

# LISTEN

A  
JOURNAL  
OF  
BETTER  
LIVING



**Captain John Kneen**  
Air Rescue Service



# news

❖ **SMOKING AND ATHLETICS.** If you plan to make the track team this spring, better leave the cigarettes alone. This is the advice of the American Medical Association, which states that scientific evidence shows that smoking "cuts the wind" of athletes.

Specifically, the A.M.A. says, "There is no longer any room for doubt that athletes should not smoke. In any close finish between well-matched athletes, the nonsmoker has the edge."

The A.M.A.'s Committee on Medical Aspects of Sports says ten inhalations of cigarette smoke may inhibit the ability of the lungs by 50 percent. The Committee also found that tobacco smoke may slow down the rate at which stale air can be expelled from the lungs.



George A. England

❖ **LOST LICENSES.** If you are arrested for drunkenness in the District of Columbia in the near future, you may lose your driver's license whether you have been driving or not. George A. England, director of motor vehicles in the District, says the D.C. Department of Public Health has been asked to set the standards of determining which persons "with alcoholic problems" should have their permits removed.

Under the proposed plan, records of those who are apprehended would be sent from court to police by way of the Department of Motor Vehicles.

❖ **ALCOHEART?** Remember when they used to give heart patients a snort of whiskey? Not anymore. The American Heart Association says recent research on dogs shows that alcohol in the blood decreases the force of the heart's contractions up to 40 percent and

causes the release of an enzyme (transaminase) which appears when the heart muscle has been damaged.

Researchers say that the more alcohol that is taken in, the less is the coronary blood flow. Furthermore, the pumping strength of the heart muscle also diminishes. Researchers note that the results are identical whether they use "lab" stuff or bonded bourbon.

❖ **HEROIN MILLIONS.** Customs officials last October intercepted one of the largest narcotics hauls in the world when they seized \$33,000,000 worth of heroin on the Mexican border. A Montreal, Canada, couple were arrested when agents found eighty-two pounds of pure heroin hidden in their car.

❖ **"ISLAND OF SAFETY."** Godthaab, capital of Greenland, the world's largest island, has one of the slowest road speed limits of any capital in the world. Likely it is also the only capital without a fatal traffic accident on record. Speed limit for trucks is nineteen miles per hour, twenty-five m.p.h. for cars. Joergen Hertling, public prosecutor of Greenland, says that the rare traffic accidents that do occur are usually the result of drinking driving.

❖ **"OO."** The debut of instant "oo" has been made. Natives of Thailand have developed this instant liquor by mixing dry rice husks with yeast. Then they seal the concoction in an earthen jar and bury it for several weeks. When they dig it up fermentation is complete and all one has to do for "oo" is add water, stir, let the mixture sit for a minute—and then—"oo."

## ❖ CALORIES IN ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

Ale (one cup)	100
Beer (twelve ounces)	150
Manhattan cocktail	175
Martini cocktail	125
Whiskey (one ounce)	100
Whiskey highball	150
Scotch whisky (one ounce)	125

Drinks of the same type vary in alcoholic content. Therefore, precise measurement can be found by the calculation of calories in straight alcoholic beverages. An average pint of 86-proof whiskey, for instance, contains about 1,400 calories.—Adapted, July-August "Report," 1963.

**OUR COVER** Most young fellows dream of heroism—dashing through fire, braving great dangers, risking their own lives, to save someone else.

Such dreams are no mere imagination to the Air Rescue Service, whose everyday business it is to dash through fire, brave great dangers, and risk their own lives to save those in jeopardy.

No member of this Service more aptly sums up its dedication and purpose than does Captain John Kneen, whose picture on Listen's cover was taken by Bob Eginton of Orlando, Florida.



#### ARTICLES

Menace of the "Not Unusual" . . . . .	Editorial	5
"Liberty to the Captives" . . . . .	Kenneth Wells	5
San Francisco—Unhappy Champion . . . . .	Gordon F. Dalrymple	7
Driving in the Dark . . . . .	Raymond Schuessler	9
A New Way of Life . . . . .	Thomas J. Shipp	12
Percodan, Politics, and Physicians . . . . .	William L. Roper	16
The Law Looks at Student Drinking . . . . .	Interview by D. E. Ingles	23

#### SPECIAL FEATURES

Children's Village . . . . .	Picture Story	10
What It Means to Have a Police Record . . . . .	Ellen Gravino	17
Suddenly—It Crashed! . . . . .	Eloise Engle	18
"That Others May Live" . . . . .		19

#### PERSONALITIES

George Christopher, Mayor . . . . .		5
Ernest C. Manning, Premier . . . . .	Interview by Dieter Hain	14
Captain John Kneen, Air Rescue Service . . . . .		18

#### REGULAR FEATURES

News . . . . .		2
Note From History . . . . .		21
Youth Asks—The Doctor Answers . . . . .	R. W. Spalding, M.D.	31
Views . . . . .		35

#### STORIES

The Price Is Too Great . . . . .	Lyslic Means	24
Pursuit of the Monster . . . . .	Louise Tensen Johnson, R.N.	30

#### POETRY

Last Frontier . . . . .	Helen Baker Adams	6
Winter—Farewell . . . . .	Myrtle Leora Nelson	28
Litterbug . . . . .	B. B. Bristol	30
Poems With a Purpose . . . . .	Listen Authors	33

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Did Abraham Lincoln Drink "Old Crow"? . . . . .	Joseph G. Smoot	21
Get a Garden . . . . .	Vera E. Griswold	22
Living Life and Loving It . . . . .	Mary Jane Rup	26
We Can Afford Only the Best . . . . .	J. Lewis Schanbacher	27

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# MENACE OF THE "NOT UNUSUAL"



Charles Hawtrey is a British actor living on Cromwell Road, Hounslow, near London. Not long ago in the neighboring community of Staines his fast and erratic driving attracted police attention, resulting in his arrest.

About three weeks later when he appeared before Southwestern Magistrates Court he was fined some \$75 and disqualified from driving for twelve months. The plaintiff under close questioning said he did have three whiskeys, but refused to admit that his driving was not normal. When told by a physician that he was not fit to drive, his insolent remark was, "Doctor, you have a terribly boring time."

During the trial, Ivor Stanbrook, defending Actor Hawtrey, insisted that his client had what was for him a "not unusual" amount to drink. He considered himself quite capable of driving.

This menace of the "not unusual" rears its ugly head frequently and in many places.

Take another instance, the experience of Mrs. Lisa James of Louisville, Kentucky. While visiting her mother she was driving on Rutledge Pike, near Knoxville, Tennessee, and started to turn left off the pike into a service station to have a fan belt on her car repaired.

"I had seen her car coming," Mrs. James later said from her hospital bed, but that glance didn't save a life.

"I was shocked when I learned at the hospital that the woman in the other car was Mrs. Norton. I had known her since I was a child. I heard someone say, 'They've covered her face with a sheet.' I knew then she was dead." Three other persons were badly hurt in the same crash.

Mrs. James had "only one drink," she claimed, a thing not particularly unusual with her. But her "not unusual" resulted in the fiftieth traffic death in Knox County during 1963 and the twenty-ninth in the city of Knoxville itself. This was the highest death toll there in more than ten years.

It is not unusual these days for people to drink. Neither is it unusual for many of these people to take only one drink, or two, or three. It is also not unusual for such drinkers to become killers on the road. Definitive studies show that some 50 percent, or more, of road fatalities can be traced to this cause. Undoubtedly, if the whole story were known, drinking would also show up as a concomitant to many other factors which are listed on the accident reports.

Perhaps we have come to the place where statistics fail to impress and reports are completely void of emotional impact. Maybe we have gone beyond the point of shock when it comes to the repeated lists of fatalities and stories of death on our highways. We have come to expect the next annual Safety Council report to show another 40,000 dead. If the figure isn't that high, we may react with an inner twinge of disappointment. Or at best, we glance at the total and passingly think, "What a shame!"

As Leon Powell has well written, "Forget the statistics, if you will; remember the pictures, the faces, the memory that stays on within a family circle and among friends. Then drive more carefully, with an eye out for those who value life less than you do."

Remember that the "not unusual," when it comes to drinking, often results in "the usual" when mixed with driving.

*Francis A. Soper*

## Is drug addiction a problem for the church?

Suppose a dope addict—haggard, watery-eyed, trembling—walked into your church. Suppose he grabbed your hand in his own sweaty hand and begged: "Please, in God's name, help me kick the habit!"

### What would you do?

If you and your church are like most others today, the chances are you would look at the creature before you with disgust and perhaps say: "Sorry, I know no place to send you for treatment. You're on your own."

Translated into reality, such advice boils down to: "Go steal. Commit prostitution. Do anything to get the money for the dope you need. You're hooked!"

Typical of despairing addicts is the once-beauteous twenty-five-year-old woman who told a Senate committee that when she was eighteen a friend persuaded her to take "horse," or heroin. Quickly the cost of her habit rocketed to \$30 a day. All other life's needs were shoved aside; she lived only to get money to feed "the monkey on her back."

Finally she became a "pusher" herself, earning \$60 a day. Thus she could afford her habit, until it grew greater, but at the same time she started others on the identical road. If only the church could have extended to her a helping hand!

Then there was the police officer who told the probers how a boy of nineteen from a "good family," was snared by a pusher who gave him his first "jolts" (doses) of heroin free. In a few weeks the boy was addicted. He became a thief, stealing cars and victimizing his own family, then he graduated to armed holdups. Eight short years later he was in the penitentiary, classified as incorrigible. Among others he had infected along the way were a student who turned to burglary to satisfy his dope craving and a teen-age girl who, like so many others, fed her habit via shoplifting and prostitution.

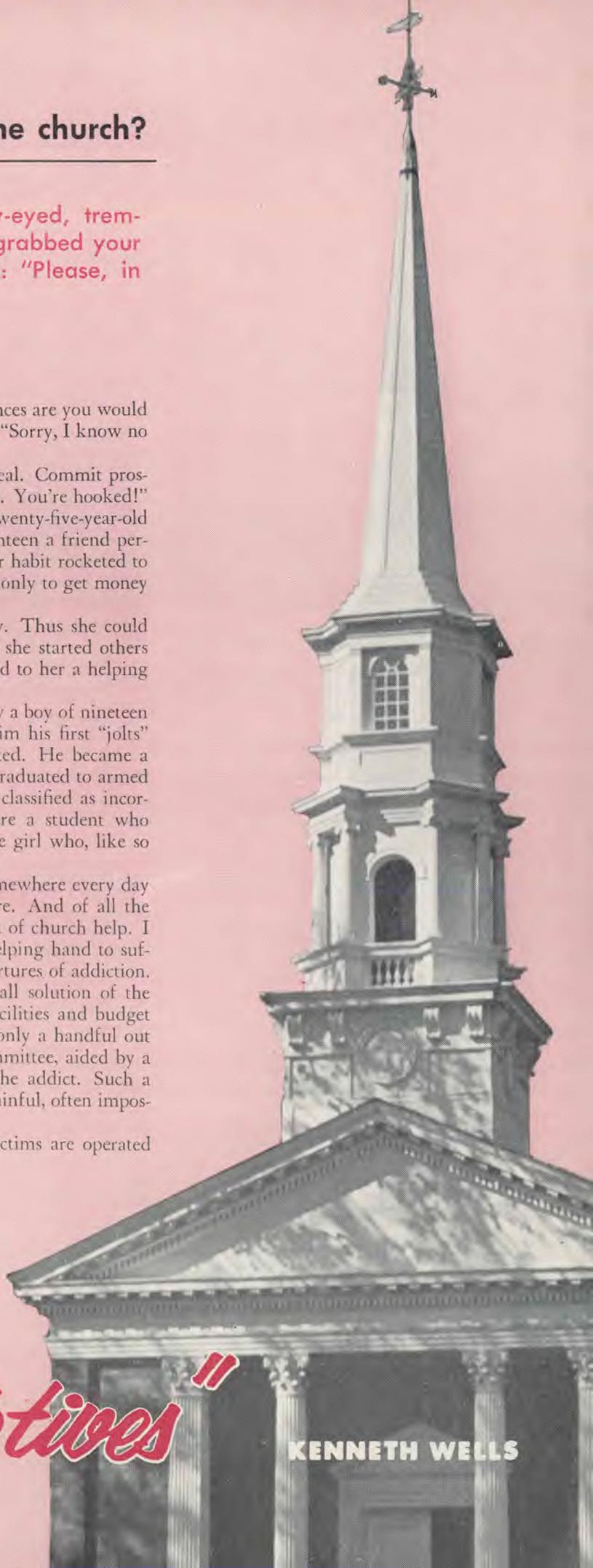
These two cited cases are typical of many that happen somewhere every day in this country. I know of what I speak. I have been there. And of all the places I have been, good and bad, there is a conspicuous lack of church help. I personally feel that the church should hold out more of a helping hand to suffering addicts whose lives are a continuous battle with the tortures of addiction.

Though it might serve only as a beginning to the overall solution of the problem, the church could concentrate part of its limited facilities and budget on helping addicts "kick the habit." Perhaps this could be only a handful out of scores who might ask, but it would help. A pastoral committee, aided by a physician, could well bring encouragement and advice to the addict. Such a victim usually stands frighteningly alone when he tries the painful, often impossible, job of shaking loose from the iron grip of dope.

The only two public hospitals in the nation for drug victims are operated

*"Liberty  
to the Captives"*

KENNETH WELLS



by the Federal Government at Lexington, Kentucky, and at Fort Worth, Texas. These will accept first-time volunteer patients only if there is sufficient room after Federal probation and parolee patients have been hospitalized. Waiting periods of from two to three months are common, and in two months a habit can snowball to hopeless, even fatal, proportions. One other hospital, Riverside in New York City, handles adolescent addicts, aged fourteen to twenty-one.

These three institutions, none of them operated by a church, comprise virtually all the nation's public facilities for hospital care of narcotics victims. But the evil itself is widespread, and growing.

As the drug-addiction specter increases, churches are being urged to join the battle, just as they have helped wage war on alcohol, itself a narcotic, and other evils. From the layman's viewpoint, the problem may be complicated by the fact that law-enforcement, medical, public-health, and social-welfare authorities differ in their attitude toward programs of prevention and treatment of victims. Some insist that addicts be jailed and kept apart from the rest of society. Others prefer to concentrate on medical aid and rehabilitation. Some organizations are beginning to develop educational programs to warn youth of the dire potential in drug misuse.

Federal and local law-enforcement agencies are undermanned. The battle to halt the illegal flow of narcotics into this country has been a losing one. The number of addicts is still increasing; meanwhile, disputes over how best to treat them grow hotter. In general, addicts are ostracized by the public, victimized by gangsters, and jailed whenever caught. Hospitals refuse them treatment, and states and cities decline to pay for rehabilitation clinics and even threaten to close the few that exist. It is little wonder that up to 95 percent of addicts who receive treatment are reported later to go back to their habit.

In nearly all plans, two factors are stressed: first, institutional care and treatment, and second, rehabilitation on the outside, where the reforming addict must live with an indifferent or hostile public. It is here that the church could render its greatest service.

The tragic truth is that addicts trying to reform find few law-abiding citizens willing to help. Shunned as outcasts, despised even by the criminals with whom they deal, they turn back to dope to make the world look briefly brighter. Where better could the church make a major contribution than in aiding them back to a normal way of life?

One view of the church's potential role is put forth by Judge Murtagh (New York City) and Sara Harris in their book, *Who Live in Shadows*:

"The church has a superb opportunity to reach addicts, but it has thus far failed to do

so. The church should accept them, not shun them as so many other agencies do. It can work with parents to make them know that addiction is a disease and not a crime, and it can see to it that its young people's groups offer addicts who are attempting to kick their habits encouragement and normal social associations.

"Most addicts cannot ordinarily be reached through religion in their early contacts with the church. They claim to be atheists or agnostics, and only come to church in the first place because clergymen and counselors reveal warmth toward them. And yet despite addicts' general lack of religion, some members of the clergy report great satisfaction in their contacts with them. The hands that are held out to addicts are so few that they become dependent on any that are. Thus some addicts who begin coming to church out of no more than their need for comradeship may eventually acquire faith and belief."

In its Commitment Day program last year, the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns for the first time listed narcotics, along with alcohol, tobacco, gambling, sex, and pornography, as a major problem about which it hopes to alert the church. Later, the Methodist General Conference adopted a report on Temperance and Public Morals, which included this sharply worded stand on narcotics:

"Narcotic addiction and the traffic in narcotics are major problems in the United States and around the world. The indiscriminate use of barbiturates, tranquilizers, and other dangerous drugs is an increasing menace. We call upon our people to support all wise plans for the most effective control of narcotic distribution and use. We urge the development of more adequate facilities for the rehabilitation of narcotic addicts and proper education regarding the dangers in self-prescribed narcotics and tranquilizers."

The matter of "proper education" is a specific area in which the church could logically take the lead in a long-range effort to prevent narcotics problems. Well could the church, through more carefully directed programs of counseling and instruction, develop a public "image" of real interest in helping the victims of addiction and fortifying youth against enslavement.

Each church in its own situation is obliged to face pain, and not to avoid it. Often, however, it ignores this challenge. Squirm though they may, Christians cannot rid themselves of their duty, as the ancient prophet phrased it, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isaiah 61:1.

No human beings are more captive than the suffering men and women caught in the tentacles of addiction, and none are more in need of liberty from their prison of vicious habit.

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## LAST FRONTIER

Helen Baker Adams

Once this was orchard where my house  
Is regimented in a row;  
A country lane wound past a grove  
Where now the supermarkets grow.

A crowing cock, a distant quail,  
Even the pine trees could be heard  
Where roar of trucks and speeding cars  
Now stun the most intrepid bird.

Where can I turn to take a walk,  
That simple, healthful, harmless pleasure?  
Will progress put it out of date,  
A memory, useless but to treasure?

---

# SAN FRANCISCO--

## UNHAPPY CHAMPION



Gordon F. Dalrymple

WHEN YOU WALK down the sidewalks of San Francisco, one out of every ten persons you meet is an alcoholic. This is the average. Today this city by the Golden Gate has between 75,000 and 77,000 of these unfortunates.

San Franciscans consume more than 3,000,000 gallons of distilled liquor each year—enough for four gallons, or twenty fifths, for every man, woman, and child in the city. Residents in this city are evidently twice as thirsty as their fellow Americans, who drank two gallons per capita last year, an average for the entire country. In the face of such drinking, alcoholism inevitably results.

Indeed, city authorities say that alcoholism affects a higher proportion of the population than it does in any other large city in the United States.

At least 185,440 men, women, and children—about one person out of four—are directly affected by this specter. San Francisco's alcoholism rate is twice that of other major American cities, just as its consumption rate is double the national average.

Contrary to the popular concept, the average alcoholic does not haunt skid row. Indeed, only 3 or 4 percent of the alcoholic population are found there. The rest are located throughout the city, in the Richmond and Sunset districts, in Pacific Heights, in North Beach, on Nob

Hill, and in the Ingleside. And for every six men who contend with the condition, one woman is involved in it. Average age range for city alcoholics is between thirty-five and fifty, with many in the younger brackets.

Dr. Fred Hudson, director of the state-financed Alcoholic Detoxification Center at Presbyterian Medical Center, states: "We treat every kind of person. We get some of the most prominent names in San Francisco, but the largest percentage come from the broad middle classes, people who are gainfully employed, who have jobs and homes and families."

A recent poll of 800 San Francisco doctors reveals their conviction that coping with alcoholism presents the city's greatest unmet need.

In 1961 there were 27,297 arrests in San Francisco for drunkenness, most of them involving repeat offenders. One out of ten of those arrested was a woman.

The cost of alcoholism is staggering. Business and industry alone lost \$30,000,000 in 1962. In addition, every alcoholic costs a thousand dollars a year in care, treatment, and social services for himself and his family. What a small return, comparatively, comes in from liquor taxation.

The 1957 survey made by San Francisco physicians revealed that only six thousand San Franciscans received any kind of care for alcoholism each year at public and

private centers. This represents less than one fourth of the chronic alcoholics suffering severe mental or physical symptoms, to say nothing of the many thousands of other alcoholics.

The San Francisco Council on Alcoholism, Inc., organized in 1959, has found that a few alcoholics and problem drinkers, about 6 percent of the employed population, can be rehabilitated. Unfortunately, however, the Council's approach to alcoholism has emphasized only treatment and rehabilitation, not prevention.

Approaching alcoholism from a different angle is the United Community Fund Council Committee on Alcoholism. Dr. Alfred Auerback, chairman, says that San Francisco "has long recognized that it has a severe problem, and it was one of the first cities to set up a city-supported treatment center and large numbers of other social agencies. Yet the evidence indicates that we are just scratching the surface."

Alcoholic commitments in San Francisco, compared to other areas, tell an alarming story; they top any in California. In 1961 there were 219.6 commitments per 100,000 population in the city. Alameda County had 36.9 commitments, Contra Costa County 46.2, Santa Clara County 18.8, and San Mateo County 23.3.

Dr. Auerback asserts, "Obviously other counties have found a better way to deal with their alcoholics. This is something we hope to develop here."

The San Francisco Council has assisted alcoholism victims and members of their families. It cooperates with professional people indirectly concerned with the problem, including teachers, social workers, the clergy, lawyers, doctors, and law-enforcement officials. It leads the nation in distributing literature and information that publicizes dangers of alcoholism and need for greater community awareness of the problem.

Of equal significance are future plans of the Council. The in-plant company program for early detection and treatment of the alcoholic and problem drinker will be greatly broadened in the future. Such companies as Standard Oil of Indiana, International Harvester, General Electric, Du Pont de Nemours, Consolidated Edison, Eastman Kodak, Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, Commonwealth Edison, and Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have proved its value.

A new youth program is to be launched to contend with alcoholism and problem drinking among youth.

Significant, too, is the Council plan to instruct new officers in the Police Academy and Fire Department regarding alcoholism.

An acute alcoholism treatment center at the Presbyterian Medical Center, Clay and Webster Streets, has made some progress. It was founded in May, 1960, by an interested group of prominent physicians, businessmen, and civic leaders. The Center treatment includes the use of drugs when indicated, restoration of nutrition, repair of physical damage due to alcoholism, and the prevention of complications. Treatment of the convalescent in later stages is directed toward abstinence from alcohol.

The Adult Guidance Center, a clinic devoted to the treatment of people with drinking problems and families with troubles associated with problem drinking, has also been making progress.



ism."—George Christopher, mayor, city of San Francisco, 1955-64.

\* \* \* \* \*

Judge Gerald S. Levin, chairman, San Francisco Council on Alcoholism:

"Webster defines 'community' as a body of people having common rights, privileges or interests, living in the same place under the same laws and regulations. This clearly implies the sharing of responsibility by members of the community for the general welfare. Individual attitudes and opinions may differ, but serious social problems, affecting the welfare of the entire community, demand the consideration and attention of the total community.

"Such a problem is alcoholism."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Alfred Auerback, chairman, committee on alcoholism of the health council, United Community Fund of San Francisco, comments:

"San Francisco has the highest rates of consumption, disease, and death in relation to alcohol of any city in this country."



Health and emotional problems have accompanied alcoholism in the city. Cirrhosis of the liver climbed from fifth to fourth place as a death cause last year, while nationally it ranked only tenth. Suicides are three times higher than the United States average. Other death-rate causes follow the national pattern.

A workshop approach to alcoholism is being made by the Alcoholics Rehabilitation Association, Incorporated, a nonprofit organization launched in 1955 to rehabilitate alcoholics.

A home environment, proper food, medical care, psychotherapy as needed, presentable clothing, and help in getting employment are benefits provided by the Association. The nerve center of the organization is "First Step Home," 1035 Haight Street. More than a formal rehabilitation center, it offers an authentic home environment for alcoholics seeking strength to live a new life.

In the spring of 1963 a group of San Francisco women, some former alcoholics, announced the establishment of a center for rehabilitation of alcoholic women. Located at 255 Tenth Avenue, the home is called The Stepping Stone, and is a comfortable, redecorated three-story structure.

(Turn to page 27)

## Night Dangers on the Road

# DRIVING IN THE DARK

Raymond Schuessler

NIGHT DRIVING is only one third as heavy as day traffic, yet two thirds of all traffic deaths occur at night. In other words, to travel by night is several times as deadly as to travel by day. But why?

Competent drivers don't suddenly become thoughtless and careless after dark. Mechanical defects are not greater after dark. Bridges, tunnels, intersections, curves, hills, and railroad crossings don't go hunting for cars when the sun goes down.

To be sure, there is greater fatigue, more influence of alcohol, and more fog. But studies seem to indicate that these factors in themselves do not exclusively account for the disproportionate ratio between day and night accidents. The only answer seems to be that drivers simply cannot see hazards, pedestrians, other cars, the center of the road, traffic signs, abutments, trains, and other obstacles as well at night as during the day. One study shows that 50 percent of fatal auto accidents at night are due to inadequate driver visibility.

Nighttime travel doesn't have to be dangerous. You can help prevent accidents if you realize how easy it is to be deceived by what you see at night and then take a few precautions.

The factor of vision has scarcely been touched in the search for the cause and prevention of road accidents. Research may someday prove that vision is the key factor in managing a car. See right, and you will drive right.

For instance, when traveling at sixty miles per hour, how well can you see? I can see all right, you say. The road stretches ahead perfectly clear. You spot the cars, trucks, curves, and bridges without difficulty.

What else do you see? That narrow strip of road is about all that you can see traveling at that speed. Here is a simple test. At a crossroad there is a post bearing

several names of towns and villages, one above the other. How many of these names can you read at sixty miles per hour? You have a superior eye if you can grab more than the top one. The others are a mere blur.

The National Safety Council says that night fatalities can be lowered by 75 percent if drivers would follow a few simple rules:

1. Most of all, reduce your speed. Many motorists are guilty of "over-driving their lights." For example, suppose you are traveling fifty miles per hour on a winding road and suddenly your lights pick up a stalled vehicle 200 feet in front of you. You can't stop in time to avoid a collision. Why? Because you are driving too fast for the distance you can see with car lights. That is the reason you must slow down when darkness falls.

2. Turn on your driving lights immediately at sunset, even earlier, when visibility is poor. Parking lights aren't strong enough to be seen easily by other motorists and pedestrians. Remember, the dusky twilight hours take the highest toll in lives.

3. Lower your beams for approaching vehicles. Even if the other driver doesn't lower his lights, control that urge to "fix him" no matter how angry you become. By blinding him, too, you are multiplying your chances for an accident. If you were blinded by glaring lights at sixty miles per hour, you would travel 616 feet in the seven seconds it normally takes to recover full vision. How far is that? Thirty-four cars end-to-end, or more than one city block! Recently five people were killed because a motorist decided that he would "teach that high-beam driver a lesson." He himself was one of the five.

You should be alert for these high-beam light signals: If a motorist behind you flicks his lights, he wants to pass. If a driver

*(Turn to page 28)*

# Children's Village

## From Criminals to Good Citizens



Some are as young as nine and none is older than fifteen. All are emotionally upset and criminally delinquent. They come because they are sent by the juvenile courts and various social agencies, with only prison bars facing them in the future. They depart some twenty-eight months later, vastly changed.

This is the story of Children's Village in Dobbs Ferry, New York, which endeavors to help young boys who have become misfits in society.

Paul is one of these boys. His experience is based on an actual case history. (In this picture feature for *Listen* he is posed and his story reenacted by a professional model.) Breaking windows was his first act of vandalism, but he moved on to whole classrooms, and finally wrecked a store. His hand tremor, having no organic cause, is a convenient ruse he uses to gain sympathy and manipulate his parents into giving him anything he wants.

Rescuing such boys requires the changing of their behavior, but not their personality. This is as difficult as bending steel with one's bare hands! Since the Center was founded in 1851 as the New York City Juvenile Asylum, it has been learning how to reshape dangerously rebellious youngsters into law-abiding, responsible young citizens. In general terms here is how its "rescue" work operates.

The personality of each boy is under continuous study by the staff around him, which is made up of 222 full-time and 34 part-time members, such as psychologists, teachers, and counselors, plus 350 trained volunteers who work under staff supervision. Activities are prescribed to meet each boy's emotional, educational, recreational, and spiritual needs. This is an exhaustive as well as an exhausting task, for some 300 boys live in the Village.

The key function of such guidance is the recommending of activities which most likely will help each boy master his destructive impulses. He must learn to control his own behavior until it has changed.

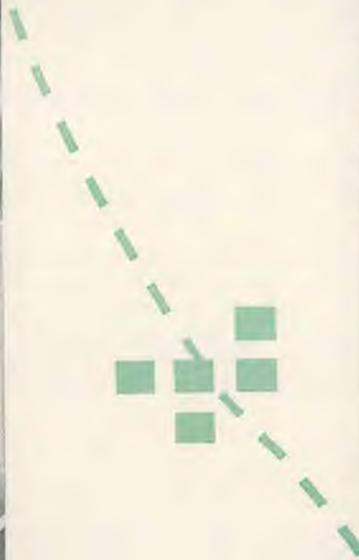
New methods are introduced as the need arises, such as remedial reading. Most of the boys cannot read beyond a second- or third-grade level when they arrive. Volunteers give some 2,000 hours a year teaching reading, and in the summertime, when classes are not compulsory, some 200 boys enroll. These classes are only slightly smaller than the required ones during the rest of the year.

Another new tool which has met with success is group therapy. The notion that people react to one another is foreign to boys at the Village, so sessions aim at getting the youngsters to air their distorted feelings about parents and other key personalities in their lives. Thus they begin to perceive what effect they themselves may have had on these people around them. They begin to understand cause and effect in human relationships, and to realize for the first time that everyone has his strengths and his limitations.

Creative imagination and hard work are required in the Village's play areas, which spread over 400,000 square feet of the Village's 200-acre

(Turn to page 28)

1. Rebellious, isolated Paul finds in Children's Village the companionship he missed in his own low-grade home community.



2. When asked to mend a ping-pong paddle, he feigns a hand tremor, which is ignored by an understanding counselor.

3. Instead of using his remedial reading book for class assignments, Paul attempts to burn it in a wastebasket fire.

4. Paul's parents visit their son's "cottage parents" and learn how to correct situations at home which have contributed to his delinquency.

5. Asked to clear the table, he dashes a plate to the floor, but is required to sweep up the pieces and clean the floor.

6. He flings no more dishes down, even when drying them with the other boys—the lack of parental anger is something surprising to him.

7. Paul and his roommates are required to keep their rooms spick-and-span, a good training for the future when he returns home.

8. At homework sessions, "cottage parents" help their boys according to the individual needs of each one personally.

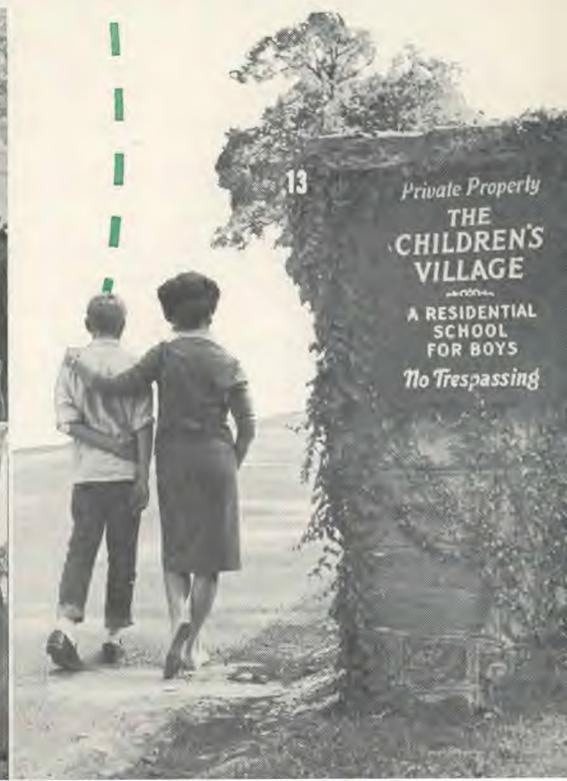
9. A cottage mother occasionally plans a surprise treat for all her boys, thus avoiding jealousy on the part of any of them.

10. Sensitivity to beauty, important in Paul's broadening horizons, is developed in flower beds which he helps plant, cultivate, and weed.

11. Boys at the Village construct their own pioneer fort, accurate in every detail as described in history books.

12. Strong hands, which once itched to throw stones through windows, buck a "mule," throwing Paul, who joins in the fun of bucking off the next boy.

13. Neither walls nor fences surround the Village, but it is alive with hard work, affection, and sincerity. Four out of five of its former hard-case delinquents now lead useful lives in society.



## HOW TO HELP THE ALCOHOLIC AND HIS FAMILY



**Thomas J. Shipp, Pastor**  
Lovers Lane Methodist Church  
Dallas, Texas

With kindness and consideration, Pastor Tom Shipp counsels with an alcoholic at his church office. This step is achieved only after confidence is established with the person needing help.

## *A New Way of Life*

When I was very young I thought a desert was barren because of a lack of fertility in the soil itself. Later I had the privilege of living on a desert, and it didn't take long to discover that this was far from true. It is not lack of fertility in the soil that makes the desert barren, but the drift of the sands. This drift cuts away life, and leaves no opportunity for vegetation to grow. The way to combat this problem is to set up a barrier to stop the drift of the sands. If this is done you will soon see new life begin to take hold—as though by magic.

By the same token, the alcoholic's life is not barren and unfruitful because the man himself is no good, but rather because of the pattern in which his life has drifted. We find that the first help that must be given the alcoholic is to set up barriers that will help to stop the drift of his life—a life that has taken on the appearance of being barren and worthless.

Before the alcoholic will let anyone help him put up these barriers, he must have confidence and trust in the person wishing to help.

How may this be accomplished? How may you avoid

Condensed from the book, *Helping the Alcoholic and His Family*, Thomas J. Shipp. © by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

the mistakes that have been made in this regard in the past?

In the *first* place, both the clergy and the layman have been overcritical. We have been quick to pass judgment and to push the alcoholic down with a "no good" label, pointing our long finger at him as though he were an outcast. Should the average congregation find out that a certain individual was an alcoholic, they would immediately pass moral judgment and become unkind, impatient, and intolerant, rather than understanding and helpful.

One must remember that no man can actually be helped by pointing out his wrongs. Practically anyone with average intelligence is well aware of the things he is doing wrong. How well I recall a young baseball player who was on his way to the top, when he hit a slump and could do nothing right. One day during batting practice he asked his coach, "Tell me what I am doing wrong." The coach answered, "I wouldn't do it for anything in the world."

"Why?" asked the ballplayer. The coach replied, "If I tell you what you are doing wrong it will be hard for you to forget the wrong. But I'll be glad to point out the right things you are doing, and we'll sharpen them up

until they outweigh the wrongs." Pointing out another person's wrong does us more good than the person we are trying to help. This is even more true with the alcoholic.

He knows all his shortcomings. He doesn't have to be forewarned of the pending loss of his self-respect, his job, his home, and everything he has. He knows these things far better than you; this may even be the reason he is drinking. He doesn't need a soothsayer to tell him what is going to happen; rather he needs a friend to point a way of hope and give him some idea what he might be able to do to straighten out the remainder of his life—in other words, someone to help him find a better way of life.

The *second* thing to remember in helping people is that you can't help them by ignoring them. Yet this is exactly what we have attempted to do many times in the church. When we discover a person is an alcoholic, we avoid him, ignore him, push him out, and then sit back and wonder why we haven't helped him. We isolate him from our fellowship, make him feel unwelcome, and

many fine points, too, because you could see them all through the skin. I finally made friends with him and nursed him as he slowly regained his health.

The interesting comparison between these two cats is that the fine Persian was never a very good pet, while the mongrel became one of the staunchest friends I have ever had. At first I thought it was a difference in the two animals, but I soon figured out that it was not that at all. Both cats could be sitting on the back steps when I left the house. Within seconds the Persian would be nowhere to be seen, while the alley cat would hang on my heels and follow every step I took. The reason for this was not a fundamental difference in the cats, but rather a difference that was formulated by my actions toward each of them. I had noticed one of them, I had given him attention, I had shown concern. The other cat I had ignored, paid no attention to, given him no love, and even turned my back on him, in the interest of the stray.

*Third*, if you are going to help the alcoholic, you must recognize that there is a difference in building a life and in rebuilding one. There is a great deal of difference in building a new house and in remodeling an old one. If you are going to build a new home, you can draw your plans and construct the house the way you wish. But if you are going to remodel a house, there are many factors which must be taken into consideration, and you must work with that which has already been constructed. You may find walls in places that you do not desire, but before you begin to knock out those walls, you must find out what they may be holding up. If you should knock out certain walls, the whole house may collapse on you.

The same is true with the alcoholic. Before you start to remove certain things from within his life, you had better find out why they are there, and what meaning they have to him. Many people (Turn to page 29)



Gradually the alcoholic, in learning the therapy of prayer, is led to a recognition of dependence on a Power that is higher than himself.

With new assurance this victim of drink is now ready to develop new interests and direction in life without dependence on alcohol beverages.

then have been puzzled as to why we have lost him. You who are married know that you did not fall in love with your wife by ignoring her, you fell for her by giving her your best attention. Take your best friend, ignore him time after time and see how long he will remain active in your fellowship. Yet this is what we have done with the alcoholic.

Let me illustrate what I mean: When I was a boy I lived on a farm, and a neighbor gave me a very fine pedigreed Persian cat, complete with papers. On the same day I received the gift I happened to find an old alley cat in the lot behind the barn. Apparently he had been tossed out of a passing car. This particular cat had





# Ernest C. Manning --

## Premier of Alberta

Interview by Dieter Hain



Travelers on their way north from the United States often drive through Alberta, the oil-rich Canadian province which provides the only all-paved route to Mile "O" of the famed Alaska Highway. Chances are that the motorists will take advantage of the many newly erected camp shelters along the way, and feast their eyes on the endless fields of swaying grain often dotted with oil rigs, storage tanks, and flaring gas wells.

While impressed by Alberta's scenery and wealth, few visitors realize that the present degree of prosperity enjoyed by its 1,370,000 citizens has been largely encouraged by the government of Premier Ernest C. Manning. Since becoming the youngest cabinet minister of the Crown in the Commonwealth at the age of twenty-six, he has given uninterrupted leadership to his province, first as minister of industry and development, and for the past twenty years in his present capacity.

Today more than 9,200 oil wells scattered across Alberta boast a production potential of one million barrels per day, and 2,000 gas wells assure reserves in excess of thirty trillion cubic feet, almost 85 percent of Canada's total. Public and private investments are one and a half times the per capita national figure, while revenue from provincially owned mineral rights has skyrocketed past the one-and-a-half-billion-dollar mark, giving Alberta a debt-free status with a present surplus of three hundred million dollars.

Small wonder that the premier enjoys a popularity at the polls unequalled anywhere else in the Dominion. He has victoriously led his Social Credit party through six

provincial elections, the most recent one in June, 1963, when he reduced the opposition to a mere three in the sixty-three-seat provincial legislature.

His success seems due primarily to the way he has implemented the premise of his party, which holds that the individual citizen must be permitted to share the benefits of good management. Steering clear of the welfare state, Premier Manning has maintained a progressive program of road building, educational endowments, the introduction of a government hospitalization program at an individual coinsurance cost of less than \$2 per resident, the erection of more than 300 roadside camp shelters, and the completion of forty-six senior citizens' homes with four more to follow soon. In these homes aging citizens receive excellent care, the best of food, and freedom to come and go as they please, for only \$65 per month.

But there is another side to this remarkable success story. Premier Manning is known far and wide as a man who stands up for conviction and high moral principles.

When Albertans went to the polls in 1957 to decide whether or not to increase their liquor outlets, the premier went on radio to register his personal convictions in favor of a "dry" vote. Himself a total abstainer, he often now recalls good-naturedly how embarrassed hotel managers rush to provide ginger ale for him when he visits their premises.

Alberta is one of the two Canadian provinces which still ban all liquor advertising on radio and television and in the public press. At official government dinners,

no alcoholic beverages are served. The rate of alcoholism in the province is more than halfway down the scale of the national average.

Says the premier, "In this age of electronic computers the human mind continues to be unchallenged in its limitless potential. Anything that impairs the working of the mind is undesirable and out of place. Alcoholic beverages are detrimental to the well-being of both mind and body. In more than twenty-eight years in public life I have had more than ordinary opportunity to witness the far-reaching injurious effects of drinking on family, community, and business life."

Commenting on the glamorized image of the social drinker, he is quick to dismiss this sales gimmick of the industry by pointing out the precarious foundation upon which it rests. "While I have never seen a man made a better man, husband, father, or businessman, by the use of alcohol, I have known many where the reverse has been obvious.

"Personally," he continues, "I have never found it a handicap to my political success to say 'No, thanks!' when liquor is offered to me. On the contrary, I believe people respect strong personal convictions."

The introduction of social drinking into the home is, in his opinion, a most "glaring inconsistency." Parents who complain about the alarming increase of drinking among teen-agers ought to remember that they themselves predispose their offspring to alcoholism in this way, he maintains.

While the premier prefers to teach total abstinence

from all bad habits by his own powerful example rather than by imposing his views on others, he has nevertheless struck upon a most effective way to further the cause of high morals. Every Sunday morning he goes on the air for sixty minutes, over seventeen radio stations from coast to coast, and conducts his well-known program, the "Back to the Bible Hour." The broadcast, with an estimated one million listeners, is now in its thirty-eighth year. For the past fourteen years Mr. Manning has been the key speaker, with Mrs. Manning playing the piano.

The secular press often quotes Premier Manning as being in favor of a clear sense of values for young people. In a recent article printed by the *Edmonton Journal*, one of Alberta's most widely read dailies, the premier went on record as being "against scrapping standards." Asked to comment on this remark, he explained: "As long as the future generation is led to believe that 'sin' is merely a matter of opinion, there is little hope that the complex problems confronting the human race will ever be solved. The important thing is to lead man back to the eternal verities of Scripture."

It is refreshing to note the response to this philosophy in his own family. His eldest son, Preston, twenty-one, an honor student at the University of Alberta, also delivers brief sermons on his father's program, and like him, neither smokes nor drinks. According to the *Toronto Star Weekly Magazine*, Preston may well be next in line for the provincial premiership after his father lays down the reins.

Public devotion to the premier (Turn to page 34)

Right—Premier and Mrs. Manning are honored with the presentation of an illuminated scroll on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, by admirers.

Below—Premier Manning (center, back) meets with his cabinet; growth demands planning.

Below right—the government center of the booming province of Alberta is at colorful Edmonton.



## Percodan, Politics, and Physicians



William L. Roper

ARE TOO MANY American physicians today prescribing Percodan and other addictive drugs without realizing their dangerous habit-forming potentials?

California's attorney general, Stanley Mosk, believes they are. And his strenuous efforts to tighten prescription controls on Percodan, a pain-killing narcotic, have focused the spotlight on hidden dangers in this neglected facet of the nation's drug problem, dangers which are not confined to California but are nationwide in scope.

In addition to alerting the public to the habit-forming, morphinelike characteristics of Percodan, the California controversy has served to identify the powerful political and commercial forces now opposing drug-control legislation. With enormous slush funds for lobbying and propaganda, these forces, according to the California attorney general, constitute a growing threat to the nation's health.

Mosk charges that manufacturers and distributors of Percodan spent \$300,000 in defeating his proposed drug-control legislation at the last session of the California state legislature, and that some legislators are "more concerned with the vested drug interests than with protecting public health."

The fight to control the sale of Percodan brought to light the reason many physicians were not aware of the dangerous characteristics of the drug. Witnesses testified that in 1955 the manufacturers of the narcotic had, without notifying the Food and Drug Administration, stopped warning against indiscriminate use of the drug. Earlier brochures of the Endo Laboratories, makers of the drug, had stated:

"The habit-forming potentialities of Percodan approach those of morphine more closely than those of codeine. The same care should therefore be exercised when using Percodan as when morphine is prescribed."

Testifying on this point at the legislative hearing, Dr. Mozes Lewenstein, chief of the company's narcotic divi-

sion, explained that in later brochures the statement was modified to say only that Percodan "may be habit-forming."

Following this disclosure, the Federal Food and Drug Administration has ordered the Endo Laboratories to return to the company's original practice of printing addiction warnings in advertising Percodan. In the meantime, much harm has been done. California officials estimate that there are probably 3,000 or more Percodan addicts in that state alone, many of them victims of prescription carelessness.

Yet despite the fact that Attorney General Mosk, Governor Edmund G. Brown, and State Narcotics Bureau Chief John E. Storer believe that Percodan addiction has reached an alarming point in California, and that tighter drug controls are urgently needed, the state legislature has rejected the proposed legislation. The habit-forming drug is also still on the oral prescription list nationally.

What does this mean? How can an orally prescribed narcotic injure you or me or a member of our family?

Let's take the case of a young North Hollywood, California, housewife. During a recent illness, a physician prescribed Percodan as a pain-killer. She took the pills innocently without knowing their addictive effect. Later she discovered to her dismay that she was "hooked." After pleading unsuccessfully with her physician for one more prescription, she began forging prescriptions by telephone, and stealing in order to get the drugs she craved. Eventually her changed personality and neglected homelife involved her in serious trouble, and she was placed in a state institution.

It was cases such as this that brought Attorney General Mosk to the realization that something should be done to curb the indiscriminate and careless prescription of Percodan. He realized that many physicians considered it an extremely important and valuable analgesic, or pain-killer. He knew, too, that (Turn to page 31)

To teen-agers:  
A word in time  
may save you  
trouble  
later on.

Ellen Gravino



## What It Means to Have a Police Record

ISN'T EVERYONE entitled to one mistake in life? Well, perhaps everyone should be, but that isn't the way it usually turns out. Once a man has committed a crime, he generally has a long, hard struggle if he wants to "go straight," and he often doesn't make it.

Fifty-five percent of those men now committed to penal and correctional institutions have previously served terms for antecedent crimes. Of the state and Federal prisoners committed in one year for robbery, 55 percent had previous institutional records; for burglary, 60 percent; and for automobile theft, 62 percent.

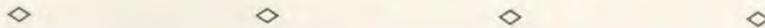
Not all of these men wanted to commit another crime. The statement, "Once a crook always a crook," is not necessarily true, but society forces some men to make it so. Many of these men have heard such statements as these while trying to get a job: "Sorry, but it's against the principles of our organization to employ ex-convicts," or, "We don't hire people with a police record; it's too much of a risk." Even if a man wants to "go straight" and has enough ambition to make a great effort, he may find himself confronted with so many obstacles that reformation is almost impossible. He may be denied the opportunity to earn a living, and be compelled to turn back to crime in order to survive.

Often, when someone with a criminal record is hired by an organization, he is the first person accused if an act of dishonesty is committed. If the organization was not aware he had a record, it is almost certain to discover this fact during the investigation of the crime. The ex-convict may be fired even if he is proved innocent of this particular act. To everyone, he is just another "ex-con" who can't be trusted.

Have you ever filled out an application, perhaps for a job or loan, and seen the question, "Do you have a police record?" Many applications ask this question. Doesn't such a question give you the impression that if your answer was Yes, you wouldn't get the job or loan? A friend of mine, who was working in the personnel office of a large store, told me that one day a man came in to apply for a job. While filling out an application, all of a sudden he just put it down and walked out. He had answered all the questions up to the one asking about a police record. Apparently he had a record and knew he wouldn't get the job.

When a man leaves prison, his greeting from society is anything but pleasant. Employment is not his only problem. No type of organization wants him, and many of his friends won't stick by him. His family may suffer also. His children may be teased, and his wife avoided. Perhaps he committed the crime to keep his family from suffering because of lack of money. Perhaps he needed the money because of an illness in the family or to pay another debt. Whatever the reason, by committing a crime, he has caused them even greater heartbreak.

An act of wrongdoing may take but a moment. A law may be broken in anger, or as a result of frustration, weariness, or fear. But that one moment of weakness must be lived with for a lifetime. This is the painful truth which should be impressed on all young people.



*Offering prizes of \$500, the New Haven County (Connecticut) Sheriffs' Association last year sponsored a student essay contest on the topic, "What It Means to Have a Police Record." Says New Haven Sheriff J. Edward Slavin, "There is a stigma in having a police record." He is approaching this problem with a long-range, positive program—trying to impress upon youth early in their lives the handicap a police record actually is.*

*First prize in the essay contest went to Ellen Gravino of Mount Vernon, New York, student at the Southern Connecticut State College. Listen herewith features her essay, and commends it to the reading of every young person who seriously desires to avoid trouble and make a success of his life.*

# SUDDENLY-- IT CRASHED!

Eloise Engle

## *The dramatic story of the military's most decorated unit—the Air Rescue Service*

THAT BEAUTIFUL Sunday afternoon at the Wilmington, North Carolina, Airport was a perfect day for the Civil Air Patrol air show and display of military aircraft. Music jangled over the loudspeaker, punctuated by announcements of upcoming events. Children munched hot sandwiches and scattered popcorn along the grassy slopes and spectator stands.

To the curious crowds gathered around the shiny new aircraft, peering into cockpits, marveling at the shapes and sizes of things, one aircraft caused quite an array of comments. "Looks like a box with a tail and a fan on it."

Captain Jack Armstrong chuckled as he heard such remarks. From time to time he explained to spectators that this new H-43B Huskie helicopter was especially designed for fire suppression and rescue work, and that he had flown it to Wilmington for this occasion. Most of that afternoon he sat around on the ramp with his copilot, crew chief, two firemen, and flight surgeon, and enjoyed the aerial acrobatics of the famed "Thunderbirds."

To make themselves more comfortable, they had "borrowed" the helicopter's seat cushions and were now anticipating the next big act, a sky-diving exhibition by the Army's parachute team from Fort Bragg. For the entire copter crew it was a relief to have a day off and to know that their "bird" behind the ropes was there for display purposes only.

As they watched the C-123 carrying the Army jumpers race down the runway and take off, television cameras ground away. The crowd squinted into the sunlight with anticipation. Suddenly, at an altitude of about 300 feet, the giant plane fell off on one wing, leveled out

momentarily, then hit the ground in a more or less level attitude.

"They're in trouble," Jack yelled. "Let's go!"

Batteries fixed! Circuit breakers checked! Seat cushions back in! Now they pushed the helicopter out past the ropes, away from the static display area to a spot from which they could take off. It had happened so fast it was hard to believe. Push, man, push! The Marine crew of an H-37 helped. There were at least fifty feet to go. Harder! Harder! Already flames from 2,000 gallons of spilled gasoline were engulfing the hapless C-123. Fifteen men lay trapped in a fiery inferno, unless the deadly fumes and flames could be controlled, and fast.

*One-and-a-half minutes from the time of the crash, the H-43B was hovering over the burning plane!* The fire, bad in the center section, was now starting to fill the cockpit. There was only one thing to do—hover near the cockpit so that the rotor wash would keep the fire away from the men inside. But something had to be done about the fire itself and about the trapped and injured men. Dare he land his firemen and his flight surgeon? Each time Jack backed off, the fire rolled back into the cockpit.

"I can't land you yet," he said through his headset. The Marine helicopter was on its way, along with others which

**"Firebird Roger!"** Now it's a run for the copter. Alert crews work in seconds, not minutes, in order to save the lives of their fellow airmen.



## "THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE"

"It is my duty as a member of the Air Rescue Service to save life and to aid the injured. I will be prepared at all times to perform my assigned duties quickly and efficiently, placing these duties before personal desires and comforts. These things I do that others may live."—Air Rescue Service Code.

*Men of the Air Rescue Service are all career military people, dedicated not to combat but to saving life and property whenever and wherever they are in peril. They risk their own lives and endure incredible hardships in training as well as in actual missions so that they may live up to the code of the Air Force's Air Rescue Service.*

*A.R.S. has become one of the most highly decorated units since its formation in 1946. Says Colonel Richard Kight, A.R.S.'s first commander, "Once you're a Rescueman, you're a missionary for life. If it could be done on a voluntary basis, A.R.S. could be manned three times over."*

*Such sentiments, along with the simple list of 180 men of A.R.S. who have lost their lives in the fulfillment of their pledge, remind newcomers of the Service's proud history.*

*Flying 43,000 missions, A.R.S. has saved 8,000 civilians from certain death, aided and brought to safety 52,000 others. The most decorated United Nations unit of the Korean War, A.R.S. rescued 9,680 fighting men, 996 of them from behind enemy lines. Each day the total of "saves" inches up. Each day the men of A.R.S. prevent accidents by "talking in" the pilot of a crippled or lost bird, by "duckbutting" (escorting) jet fighters over the ocean, by standing twenty-four-hour alerts at their local base rescue units scattered all over the world.*

*Now in the space age, they cover contingency areas where the astronaut may splash down. They recover space hardware and film cassettes from the air and from the oceans so that scientists can study the effects of the space shot.*

*Rescue is a highly complex business and will become even more so as we reach out into space. Who will rescue the astronaut whose retro-rockets do not fire properly? Will our spacemen be doomed to orbit forever should some malfunction of their ship prevent their return to earth? Not if Air Rescue Service has anything to say about it.*

*Says Brigadier General Adriel N. Williams, Air Rescue Service's new commander, "Accidents are bound to happen, particularly during takeoffs and landings. We will do everything in our power to keep our service upgraded so that we can care for spacecraft accidents of the future as we have aircraft disasters of the past. Aerospace rescue? Of course. If people are out there, somebody's got to be prepared to go get them should they get into trouble."*

*A.R.S., with men like Captain Kneen, will do the job well.*

would be used for rescue and evacuation of the victims. Jack's best bet was to keep things cool until he dared to land.

Finally, in desperation, he landed his crew and returned to hover over the burning aircraft. Later, his fireman who had gone to the assistance of the pilot and copilot said, "The rotor wash was like a gale blowing through the cockpit and back through the fuselage like a wind tunnel."

Another fireman who was assisting the survivors in the fuselage later said, "The minute you moved away, the place was so filled with smoke and fire I couldn't work."

Armstrong hovered over the crash for about twenty minutes. Then came the tricky business of flying the survivors to a hospital. Recalling the episode, Jack said, "We backed off and evacuated two people to the hospital, a doctor performing a tracheotomy on one of them on the way. The man was unable to breathe until the doctor made an incision in his throat. He performed the operation with the crew chief's survival knife.

"It was quite hairy. We had three people in that chopper on one trip, and they were all critical. These three people, plus a doctor, crew chief, and there might have been somebody else in there, too. We made an absolute vertical approach into the hospital and landed on one side of a tennis court. I don't believe we had more than six to eight feet in clearing the building itself. It was a many-storied building right in the center

of town, and we went right down the side of the building, barely clearing the side of it. The tennis court was more like a volleyball court."

Captain Jack Armstrong and his crew could well be proud of their work that day. Of fifteen men trapped in a burning airplane twelve survived, thanks to the cool courage and training of the Air Rescuemen who flew that "box with the tail and a fan on top."

Men working in these rescue units have a tough life, an exacting schedule, but they have the satisfaction of saving many lives. They have worked as much as 120 hours a week in order to maintain a twenty-four-hour, round-the-clock alert. And their sole purpose is to save lives in emergency situations. This is well expressed in their motto, "That others may live."

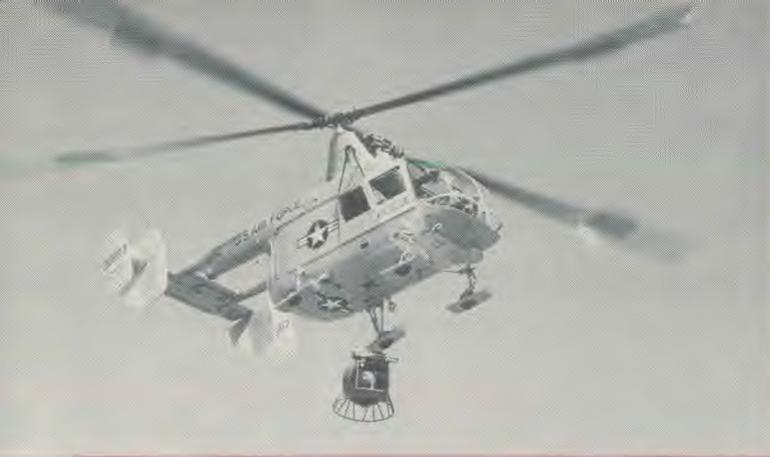
"There is no room for error or sloppy flying," says Captain John Kneen, who has spent many years in Air Rescue Service. "When lives are at stake, including the personnel in your aircraft and those whom you are attempting to save, you must be in shape physically and mentally, and of course you need to be proficient with your aircraft. Air Rescue Service has set down hard rules for us to follow as to personal habits, but the motivation for helping a fellow in trouble is so great that nobody quarrels with the program. You are either 'right' for Rescue, or you'd better find some other field."

Captain Kneen should know what he is talking about. Likely he will never forget that day not so long ago when the red telephone rang, announcing trouble.

He listened tightly as the crisp voice from the tower described the emergency. An RB-47 was coming in on runway three zero. "Pilot has one napalm incendiary bomb still attached to aircraft. He has pulled his re-

**"Roger and go!" Captain Kneen releases the brake, engages the rotors, picks up the fire-suppression kit. In ninety-two seconds, Local Base Rescue is on its way. Seated by him is the medic.**





The H-43B helicopter is the workhorse of the Air Rescue Service, ready to save life in an instant.



Before thousands of shocked spectators and television viewers, a C-123 carrying an Army parachute team crashed near the runway at Wilmington, North Carolina. Within one and a half minutes, an air rescue crew, headed by pilot Captain Jack Armstrong, was hovering over the burning airplane. Downwash of the rotors enabled firemen to rescue twelve out of the fifteen victims.

In the "alert pit," Captain Kneen must be ready for an immediate scramble should emergency arise. Meanwhile, paper work must be done.



lease switches on this, but we have no idea what will occur on touchdown."

Realistic visions flooded over Captain Kneen as he shot back his reply. The RB-47 and the rescue helicopter could both be blown sky-high. His voice remained calm as he replied: "Roger Eglin Tower. Understand one napalm bomb possibly deploying on touchdown. Pilot unable to get rid of this object. Is this affirmative?"

"Firebird Roger. He has tried all kinds of maneuvers to release this napalm bomb but found it impossible to do so."

Now it was a run for the "bird." Kneen settled into his pilot's seat, the mechanic started up the power unit, the two firemen donned their equipment and got inside with their helmets on—all in thirty seconds!

Ready for takeoff? The medic settled into the copilot's seat.

"Roger and go!" Kneen released the brake, engaged rotors, picked up the fire suppression kit, and in ninety-two seconds local base rescue was on its way.

"Eglin Tower. This is Firebird [Firebird is only used for fire-suppression missions]. Request immediate clearance for emergency scramble on aircraft coming in."

"Roger Firebird."

Firemen in the back of the chopper listened carefully to the conversations between the pilot and the tower through the radios fitted into their helmets. No one liked the thought of a powerful napalm bomb ready to explode, especially when they were in a helicopter hovering immediately over it. They knew Captain Kneen well, because air rescue people are a tightly knit group, deeply devoted to the job. They knew he was a highly skilled pilot, yet this was a tremendously sensitive spot to be in. Listening again to the radio talk they heard:

"I've just departed west. I'm north of east-west runway three zero. Request clearance to cross over to the south side of runway three zero."

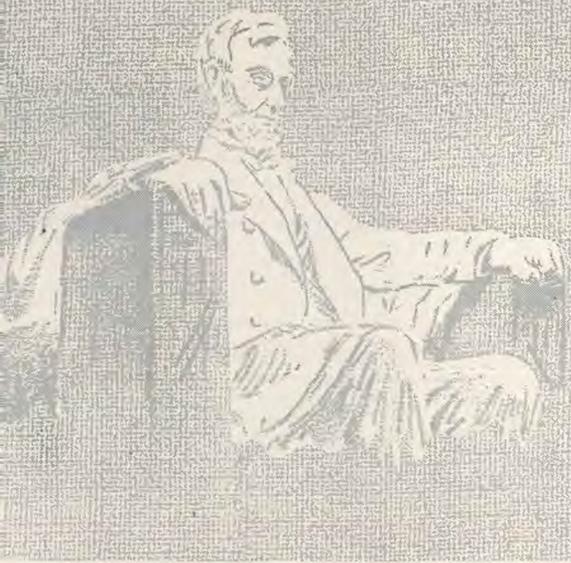
"Roger Firebird. You are clear to cross. Make immediate pass."

Now they were poised for Captain Kneen's instructions to put on their fire-fighting hoods. There were all kinds of possibilities on what could happen in the next few seconds. If the pilot could not blow the canopy, or if he could not get it open by using the electrical releases, the firemen would have to go in the hard way, working in seconds and not minutes, if the pilot were to live through an explosion.

The bomb did not go off. The RB-47 pilot was able to taxi to runway number three, and insert his safety pins on the bomb. It might have been disastrous, but Captain Kneen and his men were prepared, no matter what.

The father of five lively children, Captain Kneen neither drinks now nor ever has. "Once I thought I'd wait until I was twenty-one. Then I decided to put it off until I was twenty-two. Now I think it is pointless to begin. People won't give you a bad time about your personal habits. And in Air Rescue, it's the job that counts."

Captain Kneen was once awarded the Scroll of Honor for flying a medic ninety miles out to sea and putting him on a Navy destroyer to care for a critically injured seaman. The sailor's life was saved, a good reason for choosing a career that is this demanding.



# Did Abraham Lincoln Drink "Old Crow"?

Joseph G. Smoot  
Department of History  
Columbia Union College

DANIEL WEBSTER called Old Crow whiskey "the finest in the world." It is reported that Old Crow Distillery Company paid \$250 for documentation to that statement. It also offers the same amount of money for evidence that other prominent nineteenth-century Americans favored its Kentucky bourbon as "America's own whiskey."

The company, established in 1835, claims that other political, military, and literary men expressed a preference for Old Crow. Among them are three United States Presidents, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, and Ulysses S. Grant, who have appeared in Old Crow advertisements. Two unsuccessful Presidential candidates, Henry Clay, a personal friend of James Crow, the distiller, and John C. Breckinridge, have also been linked with the whiskey.

In this effort to establish a distinguished historical clientele the company claims "these great men—indeed, all America of the nineteenth century—welcomed Old Crow." Actually all America could not have preferred Old Crow because "all America" did not drink. Not even all great Americans "welcomed" Old Crow. One of the greatest, Abraham Lincoln, certainly had no preference for Old Crow, or any other brand of whiskey. The Lincoln story inspires so many people that a view of Lincoln's relationship to liquor will form an interesting and instructive chapter in his life.

Lincoln early came into contact with Kentucky whiskey. His father drank, although moderately, and his uncle froze to death in a snowbank while drunk. When the Lincolns crossed the Ohio River, moving to Indiana from Kentucky in 1816, they took ten barrels of distilled spirits with them. Thomas Lincoln had invested the money he received for selling his Kentucky farm in whiskey, hoping to resell at a profit in Indiana.<sup>1</sup>

Lincoln grew to manhood in Indiana, and he learned to drink along with the other boys. Frontier social gatherings, such as cornhuskings and logrollings, generally included the whiskey barrel. One of his friends said, "Abe drank his dram, as well as all others did, preachers and Christians included." Frontier preachers often took a shot of whiskey for their presermon jitters, but they had to preach dry at Lincoln's home where they sometimes met on Sunday. Thomas Lincoln refused to serve liquor to the church crowd. Probably Abe never drank as much as his friends did, even though he worked a part of one winter in his brother-in-law's still.<sup>2</sup>

Young Abraham Lincoln again turned west in 1831, to frontier Illinois, where liquor was widely used. He had stopped drinking by this time, although the opportunity to use whiskey confronted him in whatever he did. He led a company in the Black Hawk War and he ran for public office

in 1832, but he neither drank with his soldier friends nor with prospective voters.<sup>3</sup>

Lincoln did participate in two storekeeping ventures at New Salem, Illinois, but he did not run a "grocery," a term used then for a store that sold liquor by the drink. General stores stocked whiskey as a staple item as they stocked sugar, coffee, tobacco, and gunpowder.<sup>4</sup> Lincoln declared in 1858 in the Lincoln-Douglas debates that he had never operated a grocery in New Salem.<sup>5</sup> The antiprohibition forces after World War I distorted history when they inaccurately cast Lincoln in a bartender's role.

In 1834 Lincoln began his career in the Illinois General Assembly, serving four consecutive terms. The temperance forces had begun to pressure the legislature to pass more stringent regulatory laws for the sale of alcoholic beverages, such as high licensing fees, a heavy bond, and a provision later called local option. Lincoln voted against these measures. He did not believe in the enforcement of temperance by law.<sup>6</sup> Whether Lincoln considered this a moral principle or a political reality, one cannot say.

Although he refused to sanction legislated prohibition, Lincoln did believe in the temperance movement. He had become acquainted with a temperance advocate while living in Indiana and had even written a temperance article. About the age of eighteen, he determined to pursue a course of total abstinence from alcohol and stuck to his resolve with remarkable fortitude even when he reached the Presidency. Lincoln's only sister, Sarah, died in childbirth in 1828. The first doctor to attend her had been drunk, and she died before the sober doctor arrived. Perhaps this helped to influence his decision to leave strong drink alone.<sup>7</sup>

Lincoln had no connection with the temperance movement in Illinois in the 1830's, but became closely connected with the Washington Temperance Society and the Sangamon Temperance Union in the 1840's. He believed the reformed drunkard the best temperance advocate and regarded the temperance movement as one of the most significant revolutions of his day. He believed the greatest victory would occur when no slave or drunkard walked the earth. Probably the best evidence to suggest Lincoln's realization that any attempt to legislate prohibition might not make a good political background, involved the slavery issue. He wanted to use legislation to prevent slavery from spreading to the territories, but not to use legislation to free those enslaved to alcohol. The first issue commanded a solid majority in Illinois while the latter would cause controversy. In his temperance addresses he called for total abstinence and advised young people to sign the temperance pledge.<sup>8</sup>

By the 1850's Lincoln had ceased his open advocacy for

temperance, although he did nothing to offend the prohibition faction of the Whig and Republican parties. Neither did he participate in their drive for the enactment of a statewide prohibition law in Illinois.<sup>9</sup>

During these years of increasing political activity, Lincoln continued to abstain from alcoholic beverages. He never kept liquor in his home as a beverage, although he made occasional purchases for medicinal purposes. This strong course of personal conviction with regard to drinking did not prevent him from associating during his life with some men who drank excessively. He hated drunkenness, but apparently would not rebuke his friends, nor did he desert them when they became heavy drinkers. Besides, they listened to his stories! In his law practice he defended the saloonkeeper along with the reformer. He made no distinction between his friends and clients, or the social functions he attended where liquor was served. He often gave toasts at these occasions, but probably no more than touched the glass to his lips. Political life seemed to demand all this.<sup>10</sup>

Lincoln reached the Presidency by this careful course of not offending the various reform groups which had finally united under the antislavery banner in the 1850's. Had he favored some particular reform group, this would have tended to place him in a peripheral position. He did not lose sight of his personal convictions on drinking, however. When he received the Republican party nomination for President in 1860, he refused to continue the tradition of serving whiskey to the committee which came to notify him of his nomination. In writing about this, Lincoln said: "Having kept house sixteen years, and having never held the 'cup' to the lips of my friends then, my judgment was that I should not, in my new position, change my habit in this respect."<sup>11</sup>

What does this Lincoln story reveal? First, it certainly shows that he had no preference for Old Crow. Indeed, one of the admirable features it shows is that Lincoln was a man who, though continually surrounded by liquor and those who drank it, had the strength of character to realize its evil while still a young man, and practice total abstinence. Although he advocated temperance, he believed people must decide to practice temperance and not be forced by law to do so.

To be honest, it also reveals the political astuteness of Lincoln, who realized that direct association with any one reform group would hurt his rising political fortunes. Pressures on men in public office sometimes cause them to refrain

from speaking and acting on their convictions. Lincoln, however, had other business than merely espousing the cause of temperance. He hated slavery. After he became President, his Secretary of State, William H. Seward, remarked to a British visitor that he never understood how Lincoln became President since he neither smoked nor drank. Lincoln replied with one of his anecdotes, saying a man had once told him that a person without any vices often had few virtues. This reveals Lincoln's unwillingness to make any personal claim for a virtuous life.<sup>12</sup>

Lincoln's story reveals how this remarkable man lived true to his own convictions and reached the highest office the country could bestow. It reveals problems, too. Young people may aspire to important positions in public life, but social pressures to drink and smoke may cause them to retreat from their resolves. The "Lincolns" who survive such social pressures may form a minority, but their influence is greater than their mere numbers may indicate.

During the Civil War, when great burdens pressed in on President Lincoln, he also had to attend to daily business. On one of these occasions he addressed a temperance group at the White House. He told them he had made temperance speeches as a young man and had not betrayed his convictions on temperance in later life.

All of this evidence taken together shows, therefore, why the Old Crow Distillery Company has been unable to place Abraham Lincoln with a bottle of Old Crow in one of their advertisements.<sup>13</sup>

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4. *Ibid.*, pages 25, 30-38.
5. Roy P. Basler, ed., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 8 vols. (New Brunswick, 1953), vol. 3, p. 16.
6. Townsend, *Lincoln and Liquor*, pages 40-51.
7. *Ibid.*, pages 16-21.
8. Basler, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, vol. 1, pp. 271-279, 343.
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10. *Ibid.*, pages 90-112.
11. Basler, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, vol. 4, p. 75. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, 4 vols. (New York, 1939), vol. 2, pp. 232-233.
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## Get a Garden

"If you would be happy a day, get fame; if you would be happy three days, get married; . . . if you would be happy forever, get a garden," an old Chinese proverb says.

I have discovered the truth of this adage.

In sheer desperation I became a gardener, with scarcely an acquaintance with any plants beyond common sweet peas, roses, and nasturtiums. But few would ever make a garden if they waited until they knew all about it, so I passed the word about our village, "I'm going to make a garden."

Soon I became the recipient of many gifts from experienced gardeners—what they liked best, had too much of, or wanted to be rid of. At first my garden was a museum of castoffs, but during the next ten years it gradually took on my personality, and I learned gardening.

I learned the wonderful feel of good soil under my hands, and the release of tensions while handling this soil. I learned the thrill of the first signs of spring in my own garden plot,

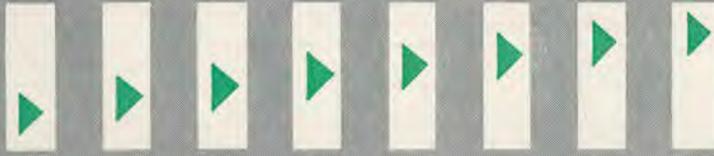
of old plants putting forth new growth, of the joy of planting in properly prepared seedbeds and watching the seeds break through the ground. Also, I learned to do my part in making these seedlings grow into healthy plants that produced their miracle of harvest, and felt the healing satisfaction of having a share in the divine plan.

It wasn't long before I observed that plants need love to make them grow, that the so-called "green thumb" came about by caring enough to give individual attention to each plant. Sometimes this meant hard, even quite back-bending work and honest sweat, but it also brought the most soul-rewarding joy I have ever known.

What is lovelier than my garden, or your garden, on a dewy morning before sunrise! On such mornings the sheer beauty of unfolding flowers brings a catch to my throat and tears of joy to my eyes. I feel sure that God walks close beside me there. I give thanks for the learning, the strength, and the will to bring forth a garden.

Vera E. Griswold

# THE LAW LOOKS AT



## STUDENT DRINKING

*Some claim that "school kids don't drink," but here this smug contention is examined by an Arizona liquor-control agent, who, because of the nature of his work, remains anonymous.*

Interview by D. E. INGLEE

SCHOOL KIDS *do* drink, and they will keep at it until someone wipes the phony glamour off drinking, so they can see it for what it is.

Universities and colleges have more drinking students than do the high schools. At first that seems entirely logical: The college student is older than the high school pupil, and in many cases he is no longer living under his parents' watchful eyes.

But actually it's not logical at all.

The college student is there because he has evidenced some above-average intelligence, and you would think he'd be smart enough not to jeopardize his degree by some fool drinking stunt. Too, his parents have put up quite a sizable investment to send him there, and it's a shoddy bit of reasoning to endanger that much money merely for a drink. Let's face it: Universities can't teach drunks, and if they suspect a student, they're going to check on him. Of course, the ones we catch off campus and turn in are going to face strict disciplinary action.

How widespread is drinking among minors and juveniles? Alcoholic adventuring—the experimenting with illegal consumption of alcoholic beverages—has been steadily increasing, somewhat in proportion to the population increase at those age levels. But this illicit adventuring on the part of young adults is reaching into homes and families that have never known this problem before.

That's where the real difficulty lies. It isn't that illegal consumption is so much more prevalent; it is striking where we are least able to cope with it. It's not only reaching the hard cases,

the tough guys, but decent boys are getting their hands on a bottle, and sometimes they are sharing the experiment with a nice girl, one they really admire and care about.

When I apprehend a juvenile or a minor who is drinking, if he wakes up to the seriousness of his predicament and wants to do the right thing, you can bet I'll give him every break I can. In this area, a lot of our cases involve university students, and they're a pretty decent bunch on the whole. If they realize that something which started out as a lark actually has some dire consequences, we often figure we can do better for their futures by letting the university officials take the disciplinary action. Their social privileges may be suspended for as much as a semester, a good reminder to the student that he was found untrustworthy. If the circumstances warrant, some have been expelled from the campus for the remainder of that semester, though they could return to class the following year.

I'll never forget one young man whose whole career was jeopardized. When we arrested him, we learned it was his second drinking offense, which is serious enough anyway; but he was belligerent with officers and school officials, and was therefore expelled from school for one term even though he was only three credits away from graduation.

Whenever we have a case of student drinking reported to us, we notify the campus police. They have a real interest in those kids' welfare. And whenever we are making any kind of follow-up investigation on a case they work closely with us, and make the

students we need to question readily available to us. Cooperation is a two-way street, so we do all we can to assist the college officials when they learn of a student offense taking place off campus.

Educators and others interested in youth know that prevention is more lasting than a cure, so they have positive programs under way. More activities and recreation are being planned, both on and off campus. Discussions stressing the illegality of drinking are becoming more important. Virtually as soon as the students enroll, they are advised what the consequences to their school careers will be if they are apprehended drinking. It used to be that only about 30 percent were aware of this as being a crime, but now they have a better understanding of the law.

Incidents involving drinking sometimes leave the impression that all students are drinking. However, one estimate is that a maximum of 25 percent engage in it at some time in their school careers. Those whom we have apprehended have explained that they needed to "blow off steam" somehow. True it is that the most frequent incidents occur early in the fall, as students are adjusting to the new environment, or at a later time, such as after exams, when students have been unusually tense.

We never hear of students drinking alone. It has occurred among couples or in groups of three or more. It most commonly occurs during group picnics or parties. Rarely are students served in public bars, but wherever there is a bartender who is either greedy or gullible and

*(Turn to page 34)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES CONNER

Paul was looking for the bottle of narcotic. That bottle was still in my purse.

## “Never again will I take that shot!”

I poured myself a glass of milk and listened for Paul's shaver. The buzzing ceased. When I heard the shower, I tiptoed into the bedroom. Paul's medical bag stood by the door. Quickly I opened it and in it found a syringe, a needle, and a small bottle of the narcotic.

I fitted the needle to the syringe, plunged the needle into the upturned bottle of narcotic, and extracted four c.c.'s—enough for two shots. I then replaced the bottle and carried the full syringe carefully into the kitchen. If I took one shot now and the other at two, I could perhaps make it until Paul came home. I gave myself an injection, put the syringe on the top shelf of the cupboard, and lay down.

As I lay there waiting and hoping for sleep, I let my mind go back to the beginning of this whole hopeless habit—

My complications following Timmy's stillbirth had been painful ones, during which narcotics were administered to

me around the clock. I had been out of the hospital three weeks when Paul took me to see Timmy's grave. That night I showed my first symptoms of a stomach ulcer. The pain was horrible. Paul tried several medications but none brought relief. Finally, about midnight, he gave me a narcotic injection. The pain eased.

We repeated this pattern many times during the next months. Paul grew increasingly reluctant to give me narcotics, but I would beg until he gave in.

Finally one morning he said No, very firmly. “You have become addicted to narcotics, Claudette. You are using drugs to help you face your grief over losing Timmy.” His voice grew more tender, “I love you, Claudette, but I don't want a wife who is a dope addict.”

His words shocked me. Me, a dope addict! Was that what he thought of me?

“I know I've required a lot of shots,”

I said. “I've worried about it, Paul, but it hurts so.”

“I know, baby,” he said gently. “I lost a son, too.”

“But Paul, my stomach hurts. It really does. I never ask for a shot when it doesn't hurt.”

“I know you don't, honey, but that is the way narcotics work. Your craving for drugs translates itself into the kind of pain that got you the drug at first. You can't tell the difference.”

Maybe Paul was right about the stomach pains. Maybe if I could get completely away from drugs, the stomach pains would stop. We had tried everything else. “I'll stop,” I said. “I won't promise not to ask for something for pain, but if you say No, I won't beg.”

I kept my promise to Paul. At first the pains were bad, but gradually they began to disappear. Later, however, when the specialist told me I couldn't have another baby, almost immediately my stomach began to hurt. Arriving

home, I drank a glass of milk and chewed some pills Paul had left in the medicine cabinet. They didn't help. By the time Paul came in that night I was doubled up with pain.

He gave a long sigh as he settled on the bed. He turned over and was asleep. The pain in my stomach grew more severe.

I carried the medical bag into the bathroom and for the first time gave myself a shot of narcotic. In a few minutes I was floating on a soft cloud, surrounded by fantasies of pink-and-white babies. The pain receded. I slept.

The next day Paul had an early surgery and left before I was really awake. At noon he came home for a hasty dinner and left immediately. A virus epidemic was on. He returned late and fell into bed, exhausted. Again I gave myself a shot.

The epidemic lasted eight days. I hardly saw Paul, but each night his bag was waiting to give me the comfort he was too tired to give.

Finally, after the epidemic was over, Paul called one night to say he would be home early. I prepared his favorite dishes, arranged flowers for the table, and put on my prettiest dress. After

narcotic was almost unbearable. My stomach hurt. My hands trembled. My skin felt pricked all over by a thousand needles. My nerves screamed for relief. Three times during the last year I had tried to stop, but I couldn't stand the reaction that followed.

Nervousness brought me back from my memories of the past year to the present. Obviously I wasn't going to sleep. By sheer willpower I made it till 12:30 before I took the second shot.

The relief that followed was sweet. I slept until four. Paul had said he would be home at six. We were going out for dinner. If I didn't go, Paul would go without me. And I couldn't stay home alone, not without Paul's bag.

When Paul came in, he would have to wash up. Then if I were very quick, I could manage to get to his bag while he was in the bathroom.

At 6:15 he drove in. "Come on, honey, let's hurry," he called from the bedroom door.

"Don't you want to wash up and change your shirt?"

"No time, I have to go by the hospital."

It didn't matter, anyway. He had left his bag in the car.

come," exclaimed the young woman who came to meet him. "Papa complained of a pain in his chest and then collapsed."

The man gripped his chest and moaned.

"Oh, doctor, please help him."

Paul's voice was reassuring. "Will someone call an ambulance?" He turned to his bag. "I'll give him something for the pain. He should be easy by the time the ambulance arrives with some oxygen."

Panic seized me. Paul was looking for the bottle of narcotic. That bottle was still in my purse. I knew from what Paul had told me that the pain of a heart attack could be so severe that a man could die of shock in a few minutes.

I watched Paul search his bag systematically and thoroughly. The man was groaning more loudly.

"Just a little longer, Clint. Hold on. The doctor will help you. Oh, doctor, can't you hurry?"

Suppose without a shot from the bottle that man died? I would have killed him!

Numbly, I took the bottle from my purse and opened the car door. I stepped to Paul's side and placed the

# The Price Is Too Great

Lyslie Means

dinner we would talk. I would confess about the narcotics and he would forgive me.

But after dinner Paul was too tired to talk much. I found I didn't want to talk much, either. Suddenly I realized that more than anything in the world I wanted that little bottle. The thought shocked me! I had better tell Paul at once.

"Paul—" I began.

"Honey, would you mind very much if I went to bed? This has been a hard week."

I was relieved. I picked up a magazine and began to thumb idly through it, listening for Paul's movements in the next room to tell me he had gone to bed.

During the weeks and months that followed, I became adept at studying Paul's habits. I knew exactly when it was safe to prepare a shot from his bag. I developed a sixth sense to tell me where that bag and bottle were. The reaction when I couldn't get the

At the hospital Paul stopped in the doctors' parking lot. I watched him go in at the emergency entrance. He did not have his bag! I glanced over the back of the seat. There it was. Quickly I removed a needle, a syringe, and the little bottle and slipped them into my purse.

There was a nurses' lounge off the back hall. Nobody saw me go in or come out. I had just settled myself in the front seat and turned toward the bag in the back when Paul came out of the hospital. There would be time to replace the bottle and things later. I leaned back and closed my eyes.

"There's an emergency house call out on Oaklawn. It's right on our way."

There were three cars in front of the large old house on Oaklawn. A group of people were gathered around the figure of a large man on a chaise longue under some oak trees. I watched with detached curiosity as Paul, carrying his bag, hurried from the car.

"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you've

bottle in his hand. Quickly he prepared the syringe and plunged the needle into the patient's arm. I stood at his side while we watched the man's breathing return more nearly to normal. His face and body were relaxed when the ambulance pulled into the yard.

We drove in silence.

Finally I said, "Paul, what's the name of the hospital for drug addicts?"

"Do you mean the Federal hospital for narcotic addicts at Lexington, Kentucky?"

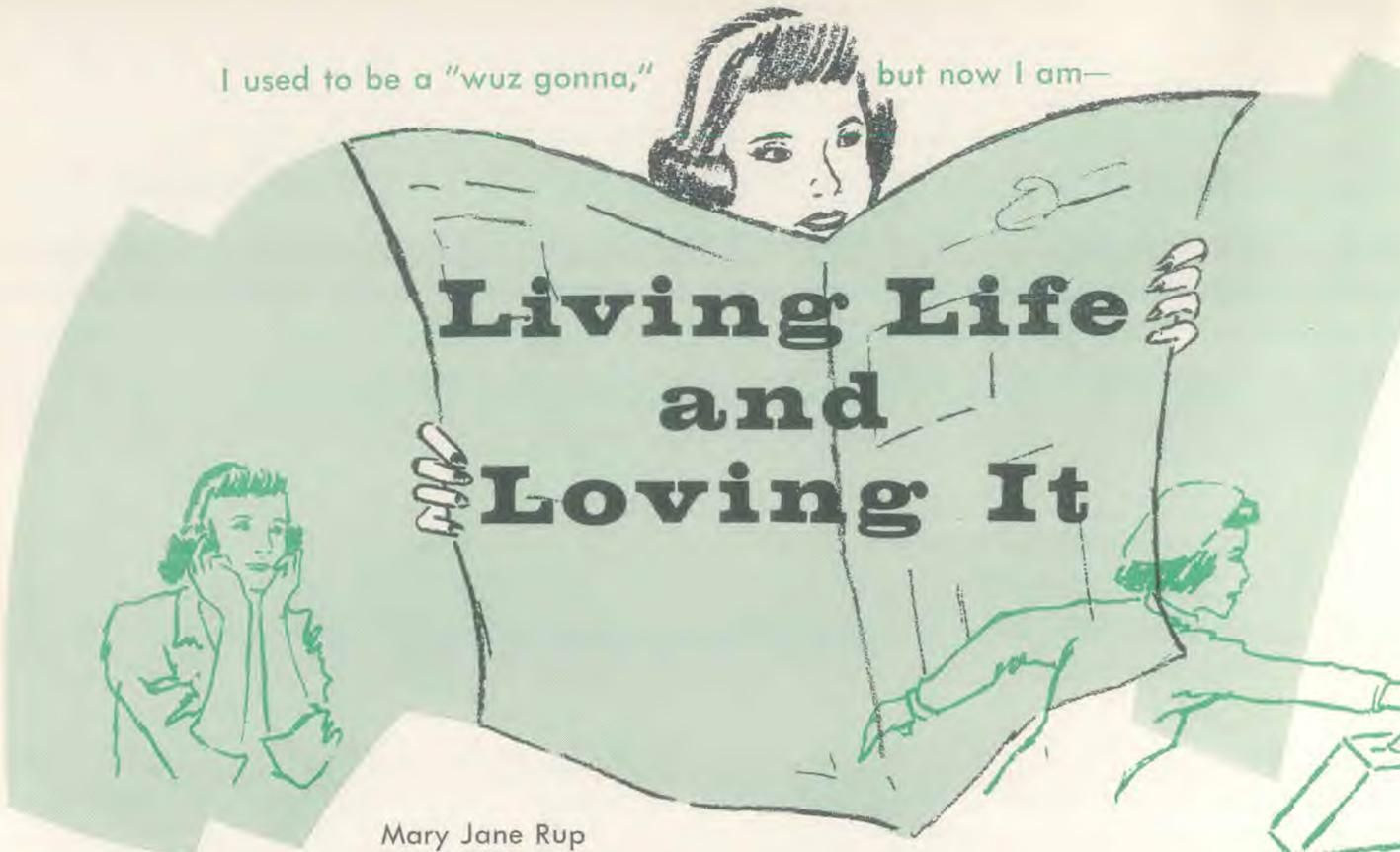
"Yes, Paul. I want to go there. Will you take me?"

"Yes, Claudette, I'll take you there." Paul reached out and drew me to him. "And when you're well, I'll bring you home."

I have been home from Lexington for two years now. I am not cured. I shall never be. My addiction is only arrested. But I will never take one shot from that bag again. The price is too great.

I used to be a "wuz gonna,"

but now I am—



The illustration shows a woman with dark hair reading a newspaper. The newspaper is held open, and the title 'Living Life and Loving It' is printed in large, bold, black letters. To the left of the newspaper, there is a smaller illustration of a woman sitting at a desk, looking thoughtful with her hand to her chin. To the right, another smaller illustration shows a woman sitting at a desk, looking down at a box or book. The entire scene is rendered in a simple, line-art style with a light green background.

# Living Life and Loving It

Mary Jane Rup

Life had become meaningless. Nothing interested me—home, church, husband, children, or friends. I was desperately lonely, frustrated, and bored. A few haphazard attempts to pull myself out of my rut were unsuccessful, and I remained hopelessly lost as the years flew by.

When I had the idea of starting a newspaper column for teen-agers in our local paper, I typed a suggested draft column and "wuz gonna" send it to the editor. I mulled the idea around for weeks as the draft lay in the desk drawer. Day after day I looked at it and did nothing about it. I was shaken when I read an announcement in our local paper that a column for teen-agers, similar to the one I "wuz gonna" suggest, would begin with the new year. Infuriated with myself, I gave my desk a thumping kick and vowed to do something about this parade of nothingness in my life.

I took inventory. After a complete and honest analysis, I realized I had become a "wuz gonna." Thinking back over the wasted years, I sickened at thoughts of what could have been accomplished had I been a doer instead of a "wuz gonna." How I "wuz gonna" start a systematic savings plan but never did; how I "wuz gonna" get those flower bulbs planted when summer came, only to watch the flowers bloom in my neighbors' gardens; how I "wuz gonna" get Dickey to the dentist, only to have his teeth grow in crooked and now pay a staggering bill

for his orthodontic treatments; how I "wuz gonna" go to church services with the children, only to find convenient excuses not to go when the time came.

So, bored with being bored and tired of singing the blues, I decided to start doing things and begin to live again. I realized I couldn't revamp myself overnight. After all, it took me years to get this way. I knew that a self-disciplined program was in order. Armed with this knowledge, I started ahead to become a doer.

A job selling cosmetics to housewives by canvassing door to door seemed to be a good start from inertia. I selected this method as I could choose my own hours of work, leaving time for necessary household chores and enabling me to be at home when the children arrived from school.

It was stimulating. Besides giving me a new interest, I met other women. After weeks of working, meeting and talking with these women, I became appalled at the number of them who felt as I did, who were vegetating as I had been.

Some were genuinely interested in the cosmetics I displayed. They invited me in, browsed through the catalog, and then placed their order. A surprising number I found to be carbons of myself. They began by feigning interest in the products, haphazardly glancing through the catalog, writing an order, and then plunging into the horrors of their existence.

Klatches, but not the "kaffee" kind, were commonplace. The beer can had replaced the china cup. I heard all the laments and excuses that I had been giving to myself. I realized even more that no one is going to come knocking at my door and lead me by the hand away from my stalemated existence, that is, no one but myself.

As I attended church services again with the children, I gradually started feeling an inner warmth, a contentment, a feeling of belonging. As my faith in God returned, I started having faith in myself again. After visiting our local minister, I became active in church and school activities. The sense of accomplishment drove me to want to do more and more.

I'm in training now and love it. I fall asleep each night contented because the day has been full and satisfying.

I gluttonously anticipate the next day's arrival. I'm glad I pushed myself, glad I made the effort, and I'm determined not to fall back into that pitiful pit of pessimism.

On occasion when I find myself weakening somewhat, I grab a garment that needs repairing, or clean out a dresser drawer long overdue, or grab my coat and rush to the nearest library, or start out on my cosmetic route. It is fun. It is rewarding. I don't have the time now for sitting around feeling blue and bored. Instead of living life and loathing it, I'm living life and loving it like I always "wuz gonna."



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## DRIVING IN THE DARK

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*(Continued from page 9)*

coming toward you flicks his lights, check to see if: (a) You have your upper beam on. (b) Your lights are not turned on. (c) A light is burned out. (d) Lights are not adjusted properly.

4. Keep your windows clean for good vision. All of us are aware of how much the haze and glare caused by lights shining on dirty glass can cut down visibility after dark. Too many motorists wait until they get to a service station or some other convenient place to clean their windows. The trouble is that hazards don't arise at convenient times. Stop and clean your windows when they need it.

5. Watch for pedestrians at night. Almost half of pedestrian deaths occur between 6 p.m. and midnight. That is why you must be especially alert at night. People walking along a road or crossing take foolish chances because they don't realize that sometimes motorists can't see them.

6. Don't try to fight drowsiness. If you feel tired pull off to the side of the road and take a short nap. Even half an hour will do wonders for you. According to Pennsylvania Turnpike police, statistics for 1962 showed that falling asleep at the wheel accounted for almost 40 percent of all turnpike fatalities, making it the number one cause of sudden death. You can help prevent drowsiness by driving with a window partly open.

7. Keep the lights inside your car turned off while driving. This may seem like a small point, but it can make a lot of difference in what you see on the road ahead.

8. Never wear sunglasses at night. They cut down your vision, and reduced vision is one of the primary reasons for the increase in night accidents.

9. A major safety precaution which is almost always neglected by motorists is the signal flare, used to mark accident areas or other emergency hazards. Less than one car out of twenty-seven carries these inexpensive (25 cents each) lifesaving devices, even though they are standard equipment in police and fire-department vehicles, ambulances, and trucks.

The use of flares could practically eliminate nighttime "sitting duck" accidents—those involving cars parked by the roadside. If tire or motor trouble hits you after dark, be sure to pull as far off the road as possible. Mark the position of your car with a warning flare. Follow this procedure whether you are working on the car

or heading for the nearest service station with an empty gas can.

10. Since most drinking is done in the evening, slower reaction times coupled with night-driving hazards automatically add up to additional fatalities. For your own safety and the safety of others, don't mix the bottle with the throttle. More than 20,000 Americans will die on our nation's roads this year because someone drank and drove. This number is equivalent to the whole population of such cities as Frankfort, Kentucky; Helena, Montana; or Olympia, Washington.

Follow these ten suggestions and you will go a long way toward eliminating night-driving dangers.

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## CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

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*(Continued from page 10)*

campus. Here the boys have built an Indian reservation and at present have a Western town and corral underway. They are planning an outer-space center, and a nature trail. Last summer a pioneer fort was put up. Learning to work with each other and with adults,

and really enjoying it, is the object of this group therapy, and it is tied to the school curriculum through research. The boys who built the reservation, for example, corresponded with Sioux, Seminoles, Mayos, Aztecs, Iroquois, and Shinnecoeks to get construction details and traditions. The pride the boys take in such work, and the work habits they learn, are, of course, of great value.

"Parents" and "going home" is the climax of the guidance program. After leaving the Village, boys continue to be looked after by case workers, and follow-up care also includes group activities. By associating with each other, the rescued boys can help offset the delinquency of the neighborhoods to which most must return.

Within the Village the boys live in groups of eighteen in family-style cottages. These are spacious homes that are organized into four small campus communities. Schooling, shelter, food, clothing, medical-dental care, clinical services, education, recreation, vocational experiences, and religious training are all provided. Funds come from the agencies which refer the boys to the



## WINTER--FAREWELL

Myrtle Leora Nelson

Winter's tears are frozen  
To twigs of barren trees—  
Wonderland enchantment, these.

Village, and private contributions make up the difference between the agency fees and the cost of operation.

Each cottage has a set of "parents" who look after their "family" with affection and insight. These parents are members of the staff. The real parents, if known and available, are treated as well as their children, for only if the damaging influences of the homelife can be repaired, can the success of the return of the children be assured. Counseling parents is often as difficult as treating their sons, but the Village maintains legal custody over each boy for the length of his stay.

The Village is involved in rehabilitating 550 boys each year. Every one of them had arrived at the Village as a hopeless, hard-core juvenile delinquent. Eighty percent of these, back home in New York's slums, are staying out of trouble, and more than two thirds of them are known to be making positive gains in family and community life. Sincerity, affection, and every sort of psychological aid and experimentation possible have helped them understand themselves, conquer their problems, develop confidence, and gain the incentives that are the foundation for responsible, participating citizenship.

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## A NEW WAY OF LIFE

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(Continued from page 13)

have the idea that if you remove the alcohol from the alcoholic you have solved his problem. This is far from true, and in working with the alcoholic this was one of the hardest lessons that I had to learn.

Another thing we must remember, before we remove a wall that is helping to hold up the structure of the house, is that we must put something in its place. This is one of the reasons why I feel that Alcoholics Anonymous has been so successful. It has done more than merely remove the alcohol; it has replaced it with a program of life that gives support and strength. I feel that this is the grave mistake which has been made by the church. We have said to the alcoholic, "Quit drinking, straighten up, and everything will be all right." But we have failed to put something back to fill the void which has been left by the removal of alcohol. If you remove alcohol from the alcoholic and do not replace it with something constructive, you may find that you have done an injustice and he may end up with many more problems than those which he had while drinking.

The fourth thing I would like to call to your attention is that, after you



"Next time put the alcohol in the tank, and drink the gas—it's faster that way!"

have removed something old and replaced it with a new way of life, you must remain close to the alcoholic until he becomes adjusted to the new. When you remodel a house, it takes time for one to adjust to the reconstruction.

If there is any one thing that is difficult for the alcoholic, it is to change or to turn loose of something that he has been used to, and he needs a certain amount of support and encouragement until it becomes a part of his life.

I remember an incident that happened many years ago while I was on the farm. A young man was working his father's farm which was next to ours. One day the father decided to make things easier for his son by giving him a new tractor and a cultivator. He spent an afternoon with the boy plowing corn. The next day the father returned to find his son using a team of mules and a horse-drawn cultivator. He was angry and snapped at the boy, "Why aren't you using the new tractor? You are wasting my time, you are wasting your time, and you could be doing a much better job with the tractor than with that team of mules."

The lad looked his father in the eye and replied, "Dad, when you give a man a piece of equipment, you had better stay with him long enough to be sure he knows how to use it, or he may plow up more corn and do more damage than he will good."

The same thing is true with the alcoholic. We must stay with him in this new way of life until he finds how to use it and how to live with it.

Point number five: How do you get alcohol away from an alcoholic and how do you get him to give it up? This was one of the hardest lessons I had to learn in working with the alcoholic, because I soon found out that you do

not take alcohol away from him. You do not ask him to give it up. It has been years since I actually asked a person to quit drinking. My son really taught me an important lesson along these lines when he was about five years old. I was watching him play with another youngster one day. They were in a sandbox, and it happened that his playmate had something that my son wanted. He tried to take it by force, and when the other youngster put up a fuss, their relationship suddenly became very strained.

A few minutes later my son tried another approach. He found another toy and started playing with it near his little friend, showing a great deal of interest in it. Pretty soon the other lad reached over and took it and left the first toy alone. This proved to me that the easiest way to get something away from a child is not to grab it away or try to take it by force, or your relationship will be strained. However, if you give the child something else to interest him, you will find it easy to remove the other from him.

Adults are not much different, and this is especially true of the alcoholic. Do not take away his drink, but offer him something better. When you are able to offer the alcoholic a way of life that will meet his needs, you will find it much easier to remove the alcohol.

When I was in college I worked for a builder. We were going to replace the piers under a house. The old wooden piers were becoming weak and needed to be replaced. We went under the house and put new piers all the way round, then one of us asked the builder, "Do you want the old ones removed?" He replied, "No, that would be a waste of time, let the house settle down on the new piers and when they carry the weight and the load of the house, then the old piers will fall away and it will not be difficult to remove them."

When you replace the old with something new in a life, and that life becomes dependent on the new, it will not be long until the old will fall away.

In the sixth place, if you are going to help the alcoholic you must be willing to go the second mile, to do the unexpected. Jesus said, in effect, "If a man ask you to go one mile, go with him two. Give when you are asked to give and do not turn your back." See Matthew 5:41, 42.

In working with the alcoholic I have often found that it is the unexpected and a bit of extra help that wins him. Just one tip that I have found to be helpful when I first start working with an alcoholic: If he has just gotten off

(Turn to page 31)

# PURSUIT of the MONSTER

Louise Tensen Johnson, R.N.



Joe Boland was a big, clumsy fellow. He had been handsome in his youth—tall, blond, and blue-eyed—with a keen sense for locating the prettiest girls in the neighborhood. Today, as he looked at himself in the mirror, he realized what a poor advertisement he was for a man of distinction.

Joe had been a good farmer, prosperous, civic-minded, and a participator. Money came and went easily, but something was the matter, and that something Joe couldn't put his finger on. The trouble was wheels. He heard wheels. No matter where he looked he saw wheels. He even felt wheels. At night they seemed to crush his chest so that he jumped from his bed in fear.

Midnight was past now. Joe and three cronies had enjoyed fellowship, and swallowed countless drinks. Time for bed, he thought, as he rubbed his eyes, undressed sluggishly and fell heavily into his creaking double bed. His head seemed to rest upon the cool, comfortable pillow only briefly.

Then he heard them coming, the rumbling wheels of that monstrous machine, the clanking of metal on metal, the tortured cry of a greaseless wheel. He listened intently. Yes, it was coming closer. What should he do?

He grabbed his trousers from the floor. Hastily, he thrust each unsteady leg into an endless tube. The sweat shirt slipped more easily over the balding, once-blond head. He felt better; time for socks perhaps. Action seemed to slow down the oncoming machine. He got up and turned on the light, but quickly turned it out again. Those wheels were all over the walls, even on

the ceiling. He was in deadly peril of being crushed. He must get out.

The summer night felt good to his hot face. Where could he find a safe place? Yes, the gravel pit. No one would think of that. He ran as fast as his weight would permit. It seemed all too slow. The sound of the wheels was close behind.

Panting, perspiring, pursued, he finally reached a deep, cave-like opening in the side of the hill. He crawled, then inched his way in until he was pressed on two sides with the protection of earth. The monster machine could never get him here. But it did—the wheels turned more swiftly. The

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## Litterbug

B. B. Bristol

A litterbug is any kind of person  
Who throws his cigarette down,  
And lets the other fellow clean it up.  
It's done all over town.

A litterbug is any kind of person  
Who throws an empty beer can down,  
And lets the other fellow clean it up.  
It's done all over town.

A litterbug is any kind of person  
Who throws his papers down,  
And lets the other fellow clean them up.  
It's done all over town.

A litterbug is any kind of person  
Who drops mean words around,  
And lets the other fellow mend the hearts.  
It's done all over town.

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noise grew louder. Was there no escape? Somehow he managed to crawl out. A tree. Yes, that was the answer. It could never climb a tree.

His wildly focusing eyes sought a large oak under which he had rested many times. He began laboriously to climb. He went as far as the limbs would safely hold him. He seemed safe at last, and rested his weary head against a limb, almost asleep. Suddenly, the monster was climbing the tree. How could that be? Did it have wings? One more place for safety—the creek. The machine would not dare to travel in water. The water would extinguish the motor.

During a lull in the wheels' creaking, he climbed cautiously down the other side of the tree. If he could leave quietly enough, it would never know he had gone. His now bare feet rested on solid ground. He tiptoed away from the tree.

It seemed miles to the creek. Weary, hot, despairing, he plunged into its cool depths. He waded out as far as he could, then swam to the deepest spot. Turning on his back, he floated quietly, resting. A feeling of peace and safety began to steal slowly upon him. He could have fallen asleep.

Something hard and cold nudged his bare heel. Glancing down, he saw the headlights of the monster below him in the water. He screamed. If it once got on top of him, he would drown. He tried to swim for shore. He made no progress. It seemed as if he were tied. He fought with all of his waning strength to reach shore and safety, but to no avail. The wheels drew closer. He could feel himself slowly being pulled under.

He couldn't get his breath. He was suffocating. Might as well give up. It was too much. He had no more strength to fight. He must now face death with a semblance of courage. With acceptance came relaxation; he lay quietly. What was that? Voices? Perhaps he would be rescued.

"He is about over it now. The medication is taking effect. I don't think you will need the straitjacket anymore. These tranquilizers are wonderful. He must have suffered a great deal. He is in a very weakened condition. His years of dissipation make him a good target for the pneumococcus germ. Force fluids, nurse, and injections every four hours."

The doctor left to see another patient. Joe had pursued the monster, but it had finally turned on him. The chart read: Joe Boland, 55. Diagnosis—chronic alcoholism complicated by delirium tremens.

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## A NEW WAY OF LIFE

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(Continued from page 29)

alcohol I will ask him what is the roughest time of the night for him. It may be 3:00, 4:00, or 5:00 in the morning. I will set my alarm for that hour occasionally, and call him. When I reach him I will often say, "I know this is a rough time and I just happened to be awake and wanted to call you and let you know that I was thinking of you. You are not alone in this fight; I am pulling for you tonight and I know you can make it."

In many, many cases this is all that it will take to get him through the night without a drink.

Finally, I would say, if you just sober a man up and you have not led him to God, and you have not given him a new way of life, you have done little or nothing for him.

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## PERCODAN

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(Continued from page 16)

it contains four non-narcotic drugs and a powerful narcotic, dihydrohydroxycodone. This narcotic is generally conceded to be between morphine and codeine, but closer to morphine in type of its effect.

Convinced that the addictive properties of the drug made it too dangerous for oral prescription, Mosk sought to secure more adequate control over its use by requiring that prescriptions be written by physicians and dentists in triplicate.

The first attempt to obtain a California state law requiring triplicate prescriptions for the drug was made in 1961, when Ronald Brooks Cameron, then an assemblyman, introduced Bill 2582. Cameron's proposed bill was sent to the Assembly Interim Committee, headed by Assemblyman W. Byron Rumford, a Berkeley druggist. Rumford assigned the bill to the subcommittee on narcotics, of which Assemblyman Milton Marks of San Francisco is chairman.

During committee hearings, State Narcotics Chief Storer and Burnell H. Blanchard, field supervisor of the Bureau of Narcotics' medical-legal section in Los Angeles, strongly urged putting Percodan under stricter controls. Blanchard, a seventeen-year veteran of the bureau, testified that many persons were being innocently addicted to Percodan "through misuse and misprescribing by physicians."

"It is an unfortunate statement to make," he said, "but nevertheless the physicians are unaware of the addiction



# YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

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*LISTEN* invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding c/o *LISTEN* Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

*If your son started to drink or smoke what would you do?*

I think I would invite my son to take an overnight camping trip with me, and I would suggest that he invite some of his friends to go along. Then around the campfire I would tell the story of the Indian peace pipe and the history of smoking.

Perhaps then I would tell about some of the research projects developed which compare the health of smokers with the health of nonsmokers. I would tell how in my professional lifetime cancer of the lung has risen from an unusual disease to the most common of all cancers among men—how heavy cigarette smokers die, on the average, at least five years earlier than nonsmokers.

Yes, I would tell my son and his friends how easily the smoking habit "hooks" its devotees. We would estimate how much money is burned up

by the two-pack-a-day smokers. And then I would ask them to estimate the still greater cost in hospital and doctor bills caused by cancer, by coronary thrombosis, by emphysema and all the other lung ailments developed so frequently by smokers as compared with nonsmokers. Then I would ask the group, "Is smoking worth that much to you?"

After this discussion I would turn to my son and say, "Arthur, you may smoke if you choose. But if you choose to smoke, please do it first at home. And I hope that, when you have a son and your son grows up, you will be a more perfect dad to your son than your dad has been to you. May your son follow you proudly."

Perhaps on another camping trip we would sit around the campfire and review the history, the chemistry, the physiology, and the pros and cons of drinking.

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potential to the degree that they believe the drug is very similar to codeine, that it has codeinelike properties, that the addiction is like that of codeine."

Then in answer to a question by Assemblyman Rumford, Blanchard declared that he believed Percodan was as potentially dangerous as morphine.

Blanchard added that he believed an "undercover" campaign was being waged by certain interests to destroy the state's triplicate narcotic prescription system.

"There are—and I am not referring now again to the product of Percodan," said Blanchard—"but there are a lot of manufacturers who would like the triplicate prescription scrapped so that they could thereby sell their product freely and easily without any controls."

In that one line of testimony the veteran narcotics expert pointed a finger at one of the growing threats to intelligent, needed drug control in this country, the constant pressure being applied

by commercial interests to relax the safeguards erected in the public interest. In exerting this pressure, the commercial drug interests have now enlisted political influence and all the subtle machinations of slush-fund lobbying, according to the California attorney general.

During his testimony, Blanchard explained why the drug manufacturers and distributors are opposed to having their products placed on the triplicate prescription list. It reduces sales. In addition to meaning additional paper work for the physician, it means that a written record of the drug prescribed must be filed for state inspection.

When Assemblyman Cameron's 1961 drug-control bill failed to pass the California Legislature, a revised version of the bill was introduced early in 1963 by Senator Edwin J. Regan, former Trinity County district attorney. The state senate approved Regan's bill by a

(Turn to page 34)

# SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

with "Blossom"



↑ Eggless eggnog—a good April 1 surprise.

← Hawaiian cooler—a zesty, springy tang.

★  
PARTY  
PICK-  
UPS  
★

Have you ever felt that an evening to clear the air might help push aside the monotony of winter woes and routines?

Party themes are abundant at this time of the year. March 17, Saint Patrick's Day, may bring out the Irish in you and your friends. Easter festivities centered around the March 29 occasion could be another. If you are the practical-joker type, April 1 offers a marvelous opportunity to serve your friends such things as chocolate-covered soap!

Here's a plan for a delightful party without a specific motif unless it might be called "Spring! Spring! Spring!" It features the unexpected.

## INVITATIONS—Try This:

Next Saturday night at eight  
Will be an important date.  
Come join in a party, won't you?  
Spring season's the reason. Come, do!

You can add your own personal details and maybe suggest that casual dress will be appropriate.

## DECORATIONS

Decorate your home simply with a few strategically placed arrangements of spring flowers. Set your party table with silver, dishes, napkins, and a pretty centerpiece, but leave no hint of menu.

## MENU

The naïve approach to the serving of your food will be a good icebreaker. After your guests have arrived, tell them you had difficulty in deciding on a menu, but since the season paralleled Easter and you saw so many displays of Easter eggs, jelly beans, et cetera, at the store, you assumed this must be the thing. Choose the fellow with the most enormous appetite and present him a

dinner plate heaped with three or four hard-cooked eggs and a large serving of dark-red kidney beans.

Assure the remaining guests you have something a little more appealing for them and place your four main dishes on the table.

- Cheesed Deviled Eggs with Relishes
- Deep Brown Beans, Mexicana
- Garlic Toast
- Eggless Eggnog
- Hawaiian Cooler Sodas
- Hot Chocolate

## A POTPOURRI OF GAMES

Here are four games which will furnish variety for entertainment.

1. "In the spring," quoth Tennyson, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." For a pencil-and-paper game have your guests identify the girls in ten songs after hearing snatches of appropriate recordings or songs played on the piano or record player.

2. Pit half your guests against the other half in a game of Twenty Questions. Seasonal items to puzzle your people might include a convertible with the top down, last year's Easter bonnet, umbrellas, et cetera.

3. The five-meter dash, a relay, is accomplished by inhaling red-hots onto the ends of drinking straws and walking with them from a specified spot to the finish line.

4. In keeping with the soon-to-come Clean-up, Paint-up, Fix-up Week, plan a scavenger hunt. Your lists of twelve items to bring back as quickly as possible might include a paint brush, sponge, broken-handled cup, et cetera.

When your guests return, round out the evening by giving a deserved prize

to the winners of the scavenger hunt, and serving a hot drink.

The fun's guaranteed!

## CHEESED DEVILED EGGS WITH RELISHES

(12 servings)

- 12 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and chilled
- 1 cup finely crushed cheese crackers
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons finely cut onion
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Radishes, olives

Slice eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash thoroughly. To yolks add half crumbs and mayonnaise, and all the onion, lemon juice to taste, parsley, and salt. Blend. If needed add more mayonnaise. Refill whites with mixture. Press halves together. Dip one end of each egg into mayonnaise and crumbs. Arrange on lettuce-lined dish with olives and radishes.

## DEEP BROWN BEANS, MEXICANA

(12 servings)

- 4 (14-ounce) cans deep brown beans
- 1 small can tomato sauce
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons onion flakes
- 1 tablespoon sweet-pepper flakes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- Corn chips

Combine all ingredients except corn chips. Bake in greased casserole at 350° F. for 35 minutes. Top with corn chips just before serving.

## EGGLESS EGGNOG

(18 6-ounce servings)

- 2 (6-ounce) cans frozen orange juice
- 10 juice cans or  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cups water
- 2 tall cans evaporated milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar
- Nutmeg

Thoroughly blend juice, water, milk, and sugar. Chill. Sprinkle each punch cup of drink with nutmeg.

## HAWAIIAN COOLER SODAS

(12 servings)

- 2 (46-ounce) cans pineapple juice, chilled
- 2 small packages cinnamon candies (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- 1 large bottle ginger ale
- Ice cream

Prepare 12 large scoops of ice cream and return to freezer. Chill 12 tall glasses. Combine sugar, candies, and water. Cook together until sugar and candy melt. Chill. Combine juice and cinnamon mix. Just before serving, place a serving of ice cream in each glass, add scant cup juice, and finish filling glass with ginger ale.

(Turn to page 34)

## TOO BUSY

*Katherine Bevis*

In this world in which we live  
There are so many things to do,  
Big things that are important,  
Smaller things, important, too.

It's so easy to forget  
Things like smiling, deeds so kind;  
It's these little things that count—  
Make the big things, you will find.

A smile brings smiles again to you,  
A kind deed helps you on your way.  
Let us never be too busy—  
To smile, be kind, and kneel to pray.

## THE HOUR

*Inez Brazier*

Not memoried past  
Nor future with eager hope:  
This only is my hour.

## SEEMINGLY A LITTLE THING

*Joan Elizabeth Pecchia*

Sadness may have touched our hearts  
Too often.  
Then seemingly a little thing—  
A blossom  
Brings the hope of spring.

## FOG

*Constance Quinby Mills*

Ghostlike fingers, creeping, creeping,  
Over all the landscape seeping,  
Closing in without a cry,  
Shutting off from earth and sky.

It plucks my sleeve, it numbs my brain,  
It envelops like a slow, dull pain.  
I'm trapped, I'm helpless, alone in a crowd;  
I'm all wound up in an old, gray cloud.

## SEARCHING AND FINDING

*E. Jay Ritter*

Look, if you will,  
To the towering pine  
Or the sparkling wealth  
Of the deepest mine.

Look, if you wish,  
Where the stars parade  
Or the mountains are woven  
Of blue brocade.

Search, if you must,  
Where His rivers start;  
Then close your eyes—  
He is here—in your heart!

**POEMS WITH  
A PURPOSE**

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## PERCODAN

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(Continued from page 31)

twenty-one-to-nine vote, but it was killed by an assembly committee. At the assembly hearing, Dr. Nathan B. Eddy, executive secretary of the Drug Addiction Committee of the National Research Council, a Government agency, appeared as a defense witness for the Endo drug manufacturing concern.

Raising the question of "conflict of interests," Mosk protested Dr. Eddy's appearance as a company witness. In a letter to United States Senator Hubert Humphrey, Mosk outlined his views on this and the Percodan danger. Senator Humphrey then requested information from United States Narcotics Commissioner Henry L. Giordano regarding the status of Percodan, and was informed that it was still on the oral prescription list.

Fortunately, since that time the drug has been put under written-prescription control, a step in the right direction.

In this way the California controversy has served to clarify the national need of stricter prescription controls for all dangerous habit-forming drugs.

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## LAW AND STUDENT DRINKING

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(Continued from page 23)

serves a minor, the word quickly spreads so that the presence of several young-looking drinkers at his bar is noticed, commented on, and reported to us. Then, of course, we move right in.

There are far fewer cases of drinking involving high school kids than college students. But these are often the ones it is difficult to do anything for. If they're drinking that young, they're usually "hard" kids. Often they have the example of habitual drinking at home, and they're frequently from broken homes. Solving their problems when they reach this stage is an expensive, lengthy process. It demands the

services of experienced juvenile authorities, social workers, and probation workers. We, the liquor-control agents, can't correct situations like this. We're law-enforcement agents.

Liquor-control agents are charged primarily with enforcement of liquor-licensing laws and regulations of the state. Their jurisdiction reaches anywhere in the state that a license for sale of spirituous beverages has been issued, whether it be liquor store or night club, grocery store or restaurant, sports arena or private club. Theirs is the job of preventing abuses or infractions, and the sale of alcoholic beverages to minors is an offense for which they are especially watchful. Working closely with other law-enforcement agencies, such as the state highway patrol, county sheriffs' offices and city police departments, and justices of the peace, the agents are called to assist and to answer complaints whenever illegal drinking or sale is suspected. During holiday periods, too, when the traffic death toll reaches record tallies, agents join the patrols on the roads and streets in an all-out effort to foster safety. Their special interest is in the driver who may be a hazard because of drinking.

When we meet a sincere resolve to cease, we want that young adult to be able to reach mature adulthood without a blemish on his record. Then, if it's a university student we're dealing with, for example, we'll refer the case to the security police on the campus, and take no action ourselves.

But if we meet a smart aleck, a real wise guy, we have to pursue every step of the law. He may have already consumed enough to be intoxicated, to be obstinate and sullen and unruly; he may have been involved in some disorderly conduct because of his drinking. A kindly word can't break through his stupor. When we can't appeal to the decency in youngsters, we must wake them up with harsh legal action.

It's rough to see a kid go that way.

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## ERNEST C. MANNING

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(Continued from page 15)

may be measured to some degree by the way his fiftieth birthday was celebrated five years ago. More than 1,600 Albertans crowded into Edmonton's new Jubilee Auditorium and presented him with a 400-pound birthday cake, a yearling heifer for his 320-acre farm, and a framed, illuminated scroll expressing the wish that God might enable him to continue his "most capable leadership . . . by precept and example."

One of his most successful political opponents, who since the last election has given up the struggle, recalls that many people throughout the country still believe that Mr. Manning "didn't put the oil there, but God didn't let anybody find it until Mr. Manning was there to manage it."

And, as both friend and foe agree, it looks like Mr. Manning is going to help keep Alberta booming for many years to come.

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## SPRING! SPRING! SPRING!

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(Continued from page 32)

### **GARLIC TOAST**

(12 servings)

1 large loaf French bread sliced diagonally in 24 slices  
Margarine or butter  
Garlic salt

Butter bread. Sprinkle each slice with garlic salt. Wrap in foil. Heat 20 minutes at 350° F.

### **HOT CHOCOLATE**

3 quarts homogenized milk  
1 cup cocoa mix  
Marshmallow cream

Combine milk with mix. Heat in heavy pan on slow burner, stirring frequently. Serve steamy hot in cups or mugs with a garnish of marshmallow cream.

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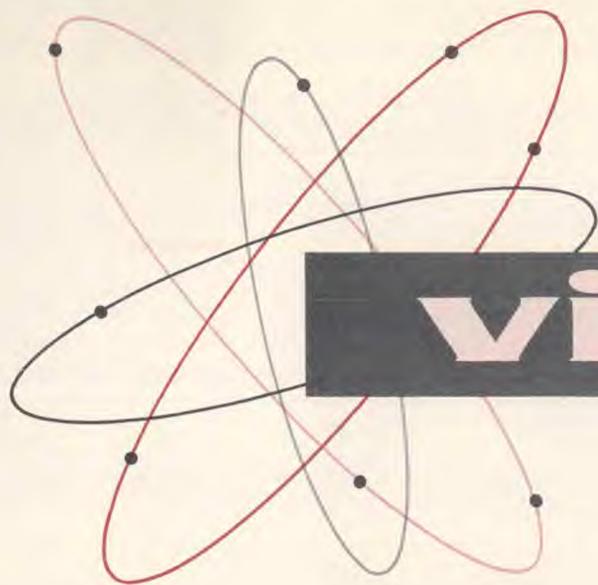
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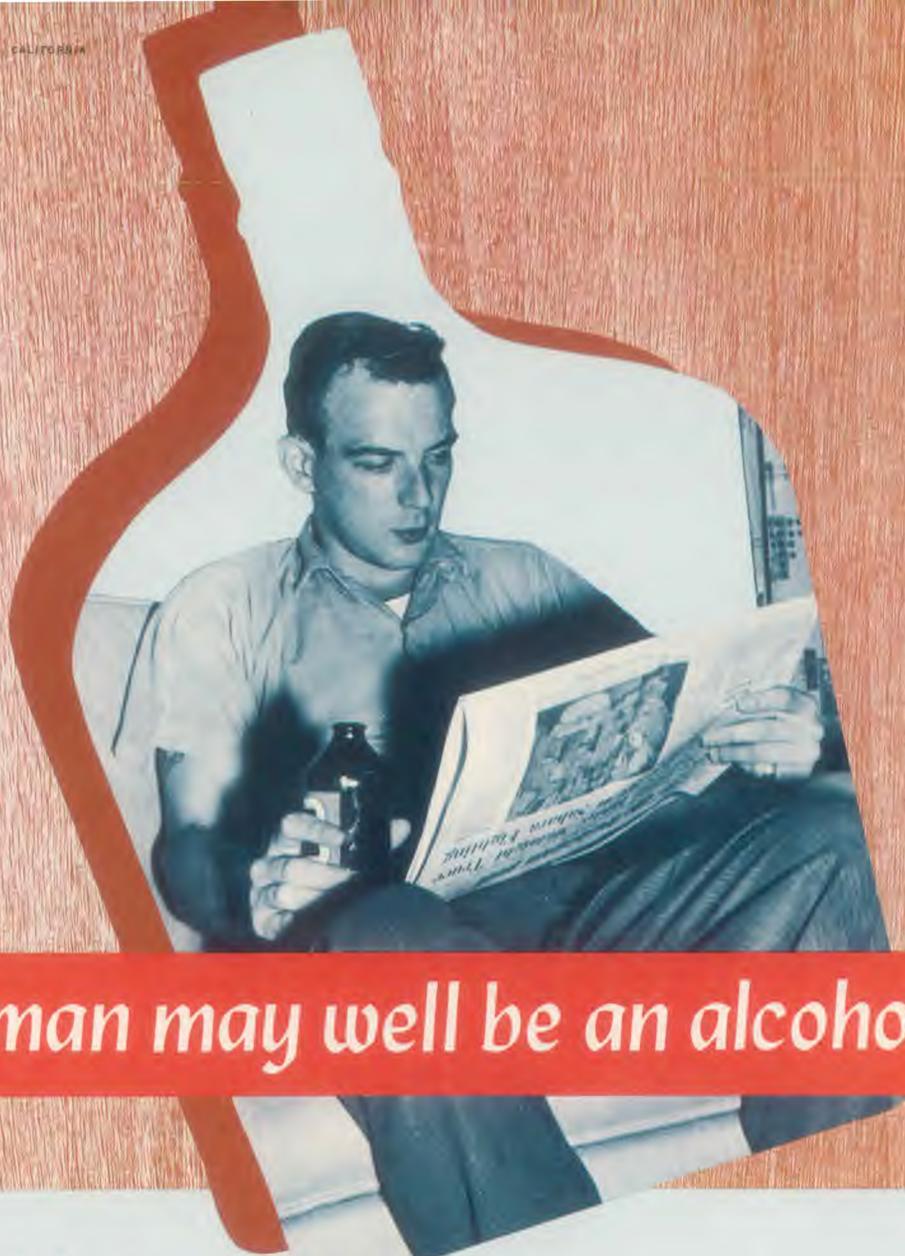
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# views

- ❖ **FIFTY PERCENT.** "About 50 percent of the alcohol consumed (in the United States) is in beer."—Seldon D. Bacon, director, Center of Alcohol Studies, Rutgers University.
- ❖ **DIZZY CRAZE.** The glue-sniffing craze is still with us. In New York City last year, police reported that over 1,000 teen- and preteen-agers were caught sniffing model airplane glue in an effort to get "high." Instead of getting "high," most had such symptoms as dizziness, stupor, unconsciousness, sleepiness, nausea, and vomiting. About 95 percent of the sniffers were boys.
- ❖ **ALCOHOL OR OIL?** The chief lubricant for the wheels of modern society is alcohol rather than oil, for better or worse. So says Dr. David A. Rodgers, head of medical psychology at Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, La Jolla, California. "For the high-paid executive, who can't or won't drink on the job, it gives a quick termination of tension at the end of the day. For the salesman, it dissolves inhibitions, gives him the courage to sell a product which he knows is inferior to that of his competitors."
- ❖ **IMAGE PROBLEM.** Beer has an "image" problem, says Henry B. King, president of the U.S. Brewers Association. "Panty raids and beach busts are associated with beer. We want people to think of beer as a healthful, family drink," he states.
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- ❖ **CHICAGO LAGS ON ALCOHOLISM SOLUTION.** "Chicago has lagged far behind in interesting its physicians and other medical authorities in the problem" of alcoholism, says Dr. Gilbert H. Marquardt, chairman of the Chicago Committee on Alcoholism. Noting that 15 percent of the deaths in the age-group from thirty to fifty-five are alcohol related, he states that the Committee this year is directing its attention toward the medical profession's efforts to combat the "disease."
- 
- ❖ **DRY CONVENTION.** There will be nothing more intoxicating than a political speech served at the Cow Palace when the Republicans stage their 1964 presidential nominating convention there, declares San Francisco's former Mayor George Christopher. He says the GOP arrangement committee "insisted we don't have liquor sales on the premises" because "there's a feeling that liquor can influence voting."
- ❖ **PSYCHE DRUGS DANGEROUS.** LSD-25 and similar drugs that drastically alter sensory perception have the power to cripple the mind permanently. Accumulating evidence "demonstrates beyond question that these drugs have the power to damage the individual psyche, indeed cripple it for life," states Dr. Dana L. Farnsworth, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- A dangerous situation is developing because public interest in these drugs is on the increase in many parts of the United States, he notes. "Many men and women who should not do so, especially college students, are experimenting with hallucinogens," Dr. Farnsworth says.
- One student who took these drugs, he adds, spent a whole day living the nightmare that he was six inches tall. "Responsible research on these and similar substances is vital and must go on," he states.
- ❖ **MINIMUM DRINKING AGE.** Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey, a leading spokesman in efforts to persuade New York State to raise its minimum drinking age from eighteen to twenty-one, states, "We feel morally obligated to bring to bear on the situation whatever preventive influence uniform regulations can provide."
- Numerous teen-agers from New Jersey have been involved in fatal highway accidents after evenings spent in New York's bars and taverns.
- ❖ **SMOKING WARNING.** Cigarette companies must bear responsibility of harmful consequences to health of smokers if they deny or minimize evidence linking their product with lung cancer, says Dr. Morton L. Levin, chairman, Cigarette Cancer Committee, Roswell Park Memorial Institute, Buffalo, New York.



*This man may well be an alcoholic.*

**Should this be so,**

he is hardly unique, because there are at least five and one-half million like him in the United States. These are the ones whose lives are haunted by the specter of alcohol. It is a frenzied need for which there is no cure.

Alcoholics are no different than anyone else. The woman next door or the man across the street could be an alcoholic. Alcoholics are merely social drinkers who have become addicted to alcohol, a narcotic drug. The unfortunate aspect of alcoholism, however, is that only 1 percent of our nation's alcoholic population is currently being helped on a national basis.

If you would like to help someone in trouble with alcohol . . . if you desire to prevent these problems from occurring where you live . . . if you want to learn the scientific facts from experts . . . you are invited to attend one of the two Institutes of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism this summer.

One institute will be held on the west coast near Los Angeles. The other is scheduled for the east coast in Washington, D.C. For specific information about fees, dates, and scholarships, write for the "Alcohol Institute Brochure" to:

**NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF ALCOHOLISM**  
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Los Angeles, California  
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