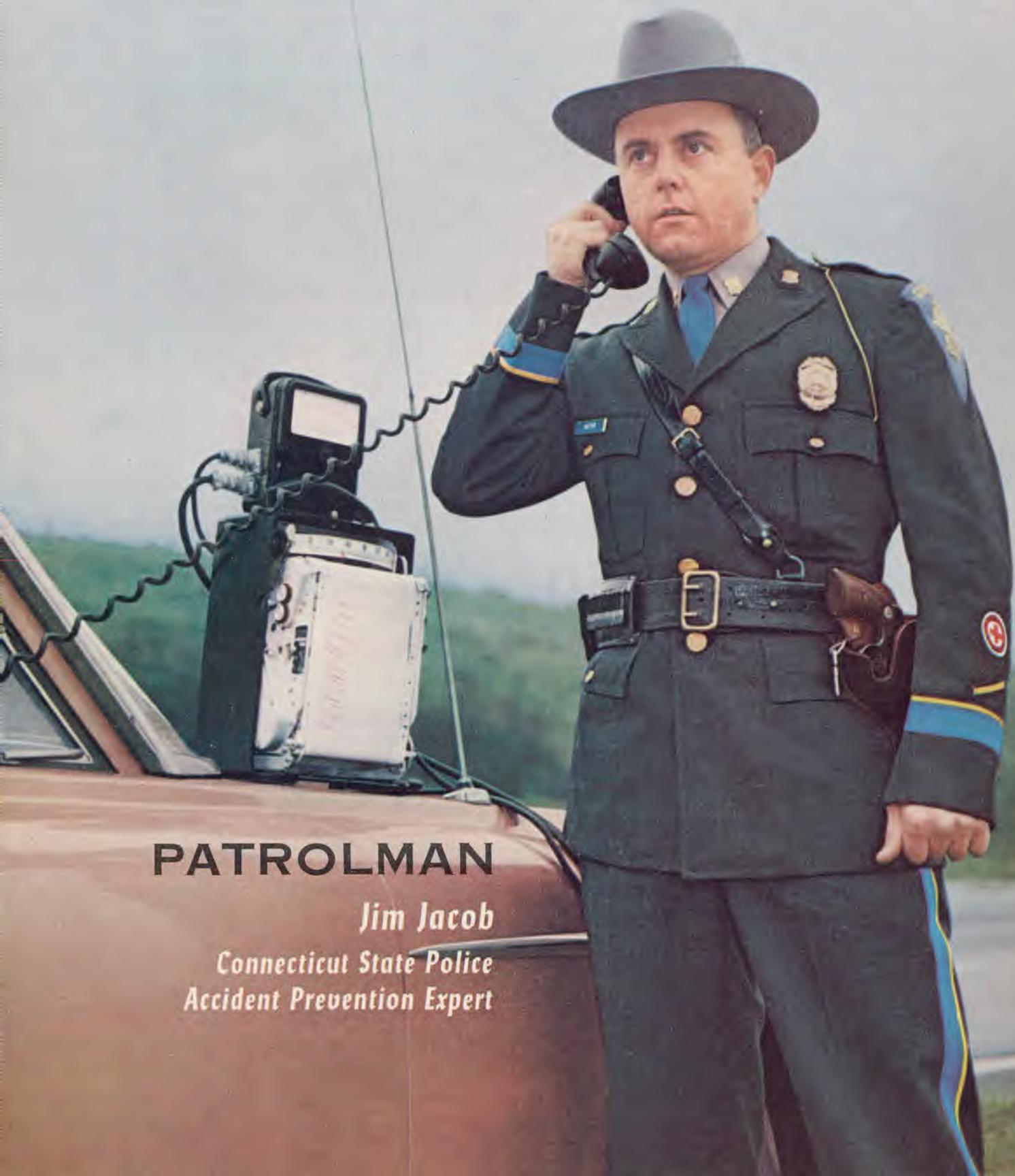


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



PATROLMAN

Jim Jacob

*Connecticut State Police
Accident Prevention Expert*



news

❖ **SOCIAL DRINKING BOOMERANG.** A husband whose career was supposedly aided by his wife's "social drinking" cannot avoid paying for her support because she became an excessive drinker, Judge Joseph M. F. Ryan, Jr., has ruled. He ordered John C. Sears, executive director of the American Gear Manufacturers Association, to pay \$75 a month for maintenance to his former wife, Mary G. Sears. Although Sears complained that his professional activities were damaged by his wife's excessive drinking at trade meetings, Judge Ryan told Sears that he had "helped to inspire it, created the conditions for it, and condoned it." It is almost becoming an adage: Social drinking does not pay—not in the long run.

❖ **IMPAIRED REACTIONS FATAL.** A New Jersey survey on 208 of 349 victims of fatal traffic crashes reveals that 51 percent had enough alcohol in their systems to impair their reactions.

❖ **WORLD HIGHWAY TOLL.** Death strikes, on the average, 1,000 people daily on the world's streets and highways, according to the World Health Organization. Current studies show evidence that at least 50 percent of these deaths involve alcohol.

❖ **ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.** Arrests for drunkenness and driving while intoxicated account for more than one half of the total number of arrests made for all causes in Florida's three largest cities in 1960. The cities are Miami, Tampa, and Jacksonville. The two drinking offenses account for 34,252 of the 63,925 arrests made during this period of time. In Miami drinking charges accounted for 16,363 arrests; in Tampa, 8,113 arrests; and in Jacksonville, 9,776 arrests.

❖ **NO END IN SIGHT?** By 1984 the liquor industry hopes to achieve yearly sales of between 315,000,000 and 350,000,000 gallons of its product in the United States, according to the national director of sales for one large distiller. The aim is to increase sales by 50 percent, since there will be "155,000,000 adults of drinking age" in the nation twenty-five years from now.

❖ **MILLIONS ON ALCOHOLISM.** Ontario's Alcoholism and Drug Addiction Research Foundation is expanding its program of providing information on alcoholism, with a 25 percent increase in its budget. Premier John Robarts announced the Foundation budget would increase to \$1,065,000 this year.

WHY COLLEGE STUDENTS DRINK

In the comprehensive Straus-Bacon study of drinking on the college campus, more than 15,000 students were questioned. Approximately 74 percent admitted using alcohol to some extent, most having had their first drink before coming to college. Twice as many women were abstainers (39 percent) as were men (20 percent). There were also many more abstainers from nondrinking families (54 percent) than from families where one or more parents drank (11 percent), suggesting that parental example is much more effective than mere parental advice.

Reason for drinking	Degree of importance			
	Considerable		Some	
	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
Because of enjoyment of taste	29%	22%	43%	47%
To comply with custom	13%	15%	51%	50%
To be gay	16%	8%	46%	44%
To relieve fatigue or tension	13%	7%	41%	36%
To get high	12%	3%	35%	14%
To get along better on dates	4%	4%	30%	35%
As an aid in forgetting disappointments	5%	2%	21%	10%
In order not to be shy	4%	3%	21%	15%
To relieve illness or physical discomfort	3%	6%	22%	26%
For a sense of well-being	1%	2%	19%	13%
To get drunk	7%	—*	9%	1%
As an aid in meeting crises	1%	1%	8%	5%
To facilitate study	1%	—*	2%	1%

*0.5%

OUR COVER

"Sometimes it's a thankless job," said Trooper Jacob as he set up his radar equipment on a cold, windswept section of the Connecticut Turnpike, "but we're glad to do everything possible to save life wherever we can."

This indeed is the real dedication of those who are designated to serve the public on our highways.

Listen's cover is by Edward Hazen Reed of Westport, Connecticut.



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FUTILE REMEDY



JAMES CONVERSE

IN THE year 1728 a magazine was started in Philadelphia under the awesome title, *The Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette*. For some 234 years now that magazine has been published, most of the time with the more familiar title *Saturday Evening Post*. Few popular journals have continued without interruption for more than two centuries, or developed such an influential reputation over such a long period of time. "I read it in the *Post*" came to mean the voice of authority. Consistently, too, this magazine made money for its publishers.

More recently, however, the *Post* came on leaner financial times, as has been the case with many magazines in recent years. To cope with this, certain changes were made, including the scrapping of the long-standing tradition of accepting no liquor advertising. It was felt that the added income from advertising beer, wine, and spirits would materially help solve the problem of deficits and return greater profits.

But this did not work out. Money troubles increased. Last fall the *Post* adopted a radical, modernistic format, which to many of its readers was an insulting effort to break from its traditional history of authoritative reporting and newsworthy articles and turn instead to a flip-pant, "yellow journalistic" approach.

Since then there have been editorial changes, more format changes, and managerial changes in a crash program to save the *Post*. From July to September it appears every two weeks now, instead of every week, to cut expenses further.

This is the story of the decline of a proud and historic journal. Liquor advertising has not saved it financially, or done anything to enhance its reputation. But its producer, the Curtis Publishing Company, evidently has

not learned from the experience. It now has opened its two remaining major publications, *Ladies Home Journal* and *American Home*, to such advertising. Heretofore, they have been free from it. Seemingly, this is a desperation move to help shore up the falling incomes and circulations of these periodicals.

Such a move disregards entirely the experience of yet another magazine which not long ago found itself in financial difficulty. Up to that time, *Coronet* had consistently refused liquor advertising, but finally yielded to the temptation of added revenue. Salvation was not forthcoming, however, and in due course *Coronet* died, some of its circulation list being incorporated into that of the *Post*.

This is not to say that this was the only factor in *Coronet's* failure, or in the decline of the *Post*. It is obvious, on the other hand, that sick magazines will not be saved by their publishers' throwing scruples to the winds and hoping to capitalize on becoming liquor salesmen.

In taking the initiative in selling the *Journal* and *American Home* out to the liquor interests, the Curtis Company declares that liquor buying by women is becoming "increasingly important." Undoubtedly this is true, but certainly with no commendable result. Women are becoming the top tipplers of the nation. There are probably more female alcoholics today than male. Over the years the ratio has varied from 5 to 1 to 8 to 1 on the male side. Now, according to Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the American Medical Association's Committee on Alcoholism, "There are as many, if not more, female problem drinkers."

At a time when such a trend is becoming more evident, it is nothing short of reprehensible that two important journals, long known for their encouragement of high idealism and productive living for American womanhood and the modern home, now take it upon themselves to promote the commodity causing this trouble, in an effort to save their financial necks and with so little hope that their financial necks will thereby be saved.

The Master of men once asked, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

In this case it appears that the soul may be in jeopardy, and at the same time there is little prospect of "gaining the world."

Francis A. Soper

WHAT TEEN-AGERS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT NARCOTICS

So you're curious about narcotics?

I'm not surprised. So much is written about them today, so many movies and television programs depict the struggle of the addict, that it would be a wonder if you weren't interested in the subject. The trouble is, you hear so much about drugs that sometimes it is hard to know what to believe. You hear rumors, false reports, and crazy suggestions. The world, in fact, is full of crazy suggestions.

In 1941, for instance, the warlords who plunged Japan into open conflict with the United States, filled their people full of suggestions that seemed crazy—to us, at least. Responding to these suggestions, groups of eager young men volunteered to work as Kamikazes—suicide pilots willing to dive their planes headlong into enemy ships in order to assure a direct hit.

Many Japanese, however, did not follow this line, a fact illustrated when a certain group of newly recruited Kamikazes were called into an emergency session by their captain.

"Honorable Kamikaze pilots," the leader began, "take airplanes . . . fly high in sky . . . find enemy ships . . . dive planes into ships . . . blow up enemy . . . die for glorious Emperor."

This lecture caused quite a stir—particularly among those who wanted to live a little longer.

Back in a corner of the room sat a young Japanese who, when the leader finished speaking, muttered an observation shared by many: "Captain," he said, "you are crazy as a bedbug!"

It is possible the captain was "crazy as a bedbug." But he still had followers. No matter how goofy the idea, some sad sack always seems willing to gulp the bait. Suckers, it seems, are born every minute.

If I were to tell you that the greatest thrill you could experience is to free-fall through the air, some would be tempted to try it. Suppose, though, I suggested that the best way to do this is to pick out the tallest building in your city and jump off the roof. A few might follow through on the idea. But *you* wouldn't.

You would know from reading the experiences of others that the price of a crash landing hundreds of feet below is too costly for the brief thrill of a momentary free fall. You wouldn't be tempted to try this stunt, because common sense tells you this is a quick way to get yourself killed. Rather, you would probably react to this silly suggestion by saying, "You're crazy, man," or something equivalent.

EDWARD R. BLOOMQUIST, M.D.



Kamikaze pilots plunged their planes headlong into enemy ships in order to assure a direct hit.

ONE SHOT MAY LEAD TO ANOTHER By Mike Parks



Someday, if it hasn't happened already, you may hear another crazy suggestion. If you associate with teen-agers who think it's more fun to fight the law than to uphold it, kids who feel a guy that wants to make something of himself, to marry, and to make a home, is an oddball, who think the fellow "really in the know" has no respect for his folks or his teachers—if you associate with this group long enough you will inevitably run across some character who will tell you that dropping pills (that is, taking sleeping pills or pep pills), sniffing glue, or smoking marijuana cigarettes is an enjoyable way to kill time.

If you fall for this line, you can be sure it won't be long before this same character will encourage the use of another drug and claim it is much better. This drug will be an introduction to hell.

It is called heroin.

Most teen-agers will shudder at this idea because they recognize the suggestion is offbeat. It is about as bright as jumping off a tall building. It is about as safe as crashing headlong into the hard cement of the street. But even though he may have been warned about this, some kid may be so mixed up he will take the chance. "Only squares get hooked," he brags.

And, of course, he is no square!

So he smokes a few marijuana cigarettes, drops a few pills, or sniffs a little glue—and becomes a "big man." Big man? That's a laugh! Before he knows it, he'll be hooked and will become a zombie, neither alive nor dead, but rather a member of a sick society of living dead.

Fun? He knows no fun! And his life has no meaning. He has become the slave of a relentless master.

From talking to young people I have learned two things. First, adolescents who live in areas where narcotics are a menace want to know how to avoid the dan-

ger. Second, many teen-agers are poorly prepared to answer their friends who mention the subject of narcotics or pills or marijuana or glue.

You've heard that truth can make men free. This is true if people will listen to the truth. But truth does no good if people shut their ears to it. So, let's talk about the truth. Let's talk about narcotics. And let's start by discovering what the fellow or girl who takes narcotics is really like.

If you've seen one of the all-too-frequent television or theater shows about the drug addict, or if you have been listening to friends who think they are informed when they don't really have the answers, you may think the drug addict is a smart guy, a fellow who is always one step ahead of the police in a spine-chilling, thrilling game of cops and robbers.

Actually, the addict isn't as bright as the character who jumps off a building to enjoy the ride. And he isn't as lucky as the guy who smashes onto the pavement. The addict keeps existing—not living, but existing—and life is an everlasting torment as long as he does exist.

Once he's hooked, there is little chance to cure his disease. Less than 2 percent of heroin addicts ever succeed in kicking their habit and staying off the drug. Those who do, know they are just one shot away from returning to narcotics bondage.

I have asked addicts to describe how the drug affects them once they are hooked. "It's different after you're hooked," they tell me. "Then the drug just numbs you. It makes you a nothing—you can't think. And, of course, you have to keep taking it to keep the monkey off your back."

Let's talk about this monkey. An addict who takes narcotics soon finds to his horror that if he is to receive any effect from the drug he must take larger doses than he used to. Doctors call this peculiar reaction tolerance. Tolerance can be compared to climbing a flight of never-ending stairs. There is no end to this increasing tolerance as long as the addict continues to use his drug.

There was a time early in his habit, when the addict could control the narcotic and could use it only when he wanted the effect. Now the drug controls him and he has to take it to keep from getting sick. But the addict doesn't have the guts to kick the habit, so he takes the simpler way out and continues taking the drug. Doctors call this reaction drug dependence. It is well named, for the addict is now totally reliant on his drug.

There's a third part to this monkey. Doctors call it obsession, a persistent preoccupation with the idea of taking drugs. The addict is a spineless creature who is scared of life's problems. When he finds a drug that will numb his brain so he won't have to think, he feels he has a solution to all his troubles. The drug makes him a vegetable. That's OK with the addict. It's less trouble to be a vegetable than it is to be a successful man.

Once he has found this drug, the addict keeps taking it so he won't have to use his mind. He becomes so obsessed with the pursuit of the drug that he has no time for anything else. But until the day when he has to admit that the drug is in control, the addict keeps saying to himself, "Only squares get hooked. This couldn't happen to me."

Even after the police have arrested him and made him physically kick the habit by drying him out in jail, the addict, when he gets out, returns to using narcotics with the same ridiculous idea, "I won't get hooked this time." But he always does.

You think the addict is smart? He is not. He has fallen for a bill of goods sold him by "friends" who know they are lying when they say narcotics are great stuff. This only turns the new addict into a liar, a cheat, and a thief.

You think a fellow who pals around with those who drop pills or smoke marijuana cigarettes or take heroin has a group of good friends? Don't be ridiculous. This is a selfish, worthless group of social misfits who think they are in the know and that the rest of the world is walking out of step.

The society of the addict is the society one must join if he wants to take narcotics. It is a society composed of the lawless, the weak, the immature, and the mentally unbalanced.

Sometimes, though, these people seem normal until you have known them for a while. Then one day they expose their true nature by suggesting it would be exciting to steal or take dope. If anybody objects to these wild ideas, he is called "chicken" or "square."

If you think the addict leads a carefree, daredevil life, let me draw you a picture of his existence. When he wakes in the morning, the first thing he needs is a shot of dope. If he gets the shot, the only thing that interests him then is the next shot of dope. If he doesn't get his drug, he becomes sick and nervous.

You would think the addict would want to jump out of this squirrel cage. But he doesn't. He's so confused

he believes it's fun to live like a squirrel, chasing around and around on a never-ending treadmill.

You think the addict is a big man with the girls, or, if the addict is a girl, the type most fellows would want to date? That's a laugh.

A guy may drop pills or smoke marijuana cigarettes for a while and still retain his sexual drive. But the pill dropper and marijuana smoker is on a one-way street to narcotics addiction. If he thinks so much of pills and marijuana that he wants to use them over and over for their effect, he is a first-class candidate for heroin. Sooner or later, even though he is sure it couldn't happen to him, he will become an addict.

Once he's hooked he couldn't care less about dating. The drug dulls his sexual ability and desire. He becomes a blob whose only interest is narcotics. He has no time for girls, education, marriage, or even himself. He would rather avoid everything worthwhile by staying in a daze all the time.

Once a user is addicted, his appetite disappears and he doesn't eat well. He becomes morose. He doesn't like to associate with anyone else, unless it is another addict. He becomes physically weak as well as mentally disturbed. Often you can smell him a mile off because he doesn't have time to take a bath. He's too busy thinking about his next shot of narcotics. His clothes are messy. He frequently forgets to take them off when he falls asleep.

Physically, the addict is depressed by the drug. His heart action slows down. His circulation becomes poor. He feels chilly all the time. His hands are wet and clammy. In time he ruins most of his veins by shooting dope into them. The kit he uses is never sterile. Since

This is Jean, a narcotics addict. The scars on her arms testify to her addiction.



he doesn't have time to avoid infection, he may acquire lockjaw or hepatitis from his dirty needle.

Why doesn't he take better care of himself? Because his mind and his will to do anything constructive are controlled by the drug.

Why doesn't he quit this useless life? He can't. He hasn't got the guts.

You tell me you know fellows who drop pills and smoke marijuana cigarettes yet they seem OK to you. Don't be misled. They are not OK. Like the guy on the roof of a tall building they stand poised, ready to dash themselves against the concrete below. They just haven't as yet stepped off the edge.

But they will. If they continue to fool around with these drugs, it is just a matter of time. The deck is stacked against them. Narcotics always win.

By now you may be saying, "I know how to use these drugs. And I know when to stop. Why, just the other day I heard that smoking marijuana cigarettes is not nearly as bad as smoking tobacco."

If ever there was a lie, that is it. Marijuana is known by many names: Jives, mary, tea, weed, hay, pot, bush, and viper's weed. Put them all together and they spell trouble.

Marijuana, unlike heroin, is a stimulating drug. It disrupts and destroys normal thinking. The person who is under its influence seldom knows what time it is. He finds it hard to determine how fast he is going or how far things are away from him.

You think it may be fun to smoke marijuana and drive a car? There are better ways to kill yourself.

A real kick to try marijuana? Maybe! But it's even more fun to jump off the roof of a tall building.

"But," you may object, "even doctors admit marijuana is not addicting!" That depends on what you mean by addicting. The marijuana user doesn't develop the withdrawal sickness like the heroin addict. But the marijuana user, if he is a potential addict, will develop an emotional craving to return to the use of this weed whenever life gets a little tough. Soon he will begin using heroin. Soon he will be hooked. If he hadn't begun using these drugs, if he had never tried them out, he might have amounted to something because he would have been forced to face life. But once he starts to rely on drugs, he becomes a helpless misfit.

Do you think normal good athletes and good scholars will use this junk? They wouldn't think of it. If you want to use marijuana or pills or heroin, you have to associate with a crowd of sad sacks who have nothing better to do with their time. If you pal around with these kids, the trapdoor will soon open and you will be devoured.

Suppose someday you are exposed to the use of drugs. Who will proposition you? A middle-aged pusher who creeps from under your schoolhouse when class is over? An unwholesome character who will sprinkle heroin on your peanut-butter sandwich? The person who will try to talk you into using drugs will usually be another kid about your own age. He will dare you to try. He will tease and tempt you. If this approach fails, he will try to shame you into joining the gang.

Do you think this eager character is a friend, that he is a pal who is doing you a favor? He is not! This "good" buddy, probably an addict himself, knows he is hooked and knows there is no cure. So he looks around for other people who might be as stupid as he was, to try to make them addicts so he won't feel so guilty about his own mistake. There's another reason he is so eager to talk you into trying drugs. His connection, the creature who sells this "friend" his own supply, will often give him a few free narcotics if he can deliver a new paying customer.

Finally, the addict is aware that if he knows other addicts, he may be able to pick up a few bucks by selling drugs himself. And if he ever runs out of his own supply, he knows where he can find people from whom he can beg, buy, or steal narcotics until his connection comes around again.

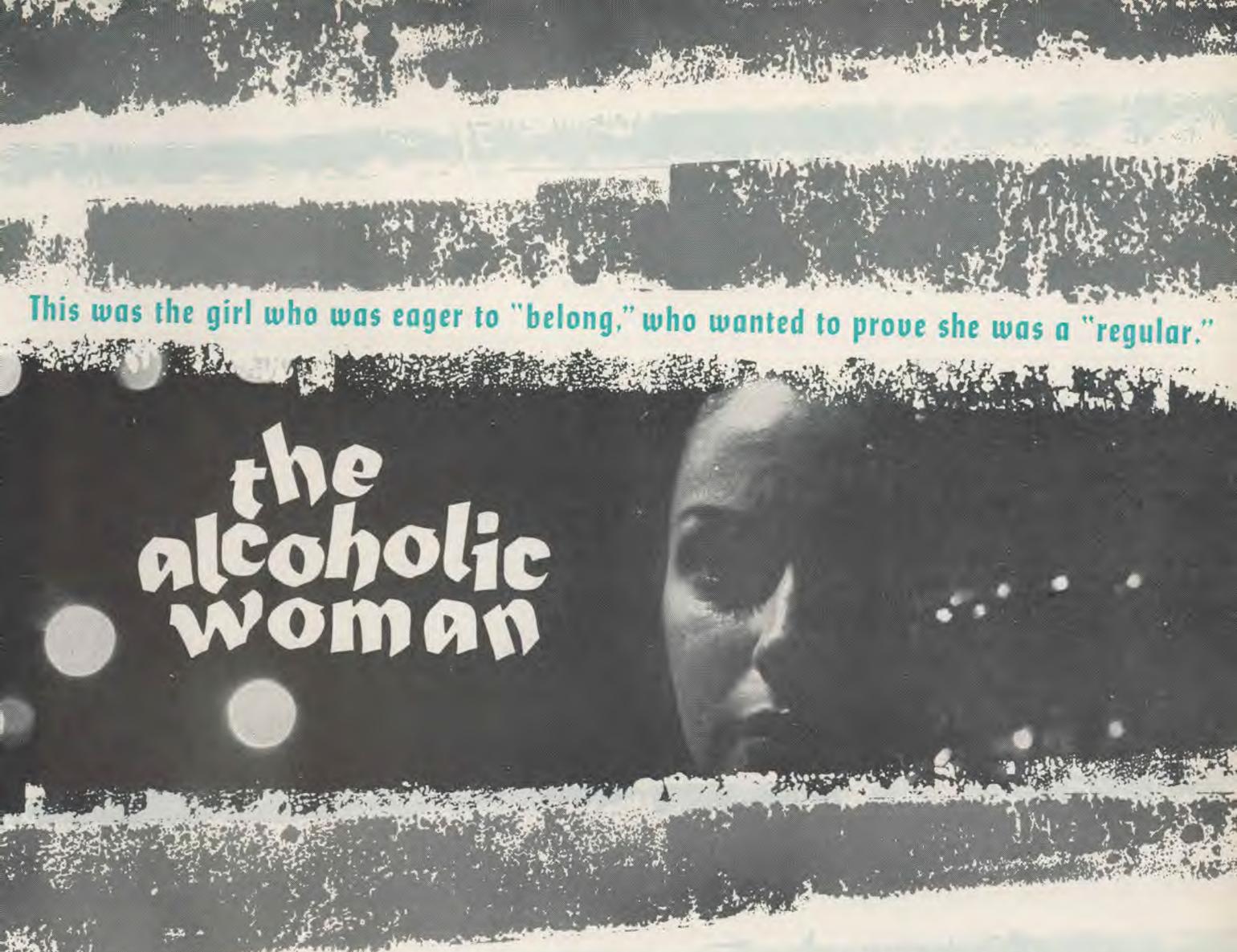
I have told you that young people start using drugs because of an unhealthy curiosity. They inevitably think they are too smart to get hooked, yet anyone who says it can't happen to him has taken the first step toward becoming a drug addict.

Teen-agers may take dope because they think this might be an exciting way to kill time or prove they are grown-ups. They take dope because they suspect adults are trying to keep them from having a good time when they warn them of the dangers.

An addiction-prone teen-ager will become an addict because, once he tries drugs, he finds something in them that seems to help him solve his problems. He doesn't recognize, until it is too late, that he has added another problem for which there is no solution. (Turn to page 34)

Posing as a sidewalk Santa, Narcotics Detective Edward Egan used his garb to snare another masquerader, Fred Cotton, who was carrying \$30,000 worth of heroin while posing as a woman.





This was the girl who was eager to "belong," who wanted to prove she was a "regular."

the alcoholic woman

William L. Roper

WHEN the neighbor opened his door in response to a timid knock, he was surprised to find a small boy standing on the doorstep. "It's my mom, sir," the boy said in a low voice. "She's drunk again."

The boy's name was Hans Christian Andersen. The place was Odense, Denmark; the year, 1815.

This scene was not unique to 1815. Every day it is being repeated in our modern time, with slight variations, in the United States of America. It may happen on a minister's doorstep, or at a police station. A social worker may be the good neighbor who hears the timid knock, or perhaps a sympathetic schoolteacher who notices the bruised face of an unkempt child and asks questions.

Despite the variations the problem is the same. Like Hans Christian Andersen, many of these boys and girls seek escape in a world of fantasy. They try to create a dream world for themselves, but, unlike Hans, their fairy stories seldom come true.

Aided by his good neighbor and his own genius, Hans achieved fame as one of the world's greatest writers of stories. He won in spite of the odds. Yet his biographers

say he was never able to free himself of the childhood scars caused by his mother's drinking.

Childhood scars such as these can ruin lives. The proof abounds in juvenile court records and police files. Social workers shake their heads as they recall tragic cases they have investigated.

Drinking women have become a national disaster. Among our more than six million known alcoholics, one out of every four is a woman, according to recent clinical statistics. However, Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the American Medical Association's committee on alcoholism, thinks the ratio of women alcoholics is even higher. He declares that there are almost as many women alcoholics as men.

In Los Angeles, which is estimated to have at least 300,000 alcoholics, recent checks indicate that approximately one third are women. In that city more than 90,000 arrests for drunkenness were made during the past year. The care of these drunks in jails and hospitals costs the city's taxpayers one fourth of a billion dollars annually.

What makes the situation even more alarming is that

many *young* women are becoming confirmed alcoholics, some starting to drink in high school. Others learn to drink in college, because they have been persuaded by television advertising that drinking is fashionable and glamorous. Statistics show the number of women drinkers has increased substantially since World War II.

In a nearby police station we found a typical example of this problem. Two officers in a patrol car had stopped to investigate an early evening accident. The automobile involved had skidded off the highway and collided with a power pole. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt, but the three small children in the car were shaken up.

Slumped over the steering wheel was a youthful, red-headed woman. When the officers asked her what had happened, she glared at them with sullen anger. After further questioning, she admitted she had quarreled with her husband and had taken a few drinks.

"We'll have to take you to the station for a sobriety test," one of the officers said.

"No, you don't," the woman screamed. "Don't you touch me."

As the officer reached for the car's ignition key, the woman seized his hand and bit him savagely on the wrist. She continued to bite and kick like a wild animal as he carried her to the patrol car. His partner took care of the children. Locked in a drunk cell at the jail, she banged her head against the bars and battered a door with a chair, until a fire hose was turned on her. The dousing quieted her down.

Although well on her way to becoming a chronic alcoholic, this young woman was only twenty-two. She had started drinking in high school and had married in her teens. Police cases of this kind have become increasingly routine in many parts of the United States during recent years.

These are the girls who started drinking merely to show the boys that they could handle liquor as well as anyone. They were eager to "belong," to prove that they were "regulars."

Of course, there are many reasons why women begin drinking. Some want to relieve tension, or pep themselves up because they feel inadequate. Others blame their drinking on their husbands, on loneliness, boredom, and an unhappy home life. Still others drink because "the kids get on my nerves."

Alcoholic wives figure in a high percentage of the nation's divorces. Domestic-relations-court judges estimate that more than three fourths of all divorces stem from drinking.

Another danger to which the alcoholic woman is prone is drug addiction. She is particularly vulnerable to addiction, according to Mrs. Thomas Delaney, founder of an alcoholic-aid center in Orange County, New Jersey. When well-meaning doctors prescribe barbiturates, bromides, and tranquilizers to soothe the nerves of jittery alcoholic women, this can lead to addiction.

Even worse, she may be setting an example that will permanently injure or mislead her children, or wreck their lives. Certainly alcoholic mothers are not lovable. Usually they are eccentric and erratic, punishing their children severely for minor offenses and ignoring or condoning major misconduct, thus warping the child's sense of moral values. Such women may fly into sudden rages or weep in self-pity. They invent all kinds of excuses for their weakness, refusing to face reality and accept the responsibilities of being wife and mother.

In recent years various studies have been made to learn more about the alcoholic woman, how she got that way, and what can be done to help her. Sarah A. Boyd, director of the Berks County Committee on Alcoholics, of Reading, Pennsylvania, reports studies in that vicinity indicating that the average woman alcoholic is between thirty-six and fifty years of age, has two or three children, and has a better-than-average income. On the other hand, studies in larger urban areas disclose that it is difficult to classify the alcoholic woman either as to age or economic status.

Nothing can be done for the alcoholic woman until she admits her weakness, recognizes the danger, and exerts her will to conquer the habit. What many refuse to recognize, however, is that alcoholism is a psychological disease as well as a physical one, and that medicine can never take the place of willpower.

Dr. Frederick Lemere of the University of Washington, who has made a special study of alcoholism, explains why abstaining from that first drink is so important.

"The parts of the brain which suffer the most from alcoholism," he says, "are the frontal lobes which deal with the highest cerebral functions of willpower, judgment, and control.

"Few alcoholics intend to drink too much, but once alcohol is in the system there is an immediate paralysis of the control centers of the brain and the alcoholic is left helpless to stop after the first drink.

"That is why the alcoholic must never take even one drink if

(Turn to page 34)



Lonely, bored, unhappy, she ponders the future—perhaps a divorce.

DINING OUT - IN SPACE

DINING out—way out in space, that is—presents more problems than you can shake a rocket at, but the tidiest little kitchen this side of Mars has been designed to supply all the food and water for a three-man, fourteen-day mission into space. Less than ten feet long and seven and a half feet in diameter, it contains a miniaturized refrigerator and freezer, thermoelectrically fueled. There is also a three-cavity heating oven, a two-and-a-half-gallon water system with its own heater and disposal units.

Everything, including the spaceship itself, will be weightless most of the time, so there will be no pots and pans that can fly around to bang up the astronauts and their instruments. Much of the food will be packaged in dry form. To prepare it, the space pilot injects liquid into the dehydrated food container from the air-free water system.

"Dinner for one, please."

Of necessity, dining will be a lonely business, because only one astronaut can eat at a time. Seated at the stool equipped with leg clamps to prevent his floating away, he selects whatever his weightless self prefers. He then pops it, can and all, into one of the three cavities of the electric oven.

When the food is hot, the space pilot attaches a mouth-piece to one end of the can and a ratchet squeezing device (something like a potato masher) to the other. As he cranks the ratchet, a plunger forces the food into his mouth.

Future astronauts on deep-probe missions will probably get their share of algae, that slimy green stuff that earthbound people see on ponds or wet logs. At least 30 percent "algae" diet, disguised as algae stew, soup, salad, casserole, algaeburger, or hash, will be consumed by the men "out there."

Extremely valuable in space, algae absorb carbon dioxide, the used air people exhale, and give off fresh oxygen for spacemen to breathe. One big problem with "space spinach" is that the carotene in it will tend to turn the astronaut's complexion to an unsightly yellow.

Couple this with the fact that the spaceman has not bathed, shaved, or brushed his teeth for months, or years, and one can guess that he will not win any beauty contests when he first sets foot on earth again.

There are no bars or

(Turn to page 34)



Here are all foods and beverages required by a three-man crew on a fourteen-day space mission. Canned and dried foods are stored in pull-down pivoted bunkers. Below the bunkers at far left with door open is the freezer, the door of which contains racks of bite-size sandwiches. Immediately above head of the make-believe spaceman is a three-cavity heating oven. Canned foods placed in the oven are automatically heated to 170° F. in about 30 minutes. Stored in the refrigerator at right are tubes of reconstituted liquids.

Since at zero gravity it is impossible to use knives and forks, many foods for space use will be packaged in metal cans. When the astronaut is ready to eat, he will screw a metal expelling device to the bottom of the can and a nipplelike mouthpiece to the top. Each squeeze forces some of the food into his mouth. Since nothing has any weight in outer space, everything must always be fastened securely. The astronaut's feeding tray here also holds plastic tubes of reconstituted dried foods and bread.



ELOISE ENGLE

Dope! - Danger to Our

OUT OF REACH

Edward L. Wertheim
& Everett Lockhart

FACED WITH THE SPECTER OF A RISING DRUG-ADDICTION PROBLEM IN THE CITY, NEW YORK'S BIGGEST EVENING NEWSPAPER, THE JOURNAL-AMERICAN, LAUNCHED A VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN WHICH HAS SINCE GONE FAR IN DEVELOPING REMEDIAL ACTION TO HELP PUSH ILLEGAL NARCOTICS OUT OF REACH.

ONE OF THE MOST effective means to arouse public opinion and get concrete results is communication through the printed word. Aggressive editors, through brilliant reporting, can and do give vital help to worthy causes.

Some crusades by individual newspapers are so timely and outstanding that they deserve more than a passing "well done" by those directly concerned with the issue. They warrant study by other newspaper publishers and by other media. The result can be an inspired campaign that snowballs a good cause into effective action.

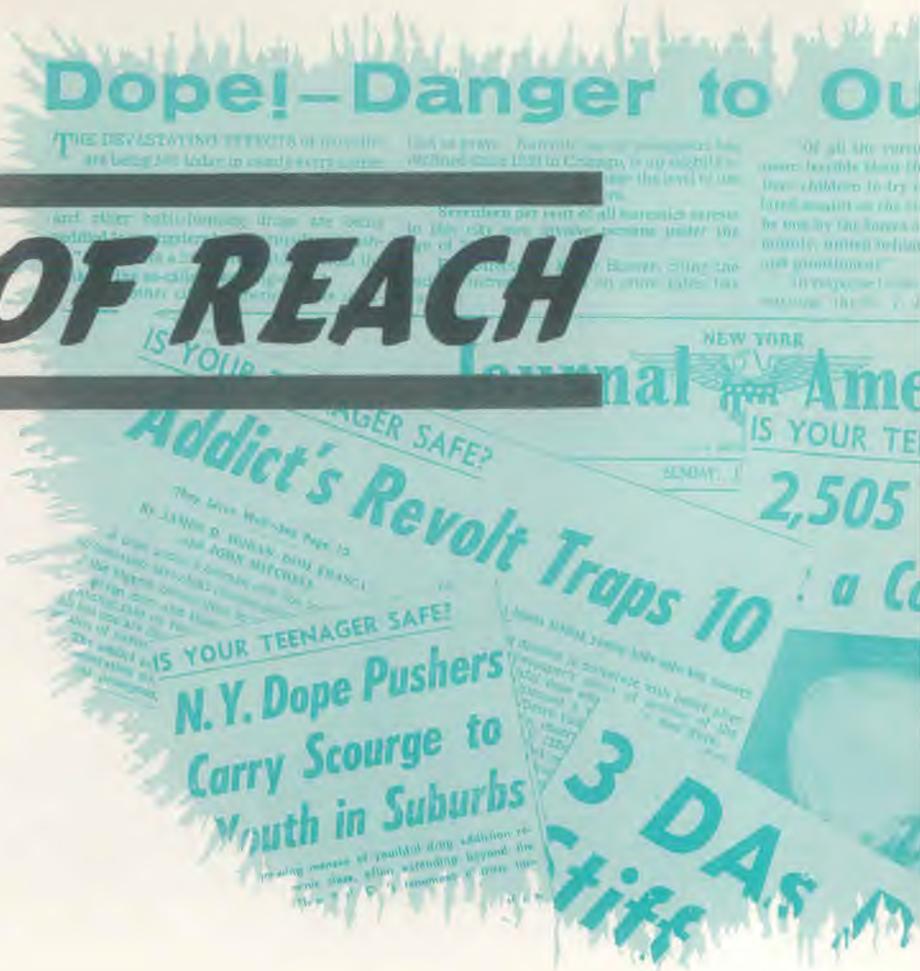
A case in point is the crusade against the narcotics traffic and narcotics addiction, launched early in January of this year by the New York *Journal-American*.

It was observed at the beginning of the campaign that this was to be no flash-in-the-pan effort, no brief focus on lurid, sensational stories. All the resources of the influential *Journal-American*, which has the greatest evening circulation in New York, were mustered to win support at state and Federal levels for an effective effort against addiction, as well as to assure a tangible improvement in New York City.

Strategy was planned well in advance, followed by a barrage of arresting news stories, pictures, and forceful editorials. A prize-winning team consisting of Assistant Managing Editor James D. Horan, Dom Frasca, and John Mitchell spearheaded the reporting. The crusade started in high gear, stayed there, and accelerated.

The total number of known addicts in the United States is estimated at about 45,000. New York State accounts for about half this total; California, 16.5 percent; Illinois, 13.6 percent; and Michigan, 5.2 percent. All other states have 9,631 or 21.4 percent. More than half of the addicts are twenty-one to thirty years of age.

The most notorious villain of narcotics addiction, at least in the United States, is heroin. This drug is used by at least 90 percent of narcotics addicts in this nation. Heroin, manufactured from morphine, an opium derivative, is smuggled into the United States mainly through the ports of New York and San Francisco. In spite of the diligence of the Narcotics Bureau and of customs inspectors, enough reaches



DOPE FOR EVERYONE / Hoyt McAfee

On recent occasions it has been my disturbing experience to watch hundreds of young Americans obtain fresh supplies of marijuana or a "quicke" shot of heroin when they wanted it. To do this they simply crossed from the American side to one of the nearest Mexican border towns, specifically, Tijuana, Juarez, Villa Acuña, Nuevo Laredo, or Matamoros.

Many of those involved were known dope addicts. I saw them arrive at the customs inspection stations with a glassy stare in their eyes and their hands shaking, each one a picture of human misery. But they were not kept from entering Mexico even though it was obvious they wanted only to buy narcotics in a hurry.

Customs and treasury (narcotics) agents merely had the addicts register. In that formality they confirmed their status as convicted dope users. They were then given permission to continue on into Mexico.

How often I have seen the human wretches scurry toward the nearest *picadero* den (dope haunt) in Juarez or Tijuana like animals running for shelter from a downpour of rain. Those headed into Tijuana would jump into a taxicab and in near-frantic voices ask to be rushed to the nearest marijuana-and-heroin supply source. Those crossing from El Paso to Juarez walked in great haste toward the close-by *picadero* dives.

In those back-street dens, lookouts screen each arrival. Familiar faces and known addicts are admitted without question. So are thrill-seeking American youths, such as servicemen and their girl friends, as well as other teen-agers.

It was possible for me to get an inside glimpse into two such places through the cooperation of an undercover federal agent in Mexico. His masquerade was so effective that he convinced the managers of the *picadero* places that he belonged to an underworld smuggling outfit. In reality, however, his secret assignment called for him to observe closely and dig up concrete facts concerning the illegal operators, their names, locations, and methods, as well as their sources of supply.

To his credit, some two weeks later one of the *picadero* dives was raided and closed. The undercover man's information, which he had culled at great personal risk, paved the way for that successful crackdown.

About three days later, however, another *picadero* center opened in a new location on a Juarez back street. This was the conscientious Mexican federal agent's comment on that: "To be honest with you, señor, we have this discouraging situation to contend with all the time. Our federal forces, which are sadly undermanned, move in on a town, knock over its worst dope-supply places. As soon as we head elsewhere, new spots spring up. Let me give it to you straight: They pull that off, and get away with it for long periods of time, through the connivance of shabby and dishonest local officials.

"These men are greedy for quick peso notes and American



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

IF YOU THINK ILLEGAL DOPE MEANS NOTHING TO OUR YOUTH TODAY, READ THIS FIRSTHAND OBSERVATION OF TEEN-AGERS GETTING NARCOTICS.

greenbacks. So they accept the payoff and close their eyes to the activities of the *picadero* dens. Our investigation shows that Tijuana and Juarez are the two worst spots for narcotics along the Mexico-United States border."

This also was the conclusion arrived at by probers for a United States Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, now headed by Senator Dodd of Connecticut. Their findings brought out these points:

1. Mexico is the primary source of supply for the narcotics traffic in the United States.
2. One hundred percent of the marijuana used in Southwestern United States comes from Mexico.
3. Illegal dope constitutes the biggest problem for the United States Collector of Customs, with 75 percent of all Federal cases falling in this category.
4. Hundreds of teen-age Americans cross freely into Mexico and buy marijuana, in some cases heroin, without difficulty, particularly in Tijuana and Juarez. Alarming numbers become addicts and return to Mexican border towns frequently to satisfy their destructive craving.

In that connection, I have heard "floating scouts" in Tijuana brazenly advertise opium-smoking, marijuana-smoking, and heroin-peddling dives. They aim their insidious appeals at young marines, sailors, and their girl friends, and also at high school and college couples visiting Tijuana.

One recent night in Tijuana four notorious narcotics dens were crowded with these American youths. Some drank tequila, a potent Mexican liquor. Some smoked their first marijuana cigarette on the promise that they would "fly high on tea." A few of them listened to the wheedling voices of heroin peddlers.

These human vultures kept insisting: "You're a big boy, and girl, now. Prove that you're man enough, and woman enough, to travel in the big time. Join the mainliners and get a real kick out of living."

In excellent English the Tijuana agents of degradation, human wretchedness, and ruin used those expressions, those insidious appeals, all evening. In booths near me I heard teen-age young men call their girl friends "chicken" and "big sissies" for their reluctance to become "mainliners."

Two of the girls had developed the "giggles" after smoking marijuana. As for the third, she looked miserable and sick. She turned a deaf ear to her boyfriend's plea that she "get with it."

But the two finally succumbed to the persistent pressure of their male companions. It made me heartsick to watch those two young American girls ease into a curtained booth in the rear.

There they received their first injection of heroin, the most vicious of all narcotics. Mopping the sweat off my face and swallowing hard, I studied the girls' faces a short time later. A vast sadness had settled over them, a depressed feeling. They revealed no urge to "jump," "live fast," or "kick high." Just the opposite effect engulfed them.

Out on the street, a Tijuana policeman strolled by the narcotics dive unconcernedly. He showed no inclination whatever to look inside and take action against the flagrant violators of the law in that hellhole. A police patrol car rolled by five minutes or so later. Its two occupants showed not the slightest interest.

On a peak day at the Santa Fe Bridge between El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico, up to fifty convicted narcotics addicts will register with customs agents on duty there. Then the addicts make a beeline for the *picadero* dives in Juarez. As for the American officials, they are merely conforming with the Narcotics Control Act of 1956. It stipulates that convicted narcotics users must register upon leaving from and returning to United States soil.

"No authority exists for us to turn a convicted dope user back, deny him entry into Mexico," a customs inspector explained to me. "We know his purpose for going into Mexico, to be sure. Still, we can't stop him. It would violate his constitutional rights. When he returns, however, we can search him thoroughly—even pump his stomach at a hospital when necessary—to keep him from bringing narcotics back into the United States."

In a confiding moment the inspector remarked that the Narcotics Control Act was "an unsound and unrealistic piece of legislation. It plays into the hands of too many narcotics addicts along the border, keeping their source of supply open to them.

"But what can we do?" he shrugged. "Congress passes the legislation. It's the duty of customs inspectors to enforce it to the best of their ability."

Over one hectic stretch not long ago, Judge Woodrow Bean, of El Paso, stationed deputy sheriffs and juvenile officers at the main bridges leading into Juarez. Their responsibility was to prevent teen-age youth and unescorted juveniles from crossing to the Mexican side without the consent of their parents or guardians.

This drastic and dramatic move drew some protests, even from Congress. On the other hand, it accomplished much good. To cite one benefit, parents became aroused and started exercising closer supervision over their young sons and teen-age daughters.

On the more hopeful side, United States Senator Thomas Kuchel of California speaks out with all his influence for the creation of a joint United States-Mexican commission on narcotics control. Its outstanding purpose, Senator Kuchel has said, would be to combat the flow of all forms of narcotics from Mexico into the United States.

As the Senator declares, "Dope addiction within our borders has shown a steady increase over the past several months. We're up against a loathsome enemy. Every scientific device and all the resourcefulness of law enforcement should be pitted against the dope traffickers in a determined effort to crush them completely before they strangle us with their evil!"

BARBARISM

BACK TO BARBARISM

In the nineteenth century we killed almost as many people with typhoid fever as we now kill with the automobile. We call those of the last century semibarbarous because they contaminated drinking water with sewage. Posterity will call us of the twentieth century semibarbarous because we were unable to separate alcohol from transportation.

LONG BEFORE 1926, and in detailed studies since, alcohol has been recognized in all phases and in all stages as a depressant. The supposed stimulation is actually a depressing of the inhibitions. The sense of caution, the critical faculty, the weighing of evidence—all these mechanisms are depressed.

Impairment of the driving function becomes apparent at blood alcohol levels of .03 to .04 percent. At the .04 to .06 percent level, K. Bjerver and L. Goldberg, Swedish scientists, found an impairment of from 25 to 30 percent in expert drivers.

It is on the basis of findings like these that Norway has placed the prohibited blood alcohol level for driving at .05 percent, and Sweden in 1959 reduced the level from .08 percent to .05 percent. Realistically, it should be .03 percent, and Norway may soon achieve this.

Every third or fourth man at a Swedish party these days drinks nonalcoholic beverages during the entire evening. He is the driver for a car pool of friends at the same party. Hostesses not only do not press drinks on him but are quite careful to have enough interesting nonliquor potables on hand to help him obey the law.

The hostesses themselves have benefited, because the drivers—alert enough to mingle gracefully and talk without arguing—are proving to be the life of the party. They are a new social entity in Swedish society.

Studies in various parts of the world continue to confirm that the drinking driver is the largest single factor in our traffic death and injury problem.

In a series of studies on 2,760 driver fatalities, 61 percent had been drinking, and only 4 percent had blood alcohol levels below .05 percent. If anything, these figures are too conservative. They are figures obtained not at tests made at the time of the accident, necessar-

ily, but at the postmortem. Some of the subjects may have survived long enough to have metabolized much or all of the alcohol present at the time of the crash, and this would add to the number of negative tests.

Figures from Sweden for 1957-58 reveal that 67 percent of 109 alcohol-tested drivers in fatal accidents had been drinking. And of 1,332 drivers in personal-injury accidents who were tested, more than 80 percent had blood alcohol levels above .05 percent. These were almost surely not selected on a random basis and thus cannot be assumed to be statistically impeccable. More rigorously controlled data are urgently needed, but enough is apparent from the data in hand to tell us that for years the facts have been obscured and that the time has now come to get our heads up out of the sands of hypocrisy and to face the truth. The drinking driver is our major traffic problem, equal to all the other phases or factors combined.

Probably 90 percent of our taverns and drinking places can be reached only by motorcar. I ask, and not so solemnly, "How stupid can we get?"

What constructive programs are open to us?

First, of course, is education, a wide dissemination of the facts. But all too often we end up talking to ourselves.

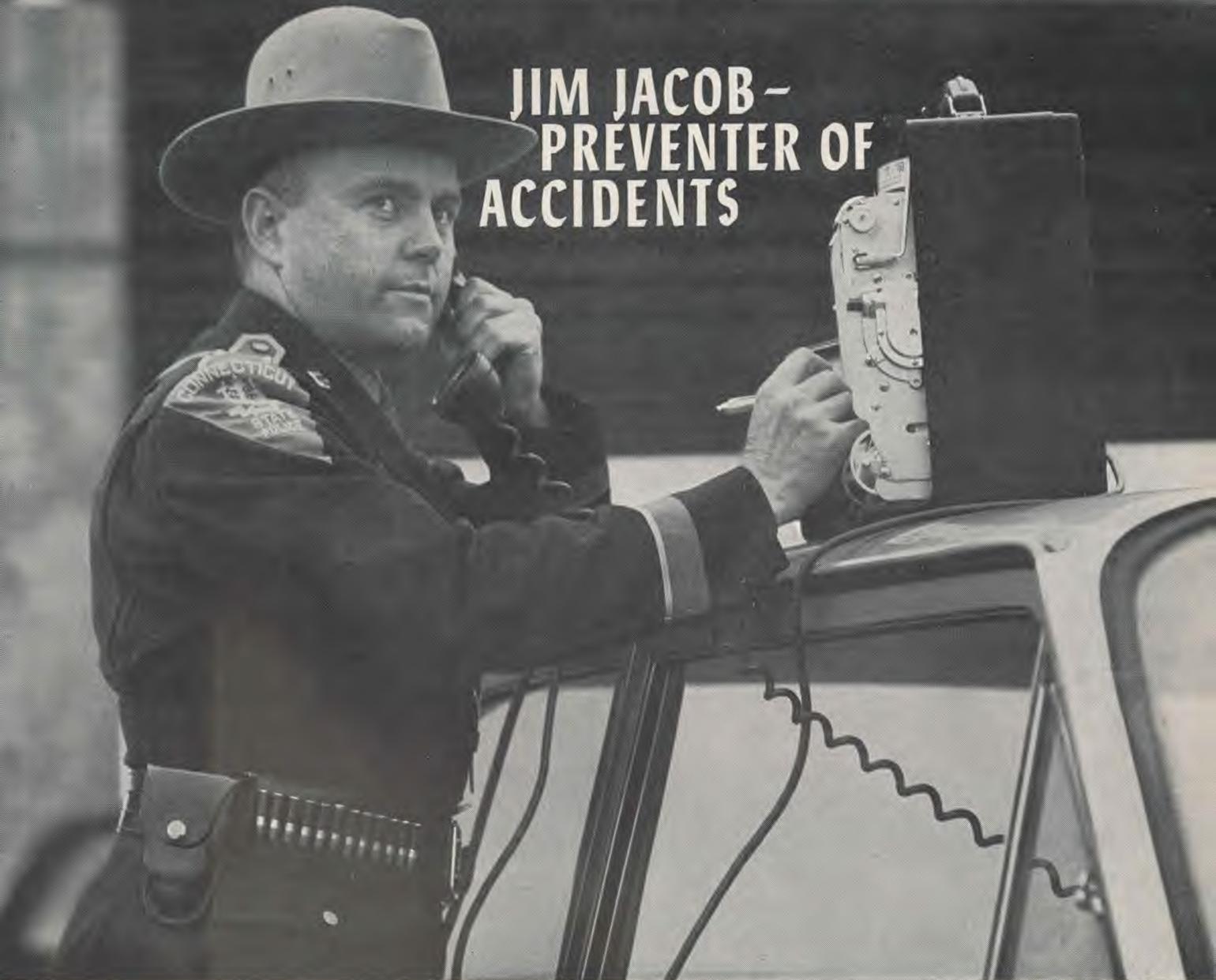
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Horace E. Campbell, M.D.

Chairman, Automotive Safety Committee
Colorado State Medical Society



JIM JACOB - PREVENTER OF ACCIDENTS



AS TOLD TO
FRANCIS A. SOPER

Jim Jacob was once a salesman of automotive parts, making a good living at his work. However, he was not satisfied. He felt that he wanted to accomplish something more in the line of public service, so he applied to, and eventually joined, the state police of Connecticut.

Now, after eight years, he can see in perspective some of the rewards of such service, also the frustrations, the human foibles which often show human nature at its worst, and the constant effort that is at times necessary to protect people from themselves.

In this exclusive "Listen" feature, Trooper Jacob reveals his convictions based on his experience in enforcing the law and preventing accidents.

More than in most other professions, a police officer is emotionally involved in his work. No one can deal unemotionally with a tangled mass of burned cars, bodies ripped apart, and innocent victims suffering along with the guilty, realizing all the time that most accidents could easily be

avoided. One can never get away from the impact of it all.

For this reason, our desire, our prime purpose, is to prevent accidents. When several hundred persons are killed, as happens every year on the highways of Connecticut, and some 40,000 die, as occurs on the roads of our nation annually, it is imperative that the job of prevention be made more effective.

Some 98 percent of accidents can be prevented by removing the causes, and most accidents come about because of speed, liquor, fatigue, or plain carelessness. All these causes are elements controllable by the individual driver.

Every driver should remember that alcohol is a narcotic. A person goes to a bar, gets a couple of shots or beers, and no food. This is deadly. Even if food is taken, the food merely delays the action of the alcohol; it does not prevent such action. The effect on the brain is to delay reaction time, perhaps only two seconds, but that delay is the essence of an accident. Up to three

Public service in its highest sense—



quarters of fatal accidents may be alcohol-involved.

Youth need to know these facts. Actually, young people today know more about their cars than most adults do, that is, as far as engineering and operation are concerned. But the teen accident rate is high, simply because youth have other lessons to learn that mean far more than only technical knowledge.

I teach driver-education classes in high school, as part of our overall program to make better drivers on our highways, and to impress the coming generation of drivers that driving is a privilege. Too many persons talk glibly about their rights, forgetting their many privileges. Driving is *not* a right, it is a privilege to be conferred only after certain mental and physical qualifications have been met.

To students I say that it is easy to be a conformist, and that most people are afraid of being nonconform-

ists. No person needs to do what others do merely because others may be doing it. The power of individual choice is all-important. Furthermore, it is as easy to be good as bad, and the rewards of doing the right are much greater than the short-term rewards of wrong. This is not only true of driving, but also of all other aspects of life.

Police are often accused of being too stringent, overzealous, demanding. It may seem that way at times, but we are in earnest about this matter of preventing accidents. This is not a sporting game; it is a matter of life and death. We are fighting a war.

When more drivers realize and accept this fact, the problem of preventing accidents will be made relatively easy, and our highways, crowded as they may be with traffic, will not be strewn with disaster, destruction, and death.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE



8

10

2 DEAD
3 INJURED
YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHY?

11

9

1. Leo J. Mulcahy, Connecticut State Police Commissioner: "A car is as much a weapon as a gun. It should only be in the hands of persons who realize that it can kill people as easily as a gun."

2. From this mangled mass of steel, two troopers skillfully extract and care for a seriously injured victim. "We must each year," says Captain William A. Gruber, commanding officer of the State Police Traffic Division, "continue to exert every effort, striving for the perfect but unattainable score: zero. There can be no acceptable death rate, no minimum."

3. To nab killer-drivers before they strike, the Connecticut state police has set up "satellite" patrol units, consisting of six cars driven by uniformed troopers circulating around the "eye," a seventh, unmarked car driven by a nonuniformed officer (center, in photo), who makes no arrests but spots dangerous drivers and radios satellite cars to pick them off the roads. Here Jim Jacob (third from right) serves on TS west, one of two satellite patrols led by Sergeant Ernie Harris (center).

4. Members of a "satellite" patrol unit wait for calls from their "eye," who is timing traffic with radar to spot possible troublemakers. This service to the public has materially reduced serious accidents in previously dangerous areas reporting a high rate of highway fatalities.

5. Prime purpose of Trooper Jim Jacob and other "satellite" patrol officers is to catch up with "cuckoos," potential highway killers. Usually such drivers are drunk, or have been drinking, and careen down jammed highways ignoring speed laws or safety precautions, scattering havoc and death.

6. For briefings on operational plans, "satellite" troopers rendezvous informally in a sandpit. Perhaps their next assignment will be to look for drinking drivers weaving home from late night spots, to set up check points to screen all drivers, or to patrol dangerous, narrow sections of secondary roads.

7. Power for any emergency is packed under the hood of patrol cruisers. Though these appear to be the everyday variety of Ford as far as outward appearance is concerned, they have special police Interceptor engines that get 350 horsepower out of their 430 cubic inches.

8. Never is there an end to the surveillance necessary for taverns and liquor joints, from which spew forth tipsy celebrants who are in no condition to get behind the wheel but who belligerently brag of their improved ability to drive. Such "cuckoos" must be picked up quickly before they kill themselves and other unsuspecting victims.

9. Commissioner Mulcahy (center) views a wreck mounted on a police trailer for educational purposes. The commissioner sparked Connecticut's present program of "aggressive law enforcement" aimed at preventing accidents by eliminating their causes. "Saving lives," he says, "is a business with me."

10. Signs with an impact tell travelers on Connecticut highways that their personal participation is necessary in the never-ending traffic-safety campaign.

11. An essential part of their continuing program of public education, lectures before military, civic, church, and youth groups constitute an effective approach by the state police in making everyone more conscious of the need for safety.

THE CAMPAIGN TO SAVE LIFE

AS THE

WORLD

TURNS



At least once a year the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs holds a session to discuss how to implement new controls to contain the illegal traffic in narcotics.

THE Permanent Central Opium Board in Geneva has expressed "grave concern" at the considerable illicit traffic in opium, morphine, and heroin. In its annual report to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, the Board considered that its own work continued to be generally effective.

This work entails supervising the legal movements of narcotic drugs to prevent their being diverted into illegal channels.

The illicit traffic must, therefore, have drawn its supplies from opium unlawfully withheld by opium poppy growers in countries where production is legal. The Board says that its surveillance now extends to the whole world, "with the sole important exception of continental China."

But it also singled out the Mongolian People's Repub-

J. Mortimer Sheppard

lic and Communist North Vietnam for "complete lack of cooperation." In addition, all statistics were missing from Nepal and the Yemen, and four returns from Syria. Five for 1960 were also missing from Ecuador.

The Board points out that opium production in the Shan States of Upper Burma is, "for geographical and other reasons, not amenable to the control of the Burmese government."

Although the Board did not say so, the Shan States border on a wild area which is the meeting place of the ill-defined frontiers of China, Siam, Laos, and North Vietnam. The Commission on Narcotic Drugs, directly concerned with the fight against trafficking, believes the area to be a major center of illicit production.

Particular suspects are the wandering, lawless remnants of military units. They have been said to possess movable "factory" machinery for making morphine out of opium grown in the area.

Jim Kaat-

APPROACHING STARDOM

Major league baseball provides keen competition for those who play it. To survive in the majors, a player has to give his best every moment. Typical of a major leaguer who gives his best is Jim Kaat, rising young pitcher for the Minnesota Twins.

Jim is unique among major-league pitchers, who are notorious for their inabilities in the batter's box, for he is known as a "good-hitting pitcher." In 1961 he compiled a .238 batting average while collecting fifteen hits. A conscientious athlete, pitcher Jim Kaat is the man the Twins believe is on the verge of baseball stardom.

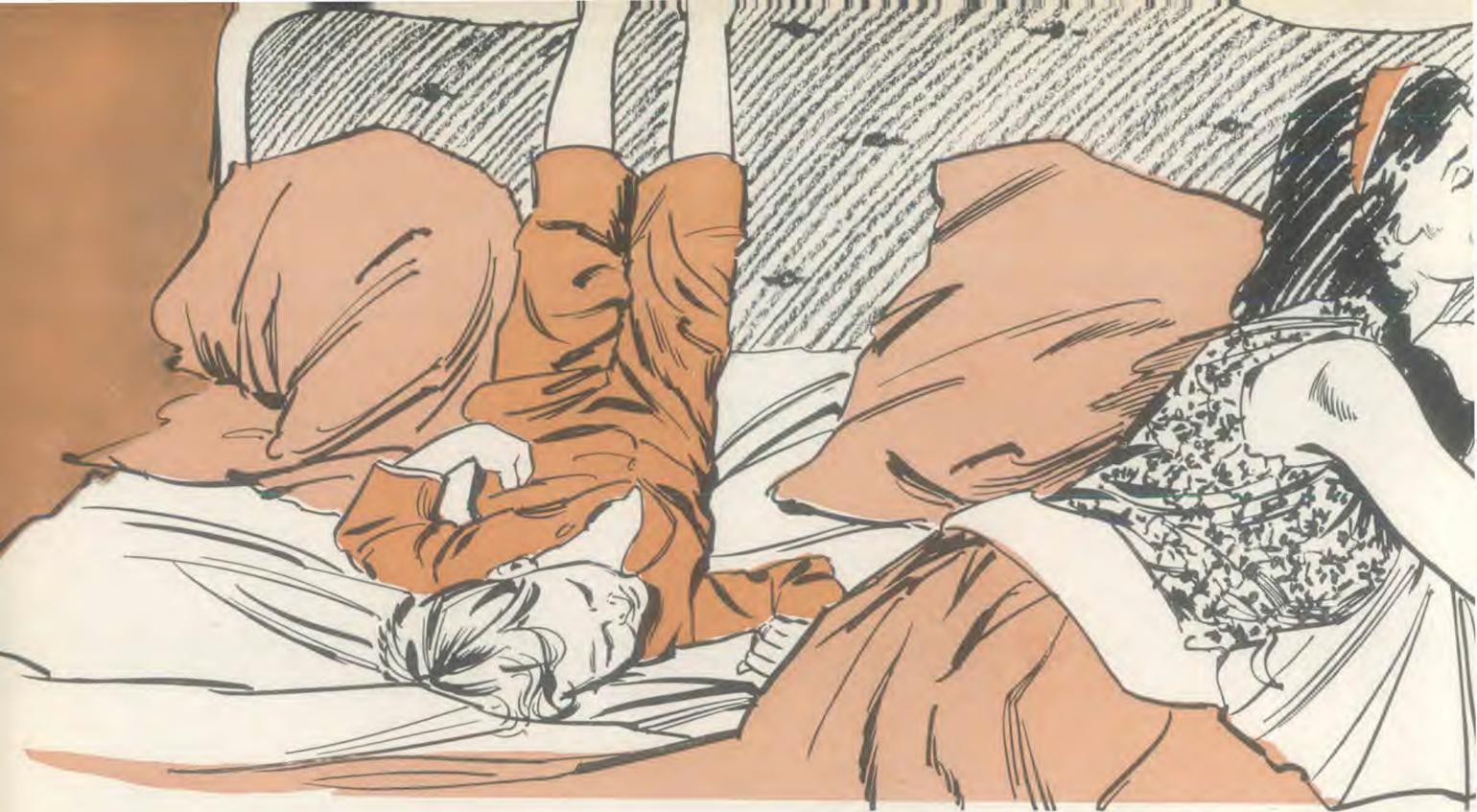
INTERVIEW BY GEORGE KINNEY

Says

Jim Kaat:

"Being brought up in a good home environment has helped me keep myself free from such poisons as alcohol and tobacco, and thus in top physical and mental condition. I also believe that abstinence from these things has helped me maintain endurance, which other players who may indulge are likely to forfeit. I have seen fellows with a lot of natural ability who have not attained their true potential because they have failed to keep themselves in top physical condition."





DICK SLOUCHED IN THE CHAIR,

eyelids at half-mast. The syringe and empty ampul lay on the living-room rug. In the distance a rooster crowed, heralding the dawn. Dick mumbled incoherently. I picked up the morphine ampul and syringe, laid them on the table, then rubbed my hands on my bath-

robe as though I could wipe away the evil. There must be an explanation. Dick, my husband—a doctor—was a drug addict! Surely this nightmare would fade in the daylight hours.

Subconsciously for the past several months I had been aware of Dick's dozing at the dinner table, his chronic head cold and runny nose, lack of appetite, sleeplessness, and his lengthy and frequent disappearances into the bathroom. Like the proverbial ostrich I overlooked these alarming symptoms. Instead I planted a garden. I played with the children, wrote glowing letters to my parents, and even bought a frilly hat. Busy and tired, I evaded facing the truth. My inward fretting and Dick's abnormal behavior coexisted.

Now I could no longer escape the stark truth.

Dick's pajama sleeve was shoved up, exposing black-and-blue puncture marks.

"Dick." I tried to arouse him, but he was in an unreachable world. I kept calling his name, wondering what else I could do. Could he die from taking morphine?

Finally he opened his eyes, staring vacantly. "Must have dozed off, dear. Been up long?" His words were fuzzy, but his glance flicked over to the syringe and ampul on the table.

He eased out of the chair. "Put the coffee on, dear.

I'll brush my teeth and be right back." He shuffled into the bathroom.

Why, he walks like an old man. Tears stung my eyes.

When Dick returned to the living room, his hair was combed and he was smiling. It didn't seem possible this emaciated, sunken-chested man could be my Dick. Even the contour of his cheekbones was altered.

He sipped his coffee with shaking hands.

"Dick, are you taking drugs—like morphine?" I blurted it out suddenly, realizing that not knowing was harder than facing the facts.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then with downcast eyes he said, "The Chinese use drugs—have for centuries. I don't see anything wrong with it." He continued staring into his cup.

"Anything wrong with it! Oh, Dick!"

He put his arm around me, patting me awkwardly on the back. "There, there," he said, as if by those magic words he could erase the visual disgust, the lame excuse, the mounting terror.

Six years earlier, after he graduated from medical school, Dick and I had married. Dick was handsome, with broad shoulders and clean-cut features. During his internship in the Navy, drinking exposed a resentful trait dormant in his everyday life. Dick never apologized for his behavior, but he tried to compensate by giving me extravagant gifts and declaring dramatically, "But I love you. You're so understanding." Nineteen years old, crazily in love with Dick, I savored the compliment and ignored the drinking as part of war insecurity.

After a year's internship he spent fifteen months at sea, and I went home to live with my parents. When the telegram arrived saying, "Meet me in San Francisco," I could have floated the thousand miles.

The bus, brakes hissing, pulled into the terminal. I



MISSING,

Presumed Dead

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE

This physician's wife found that professional training is no safeguard against the vicious impartiality of drug addiction.

Here she tells in vivid personal detail the true story of her husband who, though alive, was actually missing.

hurried down the steps, searching the crowd for my husband's face. But Dick wasn't in sight. At first I was hurt and disappointed, then I became frantic. Something had detained him—an automobile accident, sickness? Could he be sent to sea again without his leaving a message? Forty-five minutes later he arrived, but it was a gaunt stranger with Dick's sweet smile who kissed me.

"I have a motel room for us. We'll take a cab to Oakland." Dick led me toward the curb stand. I was stunned by the change in him. He was thin, and even his voice had a reedy ring. In the cab he seemed more like himself, and we held hands, talking low.

We spent three months in Oakland. Dick was an outpatient at the hospital, freed from duties and responsibilities. Every other day he reported in, "just for the record," he said. We spent the days walking—aimlessly, silently. At night we played games. Dick couldn't sleep.

I don't know, even now, why Dick was an outpatient. Before he was discharged Dick said the hospital psychiatrist wanted to talk to me.

"Now be careful what you say," Dick cautioned. "I want to get out of the service as soon as possible."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Your time is up, isn't it?"

"Yes—yes, but you tell the doctor you're worried because I—I've lost interest in practicing medicine."

"Not practice medicine, Dick!" My heart pounded but didn't cover the shrillness in my voice. "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Just do as I say." Dick snatched a newspaper and stamped into the bathroom.

I wanted to pound on the door and ask, "Why, Dick?" Instead I flounced out of the motel room and walked around the court, where I rationalized that our motel room was like a cell. That was why we were quarrelsome.

When Dick was in private practice and we had our own home, everything would be wonderful.

Dick rehearsed me several times before the interview with the psychiatrist. I stumbled and stammered over the lines, my face hot with humiliation, but I did as he told me. The psychiatrist asked, "How do you think your husband is feeling? Do you notice any changes in him—anything unusual?" He scribbled notes on a form. I mentioned Dick's restlessness and his lack of interest in medicine. We discussed the weather—the fast pace of today's living. "Do you love your husband?" He tossed the question into the conversation like a hand grenade.

"Yes! Yes! And I'm worried about him." Tears glazed my eyes, but I could see the doctor shaking his head. The interview was over.

Dick was released from the service two weeks later. We left immediately to set up practice in a small Midwestern town.

The next four years, material happiness outweighed my underlying uneasiness. I was busy and happy with three healthy children. Dick's practice flourished. It concerned me that Dick didn't play with the children, but I excused his disinterested behavior with thoughts that he was tired—saw babies all day at the office—and lots of men didn't enjoy their children until they were old enough to participate in games or sports.

Then Dick began disappearing from the community for periods of time. His patients said, "Poor Doc, he sure works. Ought to get away." The ring of the phone filled me, however, with an unknown fear. The message seemed always the same. "Honey, I'm going out of town for a couple of days. I have to get away!"

"Where are you going? Why can't I go? When will you be back?" I asked.

"You're nagging. Try

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Battle of Mobile Bay



No Rum for the Admiral

Sharon Boucher

ADMIRAL DAVID FARRAGUT, Civil War hero, is perhaps best known for the courage he displayed in clinging to the topmast of his ship, the "Hartford," while under heavy fire. From this vantage point he directed the Battle of Mobile Bay, with four ironclads and fourteen wooden ships of war under his command.

Another incident, not so well known, concerning Admiral Farragut occurred the evening before the famous battle. A sailor identified only as Jack did not have the courage of his commander. One of Farragut's officers came to the admiral with this request in his behalf:

"Won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning?—not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully?"

The admiral refused.

"I have been to sea considerably," he said, "and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I wanted rum to enable me to do my duty."

Admiral Farragut was upholding principle. His men knew that. It was one reason they admired and loved him enough to forget themselves and think only of him when they believed their ship was sinking. During the Mobile Bay battle, when the "Hartford" was accidentally rammed by one of the heaviest of the Union's own vessels, it

was thought for a brief moment that the ship was doomed to go down. Immediately above the din of battle were heard anxious cries.

"The admiral! The admiral! Save the admiral! Get the admiral off the ship!" The sailors had forgotten their own safety.

Descriptions of the naval action in Mobile Bay in 1864 picture Admiral Farragut as having tied himself among the rigging, or at the masthead of his ship, and there observing the battle and giving directions. When asked whether or not this was true, Farragut's answer to his feminine inquirer pointed up his modest, habitually retiring manner.

"Ah," said the admiral, "I'll tell you all about *that*. You know that in a fight the smoke of guns lies on the water, and naturally I would want to see over it, to know what was going on. Well, I would jump up on a box—so high" (indicating with his hand); "then I would get up a little higher; and by and by I got up to where they said. I suppose I was two hours getting to that height. I had a little rope that I lashed around me, just to keep from falling in case I should get hurt. Everyone, you know, is liable to get hurt in a fight."

Admiral Farragut's name is in every history book that relates the story of the Civil War. Nothing more is known of the sailor who felt the need of a glass of grog to fight "cheerfully," but the admiral is still the hero of many a schoolboy.

by Johny H. John

As told to Dr. Steven A. Seamore

IT WAS after our school's graduation exercises that a group of seven of us who chummed around together went for a ride. After we had driven some distance we decided we should go back into town where a social had been planned.

As we were about to pull onto the main road, the driver of our car hesitated at seeing a car some distance down the road, but proceeded forward, thinking he had sufficient time. I glanced over, I heard a scream, and before any of us knew what had happened, the oncoming car hit us. Six young people were killed as a result of the accident; three died instantly, and three more within a four-hour period.

The police said that the driver of the other car was to blame. They think the fellow was traveling about a hundred miles an hour, but since they couldn't prove it they gave his approximate speed as seventy miles an hour. He was a married man with a family. I think he was about thirty-five years of age.

He was drunk. It seems as though he liked to drink a lot. He had been refused a drink at the last bar, and was on his way to another to see if he could get one more drink. He never made it. He hit our car.

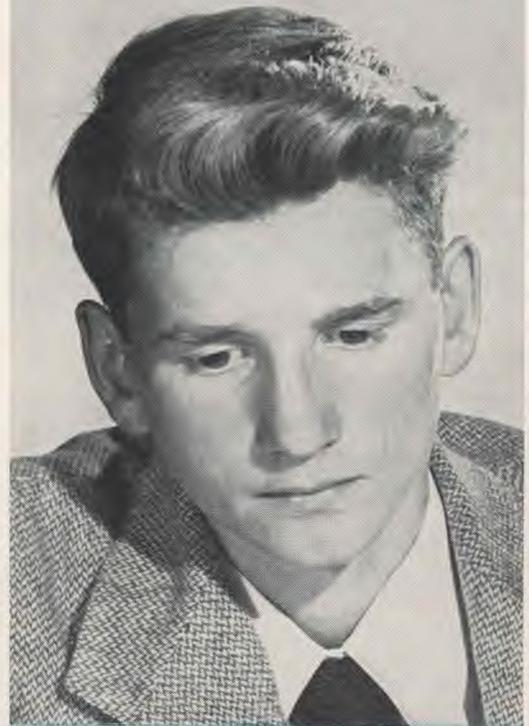
I don't remember too much about the accident, as I kept blacking out. I remember being told that I had been in a bad wreck. At the hospital the officer tried to keep me calm. I was pretty lucky. I received only two broken fingers and scratches. I had stitches taken in the back of my head, but at least I'm alive.

The social that we were to attend was actually for the senior students, but there were underclassmen like us who had helped with the preparations and we also were invited. The young people in our group ranged in age from 14 to 18. None of us had been drinking.

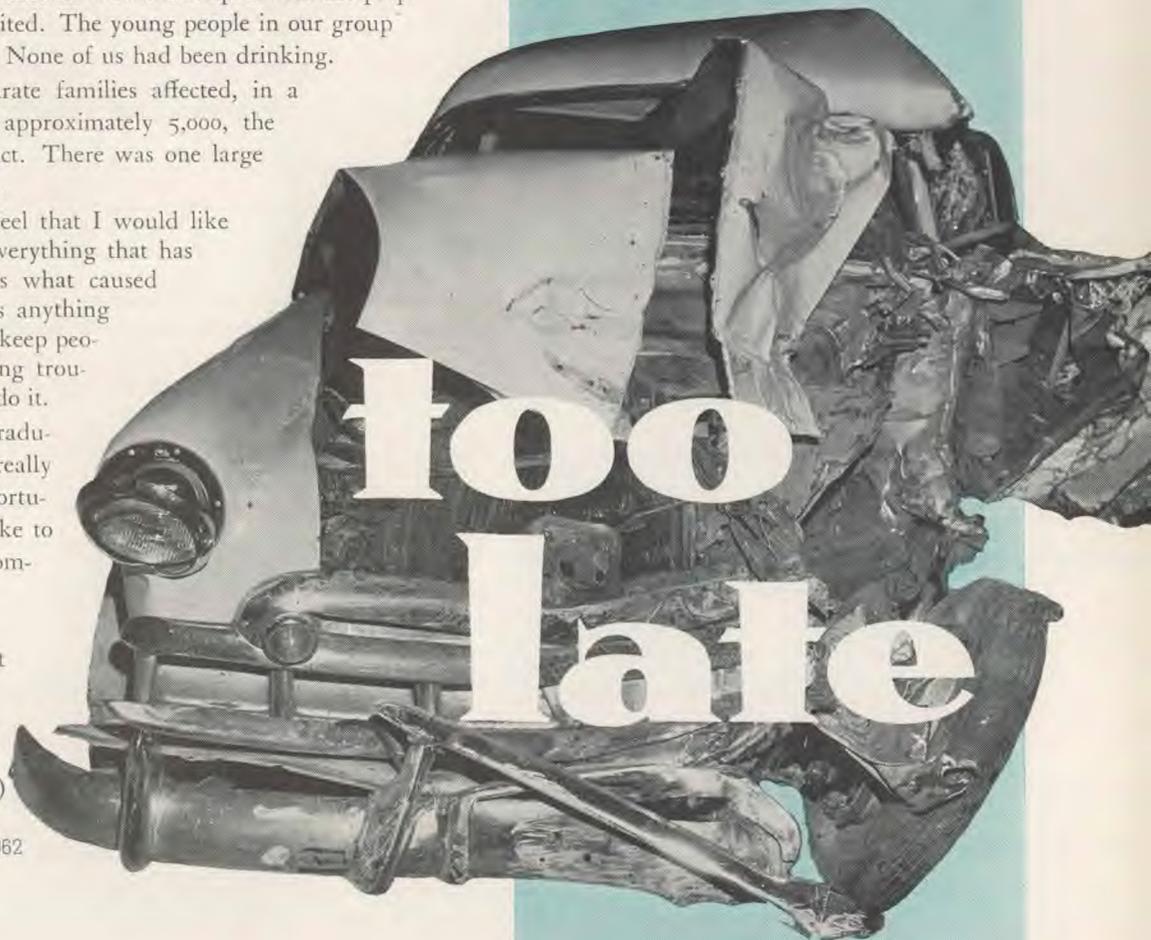
Since there were six separate families affected, in a town with a population of approximately 5,000, the accident made quite an impact. There was one large funeral for all six teen-agers.

This accident makes me feel that I would like to get rid of anything and everything that has to do with drinking. That's what caused the accident. And if there is anything that I could do or say to help keep people from drinking and causing trouble and misery, I sure would do it.

It seems that when kids graduate from high school, they really want to celebrate. Unfortunately, some young people like to do this by drinking after commencement. I think this is typical throughout the country, too. Although most of the girls won't drink, there are always a few in every crowd who think it is smart to (Turn to page 32)



Johny attended high school in Safford, Arizona, before the accident. First, there were the blinding headlights, then the sound of tortured metal as the two cars collided. After that came the silence, punctuated only by the breathing of six dying teen-agers. Then came the ambulances, but for most of them it was—



Peace Without Pills

Accepting discouragement with calmness, and victory with perspective.



1. "He wasn't frightened in the least. I had no doubt I was the first human being he'd ever seen."

2. The cicada's late summer song not only attracts a lot of attention, but often brings him trouble.

3. The emergence of a fragile butterfly from its chrysalis is one of nature's most dramatic and breathtaking struggles, dwarfing nearly any problem faced by man.

ALLAN W. ECKERT

COUNTLESS Americans are daily taking pills and various concoctions designed to settle ragged nerves, stop headaches, control upset stomachs, and soothe every other fast-living malady imaginable. All too often they are passing up the greatest medicine of all, a medicine available to everyone.

One warm afternoon in late summer my wife and I saw a demonstration of the curative powers of this medicine as we walked up a maple-canopied street on our way home from work.

Tired, the heat of the long day having sapped our energy, we felt almost too weary to talk as we walked up the hill. The air was motionless and heavy, and above us the cicadas chirred in cacophony, each apparently doing its utmost to drown out its neighbor.

Suddenly the droning pitch of a nearby song rose increasingly until it seemed it must pass beyond the range of human hearing. Other cicadas in the area became abruptly silent. The shrill rattle continued from the top of a silver maple sapling a few feet ahead.

The chirring stuttered and then ground away in a guttural, almost human sound as two large insects fell, wings and legs thrashing. One was the glass-winged green-and-white cicada. The other, clinging with its six legs and stabbing the cicada repeatedly with its rapier stinger, was a cicada-killer wasp.

The pair rolled over and over in their grassy arena until the venom took effect and the cicada's struggles ceased. The handsome, yellow-striped and rusty-black wasp jumped back an inch or so, sheathed her weapon, and stood regarding her prey. Daintily she cleaned each yellow leg and her thick black antennae.

Almost giving the impression of rolling up her sleeves for the job ahead, the wasp took the cicada's head in her forelegs and pulled the cicada to the tree from which they had tumbled. Slowly, but never stopping to rest, she backed up the thin trunk until nearly at our eye level.

Gripping the trunk with only her hind legs, she wrapped the other two pair around the inert insect and beat her wings until they were just a blur. Then she projected herself into the air.

Her powerful wings gripped the air, droning audibly as the heavy cicada dragged her down. Only a foot from the ground she sped up the hill and out of sight. In a few moments she would pull the carcass into a tiny pre-made burrow, deposit one egg upon it, and leave.

Unwittingly, my wife and I had taken a dose of the greatest medicine. Forgotten were our weariness and the heat. We had witnessed a drama few eyes have ever seen, and its effect was miraculous. The day came alive for the first time, and our conversation throughout the evening always seemed to return to the dynamic struggle we had watched. It had made our own struggles to keep up with the rapid pace of society almost laughable.

Taken in regular doses, the curative powers of nature are fantastic. The only cost is time, and this is a price many feel they cannot pay. Instead, they spend much of their lives under the unhealthy strain of "keeping up," and they close their minds to the wonderful world of nature.

These same people can attain an inward peace hardly short of incredible by simply watching nature around them for an hour or so once a week. It is so easy, and you don't have to travel great distances or amass stores of wilderness lore.

Take the little anthill near your back door, for instance. Have you ever really seen it? Perhaps its curative powers were what was meant in that oft-quoted Bible verse, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Proverbs 6:6.

Take a few minutes to watch the thriving activity near the entrance. Then select one ant leaving the tiny cavern and follow its movements. How quickly you become interested, almost in spite of yourself. You begin to share its problems. Its random wanderings, which at first seem to have no pattern, suddenly take meaning, and your own problems seem unusually small in comparison.

Walk alone into a nearby woodlot or park and sit in a comfortable spot for a while.

Listen!

Slowly the honk of horns or distant voices of people fade as the voice of nature expands. A robin blows his bugle, sounding territorial rights and challenging all comers. A red squirrel thunders across dry leaves, scampers up a tree, and sits with quivering tail and wide eyes, frightened by his own racket. A bumblebee drones by, then lights on a slender red-clover head, which dips in acquiescence as it surrenders its nectar to one of the only kind of insects which can aid its fertilization. A handsome sparrow hawk hovers in one spot, thin wings beating like a muted fan as it scans the ground, then dives, and the song of a locust is cut short.

These sounds and sights are ours for the taking and are capable of easing the tensions under which we live and giving us a fresh approach to each day. They give us the power to look at ourselves and our problems with the same remoteness and clarity—even humor—with which we view the incidents of nature.

Dame Nature is liberal with her medicine for those willing to take it. Seldom repetitive, her doses always are interesting and usually educational and applicable to our own lives. Most of these sights will be common, yet others will be memorable, once-in-a-lifetime observations.

There is such infinite variety in nature it is sometimes difficult to pin down the most impressive thing you have witnessed. One of the most beautiful and memorable things I have seen occurred when I was a boy at a northern Illinois boarding school couched on the shore of a small lake.

A large swamp with head-high cattail reeds covered several hundred acres behind the school. Ducks, frogs, herons,

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For four years he was outdoor editor and thrice-weekly columnist on nature and outdoor sports for the Dayton "Journal Herald."

Mr. Eckert is thirty and lives in his own home outside Dayton, Ohio, with his wife, Joan, and their black Labrador retriever named "Judd."

redwing blackbirds, turtles, muskrats, and a myriad of other creatures inhabited the area, and the sounds which issued from it day and night were a joy to the ear.

I loved to sit on a high point of ground near the edge of the swamp just watching. One morning in spring a large marsh hawk skimmed low over the reeds, its white tail patch gleaming conspicuously. From the opposite direction another marsh hawk approached. As they neared one another they began a slow, graceful circling, gaining altitude all the while and crying softly to each other.

When hardly more than specks above and about 100 yards apart, each suddenly closed wings and dropped. They plummeted groundward until it seemed they could not possibly save themselves. With only inches to spare and traveling at incredible speed, their wings spread simultaneously and they swept toward one another in brown blurs. Their wing edges racketed through the tops of reed leaves and occasionally struck a dry cattail left from last fall, which exploded into fluffy white down.

Collision seemed unavoidable, when both angled sharply upward, still heading toward one another at terrific speed. They met about fifty feet over the swamp and clung together like feathered magnets.

Their momentum carried them upward still another twenty feet or more in an oblivious embrace. Entwined in a brown ball they fell together, and broke apart only when a few feet above the reeds. The female glided to a nearby dead tree and perched, but the male went wild.

Up and up he went, then down in a screaming dive. Again he beat his way upward in great circles punctuated by loops and rolls. Abruptly he deflated and tumbled brokenly, as if all life had gone from him. Close to the ground he again caught himself and flew skyward.

For a quarter hour he performed the most amazing and breathtaking series of aerial gyrations. Then the female catapulted from the tree and skimmed gracefully away, her adoring swain still performing his acrobatics as he followed.

Humanlike emotions are not unknown to nature. A perceptive eye can easily see love, fear, jealousy, pathos, bravery, humor, and curiosity.

Not long ago I startled a pair of wood ducks in a little cove while I was canoeing down Stillwater River in Ohio. They fluttered downstream, peeping plaintively until out of hearing.

A rustling caught my attention and I watched a large mother raccoon

emerge from the underbrush. She marched to the river's edge, followed by two waddling, rabbit-sized youngsters. The mother struck out across the forty feet of water to the opposite shore just ahead of me. The little ones swam behind her, almost as if towed by an invisible cord.

Three times while swimming, the last in line turned his head to look at me with bright eyes. When they gained the opposite shore, the mother and first youngster disappeared into heavy cover. The last one, however, stopped, turned, and cocked his head toward me. I laughed aloud but it did not frighten him.

Suddenly the mother charged back into sight, looked first at her wayward offspring and then at me. She ran to the cub, cuffed him so hard he was bowled over, woofed a short command, and headed for cover again.

The little one followed meekly. Just before he vanished, his little masked face turned for one last look, almost as if to say, "What is that?" I laughed again, undoubtedly being the first human he had ever seen.

So if you are tired or depressed, nature likely has the cure you need. It won't take too much of your time. Just stop, look up at the skies and trees, and at the ground beneath you. There is so much to see.

Listen. The symphony of nature continues unabated for those who take the time to hear. It is a symphony man cannot duplicate.

Take regular doses of nature and you will find yourself facing life with a glad heart. You will learn to accept discouragement with calmness, and victory with perspective. You will learn to love and appreciate the gifts of nature, and to enjoy life as it should be enjoyed.

OUT OF REACH

(Continued from page 13)

that outlined by the *Journal-American*.

Assemblyman Stanley Steingut of Brooklyn and Judge Hyman Barshay head the committee which enlisted 500 leading citizens in support of the *Journal-American's* crusade.

Key provisions of the program are:

1. Construction of a maximum-security hospital for treatment and research.
2. Creation of two health camps for rehabilitation and vocational training.
3. Establishment of a Division of Narcotics Control to coordinate anti-addiction programs and compulsory registration of addicts.
4. Stiffer penalties for pushers peddling to minors. The present penalty is

seven to fifteen years in prison. The change would establish a mandatory minimum of ten years for the first conviction and twenty years for the second.

Highly dramatic *Journal-American* "as told to" articles by an anonymous addict called Mike, age nineteen, presented the pitiful spectrum of teen-age dope addiction and electrified New York newspaper readers. A terrifying climax came on March 1, the day the concluding installment was published. Mike died.

Police speculated whether the blood-filled hypodermic syringe found beside his bed may have contained an overdose of pure heroin or a powdery, poisonous substance sold to him by "pushers" who wanted him dead.

In the newspaper articles "Mike" was a fictitious name for Alphonse Ruggiano who, after six years of torment, was trying to "get off the stuff." The *Journal-American* offered a \$2,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those responsible for Mike's death.

On February 28, "Mike's" voice also had been heard over the C.B.S. television network on the Armstrong Circle Theatre's dramatization of the New York *Journal-American* narcotics exposé. From 10 to 11 p.m. some 20,000,000 television viewers were shocked by a documentary that TV critic Harriet Van Horne of the New York *World Telegram and Sun* described in this way: "In terms of sheer revulsion, studied horror, and heart-tearing pathos, nothing has exceeded last evening's C.B.S. Circle Theatre drama document, 'Teen-Age Junkies.'"

This dramatic film helped greatly to bring about "Public Awakening." Under this heading, less than two weeks after the C.B.S. presentation, the *Journal-American* commented editorially:

"The rate at which requests are pouring in to this newspaper for showing of the film, 'Assignment: Teen-Age Junkies,' indicates a gratifying public awakening to the growing menace of dope addiction among our youth.

"This film is the Armstrong Circle Theatre dramatization of the *Journal-American's* crusade to stamp out the narcotics evil. It received such nationwide acclaim when it was presented on the C.B.S. television network that this newspaper and Robert Costello, producer of Armstrong Circle Theatre, decided that it should have a still wider audience.

"Accordingly, the *Journal-American* and Mr. Costello have joined as a public service in making this compelling semidocumentary available without charge for showing to responsible civic groups.

"Since we first made this announcement last Wednesday, this office has been flooded with requests from schools, churches, and parent and community organizations. These requests are being filled as rapidly as arrangements can be made for convenient dates."

Here was only one example of the vigorous follow-through of the *Journal-American* crusade. Support and cooperation came from many directions. The voice of the one newspaper became a chorus. Via radio, WABC, with a claimed audience of 25,000,000, featured the teen-age narcotics problem. Judge Barshay, a teacher, a reporter, and others all pleaded for greater public interest in a final effort to rid the city of the horrid stain of dope addiction. Emphasis was placed on what the individual citizen can do.

Later joining the war on dope, the *New York Post* launched its assault on the problem. A series of compelling articles beginning March 5 was widely heralded by public announcements and promotion.

Splendid cooperation continued to come from television and radio networks. One N.B.C. program of note had Father Egan, a Graymoor priest, recount the organization of Narcotics Anonymous. A strong plea was made for more sympathetic understanding of dope addiction.

The crusade grew in volume and intensity. By March 13 the *Journal-American* was able to report:

"State Senate OK's Bill to Aid Addicts Based on J-A Plan." The bill provided permission to young persons arrested for less serious crimes related to narcotics use to choose treatment at special state facilities as an alternative to imprisonment.

It also provided for a Narcotics Control Unit within the Department of Mental Hygiene to administer research, treatment, and rehabilitation programs in the field of narcotics addiction, and set up a State Council on Narcotics to serve as a consultant arm of the Narcotics Unit.

On March 13 the lead editorial of the *Journal-American*, entitled "Target—Dope," stated:

"Mayor Wagner deserves the applause of all responsible citizens for his sweeping new master plan for attacking the narcotics problem in New York.

"As announced yesterday, the far-reaching plan amounts to a declaration of all-out warfare on all aspects of the city's dope traffic, including that of addiction.

"Henceforth, all policemen will be given instruction in narcotics law enforcement, while 500 specially trained detectives will augment immediately

the efforts of the regular 200-man Narcotics Squad.

"Henceforth, city hospital beds available to addicts will be doubled to 6,000, the office of the City Narcotics Coordinator will be greatly strengthened, new municipal antinarcotics centers will be established in problem neighborhoods.

"Henceforth, the city's five district attorneys, the presiding justices of the local courts, the police commissioner, and other city officials will meet jointly with Federal, state, and private agencies to coordinate their legal and social action against the dope cancer."

Much of this plan was based on the "Blueprint for Action" advocated by the *Journal-American*, and admittedly was spurred on by the newspaper's campaign.

Surely the tangible results of this crusade deserve, and no doubt will have, favorable attention in other cities throughout the United States. The power of the press should be fully available to educate citizens on the dangers of narcotics addiction and, once and for all, "push" dope permanently out of reach.

What YOU can do to help fight narcotic addiction:

IF an addiction problem develops in your family, or if someone of your acquaintance may have this problem, seek assistance at once from your doctor and your clergyman. They can be of invaluable help in arranging for treatment or hospitalization, and then making a cure stick. Do not hide your problem; *act immediately* before it is too late!

IF you suspect or become aware of narcotics traffic in your community, *seek support at once* from civic groups, church, and parent-teacher organizations. As groups they sometimes can do more than individuals to enlist prompt action from law-enforcement authorities. Have your teen-agers report any suspicion of "pushers" around schools or elsewhere. Be alert and keep your neighbors and community alert to this menace. A spark is easier to stamp out than a blaze!

BACK TO BARBARISM

(Continued from page 16)

Too, I think we must agitate for legislation. This frequently brings its own dissemination of the facts.

We need laws of the implied-consent type, so that we may get the facts for two purposes: (1) for use in the individual case, and (2) to provide increasing data as to the extent of the problem.

We need laws in every state reducing the *prima facie* level from the current unrealistic .15 percent to a more rational .10 percent. It seems that we Americans are inherently unable to get down to a realistic .05 percent in one leap.

The American Medical Association has issued a statement which represents a good bit of progress. It recommends that "blood alcohol of .10 percent be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of alcoholic intoxication, recognizing that many individuals are under the influence in the .05 percent to .10 percent range."

The British Medical Association is more realistic.

"The Committee considers that a concentration of 50 mg. of alcohol in 100 ml. of blood (.05 percent) while driving a motor vehicle is the highest that can be accepted as entirely consistent with the safety of other road users. While there may be circumstances in which individual driving ability will not depreciate significantly by the time this level is reached, the Committee is impressed by the rapidity with which deterioration occurs at blood levels in excess of 100 mg./100 ml. This is true even in the case of hardened drinkers and experienced drivers. The Committee cannot conceive of any circumstances in which it could be considered safe for a person to drive a motor vehicle on the public roads with an amount of alcohol in the blood greater than 150 mg./100 ml."

There is one more serious aspect of this problem that we must recognize.

The chronic alcoholic plays a far larger role in this matter than we have guessed. We have all assumed that it was the casual or occasional drinker, who happened to drink one or two too many, who was the major offender. This person, we felt, could be reached by campaigns, laws, and education.

But the chronic alcoholic is far beyond the reach of measures of this kind. He is immune to slogans. Safety campaigns do not touch him at all. Scathing lectures by judges, tearful pleadings by family and friends, even terms in jail, are merely water rolling

off a duck's back. He is a compulsive drinker.

Studies in Sweden by Bjerver and Goldberg show that the problem drinker accounts for about one third of all the accidents and yet constitutes but 8 to 13 percent of the general population.

A recent paper by J. R. Carroll and W. Haddon shows that 46 percent of the accident-responsible driving group had blood-alcohol concentrations in the very high .25 percent range, and that in the large control group, not a single one of the drivers had a concentration in this range. It is implied that most of the drivers with blood alcohol levels as high as this are chronic alcoholics; addicts, in other words.

M. L. Selzer, a psychiatrist writing in the Michigan State *Bar Journal* for November, 1960, points out that the alcoholic driver is likely to have a higher blood alcohol level than the social drinker on his way home from a cocktail party. But more than this, all alcoholics are emotionally disturbed to begin with, and their psychopathology may become manifest only when released by alcohol.

This author goes on: "One need not elaborate on the menace posed by an intoxicated individual with these characteristics seated behind the wheel of an instrument as potentially lethal as an automobile."

The repetitive alcohol-traffic-offender must be sentenced, not to jail or another fine, for these are completely non-remedial. He must be sentenced to adequate treatment.

The judge must see to it, after conviction and before sentencing, that the repetitive offender is remanded for psychiatric investigation, whether or not his offenses have been alcohol related. Even if these are not overtly alcoholic, the investigation may reveal a personality disorder, and the sentence must be, not a fine, but a hospital. One wise judge has said that we cannot force a man to stop drinking, but we can force him to take treatment.

Increasingly, traffic courts must have good psychiatric clinics in close relation. Detroit's Recorder's Court was the first, and is still, no doubt, the best. The numbers of feeble-minded, psychotic, alcoholic, disordered licensed drivers revealed by this clinic is appalling.

In summation, these facts are clear: The drinking driver is the major factor in our traffic death and injury problem. In fact, he is equal, at least, to all the other factors put together. Furthermore, the chronic alcoholic, with his basic character defects and his notorious tendency to relapse, is an important seg-

ment of the alcohol picture as it relates to traffic.

This brings up a most serious enforcement matter. In the study in Sweden, it was shown that a majority of the chronic alcoholics involved in accidents had already had their licenses removed and were driving without a license. In the United States, authorities estimate that in every state there are literally thousands of persons driving without a license. It is notorious how many of these are drivers whose licenses have been suspended for a drinking-driving charge.

The path ahead is clear if not smooth. We need realistic legislation based on the pattern that for over a generation has been functioning well in many countries in Europe, particularly the Scandinavian nations. And to this must be added legislation compelling the chronic alcoholic to forfeit his license until he has shown his ability to stop drinking.

We need laws forbidding persons to drive with more than minimal amounts of alcohol in the blood. We need laws requiring that suspected drivers submit to chemical tests to determine the amount of alcohol present. We need, most of all, public opinion desiring these laws and wanting impartial enforcement of them.

In other words, we need that elusive but highly desirable attribute known as civilization.

As the Rev. Dr. Charles Haven Myers once said, "This old world never moves into a brighter light until devoted men and women plant their feet in dust or mud, their shoulders against the wheel, and push it there."

MISSING, PRESUMED DEAD

(Continued from page 23)

to be understanding." Dick hung up.

Shaking with rage, I slammed the dead receiver down. Who did he think he was? Didn't he realize I got tired, too? By the time Dick returned home, I had usually convinced myself he needed a chance to be by himself. He brought his usual costly present for me, but from past experience I had toys tucked away for the children. He always forgot to buy anything for his children.

So four years slipped by, each month accenting the inevitable. Now reality pronounced itself in the horrifying knowledge that my husband was a drug addict!

God in His wisdom lets us live one day at a time. So Dick and I lived. He continued to practice and I cared for the children and worried. We were

on a treadmill, destination unknown. Several times we discussed Dick's addiction, as if a stranger suffered from it.

"It seems to me taking morphine is a habit," I said, "and like a cigarette habit or any other habit, it can be broken."

Dick said nothing.

People stopped me on the street and asked, "Is the doc sick or something? He has sure lost weight—kind of pale, too." They would squint at me. "You aren't looking so perky yourself. Maybe you ought to change doctors." I laughed at their joke and wondered what they would think if they knew Dick's true condition.

One evening Dick announced. "I'm quitting. I think I can lick it."

He cut down on his morphine intake, switched to a weaker drug. Pacing the floor, he said, "I feel as if ants are crawling all over me, and my head—shells are bombarding it." Still he persisted.

A week later I came home from shopping to find him crawling, unable to stand. Violent cramps and nausea knotted his tortured body. I fixed the morphine and he injected it. Almost immediately he was better. He straightened up and sat in the chair smiling and talking. I made arrangements at a special clinic in the city for his cure, and the children were farmed out at a friend's home. Dick was anxious to be rid of the monkey on his back.

His doctor, long interested in alcoholics and drug addicts, was sympathetic, understanding, but firm. He left no doubt as to who was the physician and who was the patient. Dick accepted the terms and we were led down the corridor to his room. Dick was told to get into his pajamas, but he need not go to bed unless he wanted to.

The first hour and a half he was apparently comfortable. I sat on the edge of the chair, my hand clutching the cushion. Dick reached over, covering my hand with his. "It'll be all right." We sat side by side without speaking.

Then the chills started slowly with spastic jerks and gradually built into uncontrollable shaking. An orderly helped Dick into bed.

He shivered, his teeth chattered, his color grew pasty. No amount of covering warmed him. He retched and gagged. I stood by the bed helpless while he cursed, then prayed for mercy. He screamed for morphine, doubling up in cramps only to raise his head and curse the orderly holding him down. Toward morning he seemed to doze. I tiptoed out of the room and leaned against the corridor. Twenty-four hours

of hell had left me defeated. And poor, poor Dick.

Dick was weak, thin, and not interested in anything for another three days. Then he began to perk up. We played more games, and he walked down the corridor to the coffee shop for snacks. Although he was bent and shriveled, I again caught glimpses of the man I had married. Everything would be all right. Dick now knew his enemy, had met it, and had conquered.

"I'll never go through that again," he said.

"You won't have to, dear. You've broken the habit, and I'm so proud of you."

"I don't even want to see the stuff." He smiled his old sweet smile—almost.

Two weeks later Dick was released from the hospital with all good wishes and high hopes.

Twenty-four hours later he was back on dope.

In the next year he was "cured" three times, and each time he swore it was the last time. He would never go back on it again. Self-pity and bitterness clouded his mental outlook. His sole interest was the supply and demand of narcotics. Ampuls were tucked in chair cushions, hidden in band-aid boxes, folded in socks. A few drops of liquid and the needle were his malevolent master.

When I found the ampul hidden in the children's lamp, I faced him in utter despair. "Dick, why don't you turn yourself in?"

He glared at me. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? Then you could carry on with other men. Well, I'm not going to do it." He went into the bedroom, slamming the door.

Dick was thirty-five years old. His practice was gone. His health was broken. And I was at the end of the line.

The bedroom door flew open. Dick held a gun in his hand. "I'll kill you. I know your plan. You want me back in the hospital. You won't get away with it." Waving the gun, he lunged toward me and fell against the table. The gun dropped to the floor. Dick's body sprawled over the table, twisted in bitter anguish. He sank into the chair, burying his head in his hands, sobbing.

"It's all right, Dick." With my foot I eased the gun under the chair. The children, fortunately, were in bed.

Glaring up at me, Dick spat, "I'm through. Leaving. Never want to see you again!" He wrenched himself out of the chair and stumbled to the front door. "I'm leaving," he repeated. I



YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

LISTEN invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding c/o LISTEN Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

How do you get your boyfriend to stop drinking?

A man will do anything he has to do to win the hand of the maid of his choice. After he has married her, then he will do as he pleases. But let us trust that he is mature enough to keep his promises and retain her love and respect. A real man is a man of his word, and a real woman respects her husband and accepts him at face value. After marriage she can never change him. If she tries, she will only drive him to drink instead of curing him. The girl who marries a man to reform him is doomed to failure.

But love can change a man—or a woman. If you sincerely love him, you will want to help him. And that, I'm sure, is why you asked the question.

First, find out why he drinks. For which of these reasons does he drink?

1. Because his friends drink—in other words, from social pressure.
2. From lack of courage, or to escape the problems of life.
3. Because other drinks are not readily available.

stood frozen by the hate in his voice. Before I could call his name, I heard his car screech away in the dark, gravel flying from under the wheels.

This was the final curtain. I walked into the children's room. We were alone but alive. As I knelt by their beds, I prayed for courage to face reality. I prayed for ability to make my children understand the horror and hopelessness of addiction and still have room for pity and love in their hearts for those so afflicted.

I never saw Dick again. Last month the newspaper reported his death in a

4. Because he's hooked; he needs a drink to help him over a rough deal—he needs a crutch.

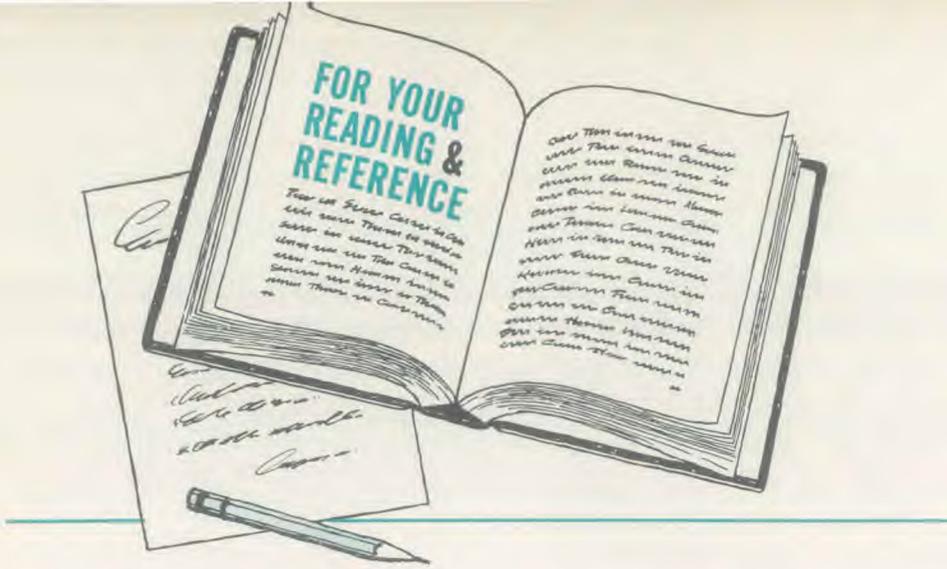
5. Because he doesn't know that alcohol is an anesthetic, that alcohol acts to put his brain to sleep first of all.

Second, after you both understand why he drinks, then, as a couple, decide what each of you can do about it.

Perhaps you nag him about his drinking. That's a good way to make him drink more heavily. He wants to get rid of his feeling of guilt, he wants to forget that you don't like to see him drink, so he drowns it with a drink. And "one 'good' drink calls for another." His willpower (or his "won't power") is put to sleep, anesthetized; or maybe he feels more at ease with you after he's had "just one drink" or "just a couple of beers." They put his inhibitions to sleep, so he can gain your sympathy. If you don't want to be sorry for him the rest of your life—and sorry for yourself, too—don't date him again until he has proved that he is worthy of your friendship, by giving up his bottle!

two-line obituary. He died in obscurity. His opportunity to make a contribution with his gifted hands and brilliant mind were lost.

Who was to blame for Dick's destruction? I accept my share for excusing his weaknesses, for not facing the truth. It was a bitter lesson to learn, but one I'll never forget. Why did Dick become a dope addict? I do not know. I do know, however, the moment the first particle of the devastating narcotic enters the human system, the victim can begin to be classified, Missing, Presumed Dead.



Norman Vincent Peale, **THE TOUGH-MINDED OPTIMIST**, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1961, 246 pages. \$3.95.

If it is true that alcoholics get that way because they don't have what it takes to stand up to life, Dr. Peale's new book has a message that is needed by millions of them and others on the way. To be a tough-minded optimist, he says, is "to deal creatively with the harsh facts of human existence and still keep on believing in good outcomes."

In entertaining, lively prose, Dr. Peale, well-known minister of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, tells of his experiences in meeting people in various kinds of trouble and helping them to find solutions. In most cases, as he points out, the solutions are close to home. He directs the reader to faith in God as a fount of strength and guidance; and he does this in a simple, practical way, in down-to-earth language.

Because of its colloquial style, this book should prove interesting to young people, as well as to anyone else who wants to know, as he captions chapter ten, "How to Be Successful and Happy and What's Wrong With That?"

SMOKING AND HEALTH, New York: Pitman Publishing Corporation, 1962, 70 pages. \$1.00.

Seldom has so much clear thinking on a controversial issue been compressed in so few pages. This authoritative report by the Royal College of Physicians, London, is unique in that it not only considers the subject objectively, examining facts pro and con, but has solid recommendations in its summary.

The committee responsible for the report observes, "The amount of ill health and shortening of life that is attributable to smoking is now so great that means must be sought to reduce the vast and increasing prevalence of the habit. At present both social cus-

tom and commercial pressure outbid the voice of caution and the balance must be redressed."

Because of the grip of the habit on devotees, the writers add, "The problem of prevention is thus primarily one of education and social action directed to children, adolescents, and young adults who have not yet formed fixed smoking habits."

The importance of government action is also recognized, and the committee states, "Much more imagination, effort, and money should be devoted to drawing the attention of the public to the hazards of smoking. Special attention should be paid to effective education of school children, but use should also be made of every modern method of advertising, including posters, press notices, and short items on radio and television. The attention of parents should continually be drawn to their responsibility for dissuading and discouraging their children from smoking."

Especially significant is the fact graphically portrayed in the report that in the last ten years the percentage of nonsmoking physicians has risen from 40 percent to more than 55 percent.

While this report was prepared primarily for the British Isles, the facts it quotes and the conclusions it draws apply equally to the United States and other countries. This booklet should be widely circulated among youth, parents, educators, lawmakers, doctors—in short, everyone who may be affected by smoking and health, or who may have influence on smoking habits.

Elma Holloway, **ALCOHOL AND YOUTH**, New York: The Vantage Press, 114 pages. Second edition, 1960. \$2.75.

This small book was written with the thought that it would be used in schools as a reader on alcoholism. It quotes many statistics, surveys, and ex-

periments, and footnoted references are used abundantly.

However, much of the material is taken from older sources, and the inferences drawn are not always sound. The book also suffers for lack of critical editing.

TOO LATE

(Continued from page 25)

do so. As a result, they become careless about themselves and their activities and often end up not too well thought of.

Did any good come out of the accident? I think it did because, if it had not happened, I know half of the senior boys would have gotten drunk. As it was, only three got drunk, and I don't credit them with having any sense anyway.

Most kids drink beer, with whiskey probably taking second place. It never used to bother me to see people drinking, and it just doesn't appeal to me personally. But since the accident, when I see it, it just makes me sick.

You can definitely get along without alcohol. When you drink you make a fool of yourself, and if you are driving you may kill someone. It seems as though people are a bit like jellyfish. When attending parties where drinks are served, they just can't seem to refuse a drink graciously for fear the feelings of the host or hostess might get hurt.

In everyday life, they drink because they don't have the backbone to face reality, so they try to lose themselves in drink, or try to unload their troubles on the bottle. But that doesn't work, because the bottle doesn't understand. If I could, I might start Prohibition again. I really think the world would be a lot better off if people used milk as much as they do whiskey and other liquor.

My folks feel that a higher power saved me for a special reason. Possibly I am to help other people try to understand the tragedy that comes with alcohol; I'm not sure. But I do hope that this incident in my life will help those who drink to stop and think a second time.

Editor's Note: Each of the students in the accident had definite plans for the next school year. Some were going on to college, while others had plans to work.

Now, while the little town of Safford is forgetting this tragedy, the parents of the teen-agers follow their lonely pursuits. Will the ache ever be gone? Will they ever forget?

Says Johnny: "No, I guess it'll live on forever."

Poems With a Purpose

Gold

Constance Quinby Mills

I found pure gold in the hills today—
Not the gold of a miner's dream,
But the pure, pure gold of an aspen tree
Beside a mountain stream.

The other trees were gaunt and bare,
And the hills were dry and brown,
But the aspen leaves they shimmered and shone
Ere they should tumble down.

They seemed to say, "Hang on, hang on,
Be gay as long as you can,
Before you drop in the winter winds
And are lost to the sight of man."

Fly High

Eddie Jay

When autumn leaves begin to fall
And wending geese begin to call,
I'd like to fly away from things,
I'd do it, too—if I had wings.



October Time

Bertha R. Hudelson

When searing winds of summer go,
And clouds pile high like drifted snow
Against the brilliant blue of sky,
October time once more is here.

When call of quail is sweetly faint,
And frost has flecked with autumn paint
Each tree and bush in passing by,
October time brings heaven near.

When hungry crows march brisk and bold
Through cornfields, with their wealth of gold,
And pumpkins rest on mellow sod,
October time has come again.

And as each tranquil day arrives
With priceless gifts which brighten lives—
Gifts from the unseen hand of God—
October time heals doubt and pain.

ALCOHOLIC WOMAN

(Continued from page 10)

he is to retain control over alcohol."

Dr. Lemere's warning against "the first drink" is something that not only alcoholics, but all their friends and families, need to remember, too. Even certain church groups which advocate moderate drinking are helping to create alcoholics. Speaking on this subject at a California conference on alcoholism not long ago, Dr. Howard Clinebell, author of *Understanding and Counseling the Alcoholic*, declared that too many churches are failing to help the problem drinker.

Students of the problem of the alcoholic woman agree that the best hope in solving this problem rests in the field of prevention.

As Dr. Block phrases it: "The solution to alcoholism may not necessarily lie in the successful treatment of involved patients but rather in the prevention of the disease in future generations."

Certainly we must never forget that the girls of today will be the mothers of tomorrow, and that they are on the target list of those promoting alcoholic beverages. Proof of this is found in a *Wall Street Journal* article referring to "women and young people" as a growing factor in the liquor market.

This is a challenge that must be met if we are to make progress in solving the growing national problem of alcoholic mothers. Here are a few urgent steps to be taken.

1. We must deglamorize drinking and expose the fallacy of the myth, perpetuated by television and other media, that the ability to handle liquor is a sign of feminine charm, and that a girl must drink to be fashionable.

2. We must work to energize educational programs which teach the potential dangers of alcohol.

3. We must support needed legislation to curb the sale of liquor in the vicinity of schools and colleges, and

push enforcement of laws that make the selling of intoxicating beverages to minors a crime.

4. We must educate the public to the fact that drunkenness is never laughable, but that it is tragic.

5. We must try to get across to the public the moral responsibility of those who encourage others to drink. Here is a field for the church and the religious leaders. Surely no thinking person wishes to be responsible for helping to make another an alcoholic. In this respect we need to emphasize the danger of that "first drink."

TEEN-AGERS SHOULD KNOW

(Continued from page 8)

You are standing on the doorstep of young manhood or young womanhood. You are not babies who can be watched every minute of the day or night. Nor do you want to be. You are the ones who must, for the most part, choose your associates. You are the ones who must decide what you want to do during much of your lives.

Obviously, teen-agers will talk about narcotics, particularly if they live in an area where narcotics problems are prevalent. If you talk about these drugs, forget the discussion of how adults, churches, or schools may have failed to do all they could for you. Instead, talk about how you can make your church more attractive, how you can help your parents make a better home, how you can make your city a safer, more pleasant place in which to live. The final decision is one you must make.

The next time you hear anyone tell you there is something glamorous about narcotics addicts, the next time you are told that using marijuana, pills, or glue is a good way to spend your time, the next time somebody tells you you can't get hooked if you just fool around with these poisons, I hope you will honestly and fervently answer this misguided character somewhat like this: "Man, you're as crazy as a bedbug."

DINING OUT IN SPACE

(Continued from page 11)

cocktail lounges in spaceships, nor are they planned for the space stations or the scientific moon colony. A tipsy astronaut would not be trusted with billions of dollars' worth of highly technical equipment on missions that call for the most precise motor and mental coordination.

A drinking astronaut could not stand the tremendous physical stress and strain of moving away from earth's gravity at thousands of miles per hour. He could not bear the psychological problems of being in a soundless, weightless environment. Even the hardest total abstainers have hallucinations in test chambers. Think what an alcohol-weakened brain and body would experience in a completely dark void of silence!

There will be no smoking in space. Aside from the health angle, scientists say that smoking would place too great a stress on the air purification system of a space suit or ship. The air purification systems already have a formidable array of challenges. These systems must be built so they will remove the toxic products of man, such as carbon dioxide, body odors, gases, and many other kinds of unidentified human by-products.

Scientists also say that youngsters with astronaut aspirations had better not start smoking, with the idea that they will quit when count-down time comes. The reasoning is, emotional stresses of space travel are tough enough on the traveler, without the added strain of hankering for a puff on a cigarette.

Should the spaceman manage to fool some of the people some of the time and get "out there" anyway, he'll be in for more than just a shock. The first time he sneaks around the periscope for a quick puff of the old weed, his punishment will be automatic. He'll poison himself!

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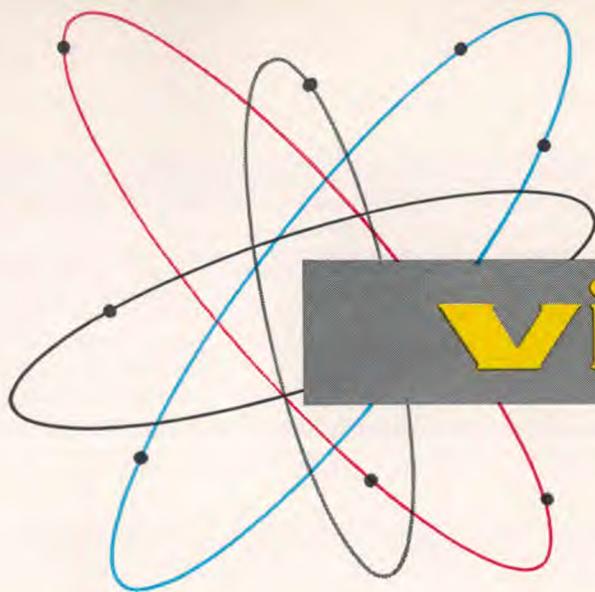
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views

ABBY ABSTAINS. "I neither smoke nor drink and never have. I refrained at first to please my parents. I never took up the habit later because I have a teen-age son and a teen-age daughter, and I know that example is not only the best teacher, it is the only teacher."—Abigail Van Buren, popular advice columnist.

EDUCATION FOR ABSTINENCE. "The only solution that I can see is a widespread, persistent, and enlightened program of education directed at our school children and the general public. It must be factual and motivated with the eventual goal: individual total abstinence. There can be no halfway measures with such a potent, habit-forming drug as alcohol.

"Particularly the young people must be brought to realize that alcoholism is no respecter of age, sex, class, economic or social position, educational attainments, or intellectual capacity."—John L. C. Goffin, M.D., Health Education Department, Los Angeles City Schools.

SCOFF ON THE PRESS. Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff, meeting with a group of newsmen several months ago, assured the reporters they would have an interesting time covering Auto Magnate George Romney if he runs for the Presidency. "Mr. Romney doesn't drink, smoke, or swear. He'll be an ideal companion for you newspapermen," said the Secretary.

ALCOHOL AND CRIME. "I know that about nine out of ten major crimes—at least in our jurisdiction—can be laid to alcohol. It is depressing to sit on a parole board and hear story after sordid story of lives destroyed by intemperate drinking. We forbid parolees to drink or to visit any place where liquor is sold."—Charles C. Chesnut, Oklahoma State Pardon and Parole Board.

INEXPLICABLE SCANDAL. "Future generations will look back in astonishment on our reluctance to clear the roads of the drunken driver, who is one of the most inexplicable scandals of the twentieth century."—British Member of Parliament.

"Although I am what some drinkers call a rabid abstainer I have been persuaded to attend cocktail parties on the assurance that the hosts appreciated my attitude and wanted me to come, nevertheless.

"I found, however, that despite such assurances, when the hosts got under the influence they forgot their assurances and became disagreeable or downright offensive in their insistence that I drink with them. Why do people behave that way about liquor? They behave this way about liquor because alcohol deprives the drinker of his higher faculties, judgment, decency, modesty, responsibility.

"Thus, in effect, a few drinks change a lady or a gentleman into a stinker. Alcohol in any dose or any form is not a stimulant. It is a narcotic from first to last."

—Dr. William Brady, health adviser.

JUST LIKE THIEVES. "When people want drunken drivers imprisoned, just like they want thieves imprisoned and punished, then the situation will change."—Judge Richard Orton of Wisconsin.

FUZZY IMAGE. Studying the drink-triggered carousings of American youth, Charles P. Livermore, the man assigned to oversee the community needs of Chicago's youth, says that what bothers him "is the serious kind of image seen by these kids who can't get jobs and who can't afford cars, when they look at the picture of those others in their age group who are allowed money and cars and drink.

"They see the mother who hoots at charges against her sixteen-year-old son by insisting that 'he can hold his liquor.'"

LYNN BURKE-

FROM OLYMPIC CHAMPION TO AQUA QUEEN!



Few teen-agers can lay claim to a tickertape parade in their honor on New York's Broadway. Not many can boast authorship of a book. And those who sport Olympic gold medals are really hard to find.

But teen-ager Lynn Burke of Flushing, New York, is such a rarity. At seventeen she splashed to a

new world record in the 100-meter backstroke in the 1960 Olympics at Rome, and she also won first place for her part in America's four-woman 400-meter medley relay. When Lynn returned from the Olympic games her home town, New York City, gave her one of its famous ticker-tape parades up lower Broadway.

On the steps of City Hall, Mayor Robert F. Wagner presented her with a gold medallion, citing her as an "inspiration to our youth."

One of vivacious Lynn's character traits is dogged determination. For example, when she missed qualifying for the United States 1956 Olympic team by seconds, she told her father: "Daddy, don't take the contestant's parking sticker off our car. We're coming back in 1960." Her comeback will not soon be forgotten.

Asked if a teen-ager can be popular and still not drink, Lynn replies: "I don't drink myself. Some teen-agers feel they have to drink to feel grown-up. I feel you can enjoy a party or any social occasion just as well holding orange juice or ginger ale. My friends and I don't drink, and we have just as much fun as anybody else. Why ask for trouble?"

Currently at nineteen, Lynn is star of the aquashow, "Mermaid's Holiday." Lynn is a junior at St. John's University, preparing to be a teacher. She is co-author of a book on swimming. Truly Lynn Burke demonstrates well that popularity and positive living go hand in hand.

JOAN SANGER

