. The liquor really flowed over there.

Eventually 1946 rolled around and the war was over. I returned home and decided to finish high school. In two weeks it became clear that school and I would never get along. I felt that I was too different, too mature, too old to be in a class with mere children. Finally the principal suggested I take my bottle and leave. I did.

Drinking requires money, and at first money comes with a job. But a job requires time that could be better used for drinking. One way or another the job is soon either lost or forgotten. In the meantime alcohol takes control of the mind. All sense of right and wrong is destroyed. The main interest in life becomes the procurement of more to drink. Pay no attention to family, friends, clergy, or policemen: They aren't drunks; they don't know the score.

Finally the day comes when you need a drink badly. Your tortured body screams for it. You are shaky and nervous, and you know that all you really need is a good "belt." No money? Forget it—just write a check. No money in the bank? So what?

So you tell the judge how it is, and he says, "Six months to dry out." The next ten years passed in the same manner. In jail, and out, time after time. You look around. All the friends you once knew have grown up. They are married, have children, are settled down. You are more alone than ever. Alcohol is your only friend, your mistress, your life.

Finally the day comes when a hard-eyed judge doesn't say "Six months." He says "Ten years!" It is the shock of your life.

A Modern Message to Promote Healthful Living



The precise control of a pitcher's hand, the steady aim of a champion marksman, the enormous energy of a versatile entertainer—these all assume new significance in the pages of *Listen*.

A well-illustrated twenty-page monthly magazine, *Listen* uses the stories and testimony of major sports figures, top entertainers, and other popular personalities to promote healthful, happy living. Young people and adults alike respond to its revealing facts and attractive format.

LISTEN, only \$3.50 for a twelve-month subscription.

Time passes, and you vow never to drink again. One day you get out. You work, stay sober, and it looks like a good world at long last. But something is wrong.

You observe that others around you are drinking. Nothing terrible happens to them. The urge to drink has never been removed from your mind. It has lain dormant, lurking in the dark recesses of your brain, patiently waiting for the chance to attack. You wonder if maybe you too could drink and not get into trouble. You finally convince yourself that you *have* changed. You are no longer the weakling of the past. So you figure a little test of willpower is a good idea, and you take a few drinks; and lo, nothing happens, no trouble. But though you do not know it, alcohol has won the battle even before you are aware one has started.

I wrote eleven years ago that no human power could make an alcoholic stop drinking unless that person really wanted to stop. I am still convinced that this is true as far as it goes. The trouble is, it doesn't go far enough. It has taken me many heartbreaking years to discover that help must also come from God.

Like many alcoholics, I had long considered myself an agnostic. One of the first things drinkers do is to turn away from God because they know that what they are doing is wrong.

The moment of truth finally came for me one day last March. I had just been released from the hospital after an acute attack of hepatitis. The last thing the doctor cautioned me about was any further drinking. He solemnly assured me that more drinking meant the grave.

Two days later I was drunk in Mexico. Then it happened. I woke one morning determined to save *me* from *me*. I had been a fugitive from justice for several years. Obviously things had to be cleared up.

My debt to society began to be paid when I surrendered to the FBI. I began to find myself again as a person when I turned to God and earnestly pleaded for forgiveness and for help in restoring my sanity. Years of drinking burden one with character defects and mental aberrations that are too much for the individual to cope with; but I am convinced that in time God will make me whole again if I really want Him to.

Taking the wrong turn in the road of life when I was a teen-ager has brought only heartache to my family, trouble to society, and the loss to me of many of the best years of my life. It has been a tragic story, but the greatest tragedy of all is that it need never have happened. Had I followed the right path in the first place, I wouldn't now be sitting here in prison, challenging every young person who reads this, to learn from my mistakes. Don't be foolish enough to try for yourself. If you doubt my word, drive by some afternoon and look at the house that drink has helped to build. The armed guards, of course, won't let you in, but we who strayed are here. We're in every jail and prison and mental institution. Some of us can no longer think well; in fact, some of us can no longer function as human beings; but it costs to drink, you know, and sometimes the payment demanded is far more than money. Sometimes the payment is life itself.

Learning From the Indians

HE WAS George Washington's third aide-de-camp, and he outlived all the others. His Revolutionary War paintings are familiar to almost every schoolboy and schoolgirl, especially his portrayals of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis or Washington resigning his commission.

Yet John Trumbull never forgot a boyhood rebuke he received from an Indian chief regarding liquor and its use. His autobiography recalls the incident with a vividness that matches his paintings.

The Indian hunter named Zachary was of the "royal race," excellent in his work, but for the most part otherwise as worthless and drunken as they came. Suddenly it became clear that the mantle of chief of the Mohegans would fall upon him and he would walk in the steps of the immortal Chief Uncas.

His better self held a council of war: "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race—what will people say—and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed the great Uncas? *I will drink no more!*"

The resolution he solemnly made, and he kept to water.

But there came a day when John Trumbull, who shared the prevailing contempt for Indians, decided to test the old Indian's resolution.

It was the annual election. The Trumbull home was halfway between Hartford and Mohegan. Chief Zachary was

in the habit of dining with John's father, the governor of Connecticut, at the time of the election—one chief entertaining another, as it were.

The family was seated at the dinner table. There was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. So young John addressed the old Indian:

"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?"


Let John Trumbull tell what happened:

"The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with stern intensity of expression: his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me. 'John,' said he, 'you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, should I taste your beer, I could never stop until I get to rum, and became again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution!'...


"They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it."

The Indian chief lived beyond his eightieth year and never broke his vow. Years later John Trumbull visited the grave of the old chief. He had been laid to rest with his people near the lovely falls of the Yantic.

There, John Trumbull tells us, he repeated to himself the inestimable lesson of his earlier years: "While you live, never tempt any man to break a good resolution."



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TOMMY SMITH--

"Fastest Man on Earth"

THE 1968 Olympics in Mexico City may well produce some new track records, but it will take some doing to beat "the fastest man on earth."

That's a young California student, Tommy Smith, whose twenty-seven miles per hour on the track has earned him this title. He was the first to break the "20-second barrier" in the 220-yard with a time of 19.5 seconds.

Tommy was given the Most Outstanding Athlete award at the "Little Olympics" in Mexico City last summer. His time there of 20.3 seconds for the 200-meter curve has been topped only by his own world record of 20 seconds flat. Later in the year, while on a European tour, he was selected as International Sportsman of the Year by the London *World Sports Magazine*.

Tommy holds world records for 200 meters, 19.5; 220-yard curve, 20.0; and a 400-meter relay leg in 43.8 seconds. His latest world records, however, are his greatest achievements. Breaking the indoor 440 time during the Kentucky Mason-Dixon games with a time of 46.2 seconds, almost a second under the old record, he moved on to another record for the mile relay on an eleven-lap track. His time there for the San Francisco meet was 3:14.1.

Not content with this string of records, Tommy is looking for new worlds to conquer. He has presently set his sights on Bob Hayes's record of 10 seconds flat for the 100 meters. His own time for the event is 10.1, so he hasn't far to go.

But dedication and hard work aren't enough for a champion. "When I'm out there straining for the tape, I need every breath of air I can get," he says. "It would certainly be foolish to smoke and cut down my wind."

A top track star must keep in peak physical condition. "No athlete can afford to put anything into his body that doesn't contribute to its development," he explains about drinking. "When a split second means the difference between winning and losing, everything I do must help me reach the top. Besides," he grins, "it's just not my nature to drink."

In addition to Tommy's prowess on the track, he is also a whiz at basketball and football. He hasn't played football regularly since his high school days, but he has been drafted by the Los Angeles Rams football team.

Right now he is too busy with his studies at San Jose State, and his constant training for track, to think much about a chance to play pro football in the future.

Tommy Smith hopes to set more track records—hopefully even in the 1968 Olympics—and it appears that he will continue for some time to live up to his title, "the fastest man on earth."

*Interview
by Vince Streano*

