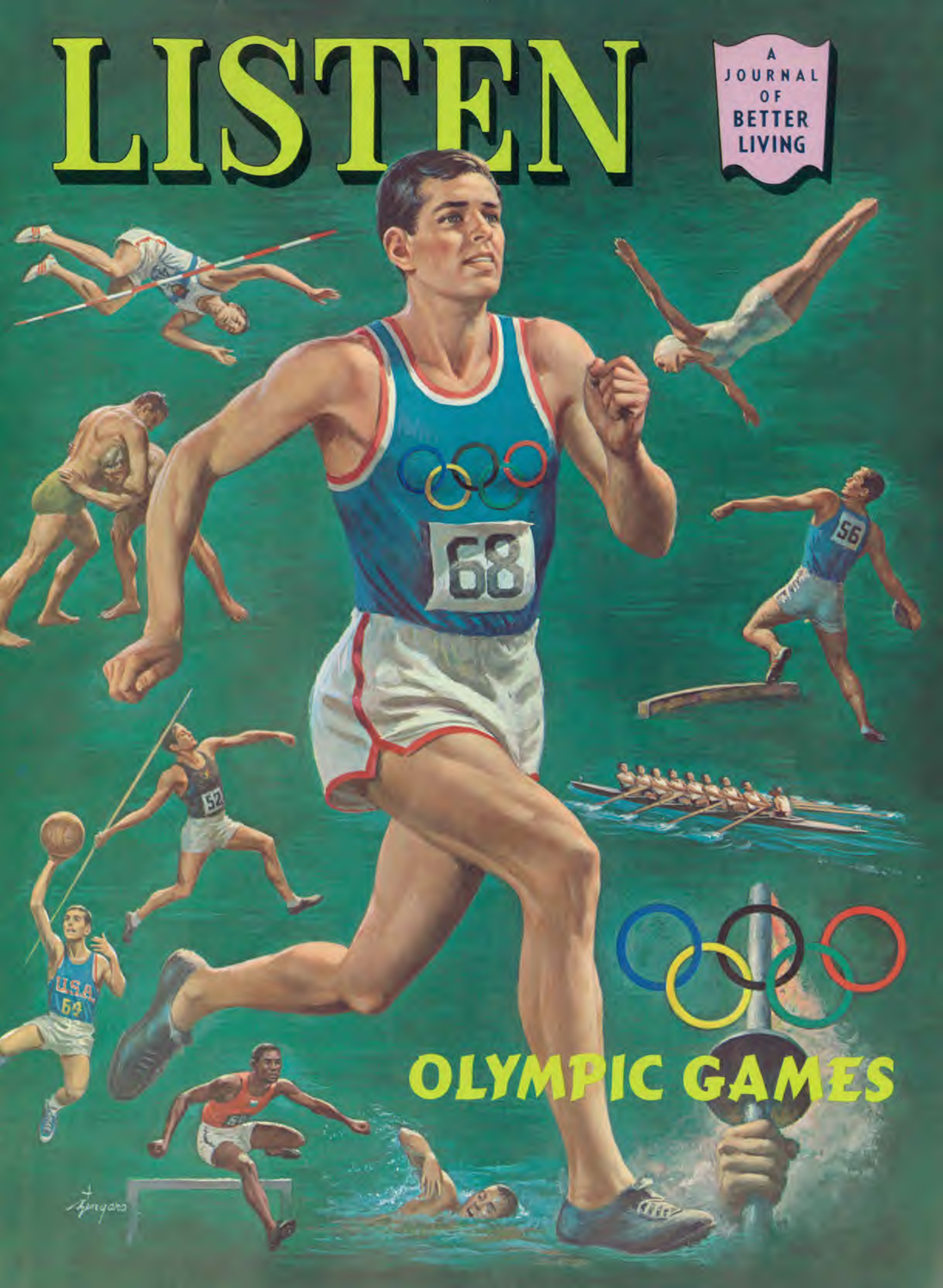
LISTEN

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING



OLYMPIC GAMES

EDITORIAL

A Way of Life

"Do you not know that in a race the runners all run, but only one can get the prize? You must run in such a way that you can get the prize. Any man who enters an athletic contest practices rigid self-control in training, only to win a wreath that withers, but we are in to win a wreath that never withers. So that is the way I run, with no uncertainty as to winning." 2 Corinthians 9:24-26, Williams.

These are words written by the apostle Paul in describing the athletic contests of ancient Greece, and applying the principles of victory on the sports field to the more constant competition in life itself.

This month, in our modern age, the Olympic Games bring us another reminder that the basic rules of contest and victory which were necessary in ancient times are the same today. There has been no change.

Participants in the Grecian games, so well-known to the citizens in the city of Corinth to whom Paul addressed his words, were willing to undergo severe training and hardship to increase their chances of securing the prize. At that time the prize was transient indeed, consisting of a circlet of pine, laurel, olive, parsley, or apple leaves.

All who entered these races put forth their best efforts, using all the stamina and skill they had developed over long periods of intensive training. There was no lethargy or indifference.

To have any hope of victory at all, the athlete had to control every desire and appetite. His body had to respond immediately to every command of his mind. He must spurn natural indolence and indulgence that so frequently dominate the average man. The athlete had to abstain from all that would falsely stimulate, excite, or eventually enfeeble. He had to gain self-control in all things—not only in those things that were definitely harmful in themselves, but also in the use of things not actually detrimental.

Life opens out in abundance to those who subject themselves to strict training at all times, to those who will be guided by ideals rather than by mere desires and inclinations.

Indeed, life involves self-control. How eagerly athletes strive for fleeting fame, for their success of the moment! To what lengths of deprivation and actual suffering they are willing to go in order to win a ten-second race or vault seventeen feet into the air!

How much more earnestly and perseveringly should they strive who are desirous of developing life itself, of attaining those ideals that are lasting and from which come the greatest satisfactions for body, mind, and soul.

The athlete knows exactly what he is doing, where he is going. His aim is to advance as rapidly as possible in the program he is following. There is no haziness in his purpose. He procedes with a clear and positive assurance. He exerts himself to the utmost to gain the victory.

In athletic contests only one wins the top prize. In life, however, this is not true. No one who does his best and subjects himself to the training necessary can fail to win the contest. And the prize, far from being a mere wreath of fading leaves, or even a medal that tarnishes, will be "the crown of life," the very highest and continuing enjoyment of all life for the winner of its stern competition.

Francis A. Soper

October, 1968 Vol. 21, No. 10

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

. . . *in this issue*

. . . *in the next issue*

★ Grace could be her middle name. On ice she is a moving melody. November's *Listen* tells the story of Peggy Fleming, famed Olympic skating star.

★ In our day the home has lost some of its basic significance in society, but Marlene Cochran, Mrs. America of 1968, describes what a "modern homemaker" should be.

★ Teen-agers at times find themselves troubled by drinking parents. "Life With Mother" is by a teen-age boy who did something about his problem.

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the OLYMPIC SCENE

Games of the XIX Olympiad draw huge crowds to Mexico City's Olympic Stadium as world attention becomes focused on this greatest of all sports events.

Months and even years in preparation, the Olympic Games were promoted widely by every means possible by Mexico, host nation for the current series.

IN YEARS past the Olympic Games have been major events with worldwide influences affecting many nations and peoples.

Probably no event in modern times, however, is having so widespread an impact over a period of weeks and months as are the games of the XIX Olympiad being held in Mexico City, October 12-27.

They have an influence on the peace of the world. President Díaz Ordaz of Mexico says, "The gathering together of world youth and a healthy spirit of competition in sports should teach us all how to get along together better, which is the basis for better knowledge and awareness of other people."

Officials of the countries involved have urged that all hostilities be suspended during the Games, so that a major world impact of the Olympics might be that of "contributing to respect and upholding peace among peoples." In ancient Greece, differences between the states were held in abeyance for the duration of the Olympic Games.

Originally, the Olympic Games meant as much culturally as they did competitively. The present 1968 Games are special ones because the host country Mexico has revived this aspect, giving equal importance to culture and sports and making it possible for peoples of the world to know each other better through their art, science, and technical advances.

Hardly any profession of our day will escape being changed by these Olympics. The medical world is learning much concerning the functioning of human beings under various conditions, especially at a 7,000-foot elevation. Special care has been taken to prevent the use of artificial means to stimulate athletes to more than their natural ability. "Doping is an evil," Olympic officials have said. "It is morally wrong, physically dangerous, socially degenerate, and legally indefensible." It was decreed that "conviction of a competitor for the use of dope shall result in the disqualification of the entire team in that sport."

Because of world focus on Olympic competition, mil-

lions of people are more aware of the need for habits of better living which characterize the training of top athletes. They see the competition on television and read of the champions who attain top places because of self-control and rigorous discipline.

No great athlete ever brags that because of a certain brand of brew he won his gold medal, or that a named cigarette sharpened his skills at running or swimming. Nine out of ten never indulge in these habits.

Former champions are also featured, thus forging a continuing chain of inspiration from generation to generation. At Mexico City appear familiar names out of past Olympics, such as Jesse Owen (four gold medals in Berlin, 1936), Robert Mathias (decathlon winner, 1948 and 1952 in London and Helsinki), Patricia McCormack (four gold medals in diving, 1952 and 1956 in Helsinki and Melbourne), Johnny Weismuller (five gold medals in 1924 and 1928), and many others. Their encouragement toward the best in life is far from over.

Nothing summarizes the ideals of the Olympics more than the five principles listed by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who is credited with the revival of the Olympic Games in our modern era. He made it clear that the matches were not for the purpose of giving contestants a chance to win medals and to break records, nor to entertain the public, nor to provide a stepping-stone to a career in professional sports, nor to demonstrate the superiority of one political system over another. Rather they would:

"1. Bring to the attention of the world the fact that a national program of physical training and competitive sport will not only develop stronger and healthier boys and girls but also, and perhaps more important, will make better and happier citizens through the character building that follows participation in properly administered amateur sport.

"2. Demonstrate the principles of fair play and good sportsmanship, which could be adopted with great advantage in many other spheres of activity.

"3. Stimulate interest in the fine arts through exhibitions, concerts, and demonstrations during the Games period, and thus contribute to a broader and more well-rounded life.

"4. Teach that sport is played for fun and enjoyment and not to make money, and that, with devotion to the task at hand, the reward will take care of itself—the philosophy of the amateur as contrasted to that of materialism.

"5. Create international amity and goodwill, thus leading to a happier and more peaceful world."

Story of the Olympic Torch

ON OCTOBER 12 this year thousands jam the Olympic stadium in Mexico City and cheer as a runner—a woman for the first time in Olympic history—enters the gigantic bowl and circles the huge track, carrying her flaming torch up the incline to ignite the Olympic flame which will burn throughout the two weeks of the games.

This torch has come a long way. It was lit on August 23, 1968, amid the ruins of an ancient temple on the plain of Olympia in Greece, where was run more than 2,000 years ago the first recorded "stade," or race, approximately the length of the field, hence our word "stadium."

Greek runners carried the torch to Athens for ceremonies on the Acropolis and in the all-marble Panthenian Stadium, where began the modern Olympic era in 1896. Other runners conveyed it to Piraeus, from which port it was carried on a Greek navy vessel to Genoa, Italy, where Italian Olympic officials greeted it for a ceremony honoring the birth of Christopher Columbus.

There another flame was lit from the Olympic Torch and the following day it was taken aboard the Italian vessel "Americus Vespucci," which sailed to Barcelona. Italians then relayed the Olympic flame to the Spaniards for another ceremony marking the return of Columbus from the New World and his official reception by Spanish royalty.

Borne by runners, each covering his mile in six minutes, the flame began an eleven-day overland trip to idyllic Puerto de Palos. Here it went aboard a Spanish naval vessel, to follow the route Columbus used, through the Canary Islands and on to the island of San Salvador, which was the first American land discovered in 1492.

On September 29, a monument symbolizing the union of the classic cultures of the Mediterranean with those of America through Columbus's historic voyage is unveiled, in the presence of Greek, Italian, Spanish, Bahamian, and Mexican officials.

The next day the Mexican Olympic Committee takes charge of the Olympic flame, and it is placed aboard a Mexican destroyer bound for Veracruz. Seventeen young men swim it across the harbor.

From there runners carry the flame in relays to Cordoba, Orizaba, Puebla, San Martín Texmelucán, Texcoco, and San Juan Teotihuacán, and on to Mexico City, where at the opening ceremonies of the games of the XIX Olympiad it appears at the exact moment when some 5,000 athletes from nearly 100 countries prepare to compete in one of the most spectacular and colorful events of our modern day.

Interview with Congressman Bob Mathias by Francis A. Soper

To Do the Impossible

**"The world will be better for this;
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove with his last ounce of courage,
To reach the unreachable stars."**

From the song "The Impossible Dream (The Quest)," from the musical play "Man of La Mancha," lyrics by Joe Darion and music by Mitch Leigh. Copyright © 1965 by Andrew Scott, Inc., Helena Music Corporation and Sam Fox Publishing Company, Inc. By special permission of the Sam Fox Publishing Company, Inc., sole agent.

Two-time Olympic decathlon champion now serves in the United States Congress as Representative from California's 18th District, including his hometown, Tulare.

RAINY and cold dawned the morning of August 5, 1948, in London. Seventeen-year-old Bob Mathias arose at seven o'clock, downed a quick breakfast, and boarded a bus for Wembley Stadium, ten miles away. There he warmed up on a practice field outside the stadium while crowds of spectators gathered for the big event.

For Bob this event was not only "big"—it was the biggest event of his life. The Olympic Games were beginning, and Bob, one of the youngest members of the United States squad, was competing for honors in the decathlon, a grueling ten-event contest extending over two long, torturous days. And he was facing thirty-seven of the world's finest athletes from nineteen countries.

Bob had been an exceptional athlete in high school and in the track meets he had entered, earning national recognition; but no one gave him a chance on the Olympic level, especially in the decathlon, considered the toughest event of all. Indeed, the odds were almost impossible.

At ten o'clock that August morning, even before he was well warmed up, Bob was called for his first event, the 100-meter dash. Already the oppressive humidity had caused two entrants to drop out, so the field was cut to thirty-five. He was clocked at a fast 11.2 seconds, but Enrique Kistenmacher, a fierce-looking army officer from Argentina, did 10.9 seconds and took the lead in points.

Next came the broad jump. Bob ran hard and hurtled to the best distance he had ever recorded, twenty-three feet. However, he couldn't hold his balance and fell back, losing some points. On his second and third tries he could do no better, so he saw Ignace Heinrich of France slip past him to take over second place. It was a hard blow.

Bob was set to do his best in the shot put. He must catch up! So he smiled as the steel ball landed at the 45-foot mark; but the red flag waved, indicating a foul. A technical point of procedure of which he was completely unaware cost him more points. In spite of this, he held his own with the front runners since his subsequent toss was better than theirs.

Now came the high jump. This had always been his strong point in high school, so this was his chance. The high jump bar was set at 5 feet, 9 inches. Bob soared upward—and knocked it off! And on the second try he knocked it off again. There would be only one more try, and perhaps failure.

Jim Scott, in telling Bob's story in his book *Champion of Champions,* describes this climactic moment: "As he picked himself up from the pit, Bob sighed audibly. His face was mud-streaked, and perspiration beaded his brow. Head down, he walked over to where his sweat clothes were. As he slowly put them on, he stared at the wet ground. . . . Then he remembered the sign at the eastern end of the stadium, high above the stand on which the Olympic flame burned in its concrete bowl. . . . Even through the rain the white letters stood out boldly: 'The important thing in the Olympic Games is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well.'"

So he told himself, "It's not the winning, it's doing your best. And if I do my best, that's all anyone can ask."

His name was called for his final attempt. He smiled as he studied the bar. Then he put everything he had in his run, his jump. The 70,000 rain-soaked fans yelled as he cleared the bar. He was still in the running! He worked his way up to 6 feet, 1¼ inches, his highest yet.

The day's final event came after eight o'clock in the evening. Bob had been on the field ten hours, but he came up with a respectable 51.7 seconds in the 400-meter run. He ended the day in third place, with 3,848 points, only forty-nine behind first place.

Congressman Mathias specializes in projects to spare modern youth from such devastating problems as drug addiction. Here he confers with Congressman Dick Poff, chairman of the Republican Task Force on Crime.

Before returning to his room, he assured his mother he wouldn't lose. This at the time, however, seemed to be a little white lie. But he was competing for his family, his school, his hometown, his country, indeed for the world. All eyes were on him, the "baby" of the Olympics.

The next day it was raining harder than ever. As the gun sounded for the 110-meter high hurdles, Bob felt the soreness in his legs and knew he was in trouble. He grazed the first hurdle and came down off balance. But he managed to stay on his feet, and what seemed to be only "heart" carried him on to a time of 15.7 seconds, a good time considering the circumstances. The pressure was telling on the other athletes too, and Bob was able to stay in third place. Five more contestants dropped out altogether.

The discus throw, his favorite, pleased Bob greatly. His throw of 145 feet led everyone else. But misfortune reared its head again. His marker was knocked over by a competitor's discus as it slithered through the soaked grass. The officials couldn't find Bob's mark. They placed a new marker, obviously short of his long toss. This was frustrating. However, the wet discus proved helpful to him, since it slipped completely out of the hand of the front runner. The points now indicated Mathias to be in first place!

The day wore on. Rain came down in sheets. The crowd took cover, packing under the roofed grandstand section. Bob huddled under a blanket to get warm. His stomach gnawed with hunger.

Finally came the pole vault. Weakened and hungry, Bob knew he would have to conserve his energy for the final push. So, much to the consternation of his watching family, he turned down his chance at the beginning height of 8 feet, 6 inches. It was evening before the bar got to 10 feet, but many contestants had slipped around in the mud, some sliding off the pole entirely. The darkness had now descended, and a white handkerchief tied to the crossbar showed its height.

Bob poised for his takeoff. Failure now would cost him the entire struggle. He slogged along the track, dug his pole in, soared upward—and over! He kept at it until he had cleared 11 feet, 5¾ inches.

The sky was black, and the night stormy. Yet the Olympic flame burned bravely against the wind. Flashlights were brought out to measure the athletes' runs and to see the foul lines for the javelin toss. Bob fouled on the first throw. On the second try he put everything he had into the toss, and the javelin landed 165 feet away, good for 593 points in the overall complex reckoning for the decathlon.

Now for the final event, the 1500-meter race. "It seemed an eternity," writes biographer Jim Scott, "as Bob plodded around the track, cramps in his stomach and in one foot, and his elbow stinging from his recent effort of the javelin. Viewed through the rain, the pumping of his arms and legs resembled the leaden groping of swimmers at the bottom of a tank. But it was only minutes. The big question was, how many?"

Bob gritted his teeth, and forced his muscles to respond. As he crossed the finish line, the officials' stopwatches showed 5 minutes, 11 seconds. This was sufficient for 354 more points—and victory! He had won.

Dog tired in the dressing room, he was asked what kept him going. "My mom," Bob replied. "Mother thought I was just a little boy among men. I just had to show her she was wrong."

Paul Helms of the Helms Athletic Foundation spoke for everyone when he said, "We sent a boy over to do a man's job and he did it far better than any man ever could."

Bob Mathias was acclaimed by the world as a champion among champions. He had lost fifteen pounds in two days of exertion, but as he held his gold medal and heard the acclaim given his feat, he knew it was worth the effort.

Bob continued in competition, and won the decathlon again at the Olympics in 1952 in Helsinki, again against incredible odds and the best competition the world had to offer. The only athlete ever to win this event twice, he has written one of the brightest pages in Olympic history.

Now Bob is a member of Congress, representing his hometown of Tulare, California, in a different way. As *Listen* interviewed him in his Washington, D.C., office he remembered well his Olympic experience—the trials, the competition, the impossible odds, the thrill of victory.

He sees the Olympic theme as a real incentive to help a person persevere toward a goal, and the evaluation of everything in life in the light of that goal.

A champion, he says, must have regular habits, must go on a stringent routine, must be willing to do what is necessary to win. A champion wants to win, he points out; mental attitude is as important as physical preparation.

These principles, Bob emphasizes, apply to all of us, Olympic and non-Olympic, since we are all involved in life's competition. Success and victory do not come easy, whether in sports or in the larger world of everyday living.

Bob Mathias should know!

When the Olympics began, athletes were willing to undergo incredible self-sacrifice merely to participate.

How It All Started

E. H. ATCHLEY

IT ALL began in 776 B.C. at the city of Olympia in the small Greek state of Elis. At first there was only one event, a 202-yard dash, held every four years at the time of the full moon in the month of Apollonius, under the auspices of the chief god of the Greeks, Zeus. From the date of the first contest at Olympia the Greeks dated their calendar by "Olympiads," the four-year spans between the celebrations of the games.

Competition was limited to freemen of Hellenic descent—but it is the competitors' additional qualifications which is the substance of our story.

The youthful Greek athletes with dreams of Olympic glory were required to have lives more substantial than mere dreams. If personal blemish could be found in their character, athletes were disqualified from Olympic competition. The Greeks believed that moral excellence gave substance and meaning to physical exploits.

The Greek people were divided into geographic units. Every athlete was carefully screened by responsible men from his own area. Qualifying races were held throughout the city-states, with the winners of the many local races meeting in other races, which might be thought of as quarter-finals, semifinals, and district finals. The winners of the district finals were then considered potential participants in the Olympic race, the 202-yard dash.

The training program, before and after the district finals, continued about ten months. During this time the athletes were carefully supervised, with a goal of maximum physical fitness.

Approximately five weeks before the race, the winners of the district finals were escorted with high honors to the city of Olympia. They were housed in training facilities especially prepared for the thirty-day program which was to follow.

Officially the program started on the night beginning the last month. The athletes' initial duty was to march in cadence to martial music to the Temple of Zeus for evening devotions. It was a most solemn occasion, and after sacrifices and appropriate music, the athletes were commanded to approach and kneel at the shrine, thus signifying their solemn pledge to keep all the rules of the special thirty-day training program before they heard them. It is not often in life that one is willing to sign a blank check

regarding his personal behavior, but the prospect of Olympic glory was so highly prized at that time that young men were willing to give the ultimate in personal sacrifice and commitment.

The first requirement was that the athletes could not speak for thirty days and nights, the full extent of their final Olympic training. If an athlete, deliberately or accidentally, violated the silence ban, he was immediately disqualified. Second, during the entire thirty days of training the athletes could receive no communication from the outside world. They were there for one purpose—to prepare mentally, physically, and spiritually for the moment of destiny.

The daily schedule began at sunrise. The athletes were awakened and promptly began morning calisthenics. Following this warm-up, they marched in cadence to martial music to the Temple of Zeus for morning devotions. The high point of the devotional service was the command to approach and kneel at the shrine, thus signifying fulfillment of training rules.

Considerable time had now elapsed since the athletes had so vigorously begun their day. By this time they could discern that something was missing—food. They marched, again in cadence to martial music, to the athletic training table, where they partook of their morning repast—water and yogurt. Following this breakfast, the athletes returned to their training quarters for a brief rest period. The remainder of the morning was taken up in physical conditioning exercises, such as long-distance running, windsprints, and specific muscle group exercises.

At midday the athletes marched again in cadence to martial music to the place of physical nourishment. There, in silence, they ate yogurt and water. The afternoon followed the same schedule as the morning—distance running, sprints, and other special exercises. At the appropriate hour they marched once again in cadence to martial music to the food facility. This time their meal was again comprised of water and yogurt. The only change in this menu for thirty days was an occasional addition of fresh fruit.

The day's activity was concluded by another march to the Temple of Zeus for evening devotions, with another forced invitation to kneel at the shrine. Twice a day for thirty days "altar calls" were mandatory. However, all restrictions and deprivations were thought of as only slight inconveniences in comparison to the potential honor and glory accruing to the winner of the Olympic race—at the first only a laurel wreath. Later, other honors were added.

The training program increased in tempo during the thirty days. On the final night before the race the athletes marched for the last time to the Temple of Zeus. This was the most solemn religious exercise. The athletes then returned to their quarters charged for the next day's drama.

The morning arrives, and at the appropriate moment the athletes march in cadence to the stadium where forty to fifty thousand spectators wait for the race. The names of the athletes are placed in a container and are drawn out four at a time. After the names are drawn, they will run in heats of four. Obviously, each time a race is run, three of the athletes are eliminated. The winners' names are returned to the container, and drawn out again, four at a time. This procedure is continued until only four remain. These men are the finalists. They have run from five to eight 202-yard dashes within a couple of hours, but their rigorous training has been designed to carry them through this strenuous test.

The starter gives final instructions—an ominous silence falls over the stadium. At last they are given the starting signal. One of the athletes, through superior discipline, ability, and determination, projects himself across the line in front of the others. He is the winner of the Olympic Games!

Suddenly the stadium explodes into excitement and noise. Everyone is on his feet shouting and cheering. Amidst trumpet fanfares the king of Olympia stands and removes his outer robe of purple and the olive leaf cluster adorning his head. These insignia of royalty are delivered to the hero in the king's own chariot. He is given a royal ride around and around the track of the stadium. Next follows a victory parade through the streets of Olympia.

If this moment of glory was all the winner received, he and the other athletes would have accepted the price of self-discipline and sacrifice.

However, dignitaries from his city-state attending the games return home and call the city fathers into solemn assembly. Certain measures are voted. The hero does not return directly to his city; rather he takes a route through other cities, each giving him a special welcome—a victory parade. Finally, the word is received to bring the conquering hero home on a certain day. This day is to be a holiday for as long as the city remains.

In the distance are seen chariots. Finally there can be clearly seen the lead chariot in which rides the Olympic winner, and it proceeds toward the open city gate. As it is about to enter, the gate is closed. This action heightens the drama. The lead chariot starts around the wall, perhaps going half or two thirds of the way, until it reaches a place that soldiers have guarded from the moment the city fathers voted. Their initial action was that the conqueror should enter the city in a way completely unique. Implements of war have been used to batter a hole in the wall, which has been continually guarded from defilement. Our hero steps down from the chariot and identifies himself to the captain of the guard, who gives the order to his men. They step aside, and the conquering hero enters the city in a way completely singular. Immediately the guard resumes its duty until the wall is repaired. The city, which has been silent, erupts in excitement and noise. The city hero is escorted to the place of public assembly, where leading citizens announce additional honors.

He will be exempt from taxes for the rest of his life. Second, he will be exempt from military service except as a volunteer. In his honor the most famous poet of the realm has composed an ode, which is read with musical background. The area's most famous sculptor has created a masterpiece, a statue of him; it is now unveiled and set up in the public place. He receives a medallion, inscribed with his name and the year of his victory in the Olympic race. Now wherever he travels in the empire he will be given a place of honor and recognition. Finally, the city-state has taken up a cash purse, the amount of which might reach 5,000 silver drachmas. Today this would be about $250,000.

Originally, the Olympic Games comprised only one event. Obviously, there could be but one winner every four years. The odds in favor of an athlete winning the Olympic Game were incredible. This makes more significant the motivation and willingness of the athletes to sacrifice, to pay any price, for the opportunity to participate.

THEN— AND NOW

Bob Richards is still a great competitor!

"NO matter what you've done, stretch for something beyond."

This is the life motto of pole-vaulting Bob Richards, Olympic champion twice over. And no other performer has so demonstrated this principle in competition or better preserved the image of Olympic fitness through the years.

In 1952 and again—at the age of thirty—in 1956 he vaulted off with top honors. In addition, around these years he won twenty-one national titles, seventeen in the pole vault (both indoors and out), and four in the decathlon or decathlon-like events. Using the old, almost springless, metal pole, he cleared fifteen feet, the magic height of his era, 126 times.

Though no longer soaring to new vaulting records now, he is making the most of his fame as a wholesome track-and-field star. He is as muscular and fit as the day he won his first Olympic medal. As top salesman for Wheaties, "breakfast of champions," he vaults into homes all over the nation as the vigorous proponent of the best in physical living.

Bursting with energy himself, he promotes participation in amateur athletics and fitness for youth. Schools by the hundreds and students by the thousands clamor to hear his sports stories made more graphic by his "I was there." His films, such as "Life's Higher Goals," "Will of the Champion," and "Response to the Challenge," are shown in communities and classrooms everywhere. His life story *The Heart of a Champion* remains popular as youth reading.

Years ago, Bob listed five reasons for success in athletics. Today he sees no reason for changing them, even though for him they may have a little different application. They are: "Live clean, work hard, have faith in what you do, don't give up, and the last is the most important—take God with you in all you do, for He gives power and strength to do your best."

Richards, a Church of the Brethren minister, doesn't take religion lightly. "It's a solution to problems," he says. "Religion should make you happy, it should make you successful, it should give you love."

Neither is Bob one to take faith lightly. "Put faith into your life and you've got enthusiasm. Get with it! Feel this dynamic force surge through you, and you will win in the great race of life!"

This vital positive story is Bob Richards' own life. He is the greatest personal proof of his own code of living. He says little about present drug problems, about smoking and drinking—he barely mentions these things. New peaks of motivation rise in his world as greater and more important aims take the place of these crutches.

"Every great athlete has to live a good clean life," he says. "The ones I know never drink or smoke. They are pretty clean kids."

Bob acts—and talks—as if this would be a pretty good idea, even off the competitive sports field. It was true back there in the 1952 and 1956 Olympic Games for him—and still is.

OLYMPIC champions are not simply superb physical giants, they are well-balanced individuals, mentally, socially, and spiritually.

As a press official, this is my discovery after talking to hundreds of medalists at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne and at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, after interviewing medalists and participants at the Perth Empire Games in 1962, and after talking to many sports stars during the past eighteen years.

These competitors have made one major impact on my memory—for one to be a champion he must be dedicated. Often I felt as if I were at church youth functions as I listened to champions explain their lives of self-discipline in these words, "I'm dedicated."

This means much—a rigorous program of physical training, regular hours of rest, no wasted hours at parties or functions that appear to offer relaxation, but inevitably offer only fatigue.

The choice of the best foods was of major concern to these athletes. I recall seeing Olympic sports stars enjoying breakfast—wheat germ stacked high on cereal; some eating large spoonfuls of honey, others taking glucose and honey.

In these dedicated rituals that brought separation from the routine and generally accepted conduct, the right mental attitude was important. Typical were these instructions to Australian 1964 Olympic participants as they left for Tokyo, as reported by the Sydney *Morning Herald:*

"Medical experts have warned Australia's 287 competitors in the Tokyo Olympics: If you want to *win,* don't argue.

"This is one of the forty-four rules in a medical list issued to competitors this week....

"The rules are listed under eighteen headings, including acclimatization, air sickness, vaccination, packing, sleep, drug reaction, sunglasses, and eating before competition.

"The 'no arguing' rule is one of three under the heading of 'social.'

"Avoid crowded rooms with bad air and germs.

"Avoid people with colds and other infections.

"Remain calm at all times, and do not argue.

"The administrative officer of the Australian Olympic team, Mr. S. Grance, said last night: 'All competitors get into an anxiety state.'

"It is not good for a competitor, particularly on the eve of the event, to get into an argument and let off steam.

"To avoid last-minute panic, competitors are advised to pack their bags a few days before leaving for Tokyo.

"Under 'airplane travel' comes this advice: 'When not asleep, walk round the airplane at intervals.'

"Among the five rules for 'food': Avoid unaccustomed food; do not try new concoctions; do not drink tap water; and *'alcohol must be avoided.'*"

It was my job to find out what made a champion tick, why he could make that extra tenth of a second which means victory, the difference between coming in first and being "second best."

It was not easy to get interviews considering the stiff competition of world press, radio, and TV personnel. The small interview rooms where winners were taken following the presentation of medals were packed by zealous, struggling newsmen.

After getting the general story of the medalist's achievement, I usually asked about his favorite drink. I learned that the first choice of all champions is milk, then a soft drink or fruit juice, orange juice being named as favorite by many.

Sensational marathon winner both at Rome in 1960 and at Tokyo in 1964, Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia emphatically stated that he drank water, but that he also liked milk. Never once did anyone suggest that coffee or tea was his favorite drink.

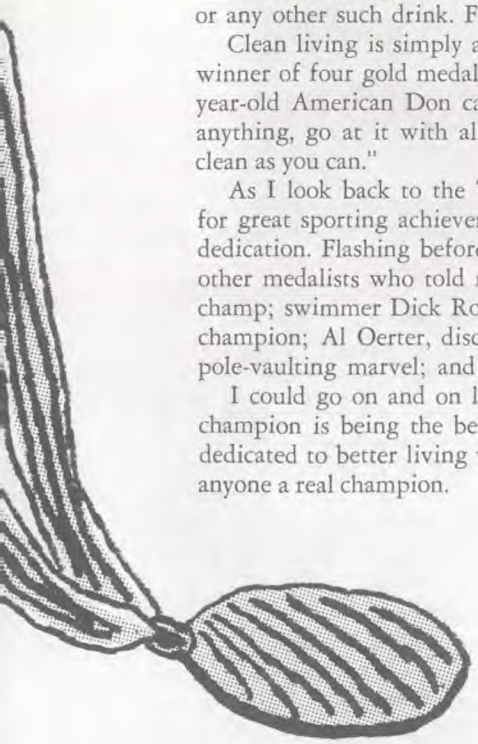
When I inquired whether they drank alcohol, most looked at me with scorn and pity. A typical reply was from Karin Balzer of Frankfurt who set a new world record of 10.6 seconds for the 80-meter women's hurdles. "How do you think I would get to the Olympics and win a medal if I drank liquor or smoked?"

Called the "world's strongest man," Leonid Zhabotinsky of the Soviet Union, the record heavyweight lifter in 1964, said nondrinking and nonsmoking was "a big factor" in his success. He took up smoking for a while, but in 1956 he stopped. "Since that time I have improved in health and performance," he declared. "It's a wonderful feeling to be the world's strongest man," he confided. "Certainly I will celebrate, but not with vodka or any other such drink. For this, my way of living goes on as always."

Clean living is simply a natural code for success. At least that's how Don Schollander, winner of four gold medals in swimming at Tokyo in 1964, felt about it. Blond eighteen-year-old American Don casually said, "It's a good principle that if you are going to do anything, go at it with all your might. If you train, go all out. In other words, live as clean as you can."

As I look back to the Tokyo Olympics and hear the thundering applause, the cheers for great sporting achievement, I know that the one thing that really counted there was dedication. Flashing before my mind are the names and faces of so many champions and other medalists who told me the same stories of better living: Billy Mills, 10,000-meter champ; swimmer Dick Roth; Galina Prozumenschikova, women's 200-meter breaststroke champion; Al Oerter, discus champ; Dallas Long, shot-put gold medalist; Fred Hansen, pole-vaulting marvel; and Bob Hayes, world's fastest sprinter.

I could go on and on listing the greats of Olympic fame. They all know that to be a champion is being the best you can, physically, mentally, socially, and spiritually—truly dedicated to better living with the emphasis upon sport. These same principles will make anyone a real champion.



Ernest H. J. Steed

three ivory beads

Thea Trent

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

IT WAS still early in the morning when Alexander March stepped outside the shop and carefully folded back the blinds. The sun's rays flashed on the crystal-clear window glass and made the tall glass jars behind them glow like rubies and emeralds. Over the windows and door was a black sign, neatly lettered in gold: "Apothecary." Even the sidewalk in front of the shop was immaculate.

California's Napa Valley in autumn! The young man breathed the fragrance from the fields and orchards outside of town, and then turned to go back into the shop. He was a handsome figure, in the pattern of 1875. He was tall, slender, with a gold watch chain across the vest of his dark suit. His chestnut hair was neatly trimmed, also the fashionable sideburns, and he had trustworthy, steady gray-blue eyes.

The drugstore had nothing in common with the trash-filled emporiums which go by that name today—no gaudy paperback novels and magazines, no junk jewelry, no liquor counter. A small glass case displayed fine imported soaps and cologne for the ladies, and on all sides of the shop were labeled glass jars holding the drugs used in compounding prescriptions. It was a medicine-taking age, and the family doctor might prescribe not only pills and powders, but "bitters" violent of color and taste, and liquid tonics. Aspirin had not yet been dreamed of; and of course antibiotics and other "miracle drugs" were unknown. On the other hand, there were vast supplies of patent medicines, many of which had opiates in them, and others with more than a trace of alcohol.

Alexander went into the back room where prescriptions were mixed and came out wearing a white linen coat. This was a "new look" for pharmacists, but the elderly owner of the shop, Mr. Emerson, had advanced ideas of hygiene, and asserted that a druggist working for the health of humanity should wear washable linen, not wool, while compounding prescriptions.

Now there was the sound of horses' hooves galloping, and a young lad in his early teens stumbled into the shop. His face was pale and terrified, and he called out from the doorway, "Please, Mr. March. Mother's been took very bad. Doctor

vants to have this for her right away!" He handed Alexander a crumpled bit of paper. In a few moments the boy was galloping home, the merciful bottle buttoned in his coat pocket.

At this moment, Mr. Emerson entered the shop—a short, heavy figure, with graying hair and keen eyes. "What's wrong, Alex?" he said. "Toothache? Or did she turn you down at the dance last night?"

"I don't dance, sir," the young man answered respectfully. "I just filled an order for laudanum for Mrs. Brooks, and it set me wondering."

"Mrs. Brooks, eh? Terminal case, and she such a good woman."

"Laudanum—morphine—opium! No hope of cure—just to deaden the last agonies! Sometimes I feel I was wrong to stop my study of medicine after two years and change to this."

"Listen, lad," his employer said, sitting heavily on one of the chairs placed for customers' use. "You should have seen it in the days when we rarely used these pain-killing drugs. I can still hear my poor mother screaming her way into horrible death by cancer!" He pulled out a white silk handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow. "We are going to find the real cures for these scourges of humanity, and I assure you a good pharmacist is right on the firing line! Meanwhile, let us thank God for the mercy drugs to use in extremity."

Mr. Emerson retired to the rear room for his customary nap on the old haircloth sofa, so Alexander was alone in the shop when later a Victoria, driven by a coachman, stopped at the curb and two ladies stepped out. Alexander recognized the first as Mrs. Carson, a well-to-do widow and valued patron of the pharmacy. She was a member of the Valley Church, as were the members of Alexander's family, and given to good works, quiet teas, and important committees.

But the second young lady was a stranger to Alex. He had bowed to Mrs. Carson, and was going to repeat this greeting to the young lady, but their eyes met and neither seemed able to look away. He was known to be a reserved man, and such an experience had never come to him. It was almost frightening.

Her face had the pure lines of a Greek statue, and scarcely more color than the marble of which such statues were carved; but it seemed so right for her, because the whole face was made radiant by her marvelous eyes—eyes of softest brown, large and beautifully shaped, and catching at times little glints of gold from the sunlight, as did her hair.

Mrs. Carson was chatting in her usual cheery way: "This is my niece, Miss Elden. May I present you to her, Alexander? —Alexander March, dear." This made it possible for the young man to tear his eyes away and to bow. He made a point of looking a little to one side after this, but he felt the pull of those glorious eyes, stronger than any magnet.

"Alexander's mother and I are good friends, my dear," Mrs. Carson continued to her niece. "We are members of the same church, and you will meet them all Sunday."

"With what can I serve you, Mrs. Carson?" Alexander finally managed to say.

"To be sure. Here I go chattering and forgetting what we came for! My niece has been troubled with colds. That's the reason I was able to persuade her parents in San Francisco to let her try our drier inland air. Just a light cough syrup, please. Something soothing to the throat at night."

Alexander selected a small bottle of amber-colored syrup, which he knew would be pleasant of taste. Besides, it had a delightful fragrance. He wrote the directions on a slip, fastened this to the bottle, and Mrs. Carson was ready to leave.

"A few young people are invited for Saturday night at eight. I'd be pleased if you'd join them!" And her capable black figure passed through the doorway. Her niece followed sedately; then she suddenly turned.

"The name is Lou," she said, and her face was illuminated by her sparkling eyes and an almost mischievous smile.

She was gone! Alexander stood, motionless, seeing in memory her radiant smile, hearing her words.

"Well, well! Shot down at last!" Mr. Emerson chuckled as he came from the back room. To his intense annoyance, Alexander felt himself blushing furiously.

"Your pardon, sir," he said. "I was not aware that you had ended your nap; otherwise I should have asked your wishes in the matter of the cough syrup."

"Nonsense, boy. You must permit an old man his bit of fun. She is indeed a lovely creature, a great contrast to the rugged lassies we raise here!"

As a rule, Alexander's father stopped by for him on the way home from the Napa Bank, where he was manager, but today Alexander said he would walk.

"Excellent!" genial Mr. March had replied. "Sometimes I am a little concerned that you find no time for some sport. Rowing would be very good, but walking is prescribed by our best doctors. I'll see you at the house." And he was off, his beautiful bay horse drawing the phaeton.

The young man seemed to see everything with new eyes. Autumn never rated as the most beautiful season in Napa Valley, but how lovely it was this evening! The air was rich with the fragrance of grapes, and of peaches, pears, and crimson apples. And there was the first star in the west, and the song of a bird settling for the night. Why had he never noticed these things before?

The March home was no different from many other well-kept farm-and-orchard homes nestling among the trees, but no one could enter the house without feeling the harmony and love that ruled there. It was a Christian home, where violent quarrels and ugly words were never heard. Though in a district where wine grapes thrived, no alcoholic beverage ever entered this home, and all its members had, in the words of that age, "taken the pledge."

As often on warm evenings, the family had gathered on the porch to enjoy the twilight before supper. When Alexander came up the drive, his sister ran down the steps to tell her brother the exciting news.

"Only think! Mrs. Carson was here with her niece from San Francisco, Louisa Elden. Ooooo! Is she a beauty! Only a little pale, I thought! We had raspberry juice, ice-cold! And cake! Mrs. Carson said she is having some of the young people over to meet Louisa, and you and Harry and I are invited! Only I have to be at church to practice the organ numbers, and Harry must go for choir rehearsal. So you must do the honors, Alexander!"

The Indian summer weather held, and the evening of the party was mild and beautiful. Chinese lanterns hung in the trees along the drive up to the large house; and the garden itself was silvered by the light of a full moon. Soft music was being played by a trio of two violins and a cello, but Alexander could see and hear only one thing—the girl who stood beside her aunt, meeting the guests. She wore a dress of creamy-white chiffon over satin; and in an age which

adored brilliant jewels, her only ornament was a strand of smooth ivory beads, nestling close to her neck. Her beauty set her apart from all the rest. A feeling of desperation and confusion swept over the young man, and once again their eyes met, and seemed unable to part.

It was she who saved them from attracting attention. "Aunt Emma, if all the guests have come, I'd like a breath of air. Perhaps Mr. March will accompany me!"

"Certainly, dear," her aunt said. "Only don't be gone long—and take your shawl!" She motioned toward a magnificent shawl laid across the back of a chair. As they left the house, Alexander offered Lou his arm, as was the custom, the folded shawl over his other arm.

They walked into the silver moonlight dappled by the shadows of leaves stirred by the night breeze. The path they followed cut through a small grove, centered by a pond of lotus lilies. The air was fragrant of jasmine; and the moon high overhead turned the pond to a chalice of silver. They did not speak a word.

Standing at her side, he unfolded the shawl and placed it across her shoulders, his hands trembling. She turned so that her head rested on his shoulder, and then she raised her face and he took her into his arms.

They decided to be married when spring turned the orchards into joyous waves of blossoms. To follow the custom of this long-ago age, Lou would have returned to her parents and spent her short time of betrothal there. But the family doctor did not favor her going back to the cold raw climate in the rainy season, so her parents came for a short visit in Mrs. Carson's hospitable home. It was there that Alexander asked ceremonially for Lou's hand. Mrs. Carson gave an intimate engagement party. Lou's father announced that he and his wife were giving the couple a small new cottage, already surrounded by a garden, with white roses climbing over the roof.

Of their marriage it could be said truly that it was not marred by a single quarrel. As Lou said quaintly, "You and I are so completely one, Alex, that I can scarcely tell when one of us begins and the other ends!"

Autumn came early and chill that year, not like the Indian summer of the year past. With its coming, Lou was again the victim of colds, and sometimes she coughed at night. Often Alex held her for hours, sitting in an armchair, till the syrup finally eased the coughing and she could sleep at last.

One morning, when they woke, there was blood on her pillow. This was the death sign in those days when there were no drugs able to check tuberculosis, and the terrible phrase, "galloping consumption," was heard all too often. He made light of the thing, saying it was only a nosebleed; but as he walked to work, his face was white. Kindly Mr. Emerson could give but little help, and all the family doctor had to fight with were more ill-tasting tonics. The small hemorrhages came again and again. Lou's parents came with their own doctor, taking a suite at the hotel.

A sudden warm spell came in late November, and Lou was better. She could even sit a little while in the sunshine of the garden. But suddenly the first winter storm came, bitterly chill. She had a fever and was very ill. In the evening she rallied a little, and whispered, "Will you hold me in our chair for a few minutes, dear?"

He could feel the fever burning her frail body away as they sat, wrapped in the lovely shawl. All his soul cried out to God for mercy, for help. He prayed as one who had accepted Christ all his life.

Now she was whispering, scarcely able to make a sound. Only four words: "Our—love—is—forever." And a massive hemmorhage flooded them both. She was gone.

Grief reacts in many ways. To some it is a consecration; to others a burning hell. Alex was so shattered that he seemed destroyed. All day, every day, he stumbled through the country like one demented—unwashed, unshaven, with his eyes blazing in a sort of madness. Pray? Had he not prayed his heart out? And did God answer?

Then he, who had never tasted liquor in his life, began to drink. He snatched a bottle of whiskey from a vagrant, who lay drunken in a ditch, and drank what was left. For the first time since Lou's death, a merciful numbness came. He pressed what money he had into the hobo's hand and fell under a tree, sleeping a long, drugged sleep.

From this time he drank steadily, more and more. His family suffered an agony of sorrow and shame, but they did not reproach him; they only prayed more fervently and placed their loved one in God's hands. Weeks followed weeks, and nothing changed.

But one evening, hearing the crash as her son fell to the floor in his room, Alexander's mother opened a locked drawer in her dresser. She took out the silk shawl and the ivory beads. Walking softly into Alex's room, she placed them on his bed, where he would see them when he woke.

The man lying on the floor stirred and roused from his sodden stupor. He saw what lay on the bed. With a terrible cry, he clutched the beads in his hands, pressing them so violently that the strand broke and the beads rolled on the floor. Then he buried his face in the soft silken shawl, sobbing her name. He seemed to hear the whisper of her dying words, "Our—love—is—forever."

"Forever? How can I remember her? Such a drunken sot I have become!" Then began the night of a strong man's battle, and who dares to say he fought alone?

With the morning he knew he would never drink again. He washed, and shaved the disordered growth from his face, dressed neatly, and went to his family. There were tears of heartfelt rejoicing, there were prayers of overflowing gratitude. Afterward he told his parents what had come to him in the night. "I feel I have a call to go wherever my church chooses to send me as a medical missionary."

He had some months of study first, but they passed quickly. Never did he waver in his pledge. On his last evening at home, after the gathering in the church hall in his honor, he gave his mother the silk shawl. "I do not need it now. And it was your thought that started my fight back to God. Keep it, dearest! And I'd like each of the granddaughters you may have to receive three of the ivory beads as a memorial."

Alexander was sent to a Central American jungle, traveling down the West Coast by ship and then packing inland to his savage charges. He brought many to a better way of life, and with his medical knowledge he healed many of their diseases. His reward, though, was to be cruelly tortured and killed.

But I know he died with a martyr's joy on his face. Among the others, I too received my three ivory beads. To me they say the words, "Love—is—forever."

LISTEN NEWS

Color Streak Special

Sleep Drugs May Cause Dependency

Children Learn Smoking From Pals, Not Parents

The influence of friends is so much stronger than that of parents or teachers that some basic changes are needed in current approaches to prevention and reduction of smoking among children.

This is one observation drawn from a survey of smoking among nearly 50,000 pupils in the fifth through the twelfth grades in Indianapolis.

Some initial findings, in addition to that of the importance of peer group influence, were:

★ Education in the health hazards of smoking has only a modest inhibiting effect on eleven- to eighteen-year-olds.

★ Smoking by parents seems to have a comparatively trivial effect.

★ As one would expect, boys smoke more than girls, and both boys and girls smoke more as they grow older.

Expressed in percentage terms, peer group influence appeared to account for 34 percent of the total. Among other influences were reaching "smoking age," 8 percent; being a male, 2.25 percent, ignorance of health hazards, 1.3 percent, and having parents who smoke, only 1 percent.

Nine percent of the 49,500 children questioned said that they smoke every day, 12 percent smoke regularly but not every day, 40 percent have tried smoking but did not continue, 35 percent have never smoked, and information is not available on 4 percent.

Those who smoke every day consume an average of three and one fourth packs of cigarettes a week. The weekly average for those who smoke regularly but not every day is half a pack.

Influences from friends are often stronger on youth than parental influences when it comes to forming habits.

Animals can relax and sleep naturally. They normally do not need sedatives to induce sleep, as do many people these days.

More than two thirds of the pupils' fathers and half of their mothers smoke. Slightly more than one third of the pupils report that most of their friends smoke, and three out of ten say that their best friend smokes.

More than nine out of ten of the pupils indicated awareness that smoking harms the lungs. Two thirds indicated awareness that smoking is bad for the heart.

At the fifth-grade level, only 51 percent have never tried smoking. By the eighth grade this falls to 31 percent, and by the twelfth grade to 21 percent.

Eugene E. Levitt, Ph.D., Professor of Clinical Psychology at the Indiana University School of Medicine, directed the study.

Government vs. Smoking

The Government is joining with antismoking organizations in providing spot ads for television to discourage smoking. The Health Services and Mental Health Administration of the Public Health Service has sent to every television station in the land two spots aimed at "the problem of children smoking."

These films join the growing pool of antismoking spots already sent to stations by such health associations as the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association since the Federal Communications Commission in June, 1967, made the equal-time rule applicable to cigarette advertising.

These new spots are a one-minute entitled "Father," that shows a man puffing away while wondering aloud why his children smoke. The other, a twenty-second called "First Cigarette," shows a boy coughing over his first cigarette while a voice says "Remember your first cigarette? Maybe your body was trying to tell you something."

About one out of four persons in this country depends on the use of sedatives to induce sleep.

This conclusion from a survey headed by Dr. Anthony Kales, a psychiatrist, was presented at a conference on the physiology and pathology of sleep sponsored by the University of California School of Medicine.

Dr. Kales says that "powerful sedatives, such as hypnotics and sleeping pills, have hangover effects and will slow down one's performance."

"Barbiturates," he says, "are known to be very potent in producing drug dependency.

"The problem in withdrawing from these drugs is that patients may experience marked changes in sleep patterns, marked changes in dreaming, accompanied by a recurrence of insomnia, nightmares, and attempted suicide upon awakening. The tendency is for the persons to go back and take the pill again."

Tolerance to barbiturates and other sedatives may develop in a few hours and "generally occurs," Dr. Kales claims. "It leads to increase in dosage or the consumption of a stronger compound."

A spokesman for the Hoffman-La-Roche Pharmaceutical Company of Nutley, New Jersey, says that at least 14 percent of all Americans are suffering from some form of insomnia.

Millions to Promote Beer

United States brewers put $106,978,000 into various media last year to sell 106,974,363 barrels of beer, an all-time high.

Biggest measured media spenders were Jos. Schlitz, with $16,594,000; Anheuser-Busch, $16,082,000; and Carling, $10,377,000. Anheuser-Busch led in sales, with 15,535,000 barrels, followed by Schlitz at 10,220,000 and Pabst with 10,124,000.

Product marketing expense for brewers remained at about $2.50 a barrel. Media costs per barrel went like this last year as compared with 1966: newspapers got 10.2¢ (9.8¢ in 1966), magazines 9.8¢ (9.1¢), network TV 19¢ (19¢), and TV spots 60.7¢ (67.9¢).

In This NEWS

★ Tests prove law too easy on drunks. See page 16.

★ Is marijuana really worse than alcohol? See page 17.

★ The law protects a church against itself! See page 18.

He Proves His Point

To find out just what happens to a drinking driver, Ronald G. Shafer, a staff reporter of *The Wall Street Journal*, arranged with General Motors Corporation to take two drunk-driving tests it had set up for its own research.

The first required an evasive action—a last-second lane switch to avoid an accident when it's too late to brake to a safe stop. The second was a curved course marked with rows of plastic cones.

There were four sequences of tests, given at various stages from sobriety to inebriation; in each sequence, Mr. Shafer ran both courses

At only .08 percent alcohol concentration, "my impairment was obvious." The car weaved unsteadily through the course.

eight times. Meanwhile, he downed one half of a fifth of whiskey. A breathalyzer machine was used to measure the increasing amount of alcohol in his blood.

"My drunk-driving experience left me with these conclusions (plus one king-sized hangover). . . . Alcohol began taking its toll long before I was aware of it. At a blood-alcohol level of .04 percent, my reaction on the lane-change course, as measured by electronic devices in the car, was 33 percent slower than my time before drinking.

"When my final drink put me at .08 percent, my impairment was obvious. Cones—and barrel obstacles added later—fell like bowling pins as the car weaved unsteadily through the courses.

"Finally, my experience indicated that drunk-driving laws in the United States are lenient. Despite my obviously impaired driving ability, at the .08 percent level I would have been legally drunk in only one state—Utah. In most states, the legal limit is .15 percent; in a few, .10 percent. (Researchers figure anybody is drunk over the .08 percent level.) In most states, drivers are presumed sober with a blood-alcohol rating of .05 percent or less."

Currently, Federal officials are pressing states to stiffen their drunk-driver laws by tightening the legal definitions of drunkenness and forcing suspected drunken drivers to undergo a test of the alcohol content of their blood.

A study of 1,500 traffic deaths in California in 1966 indicates that eight of ten fatally injured drinking drivers had a blood-alcohol content of more than .10 percent. In the majority of deaths, the level was between .15 percent and .24 percent —the equivalent of drinking anywhere from six cocktails to more than half a fifth of liquor in an hour's time.

Dr. Julian Waller, a California public health official, estimates that 6.5 percent of California's ten million drivers are problem drinkers or alcoholics. Such drinkers, he figures, account for two thirds of the state's highway fatalities involving drinking drivers.

Eventually, records of all drivers may be fed into computers at both Federal and state levels to help weed out inveterate drunk drivers and other problem motorists when they apply for driver's licenses or renewals. This would entail expansion of the National Driver Register Service, which now has on file the records of more than 1.4 million drivers whose licenses have been revoked for traffic offenses. Last year the service received 12.3 million inquiries from states that check persons applying for license. About 180,000 of the drivers on record had been convicted of drunk driving; one man had lost his license thirty-three times in seven states for driving while intoxicated.

Oral Cancer Is on Increase

"There are 25,000 new cases of oral cancer in the United States each year, and this number is increasing each year," states Dr. Sol Silverman, Jr., of the University of California San Francisco Medical Center.

"Smoking of all kinds—cigarettes, cigars, pipes—the use of snuff, and alcohol are major reasons for the increase," he says.

He points to a correlation between mouth cancer and alcoholism in San Francisco. "This city has one of the highest per capita rates of alcoholism in the country and also one of the highest per capita rates of mouth cancer," he asserts.

Medical Reports

Pasteurized Blood

Scientists at the Ludwig-Maximilians University in Munich, Germany, claim to have discovered a way to prevent infectious hepatitis from being carried by blood transfusions. They heat the blood cells to 185° F. in a glycerol solution and pasteurize the plasma, the fluid part of blood.

Prof. Rudolf Zenker, chief of the surgical clinic at the university, admits that the cost of installing apparatus for this procedure is high; but he says the frequent transmission of hepatitis infection during blood transfusions makes it mandatory to set up a sure system of prevention.

Safer New Anesthetic

A new general anesthetic, ketamine hydrochloride, is the safest ever developed, according to Dr. Guenter Corssen, chairman of the Medical College of Alabama's department of anesthesiology.

"One of the reasons the drug is so safe," he says, "is the absence of impaired respiratory function."

Ketamine is neither a barbiturate nor a narcotic, and unlike conventional anesthetics, it does not depress all areas of the central nervous system. It leaves the patient with his eyes open but disconnected from his surroundings and unresponsive to pain.

These disk-shaped reflectors send and receive narrow beams of radio waves as part of an expanding communications network linking points on the Union Pacific Railroad.

Smokers Ignore Warning

Early warnings of harmful effects from cigarette smoking often are so subtle as to be entirely overlooked or ignored by the person involved, says Dr. Joseph L. Kovarik, a representative of the Colorado division of the American Cancer Society.

Smokers put up with runny noses, throat irritations, postnasal drips, deep gravelly voices, and a mouth that frequently feels like the inside of a legendary motorman's glove.

"These are just a few of the irritations a smoker tends to overlook in his pursuit of happiness via cigarettes," the chest surgeon says.

If smokers continue until they get into trouble, it may be too late, because lung cancer cannot be reversed, he explains. The recovery rate for the disease is only 5 percent of all cases.

On the other hand, if a person quits smoking, the cells can repair themselves even after years and years of smoking. Only when cancer or emphysema develops is repair of the cells impossible.

Lung cancer was the cause of 52,000 deaths in the United States last year, Dr. Kovarik reports. Lung cancer is now the leading cause of male cancer deaths; the rate has jumped to fifteen times what it was thirty-five years ago.

Which Is Really Worse?

Is marijuana more dangerous than alcohol?

Nationally famous Ann Landers recently answered this question in her column:

"In response to your question: 'Is marijuana more dangerous than alcohol?'—you might as well ask me if scarlet fever is more dangerous than diphtheria. My answer is: Who needs either one? There is no valid comparison between alcohol and marijuana. One is depressant, the other hallucinogenic. Both are drugs and carry with them their own peculiar set of problems and dangers.

"Some individuals have been known to use marijuana for many years and suffer no ill effects. The same can be said for alcohol. Ditto —driving 110 miles an hour. It doesn't always lead to tragedy, but why take the chance? For those who believe marijuana is harmless I would like to point out that 90 percent of all known heroin addicts began with marijuana.

"Blotting out reality and anesthetizing oneself against discomfort with booze, pills, or drugs is not, in my opinion, a sensible approach to life's stresses and tensions. Numbing the brain may provide temporary insulation and even a brief period of euphoria, but in the end we must face our problems and resolve them or they will overwhelm us."

> The new British taxes are awful. Cigarettes cost 52 cents. Gambling taxes are up. You can't even afford to bet on how long you'll be able to afford to smoke.

Drug Effects Last Long

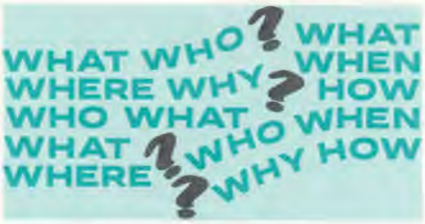
Some effects of narcotic drugs persist much longer than previously supposed.

Dr. Vincent P. Dole of Rockefeller University suggests that these persistent effects lie at the root of the difficulty in preventing former addicts from reverting to their addiction.

Studying morphine addiction in rats, Drs. Joseph Cochin and Conan Kornetsky found that a single shot of morphine so conditioned the rats that the effect was observable nine months to a year later. Moreover, even after such a time lapse, rats that once had had a shot reacted to a second one more readily than rats that had never had a shot.

The two researchers say that the bodies of human beings also seem to "remember" a single morphine shot long afterward.

Dr. Dole notes that years after a person's body has seemingly freed itself from chemical dependence on a drug, the body does not react to that drug the way the body of a novice does. Rather, the reaction is the quick euphoria of a longtime addict.



★ Alcohol would be listed as the third largest killer in the United States "if we could evaluate all the direct and indirect causes of death in which it is involved," reports Dr. Abram E. Bennett of the University of California School of Medicine. (UPI)

★ Drunken drivers who are convicted in Chicago can count on spending at least one day in jail and paying a minimum fine of $200. The law provides up to a year in jail upon conviction. (*National Observer*)

★ The drug "problem" is no longer a problem on the Purdue University campus, because students realize the hallucinogens aren't at all what they're cracked up to be, says Dr. John H. Wilms of the Purdue Health Center staff. (Lafayette *Journal & Courier*)

★ The total number of known drug addicts in the United States increased from 59,720 in 1966 to a high of 62,045 last year. According to Rep. Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey, the increased use of marijuana and other drugs points out the need for a "concentrated and coordinated Federal attack on the treatment side of the problem." (AP)

★ More than $6 billion was collected from alcohol and tobacco taxes in 1967—an increase of $267 million from 1966—reports the Internal Revenue Service.

★ Smoking withdrawal clinics at Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, achieved only a 17 percent cure among 1,800 volunteers from 1964 to 1966. Men were more successful in breaking the habit than women; among the men, those over 40 were more successful than younger ones. (Science Service)

Get Down to the Roots

Attempts to control the narcotics problem by cutting off the source and punishing violators have failed, according to Justice Robert Kingsley of the California Court of Appeals.

Instead, "we must strike at the psychological pressures which drive people to use and keep using drugs despite threats of punishment," he says.

"It is no easy task to discover the deep-seated reasons for a man's rejection of all hope of meeting the world on equal terms and his resort to a chemical crutch to enable him to forget his problems."

Justice Kingsley urges that the rehabilitation program now available only to those addicted to "hard" narcotics be made compulsory for users of the non-addictive drugs and hallucinogens such as marijuana and LSD.

ARe YOU PUZZLED?

Jack Fitch

Ring Around

HOW TO PLAY: All the letters you need are in the puzzle in their proper order. Ring those **across** which will form words or abbreviations fitting the clues. The number in parentheses, at the end of each clue, indicates the number of letters to be found. When you have solved the puzzle correctly, the **unringed** letters will **automatically** form a well-known or meaningful phrase.

1 to 4	E L D O R Y A H E X T H A T O L B P K E
5 to 8	Z G E T S O T S T E A L S Y O U P R E R
9 to 12	T M J L O E U A N O O E G U T E G G T M
13 to 16	S N A D C U I O W I L L A T S T E A L D
17 to 20	L A O D L I A N O S A N R D O X L P N E

ACROSS

1. Slow throw (3)
2. Former: Prefix (2)
3. Curtain (5)
4. Yellow of egg (4)
5. Defraud (3)
6. Crude metal (3)
7. Circuit (4)
8. Gusto (4)
9. Abound (4)
10. Container for liquid (3)
11. Bumpkin (4)
12. Debatable (4)
13. Crackpot (3)
14. Therefore (2)
15. Prosecutor (2)
16. Sour (4)
17. In place (2)
18. Speech defect (4)
19. Blazon (5)
20. Soup spoon (5)

Law Protects a Church

Protecting religious institutions in Arizona by a 300-foot-zone law has been the downfall of many liquor-dispensing establishments.

Typical was the application for a No. 7 (beer and wine) license by the Jade Palace in Phoenix.

This Chinese restaurant serving about sixty persons daily is, however, within the proximity of the Sun Church of Jesus Christ (United Baptist), which has a congregation of about thirty persons for services each week.

The license application was turned down by the State Liquor Department because of the law requiring a 300-foot zone between a church and a proposed liquor establishment. The zone is measured from "perpendicular wall to perpendicular wall."

Benjamin Wong, proprietor of the restaurant, says that he wasn't aware that a church was located in the area when he built his restaurant. At first he felt that he would not need a liquor and beer license, but soon customers requested alcoholic drinks with meals.

The controversy about the unusual situation got special attention because Rev. Kash Roark, minister of the church, felt that the license would not harm his church as services are usually completed before the liquor would be served at noon Sunday.

However, the minister preferred that no exception be made, and Gordon Selby of the State Liquor Department noted that even if the church approved of the situation, "it still wouldn't change the law. If the organization calls itself a church and meets regularly, we must consider it a church. And there's no gray area in the law in which we can work around the 300-foot rule."

If, however, a church moved into a neighborhood following the establishment of a bar, there could be no protest on the part of the church.

Tipsy Accidents at Home

Alcohol plays an important role in mishaps among young adults and the middle-aged.

Home accidents among people in their prime work years, fifteen to sixty-four years of age, account for about 8,300 fatalities and more than 8.5 million nonfatal injuries annually.

This study by The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reveals that time and time again the victim had been drinking heavily, was a chronic alcoholic, suffered from acute alcoholism, or had been at a drinking party.

Sixty-one home-accident fatalities were reported as resulting from acute poisoning by solids and liquids, and half of these were associated with drinking. Barbiturates were the culprit in nearly 75 percent of these alcohol-associated poisonings, underscoring the lack of understanding about the accentuated effects of drugs (especially barbiturates) when taken together with alcohol.

Alcohol was involved in nearly 20 percent of eighty-seven accidental deaths at home reported as a result of absorption of poisonous gases and vapors, mostly motor vehicle exhausts.

Falls from stairs or steps accounted for 117 accidents in and about the home, and about 20 percent of the victims were reported to have been under the influence of alcohol.

Falling asleep with a lighted cigarette, cigar, or pipe is a serious hazard for the tired smoker, even when he is not under the influence of alcohol. In the insurance study, alcohol figured in about 25 percent of the sixty-seven accidental deaths reported as caused by fires and other burns among careless smokers.

Drinking was implicated in about 15 percent of the firearm accidents at home, about 12 percent of the deaths from choking on food, about 20 percent of the drownings, and all of the deaths from freezing.

With his hand over the right side of his chest, where his heart is, Gene Alligood of Levittown, Pennsylvania, pledges allegiance to the flag. Doctors say he is a one-in-a-million case.

Now a Camel Walks a Mile!

For years R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has been convincing millions of smokers that they should be willing to walk a mile for a Camel cigarette.

Now a real, live camel walks a mile for R. J. Reynolds Foods.

The camel, a twelve-year-old miss named Matilda, not only walked a mile but also took a 100-mile truck ride and spent a couple of hours under floodlights in a New York studio to star in a new corporate trade campaign.

RJR Foods plans to use the camel trail in five color ads. The first ad, run in *Supermarket News* and *Progressive Grocer*, shows Matilda with a traditional horse-race winner's floral wreath around her neck. Copy says: "R. J. Reynolds didn't quit with their first winner. . . . We won't sit back on our camel. Our food brands will be big winners too."

In "The Winner's Circle" are RJR Foods products—College Inn, Chun King, Patio, Vermont Maid, Hawaiian Punch, My-T-Fine, and Brer Rabbit.

Answer: "He that steals an egg will steal an ox."

Across

1. Lob 6. Ore 11. Loaf 16. Acid
2. Ex 7. Tour 12. Moot 17. On
3. Drape 8. Zest 13. Nut 18. Lisp
4. Yolk 9. Teem 14. So 19. Adorn
5. Gyp 10. Jug 15. DA 20. Ladle

LISTEN Makes a Difference!

Listen magazine is a refreshing change.

You hear a lot these days about not smoking and drinking and staying clear of narcotics. And you get tired of it—the same old story from the pulpit, the classroom, and at home.

Listen talks about smoking, drinking, and narcotics, too. But *Listen* doesn't preach. Rather, this colorful magazine supplies facts of real interest and future value. And *Listen* lets America's lively people do the talking.

Such people as a doctor who works with dope addicts, an educator who runs a ranch for delinquent boys, a teen-age beauty queen who won't touch liquor or cigarettes. Others include entertainers, sports stars, and political leaders.

Who cares about *Listen?*

Old people, middle-aged people—and young people. But mostly young people.

Doctors, preachers, farmers, teachers—and students. A lot of students.

Yes, people who care about people, care about *Listen.* If you care, why not clip this coupon and mail it with just $3.50 for a 12-month *Listen* subscription?

Order Form

Gentlemen:

Please send me a 12-month subscription to "Listen."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Fill out this coupon and mail it with a check or money order for $3.50 to: LISTEN, A Journal of Better Living, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040.

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YOU ARE A LEADER

D. LUBEN

ON A cross-country bus an elderly woman's overloaded cardboard suitcase broke. As her personal belongings began spilling out, embarrassment from staring passengers added to her frustration and anxiety.

Suddenly a teen-age girl, sitting near the back, slipped quietly up the aisle. She picked up the bulging, splitting case, gave the woman a warm smile, and without a word began retrieving the articles around her feet. At once the stares were replaced by smiles. Nearby passengers began offering helpful suggestions. One man produced a piece of heavy twine from his pocket. And the woman's worries were over.

What a leader! That young girl's action led separated, unfeeling strangers into a friendly, helpful group.

Because of the inherent human tendency to do what others do, right or wrong, we are all leaders, as well as followers. This responsibility to others is inescapable. Whoever you are, wherever you live, whatever you do influences the lives of those around you. Every individual action makes its contribution to the welfare of the world. And no matter what you say, "Conduct has the loudest tongue."

St. Augustine said, "Words sound, but it is actions that really attract."

A middle-aged couple arrived early for the local talent show in a school gymnasium, but already all the temporary folding chairs were occupied. They debated about staying. Then a young mother, sitting on the back row with her three children, took the youngest on her lap, moved the other two onto his seat and offered the couple their vacant chairs. A few minutes later a man, who had watched from the end of the row, got up and offered his seat to somebody's grandfather. A teen-age boy took a smaller boy on his lap, while his friend gave his seat to the mother. About halfway through the program an elderly couple motioned to another elderly couple and whispered, "Now we'll stand while you sit." Similar seat changing continued throughout the performance. At the end that audience was like one big happy family!

Kindness is contagious. Courtesy is contagious. So are good citizenship, good manners—and bad.

"The humblest individual exerts some influence, either for good or evil, upon others," said Henry Ward Beecher. One individual action, though seemingly insignificant, can have more influence than a powerful sermon.

Yet, according to psychologist William M. Martson, "Most of us actually stifle enough good impulses during the course of a day to change the current of our lives." Why? Psychologists say it's fear, the fear of making a mistake, of looking conspicuous, of being rebuffed. But doing nothing can be the greatest mistake of all.

Once a valedictorian, suffering from stage fright, revealed her fear to the handsome guest speaker on the platform beside her. He surprised her by saying, "I'm scared too." He told her that everyone is self-conscious, unsure of himself, and timid about talking to strangers. But, he said, "I'll tell you a secret. If you'll just spend the first minute you're in the presence of a stranger trying to help him feel comfortable, you'll never suffer from self-consciousness again."

The young man who gave that advice later became President of the United States, the only President ever elected for a fourth term—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Help others and you help yourself. Of course, there will be times when you won't know what to do, when you can't think of anything to say. But you can always smile. Smile at someone who needs help, and whatever his problem you've helped him. With millions of people and millions of problems in the world it may not seem like much, but one action by one person can have far-reaching effects.

In *An Open Letter to America's Students,* former President Eisenhower wrote, "Never let yourself be persuaded that any one Great Man, any one leader, is necessary to the salvation of America. . . . Leadership is not of any one man. It is of multitudes of men—and women."

You are a leader—whoever you are, wherever you live, whatever you do.