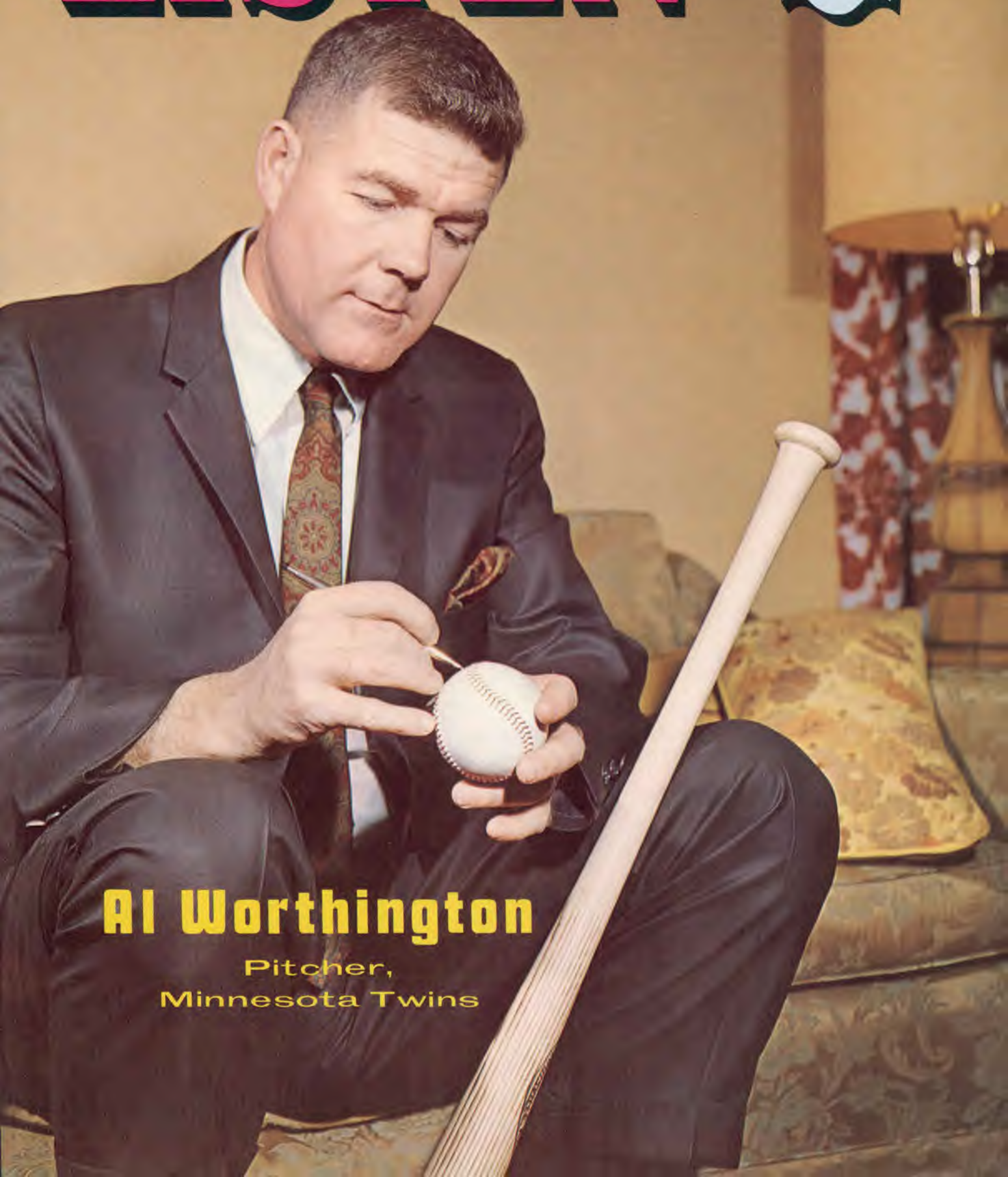


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Al Worthington

Pitcher,
Minnesota Twins

Ask the Man Who Knows

For twenty-eight years now, the coroner's office of Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Cleveland), has brought out its annual report, with detailed information on all the cases it has investigated, including accident deaths of all types, suicides, homicides, and other violent deaths, also deaths from natural causes and from undetermined causes. These cases constitute about one quarter of all deaths in the county. Tests for the presence of alcohol are done on every body received when the victim was over fifteen years of age and survived less than twenty-four hours following injury or onset of the fatal condition.

Data compiled by Coroner S. R. Gerber over the twenty years from 1943 through 1962, for example, showed alcohol present in the blood of 40 percent of the victims of violence, 11 percent of the industrial-accident victims, 26.7 percent of suicides, 44 percent of vehicular fatalities, and 63.8 percent of homicide victims.

Moreover, these figures do not tell the whole story, since many victims survive long enough to metabolize and excrete the alcohol so that none or virtually none is present at death.

During 1966, the last year for which the figures have been released, the alcohol-involvement percentages for the cases tested are as follows:

	Number of Cases Tested	Number Positive of Those Tested	Percentage Positive of Those Tested
Accidents:			
Home	96	37	38.54
Industry	21	3	14.29
Vehicular	154	77	50.00
Other	40	11	27.50
Total:	311	128	41.16
Homicides	139	79	56.83
Suicides	174	60	34.48
Violence—Undeter- mined Origin	6	1	16.67
Total	318	140	44.03
Natural Causes	2488	267	10.73
Undermined Causes	7	3	42.86

In commenting on this report, Dr. Gerber says, "We cannot escape the inevitable conclusion that human conscience, intellect, and that most uncommon attribute, 'common sense,' disappear promptly when exposed to alcohol, the 'universal solvent.'"

Based on his continuing testing of thousands of deaths every year for nearly three decades now, this experienced authority ought to know exactly where alcohol fits into the picture. He goes on, "Insight, discretion, rational thought processes, awareness of proprieties, and the ability to make wise and reasonable decisions—indeed, all those characteristics which are alleged to help distinguish homo sapiens from so-called 'lower' animals—are always vitiated, never enhanced, by the use of alcohol."



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LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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HE WAS known by only one name—Kazuki. I'll never forget him.

That summer there was nothing for me to do except recover from a small operation. Four of us were in the same boat—Frank, Manuel, Albert, and myself. Nothing serious, yet each seemed to outdo the other in self-pity and bitterness. The fifth—Kazuki—was different.

The hospital ward was large, with old paint and squeaky beds. There were eight beds and five patients. Though it also handled other cases, the hospital dealt primarily with tuberculosis-connected operations. As a result the atmosphere was tomblike and somber.

Kazuki was eighteen years old and from Tokyo. He had been going to school and working as a translator at a Japanese electronics firm in Los Angeles. He lived with his father, and both of them were trying to reunite the family. His mother and sister were still in Japan.

Tuberculosis caught him slowly and gradually, as it does most people. First a slight cough, disguised as a cold, then tiredness and shortness of breath, finally blood from the mouth. He was diagnosed as an advanced case.

Kazuki was tall and slender with shiny black hair and eyes; he moved gracefully and always had a smile for those around him. What kind of a nut was he, we thought. Happy to be in the hospital? "I'm happy just to be alive," he would say. Then he would jab out at us, "You look like you're going to die." He was right. With such drab surroundings we never seemed to get excited about anything, but Kazuki would. He would come bursting into the ward excited with something he found or a letter from Tokyo.

He spoke and wrote English flawlessly and enjoyed giving informal classes for Mira View patients in English and elementary electronics. Since most of the patients were Mexican, it was funny to see a Japanese teaching English to a bunch of Mexicans. At strange hours you could hear a droning voice repeating words. "Say three." "Tree?" "No, three." "Not tree! THREE!" and on and on and on.

"My radio is busted again, Kazuki," a patient would say.

"Bring it in and we'll fix it," would always be his reply. And even radios so battered they belonged in a trash can would soon be working—at least partially—under his skill.

Once a month a board of doctors reviewed the serious cases. Kazuki didn't know it, but his case was up before the most feared group—the surgery specialists. The medicine that had been given to Kazuki didn't work, and only one effective alternative was left—surgery. "Your case is serious," they told him. "This is what we'll have to do." After



Four of us who walked out of that hospital learned vividly the meaning of courage

KAZUKI

Bill Coffin

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

BLUEPRINT CARDS

Alan W. Farrant



the conference he walked back to the ward very quietly.

We didn't know his bad news; we were sad on our own account and cried the blues to anyone who would listen. Frank was going to have an appendectomy and he was furious that most of his vacation would be ruined. "I could have gone to Hawaii this whole summer," said Albert. "I'm sick of this stinking place."

All of a sudden Kazuki burst out in a reverberating laugh. "You think you've got problems," he said, still laughing. "Tomorrow they're taking out one of my lungs and I might lose half of the other one."

We all looked at him in stunned silence. "You're kidding," I said.

"No," he replied and kept on laughing. Then each of us laughed at himself for being so self-centered. From that moment on, self-pity did not exist in our ward.

The morning came quickly, and he was ready long before the tall orderly wheeled him toward the waiting doctors. Not much was said that day, and we all glanced occasionally toward the door. Manuel asked, "Why is it so quiet in here?" This embarrassed us because we didn't want to admit we were worried—but we were.

Five hours later the doors swung open and Kazuki was wheeled in, asleep, with bottles hanging over the bed. He was alive, but he looked bad. We just stood there with nothing to say. Someone asked, "How is he?"

An orderly replied, "He'll be OK."

Kazuki opened his eyes late the next morning, looked around, and smiled. We smiled back. He tried to lean up to straighten the covers, let out a yell, and fell back on the bed. He forgot that four doctors had opened his left side from the shoulder blade to the top of the stomach, a cut that took 213 stitches to close.

Kazuki was chained in pain, but unless you were around him for a long time you couldn't detect it. His Oriental tradition prevented him from displaying an emotion such as pain; but at night, when stripped of his conscious mask, his sleep would become a restless agony. Kazuki had nothing to look forward to all day but pain; yet our presence there seemed to transfer his interest from it to ourselves.

With this type of operation painful exercises must be done daily to redevelop a normal posture. Understandably, most patients are lax in these exercises, but only a few days later Kazuki gathered five similar patients and all exercised to his direction, doggedly following him in spite of pain.

A little over a week after the operation pneumonia hit him and he couldn't breathe very easily. This went on for one day, then the second, finally the third. On the fourth night as Kazuki started gagging, Frank woke up and pushed the emergency button. The night nurse walked in briskly. She took one look, then reached for the oxygen tank, twirled the valves and waited—nothing happened. We panicked; the night was cool but we were all sweating. The nurse reached for a phone in our ward and made an urgent call to supplies, about half a mile away. Within seconds we could hear the siren of an ambulance bringing the replacement—but it was too late.

The hospital wasn't the same after that. Patients were not as enthusiastic, English was not spoken as much, radios that broke stayed broken. But four of us who walked out of that hospital with sad memories learned vividly the meaning of courage.

WANT to make greeting cards which are decidedly different? All you need is some blueprint paper, a little water, a piece of window glass, a little peroxide, and some bright sunshine. The time required is short.

Cards for Easter, birthdays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and all other holidays are easily made. Designs are quickly printed onto the blueprint paper. Designs of small branches, leaves, bells, or lettering look especially nice.

Blueprint paper costs about fifty cents a half yard and is thirty inches wide. It can be secured from any store handling drafting or blueprint supplies. Cut the paper to the size of the cards and put the sheets in a covered pasteboard box. While it is not necessary to do the cutting in total darkness, the room should be barely light enough for you to see what you are doing. And work quickly!

Now for the actual printing. In this same subdued room light, take one of the cut sheets and lay it face (curl side) up on a board or tray. On top of it lay the lettering you have cut out of thick paper or the genuine leaves or small branch. Then place the glass on top to hold everything in place. Hold it firmly and step out into the sun. Let the sun shine directly on the glass and items beneath it for three minutes.

Cover it with a dark cloth and hurry into the darkened room. Wash the paper in plain water. Slowly you will see it turning a light blue, with the lettering or branch in white. If you want cards to be darker blue, then leave them a longer period in the sun next time.

To get a very dark blue color, use just enough peroxide to color the water slightly—then put the prints into it after they have been washed in the plain water. Only a few seconds are needed in either of the water containers.

To dry the prints, lay them face up or hang up with clothespins. When dry, they can be ironed smooth, face down, with a slightly warm iron.

Blueprint paper can be used to make attractive envelopes for these cards. It must be folded in the darkened room, with the face (curl side) out. Both back and front of the envelope must be exposed to the sun before it is dipped in water.

With these blue envelopes, white ink should be used to address them to your friends. Mix one teaspoon of baking soda with two teaspoons of water. Write with a clean pen or a very small brush. Do not blot. When the writing is dry, blow off the remaining powder. The result is that the letters are bleached and the envelope ready for its postage stamp.

Want some interesting snapshot prints? Use the same method. The negative is placed over the blueprint paper and the sunlight allowed to shine on it. Wash it the same length of time. These reproductions make unusual pictures and will stand out in your snapshot album.

As you work with this project, other ideas will come to you for its use. How about using this method to make party invitations? Your guests will like them, and no doubt ask how you thought up such an unusual idea.

Yes, blueprint card making is fun. Give it a try!

What can parents do when their children become hippies? The mother of a "flower" daughter speaks her mind.

Sheran climaxed things by vanishing completely into hippie heaven. What is regarded as the real world ceased to exist for her; she lived in a world all her own.

KEEP THE DOOR OPEN

Harold Helfer

MRS. D. C. HARPER is an attractive blond who lives in a fashionable apartment in Washington, D.C. This apartment is well-furnished; the bookshelves are filled with the finest encyclopedias and recent books on important subjects. Her husband has a responsible job managing a hotel.

Mrs. Harper and I talked about hippies. She was composed and relaxed. It was hard to believe that only a few weeks before, and for two years up until then, she had been a frantic woman living in agony—a personal hell. She was the mother of a hippie, her sixteen-year-old daughter Sheran.

"The most horrible part about it," she says, "is not knowing where they are, what they are up to."

Mrs. Harper went through the hippie mill with Sheran. At fourteen Sheran had become a glue sniffer. Then it was "pep" pills. Then marijuana. Then LSD.

At first it would be for an evening that Sheran disappeared. Of course, when you're a parent of a young girl, "just an evening" is a brutally long time. Then it was a weekend that she would be gone. "Finally, she seemed to lose all sense of time and place," Mrs. Harper says. "She just floated along—night, day, here, there, it didn't seem to make any difference. She lived in a world all her own. She no longer went to school. Our world, what we regard as reality, ceased to exist for her."

Sheran climaxed things this past summer by vanishing completely, for something like six weeks. It turned out she had gone to "hippie heaven" in San Francisco. During this agonizing period, Mrs. Harper formed The National Society of Parents of Flower Children.

She found she had nowhere to turn, and she thought it might be helpful if parents faced with this same anguish

could get together. "I thought we might try to see where we'd failed our youngsters," Mrs. Harper, who is also the mother of a twelve-year-old boy, goes on, "and what we could do about it now. Maybe, even if we couldn't expect any miracle, we could learn enough from one another to gain the insight to keep other boys and girls from turning into hippies."

"I went through a nightmare, a nightmare that lasted two years," she says, "but things are finally clearing up for me. I'd like to try to be helpful to others."

Sheran returned from San Francisco. She is staying with her parents and going to school. She no longer takes drugs. Her days of utterly rootless and anchorless living seem to be over. She'll still dress like a hippie sometimes, but it is becoming rarer. Mrs. Harper feels that Sheran has settled down to being a "wholesome, normal teen-ager."

"For the first time my daughter and I seem to have a real rapport. It's wonderful."

What happened? Why did Sheran become a hippie in the first place? What can you do while a youngster is in the throes of his hippiehood?

"It's still painful to talk about," Mrs. Harper says, "but I want to, because I feel I can be of help to others who have flower children or are afraid that they may. I feel I have gained some insight because of my own experience and from talking to other parents of these children since the Society was formed. We meet once a week in a church. I think these are the points I'd like to make:

One aspect of the flower world that spells danger is the tendency toward drugs, since it is an accepted way of life and even encouraged.

"1. Any family can produce a hippie. Most of the flower children seem to come from nice, middle-class homes. And in the cases I know, these homes are intact; they weren't broken up by divorce or separation.

"2. The problem probably basically stems from the fact that a gap exists between the generations. This is undoubtedly more or less true in all households. What causes a flower child to come sprouting out may well be that in addition to the misunderstandings and fuzziness, the lack of a common language, there is the feeling of rejection. The child decides that not only does no one understand him but no one really cares about him. In my own case I worked, and I feel that I neglected Sheran too much. Had I paid more attention to her, showed more interest in her interests, perhaps what happened wouldn't have.

"3. A child seeks solace with his peers. To some, the soft, selfless, hippie, flower world is the answer. You rejected him so he is now rejecting you and everything about you, your philosophy, your society, your value systems. He's through with your stresses and strains and pressures that add up to hypocrisies and phony ideals and a materialistic culture.

"4. Once a youngster has become part of the hippie group, it is a difficult thing to pry him loose. You can plead, you can try to reason, you can threaten, but the chances are you're going to have to live with the fact that you have a flower child for some little time to come.

"5. It is the better part of wisdom not to despair, but simply make the best of things as you can. Above all—and this is perhaps the most important point of all—keep an open-door policy. No matter how aggravated you may be, no matter how fed up, no matter how disgusted, allow your child to come home whenever he wants. Even if it means he will slip away a few hours later, and even if it means, as it inevitably will, that he'll bring his hippie friends with him. This cost me my job. I was resident manager of an apartment house and Sheran would bring her hippie acquaintances to our apartment—whole bunches of them. I knew the management didn't like this, but I just couldn't forbid her to do it. I knew it would be the same as forbidding her too. But I'm glad I took the stand that I did, even though I lost a good position. Otherwise, my story might not have had such a good ending. On her way home from San Francisco, Sheran got stranded in Denver. She got in touch with

me and I promptly sent her the money to get home, and this began a new relationship for us. Had I broken the final link with her, she probably would not have contacted me, and I might not have known where she was to this day.

"6. There are some aspects about the world of the flower children that are perhaps not as bad as some people might think. Alcohol is seldom used and there doesn't seem to be much interest in sex. It is rare when a couple 'pairs' off. Usually, they go together in groups. They look after each other and are concerned for one another.

"7. When you find yourself boiling over with anger at your flower child, you might remember that naïve and foolish as they may be, the hearts of these flower children may be in the right place. They often stand for worthwhile things such as peace, fraternity, a return to simpler things and away from crass materialism. Many, perhaps most, of these youngsters are truly sensitive people, not just imitative.

"8. An aspect of the flower world that spells danger is the tendency toward drugs. Not every flower child indulges in drugs, but it is an accepted way of life and probably even encouraged. While there are some who say marijuana and LSD are not really harmful, we do know there have been tragedies in the use of LSD. And it is possible that this could in time lead to the use of much worse stuff, heroin, for instance. Sheran's rationale was that LSD helped her 'find herself.' I understand she took LSD about six times, and I know she smoked some marijuana cigarettes too. In her case there doesn't seem to be any permanent harm done, but she decided to stop fooling with drugs. Suppose she hadn't? In addition, there is continual danger in the fact that these children are simply too young to be on their own without adult supervision. Anything could happen—and occasionally does.

"9. It should be emphasized again that this will be an awful time for the parents, going out, night after night, looking for their youngster, often in far-from-nice neighborhoods, sometimes not being able to find him for days and often being rebuffed when you do—but it is worth persevering. It's worth repeating: Never shut the door on your youngster, no matter how provoked you might feel.

"10. No matter how 'far gone' your child may be, there is always hope. In Sheran's case, I don't know what happened to cause the turnaround. I doubt if it was any one single thing. I think it was simply that at sixteen she suddenly found maturity. She realized that, while the world was admittedly imperfect, you have to make adjustments to it. She wanted to go on with her education. She knew she couldn't drift along and make anything of herself or find real meaning in life.

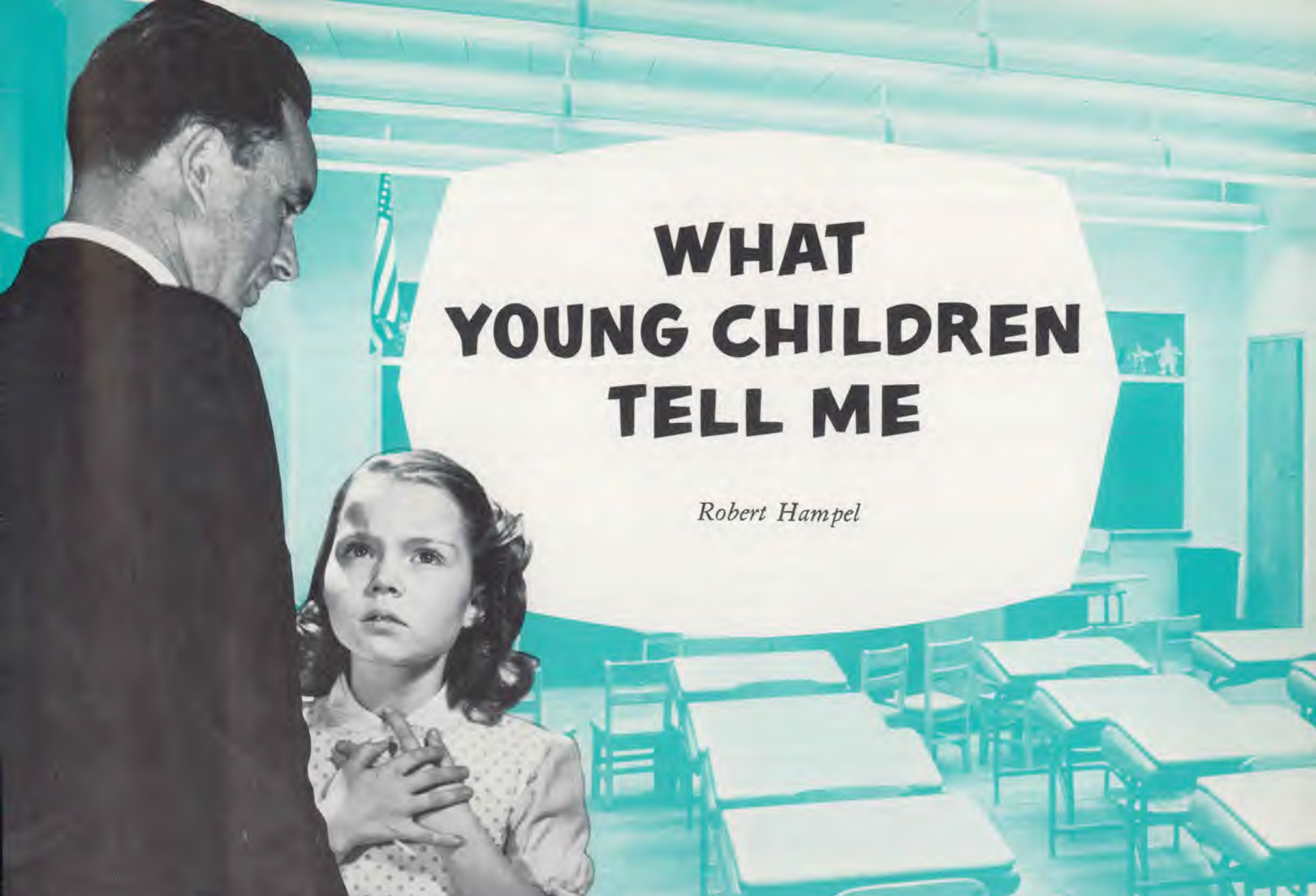
"11. What can society do about these flower children? Perhaps it is a fad that is blowing away, but in the meantime it is a problem and a serious one. Hundreds of teen-agers have left their homes and are simply floating around, sometimes hundreds of miles away. I think the one constructive thing that we can do and should do is to set up 'temporary stations' for them, decent, community-supported places where they could be during a stay in a city.

"12. The one thing that we as individuals and as a community should always make clear to our young, whatever paths they may take, is that we do care. The National Society for the Parents of Flower Children has only one motto: WE CARE."

Life Wish

Enola Chamberlain

I would go always holding a hand
Out to any in need; hope to understand
The courage, the fears,
The joys and the tears
Of all whom I meet with; hope at some time to free
A soul from its bondage, and in that way to be
A credit to God, and in some measure make
Myself worthy of Him who died for my sake.



WHAT YOUNG CHILDREN TELL ME

Robert Hampel

"MR. HAMPEL, did you know my daddy shot my mom?"

Lonnie and I were walking slowly toward the classroom buildings from the school sports field. We were alone at the moment. Lonnie probably felt that this was the best time to inform me of this grisly bit of news. Sometimes a teacher's job is to listen, so I listened while Lonnie went on.

"Dad came home drunk, see? He'd come home drunk almost every night. There'd be fights and screamin' and he'd end up slappin' Mom or one of us kids."

"How did Dad happen to shoot your mom?" I asked quietly, trying not to act shocked at this grim revelation. Just a week earlier, Lonnie had come to my classroom, a new student from Southern California. His aunt had brought him, introducing herself as Lonnie's legal guardian.

"Mr. Hampel," she looked at me pleadingly, "Lonnie has a terrible background. Please try to understand him."

"You can be sure we'll do all we can for Lonnie," I hurried to assure her. "Can you tell me about his problem?"

"He just came to us, Mr. Hampel, you—you see, he saw his father kill his mother."

I swallowed the impact of this news and managed to say, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Loasby. But don't worry, we'll keep a special eye on Lonnie. He'll be in good hands."

Anguished, I took up my duties in the classroom that morning. "Poor lad, poor lad," was all I could think that day.

I watched Lonnie closely for the ensuing week. He man-

aged to take his place smoothly among the other fourth-graders, and the children took him to their hearts.

Now, in this stolen moment of privacy he was talking man to man. He talked without emotion. For Lonnie now it was just facts, but once it must have been a searing wound.

"Dad just came home that night," Lonnie went on. "He was drunk and mad. Mom hadn't set the table. Dinner wasn't on."

"And then?" I gently urged.

"Dad grabbed the .22. Kept it in the closet. He grabbed it and pointed it. I hollered, but he didn't stop. He shot Mom and she just fell in a little heap."

"Well, Lonnie, what happened to Dad?" I inquired.

"Oh, he's in jail, Mr. Hampel. He'll be there for a long time too—maybe forever."

The bell rang and Lonnie sprinted off to join his classmates for the afternoon session. Thoughtfully I followed.

Karen was bright-eyed and utterly enthusiastic with the first day of school. She loved every minute of it. One might suppose that Karen was a peerless example of an untroubled middle-class child. But as the year progressed, it became apparent that Karen had problems. Most children do, but Karen let hers show.

"Mr. Hampel, may I talk to you?"

I looked down to see Karen hanging back while the rest of the classroom filed out for the morning recess.

"Why sure, Karen, but why so gloomy looking?"

"Well, it's Dad. He's been sort of mean to Mom lately, like beating her and calling her names."

"I'm sorry, Karen. Has this happened often?"

"Oh, all the time. He sits around and drinks his old whiskey. Then he gets upset and takes it out on Mom."

"Karen, why don't you try doing something about it?" I suggested hopefully.

"What, Mr. Hampel?" She stared up at me with gigantic, blue, trusting eyes.

"Be a good girl to both your dad and mom. Parents will do all kinds of things for their children. Maybe if they know it means something to *you*, they'll make a big effort to get along with each other."

In the days that followed, Karen was sometimes exuberant and full of life like any other fifth-grader. Those were the days of "Guess what, Mr. Hampel. Dad hasn't been drinking for a whole week! He's going to take Mom and me to the zoo in the city!"

Then there were the times when Karen's sweet face wore its mask of sober reflection. "Dad was out drinking all last night. When he came home he swore terribly at Mom."

It was spring when Karen announced, "Mr. Hampel, Mom is getting a divorce. She just can't take it any longer."

Karen saw her dad only occasionally after that. But even though he lived somewhere else and had his faults, she wanted me to know that he was still her dad and that she loved him.

With only one week left in the school year, Karen came to school early one bright June morning. She had one final bit of news to give me.

"Dad says he's coming to visit me when school's out and we're going to drive to the mountains and see Lake Tahoe and maybe go hiking and see some snow. And he's not going to take another drink." After a thoughtful pause, "Mr. Hampel, do you think he means it? Do you think he'll really stop his drinking?"

I turned to hide the tears that stung my eyes.

✱ ✱ ✱

Maureen came to my fourth-grade class in mid-year. She was a tall, dark-haired, angular girl. There was a sparkle in her eye and an Irish smile on her face.

It wasn't long before the rest of the class and I discovered Maureen's long-cherished ambition. She wanted to be an actress; acting was in her blood. Whenever there was a skit to perform or a dramatization to present, Maureen was in the middle of it. Her pantomimes were superb—a natural part of her personality, acted out better without rehearsal.

As a regular part of my fourth-grade language exercises, we had oral expression assignments. On this occasion I had suggested the topic, "What Makes Me the Saddest?"

Each child approached the topic in his own way. Some told about a pet which had died, others described how they felt when Mother was sick in bed.

Then came Maureen's turn. She looked more wistful, more indrawn than usual. This was not to be a gay, flippant performance, and Maureen knew it. She knew that an actress must be all things, must express many moods.

But it was not to be playacting on this occasion. Slowly, deliberately, Maureen moved to the front of the class. Her mouth was drawn tight. Glancing at me once, she began.

"There were times when I was sad when a pet died. And once I was sad when my grandpa died and I didn't get to go to his funeral. But there's something else that makes me sadder. It's the time when—well—when I come home from school, and maybe I've got a friend with me, and I, I mean we go into the house and there's my mom."

Maureen looked again at me. It was almost a pleading look as if to beg to be delivered of saying the rest. But quickly she turned, and before I could say anything she continued, "There's my mom. She's drunk, see, and she might be on the couch with her hair all mussed up and she smells like

whiskey. If she sees me with my friend, she'll yell at us and say the awfulest things. Well—that's what makes me saddest."

Maureen slowly found her seat. There was no applause. Instead, there was a long moment of silence, most unusual in a fourth-grade classroom. It was as if there had occurred a kind of soul-searching in that one small speech. It was as if all childhood, in its innocence and purity, had been cast up against something ugly, cruel, and terrible.

They say a classroom is a cross section of life and I believe them. For, lo, the path trodden by Lonnie, Karen, and Maureen is tragically real for many others.

I think anyone that drinks is crazy,
Lazy,
With a mind that's hazy.
Just what are they running from?
The sun?
Is their living done?
If they don't like the way things are going
why don't they change them?
Rearrange them?
Or try?
Why are they running away from life?
Crawling under a shell of beer,
or wine, or booze?
There is so much to lose.
Grab two big fists full of life
and live it and you'll see.
Running is childish.
Drinking is crazy. Lazy.
Living, really living, is alcohol-free.

ON THE GOOD LIFE

Arthur J. Fetting

AL WORTHINGTON--

Francis A. Soper

TRAVELERS in Lake Itasca State Park in northern Minnesota may be surprised to come across a rustic roadside sign reading, "In life as in baseball it is the number of times you reach home safely that counts."

This is a logical message for highway safety, and should be observed wherever there are roads. As far as baseball is concerned, however, such a sign could more appropriately be located two hundred or more miles farther south along the Mississippi River; for at the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and Saint Paul, which glare competitively at each other across this same river, is located the home of the Minnesota Twins.

Beloved all over the state, this baseball team is usually near the top of the baseball world, displaying a caliber of hustle on the diamond that as a rule would not embarrass its most ardent supporters.

On the Twins playing field the Itasca roadside sign would be especially apropos, for, in the dual purpose of baseball as a game, the Twins strive with all their skill both to reach home as many times as possible and to prevent opposing players from reaching home at all.

One of the shining players who has had notable success in this effort is the Twins pitcher Al Worthington, who over some seventeen years in big-time baseball has kept thousands of batters from reaching home, or in many instances from even starting in that direction.

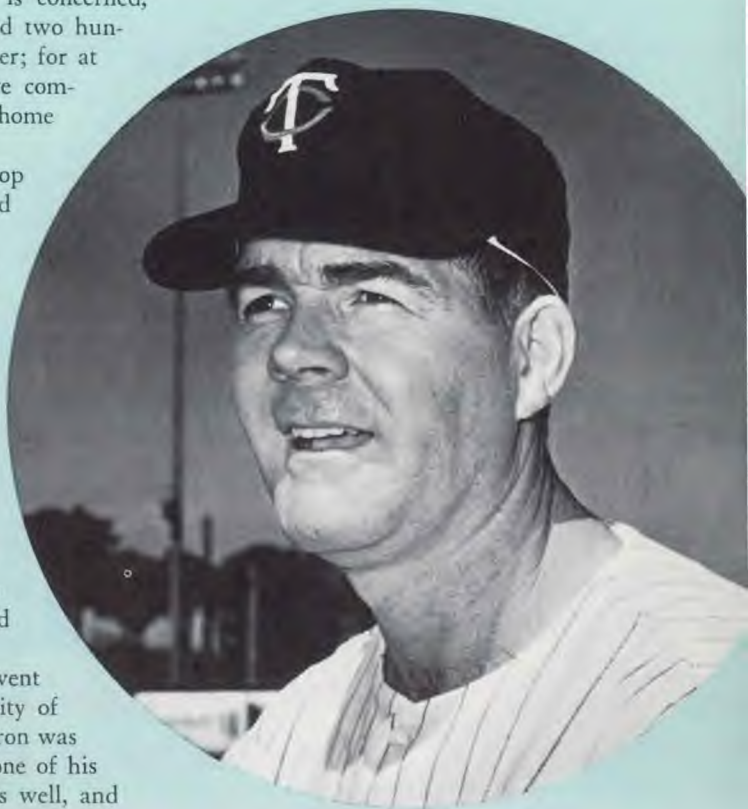
Al could hardly avoid getting into baseball early. He came from a baseball family and grew up with it. He couldn't miss, with a father who pitched in the organized game till the age of fifty-three, two brothers in professional baseball, and even older sisters who excelled in softball.

His only athletic detour from baseball seemed to be when he went from his hometown of Birmingham, Alabama, to the University of Alabama on a football scholarship. This excursion to the gridiron was short-lived, lasting only two years because of an injury to one of his arms. All this time, however, Al was playing baseball as well, and wound up with four years' school experience on the diamond.

In 1951 he signed up with Nashville, where he played two years. Watching him play were scouts from the New York Giants, who liked what they saw, so much so, in fact, that the Giants bought up his contract and sent him for more seasoning to the Minneapolis team which at that time was in the old American Association.

Since that start in the majors he has seen service in both leagues, including Cincinnati in the National, and Boston, Chicago, and now Minnesota (for the past four years) in the American.

Al has been called "the workhorse of the relief corps," for he specializes in saving games. He began this with Cincinnati back



This bit of baseball philosophy is at the roadside in Lake Itasca State Park in northern Minnesota, source of the Mississippi River.



SUCCESS ON THE DIAMOND

about 1963 and has continued basically in this most difficult of assignments. In 1966, for example, he was credited with exactly half of the Twins' total of twenty-two saves. Last season he upped this total, saving thirteen games.

It is obvious that a relief pitcher must get the ball across the plate—and have something on it! He must have good control. Above everything else, he must keep cool and calm under pressure, regardless of what happens on the playing field or in the stands. He must be in charge of all his faculties.

Al's best pitches, he says, are a sidearm curve ball to right-hand hitters, and a fast ball that slides. But there are some hitters to whom he has been "least anxious" to try these pitches, or any other pitches, for that matter. For example, Ron Hanson of the White Sox, Roger Maris of the Cardinals, and Mickey Mantle of the Yankees.

What does Al most enjoy about the game of baseball? It doesn't take long for him to answer, "Pitching to get the hitter out!"

Al is a family man—in a big way, and in more than one way. Not only do he and his wife Shirley have five children but he is deeply devoted to them. On the road in the summer he often takes the family along—which is permitted by the Twins and Dodgers, the only two teams allowing this privilege. In spring training the whole family goes to Orlando together where the children continue school studies, returning to Birmingham for final exams at the end of the school year.

During the playing season, says Al, there is very little time for formal training. There is merely a warm-up before each game, but he has no problem staying in condition. This is a constant thing with him.

Al both smoked and drank until 1958. He felt at that time that he had not indulged sufficiently so as to endanger his playing greatly; he was merely going along with the crowd. In that year, however, he experienced a religious conversion and then he felt that these habits weren't consistent with his new convictions. He felt it was wrong for him to indulge in



Al admires the insignia of an Eagle Scout at a banquet honoring Scout achievement. There is nothing he loves more than meeting with youth gatherings.



Allan Jr., learns pointers from his pitcher father on how to get the ball over the plate with the least possibility that the batter will get a cut at it.



Al's greatest thrill came in a 1964 game when the Twins were playing against Baltimore. In the eighth inning he was brought in as a relief pitcher with men on second and third, the score standing two to one for Minnesota. The batter had three balls on him and no strikes. Al's first ball went over the plate as a strike; he got a second strike on the batter and then popped him up. Aparicio came up to bat and struck out. In the ninth inning Al got three men in succession, so saved the game.

And Al is looking to the future, since top performance in sports is short-lived in years. Though he is working on a degree in social studies from Samford, Alabama's youngest university, his heart is with young people. He sees himself in the future as a coach. "There are lots of young boys out there who need a good start."

But he isn't waiting for the future. Weekends and evenings right now are often crowded with appearances before youth groups, during which he presents inspirational talks on sports and a testimony—in this he never fails—of his personal faith in Jesus Christ.

them as far as his own body was concerned, so he simply quit. He gave them up, he says, for Christ. He had tried to quit previously, but couldn't. He did not have the power, but his conversion gave him this power.

He says he feels better in every way without alcohol and tobacco, and he plays a better game without these habits. Many professional athletes do smoke or drink, but they would improve without these. Smoking has never helped anyone in athletics, Al points out. It has only hurt. It is amazing, he feels, that so many athletes do indulge in these habits, especially smoking, when in baseball a player needs a good, sharp eye. Success depends on it, and smoking detracts from maximum ability. He has seen players go down because of indulgence and their careers cut short. They simply can't long stand up to the pressures of the game. Their hitting ability is hurt, their fielding ability is hurt, their reflexes are slowed.

It has been said that an athlete should drink beer to keep his body weight up. A crucial game may take as much as ten pounds off, so some coaches advise their players to drink beer for quick

energy and replacement of body fluid. Al says this is not necessary. He takes salt pills and drinks other beverages. He says the average person just uses this as an excuse to drink.

As to his philosophy of life, Al says he tries to do everything please Christ, whether he is walking down the street, working his bank job, or playing the game. The Scriptures, he points out, advise us to do all to the glory of God; if a person can't

fulfill this requirement in a certain act, he shouldn't do it at all.

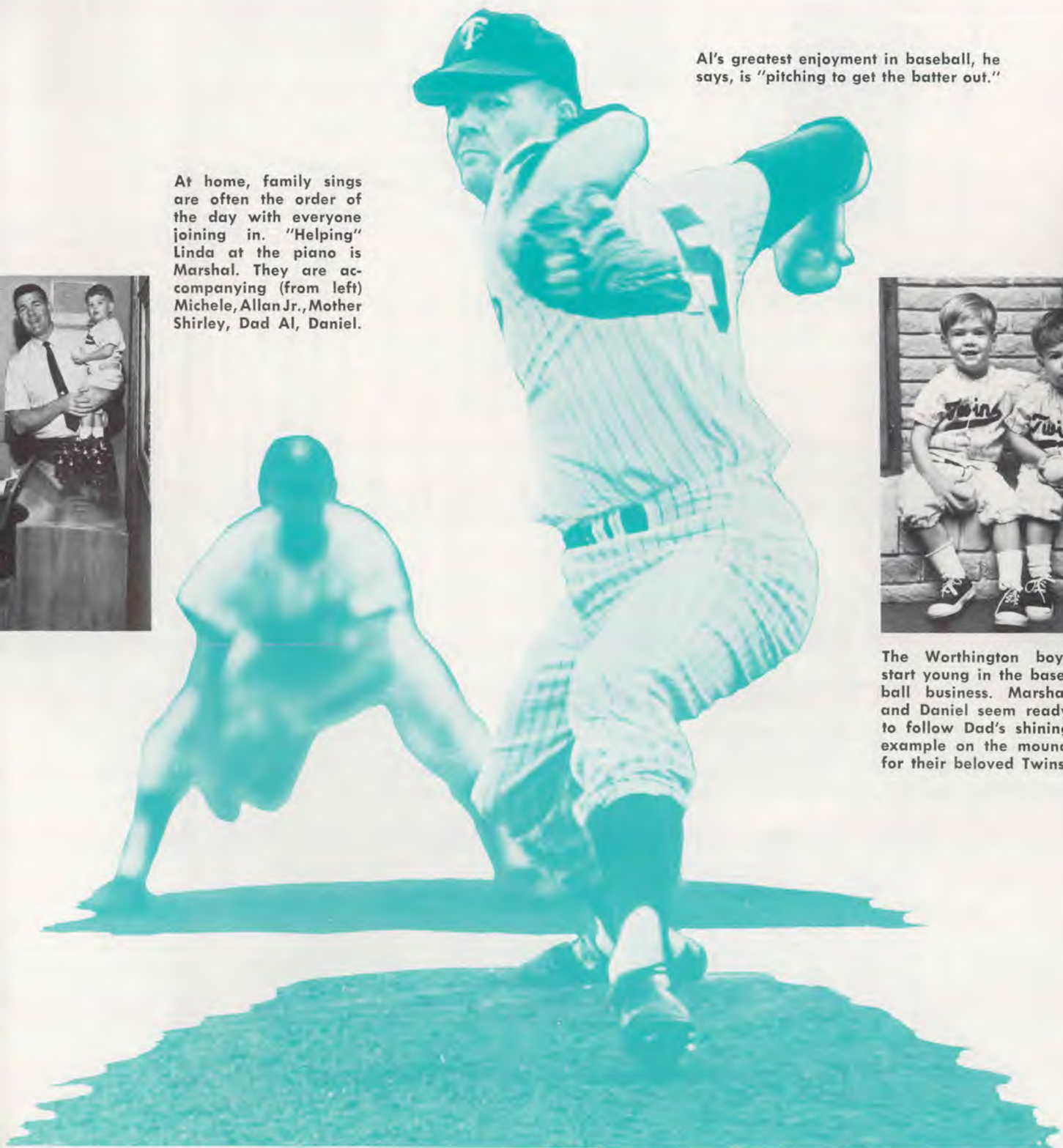
The Worthington home is in a new section in the northeast part of Birmingham, a beautiful home, one which is very adequate, attractive, and tastefully done. Al is a quiet man, and he does not say much in his own behalf; but it is plain to see that he is proud of his career, proud of his family, and proud of his God.

Al's greatest enjoyment in baseball, he says, is "pitching to get the batter out."

At home, family sings are often the order of the day with everyone joining in. "Helping" Linda at the piano is Marshal. They are accompanying (from left) Michele, Allan Jr., Mother Shirley, Dad Al, Daniel.



The Worthington boys start young in the baseball business. Marshal and Daniel seem ready to follow Dad's shining example on the mound for their beloved Twins.





"It is very bad," she
said, "but there is
something good in it
too, something that
goes with your eyes."

An illustration at the top of the page shows a portion of a house with horizontal siding and a window on the left. To the right of the house are several tall, dark trees with sparse, light-colored foliage. The title 'THE STORY' is written in large, bold, teal capital letters across the middle of the illustration.

THE STORY

Charles C. Patch

IT WAS during the airline strike, and the train between Denver and Portland was crowded.

"Is this seat taken?" I asked.

He glanced up from his magazine. "No," he said; "sit down."

I have a little game I play with strangers. I try to figure them out. Are they teachers, carpenters, businessmen, truck drivers? I consider their clothing, their hands, mannerisms, conversation—everything about them. I would rather they wouldn't tell me right off; it spoils the fun. And the game is fun, even when you are wrong.

He continued to read for a few minutes, then bent the corner of the page and laid the magazine aside.

"I'm Harold Hardwick," he said pleasantly.

I introduced myself, being careful not to tell him my business. That was when I got my first good look into his eyes. My first guess had been wrong; those were not the eyes of one who measures success by the yardstick of profit. They were deep, quizzical, somehow sad, the eyes of one who is searching, always searching, into secrets that Mother Nature conceals so cleverly and guards so zealously. He was a chemist perhaps, or a psychiatrist.

But I couldn't understand the haunted look. It didn't fit with the other characteristics. It was possibly a reflection of some unpleasant part of his past. I hoped he wouldn't tell me too soon.

Our conversation was light and contemporary. He was up-to-date on everything, but his eyes bothered me. It was as if he had two minds, one that reads the newspapers and discusses current events and another that digs deeply into the real meaning behind it all. Then here was that haunted look that didn't fit anywhere.

The porter announced the opening of the dining car.

"I would like to buy you a drink before dinner," I said.

"No, thanks." His eyes changed. The deep hurt in them came forward and pushed the rest back. I had somehow hurt him. "But I would enjoy eating dinner with you," he said.

When we were seated in the dining car he continued, "You see, I don't drink anymore—used to a lot. Don't misunder-



stand me, I'm not a prude. I fully understand the claims made for moderate drinking—nerves, relaxation, digestion—that sort of thing."

It was half apology, half explanation.

"But too many people can't control it. I can probably understand it better than some because I have been there and back. I can't tell you when it started, or how, or why."

He paused before he went on.

"A little in high school, more in college, and then still more when I went to work. It came on so gradually that before I knew it, I was gone. Wound up on skid row. I couldn't keep a job, lost my self-respect, and spent everything I had on booze."

His eyes were remembering.

"Lost everything I had—family, friends, self-respect. Each drink seemed to take another bite out of the 'I care' part of me and add a little more to the 'I don't care' part. I slept in flophouses, with things that crawl and bite, didn't shave or bathe, ate in beaneries or not at all, bummed on the streets and spent it in shabby taverns.

"The worst part was the people I associated with—bums, like me. Each one knew how to save the world, but didn't know how to save himself. They were murderers—all of them. Each one had murdered the man he could have been.

"To make it worse, society today seems to condone that sort of thing. They say that an alcoholic is a sick man, not a drunkard. This concept only makes it worse because it gives the individual a crutch to lean on. When a man can blame it onto sickness instead of his own weakness, he somehow excuses himself. It relieves him of his responsibility to society."

"That makes a lot of sense," I said. My interruption brought him back to the story.

"One day I was standing on a corner when a well-dressed man hurried by. I fell in step beside him.

"Sir," I said, "I haven't eaten all day. Could you spare a quarter?"

"He stopped and took a folded newspaper from under his arm. 'No,' he said, 'I can't spare a quarter, but here is a newspaper you can have. In the want-ad section there is a long list under Help Wanted.' He hurried on.

"I sat on the step in front of a deserted store and started down the list. Near the end was one that read Lawn Work. It gave the address.

"I knocked at the screen door on the back porch. A little old lady with beautiful white hair and the bluest eyes I have ever seen came to the door.

"I came about the ad in the morning paper,' I said.

"Oh, yes. The lawn needs to be mowed and trimmed. The tools are in that shed. I'll get the key."

"When the job was finished, I knocked again. She gave me two dollars and a paper plate with two sandwiches, a big piece of chocolate cake, and a glass of milk. She looked out over the lawn and said, 'You've done a good job. Will you come again next week?'

"Yes, ma'am. Which day?'

"Tuesday."

"The next week she sat on the porch and watched while I worked. I was only half through when she came to the porch door.

"Mister,' she called, 'would you like a glass of lemonade?'

"I couldn't remember the last time anyone had called me Mister. I drank three glasses of lemonade, and we talked.

"Your clothes and your eyes don't match,' she said. 'My husband was about your size and I have kept his clothes. Would you like some of them?'

"When I finished the lawn she gave me my lunch, a large paper sack full of clothes, and my money. 'And here is enough extra money for a shave, a haircut, and a bath.' Her smile reminded me of my mother. I hadn't thought of my mother for a long time.

"The third week we sat a long time on the porch with lemonade and cake. I knew she wanted me to tell her, but she was too much of a lady to ask. She was easy to talk to, and before I knew it I had told her the whole story.

"You say you always wanted to write,' she said. 'Why didn't you?'

"I don't know. Maybe it was because I would rather drink."

"Why don't you write now? You're a young man yet. It isn't too late."

"I'm afraid it is too late, ma'am. I have forgotten all I ever knew. I guess it was only a dream."

"Nonsense! Why don't you take part of your two dollars and buy a tablet and pencil? Write something and let me read it next week."

"I bought the pencil and tablet and then spent the rest on wine and beer. I wrote a few pages because I thought I owed it to her, but it was horrible. It was just a bunch of meaningless words. I hid it under my mattress and left it there.

"Next week she met me at the porch door, as if she had been waiting.

"Did you write something?'

"Yes, ma'am."

"May I see it?'

"I didn't bring it."

"Why not?'

"It was too bad."

"Do you still have it?'

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go and get it. I want to read it.' For the first time her voice was stern, like she was telling a small child to go to the bathroom.

"I almost didn't go back. But all the way back to the Haven I was thinking about my mother. Then I would think about the fellows in the tavern and standing on the corners and leaning against the buildings in the sun. Even now I don't know why I decided the way I did.

"She smiled that wonderful smile of hers when I handed her the tablet.

"Thank you,' she said. 'I didn't know whether you would come back or not."

"She sat on the porch and studied it a long time while I worked on the lawn. Finally she called me in. There was lemonade and chocolate cake.

"You were drunk when you wrote it, weren't you?'

"I didn't answer. I couldn't even look at her.

"It is very bad,' she said, 'but there is something good in it too, something that goes with your eyes. Next time why don't you do your writing before you get drunk?'

"Yes, ma'am."

"That night I started writing as soon as I got back from her place. Didn't even stop at a tavern on the way. I wrote about a fellow who stayed at the Haven, how he looked, and what he thought about politics, Vietnam, the poverty program. When I was finished I went out to spend my two dollars.

"When I handed her the tablet, she smiled again, but this time her smile was a little different. It was as if pride had taken the place of hope. Later she called me in to talk, and there was ice cream with the cake and lemonade.

"It is much better,' she said. 'I am proud of you. By the way, there are two other ladies in the block who have work for a yard man. You may use my tools if you want to. I may be able to find more work for you."

"She gave me the tablet, and she had corrected all the spelling and punctuation.

"I have a book on elementary English,' she said, 'that I would be glad to lend you."

"It wasn't long before I was working every day on somebody's lawn. I did some painting and carpenter work too. I would write something every evening instead of going to the tavern. Then I would give it to her in the morning, and pick it up when I was through work. She would always tell me how to improve it. I didn't have time to go to the taverns, and I felt better when I was through writing than when I was drunk. I moved out of the Haven into a cheap room where I could be alone. I was making enough money so I could eat in cheap restaurants instead of at the Blanchet House."

He glanced at his watch. "I'll be getting off soon. My family will be waiting at the station. Shall we go back to our seats?'

When the conductor called his station, he gathered up his things, shook hands, and said, "There is a late magazine on the seat. I am through with it and you may have it."

He waved from the end of the car. I opened the magazine to the page where the corner was bent and began to read.

It was the same story he had just told me.

Doctor Sees Smoking Habit as Drug Abuse

Smog Not Cancer Cause

A statistical study shows Los Angeles smog has had little or no influence on the death rate from lung cancer.

A five-year study of nearly 70,000 California males shows higher death rates from lung cancer in the San Francisco Bay and San Diego urban areas.

"California-type smog has no apparent effect" on the death rate from lung cancer, says Dr. Lester Breslow, recently director of the state department of public health which made the study.

Cigarette smoking and residency in an urban area—for some as yet unknown reason—are the principal causes of lung cancer in men, the study concludes. But it says the two factors had an additive rather than multiplying effect on each other.

Breslow says of cigarette smoking: "It is the major cause of lung cancer. There is no question about it."

The study "by no means exonerates photochemical smog" as a major health menace, he goes on.

The type of smog found in California has been found to have serious health effects such as eye inflammation, throat irritation, and upper respiratory complications. He says it impairs lung functions particularly among people already suffering from lung troubles.



If cigarettes are to be smoked, let the machine do it! When people do it, they commit slow suicide.

Danger in Retirement

A member of the Advisory Committee on Older Americans says that sociologists have found a sharp increase in the rate of alcoholism among retired executives.

"The three- and four-martini lunch becomes an established pattern," said James Cuff O'Brien. "The days become so long in retirement, that the retiree finds it easier to drink and then sleep away the afternoon than to face retirement."

Alcohol Is Work Peril

Alcoholic employees cost their employers three times as much in sick pay as do nonalcoholics, research published by the University of Michigan shows. Absenteeism is the main cost, but researchers also cite "on-the-job absenteeism"—when a worker is present but so hung over he can't function well.

Dr. Paul J. Whitaker, medical director for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, says that alcoholics are absent from work an average of twenty-two days a year. He says the normal nonalcoholic is absent an average of seven days.

An estimated 3 to 5 percent of the work force in the nation suffer from alcoholism. The cost of alcoholism in American industries exceeds \$2 billion a year in absenteeism, fringe benefits, loss of trained manpower, and inefficiency and accidents.

"The individual who insists on smoking cigarettes, despite evidence of the effects, is engaged in a suicide equivalent," Dr. Joel Fort, San Francisco psychiatrist, declares.

"We are," he says, "irrational in terms of importance we give to drugs. There has never been a death associated with marijuana, and only ten deaths in the world associated with LSD—and those from suicide and accident."

"Put that in perspective with the thousands of people whose chronic illness and sometimes death from such things as lung cancer, emphysema, and bronchial illness, are associated each year with tobacco," he goes on.

"Increasing use of cigarettes, second only to alcohol, has health and social effects which outweigh the effects of all other drugs."

"Drug abuse," he says, "could be defined as use of drugs which interfere with health or with social adjustment. And, in this definition, any use of cigarettes is drug abuse."

He lays much blame for increasing use of cigarettes on a state of "hypocrisy" in the nation. He censures the press, which he says plays up some cases of drug abuse but does not deal with cigarette dangers, and politicians, who he says are concerned with the income from sale of tobacco products.

If we were consistent in this society, he said, there would be daily headlines stating such things as "10,000th person died today of cigarette smoking."

Tobacco is "a major source of revenue, not only to the tobacco industry but to state and Federal governments (through taxes), and this is important in relation to government attitude and that of newspapers," he declares.

"Most of our policy makers, and most of those who write about drugs, are chronic users of tobacco or alcohol. Like users of LSD, they are strongly in favor of the drugs they use," says Dr. Fort.

Truth in a Nutshell



A Pennsylvania church sign tells the smoking story briefly but accurately.

In This NEWS

★ To lessen risk of death, stay married. See page 16.

★ Are you pouring glue into your computer? See page 17.

★ Here's the latest news about banana peels. See page 18.

Junior Golf With a Purpose



Larry Longo, nine, shoots out of a sand trap in the Non-Smokers' Junior Golf Association tournament in Canada. The founder, Dr. Anthony J. Longo, an ardent nonsmoker himself, felt that "if sports could be used to promote things like cigarettes, they could also be used to promote good health." Each youngster joining the association signs a card stating he does not smoke and does not intend to start "because I believe that smoking can be harmful to my health."

Alcohol Worse Than "Pot"

There is no reason for considering marijuana more dangerous than alcohol, but American society has made the distinction of accepting alcohol and outlawing marijuana, says Dr. T. C. P. Watts, psychiatric consultant at the Rockland State Hospital in New York.

"Unfortunately, in our culture we have chosen the more harmful physically," he declares. "Alcohol will produce more harmful changes if you use it too much than marijuana will if you use that too much."

For example, he says that alcohol can cause permanent damage to the liver. Though similar physical dangers have not been shown for marijuana, Dr. Watts says there have been cases with both where people have developed mental instability after continued usage.

Divorce May Be Fatal

People don't die of divorce, but they do die of its side effects—suicide, alcoholism, and emotional illness—reports Dr. Lester Breslow, recently head of the California Public Health Department.

He says that in the last census

year, 1960, divorced men and women of every age category died at a higher rate than did married persons.

Public health officials have long realized there is a connection between divorce, or separation, and mental or physical bad health. "A person's style of life, woven into his environment and social setting, has a direct bearing on the risk of illness, disability, and death," explains Dr. Breslow. "Marital status is an important part of this fabric."

In general, the California public's health problems of general illness, alcoholism, mental illness, and maternal and child care are measurably affected by marital status, with divorce and separation factors in raising the incidence.

Dr. Breslow says married persons are demonstrably healthier than divorced or separated ones. "We can't establish which comes first," he says, "the separation or the health problem."

Case of the Flying Alcoholic

When a small private aircraft crashes, the chances are that the fault is with the pilot rather than the structural design or mechanical failure of the plane.

The Federal Aviation Agency's investigation of one region revealed that 30 percent of fatal aircraft accidents involved the use of alcohol by the pilots. A typical case showed that the pilot had eaten very little during the eighteen hours preceding the flight, but that during that time he took over twelve ounces of alcohol.

Not only was his judgment impaired by the alcohol, but the lack of food caused a deficiency of sugar in his blood, a serious condition known as hypoglycemia. It can cause a blackout.

Sometimes a civilian pilot takes alcoholic drinks before flying because he is really afraid to fly and needs the alcohol to reduce his inhibitions and fear. Psychiatrists believe it is possible for some pilots to have a suicidal urge and deliberately take chances.



Memory Drug

Two researchers have reported significant development in the search for a drug that enhances memory in humans.

The scientists say animals treated with a new chemical compound called Ribaminol show an improvement of between 50 and 100 percent in their level of performance.

Possible future uses of the drug are not definite, but the potential uses now appear to be to aid older citizens to continue useful lives, possibly to shorten the catch-up time of the culturally deprived, and to speed learning.

STP Law

The Food and Drug Administration has proposed to place the hallucinatory drug STP under the same control as LSD.

The agency would include STP under the Drug Abuse Control Act's penalties for unauthorized sale and distribution. These range from one year in prison, a \$1,000 fine, or both for a first offense in distribution up to six years in prison, a \$15,000 fine, or both for repeated sales to persons under twenty-one.

Ice-cube Therapy

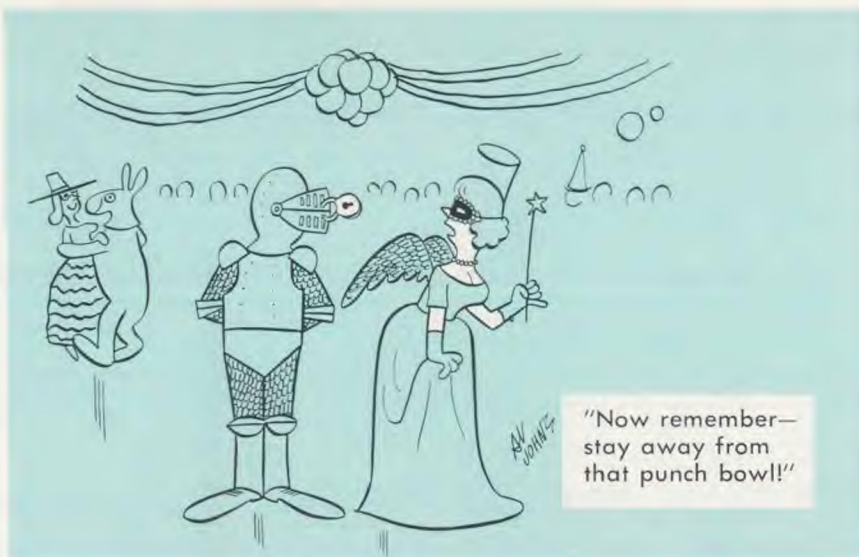
Cryokinetics, the ice-cube therapy, is the latest medical advice for assorted aches and pains due to pulled and bruised muscles.

Ice is being used where heat was once prescribed. Ice backers say that cold penetrates deeper than heat and brings quicker relief. To be effective, an ice-cube massage must be coupled with exercises.

Doctors also caution that since ice massage relieves so many types of pain—including the afterpains of a heart attack—it shouldn't be used without proper diagnosis of what's causing the trouble.



CALLING FLIGHT NO. 1 FOR SATURN. Future launch vehicles for interplanetary missions may be built on a "cluster" principle, according to a report by Douglas Aircraft Company engineers. Liquid-propellant vehicles would be preferable for launching large pay loads. A booster with four clusters would have 45.5 million pounds of thrust; five external boosters would provide a maximum thrust of nearly 55 million pounds.



"Now remember—
stay away from
that punch bowl!"

Getting Sober Takes Time

Passing the breath analyzer test does not necessarily mean you are sober enough to drive a car. Poor reactions may persist for hours after the breath test reads negative, says Canadian investigator C. B. Gibbs, of the Control Systems Laboratory in Ottawa.

Dr. Gibbs has developed a more sensitive, electronic sobriety test. The device, called a "stress analyzer," measures a man's ability to steer in response to shifting lights.

With it, reports Dr. Gibbs, he finds that some people show impaired reactions up to seven hours after alcohol in the breath has completely disappeared. All drinking drivers are impaired to some extent, probably even those who drink a single beer, says Dr. Gibbs.

Economy Affects the Mind

Hospital admissions reflect a direct relationship between stress in economy and mental illness. Any slackening of economic activity, no matter how slight, is mirrored by increased mental hospital admissions within a year, reports Dr. M. Harvey Brenner, assistant professor of public health and sociology at Yale.

Dr. Brenner believes the increases in mental illness are due not to unemployment, but to economic stress in those who are working. His contention is based on the fact that middle and upper classes are most affected by economic fluctuations. These groups react in near perfect accord with fluctuations in the economy. If employment falls by 1 percent, hospital admissions will probably rise by 1 percent.

Marijuana—Pouring Glue in a Computer

The idea that marijuana does no harm is "entirely false" and the advocates of such drugs are leading

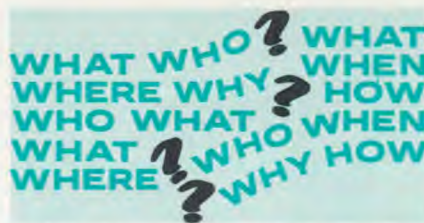
young people down the path to social and physical disaster, say two officials of the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics.

Marijuana tends to produce a "psychotic episode," or "toxic insanity," says Gene R. Haislip, attorney-adviser to the bureau in Washington.

"Heretofore, it was believed that an individual had to be 'predisposed' to a psychotic reaction before it would occur," he says, but extensive research has shown that this isn't the case. He cites a research project in which 2,213 "hard" narcotic addicts—users of heroin and morphine—were studied, and it was found that 70 percent of these users started their drug experience with marijuana.

The marijuana-smoking bandwagon has gained much momentum in the past few years, he says, largely because "we have the unprecedented experience of seemingly intelligent people openly advocating and encouraging drug abuse."

Claims that use of drugs such as marijuana and LSD are beneficial are ridiculous, he says, and likens the effect of such drugs on the brain to "pouring syrup or glue into a computer—you get a lot of strange answers."



• A fashion shop in Paris is selling ten-piece "instant hippie" kits—richly embroidered coats, "psychedelic" trousers and shirts, bells, earrings, and beads—for 556 francs (\$110). (Reuters)

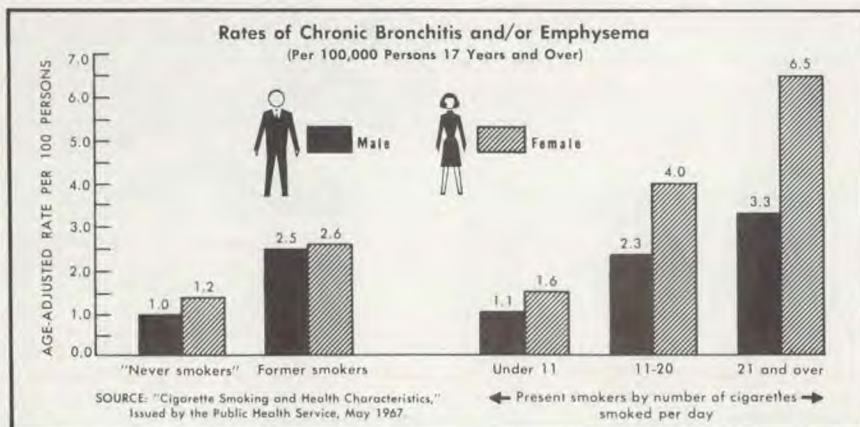
• Americans smoked 551 billion cigarettes in 1967, says the Department of Agriculture. This is an average of around 215 packs for every person eighteen years of age or older. Cigarettes consumed in 1967 numbered eleven billion more than in 1966. (Editorial Research Reports)

• The death rate for lung cancer is up 55 percent for males and 46 percent for females in the past decade. The National Cancer Institute estimates that by the end of the century lung cancer may cause 125,000 deaths a year, compared to about 50,000 now. (Editorial Research Reports)

• The hearts of alcoholics can't stand stress as well as those of others, reports the American Heart Association. And when an alcoholic's heart functions subnormally, it's due to alcohol itself, not to malnutrition commonly accompanying alcoholism. (AP)

• The Coffee Promotion Council in London is launching a year-long drive to win over tea lovers. Though the consumption of coffee has doubled in the last ten years, Britons drink five cups of tea for every cup of coffee. (AP)

• College students who play around with psychedelic drugs are now using the "smorgasbord approach" to drug taking, says Dr. Sidney Cohen. "Kids first take LSD, then marijuana and methedrine ('speed') which creates a higher 'high' than LSD." (Gannett News Service)





How to Have an Accident

On the basis of his study of some 1,300 alcoholics over a five-year period, Berthold Brenner of the National Institute of Mental Health finds that alcoholics are seven times as likely as nonalcoholics to be victims of fatal accidents. When the figures are broken down into kinds of accidents, they tell much about the special dangers that confront the alcoholic.

It was found that heavy drinkers are about thirty times as likely as others to die of accidental poisoning, about sixteen times as likely to die from an accidental fall, four and a half times as likely to meet death in a motor vehicle accident, and about three times as likely to die from other accidents.

Women alcoholics, in particular, are vulnerable; they have nearly sixteen times as many accidents as women who are not alcoholics, "while men were expected to have an accident rate of six times that of their nonalcoholic counterparts."

There Is No "Safe" Smoke

The Federal Trade Commission has rejected the idea of advertising particular brands of cigarettes as safe or safer than their competitors.

In a review of its regulations on advertising the tar and nicotine content of cigarettes, the commission says scientific data indicate that a substantial reduction of tar and nicotine intake may lower the harmful effects of smoking.

But it adds "there is no reliable evidence that the health hazards of cigarette smoking are thereby eliminated or avoided."

"Hence, no matter how relatively low its tar and nicotine content, no cigarette may truthfully be advertised or represented to the public, expressly or by implication, as safe or safer," the commission adds.

Chocolate That Is Not Real

It is almost easier to get a smoker to give up cigarettes than it is to get children to give up chocolate, even if they are allergic to it. But if all else fails there is a substitute.

Even though the youngsters may show only slight reactions on skin tests, as little as half a bar can set off an acute attack of wheezing, sneezing, skin rashes, and abdominal upsets in some children.

Dr. Joseph H. Fries, State University of New York Downstate Medical Center, Brooklyn, advises doctors whose patients do not co-

New Skyhawk



Newest and most powerful of the Navy A-4 Skyhawk series of attack planes is the A-4F. It is designed for carrier operation, but is also adaptable to close support missions from forward landing strips. Advances over earlier versions include a more powerful engine, nose wheel steering, wing-lift spoilers, and a zero-altitude-zero-speed ejection system.

operate in renouncing chocolate to recommend confections made from the carob bean.

The bean comes from a Mediterranean tree and also is grown in Southern California. Confections made from it mimic to a remarkable degree the appearance, texture, and taste of chocolate, but they have low allergy potential.

Banana Peel "High" Is Hoax

Banana peel smoking to get a "psychedelic experience" has been exposed as a hoax.

A team of psychiatrists report that a chemical analysis of the dried scrapings from the inner portion of banana peels show nothing but inert "carboniferous" (containing carbon) material.

Subsequent interviews with banana smokers have revealed that hippies fabricated the story to "bait authorities."

Earlier, the press carried reports of a marked increase in the popularity of taking "trips" on "mellow yellow," or bananadine, made by baking the inside of banana peels.

"There are no known hallucinogens in bananadine," say the investigating psychiatrists from the Neuropsychiatric Institute of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Too Many Drugs a Peril

Doctors at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, have warned people against taking self-prescribed powerful and dangerous drugs, such as cortisone and nerve quieters or nerve stimulants. When taken for too long a time and in abnormally large doses, these drugs often cause mental upsets.

Dr. Walter Alvarez, emeritus consultant for the Mayo Clinic, relates several instances of drug misuse by patients. A fifty-nine-year-old paranoid man thought people were trying to harm him and were influencing his brain by radar. Every day for heart trouble he was taking too large a dose of digitoxin, a drug made from digitalis which is a powerful and sometimes toxic drug. The man's heart was so poisoned by the drug that he was lucky to be alive.

In 1963, drugstores filled 60,775,000 prescriptions for tranquilizers and 45,795,000 prescriptions for barbiturates.

"Recently, as I sat at dinner with a number of friends," says Dr. Alvarez, "a man took from his pocket a dozen tablets and capsules containing hormones, tranquilizers, an appetite reducer, a set of vitamins, a brain stimulant, some iron, a mild laxative, a blood pressure reducer, a blood cholesterol reducer, a cortisone like drug, and a heart tonic."

"He swallowed them all. Nearly all of them he had prescribed for himself and some had been borrowed from friends and relatives."

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What Makes a Champion



Perry Lakin

Trainer of
Mr. Americas

ONE of the things I am most proud of in my forty-four years is the "winning" of my second Mr. America contest.

I put "winning" in quotes because I didn't really win it. A man named Frank Johnson did, but I was the coach who trained him, lived with him six hours a day and gave him a complete schedule of how to live the other eighteen hours, told him what exercises to do and how much sleep to get, what to eat and, above all, what habits to make and which ones to break.

Before I had taught Frank, I had "won" my first Mr. America contest with a fellow named Jim Parks. There were hundreds of boys before and after and in between them to whom I taught

body building, boys who tried hard but for one reason or another didn't make it.

It takes more than well-developed legs and arms and a muscular torso, it takes more than knowing how to lift a weight or flex a muscle to become Mr. America.

You must have certain traits of character too. First of all, you must have *discipline*. If you've ever lifted one of those hundred-pound barbells and held it above your shoulders for a few seconds, you know what I'm talking about. There are many easier things in this world to do.

A phrase I hear all too often around the gym these days is, "Who needs it?" More and more, kids seem to be asking themselves why they should do things that take so much energy and self-discipline. They figure they could be at the movies or watching TV, or doing a lot of other things.

Well, I'll tell you the answer that I've learned in two decades of working with champion athletes—and working with those who dropped out too. It is what Thomas Jefferson said: "The true worth of something is how hard you work to get it." What doesn't take any work isn't worth much.

That brings me to a second quality of character that a fellow needs to become a champion: *independence*. He's got to be able to break away from the crowd when the crowd is partying, watching TV, or goofing off. He's got to have something inside him that will make him bid them good-bye and drive down to the gym to endure the perspiration and the fatigue.

By the same token, a fellow (or girl—and I've trained girls too) has to have *humility* to go along with the independence. He's got to be able to take coaching, for example. No champion athlete ever did it all on his own. He must have values higher than himself. A fellow has to want to have a good body not for the muscles themselves, but for what they represent—a healthy house for his spirit.

Most of all, you have got to have *good habits*. Smoking and drinking are out. They can ruin a potential Mr. Amer-

ica faster than anything else. This makes me remember the "third" Mr. America I trained, I can't give you Ernie's last name, since what I say about him isn't good. He never became Mr. America, you see. I only call him that because he *should* have won the title—he was the most talented boy I've ever taught.

But try as I might, I couldn't teach Ernie to stop smoking and drinking. His father had been an alcoholic, and Ernie felt it was something he was bound to become too. He'd go off liquor for a week, sometimes even a month, but then one drink would send this twenty-two-year-old kid back down to the depths. I wouldn't see him at the gym for ten or twelve days.

When he finally did come in, he'd look bad—black circles under his eyes, his posture drooping, and even his muscles starting to show signs of flabbiness. The worst thing was something inside him, something that was being eaten away little by little. One day, on the eve of a big contest, I guess it must have been eaten away down to the bone. After that Ernie never came back. His back was broken for life in a barroom argument.

No, I've never seen a fellow with bad habits get good results. The two just don't go together. A lot of youngsters today feel that what they *say* is more important than what they do. Well, let me say that what you do is the *cake* and what you *say* is only the *frosting*.

So a last trait of character that is needed to become a champion at anything is *personal honesty*. Before you can be honest with other people or with the world, you've got to be honest with yourself. You've got to figure out what you really are and what you're going to do about it. In a way, personal honesty is at the bottom of all other habits.

One of the important things that personal honesty can tell you is what it really means to be a *champion*. I've used the word a lot in this article, but if you remember, I said training my second Mr. America was only *one* of the things I was most proud of.

The other is all the "Mr. Americas" I've trained who never won a trophy or a gold medal. These were the fellows who just didn't have the build or the talent to become Number One, but who became the most they could.

That's more important than anything else. Too bad Ernie couldn't have realized it.