

LISTEN



Harmon Killebrew
The Minnesota Slugger

Dangerous Ground

There seem to be some physicians who persist in promoting the drug alcohol as a reliable medical remedy for a wide range of ailments.

One such is Dr. Arthur A. Nareff of New York who says that the use of distilled spirits is "commonplace" in his daily therapeutic practice. He claims that alcohol "may be employed appropriately and effectively in the practice of modern medicine."

In fact, he goes so far as to apply such use of alcohol to what he calls "the art of medicine," an ability which he describes as coming to a young physician only after some years of daily practice, or when he becomes "skilled" as well as educated. It would seem that, in his opinion, a doctor isn't a doctor until he utilizes alcohol "either as a food or medicine or for its ability to lift and ease the human spirit." He says he uses it "without fear or inhibition."

Fortunately, these extravagant claims are being answered by other physicians who point out their appalling weakness.

"It has been my lot," says Dr. R. L. Shriro of New York, "to have attempted to treat patients with iatrogenic [induced by a physician—used chiefly of ailments induced in a patient by autosuggestion based on a physician's words or actions during examination] alcoholism.

"In each of them a moderate quantity of over-the-counter spirits had been prescribed to alleviate usually acute severe depression, anxiety, and/or psychosomatic symptoms, with all too spectacular results. The patients remembered well both the pharmacologic effect and the authoritative permission granted, and continued to medicate themselves when the symptoms recurred, then for milder distress, and as tolerance developed, with increasingly larger doses.

"The recurrence of the original complaint was inevitable since the therapy was directed only against the symptom. Psychological dependency developed long before addiction."

In commenting on the physicians in recent years who make medical claims for alcohol, Dr. Floyd W. Johnson of Stockton, California, points out that "not one of them has given what would be a rational treatment as to amount or times of dosage, nor have they gone into a scientific study as to whether there is any possibility of brain or liver damage with the amounts that they would suggest."

Since alcohol is so widely available these days, drinkers tend to take every advantage of excuses they can find to drink. Any encouragement in this direction by physicians would be doubly inviting for persons so inclined.

If alcohol were used only on a medical prescription basis, there would be no problem of alcoholism. However, millions of people imbibe freely, in this way self-administering a narcotic drug. The ethics of medicine forbid doctors or nurses to give themselves drugs, since when a person is under the influence he is no judge of drug effects or amount of dosage needed. Yet when people drink, they self-administer a drug without even the advantage of medical knowledge of the nature or effects of alcohol.

Small wonder then that physicians tread on dangerous ground when they encourage patients in a habit which can so easily get out of hand.

Francis A. Soper

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

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★ October is Olympic month in Mexico City—for *Listen* too. The Olympic Games began in 776 B.C. at the city of Olympia in the small Greek state of Elis. How they have progressed to become the world event they are today is graphically depicted in our next month's issue.

★ Twenty years ago Bob Mathias won the grueling decathlon event (actually ten events) at the London Olympics. Now he is a member of Congress, but still is a physical fitness "bug" and an Olympic participant.

★ For one of the best stories you've ever read, "Three Ivory Beads" has no competition.

Photo and Illustration Credits

Pages 4, 13, Don Smith of Hamilton Studios; page 6, H. Armstrong Roberts; page 13, Gary Wagner from Monkmeier; page 15, Al Johns; page 16, United Press International.

Editorial Office:

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

Publication Office:

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

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

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

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



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

IT WAS A GORGEOUS autumn day when Ron and I started to clean up his basement recreation room after a party. Ron had been my friend for several years, and I knew that he was very upset that his two roommates were soon leaving. Their rent payments had been helping him meet the mortgage payments on the house. I was upset too—because of my recent broken engagement.

In our separate bad moods then, we put on some records, and Ron poured a soft drink for me. When I had finished half of it, he said casually, "Like it? It's got LSD in it." LSD—I remembered stories I had read in magazines—something about colors and being "out of this world." I was not impressed or alarmed—yet. We were in the Midwest, and the drug had not gained the notoriety that it had in New York City or on the west coast. Was he kidding?

Minutes later we went upstairs, walked out the front

When the hippies have become afraid of LSD, but I didn't know why until --

I took a trip

door, and started to walk toward our cars. Before I reached mine, I began to feel shaky, and my knees were suddenly weak. "You did put something in that drink, didn't you?" I asked Ron. I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. I stared back at the aluminum screen door and the red reflection from his car parked opposite spread and turned the entire door into a glowing red.

Out of curiosity Ron had put some of the drug into his drink also, and he began to feel the effects. The bottle in the refrigerator had been intended for his roommates—as

Marie Phelps

revenge, I guess. It had been my bad luck that I was there at the wrong time. We were both frightened then; he put his arm around me and said, "I didn't mean to do this to you." We went back into the house and from then it was like a bad science fiction movie.

"Try to dilute it with water," he said. We went to the kitchen sink and drank glass after glass of water, with no results. My hand was like rubber. The glass fell and shattered in the sink. I ran outside. It was still daylight. All the grass and trees were a glittering golden color—not beautiful, but terrifying. Already I was a thousand miles from reality, and I could feel myself going farther. I wanted to phone someone, but Ron had disconnected the telephone the day before. "We've got to get help," I said and started to run out into the street. I couldn't believe that other people were in their homes, preparing dinner, watching television, doing the ordinary evening things while I ran wildly in this unreal world. Something horrible was happening out here, and they didn't know. Again Ron persuaded me to come inside the house.

Inside, he said, "At least we'll die together."

"I'm not afraid to die," I said. But I was afraid. We had difficulty getting our breath, and we panicked. We seemed terribly far from help without the telephone. Ron looked at his wristwatch periodically, to "keep in touch with reality," as he said later.

I tried to stay near him, but we seemed to be separating more every minute. He said later that at first it was as if a large, friendly bear had held him close, making him warm, then released him, leaving him very cold.

After a while, he came back into the kitchen and walked toward me. But I saw an old, crippled, misshapen man with a leering grin on his face. I backed away and saw my own face in a mirror—old and wrinkled, and with gray hair around it. Next I was in a child's nightmare, running through a dark hall calling, "Mother! Mother!" No answer.

Later we both lay on the kitchen floor, and Ron said, "Maybe we can get back on the wavelength." Somehow, I knew exactly what he meant by "the wavelength." I lay very still and uselessly concentrated on "getting back." We talked about what we would do "if we get out of this."

"It's like hell, isn't it?" he asked, and I agreed. We couldn't get away!

Some time later Ron walked to the refrigerator and



*"Already I was a thousand miles from reality,
and I could feel myself going farther."*

began to eat ravenously everything he could find. He threw raw eggs at me, one by one. But slumped against the cabinet, I hardly knew it. Later I felt my hair matted with egg white and saw my suit ruined with the dried egg stain.

When Ron's two roommates arrived, they found us semiconscious. I was slumped in a corner in the kitchen and Ron was lying on the bedroom floor. Both of us were "drugged-looking," but they knew we were not under the influence of alcohol. Puzzled and alarmed, they went next door and phoned for an ambulance. Police are automatically called when an ambulance is requested, and they arrived first. I wandered through the house, introducing Larry, one

of the roommates, as "my husband." They told me that I said, "Oh, isn't this lovely! We're having a party."

"We're going to put you into the ambulance now," a kind voice said. I docilely agreed. The ride was fast, filled with a myriad of colors, lights, and thoughts of Miami, Las Vegas, or New York. I wondered where I was. I was aware, in a distorted sense, of my surroundings in the ambulance, but thought that I was dreaming. The fast ride, siren screaming, was exciting and almost pleasurable.

Hospital personnel began to question us, taking Ron to a separate room. A friendly attendant said to me several times, "You're such a pretty girl. Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" I thought. I closed my eyes and lay still on the cot, wondering what I had done that everyone was talking about, then the hospital staff told me to open my eyes so that they could look into them. I saw my father walking through the corridor, looking very old and tired. I wanted to finish the dream now. It was changing.

Outside, in the car, I began to "come to." I asked my father and brother what had happened. They told me that a neighbor had complained of the noise in Ron's house and had called the police. I touched my hair, matted with egg, and saw my suit streaked with dirt.

Dad had stopped at Ron's house to pick up my car. Ron was home when we arrived. He looked at my face and my clothes and asked sadly, "What have I done to you?" I couldn't answer. My father took my arm and led me outside.

Because of endangering Ron's job, where he had gotten the drug, I denied to the police any knowledge of LSD. They reminded me, though, that I had mumbled about LSD when I was brought into the hospital. But I told them that I did not remember anything I had said during that time. This denial, however, put me in the position of not receiving help to counteract the dosage.

The next morning I met Ron for a late breakfast, and we felt a little "strange." We phoned some friends who had recently moved to San Francisco and told them what had happened. Our "hippie" friend there gasped at the amount of the dosage.

The "trip" wasn't over. About a week later at my office I was overcome by a strange and totally unfamiliar feeling. I felt as if I were going to pieces. A groundless panic saturated my mind, and the world seemed unreal. Ordinary situations and people now seemed threatening and sinister.

I told my supervisor that I was ill, and I went home. At that time, I did not connect the odd feelings with LSD. Later, while talking with others who had had the experience, I realized that the reaction was beginning to occur. The panic was unfamiliar to me and unbelievable that day; I walked into a drug store and at the time it seemed fantastic that the clerks and customers, most of whom I knew, did not see how very "different" I was. I bought sleeping pills and bourbon to combat the weird feelings that came over me. I was afraid to see anyone.

I returned to my apartment and tried to will myself to sleep while the strange and unconnected images and thoughts continued to flood my mind: my father with his stomach cut out like a television set—people with no heads and people with grotesquely laughing faces—pairs of wicked, penetrating eyes. I prayed for sleep and drank more bourbon.

Almost a week later the same thing happened again.

I was really frightened and feared that I was losing my mind. I read everything I could find about the drug and its effects, and finally concluded that the strange feelings were connected with it. One article that I read ended with the sentence, "Those who taste of the sacred fruit [drug] will never be the same again." I cried myself to sleep.

Several weeks later I left for California, but the drug "trip" continued horribly for almost six months. One evening four of us went for a drive, and suddenly I felt completely isolated from all other humans. I was completely alone, and no matter how close anyone was no one could ever reach me. "Oh, help me!" I thought. "I'm so afraid. What can I do?" I fought for control, but apparently my acute distress wasn't obvious.

In San Francisco I found a job through a temporary secretarial agency, and each morning I drove across the Golden Gate Bridge to work. I have never been afraid of bridges or heights; but one day, just as I drove to the bridge entrance, I was seized with such a horrible, unreasonable terror of crossing that I barely controlled myself. I had to force myself to cross the bridge, and to do many other normal, simple things such as entering an unfamiliar office.

One of my assignments for the temporary agency consisted of sitting in a small office counting envelopes and stuffing them. The other girl I was working with said she was doing the temporary job while "trying to find myself." Gradually the conviction originated and grew in my mind that I was actually in a mental institution and had been for many years. I fought this with my rational mind, but the feeling persisted. The windows seemed barred, and I imagined doctors and nurses in the office halls. I wondered how long I had been there and if I had ever left. Not until that particular assignment was finished was I rid of the strange feeling.

One evening I went out for dinner with two friends. All through the evening—in the car, in the restaurant—I seemed to sense, not actually see or hallucinate, a green, naked, devilish man in our presence. I knew with my logical mind that there was no such creature, but I felt that if I closed my eyes I would feel his breath on my face or the touch of a claw. I fought the pseudohallucination for hours, and it did not disappear until finally I fell asleep. Finally, about six months later, these symptoms disappeared.

Since the long trip, to a psychotic state that was hell, I have talked to others who have been ravaged by their experience with LSD. One, Joe, is still confined to a mental hospital and has been for more than six months.

The envelope of Joe's letter has "PEACE" scrawled over it in several places. Inside it says, "Don, say something," and, "I came back from Berk. [Berkeley] not knowing who I was—acid poisoning, you know," also, "The only logical solution is to be eight and one-half years old, thinking a day ahead and never sober enough to be rational. Insanity is the same solution and reality is not a trip to take a heart on."

Joe tries to explain, "If only thinking could be killed." This seems to be the most devastating part, that the thinking cannot be "turned off." The brain goes on and on to torture its owner. Terror without reason is the strongest terror of all. LSD is a world of fear—unexplained and terrifying anxiety—wanting to run somewhere; but how can you escape from yourself? ■

Walk for Health

Bill Christian

A MODERN prophet has said that by the year 1995 we will have moving sidewalks, and that by the year 2000 these sidewalks will be outlawed and a law passed requiring everyone to walk an hour a day to preserve health.

Those who are becoming concerned with their health in this age of labor-saving devices are already walking, and others are being cautioned by their doctors to walk.

A new United States Public Health Service study points a finger at a growing national problem: obesity. It is getting more serious as Americans eat more and exercise less.

The report notes that obese persons are prime candidates for a number of chronic disorders including heart disease, diabetes, and respiratory infections. And as if that weren't enough, they are more likely to develop major illnesses and die young. The Government experts found that most diets and appetite-controlling drugs are of only limited value. If you suffer from obesity or lead a too-sedentary life, they advise following new and permanent eating patterns of well-balanced menus and getting more physical activity, such as walking.

The punishment of not walking enough is the threat of arteriosclerosis, circulation ailments, and heart attacks. Persons who sit in a cramped position for hours, watching television or driving a car, are running a risk of developing life-endangering blood clots. Regular exercise such as walking offers an excellent form of protection. An appropriate maxim might be: If you drive a lot, you must walk a lot.

"Physical education has undergone an appalling deterioration in recent



Most of us don't walk enough in America!

decades," says Dr. Paul Dudley White, heart specialist and former physician to President Eisenhower, "partly because of eggheads and intellectuals who have scorned body development. Muscular fatigue is the best tranquilizer known."

Even victims of angina pectoris can frequently walk their way to health, the American Heart Association was told by Dr. Albert Cattus of the University of California. Dr. Cattus started fifty patients walking on a treadmill every day. "Their symptoms decreased, and their capacity to perform exercise was greatly improved," he says.

The evidence is everywhere if any-

one cares to look for it. "Walk. It's the healthiest thing that you can do. It'll help you live longer," says 100-year-old Mrs. Miriam Brothers of Buffalo, New York, who was refused a life insurance policy when a child.

Most of us don't walk enough in America. We ride everywhere, even to the corner store for the newspaper. As a result we have become dangerously soft. In certain areas of Europe whole families get out and walk or bicycle together. Significantly, there is in these areas no such widespread problem of overweight.

An increasing number of prominent men walk or run to preserve their health. Dr. George W. Calver, attending physician to the Supreme Court and Congress, recommends walking an hour each day to counteract mental strain. Chief Justice Earl Warren walks two miles to work daily.

**"Afoot and lighthearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me."**

-Walt Whitman.

Hippocrates prescribed walks to prevent emotional disturbances, hallucinations, and expansion of the waistline. (A walk of one mile a day can fend off as much as eight to ten pounds a year.)

The late Albert Payson Terhune once wrote: "Of Christ most of us have the wrong physical idea. He is often pictured as thin and puny and with an almost womanish face. I lived for some time in Syria as a very young man. I used to try to duplicate His daily journeys from place to place, as the Bible outlines their course to us. He was an athlete and well shod. Moreover, there were somewhat better roads and trails than in His day. Yet, strong and vigorous and young as I was, I could seldom equal His pedestrian records."

There is not only health but enjoyment in walking. Actually, Americans are discovering that they enjoy finding their feet again, and they are taking to the trails with gusto. The quiet call of a wood thrush, a meadow of alpine flowers sparkling in the early morning dew, a rumbling waterfall in a tree-shaded glade are yours to enjoy.

The hardy hiker with a knapsack can savor the spectacular beauty of the hills and forests in remote, seldom-visited areas. Superintendents of the national parks and forests in all parts of the country can provide well-marked maps, campsites, and sometimes even a lodge, tucked away out of range of the usual modes of transportation.

If you don't happen to be the hardy type—if your biceps will never take prizes, and your feet are bunion-prone—don't let the "remote area" bit scare you off. All states have nature trails made for you—pathways off the highway that are neither too steep nor too long, but packed with enjoyment.

In the country you can rediscover all the picturesque streams and trails and woodlands hidden by highway billboards. Soon you will walk because you like to walk.

Besides savoring the enjoyment of walking, you may be walking away from your own funeral. Dr. Gerhardt Volkeheimer, a German specialist from the Humboldt University Medical School, claims that complete rest after a heavy meal can result in a sudden heart attack since it can cause an accumulation of fatty fluid which can block a coronary artery. He advises a walk after a heavy meal.

Like any other form of exercise, walking requires a period of gradual

conditioning before an all-out effort. If you're out of training, start slowly with short hikes and gradually build up the time and distance.

The walking pace should be suited to the individual's capacity, so that not too great a demand is placed on the circulation. As time goes on, extend the distance slowly. An ideal distance to strive for at the beginning is two miles. Later you can work up to five or ten miles. Try to increase your speed until you are moving briskly and breathing deeply.

The fifty-mile hike mania can be dangerous and discouraging. You may do it once and never try it again.

Your most important piece of equipment for hiking is your shoes. Be sure they fit properly, are well broken in, and have no rough spots inside. Wearing two pairs of socks helps. On longer hikes your shoes should extend above the ankle to give protection and support. Lace them so that they do not slip and so that they feel comfortable. Leave the laces looser around the ankle.

A back pack is a must on long hikes for carrying food, excess clothing, and other supplies; it keeps the hands free for climbing or other activity. All clothing should be loose-fitting for comfort. Don't forget the insect repellent when exploring wooded areas.

Don't show off by running up hills; you may not make it the rest of the way. Carry along a supply of fresh water, but use it sparingly. Keep the rest breaks down to five minutes.

Another tip: the feet function best when the toes point straight ahead in walking. Walking with the toes turned in or out distributes the body's weight unequally on the feet.

Walking is beneficial for any age and condition. Patrick P. Thines, a former polio victim, walked from San Diego to New York in fifty-four days when he was in his seventies. Thines has walked sixty-six miles in a day and could do eight miles an hour.

If you care to challenge the nonstop record, which may be broken by now, it was 148 miles from Buffalo to Lean, New York. Ted Nowak did it in 29 hours and 29 minutes.

It would be helpful if urban renewal programs would include more trails, walkways, and bicycle streets to take care of human health. Certainly nothing would contribute more to perpetuation of the way to life than a revival of the old-time hobby of walking.

Psychedelirium TREMENS

Jane Goodsell

Remember when HIPPIE meant big in the hips,

And a TRIP involved travel in cars, planes, and ships?

When POT was a vessel for cooking things in,

And HOOKED was what Grandmother's rug might have been?

When FIX was a verb that meant mend or repair,

And BE-IN meant simply existing somewhere?

When NEAT meant well organized, tidy, and clean,

And GRASS was a ground-cover, normally green?

When lights and not people were SWITCHED ON and OFF,

And The PILL might have been what you took for a cough?

When CAMP meant to quarter outdoors in a tent,

And POP was what the weasel went?

When GROOVY meant furrowed with channels and hollows,

And BIRDS were winged creatures, like robins and swallows?

When FUZZ was a substance that's fluffy like lint,

And BREAD came from bakeries, not from the mint?

When SQUARE meant a 90-degree angled form,

And COOL was a temperature not quite warm?

When ROLL meant a bun, and ROCK was a stone,

And HANG-UP was something you did to a phone?

When CHICKEN meant poultry, and BAG meant a sack,

And JUNK trashy cast-offs and old bric-a-brac?

When JAM was preserves that you spread on your bread,

And CRAZY meant balmy, not right in the head?

When CAT was a feline, a kitten grown up,

And TEA was a liquid you drank from a cup?

When SWINGER was someone who swung in a swing,

And a PAD was a soft sort of cushiony thing?

When WAY OUT meant distant and far, far away,

And a man couldn't sue you for calling him GAY?

When DIG meant to shovel and spade in the dirt,

And PUT-ON was what you would do with a shirt?

When TOUGH described meat too unyielding to chew,

And MAKING A SCENE was a rude thing to do?

Words once so sensible, sober, and serious

Are making the FREAK SCENE like PSYCHEDELIRIOUS.

It's GROOVY, MAN, GROOVY, but English it's not;

Methinks that the language has gone straight to POT.



The buildings of the Center on the ninety-acre campus.



Group therapy, an essential part of the daily program.



CRC's administration building was once a luxury resort constructed to attract the Hollywood elite.

winning the losing battle

APPROACHING the double-fenced compound housing 1,800 men—all drug addicts undergoing treatment—I was excited about seeing in action one of the nation's foremost narcotics rehabilitation programs, yet I did not know exactly what to expect. I learned, however, that in this sprawling arena the "losing battle" against addiction is being fought—and won.

My mother, at that time librarian at California Rehabilitation Center at Norco, had arranged for me to visit the institution during a school vacation. The guard, expecting a visitor, watched as I approached the fence at the upper end of the ninety-acre campus, swung open the first gate, then clicked it behind me before opening the inner one. I walked up the hill and entered the library.

I already knew something about Joe, the library clerk nearly ready for parole, for Mother had told me snippets of his history, but I was not expecting to see the tall, rangy figure who suddenly appeared in the doorway with an armload of books. Dressed in the blue denim uniform of the residents, Joe was polite and completely unselfconscious when Mother introduced him. Looking for some clue as to what made him "different," I secretly watched him as he continued his work. He looked remarkably normal; certainly he displayed no sinister or evil characteristics.

Although 80 percent of the residents are committed to CRC for felony convictions, the majority are not hardened criminals. Rather they are misguided men who need an opportunity to make adjustments to normal society.

CRC provides this chance to learn to live. The program, constructed around the guiding philosophy of rebuilding a total man equipped to face the world of reality, gives each resident opportunities to prove that he can gain self-control and build up a resistance to drugs. Though one often hears the saying, "Once an addict, always an addict," within the link fence of this institution hundreds are fighting—and winning—a rigorous battle to refute this doleful adage.

The record being made is an impressive one. Illiterate men are educated and sent out with a sense of self-esteem; the unskilled are taught an occupation and released to hold down worthwhile jobs. Once propelled by drugs, the human shell is now transformed into a man who can face the world without artificial escapes. But many smaller battles must be fought before victory is ultimately attained.

Joe first ran afoul of the law when he was convicted for passing a bad check to support his habit. Not a known addict at the time, he served his first sentence in a state penitentiary. Upon his release, he found a good job and was determined to go "straight."



One of the residents proudly shows Librarian Irma Lee Horning his entomology collection.

Then one day he made a mistake in his work, and the boss reprimanded him severely. In a fit of anger, Joe wrote another bad check to pay for a used car and skipped the state for a narcotics binge. His second conviction sent him to Norco; there he proved to be a conscientious worker. Later I learned that three years after parole from CRC, Joe was happily living with his wife and family—and going straight.

As most of us know, the typical drug addict is a slave to the needle, chained by a habit so demanding that he would do almost anything to obtain his "fixes." CRC Superintendent Roland W. Wood is convinced that the

as the panacea for all his problems. The foe, then, that residents and staff together fight in this battle, is the needle.

What is the "secret formula," the winning combination of factors, responsible for so notable a breakthrough in a baffling human dilemma so long characterized by defeat? What gives a man the needed strength to overcome the strangling habit that has eaten away at his health, his self-respect, his willpower? How can the Center be at one time a hospital, a school, a prison—and yet much more?

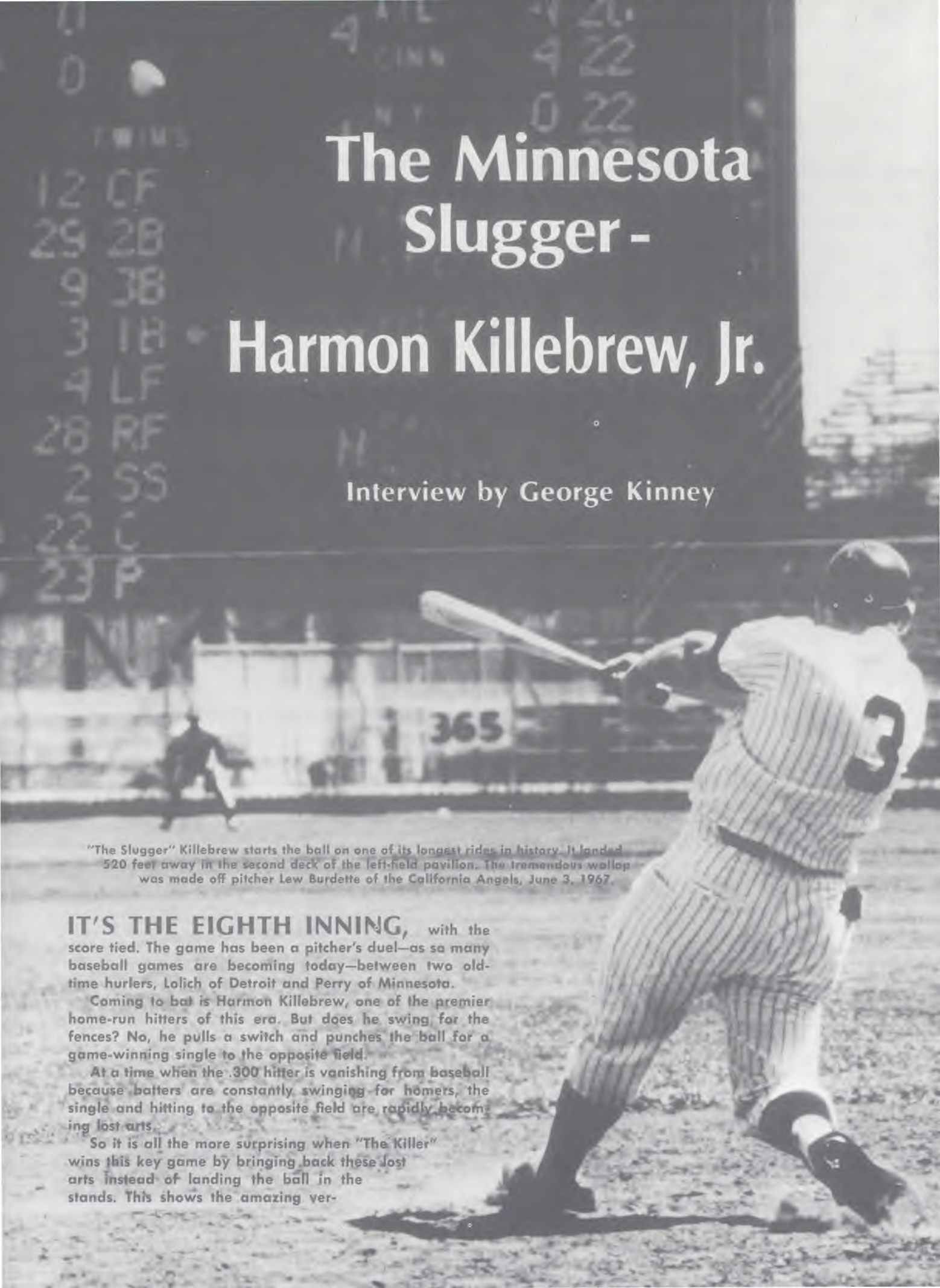
By no means the only program for narcotics addicts, the Norco institution operates a unique program in its drive to salvage human beings. The residents live on a carefully supervised daily program in contrast to maximum security prison sentences they would have served ten years ago.

One of the most important aspects in the institution's schedule is the group therapy hour each day when all the residents engage in verbal free-for-all. Dormitory groups of sixty men discuss problems or merely vent their emotions, battling for answers that have long eluded them. One chief aim of the discussions is to get the men working together as a team—not an easy task for men accustomed to being loners. A trained counselor sits in with the groups but rarely makes comments.

When a patient first joins the (Continued on page 12)

Pat Horning

only reason so many addicts resort to stealing is to support their habit—a habit that may cost as much as \$100 a day. Residents suffer withdrawal pains when taken off drugs, but the real torture is mental agony and longing. For the rest of his life a user may involuntarily think of narcotics



The Minnesota Slugger - Harmon Killebrew, Jr.

Interview by George Kinney

"The Slugger" Killebrew starts the ball on one of its longest rides in history. It landed 520 feet away in the second deck of the left-field pavilion. The tremendous wallop was made off pitcher Lew Burdette of the California Angels, June 3, 1967.

IT'S THE EIGHTH INNING, with the score tied. The game has been a pitcher's duel—as so many baseball games are becoming today—between two old-time hurlers, Lolich of Detroit and Perry of Minnesota.

Coming to bat is Harmon Killebrew, one of the premier home-run hitters of this era. But does he swing for the fences? No, he pulls a switch and punches the ball for a game-winning single to the opposite field.

At a time when the .300 hitter is vanishing from baseball because batters are constantly swinging for homers, the single and hitting to the opposite field are rapidly becoming lost arts.

So it is all the more surprising when "The Killer" wins this key game by bringing back these lost arts instead of landing the ball in the stands. This shows the amazing ver-

Baseball's "Mr. Home Run" Speaks . . .

During spring training everyone tries to make the team; those who prove themselves will get the jobs. What are the requirements to make the team?

Only the best are going to succeed, and those who don't make it are cut off before the regular season begins. It is very important to stay in the best physical and mental condition possible, especially the way the schedule is today. We play 162 games during the season, and there is no way a player can play this many games as a regular and not take care of himself. Abstaining from harmful habits is a must.

Do you feel that physical fitness has an important overall influence in a person's life?

It definitely does. Not only does it help the youth physically, but spiritually and mentally too. The body, mind, and spirit all are very important.

Do you meet with any youth groups?

Yes, throughout the year I talk to a lot of young people and encourage them to do the right thing in wholesome and healthful activities. For the most part, I think youngsters today are good kids. I don't think we hear enough about these youngsters.

What do you do in the off season?

I live in Oregon with my wife Elaine, and we have five lovely children. I try to spend as much time at home with them as I can in the winter. But this baseball business is getting to be a year-round job, so I am gone quite a bit in the winter too.

Is it hard then for your children really to have a father image?

This is the biggest problem I have in baseball. I'm thankful for our church; it is really a big help to me. I know that they are learning the proper things while I'm gone.

Harmon, I'm sure that you wish them to have the view of healthful living which your church teaches.

If I told them one thing and the church told them something else, they wouldn't have much respect for me, so I must constantly set the right example before them and before all with whom I come in contact. It's my duty to my God and my country.

How do you feel, as a ballplayer, you can be an inspiration and help to those watching you?

I feel I can do it through my actions. I would hate to think that I would influence a youngster to do bad things; on the other hand it would make me feel good if I could influence him to do good things. Of course, abstaining from alcohol and smoking certainly is important. There are a lot of other things too that can be done to help the youth be good citizens and follow a Christian way of life.

In the ballplayers you have known have you seen evidence that the alcohol or tobacco habit has made a difference in performance?

Certainly. Down through the years I have seen players who have not taken care of themselves in these respects. To play 162 games a year, you've got to keep yourself in good physical condition, and these habits don't help to do that. Good condition also means you need your proper rest and right food, and to keep yourself spiritually fed too.



Do you feel that athletes have a considerable influence on the younger generation today?

Today, when so many people are concerned about the youth of our country, I think an athlete is in a very good position to help lead these youth, not only through talking but also through what he does. Youth must have someone to look up to, and a ballplayer can and must present an image that is a good image.

ability of one of the greatest players on the field today. Although his long-ball skill has overshadowed all else, Killebrew shines as a top player in all-round performance.

Harmon was the major leagues' co-leader in home runs in 1967, marking the third time he achieved such honors in the majors and the fifth time he paced the American League in his nine seasons as a big-league regular. "Harm" now ranks fourteenth on the list of the greatest home-run hitters in the history of the game. During 1967 he moved up seven notches in home run statistics, passing the marks of such greats as Joe Adcock, Yogi Berra, Johnny Mize, Joe Mauer, Rocky Colavito, Ralph Kiner, and Gil Hodges. Killebrew's 131 bases on balls were the most in the majors since Eddie Yost received 135 for Detroit in 1959.

His home-run ratio of one for every 13.01 times at bat is second only to the 11.76 ratio of the immortal Babe Ruth,

but Harm's current total of homers is greater than was Ruth's at age thirty-one.

He started this season with a home-run total of 380, only 120 shy of the magic 500 mark. Of course, that is a lot of home runs, but simple mathematics show that if Killebrew keeps up his 41-homers-a-year pace, he will reach the 500 mark within three years. And at thirty-one years of age, he shows no sign of slowing down. His manager, Cal Ermer, says, "He takes perfect care of himself. We're hoping he'll have seven or eight more good seasons for us."

What does "The Killer" say? He supposes that he has "a chance" at the 500 mark, which is about like supposing that his team, under his inspiration and example, has "a chance" at another pennant.

Harmon Killebrew is a product of the Western frontier, growing up in the small Idaho town of Payette. By the time

winning the losing battle

(Continued from page 9)

session, he frequently is vehement; but after a few weeks of give-and-take with men who are trying to conquer similar problems, he sees himself in a new light. When a man understands that he used drugs to escape the difficult decisions of day-to-day living, he has won a significant battle in his war against the needle.

In addition to counseling, other activities keep the residents busy. Each man and woman (300 women live in a separate but adjoining compound) has a job, usually similar to his previous occupation. The physical education director keeps a full slate of activities running throughout the year. The campus facilities include a large gymnasium, a ball field, and two swimming pools.

Since only 36 percent of the resident population have completed more than one and a half years of high school, an intensive educational program is conducted. The residents who have not graduated from high school have the option of attending classes four hours a day rather than working their normal shift. Grown men start the first grade! Correspondence courses are available for residents who wish to do extra studying on the side, and an expanding library is open daily.

Many of the men searching for a deeper meaning to life turn to religion for answers. Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish services are conducted in a nicely furnished interdenominational chapel, but attendance is not mandatory.

"We cannot say that these men are definitely cured," says Superintendent Roland W. Wood, "but at least they have controlled the habit for a time." Nevertheless, the results at CRC are recognized as more promising than those from many other programs in the United States. Thirty-seven percent—more than one out of three—of those treated "stay clean" at least a year.

The 63 percent who leave CRC without obtaining a final cure are not necessarily hopeless cases, though. According to Mr. Wood, every time an addict fails and returns for additional rehabilitation, he is more likely to succeed the next time he is paroled. He admits that some men may

need six or seven stints at the Center before they are in full control of their habit. It is encouraging, however, to note that by March, 1967, 170 men and women had received complete freedom after three drug-free years as outpatients on parole.

The average stay at the Center is fourteen months. At the conclusion of this period, a man may seek parole. First, he must convince the four-man Adult Authority Board, which weighs each case carefully, that he intends to go straight. Before parole is granted, he must arrange an approved residence and have a job, but finding an employer willing to hire a man with a narcotics record is indeed difficult. Dozens of applications may be rejected before the parolee finds approved employment. After final arrangements and the blessing of the Board, he is outfitted with a new suit of clothing, given \$30, and put on the bus.

But he is not free. For three years he must report weekly to his field service representative. Surprise Nalline tests immediately determine if narcotics are present in the blood, and failing the test means automatic return to CRC.

The ratio of men to women in the institution is nearly six and a half to one, but the women actually face more hurdles than do the men. The majority of women addicts, says the superintendent, resort to prostitution to pay for their drugs. Nevertheless, women are being rehabilitated.

Susan was introduced to narcotics by her husband, but after she was hooked, he was caught, convicted of passing drugs, and sent to CRC. He left the institution convinced that they both should go clean, but it took considerable talking to persuade Susan that she should voluntarily turn herself in and seek help. Susan now looks forward to parole and, like any good mother, longs to return to her children.

The costs of running such an institution are stupendous. The initial cost alone was \$4 million, but who can question the worth of a man or woman?

Recently on a tour of a chemical laboratory, Superintendent Wood watched metal being purified in a long, costly process. White-coated professionals handled the expensive equipment and materials with respect and care. "They reconstruct metal," Wood mused reflectively. "We reconstruct men. That isn't something you can set a price on, if you achieve the end result."

he graduated from high school he was playing semipro ball, and was accepted at the University of Oregon on a football and baseball scholarship.

In the meantime, however, a mighty home run changed his career. Ossie Bluege, a farm director for the Washington Senators team, was sent out to Idaho to see "a fellow who could hit the ball pretty well." This major-league scout watched the teen-ager for a few games, but one night the game was threatened by rain. It was played only because Harmon's loyal hometown fans in Payette, knowing of the big-league's interest, wanted to give their young hero a chance.

Then it happened. In Killebrew's words, "We played the game that night, and I hit some pretty good balls. One especially was hit over the left-field fence. I'd been going out to that ball park since I was a small boy, but had never before seen anyone hit a ball over the fence in left. The

next morning Mr. Bluege went out and walked off the distance, figuring it to be about 435 feet. He thought for a seventeen-year-old boy this was pretty good, so he offered me a contract with the Washington Senators."

The slugging youth considered the offer, and before long decided to go into professional baseball right then. He went directly to the Senators under the old bonus rule that a player had to stay with a ball club for two years. Before becoming a permanent big leaguer, however, Harmon served stints with Charlotte, with Chattanooga, and also a month with Indianapolis.

Killebrew goes on with his story, "Of course, our ball club moved to Minnesota in 1961—this is the eighth year we have been in Minnesota—and you know the story of our club. It has done very well since we have been there. We won the pennant in 1965 and have finished in the first division every year except one."

Top Business Brains Hit by Drinking Habit

Harmless "Pot" Is Myth

"It's a myth that pot is harmless," says Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider of the UCLA Medical Center.

"Marijuana has definite adverse effects." Chief among them are those that cause the literal "dropouts"—"the persons psychiatrists call 'amotivational' because they lose goals or purpose."

Most marijuana smokers hide the effects of "bad trips," he says, and when they seek medical help and recover, they frequently go right back to the substance. Marijuana is not a narcotic, he emphasizes, but a mild psychedelic.

Dr. Ungerleider suggests that parents and teachers promote honest, open discussions of drugs. The greatest tragedy of drug use, he says, is that it deprives the adolescent of the chance to live through and work out his problems.

In New York, Dr. Ira Lubell of New York's Lincoln Hospital says that smoking marijuana may not produce a physical addiction, but it can build up a psychological dependence which in turn can break down an individual's self-control toward the use of other drugs.

He feels that cigarette smoking and marijuana smoking are equally nonaddictive. "But just try to get a cigarette smoker to break the habit," he adds.



Marijuana has definite adverse effects. Chief among them are those that cause the literal "dropouts" who lose goals and purpose.

There are an estimated three million working alcoholics in the United States today running up a staggering bar bill of over \$7.5 billion a year for American industry, almost equal to four times the profits of General Motors.

A large part of this wasted money can be attributed to business executives, who make up at least a proportionate share of the alcoholics in business. The alcoholic executive is a particularly expensive burden for a company to bear. He has cost a great deal of money to train; his salary is considerable; his responsibilities are vital to the interests of the company; his time is valuable; and he is expensive to replace. Even worse, his judgment and thinking ability may well be impaired.

Unfortunately, alcoholism usually hits an executive in his prime work-



As business executives become more and more enmeshed in their drink habits, they become virtually "straw men" as far as their value to business is concerned.

Liquor--Chief Riot Target

Liquor stores bore the brunt of looting and fire destruction during the Washington, D.C., riots, reports *Beverage Industry News*.

Some 180 package stores, representing more than half of the national capital's 320 licensed establishments, were broken into or looted. Thirty-five of this number were completely destroyed. The package store owners reported damages would run well above \$1,000,000.

Police say that the liquor stolen during the riots appeared later on the black market. Going price, according to unofficial word, ranged from \$30 a case for Scotch, with lesser prices for beer, wine, and lower-priced drinks.

ing years. Most alcoholics are between the ages of thirty-five and fifty—just when they are most valuable to the company.

What is more, the typical alcoholic executive is a past master at concealing his "weakness." So adept is he at hiding, rationalizing, and minimizing his drinking that not until he is unable to function does it come to the attention of his superiors.

Why is alcoholism such a problem for industry? It is, first of all, a national problem. The number of known alcoholics in the United States totals some 6.9 million. The alcoholic executive works in a milieu where drinking is an acceptable part of his business day. Undeniably, a major reason for heavy drinking among executives today is the tensions of a competitive, get-ahead business system. "Business is so highly competitive," explains Dr. Harry Levinson of the Menninger Institute, "that when someone is defeated, there is a likelihood he will drown his sorrows in alcohol."

Like every other segment of society, industry generally has reacted to the problem of alcoholism by ignoring it, but now industry's interest in the alcoholic is spreading. Recognition of the success that is possible in rehabilitation is spurring companies to devote both cash and research to the problem. About 300 United States companies have instituted some type of rehabilitation program. Among them are Allis-Chalmers, du Pont, Equitable Life Assurance, and Eastman Kodak.

While alcoholic rehabilitation is unquestionably a worthwhile—perhaps even essential—area for business to become involved in, more than good intentions are necessary. There is always the danger of grandiose plans, a great deal of talk—and little action. However, if industry does the job right, it may be the best equipped of society to fight alcoholism.

In This NEWS

★ Lung cancer can strike earlier in life than you might think. See page 14.

★ LSD is not as popular as it once was. See page 15.

★ Want to see what the smoggy air you breathe looks like? See page 16.

One Way to Get Cancer

Does heavy drinking cause cancer of the mouth and vocal cords?

The United States Public Health Service soon hopes to find out by sponsoring a study of 1,500 alcoholics at the Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn.

Information gathered so far indicates that anyone drinking more than 5½ ounces of alcohol a day is increasing the risk of getting oral cancer, says Dr. Richard Hayes, a PHS dental officer who will be overseeing the study.

Although alcoholics are reputed to have an abnormally high rate of oral cancer, it may not be the alcohol alone that's causing the cancer, notes Dr. Benjamin Kissin, chief of the alcoholism division of the Downstate Medical Center. Alcoholics also are notoriously heavy smokers (two to three packs of cigarettes a day) and have poor nutrition. The study will determine to what extent these various factors stimulate the development of cancer and precancerous sores of the mouth and vocal cords.

About 15,000 persons are expected to contract cancer of the mouth and about 6,000 cancer of the vocal cords during 1968. According to present survival rates, about 7,000 of those with cancer of the mouth will die, as will about 3,000 of those with cancer of the vocal cords.

Cigarettes--Ladies' Special

The Liggett and Myers Tobacco Company is making a pitch for a part of the market that is ignored by many cigarette men—the ladies.

The company is introducing special packaging to appeal to style and color consciousness of the female. It is being called "Designer Packs."

This new pack of Liggett and Myers will appeal to publishers of magazines directed at women—fashions and service—who are always looking for new advertising revenues.

You Show Your Real Self

The way a smoker handles a cigarette may be a clue to how he sees his role in life.

One who considers himself a man of action will tamp it jerkily and consume it in rapid puffs. The intellectually inclined will take long, leisurely drags. For the sophisticated the production of smoke becomes an exercise in worldly wisdom.

So it appears, at any rate, to Dr. Bernard Mausner, professor of Psychology at Beaver College in Pennsylvania and a specialist in smoking behavior.

As he sees it, the act of smoking provides much more than "an emotional payoff" for the smoker. It is part of his basic life style.

This means that, to help a smoker break the habit, it is not enough to harp on the usual deterrents—the expense, the irritating cough, or the possible effects on health.

Instead, says Dr. Mausner, a non-

smoker himself, the smoker must come to see that his smoking mannerisms are part of the "repertory of gestures" he uses to give form to his self-image.

Dr. Mausner, who has done extensive research on the question of why people smoke, is satisfied that there is no single motivation. "Different people smoke for different reasons," he says.

Capitol Wet in Riots

While the rest of Washington, D.C., abstained from alcoholic beverages under riot-born prohibitions, liquor flowed as usual at House restaurants in the Capitol.

The manager of the dining room and cafeterias in the House said the city-wide ban on alcoholic beverages did not apply in his province because Congress was generally exempt from local laws and regulations.

But he added: "I've had no objections. If there were any, I would have to cut it out."

Lung Cancer Can Hit Early

Cigarette-smoking young men may develop lung cancer, with as serious implications for them as for the older-age group according to James S. Adamson, Jr., Capt. MC, Walter Reed General (Army) Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Of 646 patients with primary lung cancer, ninety-two were under the age of forty. This was 14 percent of the group. Eighty-five percent of the young adults were men, and all but four of the ninety-two were regular cigarette smokers, the median consumption of cigarettes being one and a half packs a day.



Fast Liver Damage

You don't have to get drunk or be a chronic alcoholic to damage your liver with drinking.

After only two days of alcohol administration to twelve volunteers, enough fat accumulated so that it is "clear that alcohol can rapidly produce liver injury."

Two physicians at Mount Sinai School of Medicine of the City University of New York and the Liver Disease and Nutrition Unit, Cornell Medical Division, Bellevue Hospital had already reported that alcohol itself, independent of nutritional factors, rapidly produces fatty liver and hepatic "ultrastructural changes in alcoholic volunteers."

Cancer Cure

Implanted radioactive "seeds" of iodine 125 could double the cure rate of 5 percent for the 50,000 people who contract lung cancer each year, reports the Memorial Cancer Center in New York.

The Center says that 167 patients diagnosed as incurable and inoperable were implanted with the "seeds"—radioactive isotopes—during the five-year study. Eight of these cases are now considered cured. Survival for five years without return of cancer symptoms is considered a cure.



Some 15,000 beer cans and 500 bottles were collected along a 12.7 mile highway stretch in Mississippi. More than 1,000 per mile, the cans and bottles accounted for three fourths of the total litter collected.

The Bass Memorial Academy chapter of the American Temperance Society undertook the project of cleaning the 12.7 miles of Highway 11 near the Academy, stretching from the school to the Lamar-Forest County (Mississippi) line.

By re-collecting a week later, it was found that the average growth rate of new cans is four cans per day per mile.



LSD Use Slacks Off

The use of LSD is on the wane. Dr. Sidney Cohen, an early researcher of the mind-expanding drug, says that some of the original users are "turning off and dropping into reality."

"Some of the old LSD establishment—the LSD religionists—are saying it isn't the answer. I think this could be a significant thing," he says.

Students are noting a decided change in LSD's most noted advocate, Dr. Timothy Leary. From a bright personality just a short time ago his facial features have become dull and blotched.

Dr. Cohen attributes the decline in the use of LSD to unhappy LSD experiences, prolonged adverse reactions, the question of chromosomal alterations, and the fact that there are now nonchemical techniques of "turning on," such as meditation and marathon therapy sessions.

Drug Claimed As a Cure

Methadone, an experimental medical substitute for heroin and other opiates, is able to convert many hopeless drug addicts into useful citizens, claims Dr. Vincent P. Dole of Rockefeller Institute.

An analgesic developed by the Germans during World War II, methadone is technically a narcotic and under the jurisdiction of the Narcotics Bureau in the Department of Justice. It has a narcotic effect when it is taken irregularly and in large amounts, but the dose level used does not produce euphoria or tranquilization or any other heroin-like sensation, says Dole.

However, presently the Federal Bureau of Narcotics frowns on the medical use of this drug (for treating addiction) except for the very specific purpose of research.

Dr. Dole says that more than four years of controlled administration of methadone to drug addicts treated at his hospital have shown that abuse can be avoided and that hard-core addicts can be salvaged from addiction if they are kept on methadone. He does not specify how long the patient has to continue this treatment.

Almost 100 percent of the patients who have stayed in his program have stayed away from heroin, he says. About 10 percent have been dropped because of other problems such as alcoholism. Nearly all of these returned to heroin addiction.

Too Drunk to Understand!

If you're drunk enough while driving in Oregon, you might be able to escape the consequences of dealing with the police.

The 1967 legislature passed an "implied consent" law, which says that a motorist arrested on a drunken-driving charge may be required to take a chemical breath test to determine the concentration of alcohol in his blood. The motorist could lose his license if he refuses to take the test.

But Judge George Jones of Salem ruled in one case that the law does not apply if a defendant's condition was such "that he was unable to understand his rights."

Lure for Young Drinkers

Meister Brau, an innovator among brewers, is developing another new product—frozen beer.

The product, called polar beer, is similar to crushed-ice soft drinks, also called "slush" drinks, which need a dispenser.

A beer in frozen form might appeal to young adults of drinking age. This is apparently a prime reason why Meister Brau is considering it.

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

★ The Civil Aeronautics Board temporarily suspended its previous ruling to ban free drinks and movies on commercial air flights within continental United States. It is said that Congressional pressure brought back the free drinks. (Wall Street Journal)

★ Gasping over new prices of up to 50 cents for a pack of cigarettes, Florida smokers are on a roll-your-own kick to beat the 15-cents-a-pack state cigarette tax.

★ In Washington, D.C., police make about 45,000 drunk arrests a year—one third of the total number of arrests. (Washington Post)

★ Marijuana smoking is currently the second most widespread offense among U.S. Army soldiers in South Vietnam. Of the 342,000 Army soldiers there, at least 1,300 a year are found using or possessing marijuana. (AP)

★ Drug use among junior high and senior high school students in Monterey County, California, has jumped dramatically in recent months. The most prevalent drugs in the junior high schools are marijuana and alcohol, and many of the young students are getting alcohol at home "either with or without the consent of their parents." (San Jose Mercury)

★ Prohibition has been repealed at American University, Washington, D.C., and beer and wine may be served at any officially scheduled function on the campus. (The Washington Post)

What Makes Mamie Proud

Henry F. Unger

Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, when visiting at the Elizabeth Arden's Maine Chance resort in Scottsdale, Arizona, revealed that her young grandson and Julie Nixon, daughter of former Vice-President Richard Nixon, are nonsmokers and non-drinkers.

Mrs. Eisenhower, in discussing the engagement between David Eisenhower and Julie Nixon, said, "By the way, neither David nor Julie smokes or drinks. I'm proud of that. They are nice clean youngsters who have fun without those things."

The famed former First Lady also noted that she is "delighted" with the engagement. "They've known each other since they were four. They are sure of themselves, and we think she's the finest girl we've ever met."

ARE YOU PUZZLED? Frieda M. Lease

Physiology Puzzle

Complete these words by filling blanks with physiology terms from list on right.

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------|-------|
| 1. al_____ | signal of danger | back |
| 2. s_____ch | hunt | scalp |
| 3. sur_____ | exterior of an object | foot |
| 4. _____ward | not advanced | skin |
| 5. _____se | to inspect leisurely | rib |
| 6. a_____g | questioning | arm |
| 7. w_____ | disk with axis | hair |
| 8. _____el | small knife with thin blade | ear |
| 9. t_____ute | praise | lip |
| 10. _____line | title line in news | nail |
| 11. c_____ | hung on | face |
| 12. _____h | fireside | leg |
| 13. _____a | dishes | brow |
| 14. c_____per | type of boat | lung |
| 15. _____ible | capable of being read | head |
| 16. c_____man | presiding officer | chin |
| 17. s_____ | mollusk | heel |
| 18. _____age | measurement | heart |

You Are What You Eat

A three-year study of 400 persons shows that many improved their mood and their heart performance by changing their diet.

At the beginning of the study, reports Dr. Emanuel Cheraskin of the University of Alabama Medical Center, many persons had electrocardiogram readings typical of persons older than themselves.

After their diets were altered to include more protein and to become better balanced, the readings sometimes resembled those of persons younger than the subjects.

Dr. Cheraskin says the diet changes cut in half complaints of indigestion, nervousness, and depression.

At the beginning of the study 45 percent of the persons had either too much or too little blood sugar. About 35 percent had abnormal cholesterol levels.

Young Medics vs. Smoke

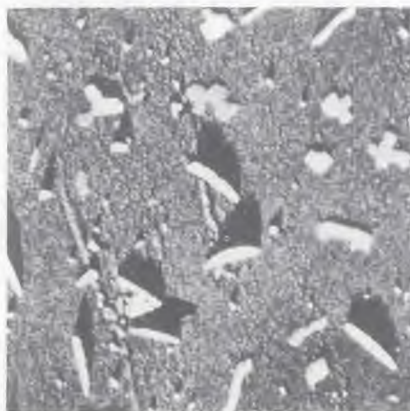
The Student American Medical Association (SAMA) has resolved to support further research into the causal relationship of cigarette smoking and certain diseases.

SAMA recommends that local chapters sponsor educational programs and stop-smoking clinics and continue studies to develop more ef-

fective methods for these purposes.

The action was taken in light of the fact that not only "the physician's health is involved, but also his responsibility to demonstrate practices promoting good health to his public," and because over 4,000 young people are becoming cigarette smokers every day.

SAMA now has chapters in eighty-seven of the eighty-nine United States medical schools and represents more than 60,000 medical students, interns, and residents.



Magnified about 15,000 times by an electron microscope, this air sample from downtown Los Angeles shows what the smog breather inhales in city air.

Methodists Change Policy

For generations the Methodist Church has officially condemned the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

The Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns (successor to the former Methodist Board of Temperance), however, has concluded that the policy of insisting on total abstinence "is producing hypocrisy and a loss of integrity in the corporate life of the church and in the lives of many ministers and laymen."

The board's recommendations call for:

—Scrapping the ministerial pledge of total abstinence from drinking and smoking.

—Deleting the section of the Methodist "discipline" which permits trial and expulsion of a drinker.

—Revising the church's official statement on alcohol to stress practical reasons for abstinence, while making clear that each Christian is free to make his own "responsible decision" on the matter.

The net effect of these changes, which have been adopted by the United Methodist Church, is to put the church in the position of merely suggesting voluntary abstinence.

San Diego Is Guinea Pig

San Diego, California, is one of the sites for an antismoking pilot project being carried on by the National Clearinghouse for Smoking and Health.

The techniques found successful in changing the community's attitude toward smoking—from acceptance to rejection—will eventually be used in a nationwide campaign.

One third of San Diego County's twenty-seven hospitals have halted or curtailed the sale of cigarettes on the premises, but the county medical society is urging all hospitals to halt their sales of cigarettes.

Smokers Are Not So Quick

Cigarette smoking depresses the reflexes by as much as 67 percent, according to Prof. Edward F. Domino and Dr. Alona M. von Baumgarten, pharmacologists at the University of Michigan.

The results of their study of the so-called knee jerk reflex in forty-five healthy male college students showed a steep plunge in reflexes within one minute after the subjects started smoking regular cigarettes. The lowest response was reached after four minutes, when the cigarette had become a small butt.

The reflex began to return to normal soon after smoking was stopped, but it usually took twenty minutes before the presmoking level was regained.

ANSWERS: 1. alarm; 2. search; 3. surface; 4. backward; 5. browse; 6. asking; 7. wheel; 8. scalp; 9. tribute; 10. heading; 11. clung; 12. hearth; 13. chine; 14. clipper; 15. legible; 16. chairman; 17. shell; 18. footage.



Linda G. Kopp

Finding

Yourself

PHOTO BY D. TANK

WHAT'S your most pressing problem right now? Nine times out of ten your answer is, "How to be popular." All you keep hearing is that to be popular you have to "be yourself," but nobody ever bothers to tell you how to go about finding the real you. Here may be some ideas.

First of all, I think the teen-age girl's most glaring fault is usually her personality. Many are sadly lacking in it. Think of the girls you know. Except when they are partying, they seem to be rather lifeless. Think again, only this time put a smile on their faces. Quite a difference! Men in particular like women to have vim, vigor, and verve; and gal, you'd better develop some! These are real attributes for a young woman. Many a hard-to-reach guy has been won over by a sweet smile. Droopy, lifeless women scare men off. Put on a happy face and you'll soon have more friends.

Another character flaw is lack of self-confidence. How many times have you heard the sad lament, "Oh, but I'm so ugly!" And so the self-styled ugly duckling tries to camouflage her looks by using cosmetics, lotions, and hairpieces.

If you think you are one of the "uglies," try looking natural for a change. Clean skin on healthy cheeks and a sparkle in the eyes look better to most men than a walking drug-store. The psychological lift of self-confidence will actually give you a face-lift! Most girls can afford to give some attention to their hair. If you can't afford a trip to a hairdresser, get together with some of your friends some night and have a hair-fixing party. Clip out a magazine picture of your favorite hair style and have someone set it for you. If you try setting your own hair according to directions, it might not come out right because it's hard to see behind your own head.

Whatever you do, don't put on make-up as though you were a fugitive from Barnum & Bailey's. Men hate clowns—they also hate ghosts. By all means, don't wear deathlike powder and white lipstick. Be neither vampire nor clown—be you!

Don't be a fad follower, be a fad initiator. Most girls do not look good in pigtails and "baby dresses." These should be reserved for tall girls (slim ones too) who can

Put on a happy face and you'll soon have more friends.

carry the look off well. But for short, dumpy gals frills and gathers are taboo. Be a smart cooky and avoid the fads. Pick clothes that *you* look good in. Remember the emphasis is on *you*—not Miss Clotheshorse in the magazine. A-lines are for hippy girls, vertical stripes for fatties, pleats and flared skirts for tall girls, and bulky clothes for "skinny melincks." Read magazines often. They can help you acquire the important knowledge of how to put colors together harmoniously and how to use accessories, among other things. Keep in style—and start setting a few styles of your own. Your personal appearance is most important in acquiring the stamp of identity.

Your general attitude is very important too. Few people like snide, nasty people—especially young people. It's hard to cultivate a pleasant attitude toward people and situations, but in the long run you'll be much happier if you do. Contrary to popular belief, being rebellious and hating the world are not admirable qualities. Of all the individual people I can think of this minute only one cynic comes to mind—George Bernard Shaw. I adore his writings, but I would never have married him! Would you? His cynicism made him an individual; let your pleasant, soft-voiced personality make you one.

Your primary interest now should be in building a better you. Take an interest in the things around you—read and learn. Men like to talk with women who know something about things in general. Be able to hold your own in conversation—and acquire the art of listening too. Cultivate the homey talents of knitting, sewing, cooking, and cleaning *now!* Don't wait to practice cooking till you have *him* to dinner. And certainly don't wait till after you're married! Contrary to popular belief, you can't go to pasture after you've caught him—you have to keep him too. Knitting and sewing are excellent, inexpensive ways to beef up your wardrobe. They also help avoid the obnoxious teen-age habit of borrowing clothes, a most deplorable habit. You're better off keeping your own shirt on.

Trying to find you means very simply, as you've probably guessed, being one individual being. Don't fall into a rut by joining a clique. If you are constantly lumped together with a group, you will acquire not only their looks, habits, and mannerisms, but also their reputations, which—as you probably know—are not always good ones. So mingle, mingle, mingle, and be everybody's friend.

Lastly, turn yourself inside out and see what makes you tick. Your inner feelings reflect on your outer being. You will find peace and inner harmony if you take a stand and hold a definite viewpoint about important issues and change them only when you find you are wrong. What are your real feelings toward men, world affairs, sex, college, marriage, children? What are the things you enjoy doing? Are you an athlete, a conservative, a liberal, a pacesetter? What are your plans for next year, two years from now, five years from now? The answers to these should help you "sort yourself out." You'll find that if you think conservatively on these issues you will feel at ease with yourself and in conversations with others. Are you one who when asked about Vietnam, can say only, "He's a nice guy"? Get with it, and you'll see what a nice person you can be inside.

In summing up, there are a lot of things to keep in mind about finding and being yourself. Take into account your personal appearance (don't mimic anyone else—just borrow ideas), your personal attitude (no hating allowed, not even parents!), your dealings with others (positively no cliques for individual you), your likes and dislikes (very important in rounding you out spiritually). Learn to live (and to love) life, as it's all too short to crab away. Learn to be an individual—aping is for monkeys. Learn now to cultivate talents you will need later. Learn to laugh, to love, and to search for beauty even in the worst situations. Learn tolerance. Learn to listen to others. Learn to look inside, as well as outside, yourself. Above all, learn to like the you that you want to be, and do it now—before you grow too old to care!

Hell

PETE DUNHAM

HELL: Any place or condition of misery or of wickedness. 4. Anything that causes torment.—Definition in "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary."

HELL is a place where calloused men and women tend poppy fields and wait for the right moment when the small pods may be excised and their toxic and addictive sap, opium, extracted and collected.

HELL is heroin, a by-product of this sap, a drug so powerful that it is capable of completely enslaving a man—both mentally and physically.

HELL is a dirty room, where a hopeless man sits and stares at the door for his "connection" to arrive with a few more grains of the white powder which his quivering, pain-racked body demands.

HELL is the terrible physical pain this man must endure if the connection doesn't arrive on time, or when he attempts to free his body from the grip of this drug.

HELL is prison, a small cell containing a smaller man, where life has a common denominator—a blue chambray outfit—and each day seems like a month.

HELL is the brokenhearted parent who has learned that his son or daughter is a narcotics addict.

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Teens in Action

Joy in Service

Irene Wray

"TODAY'S teen-agers are wonderful!" The old man shouted, partly because he was nearly deaf, and partly because he was so enthusiastic.

Red Cross teen-age volunteers of Amador County, California, are the object of his enthusiasm. For the past three years these boys and girls have spent weekend mornings at the county hospital where the old folks live.

They take the wheelchair-bound outside, walk with the blind, play games, give parties, write letters, and make lasting friendships.

"They put me through a right and left grand last time," the old man said, wonderingly. "I didn't know I could still do it!" His hands trembled as he demonstrated how he and the teen-agers had clasped hands and clapped hands while Sonja Knudson played "Little Red Wagon" on the piano.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Red Cross Youth Chairman of Amador County, explains that the teen-agers volunteered their services in 1965, at the suggestion of the Amador Hospital Auxiliary.

"The nursing unit, or long-term wing, of the hospital had about forty-five old men and women ranging from age seventy-two to ninety-eight who needed help."

The poignant loneliness of these people, the endless waiting for something to happen, made the volunteers determined to make something happen—something pleasant.

"They coaxed the old people out of their rooms and into the large living room,

where they played checkers or other games," Mrs. Robinson remembers.

Before long the old folks' apathy changed to eagerness; their colorless, monotonous lives were enriched by the charm of the teen-agers who came to entertain them.

The teen-agers' lives were changed too. Judy Vaira says, "We like them all and feel as much pain over them when they get sick as we would over close relatives."

These teen-agers must have heard President Eisenhower's challenge to young people: "I would urge that you approach your task with boldness and hope and the joy of challenge in your hearts—and with dedication to freedom and human dignity."

They fulfill it exactly. Here are bright youngsters who saw a need and moved to meet it. They wanted to do something that would improve the world. They wanted to do something with their lives they could be sure was worth doing.

Judy says, "What we're doing here may not seem like a lot, but it makes us feel as if we're helping to brighten at least a few people's days."

Christmas is a festive occasion. Elves dressed in red hand out gifts to the senior citizens. There is accordion music. A trio of starchy, besashed nine-year-old girls sing carols. Jolynn Porres and Bonnie Fowler make Christmas wreaths. Panels and pictures decorate every available niche in the living room. A big spruce tree from the Sierras is the center of attention.

"The need to minister appears early in childhood. The gentle child cares for her dolls with tenderness, the tomboy shows



"Here's your breakfast, sir."

concern for a kitten," states V. B. McDonnell, R.N.

Newcomers to the volunteer group are sometimes shy and uneasy with their wards, but they quickly overcome these feelings. The volunteers are never lonely, because they are always needed. Their chatter and enthusiasm lift patients out of the doldrums.

"The nursing staff tells us that the old folks never lose track of the day when the young volunteers come, and they always want to wear their best clothes and spruce up," says Mrs. Robinson.

The teen-agers never forget the day either. They are remarkably faithful. One girl told Mrs. Robinson, "I don't think I want to come every time, because I get so fond of some of them that if anything happened I couldn't stand it."

And things do happen. Mandy Parker had a jolly friendship with a white-haired old fellow. He always greeted her with a toothless grin, uplifted arms, and a big "Hello, Lady!" He's not there anymore.

Everyone's favorite was Bess. She was tiny and hunched, and had transparent, fragile skin. But her smile was bright, and she always had a quip for her girls. Debby Chappell learned that Bess longed for a piece of homemade apple pie, so she asked Mrs. Hess, the head nurse, for permission to bring the coveted pie to Bess. Debbie baked the pie and brought it to the hospital, but it was too late. Bess was gone.

Mrs. Robinson sums up: "Probably the best thing the volunteers bring is youth. The old folks respond to it as to nothing else. Maybe it's bringing back some of the interaction between the generations. Certainly it livens the old folks and sweetens the young."

"I'll rub away the hurt."

