

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



JEROME HINES Opera Star



news

◆ **TALE CURTAILED.** That old eat-much, drink-much tale has been harpooned by the American Medical Association, which notes that a drinker who consumes up to eight highballs a day can develop a fatty liver. Nor does it matter if the drinker maintains a well-rounded diet. How long it would take to develop cirrhosis of the liver has not been discovered.

◆ **PASSENGER'S PROBLEM.** All backseat drivers, attention! If you accept a ride with someone you know is under the influence of alcohol, you travel at your own risk, according to a court ruling in Annapolis, Maryland. The court of appeals there recently so ruled, and added that a passenger, who subsequently died after a drinker's car rammed a road sweeper head on, should have warned the driver concerning the obstruction ahead. The court also stated that the passenger's failure to warn of the impending danger could amount to contributory negligence, if a jury so determined.

◆ **NEWSPAPER HITS DRUNKENNESS.** Noting that 70 percent of all acts of hooliganism and 47 percent of all murders and attempted murders are committed by drunks, the Bulgarian newspaper "Otechestven Front" has called for a nationwide antidrunkenness campaign.

◆ **COFFEE AND YOUR HEART.** That cup of coffee that gets you started in the morning may be ending your life—and sooner than you realize, says the American Heart Association. A long-term study of over 1,000 men who participated in a heart-disease experiment has produced evidence that coffee intake and heart trouble are related, AHA researchers say.

The conclusion was reached by a team of doctors who made observations under the auspices of the University of Illinois College of Medicine. For 1,108 men kept under observation for nine months, "a significant correlation between the use of coffee and the later discovery of coronary disease is seen," the team reported.

◆ **TARAHUMARA BEER.** For the Tarahumaras, a Mexican Indian tribe, the beer party is the place where business is transacted and pleasure is found. It is also the place where human relationships begin and frequently end, says Dr. John G. Kennedy of the Social Research Center, American University, Cairo. The Tarahumaras herd goats and keep an eye out for free-roaming cattle, and men and women often may not see each other for days or weeks. Then comes a beer party, where they make up for lost time.

Besides the apparent fun, drunks occasionally totter off cliffs, drunken women drop babies into the fire, diseases breed as the same drinking vessel is passed from mouth to mouth. In spite of all this, some claim that the "value" of the party outweighs its costs.

◆ **FROM BRUNETTE TO BLONDE.** If you are a brunette who wishes she were a blonde and you detest all those uncomfortable rinses, try mephenesin carbamate, a muscle-relaxing drug. When several dark-haired women in Cardiff, Wales, took large doses, they became blondes within three months. Two men had the same experience. Their hair returned to its original color when the drug was no longer taken.

Alcohol Production Up

1959	80,975,136
1960	83,612,052
1961	85,825,420
1962	86,639,033

These figures are the number of gallons of alcoholic beverages produced during the four-year period from 1959 to 1962. In 1962 more than 55,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol were produced, from almost three billion pounds of such food staples as corn, rye, wheat, sorghum, and barley.—"Alcohol and Tobacco Summary Statistics" for 1962, United States Treasury Department and Internal Revenue Service.

◆ **TRANQUILIZING SUICIDE AIDS.** Tranquilizers now rival barbiturates as suicidal agents, it has been reported. From July, 1959, through December, 1960, tranquilizers represented 2.4 percent of all poisonings reported to the National Clearinghouse for Poison Control Centers during that period. Intentional swallowing was known to be the factor in 35 percent of the cases reviewed.

More suicide attempts were made with meproba-mate—166—than with any other tranquilizer.

OUR COVER

Perhaps no concert or opera singer is more world-renowned or internationally respected than Jerome Hines, whose versatile voice has interpreted operatic roles to audiences in many countries. Also widely respected are his strong convictions regarding right living habits, his personal influence for principles of abstinence, and his sincere desire to aid the unfortunates on the skid rows of our cities.

Listen's cover is by Heicklen from Three Lions Studio in New York City.



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Our Drug Age

Many names have been applied to our present era, such as the machine age, the atomic age, the space age. An even more appropriate title, perhaps, could be "the drug age."

"It's tragic but true that more and more people are walking through life with a chemically produced filmy veil," says Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health.

The extent of this "filmy veil" is shown by the fact that at least 30,000,000 Americans today—one out of every six—use the pill bottle to change their mental attitudes and perceptions.

"We've become a nation of pill-takers. It's as simple as that," sums up Dr. Dan Casriel, New York psychiatrist. Or, as the medical writer Robert P. Goldman observes, "Doctors and health authorities are appalled by the constantly broadening scope of the 'new drug kick.' Teenagers and college students are indulging in wild orgiastic binges with the most powerful compounds ever known to mankind. Even eight-year-olds are using stimulants to blur their mental states, not realizing that these same stimulants may cause permanent damage to the brain. . . . One fact emerges from cases documented at medical centers throughout the nation: Your generation is willfully exposing itself to unknown dangers from drugs." Indeed, drug abuse has become the fashion of our times.

The variety of these "mood modifiers" is amazing, and is increasing rapidly, ranging from tranquilizers and barbiturates, which calm the user, to energizers, which key him up. Narcotics put the brain to sleep, and hallucinogens cause unpredictable flights of weird imagination. Some drugs are addictive, others are called habituating. In either case the user can get "hooked" on a habit that might be more difficult to break than heroin.

Youth in search of new thrills sniff airplane glue, or even use nutmeg powder, or experiment with seeds of the common morning glory. Across the nation are arising groups for the express purpose of self-testing such powerful psychoactive drugs as LSD 25, which can cause temporary physical and emotional impairment, even permanent disability leading to death.

Most frequently used of all mood medicines are tranquilizers and barbiturates. "It's unbelievable, but people have come to think of these drugs as being harmless," declares Morton Schillinger, director of the Lincoln Institute for Psychotherapy, New York City. "In the public mind they have come to be considered somewhat like aspirin. Tranquilizers are passed out in the home and office as if they were chewing gum or peanuts."

In 1954 tranquilizers were first marketed, and 4,000,000 prescriptions were written for them. In 1963 some sixty brands were sold, and more than 95,000,000 prescriptions were written for them. Soon such drugs may surpass antibiotics in sales. Shocking is the fact that many pharmacies are selling these pills without prescriptions.

Especially dangerous is the so-called "potentiation" of drugs, or the multiplying of the effect of one drug by a second. For example, tranquilizers may have an impact on the user, but when a cocktail is taken in addition, he may pass out.

Some 60,000 Americans are addicted to narcotics such as heroin, morphine, and cocaine. This number is small when compared to the some 5,000,000 who are addicted to the narcotic alcohol, though this drug is not popularly thought of as a narcotic. Add to these tragic victims the addicts of other drugs, and the total comprises a major segment of our entire population.

"We have many people who are suffering from disuse of their normal fear and anger," says Dr. Casriel. "They are so drugged that they cannot react normally to situations that should produce strong reactions." Today's drugs "unlock the gates of a man's soul," and make him vulnerable, at times defenseless, and dead.

Furthermore, according to psychologist Schillinger, "We have arrived at a point where 'herd psychology' is taking over. A great mass of people are swallowing pills of one sort or another and so it has become the thing to do. We quote articles about it. We have jokes about it. Some of the drug names have become part of the language. In many circles, if you don't take something to hop you up, or give you a weird feeling, you're a square—you don't understand how to live. . . . People today must learn and some are learning—through violent sickness and even death—that drugs are no solution to life's problems."

Francis A. Soper

Decide for Yourself

PROS
PROS

Frank Howard Richardson, M.D.

Here are the pros and cons
about teen-age drinking—

CONS
CONS

Some teen-agers these days drink. Many do not. Because of this, the question is pertinent, Should a teen-ager drink?

Let's compare some of the "pros" and "cons," looking first at the "pros."

Pro No. 1. It is natural for any normal person to do what the rest of his crowd is doing or to "do as your peers do," as the sociologist would say. So if you don't want to drink, it may be well to choose a nondrinking crowd.

Pro No. 2. Drinking makes you look more mature—at least that is what many a guy and gal think about it. However, a moment's thought will convince anyone that there is nothing in drinking a glass of beer or spiked punch that calls for much maturity. Actually it might call for more maturity to decline a drink when offered.

Pro No. 3. Anyone hates to look "holier than thou" by declining a drink while with the gang. There may have been a time when this distinction was made. But nowadays there are so many who don't drink, especially if they are driving home, that it doesn't make you conspicuous if you say, "No, thank you."

Pro No. 4. A drink does give you a kick, a sense of exhilaration, that feels pleasant. This is especially the case with a teen-ager. It does give him a feeling of being on top of the world, more than it does a middle-aged person. The old saying, however, is, "What goes up must come down!"

Pro No. 5. A powerful pro is the fact that taking a glass of punch at a party does make you feel much more at ease. It confers a freedom from self-consciousness. To the average teen-ager who, as everyone knows, is always thinking that he is not quite as much of a Joe as he would like to be and as his friends are, this feeling of being at ease has something to recommend it.

Here, then, are five pros for drinking. To be fair, we will note five cons (*contra*, against) on the other side.

Con No. 1. A teen-ager is more likely to become excited after a drink or two than an older person is. He is more likely to act foolish at a party when he

feels pepped up. This is really a strong *contra*, for nobody likes to be conspicuous as a fool.

Con No. 2. A little alcohol makes you less sure of your moral standards. In these days of heavy petting at early ages and in circles where it used to be forbidden, this is a serious indictment. Petting is a natural progression toward an expected climax. The only thing that stops it short is the conscience of one or both petters. So if you believe, as most do, that morals are for all of us, and that disregarding them leads to grave results, then this *contra* is certainly a negative to consider seriously.

Con No. 3. Drinking does not make boys or girls look "grown-up," as they sometimes think. Anybody, at any age, can take a drink. So why be softheaded enough to think you are impressing anyone with your grown-upness by taking a swig?

Con No. 4. Strange as it seems and hard as it may be for a teen-ager to believe it, no one really cares a particle whether you drink or don't drink. Many a boy or girl who feels conspicuous when he or she doesn't drink at a party, finds this hard to believe. But why should anyone care, unless he has a bad conscience about his own drinking and wants company?

Con No. 5. You may want to drive a carful of guys and gals home from that party, but if you have taken *only one* you would be naïve to attempt to drive a car. And you know perfectly well why. It's not the "drunk driver" but the "one-drink driver" who kills the most passengers in his own car and in the other car. Why? Because he thinks he is a good driver. So he takes chances the nondrinking driver would never take on the highway.

So balance the pros against the cons. Don't take my word for it. Draw your own conclusions. To drink or not to drink is a decision you must make for yourself.

Dear Dan:
What do you think of high school students' drinking? I'm a student at Palmer, Alaska, High School and have the boys drink. A few of the girls do, too.

What can be done about it? Those who drink say you're a square if you don't, but that doesn't bother me. What does bother me is the parents who complain and threaten but don't take any action. Some parents even approve, believing that if their teen-agers go through the drinking phase now, they won't want to drink later on in life. How can teen-agers get beer and liquor when the law forbids it? The police catch very few teen-agers drinking, and when someone is caught, he makes sure he isn't caught again. Is it becoming accepted for anyone to drink, regardless of age?

Confused

A well-known
teen columnist
speaks frankly
about--

Teen-Age

The foregoing is a letter I recently received from a teen-age girl in Alaska. It expresses the concern of most high school students about the growing menace of drinking by those under twenty-one. It is only one of several I receive each week as a counselor for teen-agers through my syndicated "Under 21" newspaper column.

As I expected, within a week after this particular letter had been published in newspapers in more than thirty-five states and several provinces of Canada, I received some 100 rebuttal-type letters, defending the drinking teen-ager. More young people and their parents wrote to me about the "merits" of drinking by minors than teen-agers and responsible adults did to compliment the stand taken by the Alaska writer.

What did I tell this writer? I told her "Don't blame the law. The police do the best job they can in Palmer or elsewhere, but they can't be everywhere and do everything they should at any one time.

"Your teen-age friends get their booze through three sources: stupid parents, adult friends who make the pur-

chases for them, and individuals in the beer, wine, and liquor business who consider a buck a buck and a customer a customer.

"The parent who believes that if a teen-ager (or even a child) is given a taste now and then, he won't start drinking later on because the thrill will be out of his system, is the parent who still believes in fairy tales. Would a sensible parent tell a son or daughter to speed in a car through a heavily congested school zone so he will be sure to drive cautiously later on?

"Many teen-agers take a drink for the same reason they try a cigarette. They want to see what it tastes like. Teen-agers are naturally curious.

"The solution to this growing problem comes from two sources, neither of which is the police. It comes from the parents and the teen-agers themselves, the drinkers and the nondrinkers.

"As a starter, teen-agers should realize that drinking in their age group breeds poor reputations. The nice girls of the school don't date more than once the boys

Drinking

DAN HALLIGAN

who keep beer and liquor hidden in their cars. The habitual drinker is a 'big shot' only in the eyes of other steady drinkers.

"Drinking also results in pregnancies among high school girls, family disgrace, staggering financial expenses, the loss of friends, a religious fall-away, school dropouts, crimes, traffic accidents, and violent death. These points are but a few of the 'liabilities' which come from the use of alcohol.

"Drinking is not becoming accepted for teen-agers and never will be accepted. Alcohol qualifies as being a pure poison."

I took this "tough" approach in my reply because I believe it is long past the time for those of us who are aware of the dangers of drinking to quit looking the other way, hoping the problem will go away and not bother us anymore. It won't go away until it is removed by force. That can only come about through a combined, concentrated effort on the part of teen-agers and adults.

I am tired of one drinking teen-ager spoiling things for ninety-nine others who don't drink. I am tired of sixteen-year-old girls writing to me and saying, "I had only half a can of beer and now I'm pregnant." I am tired of having parents pulled out of bed at two o'clock in the morning by a police officer and being told their daughter and her boy friend were killed in a high-speed, one-car accident and that several empty beer cans were found inside the wrecked vehicle.

I am also tired of having a sixteen-year-old boy fined \$50 for being in possession of beer and then leaving the courtroom with a smirk and repeating the same offense that night. I am tired of seeing empty beer cans and liquor bottles on the lawn of the youth center Sunday morning after a Saturday-night dance.

I am tired, too, of the pressure teen-agers are under today, of being told if they don't drink they're out of "the crowd."

I am tired of "friends" making liquor purchases for under-age drinkers and laughing at the law. I am tired of bartenders who don't ask for identification when they have doubts in their minds.

Most of all, I am tired of people who are aware of the teen drinking problem—youth counselors, educators, social workers, juvenile officers, and P.T.A. members—going through the rituals of forums and discussions, of passing resolutions, and then forgetting the problem until the next meeting or assembly, perhaps six months later.

Who is to blame for the awesome rise in under-age drinking in the past ten years? Teen-agers are no more to blame than the adult who makes the beer and liquor available, and who sets the example by drinking it. It is probably true to say that high school students are less to blame, because without the cooperation of adults they wouldn't have access to alcohol.

Giving teen-agers more than a slap on the wrist will do some good, but let's not forget stiff punishment for those at the source of the problem. Time in jail (a week, two weeks, or a month) will do more to discourage teen-age drinking than any other form of punishment. If the twenty-one-year-old who is asked to buy a six-pack by a minor knows he faces thirty days behind bars instead of a \$25 fine if he's caught, he might not be so quick to say, "Sure, I'll get it for you."

If the tavern owner knows he faces a locked door for a month instead of a fine and a state warning for selling to minors, he might be more alert in asking for identification.

The problem is the responsibility of all of us—and so is the blame.

The drinking problem among juveniles can be reduced sharply, if not entirely eliminated, by action within the home and family, by the teen-agers themselves, and by better and stricter laws. Also, those responsible adults aware of this problem must quit looking the other way, hoping it will go away. It won't.

No decrease in teen-age drinking will come about until all age groups want a decrease and then work together to bring it about. Talking won't help. Wishing is stupid. If action isn't taken by those under and over the age of twenty-one, the problem of teen-age drinking today will be minute when compared to the same problem ten years from now.

Glue Sniffing

Jacob Sokol, M.D.
Chief Physician

Juvenile Hall, Probation Department
County of Los Angeles

FOR THE PAST several years the Los Angeles County Probation Department has been faced with the problem of glue sniffing. A few years ago many of us were unaware of the term "glue sniffing;" but this practice has become so widespread among delinquency-prone teen-agers that it is now well-known, particularly to law-enforcement personnel.

In fact, it received major consideration at the May, 1963, session of the state legislature, when a bill was introduced proposing to consider glue with certain toxic chemicals a poison, and to prohibit its sale to persons under twenty-one.

Teen-agers who sniff glue usually squeeze it out into a piece of cloth or rag, then bring the rag up to the opened mouth and inhale deeply through the mouth. Some children occasionally sniff through the nostrils. Frequently, a plastic bag is used in place of the rag.

The most common solvent found in glue is toluene. Other solvents are xylene, acetone, methyl isobutyl ketone (isopropyl acetone), other ketones, isopropyl alcohol, ethyl acetate, Methyl Cellosolve Acetate (ethylene glycol monomethyl ether acetate), and trichloroethylene.

Following inhalation of the above-mentioned fumes, the glue sniffer experiences sensations described as follows: buzzing sensation, dizziness, headaches, euphoria, somnolence, loss of weight, diplopia (double vision), nystagmus (involuntary rapid movement of the eyeball),



A sock and a tube of glue, such as these illustrated here, start young people on the glue-sniffing habit that may land them in the hospital with serious physical consequences.

dullness with poor concentration, forgetfulness, tremors sometimes simulating alcoholic intoxication, spasmodic muscular condition, dilated pupils, decreased reflexes, numbness of the extremities, sneezing, coughing, and chest pain caused by the inflammation of the nose and throat.

The vital organs of the human body have a level beyond which toxic substances cannot be tolerated without adverse effects. Once a threshold is exceeded, the result usually is a breakdown of one or more of the organs and what is medically referred to as pathology. It is the resultant pathology which basically concerns the physician in dealing with such problem cases.

Let us, however, not underrate the importance of the total individual; that is, the individual viewed from a sociological, emotional, physical, and environmental aspect. It is only through an awareness of these concomitants that the cause-effect nature of the problem can be clearly discerned. It was this ultimate goal which prompted us to embark upon the intensive study in which I was privileged to become involved—a study of the glue-sniffing aberration among juveniles.

We had been bombarded with an ever-increasing number of delinquents who were, and still are, embracing this fad which first came to my attention in 1961. We were admitting and examining several hundred children a month and were noting the continued rise in bookings on charges of sniffing glue. Our curiosity was aroused and we began to raise questions concerning this phenomenon.

Our study group consisted (Turn to page 26)

IN THE past couple of years I have seen a promising change of attitude on the part of college students toward the discussion of alcohol problems. In that time I have visited thirty-three colleges and had 128 sessions with some 13,000 students and faculty members. With but one exception, on the Pacific Coast, these have been in the Midwest, and have covered the range from small independent schools to the university level.

My first college visitation program on this topic was in 1937, when Dr. A. C. Wickenden, chaplain at Miami University, invited me to a convocation program, and I spent two days there in a number of sessions. Since that time I have had a total of seventy-nine college programs, 196 sessions with nearly 36,000 students and faculty.

In those earlier years after the repeal of prohibition the discussion at the college level was something of a strain. One always expected a negative reaction from students, and he overcame this usually with some humor device. It was the day of wisecracking about alcoholism.

I have not detected this negative reaction even once in the more extensive program of the past year. The only problem now is to capture the students. When I get into a session with them I find a new, thoughtful seriousness. And there is an eager curiosity about all aspects of the problem.

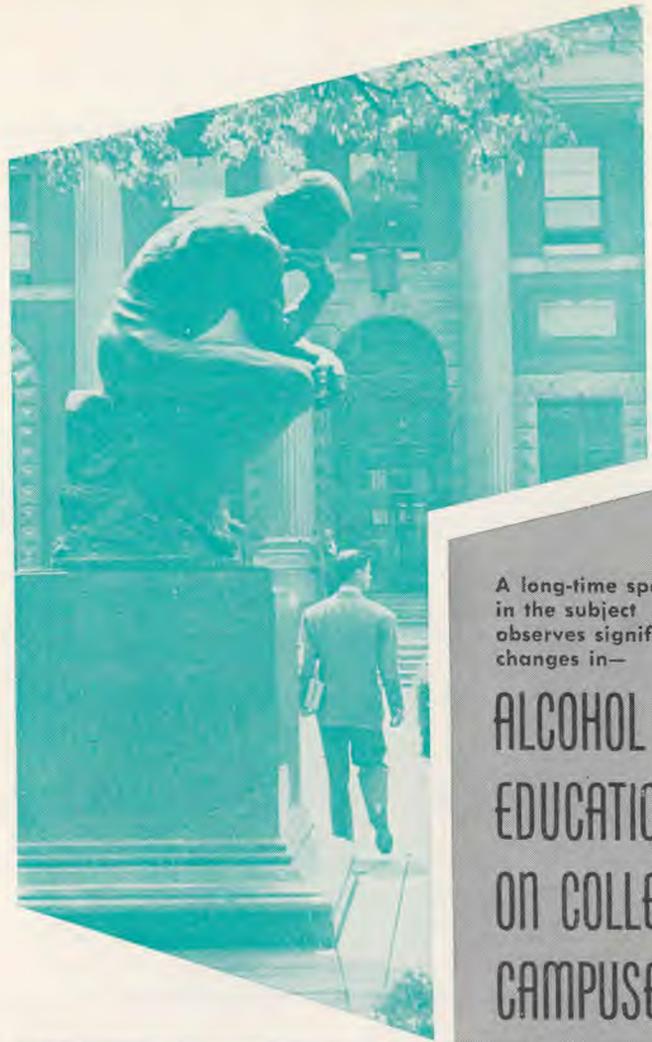
I attribute this change to two factors: First is the probability that the hangovers of bitter controversies in the prohibition-repeal era have nearly disappeared among the younger generation today. The second factor is a new frankness about drinking experiences which a large percentage of the college students have had, probably because of reduced feelings of guilt for them, and genuine curiosity about what happens to them and a desire to know all the scientific data and philosophical implications. Perhaps we might say that there is a new kind of moral seriousness about the present generation of college youth, even though their morals in terms of action may be worse than in the past.

In their investigations of *Drinking in College* (1953), Bacon and Straus concluded that there is no such thing as a "college drinking problem." The drinking of youth in college, they concluded, is no different from the drinking patterns of youth in our culture as a whole. Therefore, the youth drinking problem is no different from the drinking problem in general.

I go along with this judgment today. This means that something over half of the college students are making some use of alcohol. While there are notable instances of excess, such as the spring trek of students to beach resorts, yet most of the drinking around the campuses is probably moderate.

What is new about it to me is the complete frankness and the aggressive statement of opinion by the drinking group. Whereas once the abstainers and opponents of the liquor traffic held forth in debate and oratory, now they keep discreetly silent, for the most part. I think the "letdown in morals" which we hear so much about today is at least partly a new frankness in talking and writing.

Twenty-five years of struggle with the problem of confronting college students on the alcohol problem have no doubt disciplined my approach. I think we must recognize that anybody can get a negative reaction from



A long-time specialist in the subject observes significant changes in—

ALCOHOL EDUCATION ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES

Albion Roy King, Ph.D.

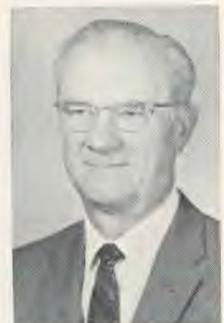
college students today simply with any kind of obvious campaign to dry them up. In one respect moderate drinkers, or even fairly heavy drinkers so long as they think they are moderate, are like alcoholics—any program to deprive them of liquor, either by coercion or by moral persuasion, is looked upon as a threat and will drive them into a defensive corner where no education can take place.

This is the reason that planners of college programs do not want "a moralizing approach." (I put this in quotes because of later remarks about moral evaluation.) What they mean by this is that any *assumption* on the part of leaders who take an abstinence position that "I am morally superior to you because I do not drink" will

Albion Roy King, lecturer, teacher, traveler, has studied in Boston University, Southwestern College, the University of Southern California, and the University of Strasbourg in France.

He has taught at West Virginia Wesleyan College, the University of Southern California, and Cornell College, covering thirty-four years.

Dr. King has specialized in lecturing on alcohol problems and writing factual materials. His best-known book is "Basic Information on Alcohol," a widely used source text in educational circles.



produce the negative reaction. Anyone engaged in this business must reflect long and deeply on the twin problems of self-righteousness and pride. Except for a few schools connected with the temperance churches and traditions one cannot *assume* that total abstinence is the only moral right. Assumption is stressed here because I do not mean that one cannot arrive at abstinence as a moral principle in a process of dialectic with students. The distinction I am making is decisive.

But this is not to say that there is a great interest in the alcohol problem on the college campus today. In competition for the limited budget available at any school for such programs, the alcohol-education project will have hard going, either from the faculty committee allocating funds, or from the student government. The demands upon the time of students are very great, and any voluntary meeting on this subject will turn out hardly a corporal's guard. At Texas Technological College, Lubbock, I was scheduled for an evening meeting at the College Y.M.C.A. My host, a local minister, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, and two members of Alcoholics Anonymous turned out. The next evening I was invited to the mid-week meeting of the Tech Bible Chair. This was a regular weekly meeting of students, where the program was not announced in advance. About fifty students attended and the session was an excellent one. The captive audience is still a necessity.

In one respect the college community today offers a unique place to discuss the alcohol problem. So far as I know it is the only place, and certainly the best place in America today, for drinkers and nondrinkers to face each other in meaningful dialectic. This is one reason that a program of one-sided propaganda is not a profitable approach. In most discussion programs outside of colleges the dries talk to themselves and the wets are too busily engaged in pursuing the god Bacchus to talk to anybody about the problems involved. Even though in college group discussions the drinkers are the more aggressive, a dialogue is taking place and it needs encouragement and guidance from the scientist and philosopher.

With the limited amount of time allotted to a campus program of alcohol studies, what should be the point of attack? About fifteen years ago Dr. Selden Bacon, head of what was then the Yale, and now the Rutgers Center of Alcohol Studies, suggested new attention could be achieved from college people by putting the stress on alcoholism, rather than on the effects of alcohol, as in traditional educational programs. A new interest and feeling of objectivity was created by emphasis on alcoholism as a public-health problem. Yet it is doubtful if this holds the center of interest for college students.

From my experience in student discussions I should say that the chief interest lies in questions of moral evaluation; is it right or wrong to drink? While students do not want a dogmatic answer to this question, yet it occupies the central position in most free discussion. At Illinois Wesleyan College a committee of students set up by the student government was given the full responsibility in planning a campus seminar program. With five outside speakers invited, including a public-relations official of Hiram Walker Distilleries, the committee asked each one to concentrate on this moral question.

The ethical question is not one which can be adequately treated in a hit-and-run lecture procedure. Even though it is precipitated early in a discussion I like to be able to presuppose a level of understanding of the facts about the problem which is seldom to be found in American youth. There is a tested body of basic information which should come before evaluation. The logical procedure is seldom achieved in our educational system. We make value judgments first, and then sometimes proceed to study the facts. Almost all college students, in fact, already have their evaluations pro or con well formulated. They must be induced in the educational process to take a look at the scientific data.

The basic information which should be presupposed in evaluation includes the pharmacological data about the nature of alcohol and its effects on human reactions, what happens in the behavior of a person when he imbibes, the motivations in the use of alcohol, and the patterns of excess and compulsions which are called alcoholism. There is also great interest today in the various patterns of alcohol usage in

(Turn to page 27)

Lincoln Makes a Teetotaler

WILLIAM
HERSCHEL
HUGHES



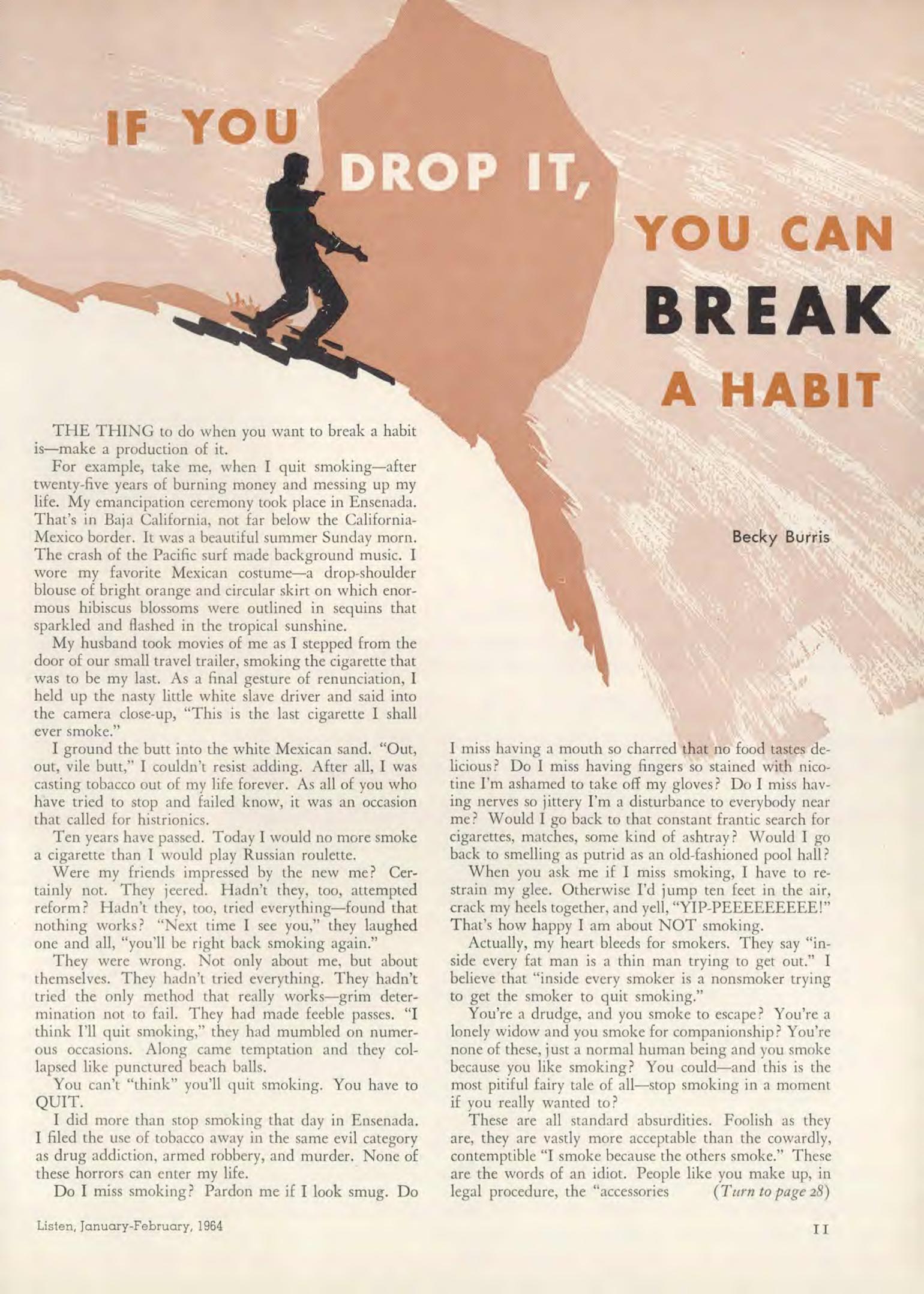
A former Chicago newspaper, "The Inter-Ocean," of February 21, 1910, relates that at a reunion of veterans in Missouri in 1890 this story was told by the man who was persuaded by President Lincoln not to go to a tavern.

"I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington, after the call for 75,000 men. We were marching through the city amid great crowds of cheering people, and then, after going into camp, were given leave to see the town. Like many others of our boys, we hit the saloon, or tavern, the first thing.

"With my comrade I was just about to go in the door of one of these places when a hand was laid upon my arm. As I looked up, there was President Lincoln, from his great height above me, a mere lad, regarding me with those kindly eyes and pleasant smile.

"I almost dropped with surprise and bashfulness, but he held out his hand, and as I took it, he shook hands in a strong Western fashion and said: 'I don't like to see our uniform going into these places.' That was all he said."

The veteran then added: "I would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth in Washington. I have ever since been a teetotalist."



IF YOU

DROP IT,

**YOU CAN
BREAK
A HABIT**

THE THING to do when you want to break a habit is—make a production of it.

For example, take me, when I quit smoking—after twenty-five years of burning money and messing up my life. My emancipation ceremony took place in Ensenada. That's in Baja California, not far below the California-Mexico border. It was a beautiful summer Sunday morn. The crash of the Pacific surf made background music. I wore my favorite Mexican costume—a drop-shoulder blouse of bright orange and circular skirt on which enormous hibiscus blossoms were outlined in sequins that sparkled and flashed in the tropical sunshine.

My husband took movies of me as I stepped from the door of our small travel trailer, smoking the cigarette that was to be my last. As a final gesture of renunciation, I held up the nasty little white slave driver and said into the camera close-up, "This is the last cigarette I shall ever smoke."

I ground the butt into the white Mexican sand. "Out, out, vile butt," I couldn't resist adding. After all, I was casting tobacco out of my life forever. As all of you who have tried to stop and failed know, it was an occasion that called for histrionics.

Ten years have passed. Today I would no more smoke a cigarette than I would play Russian roulette.

Were my friends impressed by the new me? Certainly not. They jeered. Hadn't they, too, attempted reform? Hadn't they, too, tried everything—found that nothing works? "Next time I see you," they laughed one and all, "you'll be right back smoking again."

They were wrong. Not only about me, but about themselves. They hadn't tried everything. They hadn't tried the only method that really works—grim determination not to fail. They had made feeble passes. "I think I'll quit smoking," they had mumbled on numerous occasions. Along came temptation and they collapsed like punctured beach balls.

You can't "think" you'll quit smoking. You have to QUIT.

I did more than stop smoking that day in Ensenada. I filed the use of tobacco away in the same evil category as drug addiction, armed robbery, and murder. None of these horrors can enter my life.

Do I miss smoking? Pardon me if I look smug. Do

Becky Burris

I miss having a mouth so charred that no food tastes delicious? Do I miss having fingers so stained with nicotine I'm ashamed to take off my gloves? Do I miss having nerves so jittery I'm a disturbance to everybody near me? Would I go back to that constant frantic search for cigarettes, matches, some kind of ashtray? Would I go back to smelling as putrid as an old-fashioned pool hall?

When you ask me if I miss smoking, I have to restrain my glee. Otherwise I'd jump ten feet in the air, crack my heels together, and yell, "YIP-PEEEEEEEEE!" That's how happy I am about NOT smoking.

Actually, my heart bleeds for smokers. They say "inside every fat man is a thin man trying to get out." I believe that "inside every smoker is a nonsmoker trying to get the smoker to quit smoking."

You're a drudge, and you smoke to escape? You're a lonely widow and you smoke for companionship? You're none of these, just a normal human being and you smoke because you like smoking? You could—and this is the most pitiful fairy tale of all—stop smoking in a moment if you really wanted to?

These are all standard absurdities. Foolish as they are, they are vastly more acceptable than the cowardly, contemptible "I smoke because the others smoke." These are the words of an idiot. People like you make up, in legal procedure, the "accessories" (Turn to page 28)

California Schools Teach About Alcohol and Narcotics

Dr. Rafferty, as California State Superintendent of Public Instruction, what is your view of school instruction about alcohol and narcotics?

Section 7852 of the *California Education Code* provides for compulsory instruction in all schools and in all grades in manners and morals. Every elementary and secondary school curriculum must include instruction upon the nature of alcohol and narcotics and their effects upon the human system as determined by science.

I support this portion of the *Code* and feel in addition that high school courses in science, physical education, and hygiene are the proper vehicles for such instruction.

Does the State of California have a narcotics-education program in its public schools?

Yes, such instruction is included in the curriculum of all elementary and secondary schools in the state.

The *Education Code* provides that governing boards of school districts shall adopt regulations specifying the grade or grades and the course or courses in which narcotics education shall be included. The State Department of Education provides a manual of basic information for teachers.

What is the objective of this program?

The basic objective is, of course, to help prevent pupils from becoming involved in the use of narcotics and dangerous drugs. An attempt is made to help pupils develop an understanding of the factors related to the use and abuse of narcotics and dangerous drugs and to help them develop such attitudes, interests, and abilities that the use of narcotics and dangerous drugs in abnormal ways is forever unnecessary.

Please list some specifics taught about narcotics

Various types of narcotics and dangerous drugs are described, including opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine, marijuana, the barbiturates, and the amphetamines.

Sources of the drugs are presented and pupils are made acquainted with the medical use and value of certain narcotics and dangerous drugs along with their physical, mental, and social effects. Personal and social effects of their misuse are presented. Pupils are taught never to practice self-diagnosis and self-medication.

What is taught about control and enforcement?

The Federal narcotics laws are presented and the function of the Food and Drug Administration is described. Responsibilities of both state and local governments relative to the narcotics problem are emphasized. The history of international efforts to curb illicit traffic in drugs is covered.

What is taught about drug addiction among adolescents?

The increase in addiction among adolescents is discussed as well as some of the possible reasons for its increase. Family, social, physical, and mental problems of adolescents who become involved in the use of drugs are considered. The need for immediate help is emphasized, and pupils are informed of persons to whom such victims can turn for help.

Is information given about sleeping pills?

Yes. The difference between barbiturates and opiates is described and the habit-forming nature of barbiturates is presented.

Teacher, vice-principal, principal, and district superintendent—this is the ladder of ascent for Dr. Max Rafferty in California public schools. A career school administrator, he has served in elementary, high school, and unified school districts, and three state counties during the past two decades. He holds life credentials in elementary teaching, high school teaching, and school administration.

Dr. Rafferty was born in New Orleans and reared in the Midwest, coming to California with his parents in 1931. Education was obtained at U.C.L.A., with graduate work being taken at U.S.C., where he received his Ed.D. degree in 1956.

He received the George Washington Medal of



Honor from the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge in 1962. His wife is the former Frances Longman, whom he married in 1944. They have three children, all in public schools.

The author and coauthor of several texts in the field of education, Dr. Rafferty has written *Practices and Trends in School Administration*, which is currently on the adoption list of more than twenty-five leading colleges and universities in the United States. A recent volume is his brilliantly written *Suffer Little Children*, in which he comments on need for restoration of education values in the country.

In 1962 Dr. Rafferty was elected California State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Max Rafferty, Ed.D.

State Superintendent
of Public Instruction
and
Director of Education

Interview by Gordon Dalrymple

What is taught about treatment and care of drug addicts?

Common symptoms of addiction to various drugs are taught as is the common treatment. The need for rehabilitation following treatment is emphasized. The need for more research in the area of treatment and rehabilitation is also stressed.

What special activities are featured in instruction about narcotics?

Students collect articles from newspapers covering crimes and other acts of violence traceable to drug addiction, and they discuss the implications for others in the community.

Authentic information is obtained and oral or written reports are made on subjects such as the following: events leading to the passage of the Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914; the medical use of narcotics; local and state laws related to narcotics; rehabilitation programs for addicts.

Panel discussions on the physical, mental, and social effects of the use of "dangerous drugs" are presented.

In some classes, students list advertisements of drugs for self-medication which they hear on radio, see on television, or read in the newspapers and magazines for one week. They tabulate the drugs as sedatives, stimulants, cathartics, cold remedies, antacids, pain relievers, and so forth. Then they evaluate the advice given in the advertisements.

What are the objectives of alcohol education in the public schools?

The objectives of alcohol education, as outlined in our teachers' manual, are as follows:

1. To present the scientific facts about the use and effects of alcoholic beverages.
2. To make clear why some people use alcoholic beverages.
3. To consider and analyze the problems that arise out of the use of alcoholic beverages.
4. To examine these problems as they relate to the family, industry, traffic, crime, health, and disease.
5. To develop in pupils attitudes favorable to frank discussion of personality problems and also the problems of social custom that arise in their own group.
6. To promote understanding of the problems of using alcoholic beverages that will eliminate irrational and emotional judgments and lead to behavior based upon exact knowledge.
7. To develop a sense of responsibility for one's behavior.
8. To help pupils formulate their own attitudes toward drinking so that convictions will be their own.

DR. RAFFERTY DISCUSSES HIS

New Look for Education

What is your objective in directing an effective educational program?

It is my conviction that the trend of education in California must be reversed entirely. During the late 1930's the philosophy of progressive education took root in California and other parts of the country. The result was that subject matter became secondary and a philosophy that called for learning by doing became primary. The concept of learning life adjustment, basket weaving, and tennis, and of getting away from learning as a discipline, became deeply embedded in our educational system. This was true primarily in the elementary grades and to a lesser extent in high schools and colleges.

Do you feel that progressive education has made any contribution?

This system does have good features. For example, the problem-solving approach made a contribution, and the use of audio-visual aids has value. Progressive education has also been responsible for development of logical thinking processes in the classroom. It advocated abandonment of the hickory-stick approach and use of other methods of discipline.

But at the same time, it taught there are no positive values, and inculcated the idea that learning for the sake of learning has no use. Progressive education held there are no absolute truths. Consequently, students left school without a concept of true values.

How do you hope to accomplish your educational goals in the state?

Educational concepts that I advocate hold that there are certain standards and values in life which have basic importance. These include truth, justice, and similar ethical concepts. Each child is to be challenged and new emphasis is to be placed on basics, such as spelling, grammar, and other subjects.

Too much of our teaching has been "pablumized" and has no real substance to it.

On the positive side, what do you think education has done for youth in past years?

The welfare of the individual has been our deep concern. The educators of our country, despite their faults, have never been guilty of that supreme sin against the very spirit of education—the turning out of gray, impersonal masses of young people from our schools, dedicated only to the limitless expansion of a God-denying state. Individuality is to us precious, unique.

We do not, for our soul's sake, bolt a child willy-nilly into a technician or a nuclear physicist or a commissar merely because the state has signified a temporary shortage. When we so prostitute our ancient calling may a wise Providence abolish us as a profession and relegate us to the limbo of those tried and found wanting.

Has there been a trend to conformism in education?

Conformism, of course, is a holdover from the philosophy of progressive education. The whole emphasis is placed on collective action and acceptance of collective mores.

Conformism contains its own built-in dangers. If the individual is not given a sense of his own worth and taught to develop abilities, there can be only one end result—a sterile society in which no one accomplishes anything of significance. Such leaders as Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, and others were men who were individualists.

How has education specifically benefited the country?

From beneath countless classroom desks have passed in time gone by the feet that plodded through the mud at the Argonne and waded ashore in the bloody hell at Iwo Jima.

The paper and pencils of our *(Turn to page 14)*

9. To promote pupil understanding of the fact that the use of alcoholic beverages contributes nothing to the health and happiness of the individual.

10. To help pupils understand that excessive drinking is a manifestation of underlying emotional problems that should be prevented in the course of personality development.

What is included in instructional units on alcohol?

Content varies with the grade in which it is presented, of course. The overall program includes instruction on the nature of alcohol, what it is and where it comes from; the effects of alcohol upon various functions of the body; social and economic effects of the use of alcohol; reasons advanced by some for drinking in moderation and for abstinence; and problems arising out of the use of alcoholic beverages.

During the instruction an effort is made to provide the foundation of good habits and health practices which will exclude use of alcoholic beverages.

What is taught about the effects of alcohol?

The impact that increasing amounts of alcohol have upon portions of the brain is presented. The reason why a depressant appears to have a stimulating effect is highlighted. Problems related to all strata of society stemming from the use of alcohol are discussed.

The problems faced by an intoxicated person when he is arrested are presented and the relationship between juvenile delinquency and problem drinking among adults is analyzed. I repeat, pupils are taught that use of alcoholic beverages contributes nothing to the physical, mental, and social development of youth.

What are some of the problems associated with the alcohol-education program?

Since the use of alcoholic beverages has been a controversial problem for many years, the informational material presented must be rigidly scientific. The use of prejudice and propaganda must be avoided.

Pupils are taught that regardless of the attitude one has about the use of alcoholic beverages by adults, abstinence by young people is highly desirable. They are also taught that abstinence is supported legally by the laws concerning minors and the sale of alcoholic beverages.

What activities are included in the alcohol-education program?

This varies from school to school; however, some of the activities commonly included are:

1. Presenting panel discussions and debates on the pros and cons of drinking.
2. Interviewing personnel in agencies that aid alcoholics and reporting to the class.
3. Collecting statistics and reporting on the relation of use of alcohol to crime in the community.
4. Obtaining accident records for the community and determining the number of people involved in the accidents who had been drinking.
5. Obtaining information and reporting on state and local alcoholic rehabilitation programs.
6. Compiling a list of social problems associated with the use of alcohol and discussing the implications and possible methods of control.
7. Determining, from leaders in the field of alcoholic rehabilitation, some approaches for the cure of alcoholism.
8. Preparation of a chart listing questions one should ask himself when making a decision about using alcohol.

Do the public schools in California also provide instruction on the effects of smoking?

Yes. With the mounting evidence concerning the relation of smoking to heart disease and lung cancer, the schools are putting more emphasis on instruction in this subject area.

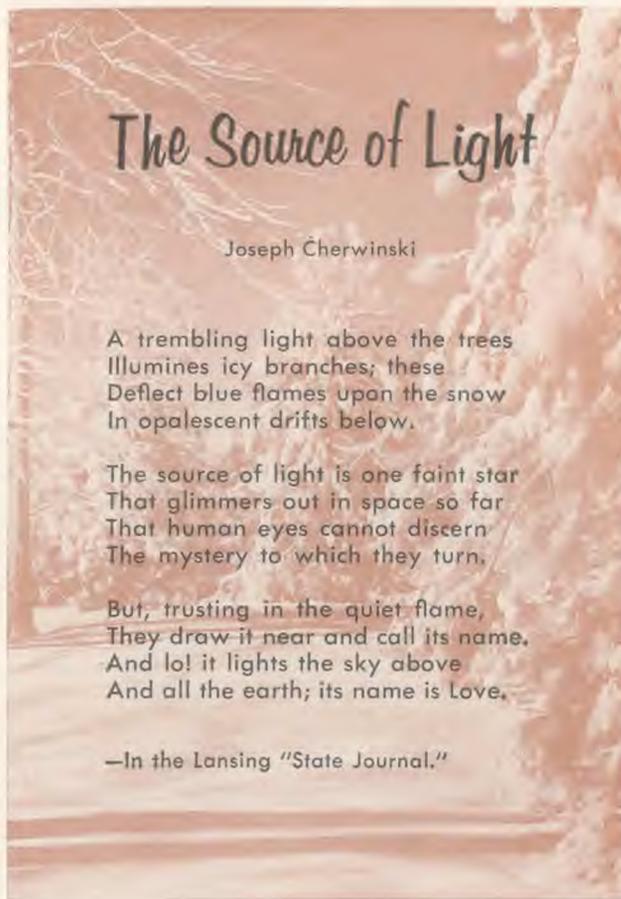
What are some of the specifics taught about smoking?

The effects of smoking on various systems in the body are presented. Evidence of the relationship between smoking and lung cancer, as determined by recent scientific studies, is discussed. It is emphasized that lung cancer is a problem of this generation and that it was not a major problem when the pupils' parents went to school. The importance of early decisions whether to smoke or not to smoke is stressed.

What are some of the activities included in instruction about smoking?

These vary with grade level but include activities such as the following:

1. Presentation of the new filmstrip and film available from local branches of the cancer society and discussing them in relation to making decisions about smoking, also the showing of other selected films on the subject.
2. Interviewing physicians connected with local health departments, heart associations, and cancer societies to obtain their views on relationships between smoking and health.
3. Obtaining statistics and preparing charts showing the increase in the incidence of lung cancer from 1914 to the present.
4. Reviewing and reporting on statements made by the Tobacco Institute and on the findings of various studies on the relationship of smoking to lung cancer and other diseases.
5. Panel discussions and debates on the question "To Smoke or Not to Smoke?"
6. Reports or panel discussions on the physical, social, and economic effects of smoking.



I HAVE NO financial problems or emotional conflicts that might cause me to drown my troubles in drink. I am only thirty-one years old. I have two growing daughters and a wonderful husband. Yet once again I am beginning a battle against alcoholism.

Why?

It may go something like this—

You can start by serving liquor sparingly at a party. After a time that develops into serving cocktails to friends who “drop in.” The trend progresses when you decide that a special occasion calls for a celebration for just the two of you—your husband and you. You have a “toast.”

A day comes when you are planning spaghetti for supper. They say that wine goes well with spaghetti, so you buy a bottle of red port. It does go well. You eat more and you tell each other perhaps you should have wine more often with meals. Better appetite!

Soon wine with every evening meal becomes a standard part of your daily living.

It may be weeks later, or months, but eventually you take the next step. You have a glass of wine during the evening when you are just relaxing. This occurrence soon eases into a habit. Now you are up to two glasses a day.

Then there is the time you decide you are too tired to fix the usual late-evening snack of coffee and cake. You'd like to make something without going to any trouble. And you say, “Why not have a glass of port instead of coffee tonight?”

After that the coffee-and-cake routine becomes a thing of the past. Coffee keeps you awake anyway. A glass of wine is just the thing to make you feel drowsy and ready for bed.

You begin to include liquor expense in your budget. You aren't worried about drinking too much. Wine has only a 20 percent content of alcohol, but your daily intake is increasing.

Whenever you read an article on alcoholism you feel a little scorn for those people. You think, “They should have known when to stop.” This would never happen to you. You are what the articles term “a social drinker.” Such articles claim that when a person awakes from a night's sleep and needs to start the day with a glass of whiskey, this is alcoholism. You are only an occasional drinker.

So you don't even become concerned when you find yourself wanting a glass of wine with your lunch on occasion, and perhaps another in the middle of the afternoon. Your friends serve cocktails, so it couldn't be that harmful if everyone else is doing it.

You find that when you get upset or nervous, a glass of wine calms you. You can relax. As you relax, your old energy disappears. You find that you are too tired in the evening to work on a hobby. So you just sit and watch television as you sip your beverage.

You never get drunk—just sleepy. Then you go to bed. In the morning you feel a great thirst. A glassful of juice barely quenches it, and you follow it with several cups of coffee. It takes you a while to get started and you tell yourself you shouldn't have drunk so much the evening before. But as the day goes on you find yourself feeling better. In the evening you repeat last night's performance.

(Turn to page 32)

by One Who Knows

At thirty-one I am fighting another battle.
Perhaps with victory this time I can win the war.



First it is wine before supper, . . .

. . . then a relaxing glass
in the evening . . .



. . . eases into a habit.

With the paper . . .



. . . or the TV, the
habit grows stronger.



Jerome Hines



Singer

People look up to Jerome Hines, owner of one of the most famous voices in the world, for several reasons. One is that he stands six feet six and one-half inches tall. Another is that he sings with a fabulous bass voice that more than matches his commanding physique.

In opera houses and concert halls and on television, he has performed before millions of people around the world. Respected as a performer by opera devotees and critics alike, Hines is currently launched in his sixteenth season with the Metropolitan Opera and his fifteenth national concert tour.

Study, rehearsals, performances, travel—all are demanding and tedious, but he is engrossed in manifold other activities as well. His versatility brings to mind the medieval story about arrows: take one arrow by itself, and you can break it in your hands; but if you take many of them together, you cannot break them. Church and family ties, intellectual pursuits, sports, business and community affairs, are all in his sheaf of arrows—a stout bundle.

But the qualities of the inner man are not displayed to his enthusiastic audiences who, gripped by the power of his performances see, not Jerome Hines, but the dramatic characters he portrays. So competent is his acting, so convincing is his talent that, when with imperious gesture and regal voice he depicts King Marke in *Tristan und Isolde*, he really becomes the king to all who see and hear him.

This accomplished artist is also a composer who has written, produced, and starred in operatic dramatizations of scenes from the life of Christ. Titled, "I am the Way," "I am the Truth," and "I am the Light," these are performed by his own Christian Arts Company. In these productions

his innate spiritual conviction shines through.

However, behind the scenes in his life are projects even more revealing. For years Jerome Hines has been quietly engaged in helping to rescue unfortunate souls drowning in the sea of alcoholism. Human derelicts, drifting into the missions of great cities, are of special concern to him. Wherever his travel takes him, from coast to coast in the United States or in foreign countries, he takes every opportunity to visit these missions. He seeks them out and is zealous to help them. When he talks about this, each word has the intensity of youth but also the gravity of maturity.

"It happened when I was about thirty years old," he says. "I accepted Christ, and I knew what it means to accept Him. I knew that I could be truly happy only if I could help others. This wish is the lodestar of my life. You must understand," he tells you (and you do), "I not only *want* to help those less fortunate—I *have* to, you see. It is not a matter of choice. I *must* find time. I *must* do all I can."

It is a matter of choice that Jerome does not drink or smoke. He says he tried both, liked neither. "Perhaps some people really like the taste and effects of liquor and tobacco. I don't, and I have no need for whatever stimulation or sedation may be involved. Drinking and smoking are one-way streets which, followed far enough, always lead to disaster."

You ask him, "What do you do at the inevitable receptions and cocktail parties that you attend?"

"No problem," he says. "I often ask for milk. I don't at



With a Sheaf of Arrows

Looks change fast as Jerome Hines makes up for his appearance as "Boris Godunov," one of his more than thirty leading roles in opera.

all mind attracting attention to the fact I don't drink. Sometimes this pays off. For example, once I was having a fine time with my milk at a lively party in Detroit and a charming lady teased me about its being a pose. Not so, I convinced her, and told her I had come to the party from a skid-row rescue mission in town. I told her of the sadness there.

"Tell me," she asked, "is there such a mission in California? In San Diego?"

"There is," I replied. "I will visit there in a few days. I have an engagement in San Diego."

"When you are there will you send me the name of the mission?" She gave me her address and I learned that during my visit that mission received a \$1,000 check from the Detroit lady."

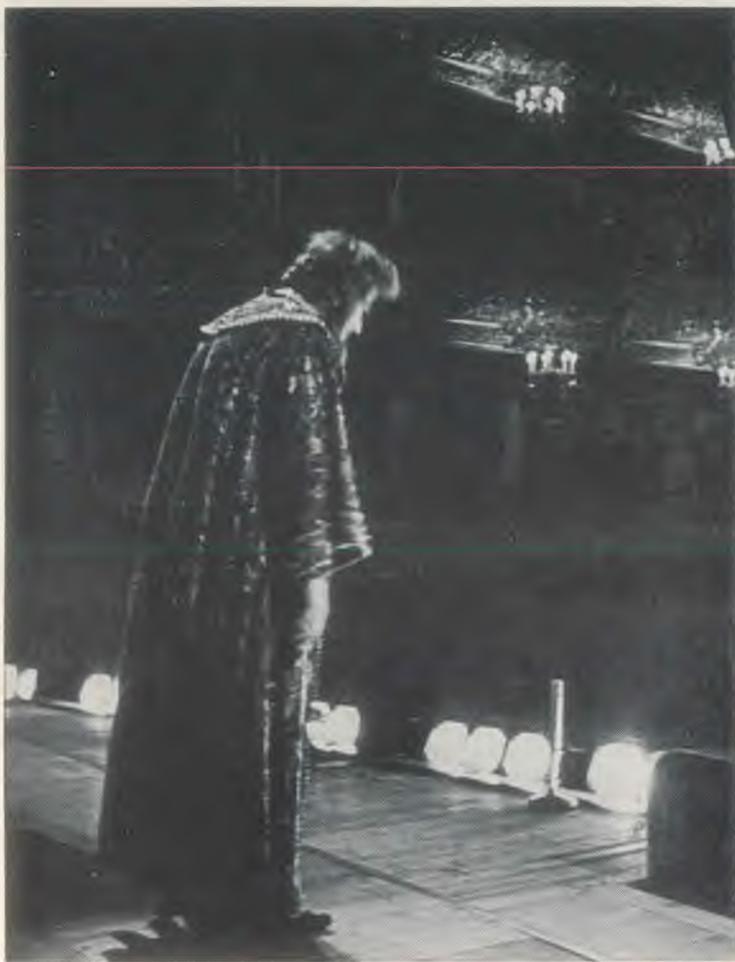
It was in 1946, when he was twenty-four years old, that Jerome Hines won the Metropolitan Opera \$1,000 Caruso award. He was engaged by the company and made his debut that season in *Boris Godunov*. He has since appeared at the Metropolitan in more than thirty leading basso roles, among them the title roles in *Boris Godunov* and *Don Giovanni*, Silva in *Ernani*, King Marke in *Tristan und Isolde*, Wotan in *Die Walküre*, both King Philip and the Grand Inquisitor in *Don Carlo*, Arkel in *Pelleas et Melisande*, the Landgraf in *Tannhäuser*, Gurnemanz in *Parsifal*, Ramfis in *Aida*, Mephistopheles in *Faust*, Sarastro in *Magic Flute*, and King Henry in *Lohengrin*.

He had been adequately prepared for this achievement by eight years of study and several of professional experience. Almost fully grown at sixteen, he began his instruction under Gennaro Curci, a noted teacher in California.

Jerome was born in Hollywood; his father was an associate motion picture producer. Jerome was no child prodigy dedicated from the cradle to a musical career. At Bancroft Junior High School he developed an absorbing interest in chemistry and mathematics and pursued these science studies diligently at the University of California at Los Angeles. While still a freshman his progress as a vocalist enabled him to make his professional debut with the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company. As a result of his performance there in *Pinafore*, he was engaged by the San Francisco Opera to sing Monterone in *Rigoletto* the following season.

Ebullient and persevering, young Hines happily combined academic progress with his growing reputation as a basso. While majoring in chemistry and mathematics at U.C.L.A., he continued his voice lessons. By the time he received his B.A. in 1943, he had already appeared as soloist at the Hollywood Bowl, where he won the Young Artists' Competition, and as soloist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic under John Barbirolli. Also, he had played Mephistopheles in *Faust*, Sparafucile in *Rigoletto*, and Ramfis in *Aida* with the Opera Association of the Golden West and the San Carlo Opera Company.

While doing postgraduate work in physics, he sang on the University Concert Series and appeared with the New Orleans Opera in *Faust*. The following season he appeared with the Oakland Spring Opera Festival and was reengaged by the New Orleans Opera in 1946. That summer he went to Central City, Colorado, festival to sing Osmin in Mo-



When twenty-four years old, basso Hines made his debut with the Metropolitan Opera as Boris Godunov—

zart's *Abduction From the Seraglio*. He had already some two dozen roles in his repertoire.

The tempo of the career of Jerome Hines quickened. In 1949 he received the first Cornelius Bliss scholarship, awarded to members of the Metropolitan, and in the summer of that year appeared at the Goethe Festival in Aspen, Colorado. In 1953, after his season at the Metropolitan and a coast-to-coast concert tour which included an appearance and recording sessions with Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony as soloist in Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Hines gave a series of performances at the Glyndebourne Festival and the Edinburgh Festival as Shadow in *The Rake's Progress*. He also appeared as King Philip with Buenos Aires' Teatro Colón. In 1954 the basso sang Boïto's *Mefistofele* in Buenos Aires and *Don Giovanni* at the Munich Opera Festival.

In the summer of 1958, Hines won wide acclaim for his performances as Gurnemanz in *Parsifal* at the world-famous Wagner Festival in Bayreuth, Germany. The following summer he added King Marke in *Tristan* to his Bayreuth repertoire. In December of 1958, Hines made his debut at La Scala in Milan where he sang the title role in *Hercules* by Handel, as part of the festivities commemorating the composer's death. Also, the basso sang Banquo in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of *Macbeth*.

—sixteen years later he won his greatest international acclaim in the same role at the Bolshoi Opera in Moscow, where he so impressed Premier Khrushchev with the performance that the Soviet leader led out in a standing ovation—and this in the extremely dangerous early hours of the Cuban crisis when war seemed close.

Married to a charming Italian-born soprano, the former Lucia Evangelista, he has brimming joy in his home at South Orange, New Jersey. Very much about are his three sons, David Jerome, nine, Andrew Peter, seven, and John Matthew, six.

Jerome reads avidly. Philosophic and religious works and highly technical books concerning mathematics and chemistry have special appeal. Articles by him on "The Operational Theory of Mathematics" have appeared in the *Mathematics Magazine*. He is keenly interested in psychology and in psychoanalysis.

Physical fitness and buoyant health are relentlessly pursued ideals. He is punctilious about gymnasium workouts, and enjoys outdoor sports, especially swimming, ice skating, and riding. He looks forward to vacations that feature skin diving and spearfishing.

Always Jerome finds pleasure in helping others. The consensus of managers, fellow performers, musicians, neighbors, friends, critics, reporters, and others: "Surely, Hines has temperament—without the temper. He has plenty of feeling, but mostly for the other fellow. Popular? How could he be otherwise?"



The Hineses tour Moscow between his appearances at the Bolshoi Opera.



He rates this, notwithstanding a nerve-racking schedule of work tailored for a giant. Look briefly at the demands of his professional career during the seasons 1961-1963. These began with a performance at the White House by invitation of President and Mrs. Kennedy. A full Metropolitan season of leading roles followed. During his European tour, in July, he sang the Verdi "Requiem" at the Spoleto "Festival of Two Worlds," then traveled to South America to sing King Philip in *Don Carlo* in August at Buenos Aires' famous Teatro Colón.

His 1962-1963 season began with a tour of the Soviet Union at the invitation of the Russian government. In spite of the strained relations between the United States and Russia at the time, this tour was a triumph for him; he made his debut in Moscow at the Bolshoi Opera on September 23, singing *Boris Godunov* in Russian.

According to the New York *Times* Russian correspondent, a standing ovation rewarded his performance. He appeared also as Mephistopheles in *Faust* and as Basilio in *The Barber of Seville* in Leningrad, Riga, Kiev, Tiflis, and Minsk, prior to returning to the Bolshoi for his final performance on October 23. After this performance (less than twenty-four hours following President Kennedy's crucial speech on the Cuban situation) he was personally congratulated by Premier Khrushchev for his *Boris Godunov*.

Constantly feted, his abstinence has caused him some ticklish moments, especially in Georgia, U.S.S.R., where to

decline a drink is inconceivable, such refusal being considered an insult either to the vodka or to the host. Jerome comments that drinking throughout Russia is not only taken seriously but is indeed a serious and growing problem.

His first role this season at the Metropolitan Opera was as Silva in Verdi's *Ernani*. At the Met he sings some twenty performances; in addition, he undertakes a nationwide concert tour and appears on major television programs including "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "Voice of Firestone."

Special honors have been heaped upon Hines in California, where he was born, and in New Jersey, where he lives presently. On March 12, 1962, he was designated an outstanding native son by Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles. Governor Richard Hughes of New Jersey chose his fifteenth year as a Metropolitan star to award him a citation, June 12, 1962, on behalf of the citizens of New Jersey, for his outstanding contribution to the world of music. The city of Newark, New Jersey, added to his laurels with a "Jerome Hines Day" proclamation, November 3, 1962.

Many people look up to Jerome Hines for many reasons. He admits abiding satisfaction in being able to please vast audiences with his singing, but he confides that recognition for his willing participation in community affairs gratifies him also. Finally, something vital would be missing in his search for personal happiness were it not for the opportunity he has grasped to help a host of souls fringing on failure, facing stark tragedies which are not operatic.

Singer Hines takes a "busman's holiday" by singing with his wife Lucia and their three boys in South Orange, New Jersey.



Son David gets acquainted with the new family pet on daddy's shoulder.



Hobbies of the versatile star extend even to the kitchen, where he and son David stir up a salad.



AS THE



TURNS



RISING MENACE

BRAZIL

Ten pounds of marijuana, known as *maconha* in Brazil, is consumed daily in the industrial city of São Paulo, according to narcotics control agencies which have now launched a nationwide campaign to reduce use of the "evil weed."

Simultaneously, police of São Paulo discovered a "Chinese cocaine society," and arrested more than forty Chinese taking cocaine injections during a "ritual."

The Chinese were seated on the floor in a circle around a lighted candle. They are usually opium smokers, but police were surprised to discover that they were taking cocaine injections while they rocked back and forth, chanting monotonously.

Meanwhile, the National Narcotics Control Council is preparing a new nationwide campaign, aimed at vendors and consumers as well as marijuana plantations. New plantations are springing up daily from north to south in the nation, with thousands of acres being planted.

Federal Deputy Carlos Alberto Garcia has been appointed by Federal Police Chief Colonel Carlos Cairoli to prepare the campaign, which is expected to include the passage of new restrictive laws.

São Paulo, largest industrial city in South America, with a population of well over three million, is on a "dope binge," according to police officials. The narcotics squad has been increased to fourteen men, but is still unable to cope with the problem.

"Reefers" are sold openly on street corners and in coffee shops there, as in Rio de Janeiro. Cocaine is peddled widely, being smuggled in from Bolivia and Peru. Some opium dens exist in São Paulo, but police say they are frequented mostly by older Chinese who have not acquired the marijuana or cocaine habit.

Tranquilizers are disturbing authorities in Rio de Janeiro and other parts of Brazil. Teen-agers are consuming enormous quantities of tranquilizers, and taking tranquilizing injections in drugstores by using doctors' forged prescriptions. Several arrests have been made in both cities, where stolen prescription blanks had been filled out and the signature of the physician forged.

Investigation has revealed that even a forged prescription is not required in some places where investigators are able to purchase tranquilizers and even cocaine over the counter openly.



CANAVERAL CAPERS— NARCOTICS

FLORIDA

Charles Layng

Some "easy money" grabbers have been attempting to make "Canaveral" and "criminal" synonymous, but in the two Florida counties in the Cape Canaveral area these unscrupulous pushers are learning to stay away. Sheriff Leigh Wilson of Brevard County, and

Sheriff Rodney Thursby of Volusia County, are making it uncomfortable for them.

In Brevard County three narcotics pushers, all tragically young, came into Melbourne with a large supply of marijuana and other narcotics, to begin making addicts out of high school students. However, brilliant detective work by sheriff's agents found them even before they had a chance to sell any of their drug cache.

Unfortunately, then came one of the most discouraging developments any police officer has to face. Despite overwhelming evidence, the attorney for one of them succeeded in having him released on his own recognizance. The detectives turned the tables in having him rearrested on another charge, only to have him released once more.

The narcotics case in Volusia County involved two young musicians. Because of their trade they had legitimate excuses for leaving town—and even the country—to play engagements. They specialized in creating narcotics addicts among high school students. Before their vicious traffic came to the attention of the police, they were horribly successful for about a month. When their pushing became known, two dedicated officers with high school children of their own forgot all about working hours or days off to hunt them down.

Endless questioning and following every lead finally paid off. When one of the pushers stepped off a plane from the West Indies, where he had gone to obtain a new supply of drugs, he was arrested. With the information already in hand plus this pusher's testimony, detectives rounded up a group of pushers and suppliers.

"Then came the toughest, hardest part of the whole case," Detective Grasso says. "How does one tell a parent his son or daughter is a drug addict? It isn't a pleasant task."

Grasso studied recommended methods of having parents assist in curing their children of narcotics addiction and advised all the parents he called on accordingly. Terrible as it is to have any degree of drug addiction, in this case the prompt action of the detectives resulted in breaking up the ring before their victims had "graduated" from marijuana to such stronger drugs as heroin.

WE SIT before our TV screen and watch a picture of the old Wild West. We see men and women of more than a century ago as they face the dangers of crossing the Western plains. When the Indians attack, we grip the arms of our chairs and mentally join in the fight. Just as the hero finds that he has run out of bullets, a commercial breaks in and we are returned to our armchairs!

These movies often give an accurate picture of the wagon trains which were so typical of the 1860's. The floating population on the Western plains at that time was nearly 250,000, and these wagon trains formed their main source of transportation.

Among the many firms engaged in the freighting business was the firm of Russell, Majors, and Wandell, which possessed 6,250 large wagons and 75,000 oxen.

A wagon train consisted of about twenty-five "prairie schooners," as these wagons were called. They measured about seventeen feet in length and were drawn by six to twelve yoke of oxen. They could carry as much as 16,000 pounds each and, when loaded, traveled twelve to fifteen miles a day. If driven carefully, the oxen could make trips of up to 2,000 miles. Mules might do better.

The duty of the wagonmaster was about the same as that of the captain of a ship. His commands must be implicitly obeyed, for in those early days the wagon trains were likely to be attacked by Indians.

It was arranged when possible that no two trains should ever camp together, as there was never sufficient grass or water for both in any one place.

Most of the traveling in the early days took place along the Santa Fe road, starting from Independence, Missouri, and unloading at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Rattlesnakes on the road were a constant menace, often biting the mules and oxen. Often men would be sent ahead with whips to frighten the snakes out of the pathway.

The average salary paid to the men on a wagon train was \$1 a day with expenses. A wagon with harness and animals could cost anywhere from \$2,600 to \$7,100. In 1868

trains. He was hired at \$40 a month with food. It was agreed that while he was away, his mother would receive his pay so she could feed the family. Before he could be hired, however, he had to sign the following pledge which was required of every employee of the firm:

"We, the undersigned wagon masters, assistants, teamsters, and all other employees of the firm of Russell, Majors, and Wandell, do hereby sign that we will not swear, drink whiskey, play cards, or be cruel to dumb beasts in any shape or form."

After the boy had taken the oath, he had to make his mark with the familiar X, as he could not write. After the oath was administered, Mr. Majors gave him a Testament.

This young boy who was to do a man's job at such an early age on the wagon train was none other than the world-famous Buffalo Bill. At the end of each month he would sign his payroll with his X. His mother saw him do this one day and realized Willie was unable to write. On the way home she sobbed: "My own son, Willie, can't write!"

Willie promised his mother that he would learn to write. He first had someone write down all the letters that were in his name. Then he began to practice them himself, sometimes with the burnt end of a stick on wagon body or ox yoke. In later years Mr. Majors would relate how the boy had used many variations of his name such as, Will Cody, Little Billy, Billy the Boy Messenger, and William Frederick Cody. Even when famous he would recall how he had plastered his name over almost the whole of Salt Creek Valley.

One day a schoolteacher arrived, and Willie and the other children started their education in earnest. However, this was not for long. Because he got involved in a fight with another student, Willie decided it would be best to leave home and see more of the world, so he and another boy hired out with a bull train for Denver.

Years later, on "Cody Day" at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha in the summer of 1898, a banquet honored Colonel Cody. At that time the Wild West Show of Buffalo Bill, or Colonel Cody, was famous and prosperous.

NOTE FROM HISTORY

Harold Gluck, Ph.D.

Willie Learned to Write

General Custer was said to have had the largest wagon train ever organized on the plains, with 800 six-mule teams. In single file these would have covered a line four miles long.

Freight rates charged in those early days are interesting. The charge of the overland freighters between Atchison and Denver, 620 miles, was nine cents for a pound of flour, 13½ cents for a pound of sugar, and 31 cents a pound for furniture.

It was during the days of these wagon trains that a young eleven-year-old boy lost his father. He realized that he would now have to be the breadwinner of the family. His name was William Frederick Cody.

William went to Mr. Majors, and after explaining his predicament asked for a job. The sympathetic Mr. Majors wanted to help, but wondered what such a young lad could do on a wagon train.

The boy assured him that he could ride as well as any man and might herd the cattle that followed the wagon

Young Cody had fought in the Civil War, and he was a famous buffalo hunter and scout. Actually it was in 1869 that his career changed and he was well on the way to becoming a showman. Colonel Judson, who wrote stories under the nom de plume of Ned Buntline, met Cody. Soon the entire country began reading stories about this marvelous scout. Cody went to Chicago and acted in a play which Colonel Judson had written for him in a day. The people flocked to see the hero of the stories, not caring whether he was a good actor or not. Cody became wealthy; he was caught up in a gay social life in which liquor played an important part.

When he took his show abroad, he came into contact with more people who induced him to forget his pledge of old. There was to come a day when Mrs. Cody regretfully remarked that she wished her husband had never met Colonel Judson, for with the fame and prosperity that had come to him, Buffalo Bill had failed to gain lasting happiness.

ON THE NIGHT of November 12, 1833, the midnight sky was lit up by a spectacular display of falling stars which fell at the rate of twenty per second. Bells tolled and many people prepared for the end of the world.

One newspaper commented: "It would seem as if worlds upon worlds from the infinity of space were rushing like a whirlwind to our globe, . . . while the stars descended like a snowfall."

Scientists explained the next morning that the earth had crossed a shower of meteors which roamed the skies.

Since early times man has been fascinated by the streaking trails of meteors. Space, you see, is not empty between planets. It contains a multitude of travelers of all sizes.

The scientific study of meteorites (a meteor that has fallen to earth) is only about 150 years old. Identifying meteors and searching for meteorites are not only interesting hobbies but contribute greatly to science. Today we can learn much about outer space from these samples of the great universe which exists beyond the earth's atmosphere. The study of meteorites has helped solve our missile reentry problem.

Scientists estimate that millions of meteors fall into the earth's atmosphere each hour, leaving about 2,000 tons of debris on the earth each day. Most of this debris is tiny, sometimes only dust. The dust you sweep off the porch or wipe off the car may not be only factory or farm dust but actually from outer space.

Giant meteors exist, too. Scientists say that several times a day meteors too large to be burned up by our atmosphere strike the earth. Some are so large that they create craters when they fall. More than 100 meteorite craters have so far been identified. They range in size from almost three miles across down to small ones less than thirty feet across.

A falling meteor of good size may have more power

than an atomic bomb, and it is hoped by scientists that the governments of the world will be able to distinguish between an atomic bomb and a huge meteorite which may resemble such a bomb.

In 1908, for instance, in Siberia a fall of meteors leveled trees in a thirty-seven-mile radius. Some 200 depressions were found in the ground, many of them more than seventy-five feet in diameter. Windows were broken eighty miles away, and a train 700 miles away stopped for fear of derailment. England, 5,000 miles away, felt the air wave.

It is believed that the huge meteor broke up after it entered our atmosphere, each piece rushing through the air at a speed many times that of sound, carrying in front of it a shock wave of compressed air that did not have time to move aside from the projectile. It was these shock waves that produced the extensive devastation.

The huge Barringer Crater in Arizona is nearly a mile across and 600 feet deep. This meteor, which exploded on impact, is believed to have weighed 12,000 tons and to have been the size of an average house.

The largest known meteorite crater in the world was found in Canada as late as 1951. This giant visitor plunged into the solid granite of Quebec's Ungava Territory. It gouged out at least ten billion tons of rock and left a crater two and a half miles wide. The mammoth crater is more than 1,300 feet deep and around it are mighty concentric ripples in the granite, like those formed by a pebble tossed into a pond. There is evidence that a great metallic meteorite, possibly a mile in diameter, lies shattered beneath the surface.

Dr. Ben Meen, director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Geology and Mineralogy, who discovered the crater, says: "If a similar body should strike San Francisco, the city would be torn from the earth and life would be eliminated within

Here's a hobby that may contribute valuable information for the space age.

Raymond Schuessler



Meteors can be studied either by small hobbyist telescopes or through this 120-inch giant. Note the man near center bottom for comparison of size.

a radius of 100 miles by the shock waves."

Larger meteors might well have hit our earth. The Vredefort dome in South Africa, for instance, is some fifty miles in diameter. Though the theory is unproved, it could well have been caused by a meteor.

There is no record of people being killed by meteorites, but there are records of domestic animals having been struck. In 1955 a woman in Alabama was injured when a meteorite penetrated her house and struck her on the hip. Surely meteorites are capable of destruction if they hit the right spot.

There are two types of hobbyists in this field: those who look for meteors in the sky, and those who look for fallen remnants, or meteorites, on the ground.

How can you spot a meteor? Simply lift your eyes to the heavens at night. On a clear, moonless night you should see at least ten per hour. We can see a vast expanse of space in one hour, since the earth moves along at 66,000 miles per hour. The best time is after midnight during the autumn.

Meteor hunters can join such organizations as the American Meteor Society (University of Pennsylvania). The fee is \$2, but one must prove his sincerity by submitting meteor observations, such as "hourly counts on three clear, moonless nights of all meteors seen, continued for a period of at least three hours each."

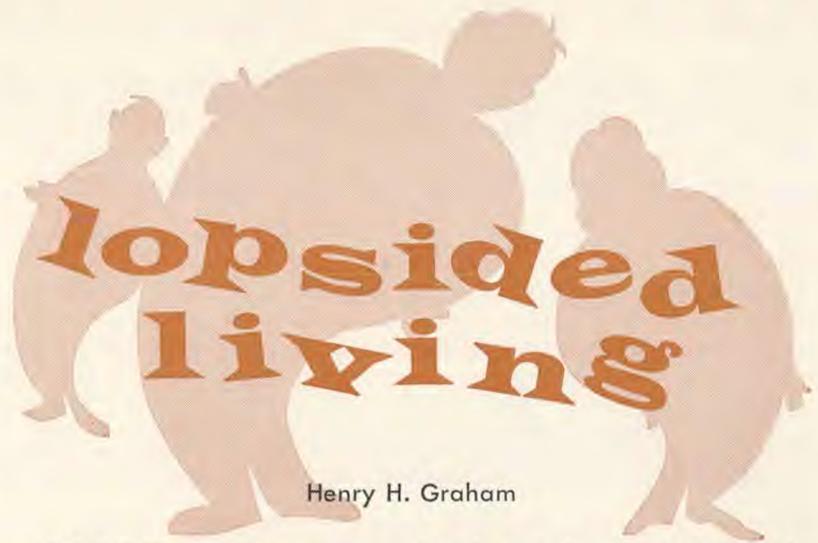
Some men devote a great deal of their life to the science. Dr. Howard H. Niningger, director of the Meteorite Museum at Sedona, Arizona, has discovered 841 meteorites at last count. He finds his meteorites by tracking down rumors of "falling stars." In this museum, there are more than 10,000 meteorite specimens.

Unfortunately, meteors have a habit of breaking up when they hit our earth. The largest one, which weighed thirty-six tons, was found by Admiral Peary at Melville Bay, Greenland.

Meteorite hunters use electrical and magnetic divining rods to locate buried meteors. Fragments on the surface can be detected by a small magnet.

If you think you have found a meteorite, hit it with a hammer to see if small pieces break off. Pounding should not hurt it much. Try holding it against an emery wheel. If the ground surface shows grains of metal, it may be a meteorite. Cut a section from it and send it to the nearest museum. There are stony meteorites, too, and newly discovered glass types known as tektites.

Meteorites have no value in themselves, but important scientific information can be gained from their study.



THERE IS a man in our community who spends so much time on the golf course that he has never got around to painting his house, which needs attention badly. Since the dwelling is small, a few hours' work would take care of the matter. He is in poor financial circumstances, and feels that he cannot afford to pay for having the house painted; but he is perfectly healthy, and could do the job himself.

This man lacks a sense of comparative values. He should learn to put first things first, and do his playing only after necessary work is done.

One of this man's neighbors also lacks a sense of life's comparative values, perhaps without realizing the fact. She spends so many afternoons playing bridge with friends at their homes, shopping, and taking part in other activities that she neglects her children. Rarely is she at home when the little ones return from school. Left to their own resources, two of the youngsters have got into serious trouble. They feel that no one loves them or cares for them.

Many people seemingly cannot distinguish between life's great values and the lesser ones. They are apt to place too much emphasis on the trivial and too little on the important.

Jim complains bitterly when some worthy charitable organization asks him to make a contribution, saying he cannot afford it. Yet he thinks nothing of spending large amounts on sports and night life. Many of his pursuits he would be better off without. Jim smokes a great deal and drinks heavily. These habits cost him money, and are reducing his efficiency in business. Yet he claims he cannot part with even so little as a dollar to help smooth the pathway for some unfortunate who needs assistance.

Then there is Tom. In his opinion wealth outranks character, and worldly goods of all kinds are far more important than anything else. He measures men's worth by bank accounts instead of honesty, integrity, and mental powers. As a result, some of his friends are less than ordinary, because money and human qualities do not always go together.

These people all lack a sense of comparative values. Most children, of course, are inclined to overestimate the trivial and underestimate the important, largely because of their inexperience. Adults, however, should be smart enough not to fall into this trap, though millions do not seem to be.

Take Fred and Bill, for instance. Fred's reading is confined to the comic and sports sections of the daily paper. Rarely does he even glance at the front page, where the important news is found. There is no such thing as isolation any more. Happenings in the most remote and distant parts of the world can easily affect us all. Yet Fred won't be bothered. Naturally, being uninformed on world events and conditions, he is shallow in his thinking and a poor conversationalist. If he reads a book, it is of the "escape literature" variety. He reads only for entertainment.

How about Bill? He, too, needs to appraise life's values. All his spare hours are devoted to the working of crossword puzzles. It is an obsession with him. Though this hobby no doubt sharpens his wits and is beneficial in some respects, he is foolish to devote all of his free time to it. Not long ago Bill was asked to canvass his block in a charity drive. He refused on the grounds that he lacked the time, and used the same excuse when asked to take a more active part in the church of which he is a member. Bill lives a narrow, lopsided life, of little or no value to his fellowmen. Nor is he being fair to himself. A well-rounded life, with proper emphasis on each phase, would increase his own pleasure in living. More important, it would help him become a more useful and successful citizen.

JUST BEFORE putting my key in the lock I glanced across Sixteenth Street. He was there, all right. I could see part of his hat—his battered old black Homburg sticking out from his hiding place in the doorway of Tandle's Secondhand Book Store.

Old Doc was waiting for me. And if I knew anything about alcoholics, he would wait about five more minutes before crossing the street and entering my place of business. Also he would be broke, for otherwise he would have gone to Charlie's, who opens up an hour before I do.

I had hung up my coat and hat and started to sweep when old Doc came in. I glanced at the clock—six minutes past eight.

"Good morning, Danny boy," old Doc said as he sidled up to the bar. "How's things in Danny's Bar this fine morning?" Doc was putting up a good front. But even by holding his hands clasped together he couldn't hide the shaking.

"Morning, Doc," I answered, keeping on with my sweeping.

"Danny boy, I could do with a little eye-opener this morning. I—I didn't sleep well last night, Danny." Doc laid his hat on the bar and started polishing his thick-lensed glasses.

"That half-pint I let you have last night didn't do the trick, huh, Doc? Pretty soon it's going to take a pint to get you through the night."

Old Doc looked at me reproachfully. "Danny, I'm not an alcoholic! I dropped that half pint on the way home last night. Right on the cement steps—busted all to pieces, Danny."

"Too bad, Doc," I said. I knew he was lying; he might have dropped his glasses, but not that precious whiskey.

I headed toward the back bar, and old Doc perked up when I reached for the bottle of bar whiskey and poured him a double shot. He poked his face down close to the shot glass, grabbed it with both hands, and downed it without spilling a drop.

"Ah, Danny boy, I needed that. About one more now, Danny boy, and I'll be as good as new."

I poured another double. I knew he would nurse this one—he wasn't quite due to start urging me to raise the quota. A couple of months ago two singles would do the trick, then a double and a single. Now it took two doubles. In about another two weeks he would be pushing me for another single—if I knew my alkies.

"I'm a little short this morning, Danny, but I'll have some money this afternoon. I'll pay a few dollars on that bar bill, Danny."

THE LONESOME AND THE DAMNED

Gordon Thatcher

"Sure, Doc, I figured you were a little short."

"Why not have one with me, Danny? I always hate to drink alone."

I poured a double out of my private bottle. "Here's looking at yuh, Doc."

It is not a good thing to drink before breakfast, but when a man is in the bar business he should drink with his customers—within reason, of course. And I never drink more than the one double—well, hardly ever, that is. Drinking before breakfast is strictly for whiskey-heads like old Doc.

I went on with my sweeping, and old Doc stared into the mirror over the back bar. He would usually sit there for half an hour or so, and then walk out—unless another early-shot came in with some money and offered to buy him a drink. But that wasn't likely—not on Tuesday morning.

"Danny boy, why do you operate a bar anyway? A man with your education—"

"I wish I'd never told you about that, Doc. I've got a reputation as a tough barkeeper, and without that I wouldn't last two weeks in this neighborhood. You know that, Doc."

"Now, now, Danny. You've got nothing to worry about. I'll never talk, Danny. You know that. Though I don't see what difference it would

make—a man of your size doesn't need to worry."

"You hit the stuff too hard, Doc," I told him. "You know it and I know it. You get too drunk. Someday you'll talk."

"No, I won't, Danny," Doc said. "I'll never open my mouth about you, Danny boy. You're the only friend I've got any more, Danny. Only one—you know that? I'd never say a word to hurt my friend. I'd never tell these crumbs about that phony tough-guy act of yours, Danny—or how you spend your afternoons reading philosophy in your apartment, Danny. Say, why did you start with that tough-guy act, anyhow? You aren't really worried so much about getting pushed around—isn't there more to it than that, Danny?"

"Yeah, sort of, Doc. I worked for a little Italian when I was going to college—just up the street a few doors, it was. He had a big shine parlor, hat blocking, cleaning and pressing—the works. You know, Doc, Little Louie could speak perfect English, but when a customer walked in the place he'd always go into his Italian dialect. Good for business, he'd tell me, and it was, too. Louie left his widow a cool hundred grand."

"Little Louie the hatter could speak perfect English? He sure had me fooled, Danny."

"You knew him, Doc?"

"Used to trade with Louie, Danny. Back when I had a license to practice. Most of the professional men did, those in the Medical Arts Building, anyhow. Great little guy, Danny. Danny, what do you think of this existentialism? Jean Paul Sartre's stuff, Danny. You studying up any on it?"

"No, Doc, I'm reading Kant right now—that German mystic, Doc. Ever—" A customer walked in then and I started behind the bar.

Doc sat for a few minutes, glancing thirstily at the stranger's drink, but the fellow didn't loosen up for Doc. He just sat there, drinking a Scotch and seltzer, staring moodily into the mirror. Old Doc finally got up and went out the door.

Then this stranger reached into his coat pocket and drew out a sheaf of papers. He thumbed through them, and pulled out a statement and shoved it at me across the bar.

"We're going to have to have a payment on this, Mr. Donavon," he said in a very businesslike manner.

I looked at the bill—\$400.

"I just paid you guys a hundred on that bill last week, Mister," I growled at him.



Doc laid his hat on the bar and started to polish his thick-lensed glasses.

"That was *two* weeks ago, Danny—see, there's the date right there," and he pointed to a credit item.

I gave him a fifty and promised another fifty in a day or two. I took a double shot after that. Always did bother me to owe money, but it seems impossible ever to get those wholesalers paid off—a bunch of crooks. I had another double.

My part-time bartender came in at noon, and I went out to lunch, and then up to my place. I started reading Kant, but couldn't seem to get interested. So I went back to the bar and sat on the customer's side and drank a few highballs. The customers like to see the owner patronizing his own place. It is good for business.

I went back to work at six. Mitzie came in at seven, and started building me up. Not that I mind Mitzie's buildup—she does it real well. Oh, I know it'll cost me some free liquor—she'll usually pay for about two, and unless some mark shows up, she'll dig me for drinks the rest of the night. But she's a pretty little doll, lots of class—and no dummy, either. Just likes her booze too well.

Business was slow, so I decided I might as well tie one on myself. Mitzie is good drinking company—up to a

point, that is. And she had been hung over all day yesterday and was taking it pretty easy with the stuff.

Old Doc came in about ten, and we three sat around and drank a few. Mitzie is a good listener—only dame I ever knew who didn't talk too much. Doc had got hold of a twenty someplace, and he paid me ten on account. Then he bought drinks for the three of us.

Old Doc got pretty tight. I don't know why, but it always bothered me to see Doc get drunk. I thought of him as one who used to be a fine surgeon.

"Doc," I said, "you are on the skids. You know where you're heading—just four more blocks down this greasy street, Doc. Then you'll be on skid row proper."

"Danny boy, I'm not an alcoholic!" Doc said positively. "Maybe I do drink a little too much—but I'm no alky."

Well, I didn't argue with the old man. Finally he ran out of cash, and wanted to put more rounds on the cuff.

"Doc," I said, "they're squeezing me for the money I owe on liquor. You still owe me thirty bucks, Doc. Guess I'm just going to have to shut you off until you get paid up."

"Danny boy, just one half-pint?"

"Nope, Doc," I said firmly. "No dough—no bottle!"

Well, old Doc seemed pretty beat, but I stood firm, and he left.

Closing time rolled around finally. Mitzie called a cab, and I got rid of her and locked up for the night.

Then right outside the door I got to thinking about old Doc up in that crummy room of his, shaking it out. So I unlocked the door, got a half-pint, and started toward his rooming house.

There was no answer to my rap, so I pushed the door open. The light was on, and there was old Doc on that floppy old iron bed—dead!

I went down and called his landlady out of bed, and stayed until she had made a couple of phone calls. She was grumbling about Doc owing her ten bucks room rent.

Then I went up to my place. When I took off my coat, I remembered the half-pint. I felt kind of bad that I had not given it to him then. But I consoled myself that it probably wouldn't have made any difference. Still, he thought he had *one* friend—before that.

I looked at the half-pint sitting on the table. Well, I decided I could break my rule *once* about not drinking at home. I broke the seal, and took a long one right out of the bottle.

I began to wish I'd brought a pint. There is not much whiskey in a half.

FATHER OF MODERN ROCKETRY



Today few people realize that the Space Age was actually ushered in nearly thirty-eight years ago. On that historic day, March 16, 1926, a small group gathered at Auburn, Massachusetts, to watch the firing of the first liquid-propellant rocket. They had no idea that they were witnessing the birth of a new era.

A few remembered the incredible headlines made by the rocket launcher, Robert Goddard, six years before in the *New York Times*: "SCIENTIST BELIEVES ROCKET CAN REACH THE MOON!"

But the publicity-avoiding professor who hated fame had succeeded in dodging the reporters after that, and the sensation his announcement had caused soon died down.

However, the professor was apparently still shooting high, and his rocket was aimed at the stars. Nearby, Mrs. Goddard focused her camera on the object—a two-foot-long motor at the front, connected to two tanks, one above the other, by two slim five-foot tubes which would carry liquid oxygen and fuel into the combustion chamber.

Finally the professor gave the signal, a blowtorch fastened to a pole was lifted to an opening in the rocket, and with a roar it reared and took off into the blue, all eyes following except the professor's—he stared at his stopwatch.

Two and a half seconds later, fuel exhausted, the rocket fell limply and silently to earth, after traveling a distance of 184 feet at 60 miles an hour.

The little crowd dispersed, unaware that Dr. Robert Goddard, "father of modern rocketry," had opened the door to the Space Age by firing the first liquid-fuel rocket in history.

by Duane Valentry

GLUE SNIFFING

(Continued from page 8)

of eighty-nine children, boys and girls, ranging in ages from eight to eighteen years. The control group totaled one hundred children from approximately the same age group. The following method for the study was used: We completed thorough physical examinations on the children who were booked as glue sniffers. For the control group, we examined every tenth boy and every tenth girl admitted to Juvenile Hall with no history of glue sniffing until a total of one hundred children were examined. The two groups were then referred to a special clinic where each was followed systematically. Blood counts, liver tests, and urinalyses were among the laboratory tests performed.

Results of our blood work suggested anemia as a peculiar manifestation among glue sniffers, since all members of the control group showed normal blood counts. Other blood pathology manifested was a change in the form, shape, and color of the blood cells, a decrease in the red blood count, and an increase in the number of white cells.

In the urinalyses, the control group ran essentially normal, while the known glue sniffers revealed pus, albumin, casts, bacteria, and blood in the urine. Evidence of slight liver damage existed.

In our personal interviews with these children, we learned some interesting facts as to reasons why a teen-ager might resort to this aberration. The need for acceptance seems to be a prominent factor, together with a desire to conform to the mores of the group. Conformity, they feel, brings about acceptance; and the acceptance, of course, answers certain ego-satisfying needs of which they have been deprived in the more socially acceptable sense.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the underlying symptoms of emotional problems in children and youth that may lead to glue sniffing. Some of the early symptoms to look for might be these: daydreaming about, instead of meeting, problems of life; guilts, anxieties, and worry about school and friends or marks and grades; bashfulness; self-consciousness and other manifestations of inadequacy or inferiority. Glue sniffing may also be brought on by frustrations, like inability to meet the goals set for one by parents, rejection by the parents who may not meet the emotional needs of the child, lack of love and understanding of the child, and quarreling between parents. All of these give a child a sense of insecurity or a feeling of not belonging.

To elaborate, it is usually boys who are of small stature and not physically or athletically developed who resort to glue sniffing, because they frequently suffer inferiority complexes, and the defenses they choose give them status which answers an ego need temporarily.

There is also that element where the father is out of the home and the mother is working all day to maintain the family needs. Thus the lack of close relationship between mother and child and the absence of supervision creates in the child a craving for love and affection.

It is interesting to note that the cultural element bears important consideration. Our study disclosed that glue sniffing among the Negro population, as compared to the Caucasian and Spanish-speaking population, is very small.

Aside from medical and psychiatric treatment which might be indicated, the following suggestions have been offered from a prophylactic view with reference to the glue-sniffing problem:

1. We should arouse public opinion to the dangers of this practice.
2. We should arouse the interest or call the problem to the attention of state, county, and local authorities.
3. We should contact and interest members of the board of education, principals, teachers, and counselors.
4. We should inform manufacturing companies of the danger.
5. We should contact the youth through medical men and public officials of the probation department, explaining to them the dangers involved in the practice.
6. We should conduct special studies and do research into the problem and attempt to obtain financial grants with which to conduct further studies.

It is only through the concerted efforts of the entire community that we can hope to eliminate this physical, social, and moral malady which has plagued our youth and threatened our future leaders.

ALCOHOL EDUCATION

(Continued from page 10)

different cultures. An adequate discussion of these things takes several sessions before I feel ready to engage students in the discussion of the ethics of moderation or abstinence and the possibility of these standards in our society.

This pursuit of moral evaluations in a mature philosophical dialogue, I repeat, is something different from what is called "moralizing." It does not proceed as though the final moral judg-

ment had been rendered, and it examines all the principles and implications of the various cultures. This thoroughness and fairness is what constitutes "objectivity" rather than the avoidance of value judgments as such.

In a few places the objection to "moralizing" has taken the form of demanding that we stick to scientific facts—

talk about alcoholism rather than "the alcohol problem." It has been argued that "objectivity," which is now one of the academic shibboleths, means that science will settle all problems and we should avoid all ethical discourse. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

While scientific work is basic to understanding, yet it settles nothing in

In this true story, a reporter now with the Baytown (Texas) *Sun* recalls his college days in which he was accepted in a—

Blue Beathard

Fraternity Accepting Nondrinkers

There was a brief silence while Willis Wilson stared at me, as though in disbelief. I had told him that I didn't drink. He had been talking with me about pledging his fraternity, one of the best on the campus. I had asked him what his fraternity's views were on drinking and had added that I was a nondrinker.

"You don't drink at all?" he asked, as though a nonuser were maladjusted. "No wonder you've never pledged a fraternity."

It was late in my college career, I had to admit, to start thinking about joining a fraternity. I was already beginning my junior year. Most fraternity members had pledged when they were freshmen. For some reason I could not quite explain, however, I still wanted to get into a fraternity.

Willis and I were in a journalism class together. He had been talking enthusiastically about getting me a bid to pledge his fraternity. But after I mentioned my views on drinking his enthusiasm vanished.

"Well, you would never fit into a fraternity if you don't drink," he said. "You're entitled to your own views, but I'll tell you one thing. A fellow who doesn't drink will never get ahead on the campus."

When Joe Curtley approached me a few days later about pledging his social fraternity, the Dons, I thought I would save time for both of us by getting to the point immediately.

"I don't drink," I said.

"That's no problem," he answered. "A lot of our members don't drink. About a third of them, in fact. We respect their feelings. No fraternity money is ever used to buy any type of alcoholic beverage. When we serve drinks at a party, the members who drink chip in to pay the cost. And their drinking is not allowed to get out of control, either. There are always two punch bowls at our parties, and one of them is not spiked."

When I joined the Dons I found that what Joe had told me was true. There was never a problem between the drinkers and nondrinkers in the fraternity. Many of the members who drank even went so far as to tell me and other nondrinkers that they admired our stand and regretted they had ever started drinking.

Some of the members of other fraternities on the campus joked about the Dons' two punch bowls, but the Dons had the last laugh. We won every major fraternity competition on the campus during my junior and senior years. Whether it was a parade float contest or Western Week show competition, the Dons were always the fraternity to beat.

Too, as a nondrinker I achieved a little more success on the campus than my classmate Willis had predicted. I was elected president of my college's scholastic chapter, was named recipient of a scholarship for campus leadership, and was selected for *Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities*. These things happened during my junior year.

In my senior year I was in the running for senior class favorite, was chosen college newspaper editor, and was elected student body president.

There is no personal glory in relating the successes of my fraternity or myself. My only purpose is to prove this one point: A person who doesn't drink *can* get ahead on the campus.

Freedom of Wind and Waves

Linda Barker

Berkeley Evenston had just finished his breakfast of cold buttered toast and half-scrambled eggs. He was upset. He had a sick baby in the hospital, and his wife had stayed up all night with her. His boss had given him a tough assignment, and he was not at all sure he could handle the job. He was exhausted with worry of how he was going to pay the accumulating bills. Also, he had read in the morning papers that the reserves might be called out, and he would be one of those called.

In his desperation Berkeley started walking, but he hardly knew where he was going, until he found himself atop a cliff overlooking the beach. As he stood there looking at the sunrise, the inspiration of a new morning began to relax him, and he walked down the winding path to the beach. This early, his footprints were the only ones on the sand. He saw no one except a sea gull circling lazily and sandpipers scurrying by. He sat down on the sand, damp from the dew and the ocean, and watched the waves come pounding in. Sifting the sand slowly through his fingers, he felt contentment creeping over him, and for a while forgot his problems.

At the end of the day Berkeley went back, finding himself again on the sand watching the waves. He began to think of the beach as an illustration of a day in a person's life. At the end of a day the beach has footprints all over it, and many other signs of the presence of civilization. During the night the wind and tide remove these signs of people. The next morning the beach is clean and peaceful looking.

"This," thought Berkeley, "is similar to my life as it should be. I should start each day anew, free from all problems and looking forward to the coming day. Then when I have a problem I should face it courageously and try to erase the worries as completely as the wind and the waves do the signs of civilization on a beach."



the realm of obligation. That requires exploration of religious and moral ideals, in addition to the scientific data. Students precipitate ethical questions at the least provocation.

At West Virginia Wesleyan College we had a two-day seminar with three lecturers, built strictly around the nature of alcoholism, and the physical and social effects of alcohol. In a final forum, when the issue of moderation or total abstinence in the use of alcohol was raised, I responded that I had agreed to remain the following day to address a philosophy class on these ethical issues. That session grew from one class to five or six, and was ultimately adjourned to the assembly hall.

The more promising faculty leadership in respect to alcohol education seems to be in the departments of health and physical education, which have a special responsibility in training teachers for secondary schools. Teachers of social studies, ethics, and religion, who once led in temperance education and reform, are still interested but less aggressive. I have seen little leadership from psychologists, even though alcoholic usage is primarily a psychological problem. Administrative leaders in student personnel are especially important because of their direct relation to student governments. I have yet to talk with a dean who did not express deep concern about the problem and desire to find a way to carry the matter to this generation of students.

Alcohol education has a tough competition for the campus dollar with other more popular concerns, yet on the whole I think the time is propitious for a more creative movement among intellectuals toward an understanding of this problem.

YOU CAN BREAK A HABIT

(Continued from page 11)

to the crime." If the others burned down a building, would you pour on gasoline? If the others robbed a bank, would you drive the getaway car? If the others chopped somebody to pieces, would you stuff the bloody torso into a trunk?

What have "the others" to do with you? If you don't want to smoke, DON'T SMOKE!

"I hope I can stop smoking," a frail little nurse told me fearfully. She worked in a doctor's office; the doctor had warned her to quit. Unless she gave up tobacco he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences.

"Why do you only 'hope' you can stop?" I demanded, trying to speak softly. Nothing disgusts me like a

shifty-eyed, shambling approach to the cure. "Why not just stop?"

The doctor, who had walked in, nodded approval. "At the last convention of the medical association," he said, "I noted that most of the smoking was done by the doctor's wives—not by doctors themselves."

I prayed for the poor little nurse that night. With God's help she can fight her way back to health.

This is the magic formula as I see it: Set your quitting day a full month ahead. Having decided upon Last-Cigarette Day, work steadily and steadfastly toward it, but continue to smoke. Smoke even more, if you like.

Make your statement. No shilly-shallying, please. No vague muttering that you'd "like to quit," that "maybe you ought to quit," that "you SHOULD quit," or that "if you had the brains of a gnat you'd never smoke again."

No. Come right out flat-footed with the following chin-up, ironbound announcement: "On _____ (naming the day) I SHALL SMOKE MY LAST CIGARETTE!"

Emancipation Day is as important as a wedding day. More so, perhaps. After all, you MAY get married more than once. Quit smoking, on the other hand, and you will never stick your head into THAT noose again!

Your whole life must be recast. You must condition yourself; convert yourself from a smoker into a nonsmoker. Not only must your own viewpoint be changed, but all your friends, relatives, and acquaintances must know that on _____ day you will be free forever from a filthy, expensive habit.

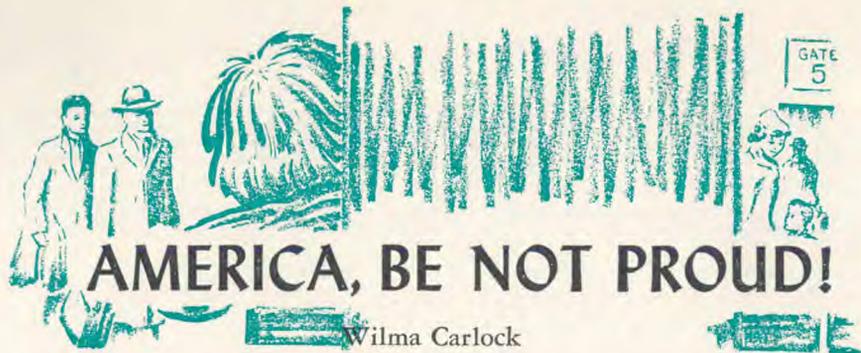
It helps if you go into a church, kneel at the altar when nobody else is present, and make your commitment to God.

One girl who escaped via this method said, "When I promised God I would not smoke again, I was embarrassed. I was afraid I was wasting His time. Then I remembered that killing oneself is a crime against the Holy Ghost, so I said, 'God, help me to stop committing suicide.' That made it all right."

Publicity is the prospective nonsmoker's best friend. The wider the publicity, the firmer the backbone. You may "chicken out" if one person knows your secret, but you won't give 100 loudmouthed skeptics a chance to say, "I told you so."

Of course they'll laugh. They'll ridicule you and poke fun and do their best to make you fail. Why not? If you succeed—and you WILL succeed, if you put your whole mind and soul

(Turn to page 32)



My heart has often been touched with pity for the many unfortunate specimens of humanity to be found at times in a big-city bus terminal, but one woman I saw in the terminal of one of America's greatest cities this week was the most sickening sight that I have ever seen.

The city was as close to sleep as a huge metropolis ever comes, when the bus lumbered between darkened buildings toward the terminal. Dim lights shone on the signs above the missions along the skid-row district, but the shuffling figures who haunt the streets during the day were gone.

At 4:10 a.m. the bus pulled up to the station, and, bleary-eyed with fatigue, I made my way to the women's lounge to freshen up, and hurried on to the restaurant for a reviving snack.

It was five o'clock when I returned to the waiting room, and already the room was crowded with waiting passengers. Workers moved among them trying halfheartedly to sweep up yesterday's accumulated litter. I headed for the one vacant seat near Gate 5, where I was to board the bus to take me home, before I noticed the woman seated next to me in the last chair of the long row of chairs.

It was the smell which assailed my nostrils that first brought the woman to my attention. The strong, sickening stench of a body that has been fed on alcohol was the nauseous odor I caught.

She was asleep—slumped on the hard, uncomfortable seat with her head resting on the wooden arm rest. Then I realized that it was not the bone-weary sleep of the tired traveler to which she had succumbed, but the ugly stupor of a sodden drunk.

She stirred, and the overwhelming odor of an unwashed body rose to intermingle with that of alcohol. Suddenly I knew why the chair next to her had been vacant. I moved away to sit wearily on my suitcase in the line that was beginning to form before Gate 5, still in view of the woman.

"Where has she come from, and where is she going?" I wondered. "How will she be able to continue on her way in her condition?"

For more than an hour I sat in the line of would-be passengers before Gate 5 and watched the chair beside her repeatedly fill and empty. The woman slept her sodden sleep, oblivious to the curious stares of the men and the disgust on the faces of all who saw her.

Her rumpled, filthy clothing; her tousled, gray-streaked hair; her open, drooling mouth; and her flaming-red face were subjected to the pitiless gaze of all passers-by. She looked to be in her early forties, and she was completely alone. If she had any baggage or even a purse, none was to be seen. While the lines of people waiting at the various gates emptied into buses and pulled away, she slept on.

"Perhaps her bus was one of them," I worried, but she did not stir.

Gradually the day broke upon the city, and like a sleeping giant it slowly awoke. Traffic outside the big open door became a heavy rumble. Strident voices of drivers hurled good-natured abuse at each other. The almost deserted sidewalks now rapidly began to fill with hurrying figures.

Suddenly the sleeping woman moved, opened her eyes, and looked about her. She rose quickly to her feet, staggering slightly, and made a hurried exit through the open door to the street outside as though fearful of pursuit.

Only then did the truth dawn on me. That woman was no traveler. She was an alcoholic of the nearby skid-row district. The crowded, impersonal bus terminal had offered a shelter from the cold of the early morning hours after the closing of her favorite haunts. Alcohol, the wrecker of homes, the destroyer of character and self-respect, was claiming another victim.

Liquor

I Tossed Out of My Store

PHILIP E. CASE
Manager, Case Pharmacy
Parker, South Dakota

HOW LONG have you been a pharmacist?

Since 1947.

How did you become interested in pharmacy?

I had always hoped to be a medical doctor, but at the time I wanted to enter school I did not have sufficient funds, so I switched to pharmacy, a closely related profession.

What made you settle in the town of Parker?

I was looking for a certain type of opportunity. I wanted a store of my own, so when the chance to come here to work was promised, and that I could buy the store in the future if I wanted to, I naturally took the opportunity.

Was the previous owner a licensed pharmacist?

No, at the time I came, this was not a drugstore. In South Dakota the drugstore is the pharmacy. An owner who is not a registered pharmacist must guarantee to a pharmacist that he will have complete management of that portion of the store. Then it becomes a drugstore.

As you began to work, did you lay plans as to the future when you would take over?

Of course; that was in my mind all the time.

As you entered the picture, what was the thing you in your own mind decided first to change?

Naturally I wanted to modernize the store in certain ways, but in the back of my mind all the time I realized that as soon as possible I would eliminate the liquor.

They were selling liquor at the time?

Yes.

About what percentage of the business came in through the sale of liquor?

I would say offhand probably 25 percent.



Did the previous owner feel he could not operate without it?

I believe he felt that way.

Are there other stores in the vicinity that carry liquor, like grocery stores?

No. It is not permitted in this state for grocery stores to carry liquor, but drugstores do.

Do you feel that your income dropped materially when you closed out your alcoholic-beverage department?

That was a rather odd thing. I had felt that I wanted to close out the department and planned to do it, yet when the time came I still owed tremendously on the store, so it was a matter of wondering what would happen. I would like to say that I did it willingly, but it was quite a period of soul-searching and misgivings, and wondering whether I was automatically signing myself to failure because I was giving away this portion of my business.

What was it that made you take the position you didn't want to sell alcoholic beverages?

The inner feeling that it wasn't right.

You felt it wasn't good for the public?

It just wasn't right. It doesn't go with the character of a drugstore. Supposedly,

Interview by
W. A. Scharffenberg

the main purpose of a drugstore is the selling of health, for the betterment of the human body, but here in turn you have another department that is tearing down.

Did you think it would add prestige to the drugstore if you didn't sell liquor?

Yes, I really did. We have a tremendous number of young people coming in all the time, for we have the only soda fountain in town. This has always been a place for young people to congregate. I felt it wasn't right to sell alcoholic beverages.

What was your wife's attitude?

She encouraged me to stop selling liquor. My wife is deeply religious, and personally I can say that any of the good things that I might have about me are either implanted by her or have been strengthened by her.

Did you have any comments from your neighbors or the other businessmen in town?

I had many, many comments and received letters commending me for my action and giving me encouragement.

Did anyone indicate disappointment that you had done this?

A few fellows in offhand remarks said they couldn't understand why I would give away a good profit.

It was the profit angle that appealed to them?

Yes. But I can't honestly say that I feel I had given away the big profit department, because as it turned out the next year my business was considerably better than it had ever been. It has always been better than it was before I tossed out the liquor.

Your total net profit is better than it was before?

Always better. As I look back now, I seem to have progressed faster since then.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—semester!

Resolved: To invite my friends to my house soon, for an evening of fun.

At this season of the year, when you are thinking of things for self-improvement, this would be a good resolution to add to your list. If you haven't discovered what fun such a venture is, you are missing an important segment of living. If it's routine with you, perhaps all you are waiting for is an excuse to enjoy another pleasant evening.

January and February offer so many opportunities for special occasions with a purpose. There's the inevitable New Year's Eve party, the between-semester celebration, Valentine Day, Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, plus top conditions for sleigh rides and skiing, skating, and toboggan parties. Plan now to invite in the group for something special.

The formula for a successful party is detailed planning well in advance, gracious invitations, clever decorations with a seasonal setting, festive food, and group activities in keeping with your theme. For instance—

PARTY PICK-UPS

WITH "BLOSSOM"



LET'S GO "SEMESTER BREAKING"!

Invitations: These need not be formal. You may phone, write, or deliver them personally. Mention the date and time, and let folk know that there will be lots of good company at your house.

Decorations: Balloon clusters hung as chandeliers will add color and a festive atmosphere. Repeat the colors at your refreshment table in oversized "report cards," made from construction paper which will serve as a focal point on your table, as well as favors for your guests. Be sure to include grades for extracurricular activities for which your guests are famous outside the classroom.

Menu: During midwinter something warm would be desirable as a part of your menu. These hearty cheese sandwiches and lighter accompaniments are simply prepared and will prove favorites with your friends.

The semester-break party offers limitless possibilities for recreation and games. Plan games that you know are successful with your crowd. Don't forget to include something the entire group can play together, such as Human Scrabble, using individual guests for alphabet letters, as well as games for four or six, or the Ping-pong tournament, and any others that may be popular.

- Broiled Cheese Sandwiches
- Veg-Kabobs
- Coconut Kisses
- Strawberry Punch

BROILED CHEESE SANDWICHES (12 servings)

12 buttered-toast circles
3 cups grated cheddar cheese
1/4 cup evaporated milk
1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1/2 cup chopped pimiento-stuffed green olives
1/2 teaspoon garlic salt
Combine cheese filling ingredients. Heap mixture on toast. Place under broiler until cheese becomes bubbly. Serve hot.

VEG-KABOBS (12 servings)

3 (10-ounce) packages frozen Brussels sprouts
1 cup French dressing
1/2 teaspoon chili powder
1 cup pickled onions
Dill pickle chunks
Cook Brussels sprouts as directed on package. Drain. Combine sprouts with dressing and chili powder. Let stand one hour or more. Drain. Chill. Arrange sprouts, onions, and pickles on skewers or colored picks.

COCONUT KISSES (24 small cookies)

2 stiffly beaten egg whites

1 cup brown sugar
2 cups cornflakes
1/2 cup chopped nutmeats
1 cup moist flaked coconut
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg whites until frothy and gradually add sugar, beating until this meringue makes stiff peaks. Fold in cornflakes, nuts, coconut. Add vanilla. Drop onto well-greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350° F. for 15 minutes. Immediately place cookie sheet on a damp towel and remove cookies with a spatula. If they stick to pan, return to oven until they again soften.

STRAWBERRY PUNCH (24 5-ounce servings)

2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
8 whole cloves
1/4 cup sugar
2 cups water
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 (6-ounce) can frozen pineapple juice
1 (6-ounce) can frozen orange juice
2 (10-ounce) packages frozen strawberries
2 quarts ginger ale

Combine lemon rind, cloves, sugar, and water. Boil for 5 minutes. Remove cloves. Add juices. Blend or beat this combination with 1 package berries. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Just before serving, add other package of partially thawed berries and ginger ale.

HAVE FUN AS THE PERFECT HOST OR HOSTESS AT YOUR PARTY



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, D.C. 20012.

In general, what are some rules that a student might follow in order to maintain good mental and physical health?

- a. Oxygen comes first. Therefore breathe deeply.
- b. Water is God's medicine. Therefore drink of it freely.
- c. Because you are what you eat, choose wisely, chew thoroughly, indulge sparingly.
- d. Look on the sunny side of life, but rebel not when the showers come.
- e. Learn to balance exercise with

rest, be it physical, mental, social, or spiritual.

f. Life gives more gifts than you can hold. Therefore choose the best first.

g. Give love, garner happiness; but search for happiness and it fades away.

h. Budget your time, your money, and your food. Use no more than is useful.

i. Exercise increases power—brain-power as well as muscle power.

j. Develop your willpower—but learn when it's best to turn on the "won't" power.

YOU CAN BREAK A HABIT

(Continued from page 29)

and heart into the battle—won't they look like imbeciles?

Misery loves company, you know. A slave who escapes makes the other slaves, without gumption enough to escape, look and feel like creeps.

Now plan the big ceremony. At home won't do. You must go somewhere, preferably somewhere different, exciting, glamorous. One woman who tried this scheme was to visit Washington, D.C., anyway, so she chose the Lincoln Memorial as the set for her grand gesture. None of the tourists with whom she rubbed elbows in that impressive spot knew it was a turning point in her life, but she knew it. "Mr. Lincoln," she said solemnly and silently, as tears gathered in her eyes, "you freed the slaves. Now you are freeing me."

You might make an expedition to the nearest ocean and cast that final butt into the Atlantic or Pacific. If you visit Yosemite National Park or climb Pike's Peak for your renunciation scene, be careful it takes place only in a designated area. Wherever you go, make it a place you've never been before. It must be your destination for this one specific purpose alone.

Keep smoking up to The Day. This may take dogged persistence. Unless I miss my guess, cigarettes will go down, down, down in attractiveness. Before Emancipation Day they will take on all the attributes of poison.

You come now to your Big Moment.

Something wonderful happens when you grind that last butt into oblivion. A miracle has taken place. You are on Cloud Nine. You have achieved something so magnificent that it will never occur to you to turn backward into that old dingy, jittery, messy, stinking, conscience-stricken half-world of the nicotine nurses.

Before you realize what has taken place, you don't smoke any more. You belong to the sensible people, people who can for themselves decide what is best for their health and spirits, then live by that decision.

Your hardest task, from now on, will be to look sympathetic instead of smug. You must feel sorry for the poor smoker, not contemptuous of him. When a miserable-feeling ash-covered smoker offers you a coffin nail, be lightly casual as you reply, "No, thank you."

Above all things, don't leap ten feet in the air, crack your heels together, and yell, "YIP-PEEEEEEE! I DON'T SMOKE!"

SOCIAL DRINKER

(Continued from page 15)

You follow the same pattern day after day. The days slip into years. Often you find your body is rigid. Your arms, legs, and shoulders are stiffened to a point that the muscles feel like bands of iron. You find this tension disappears when you take a drink. You don't realize yet that your body is beginning to crave more alcohol.

When your eyes begin to cloud you go to an optometrist. The change is minor, and he doesn't have an answer for the clouding up. You ask, in an off-hand manner, if drinking or smoking could produce those symptoms.

"How much do you drink?" he asks, and you reply, "Oh, maybe a glass at suppertime." You are ashamed to tell him the truth. He might think you're an alcoholic, when you are not! Isn't an alcoholic one who needs a drink the first thing in the morning? You could not stand the sight of liquor in the morning.

He tells you that a small amount couldn't cause it, and so you go your way.

Months, or even years, later when your symptoms have become worse instead of better, you begin to admit alcohol might be the cause of your problem.

You decide to cut down, or quit entirely. It should be easy. After all, you are not an alcoholic!

That first night you don't drink you snap at everything. Your children can't understand. Your husband looks at you in bewilderment. He's been unaware how much you have been drinking.

To ease your nerves you take a drink. You wonder if it is worthwhile quitting if it is going to make you as miserable as that. Now you are relaxed and don't want to lose that feeling. You take another.

Little incidents occur. In a supermarket one morning you feel dizzy and your heart pounds violently. Your whole body trembles and you cling to the grocery basket for support. Without attracting attention, you manage to get to your car and you lie down on the seat. Eventually the trembling eases up enough to allow you to drive home.

As you board a train for a shopping trip in the city, the same feeling overtakes you. When you get off you barely manage to get to the waiting room until the next homeward-bound train is due.

Now you realize that drinking is affecting your life. There is so much al-

THE NEW YEAR

Bess Berry Carr

The old year like a friend departs, and Father Time
Presents a year for waiting hearts to make sublime;
With courage and good cheer, may we begin anew
Some worthy dream; with sincere faith may we pursue
The dauntless search for peace; may darkness disappear
In friendship's glow, and hope reach every listening ear
Through freedom and goodwill; may we in part repay
With word and deed, the Master's bounteous gifts
each day.

ENTER THE KING!

Kitty Horton

Blow, careless wind!
Rip through the frightened countryside
Till Autumn leaves
Pay homage at your feet.
Whip the debris
That covers city streets
In spiral columns
Far above my head.
Summer is dead!
Blow, careless wind!
And drive the frigid rain
Like bitter tears
Against my windowpane.
Winter is King!



A BETTER YOU

Mrs. Brig. E. M. Young

"Your task—
To build a better world," God said.

I answered, "How?
The world is such a large, vast
place,
So complicated now.
And I so small
And useless am,
There's nothing
I can do."

But God
In all His wisdom said,
"Just build a better you."

VALUE RECEIVED

E. Jay Ritter

Yesterday's loss
Is tomorrow's gain;
Tomorrow's joy
Is yesterday's pain.
Time changes things
In subtle ways,
Brings value to
Our yesterdays.

OF TIME AND STREAM

Emmabell Woodworth Davis

Time flows on—
And like the stream
That brushes past
The purple shore, to seem
A stranger in the land,
It lingers not;
But still in steady, ceaseless flow
It gathers brightness
With a sparkling hand
From stars and moon and endless sky.
The fragmentary beauty
That moves so swiftly by,
It touches briefly,
And eddies for a while
About some velvet moment—clinging, while
The current pulls and sweeps along,
To carry in its restless heart
Just the echo of a song.

poems
with
a
purpose

cohol in your bloodstream that your nerves are falling apart. Your hands tremble violently. When you are buying something you lay the money down on the counter. But the clerk doesn't return the change that way. He holds it out to you, and you are forced to reach out an obviously trembling hand to receive it. He looks at you curiously. You begin to patronize stores where the clerks don't know you.

You want help. The doctor? The minister? No. Small town. It might leak out. Yet you can't stop by yourself. You have tried and failed.

You remember a woman doctor in another city. You could trust her and no one need know.

The doctor says the fight will not be easy. It is a habit of years that has to be broken. It will be months before the alcohol is entirely out of your system and you have lost your craving for it. She doubts whether you can do it alone with just her help.

She mentions Alcoholics Anonymous. That shocks you. You don't want to admit you are so hopeless that A.A. is necessary. Now that the doctor is advising you, you are confident that you can do it without A.A. She is skeptical but allows you a month in which to try.

That night you don't take a drink. It isn't easy. The same feelings sweep over you—the craving, the irritation. But you fight off the temptation when you realize it is either this or A.A. You go to bed very early to avoid the temptation of that first drink. Sleep comes slowly, but finally it comes.

When you awaken the next day, you are not thirsty. Your head does not ache. You hold out your hands. They still tremble, but not quite as violently. This, after one day of not drinking!

You are proud of having gotten through the first day. As the days go by you see improvement.

Three months later the doctor says



"A problem drinker, as I see it, is one who wants to stop—every time he passes a liquor store."

you are cured. It was a hard struggle, but your nerves are relaxed and the craving is gone.

At the next party you take a drink. You are no longer an alcoholic. You can now be a social drinker again.

When you set the empty glass down, someone refills it. Two drinks won't hurt. And so you lose count. The next morning you feel as you did three months before. Your head aches. You are thirsty. Your hands tremble.

That evening the craving returns. But you are a social drinker now. What harm will one do?

For another year you go on drinking heavily, suffering badly. One morning the hell is so bad you know what must be done. It will be hard, but you did succeed once. You know it can be done. This time you know something else.

You can *never* be a social drinker. You have gone too far. Now only one drink, socially, will ruin you.

You know now when drinking becomes a part of a daily routine, regard-

less of how small that part is, it ceases to be social drinking. That one cocktail before dinner becomes a habit, and the habit will be the beginning of the road to alcoholism.

Years have been wasted because you were lost in a haze. Your children are becoming young adults. And you never really knew them as children.

You have missed a great deal. Precious moments that can be experienced only once in a lifetime have slipped through your fingers. But there can be many moments in the future which you can still experience, if you are strong enough. It's not too late yet!

With this knowledge, your determination strengthens. You go to the pantry and your trembling hands pick up the bottle. You hesitate for a brief moment as the old temptations swirl through you. Then you let the contents trickle slowly into the sink.

So at thirty-one I am fighting another battle. Perhaps with victory this time I can win the war!

NEW LOOK FOR EDUCATION

(Continued from page 13)

crowded classes have germinated words and thoughts destined to burgeon into great instruments for inspiration.

From the test tubes and retorts of innumerable school laboratories have sprung questionings and imaginings which have culminated in the electric light, the telegraph, nuclear energy.

What should be the approach of the educator?

The educator is to approach his class not as a chemist appraises his retorts or as the astronomer, nebulas, but rather as a conductor who directs his symphony orchestra.

From the myriad experiences and abilities of his pupils the teacher will evoke the chords which, laced and interwoven with something of himself, ring grandly in the harmony of life.

In short, education is an art.

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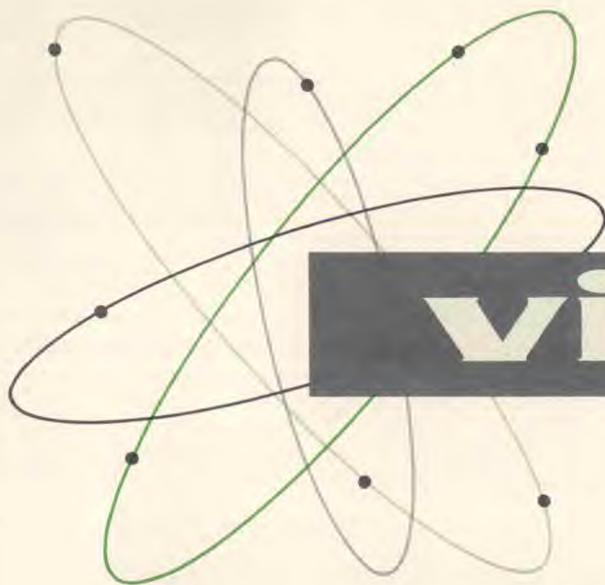
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views

❖ **DRUNK DRIVERS.** A study of sixty-seven drivers arrested for driving in an intoxicated condition in Ann Arbor, Michigan, showed that 78 percent had pathological drinking problems, according to psychiatrists who spoke before the 119th meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. Most of the pathological drinkers had personality disturbances in addition to their drinking problems, the psychiatrists stated. They did not say whether such disturbances may have developed after the drivers started drinking.

❖ **UNRESTRAINED RESTRAINTS.** Social drinking increases sensuous thoughts while decreasing restraining thoughts, it has been learned. College men who drank liquor at a fraternity party had many more thoughts about love, sex, and romance than those who had soft beverages. As the party progressed, the drinkers let up censorship of their imaginations.

A typical situation was set up for this study without the students' realizing that alcohol research was going on. Every twenty-five minutes the party was interrupted and the students wrote sets of stories about pictures shown to them. From the stories psychologists charted changes in the students' thoughts as they continued to drink.—Rudolf Kalin, Dr. David C. McClellan of Harvard University, and Michael Kahn of Yale University.

❖ **"NO, THANKS" IS OK.** "No one should be held accountable for declining alcohol and no explanation is a legitimate social requirement. It is a sad commentary on the depths of our interest in each other that no group can successfully get through a party without the gurgle and splash of alcoholic drinks.

"If all we know of social enjoyment can be poured from a bottle, then indeed our claim to progress has begun to wear pretty thin. When alcoholic beverages are served, nonalcoholic drinks should be made as easily available to guests as those which contain alcohol."—Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman, A.M.A. Committee on Alcoholism.

❖ **AMPHETAMINES AND BARBITURATES.** "The illegal sale and misuse of amphetamines and barbiturates have become serious social and police problems. Misuse of the amphetamines and barbiturates, particularly by juveniles, is increasing at an alarming rate. We must stop this trend before we find ourselves faced with a new kind of addict population." —George P. Larrick, Commissioner, Food and Drug Administration.

❖ **POISONS IN ALCOHOL.** Those ingredients of whiskeys and brandies which give them their colors, tastes, and bouquets have come under scientific attack. "If distillers aren't willing to filter them out, they should be compelled to do so by law. Chemically these ingredients are fusel oil, a variety of acids, esters, aldehydes, furfural, and tannins—or poisons." —Dr. Morris E. Chafetz, director of the famed alcohol clinic of Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

❖ **CHICAGO LAGS.** "Chicago has lagged far behind in interesting its physicians and other medical authorities in the problem of alcoholism. About 15 percent of the deaths in the age group from thirty to fifty-five are related to diseases resulting from chronic alcoholism."—Dr. Gilbert H. Marquardt, chairman, Chicago Committee on Alcoholism.

❖ **NOT A STIMULANT.** "Alcohol is a depressant. It does not stimulate the brain even though it seems to do so, considering the incessant chatter at most cocktail parties. The early effects, seemingly of stimulation, come from lowering the bars of our inhibitions.

"In addition, intoxication affects muscular coordination adversely, including speech, eye movements, and more complex motor skills such as typing, which is slowed and often inaccurate. Alcohol also depresses mental efficiency, with a reduction in learning processes and the ability to concentrate on words or figures."—Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen, medical counselor.

An ancient monarchy, noted for its picturesque architecture and pageantry, Thailand (long the romantically famous Siam) has taken its place with the forward-looking nations of southeast Asia.

A leader in currently raising the level of professional competence in that historic land is Dr. Prasop Ratanakorn,

"Greatest of All Conquerors"

director of the Prasat Neurological Hospital in Bangkok and guiding member of the National Council on Education and the National Research Council.

Dr. Ratanakorn, educated in Bangkok, took additional training in the Universities of London, Edinburgh, and Pennsylvania, specializing in the neurological aspects of the alcohol problem. He is now leading out in the development of a comprehensive program to prevent the spread of this social curse in his own country.

Since, according to this physician and educator, the use of alcohol involves mental, moral, social, and economic consequences, the solution to the problem includes all these factors, but the beginning of any solution must lie first in the individual himself.

Dr. Ratanakorn sums it up this way: "One man conquers a thousand times a thousands men; another man conquers himself—he is the greatest of all conquerors."



Dr. Ratanakorn, director, demonstrates laboratory equipment in the Prasat Neurological Hospital in Bangkok to Their Majesties the King and Queen, as the prime minister (left) joins the official tour.