

NOVEMBER 1964

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*Life
and*

HEALTH

THE NATIONAL HEALTH JOURNAL



HOW THE NEXT PRESIDENT KEEPS HEALTHY

By J. DeWITT FOX, M.D.

ARE YOU A HIDDEN DIABETIC?

By K. E. CROSSLEY



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Facts, Fallacies and Physical Fitness

1 More than half of our nation's children do not get the 15 minutes of planned, vigorous activity—during each school day—that is basic to their physical development. (Fact)

2 Most physical education programs concentrate on the 10 percent or so of our youngsters interested in varsity sports. The other 90 percent—those most in need of physical conditioning—rarely get the daily, vigorous activity they need. (Fact)

3 Physical activity does more than develop an efficient muscular system. It is beneficial to the heart, lungs and the functioning of other internal organs. (Fact)

4 Since our youngsters are taller and heavier than those of only a generation ago, it stands to reason that they are also better off physically. (False)

5 There's no correlation between physical fitness and academic progress. (False)

6 An adequate physical education program in schools takes up too much time and requires costly equipment and facilities. (False)

Is your child's school doing all that it should to improve the health and physical fitness of every girl and every boy? There's a very simple way to find out. Just write for the free booklet from the President's Council on Physical Fitness, Washington 25, D.C. This booklet lists the four points that all physical education programs should include.

If you find that the program in your child's school doesn't meet the recommended program, take action. Contact school officials and community leaders. They will welcome your interest and support.



CANADIAN READER

DEAR EDITOR:

This is the first time I have read LIFE AND HEALTH, and I enjoyed it very much. The copy of LIFE AND HEALTH I have is dated December, 1960. I hope you will be able to send copies to me in Canada.

I have had magazine salesmen call on us for subscriptions, but the selections were not very good. We are a family, and hints and helpful articles such as I found in your magazine are what a family needs. Some magazines are rather a bad

OUR NOVEMBER COVER



Kodachrome by T. K. Martin

Much of the original planning of America's capital city was done by L'Enfant, the French architect who selected the location for the Capitol building, known by the early fathers as Federal House. General Washington laid the cornerstone on September 18, 1793. The nation's growth is reflected in successive enlargements to its original structure. Now the Capitol stands majestically on 120.6 acres of landscaped grounds. Its newly cleaned dome rises 288 feet, is topped by a 19-foot bronze female statue of Freedom.

On the Capitol steps the nation's Presidents are inaugurated, and under its roof they address the Congress in legislative assembly. It is here that laws are enacted that govern the country. And under its dome the Presidents lie in state as "we the people" file past to pay last respects to the men who governed well.

Our Capitol becomes a shrine. ▲

influence for teen-agers or growing youngsters, and I have no use for them.

I would appreciate it if you could enter my subscription and send LIFE AND HEALTH journal to me.

MRS. HELENE LESIUK
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

LONG-TIME SUBSCRIBER

DEAR EDITOR:

I like LIFE AND HEALTH magazine very much. I have taken it a long time.

I always read the Family Physician articles.

HELEN McWETHY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

APPLY TO LIFE

DEAR EDITOR:

I take your LIFE AND HEALTH magazine, and from it I get many, many good lessons to apply to my life. This magazine should be in every home.

My daughter, who lives in Silver Spring, Maryland, appreciates it too in her home.

MRS. DAISY B. SHOBERT
Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania

BEAUTY SALON READERS

DEAR EDITOR:

You can't imagine how much our customers in the beauty salon enjoy reading LIFE AND HEALTH during the process of drying. This magazine is a must in our salon. Several of our patrons have subscribed to it since becoming acquainted with it here.

We also keep our old issues from year to year. The issues may be old, but the reading material is not outdated.

Would you quote us a price on *The Bible Story* books for children?

MRS. ELSIE KRUST
Mayfair Beaute Salon
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

BRILLE READERS

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been a continuous reader of LIFE AND HEALTH Braille edition for many years, and enjoy it very much. I and many of my blind friends always look forward to the arrival of the next issue, and we hope it will continue coming to us.

LIFE AND HEALTH discusses our health and happiness, a subject of great interest to many people. No subject is of more interest, no, not even the weather.

I wish you and your association, who are doing so much to provide us with this magazine, happiness and prosperity.

MARLOW HOWELL ▲
Brentwood, Missouri



PROFILES of Our Contributors



J. DeWitt Fox, M.D. ("How the President Keeps Healthy," page 8; "Senator Barry Goldwater," page 10), is editor of *LIFE AND HEALTH* and a Glendale, California, neurosurgeon.

At one time a general practitioner in Washington, D.C., Dr. Fox completed specialty training in general surgery and neurosurgery at Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Michigan. He is certified as a Diplomate of the American Board of Surgery and the American Board of Neurological Surgery. Since 1959 a member of the Congress of Neurological Surgeons, he was in 1962 elected to membership in the Harvey Cushing Society.

He is a member of numerous other national societies, past vice-president of the American Medical Writers Association, a member of the National Science Writers Association. He is the first physician to become an active member of the National Press Club of Washington, D.C., is listed in *Who's Who* and *American Men of Medicine*.

Born in Santa Ana, California, a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West, Dr. Fox attended Glendale Academy, where he was president of his graduating class. He gained his inspiration to become a surgeon from his family physician, Dr. Henry G. Westphal, and his aunt, Mrs. Naomi Shaver, a veteran nurse who completed thirty years' service at Glendale Sanitarium and Hospital. As a teen-ager, he was a bellboy at the same hospital.

"In the early days of transfusion, a pitcher of grape juice was taken into the operating room for the blood donor," Dr. Fox recalls. "I loved to take the transfusion calls and slip into the inner sanctum, where I could watch an operation."

During the depression he began pre-medical studies at Columbia Junior College, Washington, D.C., working nights

as a linotype operator, later as sales manager of Washington College Press.

A man of degrees, Dr. Fox holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from Columbia Union College, Washington, D.C. His M.D. degree was received *magna cum laude* from Loma Linda University, where for four years he was top man in his class, graduating first in a class of 93. He received a degree of Master of Science in Surgery from the University of Michigan in 1955. As a licentiate of the Medical Council of Canada (L.M.C.C.) and a member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons (M.C.P.S.), Manitoba, he is qualified to practice in British territories.

After his internship he served two years in the U.S. Army Medical Corps as a captain at Brooke and Letterman general hospitals. While in the Army he became interested in medical writing for the public. His articles appeared in *LIFE AND HEALTH*, *Hygeia* (now *Today's Health*), *Travel*, *Lifetime Living*, and other publications. In 1949 he was invited to become editor of *LIFE AND HEALTH*.

To awaken reader interest in keeping fit, Dr. Fox hit on the hobby of interviewing people prominent in the news and discussing their health habits. His collection includes former President Herbert Hoover, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Billy Graham, former Vice-Presidents Alben W. Barkley and Richard M. Nixon, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Arthur Godfrey, and the late Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, former HEW Secretary Abraham Ribicoff, Ivy Baker Priest Stevens, former Treasurer of the U.S., Astronaut John Glenn, Jr., and J. C. Penney.

Author of many scientific articles, he wrote the best scientific article to appear in *GP* in 1951, "ACTH and Cortisone—Miracle Drug or Medical Tool?" for which he received the \$1,000 M & R Award. He wrote two books—*The Doctor Prescribes* and *The Best of Life and Health*—reprinted in England.

Active in civic affairs, Dr. Fox is a member of the Glendale Chamber of Commerce and American Legion Post 127, is a leader in YMCA affairs, and is a director of the Republican Buck and Ballot Brigade, a fund-raising organization for the Twentieth Congressional District.

He is on the attending staff of Glendale Sanitarium and Hospital, Behrens Memorial Hospital, and Memorial Hospital of Glendale, all three of Glendale; St. Joseph's Hospital, of Burbank; Presbyterian Hospital-Olmsted Memorial and California Hospital, both of Los Angeles.

Dr. Fox is a member of the Los Angeles, California, American, and World Medical associations. He is chairman of the public relations committee, Glendale district, Los Angeles Medical Association.

Married to the former Evelyn Winifred Snider of Washington, D.C., Dr. Fox is father of three children—J. DeWitt, Jr.,

a college premedical student; Evelyn Jeanne, a college freshman; and Jere Lamont, an eighth-grader.

The family enjoy patio parties at their Glendale hilltop home, love to swim or sail off Balboa Island, and ski at Badger Pass. Dr. Fox says he's never bored and always has plenty to keep his secretaries busy with his many activities.

The Foxes are fond of exotic foods, relish Chinese dishes, and cherish weekends in San Francisco, where they can indulge their appetite for the foods of foreign lands.

A coast-to-coast traveler in the U.S. to medical meetings or writing expeditions, Dr. Fox has been to Hawaii and Canada. His dream is one day to take a world tour, stopping in various medical centers to help where needed, and visit the people personally, especially in the Orient and India.



Arthur E. Sutton, B.A. ("Global Medicine—With a Heart," page 18), is a public relations consultant in Los Angeles, California, whose interests include socioeconomic and political trends in British Guiana, natural-light photography, and keeping pace with the professional activities of his wife, Lavaun, who is carving a career of her own as a cardiac nurse at Loma Linda University.

Pursuing this latter interest, he wrote "Global Medicine—With a Heart," an account of the State Department-sponsored heart mission to Asia in which she participated.

Travel is a routine part of Art's life. In 1961 he covered the election of Dr. Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana for *Newsweek* and the *Los Angeles Times*. A few months later, in 1962, he returned to Guiana to research and write a piece on that country for *National Geographic Magazine*. He has written extensively on Guianese affairs for various publications including *New Republic*, the *New York Times* Sunday magazine, *Christian Science Monitor*, and the *Washington Post*. His work has been syndicated abroad by

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THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

A COUPLE in their early thirties came to my office recently with not one but two illnesses. They had marital differences that were about to lead them to the divorce court. Besides the tension in their home the husband was overworking. He stayed away from home evenings. The wife was nagging in rebellion to the neglect she felt. The husband was sitting up nights with agonizing stomach pain from a peptic ulcer. The wife had splitting migraine headaches plaguing her day after day.

Pills, antacids, and diet might ease the young husband's peptic-ulcer pains, but more than pills was needed for the wife's headaches, which came from deep mental concern, worry, and insecurity.

Problems of imminent divorce are not rare today. In fact, one out of every four marriages is destined to be shattered by divorce. The American home is being torn asunder.

The physician is seeing the effect of lack of love in the home, when some 70 per cent of the ailments he treats are nervous symptoms stemming from this problem. It is said that 10 million psychoneurotics are walking the sidewalks of America in need of treatment, and there are not enough psychiatrists to treat them.

How can a life out of balance emotionally produce such devastating physical symptoms and pain as peptic ulcer, migraine headache, high blood pressure, allergy, and skin disorder?

The close link between your brain and your body and the delicate balance between the two are the reasons many prescriptions are written for tranquilizers today. Doctors know that too much mental stress not balanced with physical release of tension by exercise can soon knock your body out of kilter. It is now known that worry, insecure feelings, and lack of faith in God are the mental weeds that can spew the seeds of body breakdown into high blood pressure, ulcer, and allergy.

Basically, there are four factors to be balanced in your life. These are work, play, love, and worship.

If hard work is balanced with pleasurable play, the physical side of life is cared for. Shelter, food, and clothing are the essentials we win with hard

work. Bodily relaxation and recreation are gained by enjoyable hours of play.

Even the hours of work and play may be balanced against each other. If we work eight hours, we should play eight hours. Taking three hours for grooming, eating, and travel, we have left five pleasant hours of enjoyment and eight hours of sleep each day.

Workers who sit behind a desk all day do well to head for the gymnasium, golf course, or garden for their play. Exercising big muscles that have built up tension during the day helps them relax and makes for sound sleep. The manual worker, on the other hand, benefits best by quiet diversion after work. His play should be a good book to read, a mentally stimulating television program, and casual conversation.

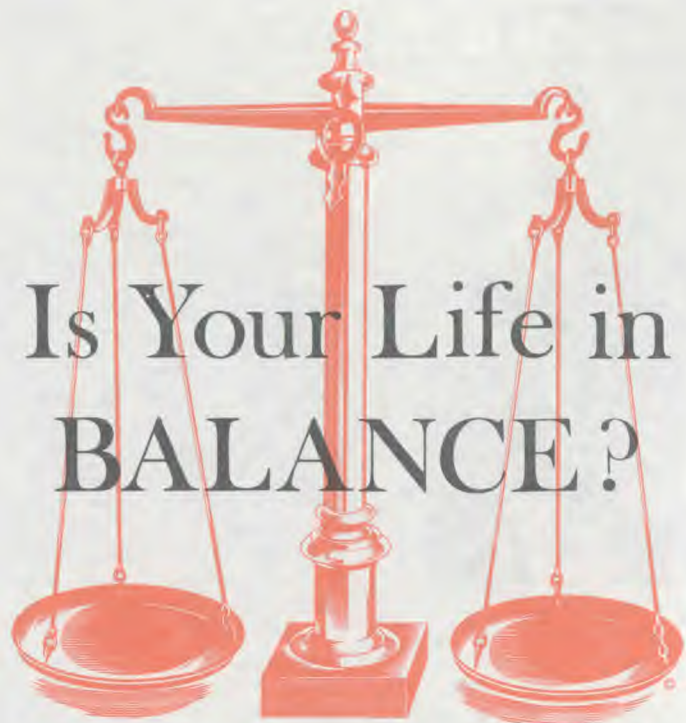
Love is the cornerstone of emotional tranquillity. The warm feeling in the heart that comes when soft words turn away wrath, good deeds are done to an enemy, the courteous let-the-other-fellow-go-first attitude is shown, the quiet bedtime story is read to your child, the soft kiss is placed on your wife's cheek, the compliment for a job

well done is given, the joy of sharing experiences with another is known, comprises the lotions of love that should be poured generously over every life.

A wife's sympathy for her husband's hard day is like oil on troubled waters. Caustic criticism is like sand in the gears. The machine that is your body and mine needs love as much as food and water, oxygen and vitamins.

How does anxiety such as from a marital rift cause a peptic ulcer and migraine headache? Constant tension from mental worry causes certain toxic chemicals to build up within the body. The adrenal glands secrete more of their emergency hormone than normally. Blood vessels of the stomach constrict from the effect of excess adrenalin. The mental overactivity causes the glands of the stomach to secrete too much acid, and the pylorus, or gatelike muscle at the lower end of the stomach, constricts shut under the stress. The acid builds up in abundance.

During the night hours of sleep, the pylorus finally relaxes and opens. A great gush of hot acid pours over the



INJURE OTHERS—INJURE YOURSELF —Chinese proverb.

duodenum, the upper end of the small intestine. Unaccustomed to this high acid, and with its blood vessels blanched and constricted, the mucous lining of the duodenum erodes, and an ulcer is started.

Migraine headache also can be produced by constant worry. Tension in neck and head muscles and constriction of blood vessels in the face, head, and scalp, which later dilate, stretch nerves in the blood-vessel walls. Pain and headache result.

To correct peptic ulcer and migraine headache, mental tranquillity is the medicine. Here love and faith in God come into play. Once a person has no fear, insecurity, or hate, guilt disappears. Once his conscience is spotlessly clear, the searchlight of his

less we have a deep abiding faith in God and His power to care for us.

In order to be in tune with God we need to kneel in prayer regularly, study the Good Book, gather our little family in love and devotion for worship at home, and attend church.

Show love for God and keep your love light bright by supporting the work of the church and its charities. "For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matthew 25:35-40).

Unselfishness and love actually heal peptic ulcers, cure migraine headaches, and ease high blood pressure. Once we start thinking of ways to help others, our own gnawing stomach pains ease. This amazing fact is vividly illustrated in the case of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

As a young man John D. Rockefeller was a husky farm boy. When he entered business he drove himself like a slave. At fifty-three he was considered the richest man on earth and the only billionaire.

To achieve this mark, he exchanged his health and happiness. His weekly income was a million dollars, but his digestion was so poor he could eat only crackers and milk.

When Rockefeller shifted mental gears and changed his thinking from getting to giving, God channeled new vitality into his body. He began to sleep like a baby, he enjoyed his food, and his digestion returned to normal. Life took on a new zest. Bitterness,

rancor, and self-centeredness left, and in their place came the refreshing stream of love and gratitude from those he had helped.

Although at fifty-three it seemed that John D. would never see another birthday, he lived to play many a game of golf in the Florida sunshine and enjoy the smiles of many a child as he reached in his pocket for a shiny new dime. He lived to the ripe age of ninety-eight simply because he learned that love is the lotion that God lavishes to make life worth while. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Try it and see.

If you think your life has been somewhat out of balance, why not spend a quiet moment in meditation tonight? In the seclusion of your den, on your knees beside your child's bed, or out under the sparkling stars as you commune with your God, reshape your life. Bring into balance hours of work and play. Leave lots of room for love of family and neighbor. Worship God in your prayers, your daily devotion, and your weekly church attendance.

By so doing, you will do much to dodge the ills of modern man caused by stress and worry. Relaxed and confident with God as your guide, you are assured success, health, and happiness, for the promise is: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee" (Isaiah 26:3). "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Romans 8:31).

Yours for balance,

J. Dwight Fox, M.D.



soul shows up no selfish spots. With guilt gone and love shining throughout his life his tension eases. His life is now in the hand of God. He has proved that he cannot run his life without trouble, turmoil, and tension. Only God can give him the mental peace and repose for which his heart yearns.

A friend once asked me, "What do I have to do to be a Christian?"

The answer is simple: Live like Christ. We should let love shine out of our lives. Fall in love with everyone. Christ gave us the great commandment that boiled down all the law and the prophets into the key word *love*. If we love like Christ and live like Christ, we can love even the unlovable.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matthew 22:37-39).

This means we first love God, then our neighbor, and ourselves last. And how do we love ourselves? By taking good care of our health. Obeying the laws of health means eating nourishing food, getting adequate rest and sleep, enjoying outdoor sunshine and exercise, and keeping our minds free from worry. The last is hard to do un-



How the President Keeps Healthy

 J. DeWITT FOX, M.D.



FROM the fateful moment that an assassin's bullet took President John F. Kennedy from the White House, the life and health of Lyndon Baines Johnson have been of major concern to 180 million Americans. Although it is a common saying that the Vice-President is but a heartbeat from the White House, little did the American public think Mr. Johnson would be ushered in by the pull of an assassin's trigger.

Since coming to the White House, President Johnson—a strapping Texan born in a ranch house—by his folksy, unsophisticated manner has endeared himself to Americans.

As a practicing politician, Mr. Johnson came to the Presidency with more training than Franklin Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, or Kennedy. He rose through the ranks from Texas assemblyman to Congressman, Senator, and Senate majority leader—the youngest man ever to hold this post.

His career began in Congress at the age of 27, when he defeated nine opponents to become a Congressman himself.

During World War II he was the first Congressman to enlist in the U.S. Navy, where he served on active duty as a lieutenant commander and won a Silver Star for gallantry in action during an aerial engagement with Japanese planes over New Guinea.

In 1948 he won a Senate seat by a narrow 87-vote margin, but in 1954 he won re-election by a huge three-to-one margin.

When unsuccessful in his bid for nomination to

the Presidency, he was nominated to the Vice-Presidency by acclamation. Many Democrats said it was Lyndon Johnson who won the South for Kennedy in the narrow election of 1960.

World traveler and personal representative of President Kennedy, Johnson has served as a member of the National Security Council. He helped the administration drive for improvement in racial relations, headed the President's Space Council, and pointed out the need for continuing the lunar program.

Lyndon Baines Johnson was born in Texas on August 27, 1908, near Stonewall, and he likes to recall, "My grandpa said, 'There's a U.S. Senator.'" He remembers the story as his father told it, about when his grandfather first saw LBJ as a baby. The old gentleman stared at the new child and said, "That lad is going to be a Senator someday. It's a cinch he'll never be a movie star."

He attended local Texas public schools and earned a degree at Southwest State Teachers College. After graduation he taught public speaking and debate for two years at Sam Houston High School in Houston, then headed for Washington as secretary to Congressman Richard Kleberg of the famous King Ranch.

In 1934 Johnson first met Claudia Taylor—daughter of a wealthy Marshall, Texas, rancher—whom everyone called Lady Bird, after a nurse's nickname. They were wed that year and have two daughters—Lynda Bird, 20, and Luci Baines, 17—and the entire family bear the initials LBJ.

In 1948 Johnson won the Senate seat of Governor Coke Stevenson, and before the term was out he had won his way into Senate minority leadership. By 1954, when a Democratic Congress swept in, he became majority leader.

Before long Mr. Johnson had established himself as one of the most effective Senate leaders in history. His eighteen-hour day beginning with a breakfast of black coffee and cigarettes and spent on the run contributed to the heart attack he suffered in 1955.

In the off-year Congressional election of 1954 the Democrats again swept control of Capitol Hill. Johnson having won re-election that year, he became at 44 the youngest Senate majority leader in American history.

Because of the campaigning and speech-making trips Lady Bird and Lyndon frequently made, they were forced to leave their two little girls behind with a nursemaid. The tempo of life for them was stepped up to such a pitch that neither had as much time as they would have liked for their high-spirited daughters. Lady Bird showered her girls with affection. She never parted from them without saying gently, "Remember, you are loved."

Lyndon's pace continued unabated, but something had to give, and on Saturday, July 2, 1955, it happened. That day he worked as hard as usual at the Senate. It happened to be Luci's eighth birthday. In the morning he had a press conference and at noon lunched with his old friends Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senator Stuart Symington. They told him he was working too hard. He admitted he was tired but said he was going to the Virginia estate of an old Texas friend, George Brown, to spend the Fourth of July weekend resting.

On arriving at the Brown estate he was so uncomfortable he asked his chauffeur to wait in case he might want to return home. (To page 33)



President Johnson likes to ride and relax at the LBJ Ranch in Texas.



J. BYRON LOGAN

White House visitors are often entertained in the famous rose garden.



J. BYRON LOGAN

The President plays with Him and Her on the White House lawn while visitors watch.



Lyndon Baines Johnson, the thirty-sixth President of the United States, pictured in his oval office.

Republican Health Profile



GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

The happy trio: Senator Barry Goldwater and his wife, Peggy, enjoy a laugh with our beloved former President of the United States, genial Dwight D. Eisenhower.



GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

The bounce of Barry and the glitter of Goldwater is a story of good health and success knocking on the door of the White House!



GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

The Goldwater family at home beside the swimming pool of their \$200,000 house near Scottsdale, Arizona, where plenty of sun and fun make for family pleasure.



GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

Relaxing after a busy day in his den at the controls of his ham radio is one of Barry Goldwater's favorite diversions. He spins the dials, bringing in the far corners of the globe to his Washington, D.C., apartment. He is a major general of the U.S. Air Force and a jet pilot.



GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE



J. BYRON LOGAN

SENATOR *Barry Goldwater*

▲ J. DeWITT FOX, M.D.

GOLDWATER and grass roots have become fast friends, and since you and I constitute the grass roots, we should know more about our friend—Barry Morris Goldwater. I met Senator Goldwater in Phoenix, Arizona, and Washington, D.C., and talked with folks ranging from his top brass to the neighbors on my block—all this in the hope of getting a neat cross section of Barry Goldwater—a man of leadership who stands at the door of the White House.

Painting a profile of Senator Goldwater is no job for a patient artist, for the bouncing Barry would never sit still long enough to allow a painter to capture his glitter on canvas. But perhaps a few dashing dabs with pen and paper can bring the flying Barry Goldwater down to earth.

Six feet tall, he has kept his weight at a muscular 185 pounds for thirty years. His waist accommodates the same belt in the same notch he wore in Staunton

Military Academy, in Virginia, as a smart young cadet.

At 55 he appears much younger, because he smiles a lot. Although he has gray wavy hair, his tanned face, sharp blue eyes, and gleaming teeth give him a boyish look. His eyes have the spark of drive and determination, which have carried him far in the world of politics.

Goldwater radiates boundless geniality, has an earthy self-deprecating sense of humor, and disarming candor.

The Goldwater day begins at 6 A.M. and usually runs to well past midnight. The Senator needs remarkably little rest, and sometimes can get by on as little as five hours' sleep. This ability he attributes to the fact that he never overeats and has never smoked tobacco or drunk coffee. He is not a regular breakfast eater, but he does make coffee for his wife every morning and has it ready when she gets up.

He may drink a glass of orange (To page 30)

That Ole R.N. Magic

By MARIAN VAN ATTA, R.N.

TWO letters of the alphabet have been magic letters for me—*R* and *N*—used together after my name, meaning “registered nurse.” I acquired the right to use these letters near the close of World War II. During my high school days I seriously considered becoming a history teacher, but when many of my male classmates gave their lives in wartime battles I decided I had to help, and I went into nursing. My active duty turned out to be a short time in the Cadet Nurse Corps while I was still a student.

As a student nurse I found the hospital world vastly different from everyday life. I learned that service and sympathy have to be given to the person in need, but I could not react to each tragedy as if it were my own, or I could not help.

My teachers were an unflinching example of truly dedicated nurses, and they gave me a high standard of excellence.

R and *N* proved to be practical as well as ideal, for they helped me earn money while my husband was a college student under the GI Bill. Later they helped provide the down payment on our first house.

In five years of nursing in Wisconsin, Missouri, and Florida I gained experience in clinic, pediatric, outpatient public health, office, general, and private duty. I found each field challenging.

My favorite duty was in the outpatient department, where orphans, immigrants, and indigent people were treated by volunteer specialists in all fields of medicine and dentistry.

My work there took me into the patients' homes, and I learned to help solve many of their problems. I followed many of them through their treatment in the clinic, operations in the hospital, and adjustment period at home.

My most unforgettable patient was a little old lady who had lost both legs surgically. The way she scooted around her home in a wheel chair and kept house for her widowed son and grandchildren will remain with me as an example of high courage.

This job also showed me that women in the blue uniform of the visiting nurse with the familiar black bag are treated with respect, and they can travel unmolested in neighborhoods where other women never would enter alone. There was that *R.N.* magic!

The past ten years I have spent at home with my four growing children, but the *R.N.* magic continues. When I began to write for magazines, without exception my articles and stories dealing with nursing sub-



EWING GALLOWAY

Special favors come to the person who can put “*R.N.*” after his name.

jects and listing the *R.N.* after my name were sold but the others still languished in my files.

The *R.N.* magic appeared again when several expectant mothers and I tried to start a class for parents-to-be. From that beginning I got the opportunity to teach a class in education for childbirth in the local junior college on Monday evenings, and it has lasted four years.

A chance to help in community service that never would have come my way without the *R.N.* has been mine. I have enjoyed five years of work as a board member for the local unit of the American Cancer Society. Besides fund raising, I have been able to serve in cancer education, and I hope that a few lives have been saved because of the programs I helped put on with civic, social, and school groups.

Most registered nurses—and I am no exception—become informal neighborhood (To page 29)

WHAT has Thanksgiving meant to Americans through the years? My fondest memories are Wisconsin memories, of childhood days, in a home near Bethel Academy that housed an aggregate of more than a hundred Bethel students in its time. I had parents with a large heart for Christian education, not only for their own children but also for other people's children.

In those days the dormitories were not empty as they are now when Thanksgiving comes round. The students did not get away for the holiday. Homes in the community opened their doors to many students. There might be the first ice skating of the year in the afternoon. Although the morning may have dawned bright and clear, the weatherman could and did occasionally produce a raging snow-storm before the day was over.

By Thanksgiving time corn was in the shock or bin, but the pumpkins long since had been brought in and cooked in the iron kettle on the wood range until a beautiful brown. Some of the pumpkin was canned, but most of it went into gallon stone jars and out into the back-porch cupboard (nature's deep freeze in winter weather for chilly Wisconsin).

My mother's pumpkin pies were delicious. They were not spiced, for she had learned that spices tend to cause unnatural appetite. She wanted her family to grow up enjoying the wonderful natural flavor of food. How tantalizing was the aroma from the oven! When we opened the door, the skin on the top of the pies had raised and they were ready to come out. As they cooled, the top became wrinkled and shiny. Those were real pumpkin pies. For us they were not just for Thanksgiving time; they graced our table often.

Thanksgiving brought a pie made from a recipe handed down in the family. We called it honey pie. Where its name came from I do not know. Like fruit cake, it could be made ahead of time and still be good. It even packed well to send to the girls away from home in school or taking nurse's training. It was a double-crust pie. We used our deep tins for these pies, for in baking they had a tendency to boil out. Honey pie meant Thanksgiving. It completed the meal.

For old-time Thanksgivings we used vegetables that were stored away in our food bins. The potato

Thanksgiving Through the Years

By CORA McCHESNEY

We all like to spend
Thanksgiving as we did when
we were children at home.



bins were full, and that meant creamy whipped potatoes with sour-cream gravy. On a shelf above the bins were cabbage and delicious Hubbard squash. We had to use the ax or hatchet to break those hard shells, but they tasted ever so good. Carrots and parsnips were packed in clean sand. Celery was carefully wrapped and packed in boxes, and we had fresh celery until Christmas. There usually was a box of rutabagas packed in sand also. In barrels and boxes and wrapped in paper from last year's Sears catalogs were Northwestern Greening apples for pies. Our Wealthy apples were soon gone, but we still had apples to bring upstairs for the bowl for us to eat in the evening. There were some MacMahans, a few Wolf Rivers, and an unnamed hard red apple that lasted until spring.

Next to the vegetable room was the fruit room, with its shelves filled with gleaming jars of fruits and vegetables that had been carefully processed during the summer. Strawberries from the garden, red raspberries and blackberries from the woods, blueberries from the marsh, cherries and apples from the orchard. Plum and apple butter, jelly, and honey found a spot on those shelves.

Vegetables that retained their fresh flavor by being canned when young and tender were beets, peas, string beans, and corn. In those days, as now, children had to have their greens, so beet tops, Swiss chard, and spinach were canned. If in the spring there had been lots of dandelions, there might be a few jars of dandelion greens.

(Turn to page 21)



A SERIES of cruel hoaxes is being foisted unintentionally or otherwise upon the American people in the wake of the Surgeon General's report on smoking and health, which set forth in dramatic fashion the major health hazards involved in the use of tobacco. Rationalization and understatement are trying to frustrate the benefits from this exposure of the viciousness of the nicotine habit.

The Agricultural Committee of the lower house of Congress, controlled by Representatives from the tobacco belt, presented the first hoax and evasion by suggesting that the important thing is to look for—and spend millions of dollars in research in connection with—a relatively harmless form of tobacco.

The best answer to this mealy-mouthed contention is that the use of tobacco is based on those very ingredients that cause the harm. The suggestion for a new tobacco makes as much sense as would a proposal to dealcohol whisky. The point is best illustrated by the fact that many cigarette smokers who have begun using filters, which keep out a small part of these harmful ingredients, find themselves "smoking more and enjoying it less" in order to consume the amount of nicotine their habits require. Thus, to spend a fortune in attempting to remove the inherent qualities of tobacco would be the greatest waste of the taxpayers' money yet perpetrated on an unsuspecting public.

In spite of the unquestioned link between tobacco use and lung cancer, hardly a ripple has been made in the nicotine traffic by the disclosure of physical harm resulting from it. Nor will a constructive program be set up unless all of us are willing to look at this problem squarely and recognize the tobacco business in its total viciousness.

When I was a small boy I heard the saying, "Cigarettes stunt your growth." I still do not know for sure whether this statement is true. I believed this statement then and I believe it now. This belief was one of the positive influences that made me reject the use of tobacco. On the other hand, many of my friends, even of nine and ten years old, uninfluenced by such sayings, had already become smokers. Through the years they have been among those the tobacco merchants can count as regular customers.

When I was a teen-ager, the natural interest in sports of my peer group caused me to be aware that smoking shortens the breath and lessens athletic prowess. Even this knowledge permits one of the most classic self-justifications of the nicotine addict—that it is all right to smoke unless you are an athlete.

Shallow thinkers of this ilk later in life would be defending cigarettes for being a natural agent to keep the weight down. Their one-track minds would not permit such thoughts as the fact that the same thing can be done healthfully by proper diet and exercise.

Also during my teens and long before I heard any mention of smoking and cancer, my reading informed me that smoking by pregnant women was suspected of being a factor in causing certain birth defects in children. It has been years since I have heard or read such a statement. This is a subject in which more facts

and sure, confirmed laboratory proof are sorely needed.

Still later, my growing interest in the nation's narcotic problem led me to the knowledge that tobacco is a narcotic. A narcotic is a kind of poison, the use of which becomes compulsive so that it is well-nigh impossible to break the habit. Anyone who questions this admittedly unusual statement may check my source: *Narcotics and Drug Addiction*, by Erich Hesse, M.D., noted German physician.

The crux of the case is that the use of tobacco and all the harm resulting therefrom, including the great difficulty in uprooting this habit from our customs, lie in the fact that we are dealing with a narcotic.

As a member of the legal profession frequently engaged in cases concerned with narcotics dealers, I often have noted with a wry smile the self-righteousness of jurors deliberating in a room filled with the smoke of one narcotic, the dire fate of the purveyor of another, usually heroin, a product basically the same as that which forms warp and woof of the daily lives of the accusers.

The rationalization and excuses of tobacco lovers to cover their continued use of nicotine in spite of the disclosures here discussed are almost identical with the self-deception practiced by addicts of "heavier" drugs. This fact in itself lends further weight to the view that the problems are similar.

Granting that narcotics in general are harmful to mind and body, we must suspect in tobacco use a degree of the same chemical change that makes the heroin addict dependent on his drug. All of us have observed the extreme difficulty and physical distress experienced in an attempt to break the cigarette habit. The constant craving for tobacco once its use has begun is the same as in the physical compulsion and withdrawal pains of the opiate addict, upon which is based the narcotics traffic round the world.

Further evidence of the similarity between nicotine and the opiates lies in what is called tolerance—an increasing need for larger and larger amounts of the drug—as the smoker of one furtive cigarette "behind the barn" becomes the adult smoker of three or four packs a day.

Another type of self-deception with which the focus of attention on this problem has been met is the approach that we owe it to the children to educate them regarding the harm of tobacco use but implying subtly that we owe no such social debt to the adults among us or that we should extend the benefits of this practical education in health to them. This philosophy apparently is that if we adults wish to destroy our minds and bodies, it is nobody's business but our own, that we ought to know better, and if we don't, the tobacco industry has every right to benefit by our ignorance or indifference.

In this connection should be mentioned the escape mechanism that should be considered the most complete abandonment of rational thinking: That because people have to die of something, why not the cancer caused by tobacco? This species of shallow thinking does not take into due consideration that all our efforts in the medical field are to extend life and minimize the causes of suffering and death. It ignores the fact that death by cancer can be significantly reduced as a cause

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This long-time attorney skilled in dealing with narcotics cases points out a fact not widely known today—that



MAX THARPE



Tobacco Is a **NARCOTIC**

By **SAMUEL CARTER McMORRIS**

by putting an end to smoking. It hides its eyes from the fact that a great number of years are cut from the life span by this deliberate invitation to the Grim Reaper. It turns its back on the fact that what remains of life is diminished in health and vigor.

In seeking a solution to the tobacco problem we should eliminate all thought of resorting to the method of forcing people by law to adopt a particular code of private moral conduct. Fortunately, only one or two small localities have thus far attempted to apply the penal law to the smoking habit. In seeking what appears the easy way out, too often we deal with the surface instead of the substance, thus increasing the problem or the peril.

Looking into history, we see that the use of tobacco (learned from the American Indian) began to extend

its dire sway throughout Europe, when even the penalty of death for smoking as imposed in czarist Russia did not stop the spread of the virus. This historical fact points up two things:

1. The seriousness with which this habit, now being casually adopted by American children, was once viewed.

2. The futility of force where education is the answer—education to discourage the start of the vice and to encourage its discontinuance in people whose past ignorance of the facts has made them victims of this traffic. Those who long have been victimized may even need the help of physicians or psychiatrists if they find it extremely difficult to break the curse of the tobacco god.

The solution, then, to what is (To page 25)

Diabetes is a body dysfunction that can be controlled but is best caught early.

THE epoch-making discovery of insulin back in 1922 gave new hope and a new lease on life to untold thousands of diabetic sufferers. Insulin has allowed diabetic children to grow to healthy adulthood and adults to lead active, productive, and longer lives.

Today, forty-one years later, more than a million diabetics in America are not receiving this lifegiving hormone. Why not? Because nobody knows who they are. They themselves do not know they are the hidden diabetics of our population.

A disease estimated to affect one person in every seventy is certainly a significant health problem, but the basic problem about which doctors and health authorities are becoming increasingly concerned is not the disease itself. The problem is more difficult. It involves finding the overwhelming number of unrecognized and uncontrolled diabetics in our population—what one authority called (before the most recent survey) the hidden million.

These people should know that this surprisingly widespread disease, which even now ranks seventh in the list of deaths by all diseases in the United States, can be controlled perhaps more effectively than any other of the chronic diseases. The question is how to find them and how many to look for.

The first National Health Survey conducted by the Public Health Service in 1935-1936 included only the known diabetics. The results placed their number at 660,000 as of 1937. Subsequent studies found an even higher rate, and intensive studies in New England, Baltimore, and New Jersey disclosed a new phenomenon—an alarming jump in the number of previously undiagnosed cases. People who thought they did not have diabetes actually did.

The most recent surveys reveal that there are close to three million diabetics in America alone, twice as many as anyone suspected. Of these three million, only half have been diagnosed and treated.

It is the remaining one-and-a-half million who need to be found. They do not know they have the disease. They do not realize they are really sick. Most of them probably think they are only tired or run down. They may think they have some minor complaint that will go away by itself—a false conclusion in so far as diabetes is concerned, because it is a progressive disease. Treatment is most effective when the disease is discovered early.

The current interest in health and physical fitness increases the prospect of uncovering new cases of diabetes. According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* doctors are finding more new diabetics all the time. This is encouraging. It means that treatment can be given in the early stages of the disease, and it means something else—better understanding. As Mrs. Sharp explains what diabetes is to Mrs. Pierce, what happens? Mrs. Pierce now knows the symptoms

Are You a Hidden Diabetic?

By K. E. CROSSLEY

and decides she has put off physical examination too long. And so it goes: Word of mouth advertising.

Not enough people take advantage of early diagnosis through routine physical examination. There is still too much misunderstanding about diabetes. There are people who think it is some queer ailment that happens to other people but can never happen to them. If it does happen to them, it can happen too late. Chance discovery can be risky.

A Boston newspaper reported that a policeman arrested a fifty-five-year-old man on charges of alcoholism. He was close to death before it was learned that he was in a diabetic coma. Investigation later revealed that he had not even known he was a diabetic. His wife said she could not remember when he went to the doctor last. Ten years ago, she thought.

A more typical kind of chance discovery happened in a Des Moines, Iowa, school. A seventh-grade girl

made so many trips to the lavatory that the teacher, suspecting kidney trouble, sent her to the school nurse. Advised by the nurse to see her family doctor, she learned and her mother learned that they both had diabetes.

Diabetes detection is conducted on a large scale by the American Diabetes Association. Ever since 1948 a mass-screening program has been held during Diabetes Week in communities all over the nation. Assisted by the Public Health Department and local medical societies, the association tests as many people as it can handle.

In Contra Costa County, California, the results of a combined chest X-ray and diabetes-detection program revealed that of the 14,681 people examined who said they did not have diabetes, 191 had a positive reaction to the Wilkerson-Heftmann blood-sugar

Who Gets Diabetes? Because diabetes is a hereditary disease, the most likely targets are people who are related to diabetics. People who are overweight are prime candidates for diabetes, especially those over forty, as shown by the M. Margolin studies and others.

Old people have diabetes more commonly than young people, although in the young usually the disease is more severe. Children below age fifteen do not get it as frequently as people above age fifteen. More women than men get it. After forty a woman's chances of getting it are about three fourths higher than a man's.

It is considered a serious risk for women in the childbearing age, and it affects the fertility of males, according to research by Alan Rubin of the University of Pennsylvania. Actually, it can strike anyone at any time. Cases of the disorder are known in a nine-day-old boy and in a ninety-nine-year-old woman.

What Is Diabetes? The scientific name for the disease is diabetes mellitus. The word *diabetes* comes from the Greek word for "fountain," and was used to describe this disease because excessive urination is a characteristic symptom. *Mellitus* means "sweet," or "sugary."
(To page 23)



When your weight drops for no apparent reason, the cause may be that you have diabetes without realizing its presence.



If you are thirsty much of the time the reason may be that you are newly diabetic.

screening test. This is only one community. Multiplied by communities all over the country, scores of new diabetics are found.

Authorities say still more needs to be done to inform the general public about the nature of this disease, which was known to the Egyptians at least two thousand years ago. One of the most common of the endocrine disorders, diabetes still has a lot of misunderstanding about it.

The questions most frequently asked about diabetes are: Who gets it? What is it? What are the symptoms? What is being done about it? Fortunately, quite a lot has been learned about this once-mysterious disease and its effect on the body.

A. DEVANEY

Often the man who has diabetes without knowing it is tired and worn out sooner than he should be, considering the amount of work he does.

NOVEMBER, 1964



Global



President Johnson is initiated as a member of the Mended Hearts Club.



Medicine— With a Heart

By ARTHUR E. SUTTON

HOW can the latest advances in American medicine be successfully shared with people in need—and their physicians—in other countries of the world? A six-man surgical group from southern California recently supplied a dramatic answer. The success of their medical mission to Pakistan is certain to exert long-term influence on the future scope and pattern of American health programs abroad. Theirs was a convincing demonstration of how even the most difficult surgical procedures requiring complicated equipment can be made available to the masses in distant parts of the world.

The six—four physicians, one nurse, and one technician—are members of the heart team at Loma Linda University School of Medicine, near Los Angeles, California. The story of their history-making trip to Asia really began in 1961.

In that year in Karachi, gateway city to Pakistan, a four-year-old girl, Afshan Zafar, was dying. She had a heart defect. Local physicians had tried to help her, but it was no use.

"In America she could be helped," someone told Afshan's father.

He began to read American newspapers and magazines avidly. In the *Signs of the Times*, a United States religious journal, he saw an article about the successful heart surgery being performed at Loma Linda University.

"Allah be praised!" he cried, and immediately wrote university officials telling of his little daughter's need. In their reply they offered to perform the required surgery free of charge. There was a problem: How to get Afshan to California, 12,000 miles away.

"Write Vice-President Johnson," a friend suggested, no doubt thinking of the warm reception Mr. Johnson had given a Karachi camel driver who had visited America as his guest.

When the then Vice-President learned of the situation he quickly moved to help. Within

A six-man surgical group from California showed the world how knowledge can be shared.

days red tape was cut and Afshan and her plucky father were flown across the Pacific to Los Angeles by Military Air Transport Service.

The surgery—performed at White Memorial Medical Center, a Loma Linda University affiliated institution—was a success. Soon the now healthy little girl returned to her home in Pakistan clutching toys given her by new American friends. She had become a celebrity. Her story and the role of the American Vice-President in making it possible were publicized across Asia.

Immediately the U.S. Embassy in Karachi was bombarded with urgent requests for similar assistance. In that country of some ninety million people open-heart surgery was unknown, and the demand for such surgery was particularly intense.

"We can't fly *everyone* to Los Angeles," muttered a harassed embassy aide.

"Why not fly the heart team here instead?" suggested another, and at that moment this unique project in global medicine was born.

After agreeing to the idea the Loma Linda University team was given these instructions: Assemble a complete self-contained surgical package—all the equipment needed—then plan to spend five weeks in Karachi performing a most delicate surgical procedure, direct repair of the human heart.

In this jet age, there is nothing particularly unusual in a group of American specialists going abroad to lecture or even to demonstrate some new surgical technique to colleagues in Europe or Asia, but such lectures and demonstrations customarily take place in a university medical center or an equally well-equipped hospital with facilities not unlike those here in America.

To go where open-heart surgery never had been done before, air-lift some two thousand pounds of fragile and sensitive equipment halfway round the world, and plan on an intensive twenty-two-day operating schedule was quite a different matter. Could it be done?

At first many United States surgeons (To page 28)



The Family Physician



We do not diagnose nor treat disease by mail, but answer only general health questions. Address: Family Physician, LIFE & HEALTH, Washington, D.C., 20012. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Blurred Vision

One of my eyes has blurred vision. My eye specialist says the only thing apparent is that blood vessels leading to that eye are weak and supply insufficient blood to the eye. After I had used nicotinic acid, a small blood spot appeared in one eye. What could follow the bursting of a blood vessel in the eye? Would it be possible that the blood vessels eventually would fail to supply blood at all? What then?

A blood spot in the eye sometimes absorbs and entirely disappears; then again it may persist and leave a fault in vision.

A continued narrowing supply of blood to the eye through the blood ves-

sels may lead to atrophy or degeneration of the seeing mechanism. It is important that an eye undergoing changes be closely watched, so that if it is possible to do anything by surgery or other means it shall be done as promptly as the situation warrants. Blurred or double vision may result from changes that affect the macula, or the seeing part of the eye, which is relatively small compared to the entire area of the eyeball.

If you are under the care of an eye specialist who is a medical doctor, he probably can direct you in regard to what to expect from changes in the eye, especially because he has the opportunity of examining you from time to time.

We hope something can be done to prolong your vision.

Dizziness

For the past two or three weeks I have been having dizzy spells, even before I get out of bed. They do not last all day, but occur mostly in the morning. My doctor said there was something about the inner ear causing it, and told me to take some large yellow capsules three times a day.

Your inquiry about dizziness awakens a subject that is commonly discussed at the present time. We think one of the usual causes of dizziness is the activity of certain virus infections that involve the inner ear and bring dysfunction of the balancing mechanism of the body, which is in the inner ear. The inner ear is the part of the hearing organ that is buried in the bone in the side of the skull. When it is involved in an infection or some other abnormal state, the body may lose its sense of balance, which is the primary responsibility of this inner-ear mechanism. A severe cold or upset of stomach or gall bladder may also bring on dizziness of this kind.

We think consideration should be given first to any acute disease or colds that may be going around and then to the general function of the stomach, liver, intestines, and other organs. A good, well-balanced diet in which natural vitamins and minerals are furnished by fruits, vegetables, and other wholesome foods meets the need.



Sciatica

Three doctors tell me I have sciatica in my left leg. The pain is severe, and they have given me pills that help some. Isn't there an exercise that I can do to help sciatica? It has gone down my leg to my foot. I have had chiropractic treatment, with no relief.

There is usually a cause of sciatica. In treatment of the condition the cause should be discovered first of all. Some-



CHEST SURGERY

BY ARTHUR MILLER, M.D.

A chronic cough, shortness of breath, and bloody sputum may point to a lung condition requiring surgery. Thanks to today's skilled chest surgeons, safe surgery and quick recovery often can be assured.

CARROTS

By MYRLE TABLER, R.N.

Good health is hidden in the golden vegetable that can bring delicious salads and roasts to your table.

CHILD AND DENTIST

BY BETH BROWN

Get Billy acquainted with his dentist before he gets a toothache!

REGULAR FEATURES

FAMILY FIRESIDE

FAMILY PHYSICIAN

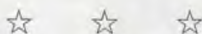
CHILDREN'S PHYSICIAN

times a sacroiliac strain brings about the condition, or an injury of the lower back may be a factor.

The person is more comfortable lying or standing straight than trying to do exercises, which often tend to stretch the nerve and make it more painful.

Hot packs or other hot applications over the nerve in the thigh, followed by rubbing with a counterirritant, usually eases the condition.

Your doctor no doubt will determine whether there is any friction that may be causing this condition. ▲



THANKSGIVING

(From page 13)

There were dill pickles and bread-and-butter pickles made with lemon. Green tomatoes in the fall were made into tomato mincemeat with apples and raisins. Cabbage was made into sauerkraut.

Up on the porch roof were hazelnuts and butternuts that the boys gathered in the fall. There was a big bag of hickory



nuts purchased each year. No one can make hickory-nut cake like mother did.

When our popcorn was husked it was braided or bunched to hang out on the back porch until ready for popping, when we would bring in a few ears. Frozen corn pops best. The wire popper hung in the cellar stairway. Thanksgiving meant a batch of popcorn balls for the starved skaters when they came in, even though it was a wonder how they could be hungry after the big noon meal they had devoured.

Now stretch your imagination and go to the basement and bring up what you are going to have for that Thanksgiving dinner of yours.

Here are the recipes you will need to finish your plans for having a Thanksgiving dinner like my mother's:

Honey Pie

- 1 cup raw cranberries
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup cream

Pour the washed cranberries into the pie crust and scatter the raisins over them. Do not mix lest the raisins sink to the bottom during cooking. Add the sugar and cream,

put on the top crust, and bake at 425° F. for about 40 minutes, or until the juice starts to bubble out and the crust is golden brown.

Hickory-Nut Cake

- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{3}{8}$ cup butter (margarine)
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons Fleischmann's baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup hickory nut meats chopped finely (mix some flour with the nutmeats)

Cream the sugar and margarine. Add the eggs and mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add the chopped nuts to the flour mixture so that the nuts will not sink to the bottom during baking. Add flour mixture and milk alternately. Pour into loaf pan and bake at 350° F. for 40 to 45 minutes.

Popcorn Balls

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sorghum
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda

Mix the first four ingredients and cook in buttered saucepan. Boil without stirring to hard-ball stage, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter when the syrup spins a thread. Add soda and pour the syrup over about 6 quarts of popped corn in a fine stream. Form balls quickly. ▲



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Your Child's Health



Fathers and mothers, send your questions about your children to: The Children's Physician, LIFE & HEALTH, Washington, D.C., 20012. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope for your reply.

By ROBERT F. CHINNOCK, M.D., Professor of Pediatrics, Loma Linda University School of Medicine, Los Angeles, California

Tantrums

My ten-year-old has been having temper tantrums recently. What can I do to cure him?

Temper tantrums most commonly are seen in children under the age of four, and they are not too much to be concerned about at that age. If they are present in an older child, it is usually an indication that the child is quite nervous, may have been unduly restrained, or may feel the requirements expected of him are overexacting.

The temper tantrum in the older child may be a way for him to gain attention and get things that otherwise would not be given him. It would be well to ignore him during these episodes. He needs to realize that nothing is accomplished by these outbursts of anger. If he is destructive and messes up his room during these outbursts, he should be required to clean it and put everything back in order. Calmness in approaching these outbursts will go much farther than for the parent

also to exhibit anger and unhappiness or to use vigorous punishment.

If the temper tantrums continue, you should discuss the matter with your physician, and perhaps he will advise that your child receive care by people who have had special training in understanding the emotional disturbances of children.



Hereditary Diabetes Detection

There is a history of diabetes in my family, and I have been told that I should watch for it in my children. How often should they have a blood test?

Diabetes in children is different from diabetes in adults in that it tends to come on much more quickly. Routine blood tests seldom are of real benefit, and as a rule are not recommended.

Childhood diabetes usually is mani-

festated first by increased urination, increased thirst, and perhaps increased appetite. Not infrequently, some weight loss is also noted. When these symptoms are seen in any child, particularly in a child with a family history of diabetes, it is well for either a blood test to be done or the urine to be checked for sugar.

It may be well for the entire family to have periodic urine tests to determine whether sugar is present. Sugar in the urine is very suggestive of the presence of diabetes, and its early detection is most helpful.



Goat's Milk

I am told that goat's milk is preferred to cow's milk in feeding my child. Should I make the change?

There are a few children who are allergic to cow's milk, and the allergy may be less if goat's milk is given. This situation does not often occur, but it is seen occasionally. However, in most cases the increased benefit to be derived from goat's milk in the absence of a true milk allergy does not justify the increased cost of goat's milk.

If the family has a goat and wishes to use its milk in place of cow's milk, there is nothing against it. The basic nutrition such as fat, protein, and other constituents is similar in goat's milk to that in cow's milk.

The amount of goat's or cow's milk used should not exceed one quart per day per child. ▲



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A Child Who Walks Through Meadows

By PAULINE CHADWELL

A child who walks through meadows
To reach his school each day
Will soon discover beauty and rich health on his way:

The shimmering of birch leaves,
A winging bird's bright flame,
The wind that gives the tall grass
A whispered silver name.

A child who walks through meadows
Will reach adulthood days
With peace and health in wisdom
At learning nature's ways.

HIDDEN DIABETIC

(From page 17)

What causes diabetes is relative or absolute deficiency of insulin. This is a protein hormone produced by special cells in the pancreas, a gland near the stomach. These cells with the poetic name islands of Langerhans, after their discoverer, for various reasons do not produce enough insulin to use (or "burn") the sugars and starches after the digestive juices convert them into glucose. The body must have glucose to help in utilization of other foods and for heat and energy as your car needs gas and oil.

When the islands of Langerhans fail to provide the insulin to spark this process, the sugar passes unused into the blood and is eliminated in the urine. The quantity of urine eliminated increases, causing the diabetic to be thirsty. When he is thirsty he drinks more water, which in turn is quickly eliminated. When the sugar piles up in the blood faster than the body can eliminate it, resistance to infection is reduced. Thus diabetes is caused by failure of the body to provide the essential hormone insulin.

There are many complex reasons why the body fails to produce sufficient insulin. Dr. Charles Herbert Best, codiscoverer of insulin with Sir Frederick Grant Banting and John James Rickard Macleod, is among the scientists who are doing research in this area. The condition may be caused by a disease of the pancreas. In some cases a derangement of other glands, such as the adrenals or the pituitary, may interfere with insulin activity by neutralizing or antagonizing its effect. In overweight people the islands of Langerhans, trying to make enough insulin when a tremendous amount of sugar and starch is eaten, may be unequal to the task and simply lie down on the job.

What Are the Symptoms of Diabetes? Many diabetics have no striking symptoms. They may feel not up to par but not sick enough to suspect anything wrong. Usually these people are the mild, or borderline, cases. If caught in time, they can be kept from getting worse, often by diet alone.

The common signs of diabetes, which everyone should be alerted to, are:

1. Excessive thirst and urination (in children, bed-wetting may be a sign).
2. Loss of weight, especially if plenty of food is eaten.
3. Low resistance to infection, often manifested in frequent boils and carbuncles.

Even in its early stages diabetes can be detected by a test of the urine and blood for sugar. A complete physical examination always should include analysis of the urine, especially because there may be no outward signs to indicate diabetes.

What Is Being Done? Scientists and

laboratory men are carrying on research in many centers—among them Boston, Toronto, Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Rochester (New York and Minnesota)—and they are accumulating new knowledge all the time. The ultimate goal: Prevention or cure of diabetes.

"It is hoped that eventually an accurate method may be found of discovering persons who have a predisposition to diabetes," said Dr. Best. "Such an improvement in diagnosis should make it possible for those persons to avoid development of the disorder at all."

This is wonderful news when you consider the sobering fact that so many of us are potential diabetics. Medical statisticians say that about 5,125,000 Americans living today are among them.

So the campaign to uncover hidden diabetics becomes more and more important. Neglect of the diabetic condition can too easily lead to complications such as heart disease, hardening of the arteries, kidney disorder, gangrene, cerebral hemorrhage, and eye disorder affecting vision.

Overcoming public apathy is perhaps the most difficult problem of all. The Public Health Service is pushing a program of public education. They think it imperative that a way be found to prevent the oft-repeated and tragic mistake of arresting on alcoholism charges a diabetic person in coma or insulin shock. There is available to interested groups and clubs a teaching-aid kit including films and charts in regional offices of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.

The leading organization for work in diabetes is the American Diabetes Association. Its headquarters are at 11 West 42 Street, New York, New York, 10036. It is composed of physicians, and its objectives are diabetes detection, research, and education. The organization publishes a newspaper for diabetics, puts out cookbooks, meal-planning guides, and a host of other helps for the diabetic and his family.

The years following the discovery of insulin have been fruitful in research, adding to the life span of the diabetic. Ironically, the discovery of insulin—boon though it is—seems to have perpetuated the disease. Dr. Leo P. Krall, noted authority on diabetes, said that the rapid increase in the incidence of diabetes since 1922 can be related to the discovery of insulin. Because insulin allows diabetic children, previously doomed to waste away, the chance to reach adulthood, to marry and raise children, the genetic factor has been passed on to more and more people.

One out of every four people, or forty-five million people, are believed to be diabetic carriers. This is a good reason for stepped-up research. A good reason

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too for you to know the symptoms and be alert for signs of diabetes in you or your family. The three main signs, remember—excessive thirst and urination, loss of weight, decreased resistance to infection—are tipoffs most often but not always.

An old Arab proverb says, "He who has health has hope. He who has hope has everything." Even the best of health has its limitations, because nature does make mistakes. We cannot sit passively by and let nature take care of things, but we can work along with nature and our doctor.

If you are over forty, feeling not quite up to par, losing weight, this should be your course of action:

1. Have regular physical examinations.
2. Seek advice as to possible ways to avoid diabetes.

Long life with optimum health is everybody's hope. The outlook is never brighter for you than when you take common-sense precautions. You can protect your family from hidden diabetes. ▲

The Family Fireside



Send your questions on family problems to: Family Fireside, LIFE & HEALTH, Washington, D.C., 20012. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope for your reply.

By HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

Professor of Anatomy
Loma Linda University School of Medicine

PUNISHMENT

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY objected to the punishment his father gave him for breaking a neighbor's window. Feeling sorry for himself he asked, "Did grandfather punish you sometimes when you were a boy?"

"Yes," his father admitted.

"Did great-grandfather punish grandfather when he was a boy?"

"Yes, I'm sure he did," was his father's reply.

"Well, who started it?"

Seriously, appropriate punishment is necessary to help a child develop a stable character and an adequate personality. God Himself said when charging Adam to abstain from the forbidden fruit, "Thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Genesis 2:17). It is a general principle in God's dealings with His human children that breaking the rules requires a penalty (see Ezekiel 18:20).

Applying this principle to the responsibilities of parenthood, the parent does Billy a favor when he teaches him that some form of penalty is a necessary consequence when he fails to abide by the regulations. When Billy learns early that rules and laws are to be obeyed he adjusts well at school, in community life, and in all of life's undertakings.

There is an opposite philosophy that specifies it is not necessary for a child or even an adult to pay the price for disregarding the rules. The Scriptures reveal that this opposing concept was originated by Satan when in the guise of a serpent he coaxed Eve to disregard God's instructions and punctuated his persuasion with a lie: "Ye shall not surely die" (Genesis 3:4).

Eve decided to take the risk in the hope that the penalty would not be exacted, but it was, and she learned that the price for transgression is high.

The parent who fails to instill in Billy's mind that he must cooperate with proper

authority and keep the rules is neglecting his duty. When Billy cultivates the hope that he can get by without penalty, he becomes a problem at school, a delinquent teen-ager, a dishonest citizen, and a misfit in life.

Punishment Always?

My father spanked each one of his children at least once a week. He used to quote the saying, "Spare the rod and

spoil the child." My wife does not believe in spanking; she says it is cruel and unnecessary. In consideration of her wishes I have not spanked our children, but I fear they are growing up to be spoiled, self-willed, and disrespectful of authority. Do you agree with the modern psychology that advocates reasoning with children rather than punishing them?

I do not believe in punishment for nothing, nor that Billy should be spanked every so often regardless of whether he has disobeyed.

I believe Billy must be taught to respect and obey his parents. If he does not learn this as a child, he will grow up to be the kind of person who disregards all authority.

Spanking is not the only means by which a parent can teach Billy to abide by the rules. As Billy becomes older, there should be less and less corporal punishment and more appeal to reason. Even for a young child, no punishment should be administered without the youngster understanding the reason.

The basic reason for administering punishment is to help Billy understand the principle that when rules are broken a penalty must be paid. Spanking provides bodily discomfort, and when Billy is not old enough to reason clearly, it teaches the lesson that disobedience has an unhappy outcome. As Billy becomes better able to reason from cause to effect, depriving him of some cherished privilege may provide punishment even more effective and acceptable to both parent and child than spanking. Properly managed, no child need be spanked often.

Who Is Boss?

Our son Don, soon to be sixteen, has a learner's permit to drive the car. He can drive only when a licensed adult driver is with him. The other day when I was with Don he backed out of our

Jennifer's First Illness

(Here's another poem about that REMARKABLE baby.)

By MIRIAM WOOD

Through long tortured nights I sat
Beside your mother's crib
When she was ill, as you are now.
(That was long ago in years;
Only yesterday in dreams.)

I pretended that the fierceness of my love
Could triumph o'er the always-present fear
That I would lose my treasures.
(There were two, you see—
Your mother and her sister.)

God was good.
The heartbreak never came.
I, then, had won; dark fate had lost.
But I could not know
That one day there would be you,
Child of my child, doubly loved—
And I again possessed by fear.
(Your mother must not know this.
She left the flowered fields of childhood
So recently herself.)

Beat strongly, little heart.
Hold tightly, little hands, to life.
(Heavenly Father, will You send
Very special angels to watch with Jennifer?)

driveway into the street instead of turning around at the back of the house as I asked. I suppose what he did was just as safe, but I punished him by taking away his driving privilege for two weeks. His father thinks the punishment is too severe, but I think the boy must understand who is boss.

I have no desire to be critical of your dealings with Don. I am sure your motives are commendable. But your statement indicates that there are two areas in which you violated the principle of successful dealing with a child.

The request you made was arbitrary. You say that the method Don chose to use was as safe as the method you requested. In other words, the situation actually required no regulation. Don would have gotten along just as well without your telling him what to do, and the need for punishment would have been averted.

Many parents make the mistake of giving more instruction than necessary and



basing it on their preference rather than on a principle of safety or right and wrong.

Using regulations to prove who is boss serves to lower a child's respect for his parent. If the parent is reasonable, firm, and considerate, the child will have respect for him without having to be reminded who is boss.

Your second error was in taking the reins of family government into your hands without first planning with your husband your pattern of government. The fact that you and Don's father disagree on your handling of this matter causes Don to feel resentful of you.

Punishment at the Table

What kind of punishment should I give our five-year-old Betty when she refuses to eat the food I set before her?

A child's refusal to eat does not require punishment in the usual sense of the word. What it does require is self-control and deliberate planning by the parent. The circumstance in which the parent requires a child to eat and the child refuses creates one of the most tense situations that occur in a home.

The problem is aggravated by its occurring at mealtime—a time when all members of the family should be calm and the tenor of conversation pleasant. Many cases of adult indigestion can be traced back to childhood, to unpleasant scenes at the dining table.

A parent's usual mistake is to make the announcement that the child must eat this and that. Then when the child refuses, the parent has no alternative but punishment for disobedience.

A simpler and much preferred method is to make no mandate of what the child must eat. Then there can be no disobedience and no need for the punishment disobedience requires.

Most parents justify their food demands by contending that the child needs the food specified. But if the parent can exercise sufficient self-control the child's hunger will impel him to eat enough food in the long run to take care of his needs.

In dealing with Betty, pay little attention to her refusal. Forbid her to eat between meals. Snacks destroy her appetite for the next mealtime. By requiring her to wait for the next meal, there is no need for punishment, and she is guided into the usual favorable pattern of eating. ▲



TOBACCO IS A NARCOTIC

(From page 15)

one of today's major health problems is twofold:

1. It must be accepted as a governmental responsibility to disseminate through the schools and through mass media of information the full, ungarbled facts regarding the harm of nicotine and other ingredients of tobacco.

2. Laws and regulations must be adopted by Congress or by the appropriate Federal commissions and agencies to stop the false advertising of this dangerous narcotic as being in any way beneficial or desirable.

Investigation must be directed not to a futile attempt to change the chemical properties of tobacco but to discover fully the various harms resulting from its use and to inform the public of them. In books, magazines, on radio and television, in newspapers, we must be alerted to the manner in which general physical well-being and the power to resist disease are lowered by smoking.

We must be reminded of the possible connection between tobacco use and birth defects. We must be told over and over again of its relationship to cancer and other specific diseases, of its negative effect on longevity. We must be made aware that sexual energy and potency, in itself a

(To page 27)

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The Golden Age



This page is dedicated to all our Golden Age readers who are still young at heart. It is designed to improve and encourage active hobbies, good diet, and outdoor exercise.

By O. S. PARRETT, M.D.

CREATIVE IMAGINATION

WELL I remember as a youth the rumor that Sir William Osler, a great man in medicine, suggested that after age sixty a man might as well be shot. Osler himself reached seventy, and died in 1919. He denied the rumor but admitted he did say that men showed little creative genius after sixty, usually having accomplished their big work before that time.

I am sure we can all name people well beyond sixty who still are doing big things. Today man's greatest earning age is said to be sixty.

Some time ago my daughter wrote me saying, "Dad, you will be pleased to know that our TV set is out of order and the two boys are using it for a pulpit to preach from." That was fine with me, for, judging by many of the programs offered, I could think of nothing better than to change it into a pulpit. A lot of television viewing does not develop creative imagination.

My older readers may think back to days when they put chairs in a row and played it was a train. I remember riding a broom for a horse, for most of my toys were built on imagination. I have observed how soon children get bored with a high-priced toy but will work for days if they can scrape together some wood and a few tools for building a boat or a wagon. Plenty crude, perhaps, but they spend wholesome hours getting it to work and improving it here and there.

Out of his \$1.25 a day my father once bought us children an old secondhand bicycle with hard tires costing \$3, which broke in two after we all had learned to ride on it. My next bicycle, an old Columbia safety, cost me \$1, and I had to earn the dollar myself. In those days it was not a crime to hire a boy to work, and I earned fifty cents a day. I had no time to join juvenile gangs; in fact, I never heard of gangs then. Now the mayor of Los Angeles tells us that in that

one city 360 gangs of juvenile delinquents roam the streets like brigands. Times have changed, but change does not always spell progress.

Youth is the time for creative imagination. The degree of this factor left in us as we get older largely determines whether we age slowly or rapidly. In a hospital where I once worked there was an old grandmother who was always knitting something for somebody, and she was happy if someone asked her to put on a patch or darn a sock. She still had a degree of creative life in her, and helping people made her happy and her life brighter.

Before an architect begins drawing plans he visualizes the building he is about to create. The great flake breakfast-food idea was first created in the mind of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, brother to W. K. Kellogg of corn-flake fame. He said that in his imagination he saw rollers with flakes flying off the wheels. He boiled up some grain, borrowed his wife's rolling pin, and on a breadboard turned out the first dry cereal flakes, which he told me in 1935 had made his brother fifty-six million dollars on corn flakes alone.

My wife is a trailer fan. She likes to

stop at every trailer sales lot and look over the stock; in fact, I count her an expert in this field, with her reading of trailer magazines and naming every trailer we pass. Perhaps it is a hangover from her dollhouse days. I suggested that we park our travel trailer on the ramp to our garage and she live in it and give me the house, but so far the idea has not caught on. I am not so sure I would like it either.

I suppose we may yet decide on the trailer if the taxes on a two-bedroom house like ours get much beyond six hundred plus a year, the present level.

The thing I fear is that I might start just twiddling my thumbs for lack of activity. What would I do with my orchids, my four stands of bees, my shell collection, my two tape recorders, my portable hi-fi stereo record player, my patch of boysenberries, and all the gadgets a man gathers round him as he goes along?

Perhaps when I get old or discover that I have already reached that state, I may want to shrink down to trailer size. Meanwhile, I am watching the effect on my friends who already have taken to trailers.

I have some Mexican patients, and some of them speak little or no English. If I try some of my Spanish on them their faces light up, then they throw so much language at me that I am left speechless. But I am determined to learn more words and get ready for the next Mexican patient who speaks only Spanish. It is fun to speak another language, and it helps to keep the brain oiled.

Mrs. Parrett and I like to sing when we travel, after trying all the radio stations and finding nothing we want to hear. We are not experts, have never been asked to sing in public (for good reason), but I like the old songs and hymns I used to sing as a child. I have a miniature songbook, a perfect copy of the big church hymnal. I carry it around

AT NEWFOUND GAP, THE SMOKIES

By JANE MERCHANT

Here we look down on mountains; here we gaze

Toward earth at peaks mysterious in haze
And valleys so deep our plunging eyes might fall

Bruised on the depths of them, except that all

Are soft with mist. We do not speak aloud.
We who look down on mountains are not proud.

and learn the words of some of the songs in order to go through on a few.

As if I did not have enough to keep me busy I have just added a new activity to my regimen. A program on TV called "It Is Written" intrigued me so much that I sent invitations to more than a thousand of my patients to tune in on it.

I learned that ten of the programs were to be put on records, and I bought two sets.

One of my patients is an arthritic confined to a wheel chair most of the time. I took one of the records to her home in the evening for ten nights. She liked the programs so well she asked to purchase a set.

Tonight I left my typewriter long enough to take my new portable hi-fi to another home where we have just diagnosed inoperable carcinoma. The family are a lovely couple with no children, and I thought they might need the encouragement of hope and faith found in these records. I hope to continue sharing them with as many people as possible.

If the program "It Is Written" hap-

You can never forget people who forget themselves.

pens to be put on TV in your area, be sure not to miss one of them. I play mine again and again with as keen enjoyment as at first.

This is a hobby that almost anyone could enjoy. It is truly creative, for it creates hope and courage for people who are weary of life's problems.

I have a friend who visits shut-ins. He has a tape recorder, and he picks up fine music from the air. He especially goes for good religious music and sermons. He takes them to people who are ill or unable to get away from home or hospital. A helpful project, cheering up people.

If you have leisure, of all things do not go on a sitdown. Think of the things you would like to do, and see what your imagination can come up with. Many of my best ideas pop into my mind while I am resting in bed, when there is no pressure or distraction.

A leading medical man who made important discoveries says his best ideas came to him while fishing.

Your mind works best with bright ideas when you relax. So true is this that I am told the big electronic and space scientists and inventors are free to do as they please, quit and go home if they wish, so long as they are looking the field over mentally for new ideas or improvements.

Whatever you do, you might as well be one of those to prove that the great Sir William Osler was wrong so far as you are concerned. ▲

TOBACCO IS A NARCOTIC

(From page 25)

mark of the state of health, is undermined in the tobacco addict.

In a newspaper I read with some shock a story to the effect that in a survey made by *Young Citizen*, a weekly current-events publication of the civic education service, one fifth-grade teacher said 50 per cent of his students smoke occasionally and 20 per cent regularly.

What this story means is that in school-rooms across the nation, from the fifth grade on, our children must be taught the facts. They must be shown movies, given dramatic lectures, and made to participate in discussions, not once a year in a hygiene class but over and over until they fully get the message that may prevent them from becoming a new generation of nicotine addicts.

The most effective single means of reaching adults is through television. The press and radio must make their contribution as well to a vigorous campaign to counteract the past subtle and hard-sell propaganda of the tobacco industry.

Above all, everything we do or say from the positive standpoint will be blotted out if we permit continued advertisement in the same media glorifying tobacco as ideally masculine and at the same time fully feminine; as being part of every important athletic or educational event; as being inspiring, relaxing, and sexually glamorous.

On the contrary, it must be required that such advertising be stopped, and that each tobacco container set forth the proven harms in much the same manner as poisons are required to be labeled as such, leaving it to the buyer to decide whether he wishes to continue to cater to his addiction, in view of the scientific revelations. The presentation of tobacco in a desirable light is a fraud upon the American people.

Will economic distress arise in the tobacco belt? We must remember that the horse and buggy gave way to the automobile, and the employers and employees in the former enterprise found a place for themselves in other fields. There is a way for the tobacco belt to recover without jeopardizing the life and health of all Americans. It is necessary for all segments of the population to be prepared at all times for the social adjustments required by progress.

Least of all should we be concerned with the loss of revenue from tobacco advertising. Other sponsors heretofore crowded out by the powerful tobacco interests, which today sponsor more television programs than any other group, will be happy to come forward to advertise beneficial commodities for the American consumer, so that we may all benefit by the closing of this era of dope pushing by way of television. ▲

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GLOBAL MEDICINE

(From page 19)

were openly dubious of the feasibility of this project. Consider this aspect of the complex venture: Heart surgery requires blood used in the heart-lung machine to be perfectly matched with the blood of the patient, no guesswork. One hundred separate laboratory blood tests are necessary for each patient before surgery. Could this be done in Pakistan with willing but inexperienced technicians for five weeks? "Most unlikely" was the verdict of many professionals.

The technique of open-heart surgery is a relatively recent advance in medical science. It has been developed and perfected only within the past ten years. It is a delicate operation requiring the closely coordinated efforts of a highly skilled team. And that is not all. After surgery there is a critical postoperative period when intensive specialized nursing care is essential. Could it be provided in Karachi?

Because of their long experience in working together, the Loma Linda University heart team was optimistic about the success of the program. They knew there would be problems, but as their chief surgeon, Dr. Ellsworth Wareham, remarked, "Why should surgery in Asia be different from surgery in Los Angeles? Maybe we won't have air-conditioning, but we won't have smog either."

Still the team was conscious of the challenge they faced. Their preparation for the trip was thorough and exhaustive. Finally all was in readiness.

In the predawn hours of a humid May morning the six arrived at the Karachi Civil Airport. Besides Dr. Wareham the group included Dr. C. Joan Coggin, a highly skilled cardiologist; Dr. F. Lynn Artress, an anesthesiologist who had been a medical missionary in Africa; Dr. Wilfred M. Huse, the team's associate surgeon; Mrs. Lavaun Ward Sutton, a cardiac nurse; and Lester H. Gipson, heart-lung-machine technician. With them was a ton of equipment and supplies so carefully packaged that every single item—even tiny glass tubing—arrived intact.

Advance word of their coming was well distributed by the local U.S. Information Service staff. Patients converged on Karachi—some from obscure villages a thousand miles away—and were patiently waiting for the Americans to appear.

Barely had the heart-surgery team moved into their temporary quarters than leaflets began appearing on Karachi streets denouncing the project as a cold-blooded propaganda stunt. Many physicians and hospitals received stern letters commanding them not to cooperate in the program.

This indictment was a new experience for the team members. It gave them unexpected and unwanted publicity. It placed increased pressure on the surgeons.

"We became acutely aware of the possible impact that even one fatality might have on the success of our work," recalls Dr. Coggin. "It was an awesome responsibility."

Because the project was official, sponsored by the U.S. Department of State,

the prestige of the United States was involved.

The group's prior experience under stress was invaluable. Calmly masking their concern, they went into action. Patients were first screened in the Jinnah Central Heart Clinic, a large government-owned institution near the bustling heart of the city. The people selected for surgery were taken to the nearby Karachi Seventh-day Adventist hospital, a 110-bed facility with a well-trained nursing staff.

While the surgeons interviewed patients, Mrs. Sutton, the cardiac nurse, was at the Adventist hospital busily setting up an improvised but adequate intensive-care unit. As she carefully outlined to the nurses the necessary procedures, Mr. Gipson, the heart-lung-machine technician, was in an adjacent room assembling his equipment.

Then came the first crisis, a blood shortage.

Despite heroic efforts by the Jamshed Lions Club and the All Pakistan Women's Association to secure an adequate supply of blood, the team began surgery with a minimum stockpile.

In Asia there is a widespread belief that for a person to give blood is to lose an irreplaceable part of his life. This belief caused an understandably sluggish response to the urgent appeal for blood.

With the equipment the team was using, heart surgery requires a minimum of ten pints of blood for each patient. The surgery schedule called for a minimum of two operations a day. Where was the blood to come from?

Diplomats, members of the foreign community, Pakistani businessmen, and their friends cooperated; but blood was still scarce.

Finally government officials offered local prisoners two weeks off their sentence in exchange for a pint of blood. The crisis eased, but it remained a concern.

The heart team was in Pakistan five and a half weeks. They performed forty-four operations, saw more than three hundred patients, and spent many eighteen-hour days at the hospital.

This exhausting effort took its inevitable toll. With the exception of Dr. Coggin, all members were ill at one time or another, most with some form of intestinal complaint. After a bout with amoebic dysentery, Mrs. Sutton had her appendix removed. The surgery was performed by Dr. Huse while Dr. Wareham was in the hospital with a 103° F. fever. Despite difficulties, the work continued without interruption. Not all the team were ever sick at the same time.

When the heart group returned to California, President Johnson greeted them. "Your efforts have done more than anything in recent times to advance good feeling between our two countries," he told them. "You are to be congratulated."



EUGENE HOOD

Dr. C. Joan Coggin checks the heart rate of government building contractor Amanullah Khan after his heart surgery as Mrs. Khan, Dr. Ellsworth Wareham, and cardiac nurse Mrs. Lavaun Sutton watch.

There were other reminders of the success of the project. The civic leaders of Karachi joined patients and relatives in presenting the team members with gifts and souvenirs, and each received a sterling silver holder for the many messages of gratitude given them by the people of Pakistan.

This was a satisfying end to a humanitarian program that many people were doubtful could succeed. More important, it pioneered a way in which the medical resources of the American nation could be used to assist a needy world. ▲



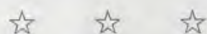
PROFILES

(From page 5)

the North American Newspaper Alliance of New York.

Art was born in Port Limon, Costa Rica, the son of missionary parents, and he spent the first fifteen years of his life in countries of the Caribbean. He graduated from La Sierra College in 1955 with a major in history.

"The ideal life," says Art, "is a beach house in Antigua, far away from such annoyances as smog." If his current project, a fictionalized account of contemporary Caribbean politics, is successful, he just may achieve his goal.



Cora McChesney ("Thanksgiving Through the Years," page 13) is executive housekeeper at Hadley Memorial Hospital in southwest Washington, D.C.

She was the baby of the family when around the turn of the century John McChesney moved his family to Arpin, Wisconsin, to educate his children in the soon-to-open Bethel Academy.

This home was gladdened by three sons and seven daughters. You will agree that Mother McChesney left her daughters a treasured legacy in cooking and baking.

After graduating from Hinsdale (Illinois) Sanitarium Academy, Cora attended Andrews University, Berrien Springs, Michigan, summer school and taught school in Wisconsin for three and one-half years.

In 1942 Cora re-entered hospital work, and in 1950 she became a member of the National Executive Housekeepers Association. She served Norton Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky; Middletown Hospital, Middletown, Ohio; and Research Hospital, Kansas City, Missouri, before coming to Washington, D.C.

You will find Cora gardening wherever she can find a spot. She enjoys photography, especially of flowers and nature. In the fall and winter she is often at the sewing machine preparing a fuzzy teddy bear, lamb, duck, dog, or cat to gladden some child's heart. The shuttle of her loom lies idle for lack of time to enjoy her hobby of weaving. ▲



THAT OLE R.N. MAGIC

(From page 12)

nurses. Thus we have a chance to help in health education and in emergency. I was asked to be nursing director of our local civil-defense group and help with the planning.

There are times when the community-service magic becomes a little too much for me. One PTA chairman could not understand why I said No to the PTA health chairmanship, although I was already involved in three outside health projects, not to mention my four small children who needed my care. But she found another R.N. to take the job.

The R.N. magic continued in my life as a mother of small children. My first day home from the hospital with a new baby was pure joy because I had learned ahead of time to care for a baby. I had demonstrated baby bathing and formula making hundreds of times to new mothers.

The doctors who care for my children always give me a little extra explanation, plenty of time, and many free samples. More magic?

At rare times the magic brew became a little thick. When our Betsy came down with a strange set of symptoms, because I was a nurse I spent several difficult days thinking she might have leukemia. But I could rejoice in the end, for the blood test showed that she had the lesser disease of infectious mononucleosis. Every registered nurse knows that the early symptoms of these two diseases are similar.

Another time when the magic of the R.N. was a bit too strong was when I

(To page 34)



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November 8	Pre-creation Eternity
November 15	What Do the Angels Do?
November 22	The Second Before the First
November 29	Life in Eclipse*

* Sermon is to be preached by Elder Richards, Jr.

BARRY GOLDWATER

(From page 11)

juice, put on the coffee, and then wander into his dawn-lit den to spend a half hour dictating a chapter idea for a new book. He reads reports and the morning Washington *Post*, although his favorite papers are the Washington *Star* and *Daily News*.

He arrives at work by 8 A.M. The morning we met him—at a unity breakfast for Congressmen—he had arrived at 7:45, and by 8:00 was already shaking hands and having his picture taken with the men.

A man who loves variety, he says, "Each day is different." And this fact is attested



GOLDWATER FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE

by the eleven people working in his office, especially his personal secretary, Mrs. Edna A. Coerver, at 65 a short, chipper widow from Phoenix, Arizona, who heads his Washington secretarial staff.

Although his life is one of nationwide travel now, his day in Washington may include meetings with the Senate Armed Services Committee, an afternoon appearance on the Senate floor to deliver a speech, a television taping session, eight confidential afternoon appointments, and four interviews with newsmen.

The Senator may have a light breakfast, and he saves time by having his lunch sent to the desk, where a sandwich or a milk shake suffices.

By 8:30 P.M. he may sit down with a simple broiled lamb chop, string beans, and a lettuce-and-tomato salad. His favorite food is steak, well done. Neither the Senator nor his wife, Peggy, who both carefully watch their weight, eat bread, potatoes, or dessert, although the Senator occasionally indulges himself with a plate of vanilla ice cream drowned in hot-fudge sauce. They often supplement their low-calorie meals with Metrecal.

After dinner Mrs. Goldwater settles in the living room to read magazines, knit, work needlepoint, or watch Jack Parr on television.

The Senator retires to his den, where he dictates replies to correspondence from his Arizona constituents into an Edison Voicewriter until 11 P.M., when he likes to watch the late TV news with his wife.

The Glittering Mr. Goldwater

(in a nutshell)

Barry Goldwater, a conservative in policy, is as colorful and modern and active as any person in public life today.

He is a jet pilot, checked out with the Air Force, rank of major general.

A good golfer, shoots in the seventies, and plays an aggressive game.

A ham radio operator for many years; K3UIG.

Excellent photographer, likes Arizona scenes, took famous photograph of President Kennedy.

Likes music, hi-fi, and personally plays several instruments—clarinet, saxophone, mandolin.

Personable, quiet, soft-spoken, intense, but not overbearing.

Trim, erect, watches his weight, wears same belt size as in college.

Education: Light on formal schooling (one year college) but heavy on practical experience in business as retail executive.

Worker, but no driver. He is steady, concentrated at times, but on the whole not a work horse, and does not drive his assistants excessively.

Wealthy? Comfortably well off from sale of family store, wife's money, and careful management of his own funds over the years. Net worth: \$1.7 million.

Habits: Temperate, does not smoke, drinks no coffee or tea. Exercises whenever possible; works long hours but without tension because of his intense interest in the job at hand. ▲

After the news and weather they usually retire, but he may go to his den to ply one of the great loves of his life—his new ham radio set. "This is K3UIG in Washington calling," he says into the microphone, and chats with radio hams in Louisville, Kentucky, or Juneau, Alaska. He is well versed in ham lingo and transmitter technical language.

Senator Goldwater is not one to frequent the Washington cocktail circuit, and he limits his entertaining. He likes to spend a quiet evening at home with his family.

When asked why he never smoked or drank tea or coffee he said, "When I was a small boy my mother said, 'You must never smoke or drink coffee, or you will stunt your growth.'" That was sufficient warning to establish a lifelong habit.

When in Washington the Senator and his charming wife live in an apartment at the Westchester. In Scottsdale, Arizona, they have a rambling modern home equipped with the latest in high-fidelity and photography equipment.

For exercise the Senator, whose coattail is always flying, enjoys a short swim in the Senate pool for a few minutes almost daily, plays golf at infrequent intervals of once a week to once a month and shoots in the 80's. He does not ride horseback, because of a slight knee injury he suffered in football at the University of Arizona.

On vacation he enjoys deep-sea fishing, and he and his wife are both fishermen. When possible he likes to do some mountain climbing behind his Arizona home on the trails in the desert country roundabout Scottsdale. One vacation spot he likes is nearby Grand Canyon, which he returns to yearly because he owns the concession for the Trading Post at Rainbow Bridge.

Being a traveling Senator and having been chairman of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee for the past several years, he flies from city to city giving more talks and raising more money than any other Republican alive. For this reason a vacation to him is to retire to his home in Arizona, where he can do some hiking, sleeping out on the ground, and plying his hobbies of photography, Indian lore, flying, and driving his hot-rod car.

In Arizona he has a little Chevie Corvette Sting Ray and a 1955 Thunderbird with all the latest pressure gauges, manifold intakes, four-barrel carburetor, and equipment that would make a teen-ager drool.

He loves pictures of old Arizona, and in his office hangs a huge painting three-by-five feet of cliff dwellers. He is an inveterate reader, enjoying nonfiction rather than novels. He indulges in history of economics, Western culture, and Arizona history. His library is crammed with Arizoniana. When in New York he will be seen at Edward Eberstadt and Son, where he runs through their catalog of rare books and paintings.

Among his hobbies is collecting Arizona maps and history of any phenomenon of his native State of Arizona. He is a founder of the Arizona Historical Society, and he likes to photograph the Arizona countryside. He has one of the world's finest collections of Hopi Kachina dolls.

In his younger days he was a weight lifter, and he thinks a little lifting is good for a person, regardless of age. While in India once he made a bar bell out of concrete, nuts, and bolts.

As a major general in the Air Force he has flown two and a half times the speed of sound, yet he does not like to drive over sixty.

He likes gadgets, among them a unique flagpole at his Scottsdale home that is equipped with an electric eye. When the sun comes up the flag raises, the hi-fi comes on and plays a patriotic march. At sunset the flag automatically lowers.

Politics got into Barry Goldwater's blood when he was a boy. His Uncle Morris helped found the Democratic Party in Arizona, was mayor of Prescott, served in the State legislature as speaker of the house and president of the senate. Morris used to take Barry on his political rounds, and he had a profound influence on the boy. When Barry and his brother Bob took over the family department stores after the death of their father in 1929, they decided that for business reasons one of them should be a Republican, and Barry was named the Republican.

He was educated at Staunton Military Academy, and he later attended the University of Arizona, but had to stop his schooling and return to work and management of the Goldwater stores when his father died.

Since the Goldwater stores were sold, Barry Goldwater reputedly has been worth a million dollars plus, compared with Lyndon Johnson's eight-million-dollar estate.

Barry's mother being Episcopalian, she raised the boys as such, and Barry has had a deep religious experience throughout his life. He thinks a religious influence is vital to living a clean moral life and making life's decisions. Faith in God can be firmly grounded when a person enjoys outdoor living and feels close to his Maker. When hiking and standing beneath the starry skies of Arizona, Barry feels close to God. His favorite Bible text, like that of J. C. Penney, is the golden rule: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" (Luke 6:31).

Goldwater is a friendly joiner of fraternal organizations. He is a thirty-third-degree Mason, an Elk, a Moose, a member of the American Legion, the VFW, and Woodmen of the World.

His political rise was that of a soaring rocket from the time he was elected to the city council of Phoenix in 1949 until fifteen years later he stands knocking at the door of the White House. He was elected to the Senate in 1952, and has served continuously since.

Although Barry loves to fly, he does not like to stay away from Washington any longer than he has to. Whenever giving a talk away from the capital city he boards



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

the night plane back to Washington and sleeps on the way in preference to taking a hotel room and losing a day's working time. His wife Peggy does not travel with him but prefers remaining in their Westchester apartment.

Always one who can easily relax, he can close his eyes and catch a ten-second catnap any moment of the day. On a plane he simply turns his head to one side and is lost in sleep.

On his flying trips he usually travels alone or with his press secretary, Tony Smith. On short trips he may take a secretary and do some dictating. He keeps his staff of eleven bustling to keep up with his busy schedule. He delegates authority well, assuming that things are done, and usually they are. He does not attempt to carry a load of trivia on his shoulders that he can avoid.

He receives up to fifteen invitations daily for speaking appointments, and his tempo has increased astronomically since his Presidential campaign began.

Although he zooms about the country during the week, Barry likes to reserve Sunday for his family. When at home he enjoys swimming, and is an expert swimmer, having been captain of the swim team at Staunton.

Health Excellent

Barry Goldwater's boundless energy is reflected in his perfect health. He has always thought that good health is vital to success and an enjoyable life and that life is not worth much to a person who is chronically tired, mentally or physically.

To assure his good health he has a yearly physical examination by the U.S. Air Force as well as by his family physician, Dr. Leslie R. Kober, a cardiologist of Phoenix, Arizona, who has been his physician for thirty years.

He has been pronounced in tiptop condition. He has had no major surgery, only minor removal of a bone spur from his heel, which was performed this spring

at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C. His blood pressure, pulse, and respiration are normal. He has never had a heart ailment, has excellent digestion and physical reserve.

At one time he had a little back pain, which President Kennedy's White House physician, Janet G. Travell, treated.

Among his devoted friends have been two residents of New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel—former President Herbert Hoover and the late Gen. Douglas MacArthur, whom he has visited many times in New York.

His idol is Lincoln, who was honored in his office by his staff when they recently gave him a bust of the Great Emancipator. Although subscribing to the conservative line, he still believes in good Jeffersonian philosophy, and his favorite quotation is that seen on the National Archives building:

"What Is Past Is Prologue"—build on the past to make for a secure future.

And so as Barry Goldwater stands knocking on the door of the White House, we find a man of intense drive, determination, buoyant health, and happy personality. These characteristics stem from deep, abiding faith in God and devotion to a political purpose in life, which may well lead him to the top spot as America's thirty-seventh President. ▲



Fire Safety

Perhaps, if a few of the basic rules of fire safety were observed more carefully, many people would be spared the great suffering and possible death resulting from accidental burns, says *Georgia's Health* magazine. Sensible handling of fires and combustible materials can often prevent tragedy. ▲



HERBS

Throughout the Year

By MINNIE WORTHEN MUENSCHER

(November and December)

THE winter months are good for armchair traveling. Comfortably seated in front of a birchwood fire, I have been thinking of the herbs we use and mentally visiting the countries from which they came. For travel guides I am using herb books and encyclopedias.

It is no wonder that many of the herbs want a sunny spot in the garden and do not demand rich soil. Many of my favorite herbs are native to the sunny slopes of the Mediterranean area. This is true of anise, fennel, parsley, lavender, marjoram, thyme, savory, sage, and rosemary.

I like this little comment I found in the World Book Encyclopedia: "In masses, blossoming rosemary looks like blue-gray mist blown over the meadows from the sea." I may never stand on the Mediterranean shores and gaze at the blue-gray mist that is rosemary, but I can see it in my imagination.

Basil comes from the tropical regions of Asia and Africa, cardamom from Southern India, sesame from Asia, tarragon and dill from southern Russia. These herbs are all grown now in the United States. Oswego tea, one of the most delicious teas, is native to Eastern United States, and it has been introduced into Europe as an ornamental.

Armchair traveling with herbs takes me back to the legends of long ago. The name lavender comes from *lavo*, meaning "to wash." The Romans, it is said, put lavender flowers and leaves into the water when they bathed. I shall have to try that next time I prune our lavender. An old tradition states that "at midnight of midsummer the king of the fairies and his followers frolic in beds of wild thyme."

Fennel was brought to the United States by the early settlers, who chewed the "meetin' house seeds" that they might stay awake during long sermons. Fennel seed makes an invigorating tea.

Garlic is mentioned in the Old Testament as part of the food furnished the Israelites in Egypt. A legend I like says the rosemary bush opened its branches

to hide Mary and the infant Jesus from Herod's soldiers. Ever since then, according to the legend, its flowers have been the blue of the virgin's mantle instead of a dull white. I hope that the many kindnesses I have received have been as fittingly rewarded.

Perhaps that legend explains why rosemary is so well suited to Christmas giving. Dried rosemary leaves for the herb shelf, rosemary sachets for the linen closet, rosemary jelly for the pantry, a small potted rosemary plant for the window sill—these are fragrant gifts for a friend.



Former articles in this series have mentioned other fragrant herbs suited to sachets and jellies. The article for July and August told how to dry culinary herbs and make jellies. Any of these herb

products should be fine for gifts. So should a book about herbs or cookies, candies, or breads seasoned with herbs.

A Christmas gift or any other gift is a token of friendship. Herbs with their beauty, fragrance, and flavor are perfectly fitted to take thoughtful messages of kindness and happiness from one friend to another.

Herbs have a strong appeal when cold weather calls for hearty food. They may make these foods more digestible as well as tastier.

A good variety of dried herbs and herb seeds can now be found in the supermarkets and in some of the small grocery stores.

I like to have these always on my herb shelves—basil, savory, marjoram, rosemary, oregano, parsley, dill, garlic, chives, burnet, sage, tarragon, thyme, chervil, lovage, mint, lemon balm, lavender, Oswego tea, catnip, and the seeds of poppy, cardamom, coriander, anise, caraway, sesame, cumin, fennel, dill, fenugreek, and celery. With this assortment I can find an herb for any dish I am cooking.

In conclusion I should like to repeat a warning or two: Use herbs cautiously, only a little at a time, and in only one or two dishes at any meal. But use herbs daringly. Try them to see whether you like

them. Do not say, "I don't know anything about herbs, and I'm afraid to try."

Scrambled Eggs With Cottage Cheese

- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 1/8 teaspoon rosemary
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Beat the eggs until smooth, add the cottage cheese, rosemary, and salt and blend. Melt the margarine in a skillet, pour in the egg mixture, and cook slowly. If the heat is low enough, it should cook about ten minutes. Stir it occasionally or cover the skillet and cook it without stirring. Any of the culinary herbs can be substituted for the rosemary. This dish is good with parsley, chives, marjoram, basil, or sage. I like it (or other egg recipes) with a very little cumin, tarragon, dill, or thyme. These herbs may also be used with plain cottage cheese.

Split-Pea Soup

- 1 pound dried split peas
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 1 teaspoon basil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon margarine
- 1 cup evaporated milk

Put all except the milk into a kettle, cover, and cook slowly for 2 1/2 hours, stirring occasionally and adding more water as needed. Strain through a sieve or beat with an egg beater until smooth. Add the milk, reheat, and serve hot. Oregano, thyme, or sage may be used instead of basil, or 2 tablespoons of finely cut parsley or chives may be added just before serving. Some people like their pea soup better if it is not strained.

Red-Flannel Hash

- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 tablespoons margarine
- 1 pint cooked and diced potatoes
- 1 pint cooked and diced beets or 1 can diced beets
- 2 meatless bouillon cubes
- 1/2 cup liquid from the beets
- 1/2 teaspoon thyme
- Salt to taste

Wilt the onion in the margarine, but do not brown it. Add the potatoes, beets, and bouillon cubes that have been dissolved in the liquid from the beets. Stir until well mixed. Add the thyme and salt to taste. Stir again and cook slowly until nicely browned. Remove from pan with spatula or pancake turner. ▲



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THE PRESIDENT

(From page 9)

His host gave him some bicarbonate of soda and he lay down, but he had difficulty breathing. His friend Senator Clinton P. Anderson, who had had heart trouble, thought he recognized heart symptoms, and persuaded Lyndon to let Brown call a physician.

When the doctor examined Johnson, he too worried about a heart attack. The suffering patient exclaimed, "If you think it may be a heart attack, let's act as though we know it is."

While he waited for the ambulance to take him to Bethesda Naval Hospital near Washington, Lyndon told his friends to call Lady Bird and his personal doctor. In the ambulance he smoked a cigarette even though the doctor had asked him not to. It was the last one he has ever smoked.

The physician in charge of his case, Dr. Willis Hurst, an Atlanta, Georgia, cardiologist, who happened to be on duty at Bethesda Naval Hospital at the time of his attack, advised him not to smoke and to slow up his program.

Within a fortnight after this serious attack, LBJ was sitting up and fighting for his health. Told to lose weight, he lost it. Told to stop smoking, he who had smoked three packs of cigarettes a day stopped smoking. Asked to take it easier, he startled even his doctors by forcing himself to take afternoon naps.

After six months he had recovered sufficiently to return to the Senate. Although his attack was as severe as any man can have and still live, and came close to being fatal, he has come ten years past it. His recovery is comparable to President Dwight D. Eisenhower's.

Prior to his heart attack, the President's only serious ailment was kidney stones, which required an operation for their extraction in January, 1955, by Dr. Gershom J. Thompson, Mayo Clinic urologist.

Since Johnson came to the Presidency his health, especially the condition of his heart, has been of major concern. During the 1960 campaign, in which his health was only a minor issue, a spokesman said, "His heart size, respiration, pulse, and blood pressure are all normal. Recovery from his heart attack is so complete that doctors cannot now detect that he ever suffered an attack."

While he was Vice-President, Mr. Johnson dropped his weight fifteen pounds, and he has kept it down to 190 pounds. Before his heart attack he weighed up to 220. He stands six feet three inches.

Just five months before he took over as President, a physical check showed that his heart was not enlarged, and it was considered normal. His blood pressure also was normal. At that time his

physician said, "I am very pleased with Mr. Johnson's health. He's doing beautifully."

Although a man of prodigious energy, as a concession to his earlier heart condition President Johnson has made it a practice to nap after lunch and retire about 10:00 P.M. unless attending a social function. "My heart attack saved my life," he says. "It slowed me down, taught me to live more sensibly. I who preached moderation to everyone else never practiced it myself. I didn't have ulcers, I gave them to the people who worked for me. I blew my top over trifles."

He is a relatively early riser, usually is out of bed by 6:30 A.M. After careful grooming he sits down to a breakfast of grapefruit and cantaloupe in season, preferably from Texas, and decaffeinated coffee. He enjoys hot cereal and occasionally deer-meat sausage, which is indigenous to Texas from the German communities around Johnson City.

Unlike some of his predecessors, who appeared in the office promptly at nine and took their paper work back to the White House at night to read, Johnson prefers to do his reading in the morning. He may stay in the executive mansion until ten or eleven o'clock going over important Government papers, bills that are before Congress, reports, and memorandums.

He reads all available local newspapers—from Washington, New York, and Baltimore. About noon—after appearing in the White House for routine bill signing, meeting foreign diplomats, and special appointments—he has a meeting with White House correspondents and photographers.

Luncheon usually is about one o'clock, when he eats with Government officials,



NATURE'S WEALTH

By DONALD W. McKAY

Rich is he who in nature finds
The wealth placed there by a hand divine—
The beauty of flowers and clinging vines,
Of mirroring lakes and stately pines.

The scintillating stars at night,
Proclaim the greatness of God's might,
The zephyrs breathe our Maker's love,
And waft His fragrance from above.

Congressmen, or a cabinet member to brief him on Government happenings. He may have as many as twelve people at the luncheon. Luncheon is a relatively light meal, and one of his favorite noon-time foods—he being typically American—is a hamburger sandwich.

Supper time is set by White House protocol, which may make it late—eight to nine o'clock. He does not finish in the office until seven o'clock, and sometimes goes back to his office to work late into the night.

Although Johnson is not overly interested in what he eats, is neither a gourmet nor a man worried by indigestion or overweight, he is fond of Mexican food from his contacts along the Mexican border of Texas. He loves *enchiladas* and *frijoles* (beans). He is also fond of chili peppers, *pepitos*, and *reganos* (green peppers). He eats a large assortment of fruits and vegetables.

Lady Bird has been trying to cut down on the President's desserts, and has devised a floating island pudding low in calories, which now is a favorite of his. There is a recent story of a noon luncheon at which several diplomats were dining with the President. As the meal finished, custard was placed at each setting except the President's.

"Where is my custard?" said President Johnson.

"Mrs. Johnson says you don't get any," said the waiter.

"Well, who do you think is President around here?" said Johnson.

Whereupon a custard appeared at his plate, and he had dessert.

After lunch the President frequently has a rest before returning to the office for late-afternoon appointments, signing letters, bills, and other duties.

According to George E. Reedy, his press secretary, the President's program has had to be adjusted to his prodigious energy. He is a man of tremendous drive, and it would be foolish to frustrate this energy and verve, according to Dr. Hurst. To curtail his activity would hurt rather than help his heart condition, his physicians believe.

For exercise the President enjoys walking, and he frequently strolls around the White House grounds. He has planned, supervised daily exercises, which are outlined by Dr. Hans Kraus.

He likes to get away on weekends or whenever possible for walking or horseback riding about his LBJ Ranch, where he is most at home. He has three Tennessee walking horses—Silver Jay, Lady B, and Lynda B. He loves to be close to the land. He loves flowers of all kinds—the wild ones that grow on his ranch and the ones he sees on his travels that are indigenous to the area and are beautiful in their natural surroundings.

Says Lady Bird, "After I came to sense

how completely Lyndon was immersed in the rocks and hills and live oaks of his LBJ Ranch and his native land and what strength he drew from it, I gradually began to get wrapped up in it myself. I always have loved living on the land. It was just that I grew up on such a completely different sort of land."

Swimming has become the President's major form of exercise since he has been able to enjoy swimming in the White House pool at almost any hour of the day. He frequently spends a full hour paddling around the pool of an afternoon or early evening. Although not an expert swimmer, he loves the water. He learned to swim during his adult years. At 56 years the President has brisk reflexes for his age.

LBJ might well stand for Lively Bouncy Jolly—Johnson.

Like Eisenhower and Kennedy before him, President Johnson is taking up golf. He has made recent trips to Burning Tree golf course, and there is evidence that the golf bug has bitten him. Almost any weekend he is likely to drive to Burning Tree Club in suburban Maryland for a leisurely nine holes with friends and Government associates. Although the President is no hotshot on the links, he does enjoy getting out and walking over the green grass.

So interested are householders bordering the Burning Tree acres that they line up along the fence to watch the President hit the ball. On one of his outings the kitchen workers vacated the clubhouse to watch him drive from the first tee.

Apparently Presidential Assistant Jack Valente inspired Mr. Johnson to return to the fairways. Mr. Valente, who likes the game, remarked several months ago that he thought golf would be good exercise for Mr. Johnson.

The President has said several times that he likes to get out on the course because it gives him opportunity to walk around in the sunshine. Normally he does not walk the full distance but from time to time hops into an electric cart.

A religious man who quotes the Bible on occasion, Johnson has one famous admonition when it comes to handling members of Congress: "I am a great believer in the philosophy of the prophet Isaiah: 'Come now, and let us reason together.'" A member of the Christian Church, he attends St. John's Episcopal church with his wife, Lady Bird, on Sunday, it being the church closest to the White House—just across Lafayette Square. They frequently walk the block, to the delight of tourists.

Johnson is a devoted family man, adores his two daughters—Lynda Bird and Luci Baines. Lynda, the elder, is a student at George Washington University; Luci goes to National Cathedral School for Girls.

Being a gregarious person, Johnson is kind and affectionate, even to his animals on the LBJ Ranch or at the White House. He is a dedicated horseman and a lover of his dogs, the beagles.

He enjoys the gardens at the White House as they are changed through the seasons, and frequently holds meetings in them. He likes music light and gay for festive occasions and soft and sweet for meditating.

More relaxed after nearly a year in office as President, Johnson has been pronounced in the pink of condition by his physicians. He revels in his challenges and does not worry about things he cannot handle. He sleeps well at night, takes no sedatives to get to sleep. In his own words he says, "I don't require a lot of sleep. Four or five hours is enough." He awakens at 6:00 or 6:30 A.M. no matter what time he goes to bed.

A Day of Routine

By JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

Here in the hush of the evening
We share the completeness of day
With loved ones around and with nature,
Each one in his singular way.
Now having done both the expected
And unforeseen tasks that came due:
The sun rose and set, flowers blossomed,
Clouds loomed, and the emerald grass grew;
While we polished windows and banded
A bruise, ironed shirts, hung a dress;
And the men burrowed deep in their business
And aided old friends in distress.
A day of routine we would call it,
Adapting to life as it went.
But we feel in the slow wash of darkness
The upsurging glow of content.

Many of the friends he made in boyhood are still very close to him.

A quotation he has kept on his desk is "You ain't learnin' nothin' while you're talkin'."

The Johnson political philosophy and life might be summed up in the words—good old-fashioned American. He once said of himself, "I am a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat—in that order. I am also a 'liberal,' a 'conservative,' a Texan, a taxpayer, a rancher, a businessman, a consumer, a parent, a voter, and not as young as I used to be or as old as I expect to be—and I am all those things in no fixed order."

Lyndon B. Johnson is the thirty-sixth President of the United States, who has as his first interest his country—your country and mine—first, last, and always, in his mind and on his heart. ▲

THAT OLE R.N. MAGIC

(From page 29)

came down with pleurisy. My husband was down range with his engineering job here near Cape Kennedy, and I was forced to report to the doctor's office sans help with three toddlers and a temperature of 104° F.

"Here," said my physician, handing me six vials of penicillin as medicine for the pleurisy, "you can give yourself the shots at home."

It turned out that only one of the giant doses was all I could manage to give myself. I had to call on a neighborhood registered nurse to finish the series.

When my children were all in school, the ole R.N. magic was still working. After waiting in vain for the local hospital to begin refresher courses for registered nurses, I stepped in and helped organize one, which was sponsored jointly by the hospital and the junior college.

I plan to return to full-time nursing soon, mainly because we have three children in college at one time, including our son in medical school.

Perhaps I can prepare myself for teaching nursing for the junior college. There are plans for beginning a division to train licensed practical nurses first and then registered nurses. You see, there is no end to the magic.

When the children are grown, and if I should be widowed, I will never have to join the sad group of older women who live with their children and spend afternoons in aimless shopping. Health permitting, I shall be independent and useful always by working as a private-duty nurse.

Would I advise young men and young women to become registered nurses? Yes, I surely would. Already I have done so on numerous occasions when the high school home economics teacher asked me to lecture on the birth atlas for her senior classes.

Do I want my three daughters to become registered nurses? Yes, if they make the choice themselves—then I know they will find the R.N. magic too. ▲



John Muir Wilderness

A tract of 500,000 acres of national forest land was recently designated wilderness and named for the noted naturalist and explorer of the High Sierra country John Muir. The area stretches for 140 miles along the crest of the Sierra Nevada.

The new classification means that no roads will be built in the area, no timber harvesting will be permitted, and development will be limited to trails and rustic campsites. ▲

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