

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Peggy Fleming
Skater

LISTEN

JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING

The City That Might Have Been

On a green lush plain a new city rises. Along its broad streets comfortable middle-class homes are going up. In one year's time the community has grown to the size of Tampa, Florida, or Akron, Ohio.

But this is the city that might have been. It isn't being built at all; it doesn't exist anywhere.

The homes in this city could be built, however, using only the money now being lost annually to business through alcoholism. The yearly hangover from on-the-job alcoholism costs some \$4 billion—double the \$2 billion estimated cost only five years ago, according to the National Council on Alcoholism.

This means about \$16 million is lost each day, sufficient to build some 640 new homes every twenty-four hours. Continue this through the year, and a new city rises.

The \$4 billion figure covers absenteeism, tardiness, sick leave, other fringe benefits, wasted time, other forms of inefficiency, accidents, wasted material, and the loss of trained manpower.

More than 3,000,000 workers are now alcoholic, or 5.3 percent of all the workers in business, industry, and civilian government. This represents a rise of at least a million new alcoholics in industry over the past five years. As for help, it is estimated—and perhaps generously—that no more than 300,000 to 400,000 alcoholic workers have even been touched with any kind of help since 1944.

A full month of working days is lost each year by the typical alcoholic worker. His absenteeism rate is three times as great as that of the nonalcoholic worker.

Even more serious is the problem of "on-the-job" absenteeism, where an employee may waste a couple of hours each morning recovering from a hangover, or a couple of hours in a movie house sleeping off a many-martini lunch, or fidgeting away precious time in the late afternoon waiting for the big drinking hours to arrive.

A large part of the wasted billions can be attributed to business executives, who make up a proportionate share of the alcoholics in business. The alcoholic executive is a particularly expensive burden for a company to bear, for 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 may well be impaired.

As Dun's *Review* points out, "When you have a hidden problem drinker who signs contracts or makes investments, he can lose \$1 million in five minutes."

Of every twenty high corporation executives, one may be an alcoholic. Considering today's executive pay scales, the cost of the loss in executive time is heavy.

The majority of alcoholic employees are between thirty-five and fifty-five years of age—just when they should be the most valuable to their companies.

Alcoholism now ranks in the top four national health problems, along with heart disease, mental illness, and cancer, and it may be an important factor in the increase of these other three.

Tragic it is that our nation—or any nation—has to suffer such loss in both manpower and money before it can be brought face to face with the reality of its plight and be led to deal with the cause of the problem rather than merely dabbing at the surface.



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★ The supersonics are coming. Soon the big planes will be streaking our skies. For *Listen* Dr. C. C. Gullett, TWA's medical director, tells the health requirements for the select crews to operate these huge birds.

★ One young fellow didn't find "pot" to be to his liking. He tells his story in "The Big 'Turn-off.'"

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What about those termites in your peace of mind?



Get Jealousy on Your Side

H. Larkin

Gene Church Schulz

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD LARKIN

MARCY'S father is an Air Force officer flying daily missions over Vietnam. His Polaroid camera has given his family a wonderful record of his experiences. When he started writing home about Thi Lo, a teen-age refugee he had befriended, Marcy's mother was delighted. "Those unfortunate people need the help of people like your father," she told Marcy and Brad. Marcy, however, didn't agree. She felt that her father, by "adopting" a young Vietnamese girl, had betrayed his family.

"Marcy," whispered her mother. "I believe you're jealous of your father's relationship with those people. Surely you realize that no one could take the place of his own family. He misses us just as much as we miss him."

Marcy was suffering from an ailment as old as the hills, as new as tomorrow: jealousy.

As the popular writer Maureen Daly has remarked: "There is nothing like jealousy to tear down your confidence slowly and put termites in your peace of mind."

Has jealousy crept up on you lately? If not, you're one of the few who have escaped. Maybe you did not escape at all. Perhaps jealousy has attacked you with all its subtle force, and you did not recognize it. When someone wins an honor you think you deserve, or goes out with a person you've been friendly with, or gets the job you've tried to earn, do you feel a sudden, unreasonable loathing for the "interfering one"? That is jealousy in its worst form.

Put this green-eyed monster under the microscope and take a critical look. What do we see? First, we see that jealousy is normal, as normal as breathing.

Psychologists say that jealousy is related to anxiety and

fear. Threatened with loss of prestige, denial of some ardent wish, or loss of another person's love, you naturally feel deeply hurt. Not knowing how to handle the problem, your first impulse may be to lash out at the offending person or at life in general. Under the same circumstances another person might feel so sorry for himself that he would attempt to withdraw from life into a tight, painful little shell. Whichever you do, you are allowing the problem to control you instead of your controlling the problem.

These painful emotions—fear, anxiety, and jealousy—come equipped with a built-in escape valve. Under this kind of stress, you receive a big energy boost which is, in reality, like a shot of adrenalin. This is the kind of energy that enables a normally slow-moving individual to run away from a vicious animal or to escape from danger in other forms. With this kind of "tiger in your tank," you have so *much* energy that you feel you must do something; hence the natural urge to strike back at life.

According to writer Oscar Schisgall, jealousy is likely to strike when something else has already gone wrong—when self-esteem, physical well-being, emotional security, or spiritual strength have somehow been lowered. When family difficulties or school problems have already upset you, you are less able to bounce back from yet another hurt.

Like other emotions that plague teen-agers and adults, jealousy has its good and bad features. It can tear you up inside, turn you against a friend, or make you resent your own brother or sister. It can cause you so much anguish that you begin to wonder what *is* worthwhile in life.

Like the pack rat who stole a marble and left a coin,

jealousy is not all bad. The new energy it releases can be channeled into a beneficial self-improvement program. No longer should we ask ourselves, "How can I avenge my hurt?" or, "How can I hurt the individual who has wounded me?" The new questions to ask are these: "How can I channel all this energy into something that will make me a better or more worthwhile individual? How can I use this energy to make me grow?" In other words, "How can I become involved in a building-up rather than a tearing-down activity?" And don't forget this: The one you're building up is *you!*

A sensational new personality slant, a fabulous skill, or an exciting sport will make others look up to you. Almost every town and city offers something in the "new you" line—better hobbies, conversational French—or Russian, maybe? If you want to go all out, try the exciting new sculpture created from interesting metal forms. In other words, as declares outspoken writer Helen Gurley Brown, "You don't think your way out of your inadequacy and jealousy, you do your way out of it."

The jealousy will soon pass, no matter how hurt you feel, but what you do for yourself will last forever, a treasure no one can take away.

"All right," you say, "I'll admit that maybe, just maybe, I *could* channel jealousy into constructive rather than destructive channels. Is that *all?*"

Of course not. Jealousy has other positive aspects too. Although no one wants to admit it, fully half the objects and people that attract us are not so good for us anyway. Sometimes we lack the maturity and perspective about ourselves to realize that. She grabbed your guy? Maybe you're the lucky one to be rid of him.

In college Jean met Frank, a football hero, and fell for him—*hard*. They went together for several weeks and became serious. Jean knew he would soon propose, and she was ready to accept although they were both rather young. Then Betty came along, and Frank fell for her. Jean thought she would never care for anyone else. The incident smashed a friendship—Jean and Betty's—which had been warm and close for six years. In the end, however, Jean realized that Frank was poor husband material for her. Betty is now the one with the divorce, and Jean is full of sympathy for her. Jean's own marriage has been wonderful.

In addition, jealousy can help you make a decision you've been afraid to make.

Debbie and Tom had lived next door to each other nearly all their lives. Tom was so accustomed to seeing Debbie around that he didn't care to date her for the prom. To him, Debbie didn't seem exciting. However, when he saw another fellow with Debbie in the high school gym, Tom was furious. Later he described his feelings to the counselor. "Tom," the counselor smiled, "I believe you were jealous! Because you'd been together so much, you'd come to think of Debbie as your private property." Now he and Debbie are a "seen-together" item. Because they have so many good times to recall, the conversation never lags.

All this doesn't mean that jealousy will stop hurting. It won't. In fact, it may grow harder to deal with as you become older. Your attachments will be even stronger, and forgetting will be far from easy. Beginning today, however, you can begin to get jealousy on your side.



LENNIE, a blind piano player, was one of the most cheerful, optimistic, and totally whole people I've ever known. He served as the driving force behind a teen-age trio who held forth on weekends at a wholesome teen club in my hometown.

On this particular evening they had outdone themselves. Surrounded by screaming, jubilant peers, those fellows delivered. They played all the current hits, then launched into a medley of their own compositions—rhythmic, vibrant songs that transformed the audience from observers to participants.

Finally, in ones and twos the audience left. Weaving my way through the thinning crowd, I walked to where Lennie sat deftly gliding his fingers up and down the keyboard, chasing, it seemed, an elusive melody that he alone could know. You could tell he was happy by the way his music sounded—crisp and alive. He wore that "special look" I'd come to recognize which said to anyone who might venture to ask, "Don't pity me, buddy. I'm doing the best I can with what I've got."

"We were OK tonight, weren't we?" he asked as I joined him at the piano. Then it hit me. For the first time in our lifelong friendship, I realized what Lennie missed more than anything else—something those of us with vision took for granted, particularly the other two members in his group. That something was being able to watch the expression on peoples' faces when you spoke to them, or performed as Lennie and the Trappers did. His fellow musicians could always tell the reaction by how the audience looked as well as what they said. But, because of his blindness, Lennie was deprived of this visual barometer.

"Great, Lennie. You guys were great," I answered, meaning it; because they had never sounded better than they did this night. Momentarily forgetting my friend's handicap, I blurted, "You should've seen the look—" Then I stopped as I remembered with chagrin my thought of a moment before about Lennie's being robbed of the opportunity to see people's reactions. For an instant Lennie would have been mad at me, I'm sure, if he could have known I felt pity for him.

He seemed to sense both my thoughts about him and the embarrassment my faux pas caused. Exhibiting a wonderful seventh sense, Lennie turned sideways on the piano bench and faced me with his mile-wide smile beaming.

"Forget it," he said. "You know something, buddy? I've got something you seeing folks don't—a seeing heart. With that, Pete, I don't need eyes."

I moved away soon afterward and haven't seen him since. While I thought at the time I knew what Lennie meant that night, now, years later, I have figured out that Lennie was really trying to tell me, in his own inimitable way, that it doesn't matter what the outside defect or handicap is. It's what's inside the heart that matters.

Lennie's "seeing" heart was beautiful, so the world which I thought Lennie was missing, was beautiful as well. Fortunate we would all be to have the same.

SHE sat at the kitchen table crying. Her loud whining pierced the air. Her hair was tangled and dirty, her face was swollen, and her eyes were yellow, a sickening yellow.

"But I can't help myself," she cried. "You just don't understand; nobody understands." She took another quick drink from the bottle of beer she clenched tightly between her fists. She choked, and slobbered down her chin.

This middle-aged woman is one of the estimated 6.5 million or more alcoholics in the United States today. To me this woman is special, for she is *my* mother.

She is probably right that nobody understands, at least not fully, the personal tragedy of an alcoholic. Doctors have failed in their attempts to solve some of the mysteries of alcoholism. Ministers, social workers, and other professional men are losing ground in their attempt to keep ahead of its rapid rise. Its ranks grow by some 700 every day. This means nearly thirty new alcoholics every hour, or one every two minutes.

In 1967, alcoholism became the third-ranking public health problem, bumping cancer into fourth place.

John Gardner, then secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, wrote in the preface to a monograph on *Alcohol and Alcoholism*, "No other national health problem has been so seriously neglected."

I know all these facts very well. A few years ago as a high school senior I entered an alcohol *Quiz Book* contest in my school. I learned the facts about alcohol down to its chemical formula, its effects on the body, and what it does to the nation. As a county winner I received an all-expenses-paid trip to Washington, D.C.

Then in 1965 my father suddenly died of a heart attack. My mother's courage crumbled, and she turned to alcohol

A teen-age boy faces the specter of his alcoholic mother -- and does something about it!



Life With Mother

as a crutch. I helplessly watched these intellectual facts demonstrated in tragedy in real life.

Learning how to live with an alcoholic became my experience. Arguments and vicious threats blazed between my mother and me. I resented the shame and social embarrassment resulting from her action. My futile pleading was answered only by lies and empty promises. I believed that if she would only exercise will power she could help herself. To me, she was an irresponsible mother. As the months crawled by, I found myself daily upset by nervous tension, anger, and even hate. The hurt in my heart often brought tears to my eyes as I watched her struggle.

But I still loved my mother. And in time I learned that my attitude was only hurting me, and certainly not helping my mother. If I persisted in my outrages I would soon need help too.

Gradually I started living above my circumstances. It

By One Who Knows

was no use blaming myself for something out of my control. First, I practiced my Christian faith: church attendance, prayer, and fellowship with other Christians. The "normal me" began to return.

I learned also that the old principle, "It's time to get away from it all," is important to one living with an alcoholic. Every few months I left my home environment to take a short vacation—anywhere, even if it was only ten miles down the road to a friend's house. Temporarily forgetting the problem lets the mind become refreshed and relaxed.

Never give money to an alcoholic. I learned that no matter how sincere an alcoholic may be at the time, the money is usually spent on liquor. If my mother needed money for food, I would buy the food myself. If money was needed for bills, I wrote out a check to the company.

Seldom did my tampering with her liquor supply prevent a drinking spree. If an alcoholic has an insatiable craving for a drink, hiding the liquor won't keep him from getting it from other sources.

I determined to develop patience, understanding, and love toward my mother—patience, for habits aren't broken in a day; understanding, since alcoholism is a condition which leaves its victim powerless to overcome it alone; and love, for my mother needed it, wanted it, craved it more even than her alcohol. I started, just started, learning how to live with an alcoholic.

Millions of other people are learning how to live with alcoholic members of their families. In the basement of a church in my community a small group of teen-agers meet once a week. They have one thing in common; they are the children of alcoholic parents. Instead of running through the city streets, instead of playing in the gutter, instead of begging money and companionship from friends, these young people meet once a week to share a common problem. The meetings are under the adult supervision.

The name of this group is Alateen. The idea was started in 1957 in Pasadena, California, by a high school student

whose father was an alcoholic. Today there are 525 groups throughout the United States and in foreign countries.

Writing about Alateen in the *New York Times*, Judy Klemesrud tells the following story:

Young Pam, who is the chairman of this group, is also an honor student at high school. She used to pour beer down the drain in trying to keep her father from drinking.

"It didn't work, and neither did crying, screaming, or throwing things. The only thing you can do is be more tolerant," Pam said.

Pam used to walk down the street and imagine people were saying, "There goes a girl with problems." "Now I know the problems are my father's, not mine," she said.

The Alateen organization receives numerous letters a day from young people wanting to know what to do in face of their family tragedy. Information on this Alateen program can be secured by writing to Alateen, P.O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

Another organization helping others to live with an alcoholic is the Al-Anon Family Groups. It is just what the name implies—the mates of hard-to-live-with problem drinkers meet in family groups and apply principles of group therapy to help preserve emotional stability.

"We thought AA's twelve steps were wonderful for alcoholics, but we didn't dream of applying them to our own lives," said one member of Al-Anon. Well over 4,000 Al-Anon Family Groups throughout the world are applying the twelve steps to their lives in regaining a harmonious life. For information on the Al-Anon group nearest you, along with literature explaining the plan, write Al-Anon Family Groups, P.O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010.

There will come the time in many families when a decision will have to be made in getting professional help for the problem drinker. Your local minister can give you valuable assistance in this area. One possible solution is to call the nearest chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous.

When I called on behalf of my mother, it wasn't long before a woman was at the door. As I opened it, I noticed a young lady, attractively dressed. She looked like any other typical suburban housewife. Smiling, she said, "I'm Mrs. S from Alcoholics Anonymous."

Mother listened to Mrs. S, and gradually told her of how she tried to hide this problem, of the work that she has missed, of past-due bills and the phone company's threat to terminate service.

Mrs. S spent the night with Mother in an effort to help her become sober. Later in the week the two went to a meeting, where Mother was surprised to discover that one of her friends has the same problem.

In these meetings group therapy is the secret of the rehabilitation program. Three principles are emphasized. "First things first" means to handle problems one at a time instead of all at once. "Easy does it" is a principle of patience. "Live and let live" helps the person not to harbor resentments against friends and family members.

I have found that learning to live with the alcoholic is the first step in finding an answer to this major problem. The second step is learning what to do in solving it. Personal faith and courage, coupled with the voluntary assistance of specialized programs, is the beginning of the end of this problem.

New Baby

Each new life
Given into our care
Should be marked, "Fragile!"
Handle with prayer."



R. M. Walsh

Marlene's home is largely furnished with antiques she has picked up as "bargains" and adapted into a warm total effect achieved with color harmony and interest spots strategically located.

LISTEN talks with Mrs. Marlene Cochran of Kansas City, MRS. AMERICA for 1968, who represents the image of the



MODERN HOMEMAKER

Interview by Ruth H. Zollinger

SHE quickly filled out the entry blank, remarking that it would make a good joke on her husband; but that little piece of paper led Marlene Cochran through ten stiffly competitive days, culminating in the grand reward as homemaker of the year—the crown of Mrs. America—1968. But first came the grueling events, covering such diverse areas as money management, child communication, cooking, current events, and even driving.

A friendly, vivacious woman, Mrs. Cochran feels she was chosen because she represents the emerging image of the modern homemaker. Fashion and appearance are important, she feels. "Particularly is it important for a Christian not to look dowdy and run-down, for you have a code to live up to and want to look as good as anyone else. Then your children are proud of you, and your husband is too."

At first Marlene was surprised at how many of the contestants were Christians, because some people feel Christians don't live as full a life. However, she couldn't disagree more, for she is convinced that the principles of Christianity are essential in a good homelife.

Another aspect of this new image for today's homemaker concerns extra-home activities. "I was amazed at the busy ladies they had at the pageant. You knew that they got their homework done, but they also took part in the community and were active in their churches. I was pleased about this, because this has always been my feeling about homemaking. I am sorry for the ladies who say, 'I'm bored.' Life is passing them by, because there is so much that needs to be done."

However, she questions the advisability of mothers'

working. "I tried to work when my daughter was young—I thought I'd like to. But I discovered I neglected her, so my job lasted only three weeks. It seems everyone is striving to buy things, and most of the girls I know with small children who are working full time are aiming toward these extra things for the home. After all, what really counts is the children—their lives and how they are being brought up. If a mother needs to work, it must be done. But she is missing a lot, and probably her children are too.

"Then perhaps she can get a part-time job: modeling, substitute teaching, nursing. I had a job where I did flower arranging one or two days a month. It helps a mother appreciate her home a little more."

The Cochrans are a close family. The parents are vitally interested in everything their children do. They are equally concerned about providing them with standards, and strive to provide the example necessary to imbue them with these principles, including healthful living habits.

"I feel you should teach your children to take care of their bodies. Our church teaches that your body belongs to the Lord and you should keep it clean as a temple for Him. Any doctor will tell you that alcohol ruins the liver, smoking the lungs, and LSD the mind. Your children should be brought up knowing this."

"There are social pressures (I have had them); there is drinking at every affair, but you have your preference. When you are grown-up, you can do as you wish without too many comments. It is harder for young people, but they need to have guidelines and not be afraid of what people think, because you can be taken down easier than you can be pushed up by others' standards."

Like most homemakers, Mrs. Cochran reads every health article in the magazines. She feels these have had considerable impact. "Smoking used to be considered fashionable, and even now people who try to quit are laughed at; but everyone I know who smokes is trying to stop, because now they realize how harmful it is. So I think eventually the fashion will change. I have not been approached about endorsing either alcohol or tobacco, and I don't think Mrs. America, Inc., would want me to do anything like that. I don't think this is the popular look for the American homemaker."

The Mrs. America Pageant includes creativity in the



Vigorous and active, Marlene Cochran as Mrs. America for 1968 well represented the new image of the modern homemaker.

home, with scheduled events in interior decorating, gift wrapping, and making centerpieces. Marlene felt fortunate, for she enjoys doing things with her hands in the home, especially repairing furniture, refinishing antiques, and working on flower arrangements. Creativity, she feels, is important to a homemaker, because everything she does should look attractive, right down to the cooking. Food should look appetizing so the family will want to taste it, while interior decorating makes living more pleasant.

As I sat in her spacious living room, I saw the essence of the words she was conveying. An attractive simplicity invited even children to relax. The furniture had beckoned cozily over many years, but now with a new luster. Much around me was homemade, or more correctly, home idea-made, like the back porch table that sported for legs the ornate side panels of an old treadle sewing machine.

From the kitchen window I could see down the hillside, and I reflected about the half mile or more of dirt road and hairpin turns we had come. Marlene and John are enthusiastic about their environment; both had enjoyed a rural area while growing up and felt it was good for their children as well. "Adults must give youngsters something to do. Hobbies and outdoor fun keep them busy so they won't have so much time to get into trouble."

Outstanding for Marlene was a trip to South America, which John shared. Since our southern friends are Americans too, she worried about how she would be received as Mrs. America while representing only the United States. But as she flew over one airport, military bands and a multitude of people awaited. There was a police escort at dinner and a guard outside the door that night. Only the next morning did she learn that Mrs. America was anticipated to be Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

The Cochrans enjoy a keen sense of humor. The kitchen wall plaque that reads, "Happiness is being Mrs. America," reflects an attitude necessary to get them both through the rigors of life. But Marlene is sustained by greater power. She derives her code of living from the Bible. "I find people living so fast and becoming so upset about things nowadays, that this turmoil sometimes gets into the home. A verse that I like especially and which has particularly helped me is, 'Great peace have they which love Thy law; and nothing shall offend them.' When things start offending me and I get upset, I think it's because I'm not living the life the Lord would have me live and I'm not close enough to Him. I'd like to have a home that is filled with great peace."

Peace is there—it can be sensed. Marlene Cochran radiates those qualities which make up the ideal homemaker.

The Cochran home is lived in to the fullest by the whole family—lawyer husband John; Kimberley, age eleven; and Matthew, four.



Two-way Street

Mary Louise Cheatham

The poor are not the only ones
with ghettos—
The prejudiced and powerful have them, too,
When they're enclosed, without communication,
In walls no understanding can get through.



Peggy
Fleming:

Greatest Skater of All

CURTIS W. CASEWIT

THE date is February 10. The locale is the ice stadium in Grenoble, France. The occasion is the Olympic free-skating competition. A lithe, lovely American girl glides onto the ice. Thousands of spectators, even the judges, hold their breath as the classical music sweeps across the arena and skates flash and accelerate under the bright lights. Peggy Fleming is in action! She skims, turns, whirls, arches, leaps, flies, dances as if she were not real. She skates without effort. She is in total harmony with herself. What an incredible performance!

One minute. Two. Three. Four. Then she is done. A roar of international applause. Victory.

This July, the talented Peggy Fleming observed her twentieth birthday—young, but already a legend! After winning her Olympic gold medal in Grenoble, Peggy was congratulated by a United States President, feted by a former First Lady, and motorcaded by a governor through

her hometown of Colorado Springs, Colorado. A mayor called Peggy "the sweetheart of the world." And at the Broadmoor World Arena, where she would arrive many mornings at 6 a.m. all alone to practice, there massed eleven thousand cheering people. "Welcome home, Peggy!"

Astonishing? Not according to Dick Button, an Olympic champion skater himself. "Peggy's great ability places her on a pedestal," says Button. Ever since the Olympics, admiration for the exquisite, charming skater knows no bounds. Thousands of teen-agers and schoolchildren coast to coast have written to congratulate her, and Peggy's fan mail comes in daily from other countries. Not long ago, for instance, a young English admirer sent Peggy a praise-filled ten-page letter. Only the address was short. "PEGGY FLEMING, USA," it read. The message arrived.

All this acclaim has not turned Peggy's head, nor is she awed by giving autographs to hundreds of youngsters.

Despite her incredible skating successes—she was five times United States champion before becoming world champion—Peggy Fleming is still modest, sweet, and generous. She makes an almost shy impression, and for one so celebrated, she is totally unspoiled.

A few months after she returned from Europe, for example, a well-known reporter called on Peggy at her home, arriving without announcing himself. Peggy's mother opened the door. She had been sewing, and two of Peggy's teen-age sisters were studying.

"May I talk to Peggy?" the reporter asked.

Mrs. Doris Fleming promised to see what she could do. She took the visitor through the kitchen, where he walked straight past Peggy, and into the living room. Although he'd seen her pictures before, the newsman didn't recognize the skater. She wore levis and was washing dishes.

Naturally, liquor bottles and cigarette packages have always been banned from the Fleming home. Peggy discovered the value of abstinence the hard way. According to her coach Carlo Fassi, it all happened at a New York party. The skater had just won another championship, and hundreds of wealthy well-wishers milled about her in a hotel suite. Peggy declined a cocktail ("Alcohol impairs a skater's performance," she says). But when one of the men offered Peggy a cigarette, she took it, without knowing why. "A few puffs were enough," Fassi recalls. "Peggy turned white in the face. She began to cough. The nicotine made her so sick she had to leave the party!"

Peggy Fleming has never touched a cigarette since.

Nor would her coach tolerate smoking. "It cuts down the stamina," Fassi says. Similarly, Fassi is dead set against the use of benzedrine or other stimulants before a competitive event. The rule has also been enforced by Olympics officials; two days before the actual competition this past February, Peggy and the other athletes were not even permitted to take an aspirin. "They received drug tests," Fassi recalls. "But even if there'd been no test, and no antidrug rule, I would not have allowed stimulants. The four minutes of skating mean a terrible strain. It becomes



Gracefully executing the compulsory figure part in the Olympic figure-skating competition at Grenoble, France, Peggy Fleming watches carefully the intricate designs she is required to follow in this major event.

Peggy's Record of Major Awards

- 1964 United States Ladies' Championship
Sixth Place, Winter Olympics at Innsbruck
- 1965 United States Ladies' Championship
North American Silver Championship
World Ladies' Bronze Championship

much worse—especially the next day—if a skater has used a drug. A drugged athlete falls apart."

As a consequence, Peggy Fleming has always slept exceptionally well. Her face looks rested and healthy, and her expressive gray-blue eyes are clear. Although she appears frail, Peggy has been able to stand a rough training regime. "To skate well," she says, "takes more than love of the sport." There are forty-eight compulsory figures, and a skater must practice these figures over and over. Another skater recently watched Peggy and then asked for her secret. The gold medal winner replied gently, "My secret?—skating eight hours a day, six days a week."

To hone her skills, Peggy actually went to the rink two hours before school, and it was this endless work which brought her a world championship in March, 1968, on top of the Olympic medal. "I set my sights on these victories," Peggy Fleming said. More than that, she gave eleven years of her life to the training rigors.

Even from the start, only skating counted. Within a year of starting to skate seriously she won juvenile championships, including a Pacific Coast event. She was launched, with much hard work ahead of her. Before long, she trained with John Nicks, a British champion and a formidable taskmaster, who helped the fifteen-year-old toward her first national senior championship. She was the youngest ever to win the title. That same year, Peggy went to her first Olympics, in Innsbruck, Austria, and the American girl finished sixth against great international competition.

In 1965, the Flemings moved to Colorado Springs. That year, the World Figure Skating Championships were held at the Broadmoor Hotel's famous World Arena, and it was here that the Italian skater, Carlo Fassi, a former European champion, began to coach Peggy. The Broadmoor provided free skating for the likes of Peggy, and Fassi became one of the greatest influences in her young life.

Under Fassi's tutelage, Peggy began to develop her special style: her skates whispered rather than scraped across the ice; the motions of her arms became fluid, and she turned into the ballerina which she is today. She still studies ballet. Dick Button, who came to watch her one day, put it this way: "With Peggy, there's no fuss or feathers, and a great deal happening."

In 1966, Peggy went to Davos, Switzerland. Here she

- 966 United States Ladies' Championship
World Ladies' Championship
- 967 United States Ladies' Championship
North American Ladies' Championship
World Ladies' Championship
- 968 United States Ladies' Championship
World Ladies' Championship
Gold Medal, Winter Olympics at Grenoble

won her first World Championship. She outskated the long-reigning champion, Petra Burka, a Canadian. Peggy's pirouettes were so dazzling and her form so perfect—at the age of seventeen—that she bested one of the great masters by sixty points.

Since that day Peggy Fleming has not been defeated in competition. Wherever she has skated, she has aroused admiration and pleasure. She was showered with gifts in Russia, applauded in Germany, adored in Switzerland.

Away from the ice rinks Peggy has had two major interests. "I couldn't get along in the world without music," she admits. She studied the violin in her teens, Tchaikovsky being one of her favorite composers. Peggy's second great love is her family. This deep devotion also comes naturally. Peggy adored her father, who labored long hours to support his daughter's costly skating years. Money was always scarce in the Fleming household; and for the sake of Peggy, Albert Fleming found himself working daytime as a newspaper printer and on odd jobs at night. Because he wanted to be close to his daughter, he also took on part-time work at the Broadmoor skating rink, where he could be with her several hours a week. One day Albert Fleming visited Peggy in Boston, where she was competing before flying to Russia. The excitement of Peggy's Boston performance—and the years of fatigue—were too much for Albert Fleming. On his way back from Boston he died of a heart attack. He was only forty-one. Peggy learned about her father's death in Moscow.

She has never forgotten her father's sacrifice; and ever since, she has devoted herself fully to her family. The feeling is mutual: Cathy (fourteen) and Maxine (eighteen) are proud of their sister Peggy. The oldest Fleming girl, Janice (twenty-one), though deeply involved in nursing, shares the family concern for Peggy's skating career. In the close-knit family, Peggy's mother plays an important role too. When Peggy attended college in Colorado, Mrs. Doris Fleming helped with the homework. When Peggy trains, her mother is on hand. Peggy doesn't mind

While Peggy practiced her skating at off-hours, her father worked extra time to help pay the heavy expenses of her specialized lessons.

that her mother comes along on the trips; indeed, she is always there, ready to help, and loving. Not long ago a family friend stopped Mrs. Doris Fleming at the Broadmoor rink. "Tell me," the friend said slowly, "what's the most important thing you've taught your daughter?"

Mrs. Fleming looked up from the bleachers. After a moment's thought, she said, "I taught her to live according to the golden rule." Another time someone asked Doris Fleming why her daughter is so well-behaved. Mrs. Fleming's friendly face creased into a smile. "Well," she said, "there is a difference between letting children grow up and raising them. We *raised* our children."

As a result, Peggy is a wonderful housekeeper, a restrained person, and capable of many sacrifices. She is famous for her training discipline, which has paid rich dividends. At the Olympics, for example, she topped her closest competitor by a stunning 88.2 points, and won the competition over thirty-one other figure skaters. When the President greeted Peggy at the White House, he said: "She helped us with the gold drain by bringing back a gold medal."

It was true, this fragile, five-foot-four-inch 108-pound skating queen won America's *only* gold medal in the '68 Winter Olympics. To Peggy, the medal ceremony became the most stirring moment in her life. A few weeks later, Peggy did it again in Grenoble. At the World Championships, she performed a flawless program of double axels, spread eagles, split jumps, and double flips.

Of course, as an amateur she gained no material advantages from these international competitions. In addition, Peggy has skated for all sorts of hospital benefits and for other good causes. Money has not been important.

Yet it came all by itself. Not long ago she signed on with the National Broadcasting Company and Bob Banner Associates, a firm which made a name for itself by producing the Ice Follies and other shows.

A short time after he met Peggy, Bob Banner had glowing words for her. "She has a delightful personality," Banner said. "Her beauty is entrancing."

The producer has ample plans for the twenty-year-old. "She will do more than skate on ice," Banner says. "She will do dramatic shows. She will perform in musicals. During breaks, she will do periodic guest appearances with one of the touring ice shows." In all, she has been promised \$500,000 for the next five years.

If Peggy were a smoker or drinker, all this would not have come to pass. A skater has no business losing her sharp edge because of smoking; and as for liquor, Peggy once said, "It would rob me of concentration. Besides, a skater's balance is a delicate thing."

Her self-knowledge has obviously paid off well.



THE SOBERING OF

"I DO wish Tommy were home," said my wife as we watched the black storm cloud billowing over the new dam on Blue Mountain.

"Where is he?"

"Practicing for the Easter pageant over at the school," she said, smiling. "Poor kid, how he hates it! I don't know if I was right in making him go in spite of his grumbling. He doesn't like play-acting anyway, and then to be cast as an angel, with white robe and wings! They even got him a wig to hide that shock of dark hair."

I chuckled, for my sympathy was all with our nine-year-old son.

"I wish old Sandy McPherson would show up," I said. "He was right when he went through here at noon, waving a big black bottle. The doctor told me his heart would quit on him if he didn't stop the drink. He himself seems to feel he's not worth the effort of saving!"

"He's a funny old soul," agreed Mary, "but I do wish he'd think to take a bath oftener."

Now the upper part of the mountain had disappeared into the storm, and vivid flashes of lightning were playing through the clouds. Above us we heard a grinding, ominous sound, as if giants were cracking eggshells.

The little river by our farm had been reduced to such a trickle that a bunch of us had run up a little log bridge, which cut ten miles off the trip to Nanaimo. The old course of the river could be seen on the mountain above.

Now, however, down the old course we could see a traveling wall of water, tumbling stones and debris as it came. A line of tan-colored foam marked its peak. It disappeared in the fold of the mountain only to reappear seconds later on a nearer crest.

"The dam! It's gone out!" cried Mary.

"The upper lake will take up the force," I said, hoping I was right.

"I wish Tommy were home," was Mary's only rejoinder.

Darkness was closing in, and as I glanced at the trail across the bridge, I saw the first long white fingers of fog filling the dark spaces between the trees.

Tommy would likely stay with a schoolmate on the other side, I told myself uneasily, and if Sandy McPherson had survived all these years without my nurse-maiding, he probably would again.

There was a chill in the wind from the storm that had now passed northeast of us. I made up my mind I'd go look for Tommy, maybe even run into Sandy. I turned toward the cabin to get my coat.

In a moment Mary's cry, then a report like a pistol shot, followed by another and another, brought me back

to the door in a flying leap. During the short time I was inside, the fog had poured over the valley, filling it like a cup, so that eerie light baffled the eye.

I looked toward the crash that immediately followed the cracking sound, and saw the little log bridge sway and crash into the water.

The river had brimmed until it nearly filled its banks. Steadily it welled higher, carrying the bridge with it in its remorseless roll. I stood staring. I could see roils of fog folding and changing shape at the far edge of the river. What if Tommy started home by the bridge?

I leaped forward, intending to get the truck and drive around by the lakehead, then I stopped. Anything could happen in the half hour it would take me to go around the lake. I sped to the truck shed and brought out the battery-powered searchlight. I placed it so the powerful beam played full on the far bank where the broken timbers lay like matchsticks overhanging the water. Sometimes the fog blocked off the other side entirely, then it would roll away and the broken timbers showed once more.

Satisfied, I called to Mary that I was going to find Tommy. Then I jumped into the truck and headed around the lake. My eyes stared into the fog so that the shadows it formed in the headlights appeared like another vehicle coming toward me. To take a curve too suddenly meant to lead off right into the bush.

At the head of the lake I saw two dim orbs approaching, and I stopped. The other car drew alongside. Sandy McPherson scrambled out and came to my window. In the reflection from the lights, I could see his face drawn and white, his eyes sunken. His lips were quivering, and his hands shook; but I realized that, for the first time since I had known him, I was seeing Sandy McPherson cold sober.

"Mon!" he gasped, laying hold of the door for support. "Ye'll no believe me, but I just seen a vision. God hasna forgotten me, Gordon lad! The guid God, he hasna forgotten."

"Hold on, Sandy!" I tried to laugh, for his shaking was unnerving me. "What happened? Take a deep breath and tell me slowly!"

"Wull, y'see, I wis juist a wee bit ower wi' a drap or twa tae keep off the chill of the fog, d'ye ken. It was getting that dark, and the veesibility was zero. I was about to turn onto the brig when a bright light came through the trees. I stopped immijut, wondering what it wis, and me engine stopped tae, as it allus wull if ye step on the brakes sudden!"

"Yes! Yes, Sandy!" I prompted, as he paused.

SANDY



Bridges Whittal

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

A Doctor Writes to His Grandson

Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.

"Wull, I heerd a voice sayin', 'Don't tak the brig, Sandy. Gang around the lake!' Juist like that. 'Don't tak the brig, Sandy!' I looked up, and there, floating between the trees in a stream of milky light, was a angel. Dressed in white he was, and I could see his wings ayant his shoulders, and the yellow curls on his head. Wi' mah ane hand I threw mah bottle out wi' all mah force. If the guid God thinks well eno' of old Sandy McPherson tae send a angel tae warn him, I'll be no party noo to murdering o' myself. Wha am I tae dispute Him?"

"But, Sandy—" I started, then stopped. Indeed, who was I either?

"And I'll be grateful tae ye, lad, if ye'd no mention it tae a soul? 'Tis no a thing to be bandied lightly amang loose tongues!"

"You're quite right, Sandy!" I agreed heartily. "Now I've got to be getting along. Mary's alone. See you later, and drive carefully!"

I knew exactly where I was going. When I had rounded the lake and retraced the trail on the other side, I drew up by the broken bridge. My search beam from across the water sent a weird white light through the rolling fog, and here and there caught the outline of living timber, I stepped from the truck.

"Tommy!" I yelled. And again, "Tommy!"

"Here, Pa!" came a voice close to me. Into the lights stepped a somewhat bedraggled figure, his angel robe caught up under one arm, his wings hopelessly askew.

"Did you see Sandy McPherson, Pa?" asked Tommy, heading for the truck. "When I got lost and saw the light you'd set up to show the bridge was out, I just climbed a tree like you said, and made myself comfortable until you'd get here to fetch me."

I put my arm around his shoulders and hugged him.

"Good kid! Tommy!" was all I managed to say.

"But what possessed Sandy?" Tommy went on. "He was bucking from one side of the road to the other, and I thought he was probably so tight he'd turn to where the bridge should be, without even looking. He stopped suddenly—the light, I guess—and I sang out to him not to go on the bridge, but to follow the lakehead road. Never thought the old fool would go away and leave me sitting up there!"

"How come you're wearing this stuff?" I asked, my hands slipping the robe and wings from his shoulders as he climbed into the truck.

"Aw, the teacher was telling the girls how to act, and I got fed up with it! I just walked out because I saw a bee flying straight and I thought I might find us some wild honey. Then this fog came up, sudden like!"

"Look, Tommy, how bad do you want to get out of being an angel?" I was sliding the yellow wig from his head and rolling it and the wings in the robe along with a sizable rock.

"I hate it, Pa! I'd do most any thing!"

"Give me some string," I said. I bound the string about the bundle, then heaved it so it fell amidstream.

"Now, Son, all you've got to do is keep your mouth shut. Not one word about tonight."

"Yes, sir!" said Tommy, and we headed home.

Sandy McPherson never to my knowledge has taken another drink.

Dear Jack:

Ever since your dad begged me to stop giving him advice he had not asked for, I've done my best to break a habit formed during years of practicing medicine. During these years patients constantly asked me to give them advice.

Now I've worked out a new plan. When I see someone doing something I ought to advise him about, I tell him what I know about the probable results of what he is doing. But I don't advise him on what he ought to do. So that's what I am going to do with you now.

I heard over the radio again the news that cigarette smoking brings on lung cancer and is involved in several other fatal diseases. As a result of this, some 100,000 doctors have stopped smoking. But the statement that followed took the thrill out of that news. It was that far more than that number of boys and girls were now smoking cigarettes!

I've always been proud that, in spite of your having two parents who smoke, you do not. But when I saw some cigarette butts on your desk at my last visit, it made me fear that you had begun the habit. Whether or not your girl friend Judy smokes need have no influence on your own decision. She will admire you more if you have backbone than if you go ahead and follow the line of least resistance.

No, I'm not going to break my rule against giving unasked-for advice. I'm just going to ask you to remember what the scientific researchers have found out about the several serious diseases, most of them fatal, that may follow smoking. If you feel like writing me what you have decided, I'll be glad to hear from you. If you don't, that's perfectly all right.

There is one other thing you might take into consideration. One or more of the boys in your Sunday School class will probably be tempted to follow your example, because they are younger than you and admire you.

No one admires you enough to want to copy you? Don't you believe it! You can never tell who is going to admire you and do what you do. And if only one of them followed you, and as a result contracted one of those fatal diseases and died as a young man, you'd never forgive yourself, Jack.

Of one thing I'm sure from what I know of you. You are not so kiddish as to believe that someone is going to have more respect for you, or think you are more mature and "grown-up," because you smoke.

It is possible that your mom and dad might follow your example and give up smoking. And it's also possible that your girl friend, who certainly must admire you, might follow your example. And who knows how long you will both live? I can't promise you anything, of course. But I can hope, can't I?

Love to you, to your mom and dad, and to the young lady. All of you will live longer, and be more healthy, if you don't smoke cigarettes.

The best to you from your nonsmoking ancestor,

Grandpa.

Pot Not So Hot! -- Says Medicine and Science

Military Plots New War

The armed services are stressing the educational approach in their efforts to curb the use of LSD and other drugs by United States servicemen.

Films, lectures, and printed material play a prominent part in these efforts.

Last June, two Navy admirals issued directives ordering commanding officers to give wide publicity to educational materials on the effects of LSD.

The Navy also prepared an anti-LSD film and distributed it throughout the service.

The Air Force does not have a specific program aimed at LSD, but says, "The subject is included in general information programs and special information distributions about the hazards of drug use."

Health lectures to new airmen have been expanded to include information about LSD as well as other drugs, the Air Force says.

The Army is developing an educational program to include lectures, distribution of a pamphlet on drug abuse, and the showing of a film.

In January the Army issued a statement saying: "Except for official governmental or authorized medical purposes, military personnel shall not possess, use, sell, or transfer depressant, stimulant, or hallucinogenic drugs, nor shall they introduce such drugs onto any Army installation or other Government property under Army jurisdiction."

The overall armed service efforts are being conducted under a general Pentagon policy statement saying in part: "The department acknowledges a particular responsibility for counseling and protecting members



Military men on duty cannot afford to run the risk of using a drug which can affect mental acuity and response to emergency situations.



Specialists are finding that marijuana is not as innocent as it is often claimed to be. It can have insidious and long-range ill effects on users who come to depend on it.

of the Armed Forces against drug abuse, and for disciplining members who use or promote the use of drugs in an illegal or improper manner."

Drink Challenges Utah

Despite opposition of the powerful Mormon Church, Utah state officials certified a petition to put a liquor-by-the-drink proposal on the ballot in November.

Faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints frowned upon the use of alcohol, tobacco, coffee, and tea, and previous attempts to obtain legislation permitting liquor by the drink have fizzled.

Mormons make up more than 60 percent of the state's population; so those seeking freer flow of liquor do face formidable opposition.

Early this year, a strong, well-organized drive to make Utah a "wet" state began gathering steam. A group calling itself the Utah Citizens for Legal Control of Alcoholic Beverages drew up a petition for an initiative to place the liquor-by-the-drink question on the ballot in the November election.

However, the church reacted early in the campaign: "Let no one be misled concerning the real intent," said President David O. McKay, the aged, modern-day counterpart of Joseph Smith. "The true purpose is to make liquor more easily available. . . . Surely every mother, father, and worthy citizen can see the folly of what this act would do to our youth. We must not sell our heritage for a mess of pottage."

Marijuana smoking has been condemned as "dangerous" by two medical and scientific groups in one of the strongest statements yet made by such agencies on the use of the drug.

Their report says that strict penalties should be imposed for the sale of the drug but that users should not be treated as criminals solely on the basis of drug abuse.

Committees of the American Medical Association and the National Research Council, the research arm of the Federally supported National Academy of Sciences, say in a joint report that marijuana "is a dangerous drug" and that legalization "would create a serious abuse problem."

Marijuana smoking may not only cause psychological dependence but may also lead to psychosis in extreme cases through high doses.

Any notion that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol, or should join alcohol as a socially acceptable intoxicant, was dismissed by the committees as being unfounded.

To make marijuana generally available would solve nothing, the committees added, but would, instead, create a problem of major proportions comparable to the problem of alcoholism.

Specifically, the report says: Marijuana is a dangerous drug; and in those areas of Asia, Africa, and South America where heavy use is common, the social productivity of significant numbers of persons is reduced.

Legalization would create serious problems because the elimination of controls would open the market for the drug to more potent forms than are generally available now in the United States.

Arguments that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol were found to be scientifically unjustified because when the effects of large doses of the drugs were compared, both were found to cause harmful effects, personally and socially.

In This NEWS

★ Sleeping pills affect your dreams. See page 16.

★ Women are becoming equals with men on this drinking problem. See page 17.

★ The liquor people woo the public with culture and the arts. See page 18.

No Vitamin C? —Your Brain Suffers

Without vitamin C you get scurvy. The first symptoms are usually bleeding gums and muscular pains. But could there be a kind of mental scurvy, affecting only the brain? Might, in fact, several mental diseases be due to chemical deficiencies and excesses in the brain not detectable elsewhere in the body?

Linus Pauling, twice a Nobel Prize winner (chemistry and peace), says that there are mental symptoms in many vitamin deficiency diseases, and that sometimes they appear before the more obvious physical symptoms, presumably because the brain is more sensitive to such shortage.

You Know This Killer?

It is someone you know—usually a man, about thirty-four years old.

The time is most often a Saturday night, and somewhere in the picture are a few friendly drinks.

There's usually another person in the picture too, a friend or acquaintance, a wife or a girl friend.

The gun—he prefers a gun to any other weapon—is foreign-made and purchased without any trouble in a nearby store or through the mail for about \$14.

Who is he?

A Senate Judiciary Subcommittee identifies the profile of the average person who becomes a murderer. Aghast that the murder rate in the United States was up 12 percent in 1967 and up 50 percent from 1957—thirty-three Americans were murdered *each day* last year, nearly two out of three with guns—Senator Thomas J. Dodd's Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency launched a study in American cities

to find out just whose is the hand on the gun.

Based on the first eighty major cities studied, the shocking picture emerges. The amazing thing is, the subcommittee found, that it is not the holdup man—not someone who comes out of the blue—who kills you. In 74 percent of the cases the killer and the victims were either friends, relatives, or acquaintances. Surprisingly, in comparison, only 13 percent of murders take place in the course of another crime.

Now, about that little trouble he had before—the subcommittee found that 80 percent of the killers who used a gun had criminal records—in fact, had an average of *six* arrests over a ten-year period, *prior* to the murder.

No Tobacco Ads, Says FTC

The Federal Trade Commission has recommended to Congress that all cigarette advertising be banned from television and radio.

The proposal is based mainly on the argument that broadcast cigarette advertising has increased greatly in recent years despite mounting evidence that cigarettes do serious harm to many average smokers.

The FTC majority says that the Federal Communications Commission, which regulates broadcasting, could ban broadcast cigarette advertising under existing laws dealing with the use of the airwaves. Alternatively, Congress could pass legislation instructing the FCC to do so.

In arguing that all cigarette advertising should be barred from the air, the FTC's majority holds that the airwaves are a public resource that belongs to the people, not to any commercial interest. Therefore, the airwaves should not be used to promote products that can be harmful to the public in ordinary use.



Exercise is your life! In this German demonstration of gymnastics, seventy-two-year-old Karl Hanselmann gave a prize performance, as is shown here. The age record, however, went to eighty-six-year-old Hugo Weigelt.



Fat-lowering Drugs

Evidence that high levels of cholesterol and other fats in the blood are related to a risk of heart disease has led to testing of approximately forty-five fat-lowering drugs by the Food and Drug Administration.

Only four merit serious consideration, says Dr. Donald S. Fredrickson of the National Heart Institute.

First choice appears to be clofibrate, which is being tried in the Coronary Drug Project, recently launched by the institute.

All four of the drugs—D-thyroxine, cholestyramine, and nicotinic acid are the others—are being used in conjunction with a fat-restricted diet.

Sleeping Pills

Terrifying dreams brought on by withdrawal from sleeping pills may be the underlying cause of some deaths due to an accidental overdose, says UCLA psychiatrist Dr. Anthony Kales.

In other cases the pill-related nightmares may trigger an emotionally upset person into committing suicide by deliberately taking an overdose.

Recent research aimed at understanding what happens in the brain during sleep and dreaming has revealed that sleeping pills have a disruptive effect on the normal pattern of dreaming during sleep.

While a normal person not on drugs will spend 20 to 25 percent of the night dreaming, sleeping pills reduce dreaming time to 12 to 18 percent, Kales says.

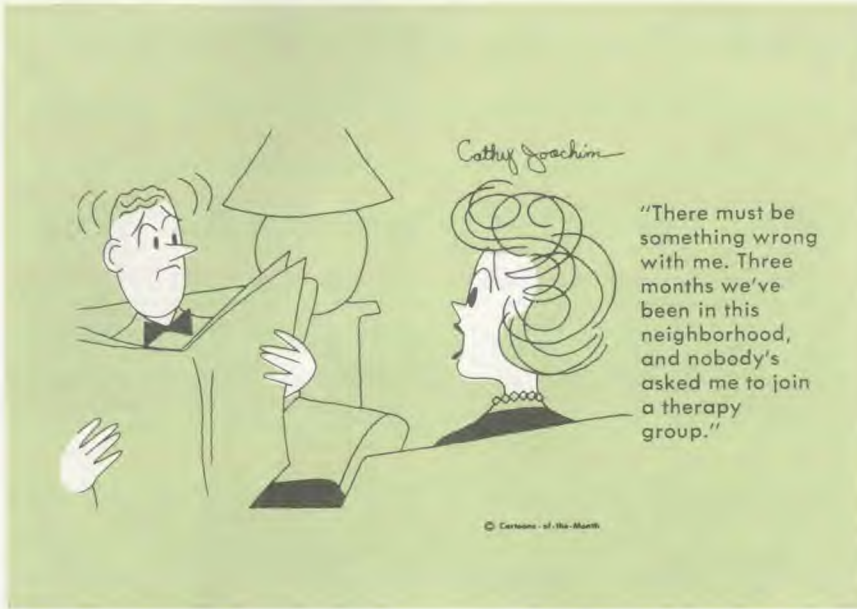
But if the person suddenly stops taking the drug after a month or two, his dreaming time jumps to about 30 percent.

Who Promotes the Most?

In the first quarter of 1968 sponsors of the following brands spent the most money on TV commercials in the United States:

1. Anacin tablets \$4,618,500
2. Alka-Seltzer \$3,993,400
3. Salem menthol filters \$3,552,700
4. Winston filters \$3,321,600
5. American Telephone and Telegraph ... \$3,295,200
6. Bayer aspirin \$3,110,500
7. Bufferin \$2,929,500
8. Listerine antiseptic . \$2,401,000
9. Miracle white cleaner \$2,273,800
10. Kool menthol filters \$2,103,000

In the top ten are five drug products, three brands of cigarettes, one household cleansing agent, and one institutional advertiser.



Youth Taught About Drugs

An experimental six-day "crash course" on teen-age drug use and abuse has caught on in the Phoenix, Arizona, area.

Two veteran members of the Phoenix Police Department's narcotics squad first presented this program early in the year, but it has since become a continuing project.

The police officers demonstrate how marijuana is processed and purified, how it is smuggled into this country, and how it is "cut" and distributed locally. Officials say that a \$50 investment in Mexico could bring \$1,000 profit in Phoenix.

The police officers also discuss heroin and note that it is hard to stop this traffic because of the vast profit in it. A \$300 investment in raw, bulk heroin can bring a profit of \$12,000, a profit of 4,000 percent.

The students are shown the effects of too many injections of heroin, slides of a collapsed vein in an ulcerated arm, and that abuse of one drug frequently leads to addiction by another. The officers explain the heavy prison sentences for those convicted for illegal possession or sale of the drugs.

Even Pot Isn't Real Now!

The Government has issued regulations making it illegal to manufacture or sell synthetic marijuana—a liquid essence that gives an ordinary cigarette the effect of a marijuana one.

Conviction for manufacture or sale of the substance, tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), is punishable by a maximum penalty of a year in jail or a \$1,000 fine.

Tests show that a few drops of the odorless, colorless liquid synthetic on an ordinary cigarette give the smoker the same reaction he would get from smoking a natural marijuana cigarette.

A spokesman for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs says studies in the United States and abroad show that the synthetic, which was discovered four years ago by an Israeli chemist, has a "high abuse potential."

The liquid marijuana would be difficult for Federal agents to detect because of its lack of odor or coloration. Theoretically it could easily be smuggled into the country disguised with some alcohol and coloring as after-shave lotion, for instance.

Women Narrow "Equality" Gap

Married women forty to fifty-five are becoming an increasingly larger proportion of the nation's alcoholic population. Years ago the sex ratio was 4.5 male alcoholics to 1 female. Now the women have upped their share to 1.5.

According to Dr. Stanley F. Yolles of the National Institute of Mental Health, alcoholism among women is a middle-class phenomenon, generally related to a "mild depression or unhappiness in women in their middle years whose children have grown up or are away at school and who have no interest in life and take to drink."

There are now between 4 and 6.5 million alcoholics in the United States, with 200,000 new cases each year.

★ United States customs officials made a record haul of nearly thirty-four tons of marijuana and large quantities of heroin, cocaine, and other narcotics and drugs during 1967. (Reuters)

★ Civil commitment of narcotics addicts in New York has been suspended for several months because of inadequate funds and lack of space in state treatment centers. (New York Times)

★ Laurance S. Rockefeller has suggested that man may have to "miniaturize nature and bring it where people are" in an effort to make cities livable. "One of the keys to making our cities livable," he says, "is to restore nature or symbols of nature to relieve the oppressiveness of the concrete and asphalt." (AP)

★ American teen-age girls, because of their choice of food, are among the most undernourished in the world, states Dr. Howard E. Saubert. These girls have more anemia than almost any other part of society, he says. (Denver Post)

★ American drugstores accounted for 75 percent of all advertised remedies sold in the United States in 1950, but for only 64 percent in 1967. Drugstore sales increased in actual dollar volume by 80 percent during those years, but drug sale volume in supermarkets increased by 400 percent. (Denver Post)

★ Coloradans drank 37 percent more beer, wine, and liquor in May, 1968, than they drank in May, 1967. Liquor sales led the increase, up 46 percent over May, 1967. Wine sales showed a 45.3 percent increase; beer sales were up 8.1 percent. (Denver Post)

★ Juvenile arrests for narcotics and dangerous drug use in California increased 700 percent between 1961 and 1967. During the same six-year period, adult arrests on the same charges tripled. (San Jose Mercury)

★ Governor Nelson Rockefeller vetoed a bill that would have increased to life imprisonment the penalty for selling or offering marijuana to minors. The present maximum in New York State is twenty-five years. (New York Times)

★ About eighty professional actors turned down invitations to appear in one-minute antismoking spots produced by the American Cancer Society. The actors looked upon the antismoking spots as possible "product conflicts," and they feared that cigarette sponsors would not consider them for commercials. (New York Times)

★ Using hypnosis to stop smoking may hurt more people than it helps, warns Dr. Sheldon B. Cohen, an Atlanta psychiatrist. (AP)

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Frieda M. Lease

Toolbox Riddles

Look in a toolbox to find the answers to these riddles.

1. Which tool is unattractive?
2. Which tool has drawers for storing records?
3. When is a nail a chief item?
4. When is a tool only a small part?
5. Which tool is boss of other tools?
6. When is a tool a shoulder support?
7. Which tool has a bad influence?
8. Which tools are like military training?
9. When is a nail like an antler?
10. When is it easy to keep tools clean?
11. Which tool is never seen?
12. When can thunder be heard in a toolbox?

Television Smokes Too Much

Cigarettes are smoked on an estimated two out of five television network programs during the prime evening viewing hours, reports the American Cancer Society.

In an appeal to cut cigarettes out of television scripts, the Society expressed the belief that cigarette smoking on television "can be drastically reduced without interfering with broadcast freedom, entertainment, or education."

Volunteers who monitored evening programs reported smoking occurred on 73 percent of movies, 71 percent of action-adventure shows, 60 percent of dramas, and 49 percent of variety programs.

They said cigarettes were smoked on 15 percent of situation comedies, 8 percent of game shows, 4 percent of Westerns, and no children's shows.

Liquor Woos the Public

In order to ingratiate themselves in the eyes of the public, beer and liquor companies are supporting and actively sponsoring the arts, such as music and the repertory theater.

When *Esquire* made its second annual "Business in the Arts" awards to twenty-one companies for their activities in the arts, Arnold Gingrich, publisher, commented that symphonies, for example, should be sold "the way Madison Avenue sells beer, soap, and autos."

Included among the awards were the following:

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, for its "Jazzmobile" program in ghetto areas.

Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee (for the second year). Schlitz was cited for its 1967 series of "Salute to Jazz" concerts in six cities and for its third annual series of

free public concerts by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in New York City parks.

Carling Brewing Co., Tacoma, for presenting free public performances of Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" by the Seattle Repertory Theater.

Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, Washington, for underwriting and promoting two series of Sunday matinee concerts by the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

Beer Tries to Reach Youth

Beer makers C. Schmidt & Sons believe the traditional heavy beer drinker may be headed for extinction as a "consumer profile."

Their new beer campaign is emphasizing the young adult market with such lines as "Schmidt's is what beer is all about" and "Schmidt's makes it happen."

With an estimated \$2,600,000 advertising budget, Schmidt is trying to reach this younger group who are more likely to switch brands than their elders.

The advertising agency explains the campaign rationale this way:

The new "safe" pill bottle frustrates Douglas Shaw. He can't reach that candy until some adult helps him; he would also be protected if strong medicine were in the bottle.



"Today we don't have beer-drinking groups that can be classified as 'heavies'—although they drink beer. It is conceivable that the 'heavy' won't even be around in twenty years. He is being replaced by a college-educated-type beer drinker, younger and more sophisticated."

Smoking Is Slow Suicide

The average young man who is a heavy cigarette smoker can expect to have his life shortened by eight years if he continues the habit, reports the Public Health Service.

In addition to calling the habit the main cause of lung cancer in men, the PHS says it could now be concluded that cigarette smoking could contribute to the development of heart disease and death from that cause.

The new report is the first from the Public Health Service to put the link between smoking and heart disease so strongly: "It is concluded that cigarette smoking can contribute to the development of cardiovascular disease and particularly to death from coronary heart disease."

The report says the average young smoker in the twenty-five-to-thirty-five age bracket faces a shortening of his life of about eight years if he smokes more than two packs a day. Even the "light smoker" who uses less than half a pack a day can expect a four-year loss in life expectancy on the average, the report estimates.

New studies are cited to show that cigarette smoking has a bad effect on the heart by producing a gap between the heart's demand for oxygen and the blood's ability to supply it.

This kind of new evidence has strengthened the case for linking cigarette smoking and heart disease, says Dr. Daniel Horn, director of the National Clearing House for Smoking and Health.

Riddle Answers:
1. The plane tool. 2. The file. 3. When it's a staple. 4. When it's only a bit. 5. The ruler. 6. When it's a brace. 7. The vise. 8. The drills. 9. When it's a spike. 10. When there are washers. 11. The saw. 12. When there are bolts.

JOHN WANAMAKER—



MAN OF INFLUENCE

EVERY time you shop in a department store, you can thank John Wanamaker, who pioneered the idea so convenient to shoppers of having everything under one roof.

In 1860 he started a small store of men's furnishings with his brother-in-law and a combined capital of less than \$4,000. Sixteen years later he opened his third large store known as the Grand Depot, which began the department store era.

As a successful business merchant, Wanamaker did away with wrangling over prices. Articles were priced firmly in his stores so that the unsatisfactory bargaining method ended. Heretofore people had considered the merchant an enemy they tried to get the best of and seldom trusted, as no article was guaranteed and the shopper was far from "always right."

As a boy John learned this lesson well. He had saved his money to buy his mother a watch. Taking some time selecting it, he saw that the storekeeper was growing impatient, and he hastily picked out one. As the jeweler wrapped the watch, the boy saw another that was exactly what he wanted, but the man wouldn't change it.

"Too late, young feller," he said. "You've made your choice. Now you have to stick to it."

No Wanamaker customer was ever to feel the chagrin and dissatisfaction felt by this small boy who had to take home a gift that he didn't feel was right.

When his store opened in Philadelphia—and it has long stood as a model for such stores everywhere—people couldn't believe what they read: "Wanamaker and Brown, having purchased their goods at very low rates, will sell them accordingly."

When customers recovered from their astonishment, they realized that here was one merchant who could be considered a friend rather than an enemy. With a fabulous memory for names and faces, John Wanamaker greeted many of his shoppers personally.

Business was good, naturally, and his store was making merchandising history. He began the custom of holding white sales of linens, selling cars (and later planes) in his store, using electricity in the store (people yelled and feared the store would explode!), and even installing telephones.

His big Philadelphia store was the first "beautiful" store, and in it he installed what was then the largest organ in the world. It has been played every business day since its installation. During Christmas season books of carols are passed out so that customers can sing together. He also was the first to hold free art, literature, and scientific exhibits in the store.

Always religious, from his earliest working days John was a man of intense devotion to principle, and his works for charity were to be many. A world traveler, he was a man with many interests besides his business. He and his wife Mary helped support wide missionary enterprises in India, Japan, and other countries. During World War I he was successful in raising \$20 million in bonds from his own company alone. He had a great interest in the archaeological collections of the University of Pennsylvania museum, of which he was vice-president, and made valuable contributions to it; in 1916 he financed an expedition to Alaska for a study of peoples and customs there. Aviation (in its infancy) was another of his keen interests.

When President Benjamin Harrison nominated him Postmaster General, Wanamaker accepted although previously he had declined public office. During his four years in this post he introduced many improvements.

Social Washington was amazed at the Wanamakers. Not only did this successful man insist on coming to work regularly at 8:30 a.m., but he and his wife also made it known that they would not serve wine, much less anything stronger, in their home.

All his life Wanamaker was an uncompromising enemy of drink and drunkenness. As a boy he signed the pledge of total abstinence.

Observed an associate: "When distributing the magazine *Everybody's Journal* at night as a boy, he saw the night life of the city—drunken men reeling in the streets, saloons on all sides, ragged women and children pleading with intoxicated husbands and fathers. He was too sensitive a youth to be indifferent to these sights. They hurt him keenly, but the feelings they aroused were not mere emotions. He began at once to fight against the liquor evil, and when he was a clerk in Tower Hall, he organized a temperance society and secured the pledges of many of his fellow clerks."

As a dynamic businessman, John Wanamaker stood for the principle of total abstinence ever more steadfastly and remained active in the temperance cause despite the fact that this was an uphill struggle.

"At that time the cause of temperance had no such standing as it does today," explains one biography. "Drinking was an almost universal habit. It was the custom in many stores to keep a bottle of whisky under the counter and ratify a sale with a drink. Valuable employees were frequently absent from business because of drunken bouts. He worked with as much earnestness among his employees as he did with friends or with those with whom his church activity brought him into contact."

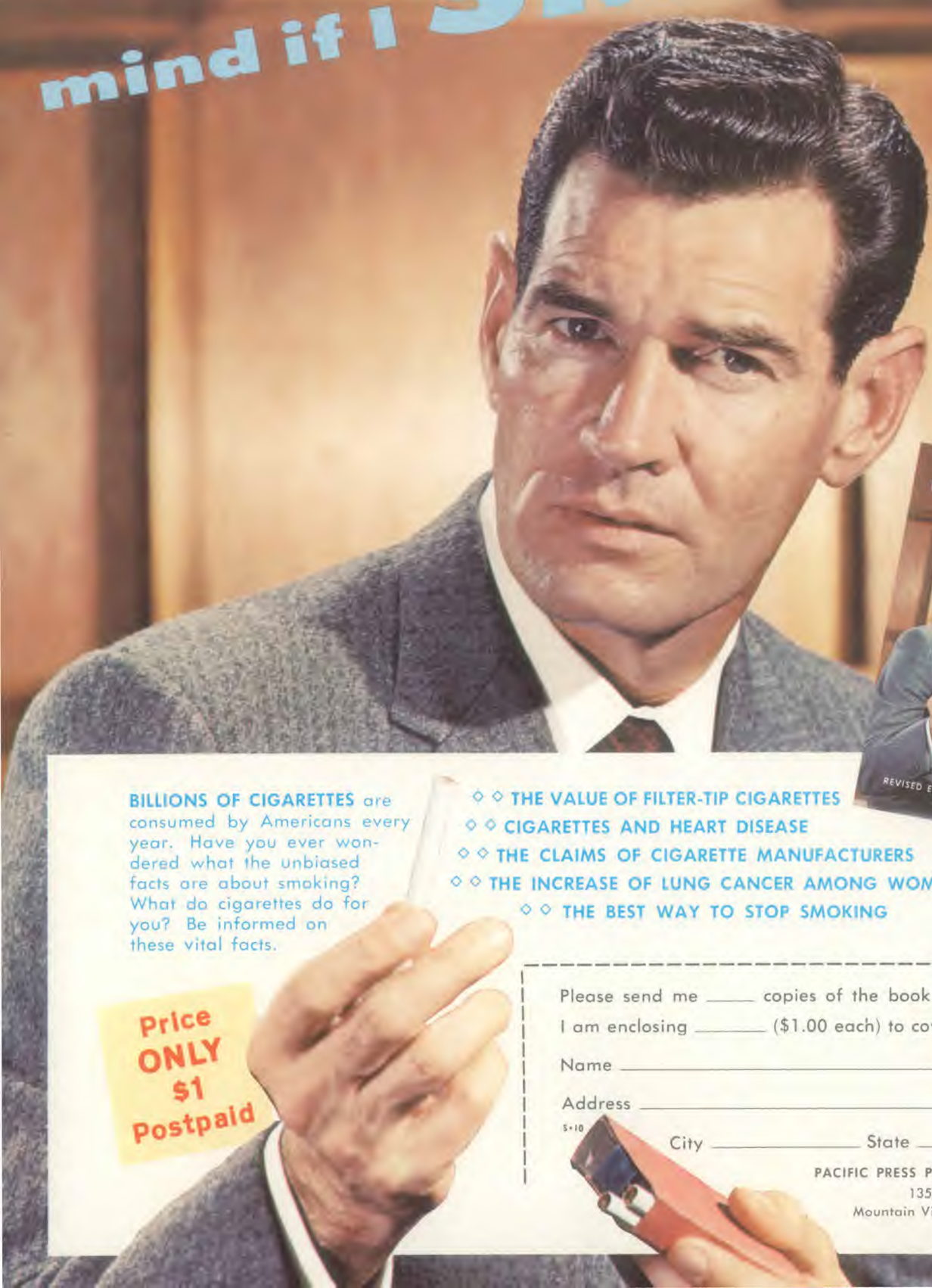
He might be busy at his desk in Washington, or as business tycoon at one of his stores, but he was never too busy to help a man addicted to drink who needed his help to break the habit. He often took a drunken man home with him to prevent his arrest and disgrace. It didn't bother him nor his wife that ridicule and censure often ensued, particularly in Washington.

Although he never achieved his heart's desire to become a minister, John Wanamaker did live a life that had profound effects. He was the first employer to establish rest and reading rooms for customers and employees and to offer schooling for those who worked for him. Other firsts included Saturday holidays during July and August (an unheard-of thing back in 1914!), summer vacations with pay, and free seashore camps for boy employees.

When he died in 1922, after one of the most productive lives on record, there was wide mourning, but his policies of fairness and honesty did not die. His influence in the business world had already made mandatory many changes that are today taken for granted.

Carved into the cornerstone of the John Wanamaker Philadelphia store are these words, which tell his remarkable story: "Let those who follow me continue to build with the plumb of Honor, the level of Truth, and the square of Integrity, Education, Courtesy, and Mutuality."

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