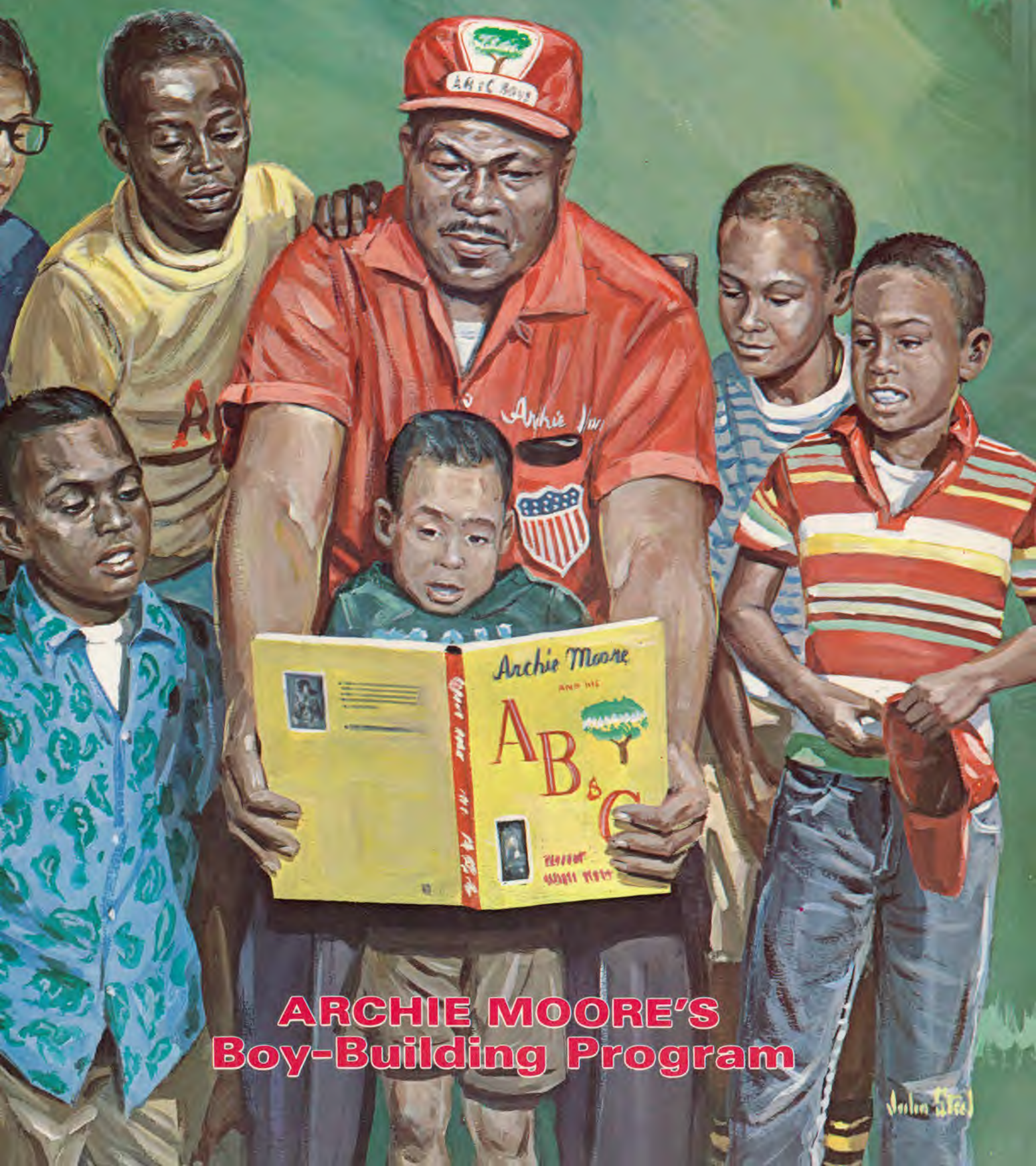


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



**ARCHIE MOORE'S
Boy-Building Program**

Julian Stieglitz

Alcohol as a Therapeutic Agent

One question constantly arising in regard to alcohol is concerning its use in medicine as a therapeutic agent. Should it be used in this way, or shouldn't it?

A valuable contribution to this discussion has been made by the *Medical Tribune* in its section "Questions and Answers for M.D.'s." Posing the question, Do you use alcohol as a therapeutic agent? it asked for answers from various types of practitioners across the country.

Said Dr. James D. Lambing, internist from Tacoma, Washington, "Personally, I have never used alcohol as a therapeutic agent in any case except one involving an alcoholic."

He uses alcohol in connection with an alcoholic when the patient is going into delirium tremens. "A patient can die right before you in a case of delirium tremens," Dr. Lambing observes. "What he needs at that moment is alcohol."

Dr. Frederick B. Giles, neurologist of Honolulu, says, "In my opinion, alcohol is not a good agent under any circumstances." Referring to its use by some as a tranquilizer in heart disease, or as an agent to prevent respiratory infections, particularly after chilling, or as a digestant, he concludes, "There have been no proved results from alcohol in any of these conditions."

In heart disease, Dr. Giles asserts that alcohol "may actually be detrimental rather than beneficial." And he is definite in observing that "alcohol is poison which, when used over a long period of time, has a detrimental effect on the nerve cells of the brain and also on the peripheral nerve cells. It also has been proved to have a detrimental effect on the brain and the metabolic processes that take place there."

In summary, he speaks of the therapeutic effects being "greatly outweighed" by the detrimental effects.

The third specialist answering the question by *Medical Tribune* is Dr. Henry Camperlengo, a psychiatrist of Delmar, New York, and director of the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Clinic of the Albany Medical Center Hospital.

He describes alcohol as "a universally self-administered mood elevator and tranquilizer." Further, "the culture of the grape has enriched civilization with myth, ritual, and song."

On its medical uses, Dr. Camperlengo is specific: "Strictly speaking, there are no medical indications for ethanol. Today's therapeutic armamentarium offers a wide choice of agents which are pharmacologically more effective than ethanol in any of its past reputed indications. Tradition and sentiment probably account for most of the medical prescribed uses of alcohol."

It seems evident from this symposium that alcohol has few friends indeed when it comes to its use as a medicine. Even those medical men who might seem desirous of speaking kind words on its behalf must hedge their comments about it with so many "safeguards" that the obvious conclusion is a strong warning against alcohol as a medicine—or, for that matter, alcohol as a beverage either!



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HAPPINESS IS A HABIT, AN ADDICTION THAT SPREADS LIKE RIPPLES.....

WHAT'S an addict? Today's terminology and usage invariably suggest narcotics, a negative connotation. The dictionary describes an addict as a person addicted to some habit; addiction is defined as a habitual inclination.

Almost anyone then could be described as an addict—the chain smoker, the obese person who cannot resist calorie-rich foods, even the small boy who constantly chews a new wad of bubble gum. Each is a victim of habit, and habit may be a form of bondage.

However, bondage to a habit is good when it is motivated by a desire to better existing conditions. Bruce Barton once stated, "What a curious phenomenon it is that you can get men to die for the liberty of the world who will not make the little sacrifice that is needed to free themselves from their own bondage."

The best way to break a bad habit is to replace it with a good one, and this takes time, thought, and effort. Incentive and desire are good, but concerted effort must be exercised through positive constructive action.

Take boredom for instance. This habit is easily broken by a transfer of interest. Individual motivation must be taken into consideration if construction is to replace destruction. A form of personal satisfaction can be acquired through the use of alcohol or drugs, but this is a transitory satisfaction of no physical benefit to anyone. Permanent personal satisfaction is a joyous exhilaration derived from involvement in a worthwhile endeavor.

Some time ago a television newscast on youth sharply contrasted their efforts at self-satisfaction. One girl who admitted using marijuana said, "I thought I'd try it just for kicks. I did have a heady feeling that lasted a little while." A Boy Scout troop was filmed as they retrieved litter and empty beer cans from a scenic roadside park. A bikini-clad young woman volunteered to help a handicapped youngster into a swimming pool—the first in a series of lessons taught by teen-age helpers in the city's recreational program. At the end of the program the news commentator asked the television audience, "What do *you* do for kicks?"

The world longs for peace, and peace begins in the heart of the individual when he comes to the realization that he can contribute to the well-being of those around him. Don't be afraid to become involved—involved perhaps to the point of addiction. The personal satisfaction received from involvement in a worthwhile project cannot help but be projected to those around you. Happiness is a habit, an addiction that spreads like ripples from a pebble tossed into a pond.

Everyone wants something worthwhile, and attainment is within reach as constant effort is pointed toward noteworthy goals. The next time you are bored and want to do something just for kicks, think about how such activity will affect you, your loved ones, and your neighbors. Talk to others, and you may be pleasantly surprised to find persons who share your point of view and who will help you accomplish a worthwhile task at hand.

This is how peace is attained, how dreams come true, how laws are passed or repealed, how life is lived with meaningful purpose, ultimate achievement, and personal satisfaction.

Do you dare become an addict—an addict to good things? Put your addiction to work for the benefit of others and yourself. What have you got to lose, except a bad habit or two? Give it a try—"just for kicks."



Addiction--
a new
dimension

JUST FOR KICKS

Patricia Kinnaman

One who has been
through the mill
gives his personal
convictions on --

WHAT ALCOHOLISM REALLY IS

R. M. Mayfield

I'M SICK and tired of hearing alcoholism termed a "disease" or an "illness"! I know medical authorities say that alcoholics are "sick" people, and all that jazz. So are criminals "sick," according to that all-condoning euphemism, "illness," which embraces murderers, thieves, and the like.

I can't speak with authority about the mental or physical aberrations that might be responsible for society's misfits—except alcoholics, of course; but I do feel I have the right to an "authoritative" opinion there, because I *was* an alcoholic.

And I wasn't a "borderline" case, or a so-called social drinker who drank too many martinis one night and straightaway ran to AA and started campaigning against the evils of drink. I've really been there! I'm no stranger to jails, alcoholic wards of hospitals, sanitariums, drying-out joints—even a state mental hospital.

I had my first drink at sixteen—several "first" drinks, as a matter of fact. I became quite drunk on sloe gin on that occasion, living it up with my young boy friends. A symptom of my "illness"? An imbalance of my body chemistry? I don't think so. Rather, it was a classical example of youthful rebellion against parents, church, and school. I had no "reason" to drink myself insensible. I came from a good home with loving parents. I was blessed with many assets—health, good looks, a bright mind, and varied talents. In other words, I was a strong-willed, selfish, disobedient youngster who thought I knew it all and gave no consideration to the codes of conduct instilled by my family and my church.

The first drink wasn't the last, of course. I enjoyed the effects of alcohol. I liked being free of inhibitions and conscience. This was illness? Bunk! This was living—wild, riotous living, completely self-centered and hedonistic.

Within a couple of years my drinking habits interfered with my classes at the university, my studies, and my grades. It wasn't just a matter of missing classes because of hangovers, or spending my evenings drinking instead of studying. Primarily, it was a matter of attitude. School was no longer important to me, and the same disregard applied to my family. My life had become centered around "fun" and self-indulgence, and to heck with the consequences!

Of course I dropped out of college the following year and from there to a job—a series of jobs, as a matter of fact. Somehow business and industry wouldn't put up with tardiness and

frequent absenteeism, hangovers, and drinking on the job, for any sustained period of time.

As employment opportunities dwindled, I began to be concerned. I sought "geographical cures," new areas in which to live and work "away from it all." But I couldn't get away from myself, nor the bottle.

A "marriage cure" was next. I'd have love and companionship. I'd "settle down." But the girl I chose happened to be of the same persuasion as I, and we became a cozy threesome: my wife, myself, and the inevitable bottle. Were we "sick," as the sociologists would say? No, we were godless young adults who had turned our backs on moral living in favor of the pursuit of our own pleasures.

After the inevitable divorce, my drinking was no longer a "swinging" thing. I had already begun to deteriorate physically, and alcohol was fast becoming a necessity to sustain a certain level of mental and physical equilibrium. Without it I had the "shakes"—physical shakes while I was in the throes of a hangover; but far worse were the mental shakes, the feeling of never being at ease or comfortable unless I had alcohol in my system.

Then started the nightmare era—suicide attempts, drunk-driving arrests. I became acquainted with hospital emergency wards and stomach pumps, drunk tanks, and "drying-out" joints, and, finally, a commitment to a state mental institution.

It was in the state hospital that I became acquainted with Alcoholics Anonymous. And I was one of those who "couldn't make the program"—but don't feel that AA failed me. *I* failed AA, because the same character defects that started me on my downhill journey precluded my accepting and living up to the tenets of the AA program.

Now I'm glad that I did fail AA, strange as that may sound. Sobriety contingent upon attendance at AA meetings and rigidly following the precepts of the program is certainly better than drunkenness. Yet, I'm so grateful that I found my sobriety and rehabilitation in the manner that I did, for I'm not dependent upon AA meetings nor the support of other people with drinking problems to enable me to stay sober. For me there was another way, one for which I'm infinitely grateful.

My own rehabilitation started when I found God, which sounds pretty corny these days. Ironically, it's perfectly acceptable to be a social drinker, or even to have a drinking prob-

lem and belong to AA or undergo psychoanalysis or psychotherapy. It's rather an "in" thing to attend group therapy sessions for "problems." And medical treatment of a drinking problem is certainly acceptable, whether it consists of correcting nutritional deficiencies, remedying hormone imbalance, or experimenting with mind-expanding drug therapy. But to credit religion with curing alcoholism is considered "crackpot" in our sophisticated times. It's fine to try LSD—but God?

To say that I found God is a gross oversimplification. It wasn't a matter of light suddenly dawning or a miracle occurring. The moment of sharp insight and recognition came when I put my head down and wept and pleaded for help. It was a moment of complete self-surrender, when I cried, "Please, God, if You do exist, help me!" There was an answer, but that was only the beginning, for it took years of hard work and self-discipline. For I not only recognized the existence of God; I saw myself, and the tremendous job which I faced.

It's difficult to describe in retrospect exactly what happened in that moment of revelation. I can't truthfully say that all desire to drink left me immediately, for there were moments of temptation. Yet it wasn't the same as before, because I had the power to resist. It wasn't at all a matter of "going on the wagon," such as I had experienced before, resisting the temptation to drink with willpower and trying to stifle my anger and bitterness at what I considered the injustice of my plight. This was a joyous resistance, rejoicing in my new way of life and counting each victory over self with grateful delight.

I haven't been intoxicated for many years, and they have been wonderful, constructive years of satisfying living. God blessed my new way of life with a wonderful wife, three fine children, a good job, the warmth and fellowship of friends. I found a church home and became involved in community service, both representing fulfilling, inspiring, and rewarding associations and activities.

But to me, after these many years, I still cannot think of alcoholism as an illness. It's a violation of the laws of God and man, and I think the cure lies in recognizing that fact instead of depending on biochemical or psychological "causes" and seeking help based on such diagnosis. I'm aware, of course, that even using the term "cure" violates both AA and current medical opinion. The popular thinking is, "Once an alcoholic, always an alcoholic"—that alcoholism in an individual can be arrested but never cured.

There again I differ with "authority." I don't feel that I have to be ever watchful lest I take a cough syrup or medicinal preparation containing alcohol under the direction of my physician. I have taken medicine under medical supervision throughout the years with no ill effects. There certainly has been no rabid or irresistible desire to go out on a big binge because I took some cough syrup containing an alcohol base.

It's not that I couldn't get intoxicated again, either. All I would have to do would be to turn my back on God and everything else of value in my life, and head for the nearest bar. But I positively do not feel I'm living from day to day, according to popular AA thinking, grateful for each day's sobriety. I'm living, rather, as a Christian, knowing that each day well lived makes for a better tomorrow, and I'm confident of my continuing sobriety.

In my way of thinking, no matter how you explain it or disguise it with scientific jargon, the cure for alcoholism is readily available to all. I believe that the things which are so impossible with men are possible with God. ■



The Locked Door

T. Casey Brennan

THE SNOW was coming down heavily now. The man pulled his long black coat tighter around him as he walked. From time to time he reached up and brushed the snow from his hair.

The shadowy, darkened houses seemed almost to reach out to him as he passed. Despair dogged his steps.

Who would have thought, after all those years on that job?

He felt his feet getting colder and colder. Such a problem seemed quite trivial now, however.

Sure, I drink a little, but—

He knew he had walked a long way, and for a moment considered turning back.

To what?

He stopped and rubbed his hands together. He stood under a streetlight, listening to his own heavy breathing and watching the steam pour from his mouth.

He knew that if he went back, it would mean telling his wife he had lost his job.

She would hang her head a moment, then pretend it didn't matter. She would make up excuses for him.

But he would know why.

So he walked on.

In the next block he stopped again to brush the snow from himself. As he shook his head, he saw the towering steeple of the building beside him.

A church.

As he watched it, the urge would overtake him to approach it, but at the last moment he would draw back.

Finally, in quick, decisive steps, he made his way through the snow to the steps.

As he set foot on them, his walk became more reverent.

His hand reached for the door handle, and he pulled. Locked.

He tried it again to make sure. It would not budge.

He swallowed and turned toward the sidewalk.

So much for religion.

He continued on his way, the sidewalk leading him farther and farther from his home. Somehow, it seemed as though the door to all the world was locked.

He walked a long way before he came to another church. How long he didn't know.

He was becoming tired now, and as he stopped in front of this church, he felt anger as well as despair.

The door is locked to me—

He stood there, his jaw clenched, but he saw the door suddenly open, and an old man come out.

He felt the anger leave his face as he stared.

Men had locked some doors.

But other men were opening doors.

Somehow, it did not seem quite so cold as he proceeded toward the church this time. ■

The Short Life Theatre

THE SHORT LIFE THEATRE



Charles Witt

SHORT LIFE THEATRE is a novel approach to a modern-day problem. It was conceived and developed under the direction of T. R. Neslund, a teacher at Glendale Union Academy in Southern California, with script assistance by Shirley Stiles. Faculty and students of the school participated in its beginnings, and it served as the finale to an assembly program prepared by GUA and presented to more than 5,000 public and private junior and senior high students in the Los Angeles area this past school year in a concerted "Big Push for Better Living."

In short, Short Life Theatre is a two-act puppet melodrama depicting the effects of Mr. Tar and Miss Nicotine on Lucky Louie's lungs. Mr. Tar and Miss Nicotine play the roles of two unwanted characters, who take possession of Lucky Louie's lung causing disease and eventual death.

Short Life Theatre is now being expanded to cover a wider range of interest.

Mr. T—Groovy! What a cool-looking doll! I bet if I turn on the charm I could get a date with her. Hi ya, babe!

Miss N—Hi, good lookin'. How come I haven't seen you around here before?

Mr. T—Oh, I've just blown the scene in this town. I've been looking over the layout, and to tell you the truth, you're something special. You turn me on!

Miss N—Come on, now. You must have plenty of girl friends around somewhere.

Mr. T—Well, to tell you the truth, I have had a few; but nothing as gorgeous as you. You are the living

end, the whipped cream on the strawberry pie. Hey, I have a neat-o idea. Want to hear it?

So, against the background of girl-watcher music, Mr. Tar and Miss Nicotine meet for the first time, and arrange a date—down through the throat and into the lungs of Louie, a new smoker. As they go along, Miss Nicotine exclaims:

Miss N—It's not every day I get to travel on such a neat, clean road. Look at those pearly white teeth, the pink tongue, and those unscarred tissues.

On arrival in the lung, Mr. Tar invites:

Mr. T—Pull that elbow of an air tube around here,

and let's sit down and enjoy the entertainment together.

Miss N—I like this place so much I think I'll just stay permanently.

Mr. T—Here, you sit on that bit of tissue there. I think I'll go perch near that air-conditioning system. There's nothing as exhilarating as a good oxygen cocktail. Shall I order you one too?

Miss N—Sure! I'd love one. Before we are through, I plan to visit all the rooms in this "in" place. Why, there won't be a part of Louie that won't have felt my presence.

Mr. T—That's nothing. I plan to leave a little gift in every place I visit, in every chamber I touch, and in every tube that I pass through. Why, before I'm through you won't even recognize this place.

The two guests stay around. In the background come voices discussing in conversational form what smoking does to the lungs. Then Miss Nicotine breaks in:

Miss N—I'm happy that four thousand children are starting to smoke today. It will give both of us a chance to prove that we are harmless friends of all the Lucky Louies and Handsome Hannabs in the world.

Mr. T—We will begin our experiment today.

Miss N—I have a super idea. We will test for twenty years and at the end open up Louie's lung. Then we will publish the harmless effects of smoking to the world.

Twenty years go by, and Miss Nicotine cries out:

Miss N—Oh, I feel so terrible. You don't love me the way you used to.

Mr. T—(Coughing.) Well, it's hard to love anything in this dark, smoky, smelly atmosphere. You're such a terrible housekeeper. (Cough.) Look at Louie's lung after twenty years. This nice, fresh pink wallpaper is blotchy and black. There are evil piles of dirt every-

Mr. Tar and Miss Nicotine talk over with their creator Tom Neslund the next appointments being arranged in high schools for the Short Life Theatre.



Students Juanita Emery (back) and Carla Wissner prepare to present Short Life Theatre from behind the scenes.

where, and the air-conditioning system hasn't blown clean oxygen in years. Nothing but cigarette smoke all the time!

Miss N—I don't see how you can blame me for everything. You don't help matters any. Why, those black spots on the rug and the holes in the furniture are all your doing. As to the air-conditioning system, it's you, Mr. Tar, who helped to paralyze the cleaning brushes in the trachea and bronchial tubes that protect this "in" place from all the smoke and dirt. Oh, how I wish I could escape on the nice clean freeway we came in on!

Mr. T—For your information, that freeway is so old and dilapidated that you wouldn't go anywhere. There are lumps, and humps, and bumps, and detours no end. (Cough.) I just can't concentrate. If I could just have a breath of clean air now to sharpen my intellectual powers.

Miss N—Intellectual powers—you don't have any! If you had been intellectual in the first place you never would have suggested coming here. I don't think I can stand it for one more minute!

Mr. T—Oh no! (Coughing.) Louie is introducing another smoke into his lung. I can't hold my breath one minute longer.

Miss N—(Coughing) Let's get out of here. This place is killing me!

And it did. To the accompaniment of funeral music, both Mr. Tar and Miss Nicotine close their tragic, wasted lives. Their experiment ends in dismal failure similar to that experienced by thousands of people every year who allow this invasion of their lungs and bodily systems. ■



HELP FROM THE *Classified Ads*

FOR several weeks, out of his own pocket money, the university senior ran one-line catchy phrases in the classified section of his school's *State Press*.

"Are you paranoid? Call this number."

This line ran in the Lost and Found section of the widely read publication.

Next came a published line, "Having a bad trip? Call this number."

Once again, the youth spent his money on the words, "What's going on, speed freaks? Call this number."

The response was quick. Twenty-one-year old Norman Hovda of Arizona State University at Tempe, Arizona, began answering his telephone day and night. He listened to the outpourings of students suffering from drug addiction. He listened to the anxious and frustrated cries of fellow students who were wondering about the classified ads, about Norman Hovda, and how they might kick the drug habit.

Callers soon learned that they had called the right person to help them with their vicious habits. Hovda, a personable and handsome youth, could talk with them from experience and offer a message of help straight from the shoulder.

Several months ago, his short lifetime of cigarette smoking, alcohol drinking, and drug taking telescoped into a massive mound of frustration and depression.

For about four years, the youth had been taking marijuana, first offered by a so-called "friend." He moved to cocaine, LSD, and finally to "speed." Suddenly LSD plunged him into a psychotic condition, sleepless, dazed, and very depressed. Noting his condition, Hovda's roommate called the police, who rushed the victim to the Maricopa County General Hospital and locked him up.

"I started to go right up a wall," he recalls. "I had not been right with my parents, I had brushed aside faith in everything, and I felt alone. I didn't even know who I was."

Based on his early years of a Christian life with his parents, the youth pleaded for a Bible.

"They gave me the Bible, but I didn't read it then," Hovda remembers. "I just clung to it and began to pray in my own words for the Lord to help me get out of this."

Then came tranquilizers from hospital attendants, blessed sleep for him, and the Bible was taken away.

"I guess the hospital people preferred that I didn't think too much about religion at that time," he observes. "They probably thought it would give me a hang-up, but I was groping for some stability which could come from my childhood."

After a five-day stretch in the hospital, Hovda, fortified now with tranquilizers and having taken appropriate psychological tests, decided that he must buy a Bible and return to his faith in God.

However, first he put his trust in the tranquilizers, but they soon ran out. He felt like leaping from a tall university building.



Norman Hovda reflects on the passages he has been reading from the Bible he purchased after he gave up drugs.

"I was sure there was no other way but to get that Bible, read it thoroughly, and get spiritual help," he recalls vividly. "I knew that I was living an unnatural life and had to get out of it."

Reading the Bible and talking with his parents brought about a transformation. He cut off his long hair and shaved his beard, switched to clean clothing, and returned to the university a new man. "I knew that with the help of God I had conquered the habit, and I wanted to help others too," Hovda states.

Hovda admits that a great percentage of callers in response to his ads were merely curious, but many were actually students hooked with drugs.

At all hours, Hovda sympathized with the callers, telling them how he had kicked the habit and encouraging them to do the same.

So happy about his transformation and the help received from the Bible, Hovda ran another classified ad, which said, "Buy it, read it, apply it. Call me at this number." This brought curious calls again and an opportunity for Hovda to tell of the value of a good, healthy spiritual life based on the teachings of Christ.

Hovda doesn't pretend that his transformation from a life of drug use was easy. He realizes that it required discipline, but he insists that it has paid off in better grades and a zest for study and reading and the finer things in life.

"I guess I was not as susceptible to the results following the use of drugs as others; but when it finally caught up with me, I knew that this was the end of the line and that I had to do something about it," he says.

Hovda recalls that as a student at Evanston Township High School he was a member of the track team and the wrestling team. But then came two packs of cigarettes a day and beer drinking. He recognized that these were harming him and managed to eliminate them; but later, when the drug habit came along, he revived some alcohol drinking.

"When I think back, I realize how I could have lived for a whole year from what cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs cost me," Hovda insists. "It was such a waste and did me so much harm."

Norman Hovda isn't positive about the lasting value of his classified ads and about the many telephone conversations he has with fellow drug-taking students. "However, at least I try; and I want so much to spare others from going through the hell I went through," he says. ■

Story and photo by Henry F. Unger



"HELLO, Fair Princess."

Ever since Don Easterday had returned from the Marine Corps to live with his grandparents, who were my neighbors, he had never called me by any other name.

"Are you ready to take that LSD trip with me?" he asked, as he got in the car for a ride home.

"You're kidding, of course."

"I've never been more serious."

Don was a handsome, well-built blond—the perfect model of an ex-Marine. But there was something sad about him. His parents were divorced, and he didn't get along with his stepfather, so his grandparents had raised him. He was a nice fellow except that he drank and would take any kind of pill he could get his hands on. I heard he had been in jail, and his talking about LSD made me uncomfortable.

"Don, I haven't seen you around in a long time." Hoping he'd tell me more about himself, I continued, "I missed you."

Without hesitation he answered, "I just got out of Mira Loma five days ago."

Mira Loma—a penal farm. A couple of years ago he had been arrested for drunken driving. Mrs. Albertson, a woman down the street confined to a wheelchair for whom Don had done some work, bailed him out and got a lawyer for him. But on the day of his trial, Don jumped bail, and Mrs. Albertson was held responsible to pay the attorney.

I had heard that while Don was away, he got into a fight with some men in a Texas pool hall and that one of the men had clobbered him over the head with a cue stick. Don was unconscious for fifteen days, and as a result of that injury, he developed epilepsy. When he later returned to town, Mrs. Albertson told the bail bonding company, who, in turn, reported him to the police.

As we drove home, Don told me that he had been talking to a contractor about a job when the police came along.

"A big fat cop started beating me up, and I kicked him and knocked him out," Don continued. "Then this other cop slipped up behind me and handcuffed me. I was broke, so I had to depend on the public defender. He encouraged me to plead guilty to a misdemeanor instead of the more serious crime of kicking the cop, which was a felony and could get me one to fifteen years. So foolishly I pleaded guilty like this fink suggested and still got a *year* in Mira Loma."

I didn't know what to say.

"This LSD trip we're going to take will cost you six bucks," he said. "I'm broke."

"I thought it cost only \$5 for an LSD capsule," I said, though not about to take a trip with him.

"Not the good kind," Don said. "I know this artist over at a movie studio who will fix us up for six bucks."

I drove to my house, and we got out.

"I'll see you," I said.

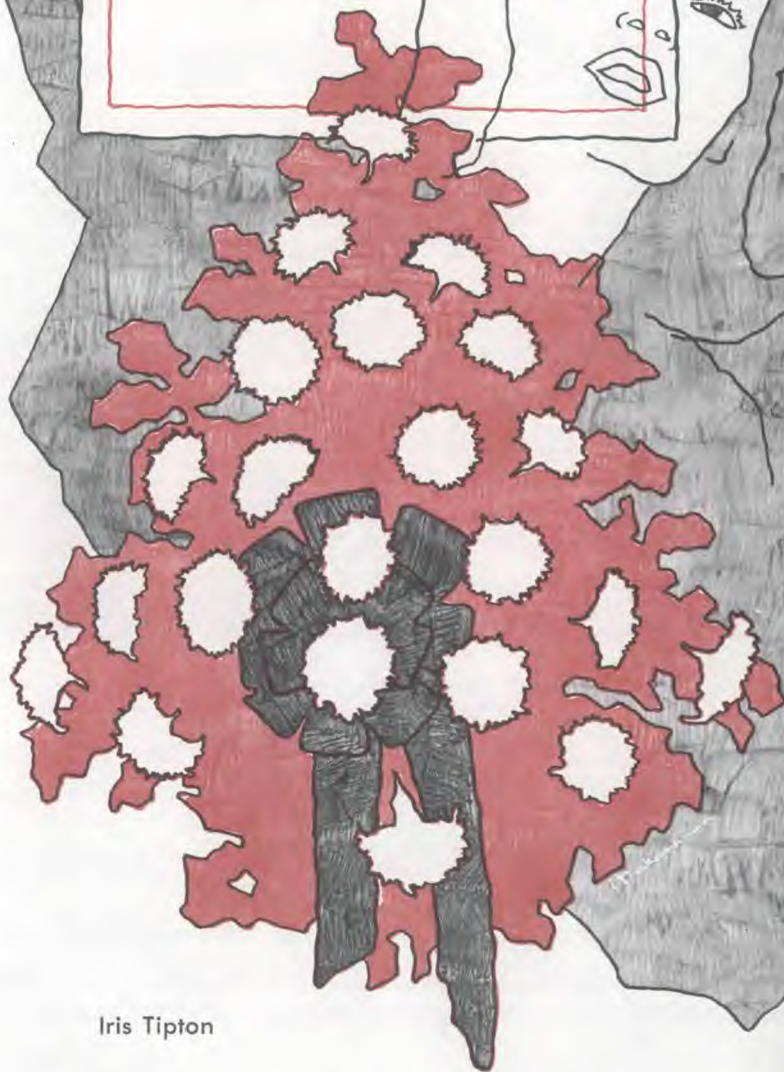
"Aren't you going to invite me in?" he asked.

"Mother isn't feeling well."

"I understand— Well, so long for now, Fair Princess."

I really felt bad about not inviting him in, but I couldn't. He was a likable fellow; but just because he was wasting his life, I couldn't do the same with mine. I had too many responsibilities.

Sleep Well, Fair Prince



Iris Tipton

Three days later I met my friend April in the thrift-mart. Right away she asked, "Did you hear what happened to Don?"

I suspected he had been arrested again, but I shook my head.

April was distressed. "Last night they found him lying on the floor. At first they thought he had had an epileptic seizure, or was drunk; but he was dead!"

I couldn't believe it. Don Easterday was dead.

"He took an overdose of something," April said.

On the way home I stopped at the florist and ordered flowers to be sent to the mortuary. On the card I wrote, "Sleep well, Fair Prince."



ARCHIE MOORE A

YOUTH have always concerned Archie Moore. He likes kids; they like him. When he first started his boy-building program—Any Boy Can (ABC)—in a small California town, many boys termed delinquents dropped by to scoff, but they felt the champion's real concern for them. They stayed to watch him box a little, then to learn and to become his ABC students, or, as he calls them, his "enlistees."

"You see this leaf?" asks Archie. "It's a little boy. It can grow into a useful citizen, or into a brown leaf that crumbles into marijuana. We emphasize respect for one's fellowman; we teach the need to progress in school; we show the importance of avoiding drinking, smoking, and gambling. When we're through with the boy, he's ready to take his place in high school; he's headed in the right direction."

Archie was a canny boxer in his day, so canny that his skill led him to the light-heavyweight championship of the world. Seemingly, he went on forever, and only recently did he retire (which some still don't believe he means). But Archie can be counted on to go right on fighting, and a fight indeed it is that he has taken on now. He has traveled nationwide, explaining his ABC program to mayors, governors, and politicians.

During a visit to Washington, D.C., he testified before a Congressional committee looking into the causes of riots in American cities. His ABC plan has impressed many people, and they hope ABC will soon become a national program.

Recently the Navy honored Archie Moore, inviting him to one of its largest Naval stations for the ceremonies.

"Our people are interested in what you are doing to help boys," said Rear Admiral David Lambert, commander, Training Command, Pacific. "What I found out about it, I certainly approved."

The admiral asked the champion many questions about his boy-developing program. Then Admiral Lambert presented to the man who literally fought his way up from poverty a plaque with the Training Command seal. Moore also was awarded a plaque by Captain William B. Fargo, commanding officer, Fleet Training Center, and a letter of commendation for his work with youth, which ended: "This Command salutes you, Archie Moore, a great American."

Today's fight is indeed a tough one for Archie Moore. He is waging his own war, using a program many feel could mean salvation from ruinous city rioting. After his well-publicized reply upon receiving the "Mr. San Diego" award for 1968, Walter Winchell wrote of him: "Take a lesson in goodwill among all men from Archie Moore, champion in and out of the ring."

His hometown paper, the *San Diego Union*, also carried a prideful editorial: "War . . . may forge a common bond between men. All men look alike in a foxhole. The record of the Negro soldier in Vietnam should make his people proud. But again, there should be a common bond between men of goodwill under any circumstance. What is the common bond that should bring people of different races together? Archie Moore, the former boxing champion, perhaps said it one way:

Archie Moore (right, back row) and some of his ABC boys visit Washington, D.C., and are welcomed by Government officials, including Bob Mathias (next to Archie), former Olympic decathlon champion and California Congressman, Senator George Murphy (fifth from left) from California, and Congressman Bob Wilson (fourth from left) from San Diego.



AND HIS ABC

Duane Valentry

"I fought all my life to give my children what I'm able to give them today; a chance for development as citizens in the greatest country of the world. Something must be done to reach the Negroes and whites in the ghettos of this country, and I propose to do something."

Riots he terms as "senseless," and he is convinced they can be stopped before they start.

"I don't for a moment think any truly responsible Negro wants anarchy," he says. "I don't think you'll find intelligent—no, let's rephrase that—mature Negroes running wild in the streets or sniping at total strangers.

"By teaching our youth what dignity is, what self-respect is, what honor is, I've been able to obliterate juvenile delinquency in several areas. I would like to expand my ABC program and change its scope. If any boy can, surely any man can. I want to take teams of qualified people, top men in their fields, into the trouble areas of our cities. If some bigot can misguide, then I can guide!"

Archie believes there has to be a meeting of qualified men of both races. "Mind you, I said qualified men, not some punk kid, canting the catch phrases put in his mouth by some paid hater. Do we bring those who worked to get ahead down to the level of those who didn't? The world owes nobody—black or white—a living. God helps the man who helps himself."

Abundance, selfishness, complacency, apathy, dependency—these things can destroy, he says, while "spiritual faith,

courage, and liberty are the things that have made America great."

Archie Moore's hair is gray today, and his figure would call for his famous diet in the old fighting days, but this man in his mid-fifties has a dynamic way about him. Eloquent as he always has been during his ring days, he can talk up a dream such as ABC with fire enough to get the President himself behind it.

Few boxing fans will ever forget how Archie at thirty-eight fought Rocky Marciano for the championship, and lost, or how he won his famous battle with Yvon Durelle in Montreal when he had passed forty. The French Canadian knocked him down three times in the first round and once in the fifth, but the resourceful "Ol' Mongoose" came back from the mat to win by a knockout.

Archie perfected the art of The Boast, but on him it sat well, probably because of his mischievous sense of humor that all could appreciate. Besides, Moore was often generous and gracious; he gave away his money as though he printed it himself in the basement instead of making it the hard way of knocks and falls.

"In this game you have to be a finisher," he said after the Durelle fight. "And you don't learn it in a school for young ladies."

Certainly Archie Moore didn't. Although he knocked out 140 opponents, he took his lumps too. A ghetto boy from Mississippi, he was the son of a farm laborer. He left school to work on the levee and learned early in life to use his fists. As a young boxer, a middleweight, he won fight after fight but couldn't get a try at the light-heavyweight title, hungry for it though he was. The managers kept him at arm's length until he was thirty, when they figured he couldn't have too much punch left. They were wrong, and he grabbed the title.

They were still finding out how much punch he had left over a decade and a half later when his hair had turned gray.

Today Archie Moore lines up his clean, shining-eyed boys and shoots a barrage of questions at them.

"Now! What must a good student do?"

Back come the replies, rapid-fire: "Go to church." "Be a good American." "Get a high school diploma." "Be a lawyer." "Be a policeman." "Be a preacher." "Be a teacher." "Be a parent." "Be President."

Some have asked if ABC will endeavor to supplant the YMCA and similar groups. Archie says No. "We supplement the other groups. If they can take 4,500 kids off the street, we can take 4,500 more off."

The experimental plan has worked in Vallejo, California.

Two of Archie's boys mix it up a bit in learning the art of self-defense.





Back from one of his frequent trips, Archie is welcomed home by his boys and their friends who have worked out a Naval Seafaring motif.



Popular TV master of ceremonies Art Linkletter vigorously supports Archie Moore's boys program.

A savings and loan company and other business firms have had faith enough to put up funds for athletic equipment and a place for the boys to meet. In return they've noted unbelievable results, as described by Louis R. Farone, of Chief Francisco Solano Junior High School:

"To say that the program was effective is undoubtedly the understatement of all time. Boys who had been a problem to the school, their parents, and the community changed their attitudes and became leaders for improvement.

"I cannot commend Mr. Moore and his program too highly, nor can I thank him enough for his personal sacrifice in providing this program in this area. It has proved invaluable to us in the education of young boys and girls, and it has brought hope and encouragement to the parents of our community."

The golden rule is good enough for Archie, and he calls it the keystone of his life. His boys learn the Ten Commandments along with how to defend themselves. "The devil is at work in America," he says, "and it is up to us to drive him out."

Archie teaches his boys a "no drink, no smoke, no drugs" way of life. A total abstainer himself, he says: "We're on a brand-new concept—the ABC concept of moral, spiritual, and physical self-defense for young people.

"Narcotic addicts," he states, "live with one foot in the grave. We advise youth to forget smoking cigarettes, for

smoking causes ills associated with bad health and at the worst may lead to 'weed' smoking. This puts the smoker on the trail of bennies, speed, and heroin."

Along with moral principles, Archie teaches the boys respect for the flag. "Dignity, discipline, and respect are the steps to equality," he says. "But they must be mutual to work. ABC is the key in this nation."

The Boy Scouts of America think so too, because they've hired Moore to work with them. "The Boy Scouts hired me as a community relations specialist," says the former light-heavyweight champ. "It is their hope to reach down into the ghetto where scouting has been unable to reach the poor, the less fortunate, black boy."

ABC lets the boy earn his uniform by learning the ABC dialogue, a simple statement of basic moral principles fortified with Bible quotations, and developed by Moore shortly after his retirement from the ring.

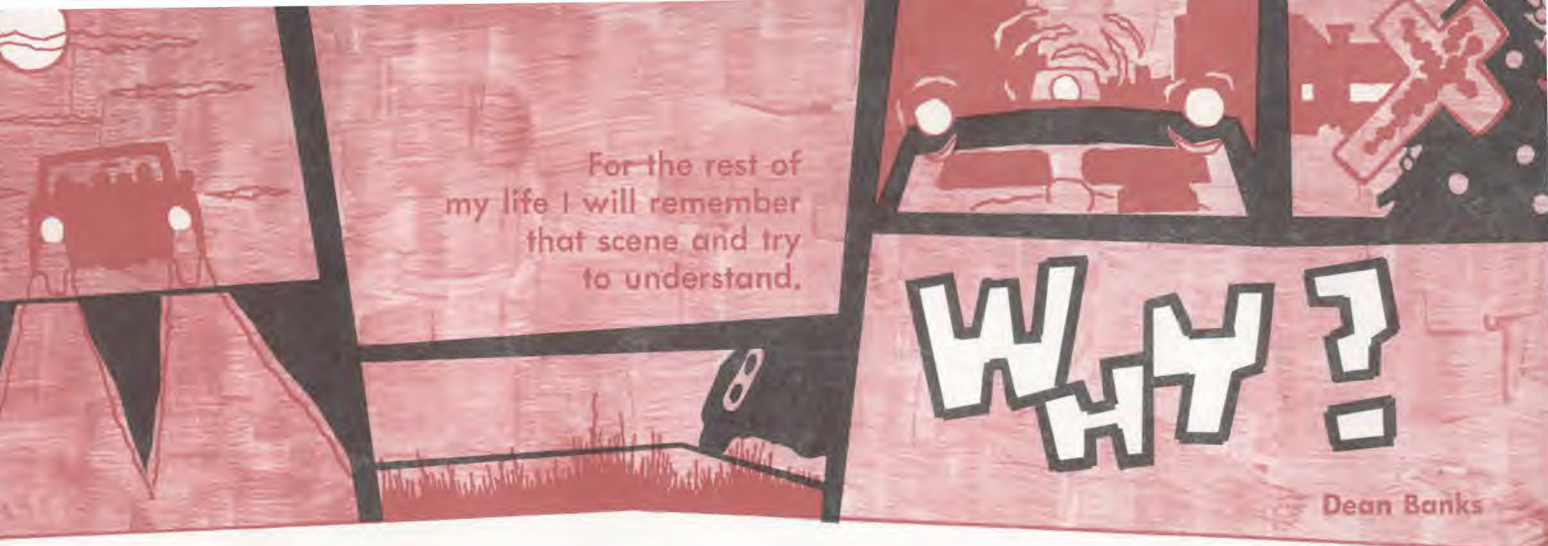
"The boy is proud of his uniform and all it stands for, and by the time he has been in ABC a full year, we have examined his school papers, his attitude, and his deportment. By this time these boys have developed to the point where they themselves can earn sufficient money to finance membership in the Boy Scouts."

"Archie Moore represents the true spirit of every red-blooded American," said a reporter before his visit in Milwaukee where crowds filled the auditorium to hear him talk about ABC. "Archie never owed America a thing. But he never figured it owed him anything, either. He slugged his way out of the ghetto; he didn't torch his way out. All he asked of the Government was that it make the champions fight him. He knew he could take it from there."

He did. And he can do it again. Said United States Congressman Robert L. Leggett: "This simple program, invented, if you will, by this devoted man with built-in character, who believes that God and country come first and that honesty is born in every man, has literally worked miracles in my hometown; and it can do the same in yours."

In 1968 Archie was voted Mr. San Diego and was awarded the plaque by John Quimby, president of the Grant club. Obviously, young D'Angelo Moore is proud of his illustrious father.





Until that night last November I often wondered who suffers most because of the highway slaughter caused by drinking drivers. Since then I've become only too aware of the answer.

It was shortly before midnight. Some relatives and I were driving home to Corpus Christi, Texas, alone on a flat, monotonous stretch of pavement beside the Gulf Coast. A bright Thanksgiving moon hung before us, putting the finishing touches to a pleasant holiday. Then our headlights picked out the two smashed cars yards ahead.

Beside the highway lay a red convertible, upright and apparently not too damaged. But the other car, a light sedan, squatted in the center of the road; its crushed front and shattered windshield told us what to expect. Cruelly, a burning interior light displayed the human tragedy within that twisted mass of steel. From it a young girl's screams pierced the still night. Her cries blended with screeching tires as our driver let us out and then raced down the highway to find a telephone. It would be a long time before an ambulance arrived; the nearest hospital was some thirty miles away.

A young man stumbled toward us from the driver's side of the sedan, hands covering his face. "What happened?" he asked softly. "Why did it turn in front of us?" Then he paused. "My face hurts," he said, lowering his right hand. The boy's nose and cheek were crushed, and a bloody right eye was already swelling shut.

Suddenly the battered youth turned toward the sedan. "My father. How's my father?" he cried as he limped toward the car. I stopped him. "See about my father," he pleaded, "and our friends—the woman and her little boy and girl—"

While my sister made the young man lie on the grass beside the road, I walked over to his car. Two adults, a man and a woman, were in the front seat; the children had been thrown onto the rear floorboard. The balding, middle-aged man sat beside the right door, his crushed head pressed rigidly back against the seat. Staring through the broken windshield, he was unaware of the moonlight which shrouded his face. Beside the body sat the young woman, her head and shoulders jerking fitfully as she struggled to breathe through mangled flesh and bone.

The little girl behind the front seat never stopped screaming. On the floorboard, she inched slowly toward the open front door, dragging a twisted leg. In spite of her cries, the grim scene appeared to brighten a little when she looked up at me; the lovely little face had not been scratched. A small boy lay on the opposite floorboard look-

ing around with a dazed, helpless expression, apparently uninjured. When the cars had crashed, the children probably were asleep on the back seat.

At the red convertible, I found the front door open on the driver's side. A man lay halfway out of the car, feet under the steering wheel and head and shoulders on the edge of the highway. Except for a slight cut on his chin, there were no apparent injuries. The driver of the convertible was not screaming, gasping for breath, or staring blindly at the sky. From his throat came the unmistakable roar of deep snoring. A squat, brown bottle, contents still foaming, lay by his arm. When he coughed once, the putrid odor of beer spoiled the air. I stared at the stub of a Thanksgiving dance ticket still pinned to his shirt collar.

I lost all concern for the young man at my feet. Litter on the road told a familiar story of a drunk swerving into the path of unsuspecting, helpless victims. Looking down at the snoring figure, I involuntarily clenched my fists. My jaws tightened. Someone beside me spat out the words, "I wonder if he has a wife and children."

"Or a father?" another voice added as we walked back to the sedan.

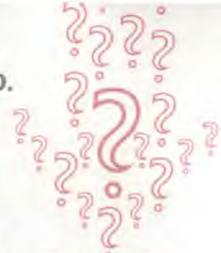
A ruptured gas line had spread a dangerous pool beneath the car, so we removed the children. Then we could only wait helplessly as their mother's blood drained from her torn face. "Where's that ambulance!" someone cried every few minutes. We kept imagining sirens and flashing red lights down the highway toward Corpus Christi.

The long seconds were marked by the rasping monotone of the woman's breathing and the steady sobbing of the little girl. From the convertible the snoring grew louder, as though competing with the agonizing sounds from the young mother and her daughter.

While waiting, I talked with the boy, the seventeen-year-old who had been driving the sedan. "We were going home to Rockport," he said, trembling. "We were almost home." Then he looked toward the car and asked again, "Sir, how's my father?"

The question numbed my entire body. I could see the boy's face clearly in the moonlight, and how thankful I was that he was looking away from my face when he asked the question. Finally I managed to say, "Son, don't you think your dad wants you to take it easy and stop worrying?" That seemed to satisfy his question.

Still looking toward the crumpled car, he asked, "Sir, what happened? I remember the lights swerving into us. I didn't have time—"



YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Does the use of "soft" drinks lead to the use of "hard" drinks?

A "soft" drink, as I understand the term, is a manufactured nonalcoholic drink. With that definition in mind, I believe we would still have to divide "soft" drinks into two principle classes: cola drinks and noncaffeine drinks, both of which contain artificial sweeteners or some low-cost sugar for sweetening, and artificial flavoring.

Cola drinks contain caffeine and consequently are stimulating in the same way and for the same reason that coffee and tea are stimulating. Except for the sugar in them there is little or no food value contained in these drinks. They have a tendency to be irritating to the stomach and to the nervous system. The cheap sugars tend to encourage tooth decay, especially in the teen-ager. They may also encourage adventurous drinkers to search for other drinks with a greater "kick."

Yes, the cola drinks may encourage the use of "hard" or alcoholic drinks. Probably the environment in which the drinking takes place, that is, the crowd, is the strongest determining factor. The suggestion of any one person in the group would easily determine the course of the group.

As to the real soft drinks, the nonalcoholic, noncaffeine drinks (such as lemon-lime sodas and ginger ale), let it be said that because these drinks contain no vitamins or minerals, and because sugar alone tends to be irritating to the secreting membranes of the stomach, these drinks do have a tendency to undermine the body's nutritional balance. Thus in large quantities they may be detrimental to the health. They may even add to other nutritional imbalance and in time overload the regulating system so that diabetes or other nutritional deficiency diseases develop. The irritating effect of sugar on an empty stomach may stimulate a thirst for stronger drinks.

On the other hand, fruit juices or vegetable juices and drinks containing vitamins and minerals in their natural state and proper proportions, taken in temperate quantities, can aid in improving the health and provide energy for true and lasting adventure.

"It wasn't your fault," I assured him. "You couldn't have done anything—no one could have. You just didn't have a chance."

"But why? Why did it run into us?" he wanted to know. I didn't try to answer. I just muttered something about how lucky he was to have had his seat belt fastened. As I said it, I remembered that the boy's father still had his seat belt on; with the dash shoved back into his face, it had not helped.

After forty minutes two ambulances arrived and the injured were taken to Corpus Christi's Memorial Hospital. I promised the boy I would see him there as soon as I could. I forced myself to enter the emergency room, and only then did I learn the full extent of the tragedy on Highway 35.

Charles (I learned the boy's name from the admitting office) said his mother could not be reached at home in Rockport. Since a temporary heart failure six years ago, she had lain in an irreversible coma. And now Charles's father was dead, killed by that drunken twist of a steering wheel.

The injured children and their mother were Charles's neighbors. Only three months before the wreck a chronic disease had taken the life of the children's father. Now their mother, like Charles's, lies in the hospital in a coma. Doctors give no hope that she will ever regain consciousness.

In the emergency room that night, the driver of the red convertible quickly responded to ammonia waved before his nose. He refused to give permission for a blood test. "Call my wife," he kept saying to a police officer. "I want to talk to my wife."

A few feet away, behind a curtain partition, a boy was asking, "May I talk with my father? How is he?" Across the room, a child cried for her mother.

The youngsters will bear no outward scars of the collision on Highway 35. The little girl remained in the hospital several weeks recovering from a badly fractured leg and shoulder. She did not make it home for Christmas.

Christmas. What an empty time it was for several! And what a miserable Christmas it must have been for the driver who refused to believe that alcohol and a steering wheel could turn him into a killer!

The young man's trial began in May at Refugio, Texas. Subpoenaed as a witness, I drove up that morning and parked before the old county courthouse. It was the first time I had ever had the responsibility of testifying about a person's guilt or innocence, and for over thirty minutes I sat there trying to understand the uncertainty I felt. This was a murder trial—"murder by motor vehicle while under the influence of alcohol." Somehow, the charge seemed evasive, much too simple. I felt there were other things to consider about the collision on Highway 35. The young man was responsible for his actions, but should he receive full blame for the circumstances which prompted those actions? He was twenty-one, old enough to purchase alcohol legally; but can any man actually have legal rights to consume something which robs him of human feeling and moral responsibility?

In the courtroom I met Charles again. He smiled while showing me how straight his nose was. Doctors at Corpus Christi did a wonderful job of preventing any noticeable scars.

Charles also talked about his "new family," friends with whom he now lives, and about his high school graduation a few days before. Like any young man he was excited about attending college in the fall. Here, despite deep personal tragedy, stood an optimistic youth.

Over by the judge's bench sat a stricken figure, a gaunt skeleton which I hardly recognized as the once husky driver of the red convertible. In a weak, hollow voice, he entered a guilty plea and answered questions about the charges against him. He stared at his hands while the prosecutor recommended a four-year prison sentence.

After setting the penalty, the judge shook his head slowly. As he continued to speak, his voice was steady, almost harsh; but his eyes, his entire face, expressed pain and bewilderment. "I doubt if you really understand what you have done," he said, "but you know better than anyone else how you have to try to explain it to yourself. You will still be trying the day you die."

I walked out of the courthouse thinking of the judge's words. Yes, the young man would have to answer his conscience. And for the rest of my life I will remember the scene on that highway and try to understand.

Build, Don't Destroy, Say Youth

Noise Can Be Deadly

Noise is as much of a health hazard as other pollutants, says Dr. Gerald D. Dorman, president of the American Medical Association. Noise can be much more than an annoyance. The sounds that bombard us day and night can be both a physical and a psychological danger.

The blare of the record player, the shouts of youngsters at play, the bark of the neighbor's dog, the rasping whine of the vacuum cleaner, the whir of the clothes washer, the raucous chords of the teen-age musicians down the block.

The physician has a role in control of noise pollution, just as in control of air and water pollution. He can serve as liaison between his patients and the engineers and other specialists who can provide the sound environment conducive to good health. He can help his patients adjust to those conditions that cannot be changed.

Star Nixes Smoke Ads

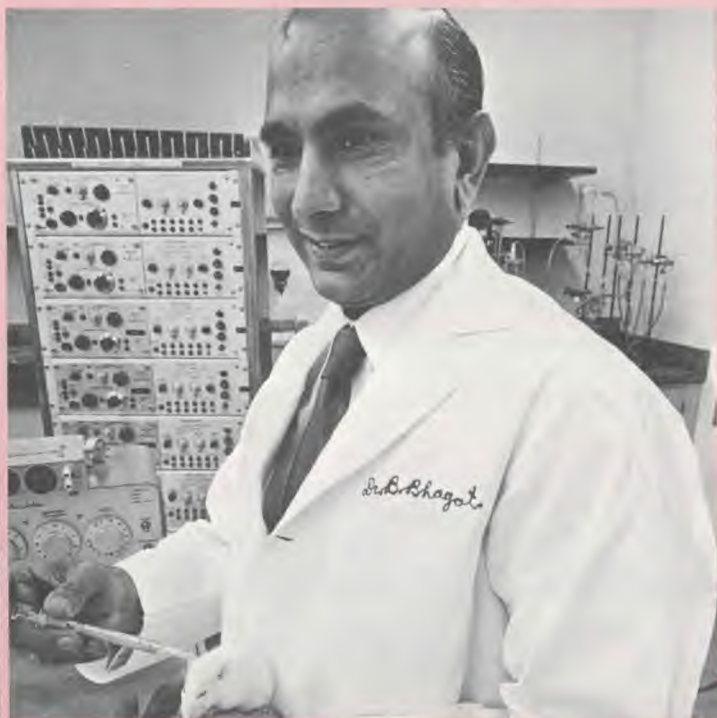
When Andy Williams resumed his weekly television program this fall, he plopped himself into the smoking debate.

"I made a statement I'd have no cigarette sponsors on my show; then I discovered I had two cigarette spots already signed by the network. I still don't think cigarettes should be on television at all. The advertising is directed at kids. After I made my statement, one of the cigarette sponsors dropped out.

"Then NBC pointed out that they were on the spot because they'd already signed a contract. So NBC said they would guarantee me a full-minute anticigarette spot on the whole network directly following my show if I'd send out an explanatory release and let them keep the one cigarette spot.

"I sent out the news release and it explained that the network already had contracted for the cigarette spot and had to carry it. But I still said that I don't believe cigarettes should be on television or at least not until late when the children aren't watching."

Williams, a former smoker, said he voluntarily quit cigarettes several years ago. Subsequently, he said, "I found out about cigarettes and the harm they cause young people from Robert Kennedy, and I got active about it."



Cigarette smokers may not only be psychologically dependent on cigarettes, but may also have a genuine physiological need for nicotine, reports Dr. B. Bhagat, Associate professor of Pharmacology and Physiology at St. Louis University. Here he uses some of the equipment in the background to study recordings of the heartbeats and blood pressure of rats injected with nicotine. He has found that nicotine induced an increased production of a nerve hormone, norepinephrine, that stimulated the brain's hypothalamus. Withdrawal, he said, caused a depression of the hyperactivity of the body and created a physiological need for more nicotine.

To Quit Cigarettes, Think Positively

Instead of smoking, try floating like a balloon and thinking positive. If you are hooked on cigarettes and really want to get unhooked, there is a new hope, says Dr. Herbert Spiegel, psychiatrist at Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Dr. Spiegel's ploy is to get away from the idea of "giving up smoking," and, instead, to emphasize a worthwhile goal—respecting the body. His patients are taught to induce themselves into a state of intense concentration.

In this state, they are taught to ponder three basic ideas:

Smoking is a poison to your body. Your body is a plant through which you live.

Therefore, you owe your body respect and protection if you want to live.

Think, says Dr. Spiegel, of an

itchy nose. If you concentrate on an itching nose, it will just itch the more. It is the same with smoking. If you concentrate on quitting smoking, you will become obsessed with the idea of smoking. If you commit yourself to protecting your body, however, it will distract from the urge to smoke; and the urge will eventually wither away.

Spiegel, who was a two-pack-a-day man until eight years ago, when he used his method to quit tobacco, has treated 615 patients in this manner.

After six months, questionnaires were mailed to all the patients, and 44 percent responded. Assuming that all who didn't respond had started smoking again, the results were that at least 20 percent were still not smoking. Of the patients who had started again, 90 percent had stopped for a significant time.

A current corollary has been found to the adage that you can't tell a book from its cover: You can't tell about college students from the headlines.

A nationwide poll of student and alumni attitudes produces this get-with-it conclusion: The militant minority may occupy and tear up campus buildings and discipline; but the great majority of those at college hit the books, go to classes, have a religious faith, and dream of getting ahead in this world as have past generations.

Additionally, most of the students say that the U.S. way of life is basically sound. And only 9 percent of all college students could be categorized as revolutionaries—those contending that present institutions should be scrapped.

These are some of the impressions in a poll by Roper Research Associates among 1,500 students and about 700 alumni. Here are some of their specific conclusions: Less than one fourth of the college students have smoked marijuana. It appears that 3 percent have taken a trip on LSD. About 47 percent say smoking pot should be legalized.

About 60 percent of the college students believe in God. Some 40 percent of the freshmen and 33 percent of the seniors said they believe there is a Supreme Being who created the earth and who rewards or punishes everyone.

On campus life issues: A majority of students felt that student activity has some beneficial effect; but 82 percent said it has gone to an extreme, at least in some instances.

Sixty-five percent of the students questioned said they agreed with some of the goals of the militant Students for a Democratic Society, but a majority disagreed with some of its goals and methods. Only 4 percent of those questioned in the Roper poll said they agreed with everything represented by the SDS.

How wide is the so-called generation gap?

Two thirds of the seniors and freshmen said they agree with their parents on most things.

In This NEWS

◆ Is alcohol worse than pot? See page 16.

◆ Some words have great listening appeal. See page 17.

◆ A new way to stop smoking. See page 18.

Alcohol or Pot-Which Is Worse?

To find the answer to the question whether marijuana or alcohol is worse for driving, Doug Toms, director of motor vehicles for the State of Washington, conducted experiments with 36 subjects, 9 female and 27 male, average age 23, most of them graduate students, no hippies, dropouts, or oddballs, but all of them regular users of marijuana and alcohol.

These subjects were tested over a period of six weeks in the University of Washington Department of Pharmacology, Seattle, where the attorney general declared they would be safe from arrest.

After thorough physicals each one was given two marijuana cigarettes which, on the average, made them high in less than 30 minutes. A half hour later they were given their first driving test on a Link driver trainer. A second test was given two and a half hours later, and a third test an hour later.

Each subject took three driving runs while high on marijuana.

Later that same week each of the subjects was given six to eight ounces of alcohol, enough to get him high. They were then subjected to the same battery of driving tests.

The results show that the driver is a greater threat when under the influence of alcohol than when under the influence of marijuana. Of course the best without question is for motorists to be under the influence of common sense and normal faculties.

The investigator says: "I, personally, would rather ride in a car where the chauffeur is high on pot than in a car where the chauffeur is high on alcohol. My feelings and observations, and that's all they are—they are not scientific conclusions—lead me to believe that marijuana has a submissive effect on users. It alters their time, space, and speed perceptions. Alcohol tends to make its users aggressive and impairs driving ability more than marijuana."

Alcohol Is a Problem in Russia

Alcohol was blamed for 85 percent of murders resulting last year from fighting.

Of all traffic accidents, 50 percent were due to drinking.

Of all divorces, 40 percent resulted from heavy drinking by either the husband or wife, or both.

In the capital city alone, 68 percent of the drowning victims were drunk.

We'll tell you what—those Russians had better watch it.

One indication alcoholism in the Soviet Union is a serious problem is that the subject is dealt with periodically in the central Russian press, reflecting the extent of government and Communist party concern.

In addition to a survey already cited above, another says that the typical teen-age criminal in the Soviet Union today is likely to be, among other things, a chronic drinker.

The survey, which examined 1,000 case histories, found that 66 percent of the young lawbreakers were reported under the influence of liquor at the time they committed their offense.

Of the 1,000 cases, 84 percent of the teen-agers drank "systematically," the survey said.

Part of the problem up to now is that there has never been a genuine national discussion on the social and psychological origins of alcoholism in the Soviet Union.

For many decades Russia has considered drunkenness a disease foisted upon the exploited and ill-fed capitalist worker, forcing him to seek solace in liquor.

In past years, Soviet leaders have attempted to cut public consumption of vodka without delving into the reasons for alcoholism. What that led to, any investigator from a capitalistic country could have told them.

They introduced sharp price rises on hard liquor and set rigid limits on consumption in restaurants. The experiment was a failure. Higher prices simply took a greater proportion of the workers' pay for vodka. Cognac consumption increased because of the limit on vodka sales in restaurants. When vodka bars shut, sales by the bottle went up.

Alcoholism burps an international language.

Habits of Smoke and Drink Are Related

There may be a link between alcoholism, smoking, and lung disease.

Studies at Melbourne University and Melbourne's St. Vincent's Hospital have shown that chronic obstructive lung disease is a characteristic illness of alcoholics, particularly those who smoke.

The report, published in the latest issue of the *Medical Journal of Australia*, also found that alcoholics were twice as likely to be smokers as nonalcoholics.

"The results have shown that chronic obstructive lung disease is the characteristic pulmonary illness

of the alcoholic," the *Journal* report says.

"As with the nonalcoholic, it is related to smoking habits and social class.

"The higher frequency of chronic bronchitis in alcoholics than in nonalcoholics can be explained by alcoholics being twice as likely to be smokers as the nonalcoholics. Unfortunately, despite their high risk of chronic bronchitis, alcoholics appear less able than nonalcoholics to stop smoking."

For this reason, the report says, there seems little chance of reducing disease among these people.

Needed: A Good Scolding for Husbands

Women should give their husbands a good scolding when they come home drunk, says the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of Russia.

"Women's attitudes to their husbands' drinking are extremely important," according to the report. "A woman must react very strongly the first time she sees her husband in a drunken condition. If this is done, we would not have so many alcoholics."

Tobacco Ads Go Down

Cigarette advertising dropped by \$1 million in 1968, says the Federal Trade Commission.

Total advertising expenditure for the year came to \$310,700,000 for cigarettes. Television was down from \$226,900,000 in 1967 to \$217,200,000 in 1968, but still represented 70 cents of each \$1 spent by the industry as a whole.

Advertising in newspapers and magazines totaled \$44,600,000, an increase of \$3,400,000; advertising over radio came to \$21,300,000, an increase of \$3,800,000; \$21,300,000 in direct mail, up \$1,300,000; and \$6,000,000 in other forms of advertising, the same as the preceding year.

Jolt for Glue Sniffers

If glue could be made unpleasant to sniff, then glue sniffers would stop sniffing it for pleasure, and the nation's largest manufacturer of airplane cement thinks it has found the way.

The Testor Corporation, which sells 25 million tubes of model cement a year, is adding oil of mustard—known technically as allyl isothiocyanate—to the glue.

Under the new formula, the details of which Testor is offering to other manufacturers of inhalable solvents, the glue gives the sniffer the same kind of nasal jolt produced by too much horseradish, instead of the narcotic high he is seeking.



D.T.'s

Chlordiazepoxide has been found to be an effective drug in the prevention of delirium with tremors and convulsions during the acute stage of alcoholic withdrawal.

In a large-scale study of Veterans Administration hospitals, four drugs commonly used for the treatment of alcoholic withdrawal symptoms were evaluated: chlordiazepoxide, chlorpromazine, hydroxyne, and thiamine.

Improvement occurred essentially during the first two days of treatment; success or failure rates were keyed to the occurrence of convulsions and delirium.

Chlordiazepoxide gave the best results in both these disturbances; only 1 percent of the patients developed convulsions and delirium tremens. Chlorpromazine had the worst score.

Methadone

A program of motivation and rehabilitation with the nonaddicting substitute methadone has proven effective in a large proportion of criminal drug addicts.

In a study conducted at the New York City Correctional Institute for Men, 12 addicts were voluntarily started on methadone before they left jail and then referred to the program for aftercare.

Ten of the 12 men used heroin at least once after release from prison, but the blocking effect of methadone was successful—none became re-addicted.

Nine of the 12 had no further convictions during a year's follow-up study.

Every man in an untreated control group became addicted after released from jail.



In Hamburg, Germany, this beehive-style apartment house made up of 345 units reflects our plural society. The complex was erected in a record time of ten months through the use of prefabricated sections.



"Business is lousy. I think it was a mistake hiring you two identical twins!"

Drug Solution Needs Mutual Talk

"You don't have to tell kids drugs can ruin their lives. They already know it."

Speaking is Marge, a 22-year-old New Jersey drug addict, now attempting to get out of her narcotics problem at Encounter, a rehabilitation center in New York City.

"Why don't you spend less money on so-called drug education programs and more on getting teachers who can really communicate with kids?" she asks.

"You have to help kids overcome the problems that lead to addiction," she says. "Why don't you forget math, science, and other subjects for one period a day and let the teachers talk to students as equals. Let the students talk about their problems, and let them see the teachers as human beings with real faults."

To her classmates at a middle-class suburban high school in New Jersey, Marge appeared to be the girl who had everything. She was good-looking, at the top of her classes, and editor of the school literary magazine.

But inwardly Marge was racked with loneliness and adolescent problems that she could not talk over with her parents or her teachers. As a result, she says, she turned to drugs, and almost ruined her life.

Marge tells her story as an example of how problems can build up, even in kids who appear to be completely normal.

"From the second grade on I was

the smartest kid in class," she recalls. "I learned to be competitive in school all right, but nobody knew how desperately in need I was of affection and someone I could talk to."

Women Are Safer Drivers

Women make better drivers than men.

Who says so? The insurance companies of Switzerland and Great Britain.

By "better," of course, they mean "safer." Which in turn means that insurance premiums for female drivers are lower than for male drivers.

Women are "safer" on the highways because they are less competitive and probably more mature. They are not possessed by some adolescent compulsion to prove that their car can go faster than others. They are not personally affronted when overtaken and passed. They do not believe that driving at 90 miles per hour proves their superiority.

Women are largely sensible people who regard cars as a means of transportation.

Men seem to transfer their competitiveness to the highways where they take more risks, have more turnovers, and cause more deaths.

Words Can Show Love

Judge Ray Harrison of Des Moines, Iowa, conducts a weekly court class to help keep alcoholics off their drink. Here is one approach he uses:

"Certain words in the English language have great listening appeal. The television boys take advantage of this in their use of these words. President Franklin Roosevelt was a champion when his writers would fill his fireside talks with words like mother, liberty, country, happiness, love, loyalty, God.

"So it is with the drunk. There are certain words you can say to him to which he lends a little more attentive ear.

"For instance, sell him the idea that you are convinced he is not going to drink and that you are happy being sober. I always say to a new man, 'I'll give three to one that you make it.' This is a very appealing thing to one who has no friends and who has been condemned by everybody. He finally now has someone in his corner who is betting on him. It helps him keep sober. In other words, what we try to convey to him is some degree of love."

Fun, Fun, Only Fun!

In his search for fun and pleasure modern man is going to some "extremely interesting lengths," observes Senior Editor Frank Trippe, writing in *Look*. "The funscape is a statistical banquet."

Then he gets down to specifics: "In one vastly surveyed recent year, Americans went swimming 970 million times, played outdoor sports 929 million times (there being 26 million players of softball alone), and bicycled 467 million times. The incidence of picnicking (451 million), fishing (322 million), and camping (97 million) is equally impressive.

"One may pity the 100,000 practitioners of Moo Duk Kwan Tang Soo Do (as Korean karate is called), but one must sit up at the thought that in 1967 some 41 million Americans used about 8.3 million boats and spent some \$3 billion at retail in doing so.

"Imagine it: 10 million golfers on 9,615 courses, 15,000 pigeon racers, 40 million kites sold, 18 million roller skaters, 200,000 squash players, 94,000 tennis courts, around 2,000 sporting goods manufacturers, 10 million horseshoe pitchers, 150,000 mountain climbers, \$1 billion worth of movie tickets, 20 million sports shooters including 17 million hunters, \$5 billion spent on TV sets, radios, phonos, tape gear, and \$1.2 billion spent on records.

"One cannot forget those fun walks, far more than a billion of them, and one wonders whether the Merrill Lynch researcher who estimated the fun market at \$150 billion figured in the cost of shoe leather.

"One wonders too what portion of the \$420,020,000 spent on headache remedies yearly should be ascribed to the fun-quest."

WHAT WHERE WHY WHO WHEN HOW WHAT

◆ There are at least as many individuals driving cars under the influence of one form of drug or another as there are under the influence of liquor, estimates Dr. Bernard Newman, president of the National Association of Police Laboratories. Dr. Newman classifies as drugs all forms of drugs from the common aspirin to pain-killers to tranquilizers to heroin. (*Law and Order*)

◆ Indiana laws dealing with narcotics and dangerous drugs are more than adequate, "in fact, excellent," according to Sgt. John Ferguson, head of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. "What we need now is a crash educational program to develop a greater awareness of the problem," he says. (AP)

◆ The effects of marijuana could trigger an attack of asthma in a susceptible person, and active users may experience chronic bronchitis, warns the *Journal of School Health*. There have been no deaths in this country due to physical effects of "grass," the magazine reports; but if a tremendous overdose were taken, the mechanism of death would probably be respiratory failure.

◆ Almost 20 percent of adult Californians report they frequently use tranquilizers, stimulants, or sedatives, says *California Medicine*. Tranquilizers are the most common type of drug used, with 10 percent of adults using them. The use of stimulants was reported by 6 percent and sedatives by 7 percent. Compared with the national average, California use of each of these three types of drugs was higher than that of the rest of the country. (AMA News)

TV Use Climbs

Americans bought and watched more television, spun piles of records on a mountain of phonographs, and paid top prices to see movies and plays in their search for entertainment in 1968.

A big chunk of the entertainment dollar was spent on television sets, radios, phonographs, and tape equipment. The tab for 1968 is estimated at \$5 billion, compared with a \$4.6 billion outlay in 1967.

Television sets accounted for about half the total, with an estimated 12 million units sold in 1968, compared with 1967's 11.7 million.

As the number of TV sets grew so did watching time. The Television Bureau of Advertising said usage reached an estimated 5 hours 46 minutes per TV household a day in 1968, four minutes more than the previous high of 5 hours 42 minutes posted in 1967.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Easy Cure for "Sick" Words

Frieda M. Lease

"Cure" each ailing word by changing only one letter.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. infirm _____ | to tell |
| 2. weak _____ | topmost |
| 3. blind _____ | to mix |
| 4. ill _____ | entire |
| 5. faint _____ | to color |
| 6. hurt _____ | seek |
| 7. defect _____ | discover |
| 8. fever _____ | a pry |
| 9. pain _____ | chief part |
| 10. sick _____ | kind of cloth |
| 11. deaf _____ | plant outgrowth |
| 12. lame _____ | recognition |
| 13. fret _____ | release |
| 14. wound _____ | whole |
| 15. ache _____ | unit of measure |
| 16. grief _____ | short |
| 17. pale _____ | part of book |
| 18. burn _____ | a shelter |

Simply Rub Away Your Smoking Habit

Want to stop smoking? Here's Dr. Roger D. Egeberg's formula. The new assistant secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs says it worked for him twenty years ago:

"The way to break a habit is to substitute another habit. One idea was to rub amber beads whenever you wanted a smoke. Well, I couldn't afford amber beads. And glass beads didn't have the same feel.

"So I got a .45 bullet with a lead nose and kept that in my pocket. Whenever I wanted a smoke I'd rub that lead bullet until I'd go home with my fingers black.

"When I particularly wanted a cigarette, I'd put the bullet between my teeth and bite it. Then it occurred to me that it might explode. That was enough to keep me from wanting a cigarette for three hours at least. After a few weeks, I never wanted to smoke again."

It Might Be Too Late

The Rev. Daniel Egan, long known as Manhattan's "Junkie Priest," says, "It may be too late for New York and Philadelphia to solve their drug addiction problems."

Father Egan, who has worked with addicts in New York City for more than twenty years, claims that because of official neglect, "thousands of unknown addicts are certain to be walking the streets of Philadelphia."

"Experience has taught us," he says, "that if a community has only 150 known addicts, there are thousands around that we don't know about. In the lifetime of the average addict, he will contaminate a minimum of ten other persons."

Father Egan says prisons fail to deal with the "deeper problems" of addicts.

"In prison they give an addict twelve tranquilizers, and tell them not to hit the guards again. If we are going to do something about the drug problem plaguing the United States, we've got to deal with addicts as we treat other persons with serious character disorders. All we are doing is treating the symptom of the disease."

Danger: Wet Drivers

Alcoholism is the single greatest cause of auto deaths, according to the acting director of the National Highway Safety Bureau.

Therefore, Robert Brenner says, the cities, states, and Federal Government should team up to get alcoholics out from behind the steering wheels of autos. And he produces figures to sustain his thesis.

Of the 55,000 annual U.S. auto fatalities, he says, fully a third are attributable to use of alcohol.

But blood-alcohol tests show only 3 percent of the nation's drivers are really intoxicated—a condition which would be produced in a 150-pound person's downing five to six one-and-one-half-ounce shots of whiskey within an hour.

Brenner notes that it is usually only an alcoholic who can carry that much of a load and still get into his car.

"The evidence is overwhelming that a guy with this kind of blood alcohol ratio is more than a social drinker," he says. "The social drinker wouldn't be able to drive."

Therefore, he reasons, alcoholics are directly responsible for 15,000 to 20,000 auto fatalities a year.

The logic of the situation impels Brenner to say: "Lots of innocent people are being wiped out. The alcoholic may be a sick person, but the alcoholic driver is a criminal."

The safety bureau, an arm of the Federal Highway Administration, has begun a campaign to stop alcoholics from driving. A key point is to make it mandatory for physicians to report cases of alcoholism to driver-license agencies and courts, just as they report data on gunshot wounds, venereal disease, and epilepsy.

Moon Rocks

The 80 or so pounds of moon rock that the Apollo astronauts brought back to earth are the most analyzed specimens since Adam found Eve.

At least 144 scientists, spread all over the Western world, are subjecting the samples to every known test—after they were released from the Lunar Receiving Laboratory in Houston.

Smokes Costing More

Americans are smoking less but paying more for it. Although cigarette smoking has been declining for more than a year, the Big Five tobacco companies have raised their wholesale prices on almost all brands. In North Carolina, the only state without a cigarette tax, a pack costs anywhere from 30 to 35 cents. In New York City, where state and city taxes add another 12 cents to the price, a pack costs from 43 to 60 cents.

"IF YOU WANT TO SOAR WITH THE EAGLES IN THE MORNING, YOU CAN'T HOOT WITH THE OWLS AT NIGHT."

CBS Eliminates Tobacco Ads

The Columbia Broadcasting System says it will go along with a tobacco industry plan to end broadcast cigarette advertising by Dec. 31 if Congress approves.

But the network president says the plan is unfair to networks because it allows the tobacco industry to switch its advertising money to print.



This tender young miss is utterly shocked by the seemingly rough handling she is receiving from a Milford, Connecticut, doctor; but it was all for her own good. She was one of those who received an injection against measles at a clinic conducted by the city's department of health.

Answers to Puzzle:
1. inform 2. peak 3. blend 4. all 5. point 6. hunt 7. defect 8. lever 9. main 10. silk 11. leaf 12. fame 13. free 14. sound 15. acre 16. brief 17. page 18. barn.



What to buy your teen-agers for Christmas

1 Buy your daughter a
new hat...



2 Put a little something under
the tree for your
son, or...



3 Send them subscriptions
to LISTEN.

The price tag alone cannot measure a gift's true value. Take a "Listen" subscription, for example. It costs just \$3.50 for 12 issues. But each issue contains a message that can steer a teen-ager right for a lifetime—a message of healthful, happy living. And that's worth a lot more than a fast sports car or even a crown of gold.

"Listen's" articles talk about smoking, drinking, and the drug scene. But "Listen" doesn't preach. It just presents the facts and demonstrates them with true stories. The "Listen" interview articles let America's lively people do the talking—such people as sports stars, lawmakers, and respected stage and screen celebrities.

What to buy your teen-agers for Christmas? Whatever else you give them, be sure to include a "Listen" subscription. Because with each issue of "Listen" goes your message of love and concern. To place your order, just fill out the coupon below.

Gentlemen:

Please send a "Listen" subscription to the address below.

☐ Additional addresses are included on a separate sheet of paper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LISTEN, just \$3.50 for twelve months. Mail this coupon with your check or money order to "Listen," Dept. N. 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040.

DAVE STOCKTON--

"There's More to Golf Than Golf"

Interview by
Blendena L. Sonnichsen

Dave is a
real "swinger."



IF YOU were in your mid-twenties, a successful golfer with more than \$98,000 total earnings in 1968, would you retire?

"Absolutely not," answers Dave Stockton, one of the top-ranking golf pros in the country. "I hope to continue playing indefinitely. But I want to spend more time with my wife Cathy and my son David, who is a year old. Eventually I'll stop the intensive traveling and play only around twenty tournaments a year."

David Knapp Stockton, twenty-seven, has his future pretty well planned. A native son of San Bernardino, California, graduate of the University of Southern California with a degree in general management and minors in real estate and law, Dave is well prepared for a business career.

Dave became interested in golf when he was three years old. His father was an excellent golfer; and since their home was near the Arrowhead Country Club golf course in San Bernardino, playing a few rounds every day was convenient.

"As I grew up, I wanted to be a good golfer like Dad; but as a junior golfer I wasn't very successful," Dave says. "Golf starts in the spring. Summers I

worked in the lumberyard, so I didn't have much time to practice. Dad and I

played golf just enough to keep me interested. He had used a little psychology on me, too, and had got me interested in little league baseball. I got plenty of exercise but didn't burn myself out as a junior golfer. I came along slowly and, to my way of thinking, more successfully."

Obviously he has become successful, and he attributes much of this success to the fact that he is a good athlete, a nonsmoker, and a nondrinker. He plays a mental type of golf. He figures things out methodically and tries to reason out certain failures. He isn't a long hitter, but he is a very good putter and has perfect coordination. Before starting a game he analyzes the terrain, the weather, and himself. "There's more to golf than golf," he observes.

"I'm my biggest competitor," he explains seriously. "I usually play eighteen holes a day, and for me it's necessary to keep in trim mentally as well as physically."

In 1968 Dave teamed up with Al Geiberger to win the CBS Golf Classic; then he went on to win the Cleveland Open and the Milwaukee Open. His biggest surprise was winning \$62,000 in two weeks. That might tempt some golfers to slow down, but not Dave Stockton. He concentrated harder on his game for more perfection.

For young people Dave advises, "Get an education first. Get a job after school and summers and learn how to work and discipline yourself. If you're interested in golf, take your golfing in easy strides—don't rush. Later if you are still interested in improving your game, get in there and practice."

This principle seems to be the guiding star in all Dave Stockton's life.

Dave and Cathy Stockton are happy with the winner's trophy at the Colonial National Invitational tournament in Fort Worth, Texas, after Dave won the tournament with a seventy-two-hole score of 278.

