

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



DON SCHOLLANDER
SWIMMER



news

❖ **LADD DIES DRUG DEATH.** Movie Star Alan Ladd, fifty, died accidentally from the combined effects of alcohol and drugs, according to a coroner's report. Riverside County Coroner James S. Bird said in his report: "The case will be signed out as an accidental death. The combination of alcohol, seconal, librium, and sparine produced together the total effects the depressants had on the central nervous system with the high level of alcohol being the major factor."

Seconal is a sleep-inducer. Librium is a tranquilizer. Sparine is used to control the central nervous system and prevent delirium tremens. Ladd's physician, Dr. Joseph Sage, stated that he gave the actor only sparine and vitamins.



❖ **ANOTHER YEAR YOUNGER.** Cary Grant, who doesn't look forty, is now sixty years old. When asked his secret recently, he replied: "I try to keep my mind youthful in ideas." However, Grant also turns physical by swimming and horseback riding. He is a light eater and neither smokes nor drinks.

❖ **HIGHWAY DEATHS UP.** Some 43,400 deaths occurred on the nation's highways last year, a record high for motor-vehicle deaths, says the National Safety Council. The toll, says the Council, was 6 percent higher than 1962's 40,804 deaths. Traffic accidents left an estimated 1,600,000 persons disabled, cost the nation \$7,700,000,000 in property damage, medical expenses, wage losses, and overhead cost of insurance.

❖ **TOBACCO AID.** The Federal Government now spends \$2,700,000 a year on tobacco research—on how to grow the weed better, that is.

❖ **CONGRESSMAN FAVORS SCHLITZ.** Representative Otto E. Passman, of Louisiana, has privately advised foreign-aid officials that he favors a United States loan guarantee to the Schlitz Brewing Company for an \$8,000,000 brewery project in Turkey. Passman, chief Congressional critic and budget cutter of foreign-aid programs, expressed his support in a letter to Edward J. McCormack, Jr., Boston attorney for the Milwaukee brewery firm.

❖ **NARCOTICS TRAFFIC UP.** United Nations narcotics experts from twenty countries have noted that heroin traffic in Southeast Asia, Hong Kong, Macao, Japan, and the United States is increasing. The group met in Tokyo and noted that "the flow of traffic was in general from the source areas in the north of southeast Asia, through Thailand and Burma, and to the 'victim countries' such as Hong Kong, Macao, Japan, and the United States."

❖ **HUNGER—OR DRINK?**

• Every day of the week some 10,000 people around the world will die of malnutrition or starvation—more than at any time in history.

• More than half the world's 3,000,000,000 people live in perpetual hunger.

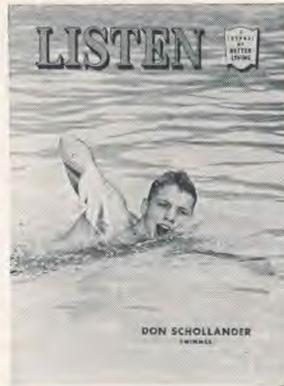
• With every tick of the clock there are three more mouths to feed in the world.

• Over the past twenty-five years the underfed nations have raised farm production only 1.6 percent a year. This is not even enough to feed the new mouths.

These facts were brought out at a meeting of the World Food Congress in Washington, D.C. In addressing the 1,200 delegates from a hundred countries, the late President John F. Kennedy said: "There is no battle on earth or in space more important, for peace and progress cannot be maintained in a world half fed and half hungry. We have the capacity to eliminate hunger from the face of the earth."

These are startling facts at a time when over the world millions of bushels of grain, fruit, and other foodstuffs are being worse than wasted in the production of alcoholic beverages which not only fail to satisfy hunger but constitute a danger to health and happiness and in many instances are a distinct invitation to death.

OUR COVER Of the many thousands of young swimmers around the country, only a few ever attain national stature, and fewer yet go on to world fame. Don Schollander of the Santa Clara Swim Club is at the top of the ladder of national recognition, and is climbing up the ladder of world titles. He has confidence that his participation in the Olympic Games in Tokyo will help him achieve this second ambition. *Listen's* cover is by Fred Helmbold of San Jose, California.



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RADIO WITH A FLAIR

Radio station WARL in Arlington, Virginia, was in trouble. Its income was slipping; its listening audience was slipping away; its chief attraction, Disc Jockey Connie B. Gay, who played hillbilly records, had slipped out, too—to buy his own radio station.

So station WARL went on the block. The "For Sale" sign was seen by a reporter, Arthur B. Arundel, who decided to make the leap into business for himself. It was a big leap, for, as he says, "I could no longer support a wife and a growing family on a reporter's salary."

Nor was he experienced in the terrifically competitive business of running a radio station, especially next door to the nation's capital. "I asked radio executives what I should do," he recalls.

Their advice: "Have your disc jockeys play the top tunes on the hit parade, and you'll make money."

But this owner of the new station—now changed to WAVA—was an individualist. He did not want his station to be a mere jukebox. "I decided to make it a news station—news every few minutes. Now 60 percent of our daytime broadcast is news, editorials, and talks."

The change didn't stop with this. Flying in the face of conformity again, he instructed his New York agent not to accept any more cigarette ads. "It bothered me," he says, "to see kids at the school bus stop smoking cigarettes. They don't know what they're getting into."

But Arthur Arundel still features tobacco ads—in reverse, that is. "Radio and TV kept telling them that to look like Rock Hudson or Julie London, you've got to smoke. So I decided to hit them where it would hurt—right at the belt. We aim at the ego. Kids are very sensitive to ridicule."

This unique weapon, the antiadvertisement, was one of WAVA's own forging. A typical ad goes something like this:

Gentle feminine voice: "At the end of a long day, have you ever felt out of sorts; have you felt you needed something to soothe your jangled nerves?"

(Roll of drums) Male voice: "Then light up a Big Deal cigarette! Boy, they're great!

"That seaweed filter! That fuchsia package! All that nicotine and tar! Big Deals really perk you up!"

Gentle feminine voice: "Yes, Big Deal cigarettes are really great! You'll be coughing so much you won't have time to think about jangled nerves."

Does this type of venture pay off for radio station WAVA? All through the Washington, D.C., area this station has a select listening audience, an appreciative following of considerable size in a large metropolitan center with numerous bigger and stronger stations.

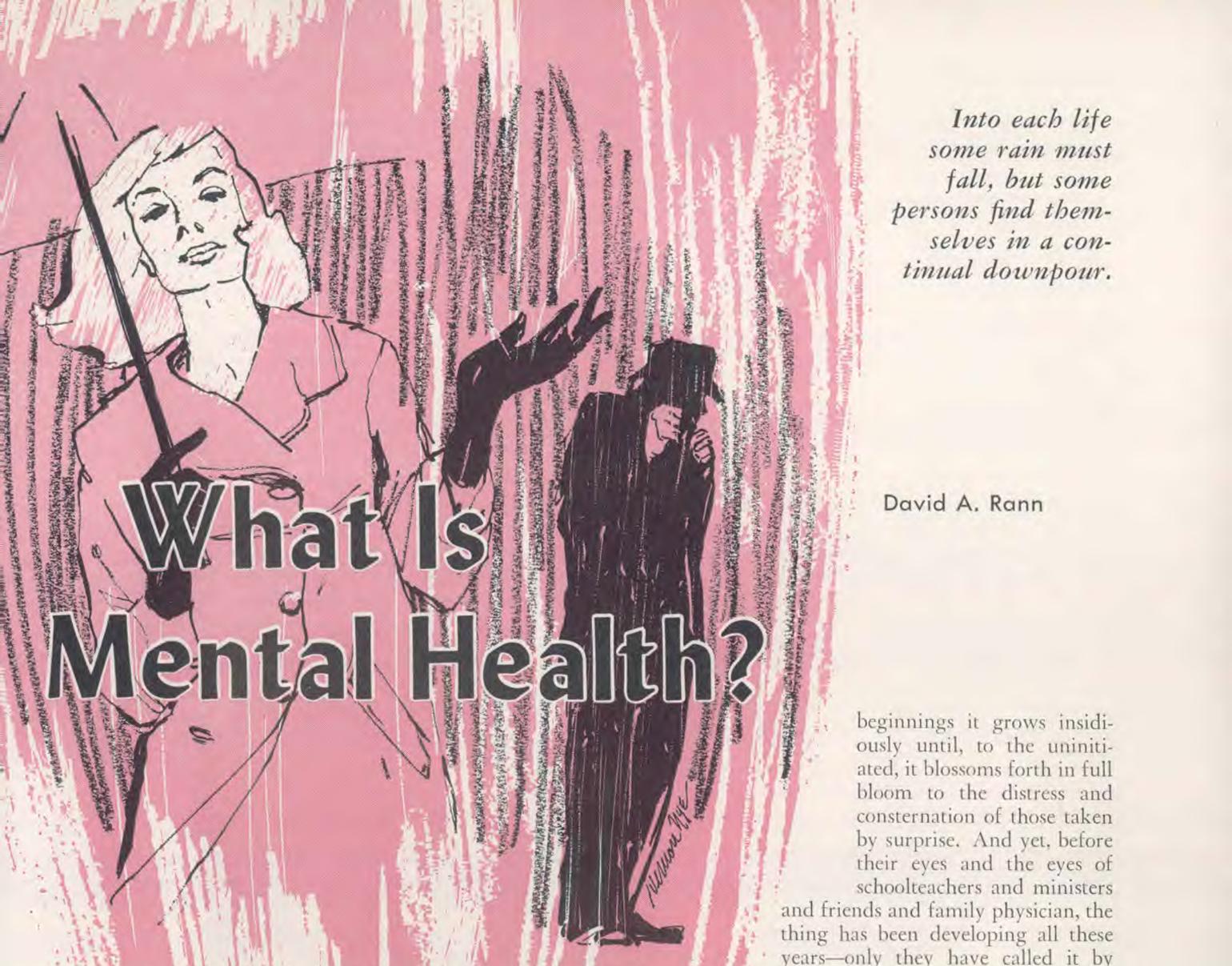
Already its imaginative owner, who had the courage to be himself, has purchased three more radio stations and a weekly newspaper, and has helped to found the D.C. National Bank, the first bank chartered in Washington in twenty-nine years.

A success story? Yes, indeed, but one showing that conformity is not necessary for such success. High standards are still accepted these days with real gusto, especially when they can be presented with a novel flair and an attractive appeal.

Francis A. Soper

*Into each life
some rain must
fall, but some
persons find them-
selves in a con-
tinual downpour.*

David A. Rann



What Is Mental Health?

NEXT TIME you pass a school yard, look closely at all those smiling, happy youngsters. As you watch them playing and enjoying themselves, remember that one out of every twenty of them will at some period of his life become a patient in a mental hospital.

That is disturbing enough, but not nearly as disturbing as this fact: Sooner or later one child out of every ten will become incapacitated by mental illness, at least temporarily. The overall cost of this type of illness is about \$200,000,000 per year. That is only the dollar cost. How about the unhappiness of the individual, and his relatives and friends, and the economic and social loss in terms of the months or perhaps years of treatment and readjustment?

And what about the rest of the children on that playground? Every one of them will have some mental or emotional difficulty during his lifetime.

Frankwood Williams, former director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, now the National Committee for Mental Health, has written concerning the long developmental period of mental illness. He says: "It is commonly believed that individuals become insane suddenly. No one ever became insane suddenly. Mental disease develops over a long period of time. From small

beginnings it grows insidiously until, to the uninitiated, it blossoms forth in full bloom to the distress and consternation of those taken by surprise. And yet, before their eyes and the eyes of schoolteachers and ministers and friends and family physician, the thing has been developing all these years—only they have called it by other names."

While mental health is something which we all desire, yet it would be helpful to be able to recognize mental illness while it is still in the formative stage, so it may be met and treated early.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, a well-known author in the field of medicine and health, has written concerning mental health: "Health is generally considered to be freedom from disease. However, health also involves a state of mind in which the human being is satisfied with life, in which his mind functions accurately, and in which he possesses enough force, driving power, and impetus to give him confidence in himself and the ability to accomplish his work."

The key to the foregoing paragraph is the phrase, "a state of mind." This state of mind is all-important for the well-being of the individual and hence his mental health. If we completely accept Dr. Fishbein's definition, we must perforce accept the idea that the optimal state of mind presupposes satisfaction, happiness. But Dr. Fishbein himself relates that happiness has been described as a balanced flow of energy and the satisfaction of desires.

The latter clause is disturbing because it says in so many words, "You're happy if you get exactly what you want."

How many are there among us who really know what they want? Is it money? power? prestige? or merely their own way when they want it? None of these seems to be the complete answer. How many of us have known or seen others who seemingly have had everything they wanted, and yet were obviously unhappy? Most persons, at one time or another, for a shorter or longer period, have had exactly what they wanted, or thought they wanted, only to find themselves, ultimately, completely miserable.

The foregoing raises further problems—few persons want what others want, and most people don't know what they want!

Experience and knowledge condition the nature of any desire. Experience comes whether we want it or not; some of it is pleasant, some, unpleasant. Both types of experience usually depend on some knowledge of the participant. However, the error of equating knowledge with wisdom must be avoided. While experience and knowledge will determine the nature of the desire, only wisdom will permit a temperate, sensible, and mentally healthy fulfillment. Otherwise one may overdrink, overeat, oversleep, and so on, while in pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp, happiness.

Again there are not many individuals who can have what they want when they want it, if at all. Truly the ranks of the satisfied must be very thin. Those who know what they want are few; those who know what they want and are able to satisfy their desires, are fewer still.

The latter group, the rest of humanity is wont to consider most fortunate; but are they? This is debatable. It might be that, as Thoreau has said, "the pleasure of life is in the living." Having done might be not nearly as much fun as doing. Rousseau is reported to have observed, "It is better to count your pleasures and weigh your happiness after you've died." This was said after profound reflection and in complete seriousness. The fact that you are participating in life and living is the better goal. For one thing, this intangible something which we have been referring to as happiness is an enigmatic and extremely ephemeral thing, the pursuit of which has led man astray since the beginning. The search for happiness, *per se*, is not conducive to a healthy mind.

The study of mental hygiene today places its emphasis on the importance of understanding the complete person in relation to his total environment. Mental hygiene has been able to avoid the pitfall of accepting a single doctrine, but includes such studies as sociology, psychology, general medicine, neurology, and a host of other fields. Preparing to return to or retain in society persons who have been unable to cope with normal problems which inevitably occur in life, is the foremost aim of those engaged in combating mental illness.

Again, the phrase "state of mind" is a good point of departure in the search for an understanding of mental health. It implies more than merely the conscious mind. It also includes the subconscious.

According to Raphael Rhodes, a writer who has done much research on this topic, the conscious mind, because it can reason in the abstract and because it has knowledge of itself, as it were, stands a much better chance of

implementing sound judgment, whereas the subconscious mind cannot abstract, judge, or analyze. Therefore, whatever is presented to the subconscious mind may be acted upon but not reasoned out; it will not analyze or argue, it will only act. The presence and utilization of this mind can be a blessing or a curse.

The dynamics of which we speak are what give positive thinking the power it has. Something doesn't suit you. You decide to remedy this unhappy environment, or to change your mental setup to fit it. You might go about this by envisioning what circumstances you desire. This technique works more often than not for the person who has the ability to visualize vividly and concentrate steadily.

Psychologists are well aware that a human being will automatically suppress those things which to him are painful, particularly if he cannot do much to change things to his liking. Psychologists are equally aware of another mechanism called repression.

Repression is relieving to the patient because it means that he can push those things which are painful to him completely out of his conscious mind into his subconscious mind, thereby getting rid of them. Actually he hasn't got rid of anything. All he has done is to postpone his problem and usually he has made matters far worse, because the idea, or memory, or belief which he has repressed refuses to lie dormant, doing nothing. It has its influence on the person's character, beliefs, and defense mechanisms by which he later compensates for deficiencies real or imagined.

There is such a thing as individual difference, which is to say that people have different breaking points and, naturally, do not all share the same experiences. Into each life some rain must fall, but some persons find themselves in a continual downpour. Frequently, just knowing about the principles we have been discussing is sufficient to constitute an umbrella, figuratively speaking.

A good home with a stable, well-organized family life, one that provides the young, impressionable child with the best physical care and adequate emotional satisfaction, including acceptable alternate means of expression for those inevitable frustrations, will be most conducive to creating and encouraging those attitudes which promote mental health.

Certain other elements will contribute to mental health, such as the presence of communities relatively free of social, moral, and physical dangers; schools in which are available not only knowledge but opportunities where the young may develop all their potentials, physical and mental, and where they can learn to coexist amicably with authority and with their friends; wholesome associates; and steady work that is emotionally rewarding as well as remunerative.

Allow me to repeat one important point: Happiness, *per se*, is not a worthwhile or healthy goal; it is, instead, a hollow, deceptive, and only very rarely attainable goal.

Mental health, therefore, in the final analysis, can be defined as the absence of mental and emotional disorders, and involves the presence and promotion of spiritual and physical well-being! We may say that mental health is present if people feel comfortable about themselves and others, and are able to meet the usual demands of life.



Bob Karolevitz

PEYOTE, the strange hallucination-producing cactus of the Rio Grande area, is becoming a drug problem in other parts of the nation, indeed a menace at large.

For example, in the State of Washington the sale or use of peyote is not illegal, and this makes it difficult for narcotics detectives to move against the purveyors of the drug. Meanwhile, evidence of its growing use, especially by young people, has been piling up.

The drug has a long history of use by the Indians of Mexico and the American Southwest. Since pre-Columbian days, the natives have harvested the buds or buttons of the spineless, turniplike cactus (*Lophophora williamsii*) for use in religious ceremonies. The sun-dried peyote buttons are chewed by participants in a sacramental ritual, an act which induces a form of intoxication or stupor, followed by hallucinations of an extreme nature.

In more recent years, the use of peyote in the Indian religion called peyotism, has spread across the United States and into Canada. Indians of many tribes are now involved, and they practice a curious mixture of Christianity with the hallucinatory ef-

fect of the plant drug. They believe that the Holy Spirit is in the peyote, and that by consuming it they grow closer to God.

The publicity created by an effort of the Pan-Indian Native American Church to win freedom from a California law making nonprescription use of peyote illegal, has seemingly given impetus to the spread of the drug. While the Indians based their claims on the principle of religious freedom, drug opportunists were increasing the traffic of the product out of the producing areas, and particularly out of California, where the laws are stringent.

In the State of Washington, a vanguard of self-styled intellectuals and youthful thrill seekers have been the first known peyote users. The drug is now available in gelatin capsules, in ground form for tea brewing, and in the conventional buttons for chewing. Knowing it is not illegal, many young users talk freely about "kicks" parties and séances at which peyote is consumed. Even though it is not against the law to traffic in peyote, the source of supply for these parties has been carefully guarded.

Meanwhile, more and more peyote victims are being reported.

In West Seattle, police found a young woman, semiconscious and bleeding from deep scratches, lying beside a road. She could not remember her name, and she appeared to be experiencing strange dreams or nightmares.

Another young woman, a mother in her early twenties, had participated in a peyote rite with a small religious cult, and after a night of vivid hallucinations, she had jumped out a window, plowed her way through heavy brambles, and then lain down to sunbathe on what she thought was a lawn.

A student, who tried the drug in his own apartment, stepped out on a high balcony to watch the sunset, and fortunately gained enough self-control just in time to keep himself from leaping out to try to grasp the brilliant pinks and purples in the sky.

Meanwhile, the defenders of peyote, often coloring their arguments with references to religious and educational freedom, have begun to campaign for its unrestricted use.

They cite the claimed nonaddicting qualities of the drug, although they fail to mention the medical reality that the practice is at least habit forming. A Colorado anthropologist testified in the Pan-Indian Native American Church hearings that he has never known of an Indian to be hospitalized for addiction, or because of the effects of peyote. Medical journals, however, reveal cases of death by respiratory failure and attack of the central nervous system from overdoses of the drug.

At the University of Washington, a pharmacologist commented: "Any drug that removes you from the realm of reality is not a good agent to have around."

Law-enforcement officials (Turn to page 34)



Run by youth, for youth, and with youth, this unusual Florida Youth Council has met with high success and is sparking similar movements nationwide.

TEEN-AGE

Jury

MARION RUBINSTEIN

A young offender is brought into the Municipal Court to be heard by Judge Santora. On the left is the youth jury

"THE YOUTH offender does not like being tried by a jury of his peers. This is the reason for the unique success of our operation. Our young people have the knack for being just. They know right from wrong. We do not have any psychologists working with us, only youth between the ages of sixteen to twenty-one. It is run by youth, for youth, and with youth."

This in essence is the unusual but effective program in Jacksonville, Florida, which deals with youthful offenders who break the law for the first time. They are tried by a jury of young people their own age. The punishment meted out is as unusual as the jury that tries these young offenders. The offenders have to *work* out their sentences, at jobs that the youthful jury decides upon.

It all started in April, 1962, when a group of young people became highly incensed at the general reputation ascribed to all young people these days.

"Our young people were tired of being branded delinquents," declares Ernest P. Evans, who at nineteen years of age is director of the Youth Council on Civic Affairs, Inc. He is a student at Jacksonville University and hopes to go into law. Elected once and then reelected since, Evans takes his job seriously. He explains it this way: "My training in dealing with youthful offenders has not been formal, only from the school of hard knocks."

With that, he talks about the feelings of other young people who have worked with him to start this Youth Council. "They all want to show the community that, when given a chance, they can do as much as adults in community service."

Since that time the plan has been adopted by young people's groups in thirty-one communities, among them being Miami, Florida, and Sacramento, California. Also Chicago, Los Angeles, and other cities are preparing to launch a similar program.

Two years ago the members of the then newly formed Youth Council read in a local paper that John E. Santora, Jr., judge of the Municipal Court, had stated that the number of youthful offenders appearing in his court was increasing at an alarming rate, and that he intended becoming stricter in the punishments meted out by the court.

The Youth Council called a meeting of its district officers and proposed the idea of a youth jury. This idea was presented to Judge Santora, who immediately brought it into effect in his court. The jury now serves two days a week, Monday for college students and Saturday for high school students. All jurors are members of the Youth Council and are coordinated by an assigned young person.

The youth jury recommends to the judge the verdict as well as the sentence for the offender. The jury's sentence may range from sweeping city streets to working in the Duval Medical Center or writing an essay. When the jury fines a young person, it is done on the installment plan.

The youth jury considers the case . . . ◇ Right ◇ . . . and then consults with Judge Santora. ◇ Center ◇ Members of the Youth Council demonstrate some of the educational and cultural activities annually sponsored and encouraged for teenagers. ◇ Far right ◇

- "1. To produce an organization through which the youth of our community can benefit both themselves and their community.
- "2. To provide equal opportunity for each young person to assume responsibility with the adults of the community.
- "3. To practice democracy in order to better prepare youth for later responsibilities as voting citizens.
- "4. To constructively channel the enthusiasm of our youth."

This eliminates the parents from the paying of a young offender's fine. He must do it himself.

In speaking of the results of this plan, Director Evans says, "We have had more than 700 cases since our inception in the Municipal Court. Of these 700 cases, we have had only four repeat offenders."

He goes on: "Many of our cases have been with teenagers who were drunk. For such cases the usual sentence is two weeks or forty-eight hours on street-clean-up detail."

One of these cases involved a boy with polio who was arrested on a charge of drunkenness. "The boy's parents deserted him while he was in the hospital with polio," recalls Evans. "He had no one to go to and no one who cared for him. When he was brought into court, he testified that he did not care whether he lived or died. The council sentenced this boy to work in our office for two weeks. That was three months ago. He is still with us. He now has found his place and someone who cares whether he lives or dies."

There have been other cases as heartbreaking, and the thoughtfulness and kindness displayed by the youthful jury have turned the tide in the lives of many offenders and headed them into useful pursuits.

For example, there was a young seventeen-year-old girl who was pregnant. She was brought before the Municipal Court on a charge of shoplifting. She testified that she had stolen and that she had had to do so because her husband beat her if she disobeyed him.

Investigation proved her story to be true, and the youth jury sentenced her to serve as a nurse's aide, after the birth of her baby. She is now in training to be a nurse.

Then there was the case of the young transient who was charged with vagrancy and disorderly loitering. "This boy traveled from city to city, a plain bum," recalls Evans. "He testified that he had parents who were drunks and did not care. Our Youth Council worked with this boy. He is now in the United States Army, with his high school diploma, studying electronic engineering."

"When a case shows the teen-ager to be belligerent, rather than a victim of circumstances beyond his control,

the sentence is of a different kind," Evans explains. "When the youngster feels that he must show off in an automobile, our sentence is either the Duval Medical Center, where he can see the terrible results of careless driving, or our traffic school, where he is taught how to drive carefully and safely."

Jimmy was arrested doing seventy-five miles an hour in a twenty-five-mile zone. He admitted that several children were playing along the street as he passed. Defiant at his hearing, he was sentenced to three nights in an emergency ward.

One of the first accident victims Jimmy saw was a six-year-old girl whose spine had been injured by a speeding car. The car went out of control and careened into her parents' yard, slamming her against a tree. Jimmy stiffened when he heard one doctor tell an intern that the little girl would never walk again. Later on, a member of the youth jury spotted Jimmy in court on the day that the driver that struck the girl appeared. He was asked why he had come and Jimmy, the erstwhile offender, answered: "I just wanted to be sure the guy got what was coming to him." Then he added: "It could have been me who crippled that kid."

What effect has all this had in reducing youth offenses in the Jacksonville area? Judge John E. Santora, who presides over this unusual court, answers this question: "Since the Youth Council came to me with the idea of a youth jury, the number of teen-age violators to appear in my court has dropped by 50 percent. I attribute this solely to the work of this teen-age jury. In the last two sessions I have had 200 cases on the docket. Not a single case in the entire 200 involved a teen-ager. This, too, is directly attributable to these kids."

How do the youth-jury members feel about the part they have played? Johnny Miranda answers, "We're anxious to help the young people who come before us. This is a serious challenge to us. We don't go in much for fines. Usually the kid's dad would pay that, or his mother, or some relative or friend. Instead, we sentence the boy or girl to painting some city building, or sweeping (Turn to page 30)



Will relaxed and permissive measures solve our narcotics problems?



taking the lid off pandora's BOX

William L. Roper

ON THE very day that President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, his brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, was conferring at his farm home in McLean, Virginia, with a group of top advisers on the nation's crime problem.

This is significant because it points up an unpleasant, inescapable fact: Crime is still the number one problem in America, and one in which narcotics and alcohol are prime elements.

For years the illicit traffic in addictive drugs—narcotics of all kinds—has been a major source of revenue for organized crime. While this alone makes the narcotics problem one of major concern to all thoughtful Americans who desire to curb crime and the vice rackets, Americans are also deeply concerned because of the growing number of youthful addicts.

We are thus confronted with these questions:

Are we really making progress nationally in solving this vital problem and curbing addiction?

Have the recent changes, designed to place greater emphasis on cures and less on enforcement, been helpful? Or is this experimental approach fraught with new dangers?

While it is too early to give final and definite answers to all facets of these questions, several pertinent facts are already apparent. One of the most impressive of these facts is that organized crime, and its strong right arm, the narcotics traffic, continue to flourish, while our national crime rate also continues to climb.

Another danger in the new approach that is becoming increasingly obvious is that thousands of addicts are now being released prematurely from rehabilitation centers,

under writs of habeas corpus, and may in their craving for drugs recruit new addicts.

In August of last year, 320 addicts were released from the California Rehabilitation Center, near Pomona, on writs, and many more have been released since. Approximately 600 addicts confined in the treatment center filed similar petitions seeking release, and few of the writs were denied. These numerous pleas for freedom from California's two-year-old treatment program followed high court rulings. In a California case, the United States Supreme Court had ruled that it was unconstitutional to arrest and incarcerate a person merely for being a narcotics addict. This decision invalidated a clause in California law under which 39 percent of the state's criminal commitments for addiction were made.

The California Supreme Court later spelled out in detail the limits by which an addict can be committed to rehabilitation. This meant a shift from criminal to civil incarceration.

In line with this new policy, the California Supreme Court stated that civil commitment of an addict must be supported by a doctor's certificate, made out three days before the addict's detention. The certificate must affirm that the suspect is addicted or in imminent danger of becoming an addict. The court also pointed out that the addict suspect must be fully advised of his legal rights to a court hearing, an attorney, witnesses, and other defense safeguards.

These legal procedures, while protecting the rights of the accused addict, have added immeasurably to the task of taking known addicts out of social circulation and putting them in treatment centers. For in California,

with its burgeoning population and a crime rate higher than the national average, the courts are jammed with a backlog of untried cases.

Consequently, California, already plagued with one of the most acute dope problems in the nation, now has an unusually large number of addicts running loose. More than one third of all of the state's addicts confined in rehabilitation centers in 1963 have now filed writs for release from custody.

This situation in California has again focused attention on the question: Can narcotics addiction be cured by voluntary or limited confinement in a treatment center, or must confinement be compulsory?

To meet this problem, California's Attorney General Stanley Mosk has sponsored a legislative amendment to California law, requiring addicts to report regularly. Failure to report rather than being an addict would thus provide a legal reason for jailing. But so far the exodus from treatment centers continues, and the state's narcotics problem remains a critical challenge.

Despite the difficulties which California is experiencing with its civil-commitment program for addicts, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy has proposed legislation which would provide mandatory "civil commitment instead of criminal commitment" for "pushers of drugs" who are also addicts. Many law-enforcement officers have strenuously opposed this approach which, they argue, would seriously cripple enforcement.

Adding to the danger is a growing tendency to make a political football out of proposals for dealing with the problem.

For some time liberals, who have become influential in determining national policy, have been urging this new, experimental approach to our narcotics problem. On September 16, 1962, a panel of so-called experts released a press statement, rejecting the practice of lengthy confinement for drug addicts and recommending stronger focus on rehabilitation. A few days later the administration was quoted as urging greater efforts to rehabilitate drug addicts, rather than just cutting off their sources of supply. This appeared to be in answer to the charges of Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Democrat, Connecticut, and others that more stringent federal action was needed to cut off the illegal supply of narcotics and drugs flowing across the Mexican border into California and other border states.

That the late President's Advisory Commission on Narcotics and Drug Abuse appeared to give only minor attention to this border traffic was disclosed, when the seven-man panel conducted hearings in Washington in February, 1963. The commission's main emphasis was on rehabilitation of the individual drug user.

Actually, the very makeup of the commission explained this emphasis and its basic concern with the medical and sociological aspects of the problem rather than with enforcement procedures or punishment of drug peddlers. Three members of the commission were doctors. The others represented law, sociology, and business. While some of the group had had some past experience with law enforcement, the group's main concern, as evidenced by its statements, was not with dealing with the gigantic criminal conspiracy that master-

minds the illicit dope trade in the United States, or with improving enforcement techniques, but with finding better "cures" for addicts.

Dr. Roger O. Egeberg, medical director of the Los Angeles Department of Charities, who was a member of the panel that set up the group's project, made this clear in a statement. He was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* of February 10, 1963, as saying:

"The whole attitude since the Harrison Act of 1914 has been to crush out the narcotics menace with hard, long prison sentences. There has been a dedication to keeping anyone connected with narcotics out of circulation. This caused some rather wild reaction on the other side, even to the advocacy of permission addiction. I feel that both approaches are too extreme, but it's difficult to get people from both sides together because they get so mad at one another."

Dr. Egeberg appears to be saying that what seems to be needed is lighter jail sentences and a more sympathetic understanding of those connected with the vicious traffic. Naturally, most police officers and others close to the enforcement problem reject this line of thinking.

Dr. Lois L. Higgins, a well-known student of the problem, has described this difference of viewpoint as being basically a conflict be- *(Turn to page 30)*

10 Reasons Why I Drink

1. It shows that I am interested in obtaining only that which is the best and most uplifting for my mind and my body.
2. It shows that I am setting a good example before the community, and before my own children, one which I would be proud for them to follow.
3. It prepares me to drive sanely and carefully in these days of heavy traffic and crowded streets, and shows that I am interested in saving lives on our highways.
4. It proves that I have real self-control and can take care of myself at all times, especially when emergencies may arise.
5. It prepares me to be a good and uplifting conversationalist and a desirable personality, especially among women and children.
6. It proves me to be a man of high breeding and manliness, a person to whom people can look with confidence and assurance.
7. It pleases my mother so much who tried hard to give me a good start in life and is vitally interested in my happiness and success.
8. It impresses people that I have a good education which has developed in me high ideals of culture.
9. It proves that I am an individualist, wanting to be independent in establishing my own habits and ordering my own life.
10. It is my way of honoring my Creator who says, "Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

—Adapted.

FRANCE Turns the Corner



Many of France's most distinguished physicians, scientists, and political leaders comprise the government-backed National Committee Against Alcoholism which is now conducting an effective campaign to cut down the numerous tragedies ascribed to drinking.

WINE DRINKING has long been an ingrained part of the culture of the French people and of the economic life of their nation. As a result, France has the world's highest rate of alcoholism. Recent figures show that of every 100,000 Frenchmen, well over 5,200 are alcoholics. The United States is in second place, with more than 4,300 Americans in every 100,000 who are tied to their habit. Chile, Sweden, and Switzerland have similarly high rates. Countless thousands in France who claim they "know how to handle" liquor, left their mark on society. In 150,000 traffic accidents in France in 1962 (the most ever), some 8,000 motorists and pedestrians were killed. How many alcohol cut down was not determined, but the year before, almost 12,000 drunken drivers were arrested, and 2,000 had their licenses suspended. These drivers had to be staggeringly drunk, too, because France has only begun to use the sobriety test. In 1962, 5,000 licenses were taken away, a figure which almost equals the rise from the previous year in accidents. French authorities estimate that seven out of every eight accidents could have been avoided. These seven are caused by "misconduct," to which too much drinking is undoubtedly the biggest contributor.

The roots of this poisonous situation go deep into French life. Generations of Frenchmen have virtually been weaned from mother's milk and had it replaced with wine at the age of four. Even some physicians have not had second thoughts about the inevitable result of an entire nation's turning to drink—however much watered down—at such an early age. After World War II, when the statistics emerging from the besotted began rising and physicians and churchmen reacted with outspoken alarm, most Frenchmen shrugged off the problem. Elsewhere in the world, Alcoholics Anonymous chapters flourished; not in France.

Lately, however, the picture is beginning to change. France's economy, so long dependent on its abundant vineyards, is being geared more to automobiles and consumer goods. Other products than wine now bring in far more francs. As the French begin to dry out, deep-rooted habits are being demolished and heretofore acceptable thinking utterly changed. France alone in the Western world shows declining statistics on alcoholism.



A major part of the antialcoholism drive in France is comprised of skillfully drawn posters widely used over the country promoting the theme of security and sobriety, health and sobriety.

Education is the key—education that alcoholism is a condition to be feared, not invited; education to point out the dangers of drinking bottle after bottle of France's bounty. Educating France into an awareness of the dangers of drink is the challenge which the government-sponsored First Committee for Study and Information on Alcoholism set before itself when it was founded in 1954. Many of France's most distinguished physicians and scientists, as well as industrialists and former government figures, comprise the committee, which is headed by Professor Robert Debre, father of a former premier.

Research, published reports, and direct help constitute its activities, and its big public effort at present is an advertising campaign. The "Health and Sobriety" theme pops up on street posters, highway billboards, brochures, stamps, and blotters, and popular magazines are publishing articles built around the idea. Wherever used, art work is spirited and colorful and has a definite Gallic charm, and antidrinking advice is put succinctly.

For some time now, all liquor posters have been forbidden in sports stadiums. Neither manufacturers nor distributors of intoxicants can sponsor sports events or utilize gadgets for promotional publicity. The program has become more specific year by year. Warnings appear on posters and in the press against drinking by mothers, against drinking by pregnant women, against drinking by automobile drivers. A whole edition of a major Paris newspaper featured a full page of warnings about sanity and sobriety. Total abstinence is recommended for major segments of society. This is an amazing development for France.

In fact, France is coming ever closer to actual advocacy of abstinence for all, a development which five years ago could hardly be conceived in a society geared to wine. Wine manufacturers and dealers are worried at the decrease in the use of their product, and are observing with trepidation the increase in the acreage for fruit trees and the use of nonalcoholic fruit juices.

Consumption of wine and beer in recent years has dropped some 10 percent, the decrease coming in five consecutive years. Soft-drink sales have increased 140 percent. Powdered milk can now be purchased in cartons. The number of deaths

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Photography by
ALMASY,
THREE LIONS

The mirror on my wall is now a friend, not the revealing enemy it was for so long.

NADINE PORTUGAL
As told to Lou Jacobs, Jr.

I TOOK THE ROAD BACK



Having four-year-old Fawn with her has helped Nadine in her transition from the hazy existence of an addict to a much more productive life.

TWO AND a half years ago I was approaching desperation after eight years of narcotics addiction. At twenty-five I had a husband who also used heroin and sold it to support our "habit," plus three children and a depressing illness which amounted to slow suicide. I had been through the depths of living—if you could call being hooked living—and after a few weeks in jail I was out on bail fighting another arrest for addiction.

It is not easy to describe how a girl can reach this frightening level. The road to narcotics was shown to me early. I was one of six children who grew up in San Pedro, California. When I was four my father was killed while attempting a holdup, and my homebody mother

married a man who, we soon discovered, was a dope addict. Through his influence I began smoking marijuana when I was twelve or thirteen years old, just for kicks.

By the time I was seventeen I had graduated to heroin, which is a very expensive and dangerous drug. That year I married a longshoreman whose habit matched mine. We bought a home and settled down to what may have seemed to the casual observer as a normal life. Within two years I was too sick to care that we had lost our house, that I had given birth to my second child, and that I was being watched by the authorities.

It may seem strange, but I have been convicted only once and did thirty days, although I have been arrested many times. Other addicts looked out for me, even when I sold drugs on a minor scale to get money. You may have heard that the addict will do almost anything for money to buy heroin. This was true of my experience.

Although reality was often out of focus, against fear of being watched I had a sixth sense. We moved often and had constant financial difficulties, even though my husband worked steadily. In a few years there were three children to feed; but our craving for heroin was growing harder to satisfy, and we lived in a haze.

Drug addicts often steal because they cannot keep a job. Their laziness stems from the fact that drugs depress rather than stimulate them. Such drugs also constipate and make one prone to respiratory diseases and jaundice. I know what an awful effect they had on me, for I was twenty pounds underweight. During most of this time I wasn't running around much; I was in my own home rearing my children. I guess a "square" (our term for nonaddicts) who visited me would have thought I was a very neurotic housewife, thin and antisocial. The uninitiated would not have realized that I was on drugs.

I tried more than once to "kick" the habit. In fact, after the third month of my first pregnancy I stopped using the needle entirely. I didn't want to give the baby a physical stigma. But I became hooked again afterward. With my second child I stopped for a number of months,

but during my third pregnancy I couldn't tear myself away from heroin until two weeks before the child was born. As an infant, little Fawn had to kick her own mild habit.

The longer a person is on drugs, the harder it is to give them up. For most people they are slow death. I've heard that the confirmed addict doesn't live much beyond forty-five years on the average.

A narcotics user lives in his own unreal world, setting up customs and standards to suit his sickness. I could love my children, but drugs blocked real depth of feeling. Narcotics numb the senses in many ways. You cannot love another adult unless you can love yourself, and an addict is trying to destroy himself, so how can he have an honest relationship with anyone?

Perhaps now you have seen the pattern of my life. I was merely existing, and I was afraid. Each day I had to have five or more shots of heroin, which cost anywhere from \$25 to \$150. Intermixed with the fear and the chemical euphoria were eating, sleeping, housekeeping, and child care. I knew some very desperate months

when my husband was in jail, when we had little money, and when I had to sink as low as a woman can for my next fix.

Then came my last arrest when finally I did some jail time. I was now ready to seek a drastic solution to my drug problem. I had heard about Synanon House in Santa Monica, California, started in 1957, where *former* addicts live and work to help each other return to normal.

When I got out on bail in December, 1960, I was accepted at Synanon with little more than the clothes on my back. I spent the first few weeks trying to kick the habit again, and searching for the "gimmick" or some ulterior motive, but I never found it. Now it doesn't seem so strange that people would want to help me without some strings attached, but at that time unselfishness was no part of my life.

I remember wanting to escape from Synanon to return to the temporary comfort of narcotic fog. For several weeks both men and women at the House stayed with me, restraining me

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(Above left) At the nursery school on the church grounds where she works five mornings a week, Nadine finds pleasure in teaching the preschool children.

(Above) One of eight homes in the Synanon complex where Nadine and her daughter live with fifteen other women, all striving to return to normal after their hair-raising brush with tragedy. Group association is good.

(Left) After school, she helps care for the children at the house along with other mothers. Here she reads to Fawn (finger in mouth) and other resident children.



"I Sell the Stuff"

Here is the true story of a liquor clerk who from behind the bar sees the pathos and tragedy of the insidious growth of a vicious habit.

I'VE JUST accepted another billfold for credit. Why?

I don't really know the answer to that question, and I am not alone. There are thousands of mothers, wives, and children who ask the very same question.

Why?

Though I can't answer the question, I can tell you how it all began, for you see, I am in a position to know. I sell the stuff. I'm a liquor clerk.

I have been working in a liquor store almost a year now, and am an authority on the road to the bottom of the bottle. When I first started here, there was a nicely dressed fellow, seemingly well-educated, who would drop in about once a week for a half-pint and a little discussion of neighborhood events. For hours on end we would defend our choice of sand-lot champions of next Friday's ball game, how lucky a man can be to have a wife with both beauty and brains, and who will win the next World Series. In short, he was an ideal customer.

Not anymore!

The little bottle grew weak. It was enlarged to a pint, then two a day. Our little talks became his gripe session. He can't understand why his wife is always nagging at him, never letting him alone anymore. Always gripe, gripe, gripe!

Yes, he's on the road.

Later the quart a day became two, and then three. Much later, he couldn't afford so much whiskey, and so he changed to wine.

He can afford lots of wine. It's cheap.

Cheaply made!

Cheaply bottled!

Cheaply priced!

He can afford a lot of wine. Now he drinks more than a gallon and a half every day.

Over six quarts!

His clothes aren't well selected now, nor is he well groomed. He can't afford the expense of good grooming now. He has to save every penny—to buy a jug of wine.

He's well on the road!

His was the billfold I just took in on a bottle.

He has no job. He drove his wife out. Now he is alone.

But he is never alone, for he has a bottle for company. Is this an isolated incident?

It isn't.

I can hear a lot of people saying, "That's all well and good, but it doesn't apply to me. I can take it or leave it alone."

Sure you can!

In no other country in the world do people have such a freedom of will and choice as in ours.

But let's look at the average man—in fact, all the average men taken together and see how well they hold their liquor consumption.

In the September, 1963, issue of the *Southern Beverage Journal*, a liquor industry trade journal, there is a report of the fall and holiday gains during the past five years. The apparent consumption of spirits in the national market, in gallons, is as follows:

| Year | September | October | November | December |
|------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| 1958 | 16,562,311 | 21,547,426 | 21,259,440 | 25,806,403 |
| 1959 | 17,408,099 | 21,231,536 | 21,573,361 | 27,573,630 |
| 1960 | 18,632,953 | 21,422,570 | 24,718,032 | 27,742,543 |
| 1961 | 18,800,505 | 22,583,670 | 25,352,709 | 28,323,176 |
| 1962 | 19,397,817 | 23,825,109 | 26,712,704 | 29,827,948 |

These figures speak for themselves, but to make the facts even more plain, the above figures were taken during the four big sales months of the liquor industry.

Now let's look at actual gains in gallonage over previous years, and we can see

(Turn to page 32)

TALK TO anyone at Santa Clara High School, Santa Clara, California, about Don Schollander and he will tell you that Don is a kind of combination whiz kid, star athlete, school wheel, and all-around good fellow—and he owes it all to swimming.

"Those are nice words," Don says modestly, "but they're pretty much of an exaggeration." He won't deny, however, that his grades are excellent, that he served this past year as vice-president of the student body, and that he has traveled extensively in this country and abroad to Japan and Brazil.

Nor will he deny that he really works for what he wants, that he gets out of bed every morning at six, goes down to the pool from seven to eight, swims again every evening from four to six before going home to supper, and is striving now to get in shape for the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

"I really enjoy swimming," Don says. "It comes naturally. If I didn't swim at least three hours every day, I wouldn't feel right. As for the Olympics—well, I'm in there working for the chance."

What are his chances? His coach, George Haines, who is coach of the Santa Clara Swim Club and this year's men's assistant Olympic coach, comments, "He's good. I've coached a lot of swimmers and won a lot of trophies, but I've never seen a swimmer with the all-around ability Don has. I guess that's about it."

How does a champion swimmer start? Don says his parents did not push him at the beginning. He actually began getting acquainted with the water when he was about six, but he didn't do much until he went to Florida at the age of eight. There his uncle discovered he had real ability.

"When I returned home to Oregon," Don goes on, "I really went at it. We live on Lake Oswego and I practiced every day, but my family left me alone. They didn't push. Both my brother and father are star athletes. My dad was an all-American in high school, my brother an all-state in Oregon. But they didn't force me. I just gradually discovered that swimming was my one love.

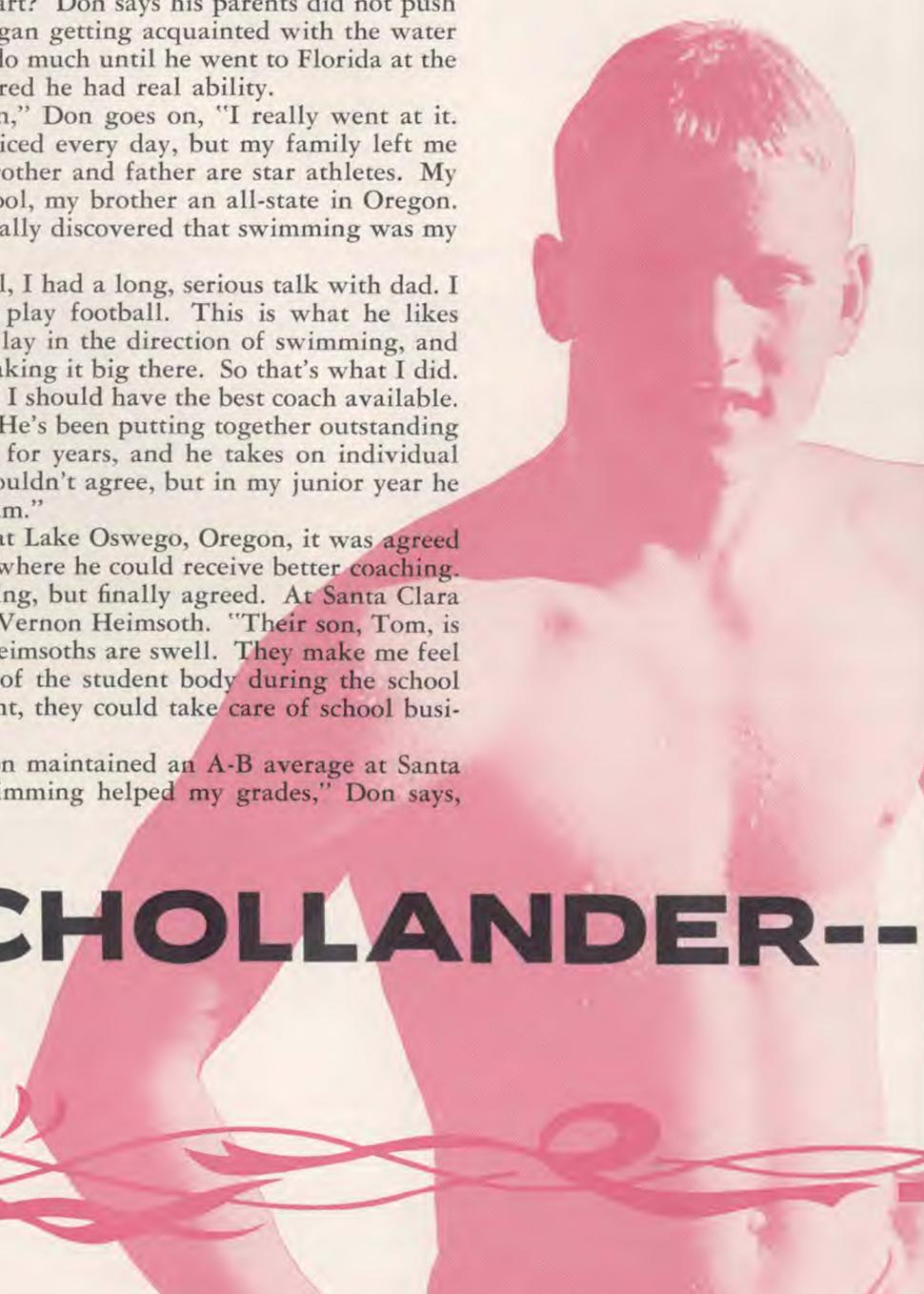
"Then, before I started high school, I had a long, serious talk with dad. I think he would have wished me to play football. This is what he likes most. But we agreed that my ability lay in the direction of swimming, and that I had the best chance of really making it big there. So that's what I did.

"After that, both my folks thought I should have the best coach available. That's when we approached George. He's been putting together outstanding teams at the Santa Clara Swim Club for years, and he takes on individual swimmers occasionally. At first he wouldn't agree, but in my junior year he told me to come on down. So here I am."

Although Don's parents still live at Lake Oswego, Oregon, it was agreed he should move south to Santa Clara where he could receive better coaching. His mother at first objected to his going, but finally agreed. At Santa Clara he lives at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Heimsoth. "Their son, Tom, is a great friend," Don says, "and the Heimsoths are swell. They make me feel right at home." Tom was president of the student body during the school year and, since Don was vice-president, they could take care of school business right at home.

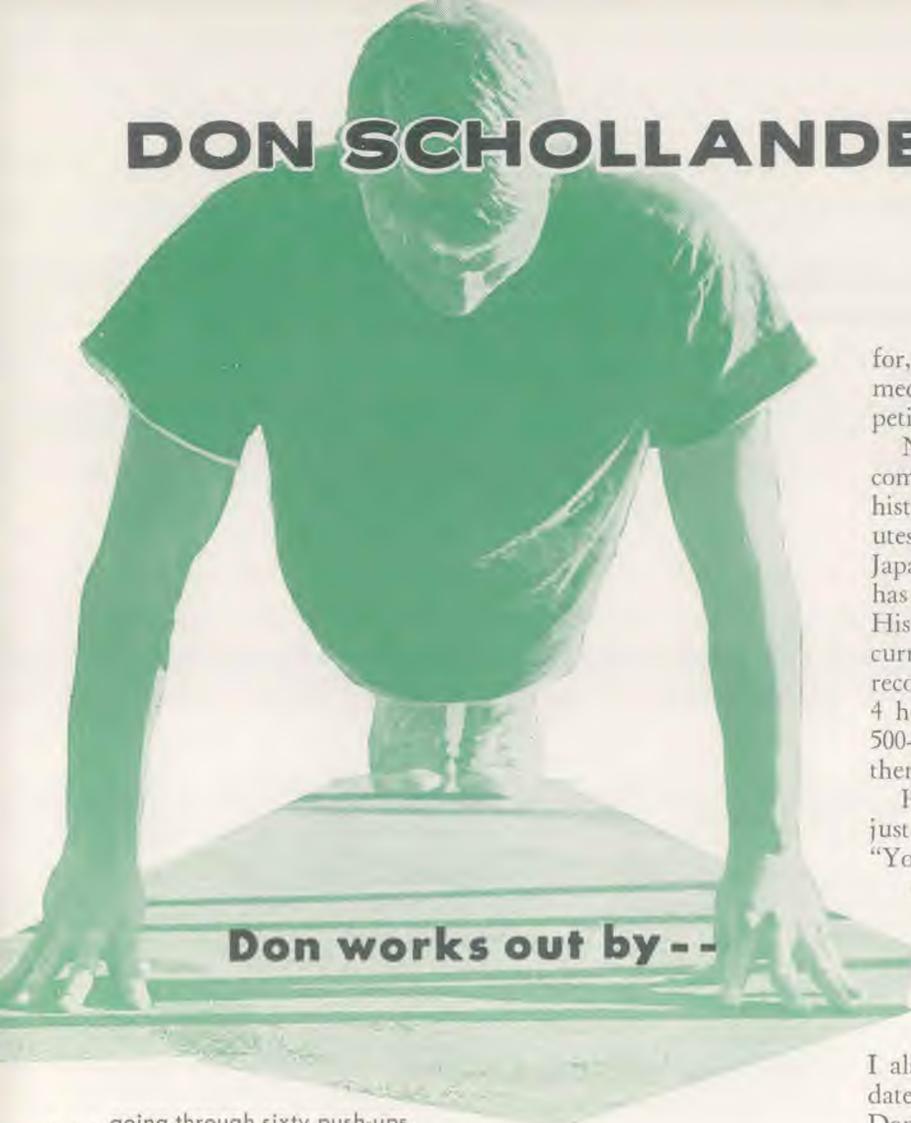
As far as grades are concerned, Don maintained an A-B average at Santa Clara High. "I don't know that swimming helped my grades," Don says,

Interview by
Duane G. Newcomb



DON SCHOLLANDER--

DON SCHOLLANDER-- "So Many



Don works out by --

... going through sixty push-ups.

"but I know I considered school important. I did my homework as quickly and as well as I could."

During his senior year Don's favorite subjects included science, civics, and mathematics. Thinking ahead, he says he hopes to go into premedical and eventually become a doctor.

"I don't know where I'll go to college next year," Don says, "but I've had bids from a lot of them. Recently I spent a weekend at the University of Indiana. I've also been to Yale and the University of Southern California. I like Yale, but they're very particular, and swimming would be only part of the consideration for entrance. What I am looking

for, of course, is a school where I can get the best in premedical training and also some good, stiff swimming competition."

Needless to say, Don provides some good, stiff swimming competition himself. Last summer he became the first in history to swim the 200-meter free style in under two minutes. Now he has done it five times, the latest at Osaka, Japan, where he beat his own world's record in 1:58.4. He has also won meets in the 100-, 400-, and 1,500-meter events. His coach expects him eventually to do all these under the current records, which is like asking a runner to set world records at all distances from 100 yards to a mile. On April 4 he set new American records in both the 200-yard and 500-yard freestyle. Don is now preparing for the Olympics themselves later this year.

How does he build himself up to set world records? By just swimming? "There's more to it than that," Don says. "You have to train every part of your body. A swimmer needs long muscles in his legs. I use dynamic tension to get them in shape, and regular workouts on surgical cords fastened to the swim-club fence. Every morning and evening I swim. I never run, because I feel this builds the wrong kind of muscles.

"I'm strong on wind, and so I work on other things. I also relax a lot, read books, watch television, go out on dates, and sit around the living room talking to Tom." Don's social life is about like that of any other teen-ager his age. He feels strongly that a person should be well-rounded.

Regarding the qualities that make Don the number one swimming prospect at the present time, his coach observes, "Don has a lot of ability. He's very strong and he works hard. He has good strength in 1964, and should reach even better by 1968."

"George is very good at bringing me up to peak performance," Don says. "He actually kids me into it. I may be getting a little nervous before a meet, but he'll come along and say, 'Let's get with it, Don,' and I'll feel a lot better. By the time the meet arrives, I'm all set to go."

Many athletes use good-luck charms or harbor some superstition in connection with their performance. Don is no

... practicing dynamic tension, working against one of his partners.

... doing exercise on the cords, simulating actual swimming.



Really Big Goals in Life"

exception. "I keep the participant's badges to several meets in my wallet," Don says, "just the same ones. You know how it is when something seems to be going good for you. I'd feel lost starting a race without them."

How does Don get ready for a big meet? "There's a lot to using one's head," he admits. "More to it than just getting out there and swimming. You have to use psychology. For instance, every time I meet Roy Saari of El Segundo, I have a hard time. I try to outwit him. Last year in Chicago I was in better shape than he, so I decided I'd hang back and sprint the last two laps. Well, Roy did the same thing and our times were very slow. All the rest hung with us, but I should have sprinted sooner, for Roy beat me by a tenth of a second. Next time it will be different.

"Last year I tried the same plan at Yale and won, so psychology is important."

Don's convictions on healthful living are strong ones. Naturally, he neither smokes nor drinks. "Smoking cuts down on wind," he says. "It would just about ruin my chances to be a champion. I'm sure I'll never smoke.

"As to drinking, this, too, cuts efficiency. Even if it did not affect my body," Don says, "I know it would bother me mentally. You have to be in top shape for these races. Why would I do anything to slow myself down?"

Coach Haines says that none of his swimmers smokes or drinks. "I don't do it myself and I stress good living. We train hard here at the Santa Clara Swim Club and we have our share of records. I don't think we'd have done as well if our swimmers indulged in these habits. It isn't part of good training—or living, either."

Don's eating habits are fairly stringent. He breakfasts on eggs and chocolate after he swims. He also stays away from fattening foods such as pies and cakes. "I don't eat much ice cream," he says, "but often after a good workout a bunch of us will get together and go down to one of the local parlors for cones. This is about right."

Don's method of success is to work hard and live as well-rounded a life as possible. "Swimming is work," Don says, "but so is everything else that's worth having."

Coach Haines agrees with Don that winning is hard

Trophies won by
Don's Santa Clara
Swim Club.



At home he hits the books.

work. How has he as coach won so many trophies for the Santa Clara Swim Club, and how did he become women's Olympic coach in 1960 and men's assistant Olympic coach this year? Certainly this has been a remarkable record of achievement for any coach. "It's a hobby of mine," George says. "I like to develop swimmers."

"He's brought out the best in me," Don puts in. "I hope to go to the Olympics this year and to college next fall. I also expect to continue working hard from now on because there are so many really big goals to reach in life. I want to achieve."

Off Don goes to begin a practice session.



Don and Tom Heimsoth discuss student-body business.





Whiskey Is a Deceiver

Interview by H. Stuart Morrison

BRAZIL

"WHISKEY is not a palliative for sufferers from heart disease. It may pep up the patient momentarily and give him a sense of well-being, but that is all. It certainly does nothing to alleviate his condition."

This is the forthright declaration made by Professor Aaron Burlamaqui Benchimol, who holds the chair of cardiology in the faculty of medical sciences of the University of Guanabara, Brazil. Benchimol has participated in numerous medical-science research operations in Brazil as well as with various United States organizations.

This heart specialist does not agree with the belief held by many persons that whiskey is beneficial to health and in some cases cures an ailment. He scoffs at the theory that whiskey or any other alcoholic beverage dilates the heart, thus stimulating the flow of blood through the circulatory system and in some cases curing cardiac conditions.

Dr. Benchimol maintains that whiskey gives the drinker an exalted feeling of well-being, but that this is only temporary and has no real beneficial effect on the heart or the circulatory system.

"The notion that whiskey possesses effective vasodilatory properties for the coronary arteries," he declares, "has been completely refuted by recent clinical and experimental laboratory work, which demonstrates its total inefficiency in the prevention of electrocardiographic alterations noted in patients suffering from angina pectoris. The conclusion we obtain from these studies is that the relief from coronary pain following the administration of alcohol to certain patients is purely symptomatic, and depends more on a psychic sedative action than any direct effect by whiskey on the coronaries or myocardias."

Dr. Benchimol also denounces alcohol for its deleterious effects on other organs of the body.

"Cirrhosis of the liver and alcoholic gastritis," he says, "are the two principal organic results of the prolonged use of alcohol."

Nor is it necessary to emphasize, he continues, "the social consequences of a vice whose evils for the individual and the community are so well known. Enslaved by his craving for liquor, the alcoholic soon becomes a

heavy weight on society and on his family through his incapacity to discern and to comply with his obligations, to provide his own sustenance and that of his dependents. Besides this, we have the moral aspect of the problem, which often transforms these individuals into real pariahs whom society despises and rejects."

Whiskey as an alcoholic beverage may have some caloric value, Dr. Benchimol points out. Consequently it has alimentary value, although it lacks certain nutritive elements which are indispensable to normal metabolism.

"Therefore," this researcher concludes, "qualitatively we treat for an inadequate diet, because alcoholics cease using other alimentary substances. This result is particularly noticeable in the lack of vitamin B with all its well-known consequences, including such diseases as cardiac beriberi."

What's Your A.Q.?

M. M. FERUSKI

THERE IS a relationship between an alcoholic and an immature person. If you cannot answer most of these questions "yes," you may be the victim of a kind of immaturity that could lead to drinking and on to alcoholism. Test your A.Q. (alcohol quotient) by asking yourself these questions:

1. Can I accept criticism gracefully, honestly glad for an opportunity to improve myself?
2. Can I resist the temptation to indulge in self-pity?
3. Can I control my temper and meet unexpected emergencies with poise?
4. Am I a good loser, able to endure defeat and disappointment without complaining?
5. Am I honestly happy when others enjoy success, without any hidden envy or jealousy?
6. Do I plan things in advance instead of doing things on the spur of the moment?
7. Do I accept responsibility for my own acts?
8. Am I open-minded enough to listen to the opinions of others without becoming angry when my views are opposed?
9. Can I resist the temptation to boast or show off in a way that is not socially acceptable?
10. Can I stand on my own merits and not expect special consideration from anyone?

AS I WAITED on the sidewalk in front of the long row of apartments, a shabby station wagon swung into view about three blocks away and braked wildly to halt beside me. A frowzy, bleary-eyed man lounged behind the wheel. The right car door swung open, and onto the curb staggered a large, disheveled woman. She hailed me with a glib and smiling, "Hi, honey, you the guy who wants to rent?"

At that moment I wasn't at all sure that I was. The fact that apartments were scarce was the only thing that kept me from backing out on the spot.

"Well, honey, you just come right on in here, and I'll fix up your lease." With those words Mrs. Sherman barged into the privacy of one of her rented apartments, and amid the startled looks of her renters she sat down at a desk and called loudly for a pen. While the reluctant hostess meekly complied with her quest, I stood by in embarrassment.

"So this is my new landlady," I mused. "She must be the boss, because her husband remained in the car outside—or was he unable to stagger in?" At any rate, it was evident that they were both in the midst of a spree when I had called them about renting their vacant apartment.

The raucous voice of the woman behind the desk brought me sharply to the present. "Tell you what," she said; "if you can pay six months in advance, I'll knock off one month's payment." I couldn't, but she took my check for two months pleasantly. I signed the lease, and she breezed out again as gaily and confidently as she had entered. I was still entranced by it all, but managed to excuse myself, hoping that the lady of the house didn't blame me for this unexpected disruption.

"You'll get used to that," she said as she followed me to the door. "We've rented here for five years; never seen them sober."

A local firm moved our furniture into apartment three the next day. The neighbors were friendly and helpful.

"Jack," I said to one while lifting the lid of the outdoor incinerator, "what sort is this landlord of ours?" The tall, lean Air Force sergeant from apartment two smiled and stretched his lanky frame.

"Landlady," he corrected me. "She owns the place. It's in her name. She looks after everything."

"Are they always drunk?" I asked, replacing the incinerator lid and putting the wastebaskets on the ground.

"Always, more or less. Never seen 'em otherwise," Jack replied, still smiling. "They own an old rundown night

club out on North Fourteenth Street, way out past the last house. They live out there. The place is an awful mess. Both of them lie around in a stupor most of the time."

"But the apartment here," I ventured, "is kept in good shape."

"Sure," Jack went on; "she gets a repair crew out here regularly every year and works this place over thoroughly, but you want to look out for her. She doesn't come around often, but when she does, boy, she's a bear cat!"

"How's that?" I inquired innocently.

"You'll see," he grinned, and disappeared into his apartment.

I wasn't long "seeing" what Jack Faulk meant. Mrs. Rankin and I were

sort of thing?" She didn't expect me to have an answer, of course, but we both pondered the question.

A few weeks' time revealed that these storms blew up quite often. Our nerves wore thin. I began to look for more satisfactory housing.

"It's no use," I said wearily at the end of a week of searching. "There isn't a vacant apartment in town that rents for a price we can afford."

Then the visits from the landlady ended abruptly. A whole month passed without our seeing her. On the first of the next month we received a telephone call, "Just mail your rent check." She gave us an address on North Fourteenth Street.

Even before it is born—

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"



William I. Rankin

settling down to read the evening paper one late afternoon when the storm arose outside on the front lawn. A brawling feminine voice echoed up and down the block. Suddenly our front door flew open and our landlady was in the middle of the room.

"Are those your tricycles and wagons on the front walk?" she demanded in an angry voice.

"No, Mrs. Sherman," I replied, trying hard to keep my voice low and steady, "we have no children." Apparently her benumbed brain failed to grasp the meaning of what I was saying, for she continued to rant and rave about people who leave toys on the front lawn and walks. After assurances from me that we had nothing to do with the toys out front, she retreated through the front door to look for further victims on which to vent her rage.

"Whew!" my wife whistled. "How often do we have to be subjected to that

The next nine months passed without any further visits from the Shermans. The backyard conversations frequently turned to speculation as to what had happened. No one seemed to know.

June was turning into July when on a drowsy afternoon someone knocked on our front door. I opened it to face a tall, slender, well-groomed woman carrying a sleek briefcase. In a pleasant manner she displayed her wares. She represented a nationwide organization of photographers who had prepared a handsome picture album to go with a systematic and economical plan for photographing children. We were interested, for my wife was expecting birth of our first child in about three months. As she explained the plan, this lady exemplified the last word in tact, pleasantness, and courtesy. All the while I had a vague feeling that there was a familiar something about this woman, but I passed it off as one of

those look-alike instances involving a former acquaintance.

She sold us on the plan, an order book was produced, and I signed the blank she filled out. As I stood beside her, I stared in disbelief at the signature she put under mine—Mrs. Blanche Sherman.

She looked up at me with a smile as I stammered, "You're—you're not—" "Yes," she said, finishing the statement I was unable to finish, "I'm Mrs. Sherman, your landlady."

I was afraid I had embarrassed her too much already, so I gulped and mumbled, "It's been so long since we've seen you." What I said next I don't remember, but she never lost her composure. It seemed she was gloating over her little ruse. She bade us good-bye and let herself out.

We were stunned. Was that really the apparition that had in months past disturbed us so often with her unpredictable intrusions? Never before had I seen such a thorough change in a person.

We had to know more about this.

On the first day of the next month we drove out to deliver the rent in per-

OUR LIVES

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

Can you say today in parting,
With the day that's slipping fast,
That you've helped a single person
Of the many you have passed?

Did you waste the day, or lose it?
Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness,
Or a scar of discontent?

As you close your eyes in slumber,
Do you think God would say,
"You have made this world much better
For the life you lived today"?

son instead of mailing it. Our curiosity knew no bounds. We found the old night club closed; the house and yards had undergone a complete change. Not only had someone painted and repaired the badly neglected house, but all refuse had been picked up and the grass was freshly mowed.

Our curiosity increased. What had brought about such a change?

Two weeks later we met an acquaintance of the Shermans. From him we learned the story.

"It was the baby that started it, I think," he explained. Mrs. Sherman realized she was going to have a baby. This fact did something to her thinking. She looked around her and saw the shabbiness of her surroundings and decided she couldn't bring an innocent baby into that place. She tried to quit drinking, but found it impossible. She and her husband joined Alcoholics Anonymous.

"She realized that she had no religion to offer her firstborn, so they began attending church and found the spiritual strength needed for rehabilitation. Well, one thing led to another. For the first time in years she looked into a mirror while sober and decided that she needed to go to the hairdresser, and to lose a little weight. Mrs. Sherman has certainly changed," he concluded.

And I thought as I listened, "A little child shall lead them"—even before it is born.

YOUTH

"A.D.O."



Members of the executive board of Anti-Drink Organization at Kent-Meridian High School in the State of Washington display one of their club's recruiting signs. From left to right are board members Laurie Olmstead, Ron Okitsu, Judy Keeling, Dawnie Pegg, John Manny, and Phil Boughten.

"When a beer bust involving more than a hundred of our kids brought out the sheriff on Halloween, we knew we had to take action. We decided we had to face it ourselves."

So said Ron Okitsu, eighteen, president of the student body at Kent-Meridian High School near Seattle, Washington. In this way was born the A.D.O., a teen-age club whose members pay dues, sponsor hayrides, or hire a bus for a ski trip.

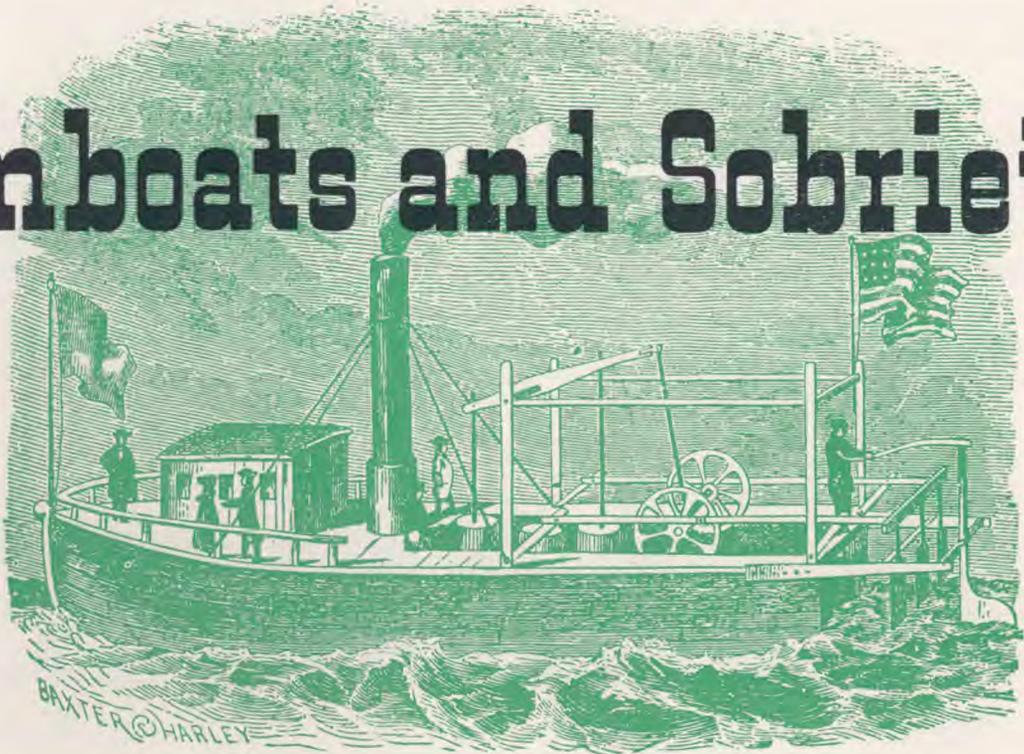
The Anti-Drink Organization, what A.D.O. stands for, is the first of its kind in the nation. "When one prominent student here said to me, 'Well, drinking is more fun than anything else I can think of,' it was a challenge to us to offer him something else," declares Okitsu.

The "something else" is a program of non-alcoholic activities "that are so much fun kids won't have to imbibe."

Though many of the students consider the A.D.O. "square," some one hundred teen-agers nevertheless signed up in the first two or three weeks by taking the pledge to abstain from intoxicants. One commented, "If the A.D.O.'s are going to have all that fun, I want to get in, too."

This new high school idea has yet really to prove itself, but already inquiries are coming from many other schools in several states.

Steamboats and Sobriety



Sylvia E. Clark

IF ONE MAN back at the close of the Revolutionary War had been an abstainer, the history of North America might have been somewhat different.

John Fitch was a self-made silversmith, whom history books seldom mention. He invented a steamboat nearly two decades before Robert Fulton made his famous trial run up the Hudson with the *Clermont*—and it traveled nearly twice as fast as the *Clermont*!

Some historians have conceded that John Fitch was much more ingenious than Robert Fulton. Having never heard of James Watt's steam engine in England, this obscure American invented a steam engine himself, with several improvements over Watt's engine. One of his steamboat models is said to have included a screw propeller. His most successful boat, a forty-five-foot cabin passenger ship, ran scheduled trips up and down the Delaware River in 1790. It is said that his eighteenth-century models of the steamboat had more thermal efficiency than paddle-wheel steamers attained until the late nineteenth century.

John Fitch was undeniably a genius. His life, however, instead of being an inspiring success story commensurate with his unusual ability, serves only as a somber documentary on the effects of liquor on a brilliant mind.

Fitch was born on a Connecticut farm in 1743. Some biographers attribute his drinking to an inferiority

complex caused by his motherless childhood. For some reason he turned away from his strict religious upbringing.

He has been called "the most unfortunate inventor," but an examination of his life shows that many of his misfortunes were caused by his drinking. In 1785 when he began building his steamboat, he chose for a partner Henry Voight, a watchmaker, who like himself enjoyed his liquor. One wonders how the stockholders of his company must have felt when these two men were seen night after night in taverns squandering the money put up to build a steamboat.

At first Fitch's drinking was only social. He used it to overcome a nervous

shyness and his deep-seated feeling of inferiority, but inventing a steamboat was disheartening. Soon he began easing his discouragements with liquor. After one serious setback, he recorded in his autobiography, "Thus situated, drinking only seemed to be my relief, although I have never as yet rendered myself unfit for business by said practice, nor more than gladden my mind and place it before the frowns of the world."

While problems and discouragements mounted, almost unnoticeably his drinking passed into another stage. Now he was not satisfied to spend a jolly evening in a tavern or to sit with Voight discussing their plans over cups of grog. He felt a compulsion to keep on drinking. When the tavern closed at midnight, he took a bottle home with him, "to drink myself to sleep," as he explained in his papers.

After several experiments with more or less successful steamboats, Fitch attained his greatest triumph in 1790. He and Voight built a boat propelled by a row of paddles at the stern that dipped into the water and pushed back at every stroke of the piston. It could travel eight miles per hour. Robert Fulton's *Clermont* did only five. This boat passed everything on the river. Famous men rode on it and wrote glowing testimonials. When his advertisements appeared in newspapers offering three scheduled trips per week up the Delaware, it seemed (Turn to page 32)



Jake hoped the little white bull might hold a clue to the—

DEATH IN THE ARALIAS



Blendena L. Sonnichsen

LUPE CASADA'S piercing screams brought curious neighbors out of their houses, followed closely by the children and the dogs.

By the time young Juan Bolta reached her, Lupe had collapsed in the folds of her brightly colored skirt. With her hands over her face, she rocked back and forth, screaming hysterically. Pulling Lupe to her feet, Juan smacked her smartly on her cheek. She stopped screaming, looked at him wildly for a moment and then her eyes rolled upward and she crumpled face down in the damp grass.

Juan could see nothing in the blinding morning sun as he knelt beside the girl. Shading his eyes with one hand, he looked carefully around. Then he rose and walked to the clump of aralias at the corner of the house. There, in the dense ivy beneath the huge bushes, he saw what had terrified Lupe.

He stood petrified for a second, then yelled to the gathering crowd, "Go back, go back! Get the children out!" He turned and ran to the rear of the house, where he was suddenly violently sick.

His behavior excited the neighbors, and one of the men walked boldly up

to the aralias, but only for a second. Then he, too, yelled and ran from the yard.

The driver of a police car cruising by saw the crowd of people and stopped.

Juan, coming from the backyard, met the officer and took him to the clump of bushes. He watched, tense and white, as the policeman dragged out onto the grass what looked like a bundle of rags.

It was the body of a small brown man with his knees against his chest, trussed with a piece of rope. His head was nearly severed and his arms, which hung limply, were slashed from shoulder to wrist. Someone had methodically mutilated this poor man and then tied him up and dumped him there. Why? everyone wondered.

Down at police headquarters an examination of the dead man established the reason for the mutilation of his arms. Small needle punctures could be seen under the powerful lens of the microscope, although they had nearly been destroyed by the frenzied slashing.

Jake Wright, of the narcotics division, and his associates were immediately on the scene of the crime. They went over the yard and through the bushes expertly and thoroughly. They

quietly interrogated the neighbors, but everyone was too frightened to talk. The only bit of information came from the widow Moreno, the community midwife, who lived next door to Lupe Casada. Their small yards, lying side by side, were filled with dense ground ivy across the front of the houses.

Lupe had aralias at the corner of her house; Mrs. Moreno had an ancient climber rose that had been trained over her bedroom window for more years than she could remember.

Two nights in succession before the murder, Mrs. Moreno had been awakened by a peculiar swishing sound outside. The first night she thought it was an animal and went back to sleep. The second night the swishing sound was so disturbing that she got up and looked out her bedroom window. She could barely see someone moving around, slashing and jabbing at the ivy with a club or an ax. At any rate the woman was too frightened to turn on a light or call out.

The next morning she found the ivy all trampled and bruised, with bare ground exposed in spots. It was all very puzzling, but she said nothing to anyone.

Then it rained. It started that eve-

ning and rained hard all night. By morning everything was soaked and water-laden.

Mrs. Moreno's climbing rose was hanging in a sodden mass from the rusty hooks at the edge of the roof. Seeing the massive climber was liable to tear loose with its weight of water, the widow, armed with heavy gloves and a rake, dragged a stepladder through the wet ivy below the vine. Perched on the ladder, she struggled to raise the vine with the rake. As she gave a mighty heave upward, something fell and struck her on the head.

Surprised, the woman stepped down and picked up a wet, wrapped box. Neighborhood youngsters were always throwing things into her yard to annoy her. Mrs. Moreno took the box into her kitchen, peeled off the paper, and opened it. There was a white powder puff on top of a plastic bag of powder, but it wasn't dusting powder.

Puzzled and frightened, she called the police. Jake Wright came out again and took the box down to headquarters. Ken Blaney, the chemist, examined its contents. It contained pure, uncut heroin.

There were exactly fifteen ounces in the package, worth about \$700 an ounce. Altogether there was \$10,500 worth of hopeless, living death!

Jake was sure there was some connection between the package of heroin and the murdered brown man. But no one came to identify him or claim his body. He merely became a number, and the case was closed—temporarily.

The police department had reached a blank wall. There were the usual number of telephone calls and tips from people trying to be helpful, and from cranks, but there was nothing really tangible to work on.

On a Saturday afternoon, about two weeks later, Jake received a phone call from a woman. Her voice was urgent and husky as if she had been crying. All she said was, "Go to Tomas's at once and pick up a white bull."

A white bull! Jake thought the call was a prank, but the desperation in the woman's voice made him decide to investigate the call, even if it did prove that he was being handed "the bull."

Jake checked out Tomas's and found it was a statuary shop just a block from the Casada and Moreno houses!

Jake set out with two officers in a plain car for Tomas's, parking about half a block away. The two officers went through a narrow alley to the rear of the store while Jake walked boldly through the front door to the jangle of a tinnny bell. The small shop was dirty

and full of dusty plaster figurines and animal statuary, but there were no white bulls in sight.

A sharp-featured, bespectacled man came pushing through a faded blanket over the rear door. Expecting most any reaction from the man, Jake said, "I came to pick up a white bull."

The man adjusted his glasses and disappeared behind the blanket. Jake had come too far to turn back now. If the man brought out a white bull, all he could do was to pay for it and then discard it before the officers had the laugh on him.

Jake almost gasped when the man came back with a snow-white plaster bull about twelve by fifteen inches. He carelessly wrapped it in a sheet of newspaper, handed it to him, and returned to the back room without saying a word.

Disgusted, Jake stood holding a bull he didn't want and hadn't paid for. Taking the paper by an edge, he let the white bull roll out and fall to the floor, where it broke. There, at his feet, among the bits of plaster lay a box just like the one Mrs. Moreno had found!

Hearing the crash, the bespectacled man peered through the blanket. Jake grabbed the box and with a yell jumped at the man.

Terrified at Jake's action, the man ran out the back door and into an officer's arms. It was all over in a minute.

They thoroughly searched the shop, but there were no more white bulls, nor was there any heroin. Down at

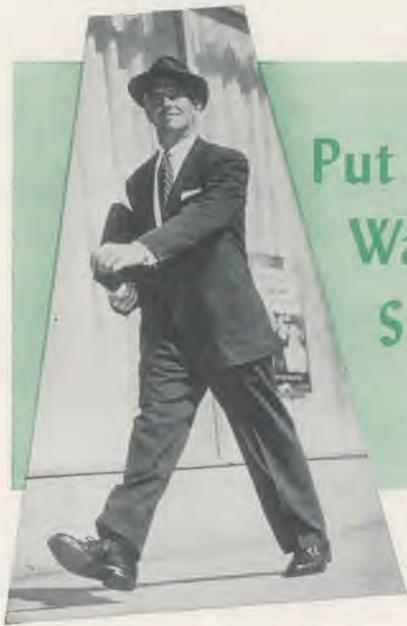
headquarters the man identified himself as Milo Valdez, the owner of Tomas's statuary shop. He said he had been approached several days previously by a stranger who said he owned a dairy. He ordered six snow-white plaster bulls to give to each of his route managers for a yard decoration. Valdez was paid \$200 cash to make them. However, the man had said he wanted to put a box of sand in each animal to give it weight, and arranged to be at the shop when the plaster was poured. The stranger said his men would call at the shop and ask to pick up a white bull. All Valdez had to do was wrap one up and give it to each man as he called. It was that simple.

Valdez hadn't asked any questions. After all, \$200 was a magnificent price for six white plaster bulls, but because he was greedy and not too scrupulous, he had actually helped to distribute a veritable living death.

Since all the bulls but one had been claimed, Jake surmised that the sixth pusher had either disappeared or been murdered, and he could have had some connection with the woman who had called Jake to tip him off. As Valdez was cleared, Jake decided that the box of heroin Mrs. Moreno found must have come from another source. There were always people like Valdez who could be tempted for a price.

Jake only hoped that he would find that source, and also a clue to the murder of the small brown man, and maybe save others from a living death.





Put on Your Walking Shoes



Maurine Clements

AS POPULAR as the rocking chair has become in the last few years, don't let it lure you into becoming a lazy, flabby chunk of saturated fat. Turn off the television, put on a pair of sturdy shoes, grab your binoculars, and go for a nice long walk, not just around the corner and back, but a mile or two as a starter. If you want to keep the blood circulating and those arteries resilient, *walk*.

In the past thirty-two years, since my doctor pronounced on me a life sentence of diabetes, I have walked approximately 35,000 miles, equivalent to about nine trips across the United States from New York to California. Why, you may ask, are you so stupid, walking and wearing out shoe leather when you could hop in a car and whiz through the country in much shorter time, and with much less effort?

Time being such a scarce commodity these days, it might at first seem foolish to hoof it a mile or two when a Cadillac could hustle you to your destination in the blink of an eye. I learned early in my experience with diabetes that walking out in the clear, fresh air had a way of building muscle, of promoting good circulation, using up calories, and cleaning out the cobwebs of fuzzy thinking.

However, it is a tragic fact that in many towns, cities, and new housing developments, sidewalks have become almost obsolete, leaving the devotees of the healthful exercise of walking no place except on the traffic-laden streets and hazardous highways. But don't

let that rob you of the pleasure of exercising your feet, even if you have to walk round and round your house.

Like the stalwart couriers for Uncle Sam, neither rain nor snow nor the gloom of night can deter me from my daily walks. I pound the sidewalks day after day, breathing deeply of the clear, fresh air. After the necessary insulin injections, the doctor advised walking; exercise held top priority in his list of treatments. "This is not just for diabetics," he said, "but for everybody who has two legs and a mind to keep healthy." He maintained that it was necessary to keep the body in good repair and the blood vessels supple and active. "Young people," he added, "should form the habit early in life. Never ride when you can walk."

To my way of thinking, walking is less boring and less tiring than the monotonous one-two-three calisthenics taken in a gymnasium or in front of a television set, with their dull, repetitious movements. It adds immeasurably to one's well-being; it gives one a happier outlook on life; and it's surprising how many friends and acquaintances one makes in a daily walk. My doctor advised me, "Make life a great adventure," and I have tried to do just that. In my walks I try to anticipate what might lie round the corner. And more often than not I have been greatly pleased at what I have found.

Walking down the famed Paseo de la Reforma in Mexico City one day, I heard a sharp voice say, "Step along there, Señorita." I turned around

quickly, but saw no one. I continued a few feet farther when the same voice yelled out once more, "Step on it, Señorita."

A little frightened and shaky, I spied a "policia" on the corner, and running up to him I said, "Someone is back there threatening me, and I cannot locate him."

"What did he say to you, Señora?" he asked politely.

"He told me to step along, and his voice was so shrill!"

The policeman broke into gales of laughter, and it was a while before he could explain that his pet parrot came to work with him each day, and perched in the branches of the trees that lined the park and loved to give phony commands to passersby.

In my daily walks I have learned to find an interest in everything I see or touch or smell. It soon converts life into a fascinating business that pays exceedingly high dividends. It turns experience into fabric which makes for friendship, and weaves fond memories for life. A thousand years would not be half enough time to explore the wonders of God's great earth. The Creator surely meant for His children to use their legs to whet their wits, thus putting more zest into their lives.

A prominent New York physician was asked his opinion about the people who sat in his crowded waiting room. "Frankly, half of these people who spend hours in my smoke-filled reception room, would benefit far more if they spent the same time in taking a brisk walk out in the air." This eye-opening statement is indicative of a possible reverse in medical thinking. At Bellevue Hospital in New York, a group of arthritic patients were treated not merely with drugs, but were put through a training that emphasized exercise. At least a third of the patients who had been considered hopeless became completely independent, able to perform all their usual activities of daily living. The rest stayed on for longer periods, but showed a substantial increase in ability to function for themselves.

A study conducted in Boston concluded that obese children usually do not eat more than normal children but are abnormally inactive. A friend of mine remarked that if she walked as much as I did, she might burn up a few measly calories, but at the end of the walk she would be so ravenously hungry that she would probably eat twice her usual meal.

Doctors have assured me there is evidence that walking in the open air does actually increase the appetite, but it

You Can't Spell "Brothers" Without Spelling "Others"

Katherine Bevis

will also help to take off inches, replacing fat tissues with muscle. Medical reports show that those with desk or other sedentary occupations have a far greater coronary-heart-disease rate than those doing *hard work*.

Walking helps prevent or lessen other problems as well. In walking, the heart and lungs become better adapted to handle large volumes of oxygen without strain, while supplying the muscles for action. Walking out in the air also helps the central nervous system to resist the effects of sedentary fatigue. We know that activity of any sort stimulates the circulation, and aids in digestion and elimination.

Dr. Hans Kraus of New York University reported that when people are physically active, they are less apt to have high blood pressure. They have a lower pulse rate and a more normal weight. On the other hand, the physically inactive person ages earlier and dies younger.

An acquaintance of mine, a man of fifty, who should have been at the height of his ability, constantly complained of being tired. He couldn't sleep and had unexplained aches and pains. He became unable to work. He finally submitted to a doctor's examination. The doctor gave him no medicine but prescribed a long daily walk, combined with some home calisthenics. Within two months my friend felt relaxed and vigorous. His blood pressure was lowered and his circulation greatly improved. He felt like a new man.

Many people who are burdened down with worries connected with their work or families, need a ten-minute walk out of doors instead of the usual coffee break. It could send them back to their work with reduced tension and increased vigor, and with a clearer brain.

Although exercise is excellent, I hope no one who has a serious ailment or who has led a quiet, sedentary life, will now rush out to the tennis court or the swimming pool. You must *slowly* integrate yourself into well-planned activities.

It was because of my diabetic condition that I took up the diversion of walking. It was because of my walking that I began to observe and enjoy the many manifestations of God's love and goodness. Because of God's love I have turned my eyes away from myself to the needs of others. My first bitter thoughts when I learned I was a diabetic have disappeared and have been replaced by a deep, inner change, and all because I have put on my walking shoes and then walked my way to health.

Several years ago I read the story of a mother and her young son being caught in the fury of a hurricane. The mother was trying frantically to quell her son's fears, even in the midst of the roaring winds, the pitch-black darkness, and the blinding crashes. She herself, while trying to hide from the child her own fears, was trembling with thoughts of the danger.

The boy could remain silent no longer, and looking up into the frightened face of his mother, said, "I know, mother, that we can't do anything about this storm, but isn't there something we can do about *us*?"

In the words of this boy is to be found the wisdom of the centuries, "Isn't there something we can do about *us*?" A right relation between God and man is bound up in the responsibility of doing something about *us*. This includes our brother. The question put to Cain comes to each one of us, "Where is thy brother?" We are our brother's keeper. We are responsible for our influence. Each one is either helping his brother to a better life or making it easier for him to fall.

In the early part of the nineteenth century a baby boy was born, a child who later would bless the world with his writings and his lectures. John B. Gough was born on August 22, 1817, in Sandgate, Kent, England. When he was a lad of twelve, his family moved to the United States, and while yet a teen-ager, John fell in with a group of young men whose influence on him was anything but good. A skilled pattern-maker, Gough had his own shop, and for a time things seemed to be going well. But, sad to say, Gough became a drunkard and one day, not caring much what happened, he staggered into a park and sat down on a bench, not even knowing what time of day it was.

He had not sat there long before a man, taking a shortcut to his office, walked through the park and by the bench where this poor derelict was half sitting, half lying. The stranger, a Christian man and a lawyer, though in somewhat of a hurry, stopped to speak to the poor drunkard. After talking with him for a while, he invited him to go to prayer meeting that evening with him, telling him that he would come by his shop and pick him up.

Something deep in Gough's heart, intoxicated though he was, seemed to tell him that here was one who wanted to help him. Here was someone who cared. Promising to be ready, he was true to his word, and through this Christian friend Gough was brought to Christ.

Life went well for a while, but then discouragement came, and with it the old thirst. It caused him to decide that he would drown all his trouble down at the saloon a few blocks away.

Taking off his apron and hanging it on a peg in the shop, he started out the door, nearly bumping into his newfound friend. Instead of going out, Gough settled down in the shop with his lawyer for a long talk, followed by a season of prayer.

That night new courage came to John Gough, and from that time on he stood true to Christ, becoming one of the strongest leaders of his day against the curse of liquor.

In Philadelphia, on February 18, 1886, John B. Gough was called to rest. Today his name lives on in the world through his books and the records of his many lectures, and all because a Christian man who could not spell "brothers" without spelling "others" was not too busy to stop one day and tell a drunkard about a better way.



BIRD WITH TWO SUITS

by Duane Valentry

THERE IS a world traveler who is probably better versed than anyone else in what is being worn round the globe. Mr. Arctic Tern, who has a schedule no human being could possibly have time or energy to follow, doffs his heavy winter coat when he travels to balmy zones.

This bird, who always dresses handsomely for the occasion, likes a different style of clothes for his summer dress. You would hardly recognize him at various seasons, so unlike his winter self does he look in his lightweight, light-color topcoat he dons under the warm sun.

This little fellow needs a change—he's the world's greatest jet traveler. Although his wingspread is dotlike in comparison to the mighty jets which wing across oceans, he arrives where he is going, fast, and never needs overhauling.

Flying high over icy reaches and miles of snow where no neon lights blink to direct him, he never misses his way, but seems to know exactly where to arrow in for a perfect landing.

The Arctic tern holds the record for flying vast distances nonstop, and scientists have long studied him hoping to discover his secret. Each year he flies from near the North Pole to near the South Pole, no matter what the weather, and he meets all kinds on the way.

If you sight a tern, a member of the same family as the gulls, you can be sure that he is about to check out. He never remains long in one place, except at the extremes of his flight.

Terns come in all sizes, from two feet long (four and a half feet wingspan) to the smallest tern, nine inches long. Sometimes almost all black, the

usual tern is white with gray and blue above.

Does this traveling bird draw up his travel plans each year before he sets out on his flight from pole to pole? Does he know in advance where he will come down? Like the golden plover, another flying marvel who jets 2,500 miles nonstop from Siberia to Hawaii, and pinpoints down to a tiny island, the same one every year, the tern needs no map. Even young birds follow their parents, knowing the long route, it seems, not by memory, but by instinct alone.

Scientists believe these long-distance flyers use the winds to help them, as the great jets now do, instead of fighting them. They've been photographed by planes as high as 29,000 feet.

These globe-circling wingers play a big job in life's drama. No matter how short their stay in any spot, the birds do a great deal of good by eating hordes

of insects harmful to plants and flowers, thus repaying each place where they are guests. If it weren't for birds, naturalists agree, there might soon be more bugs than people on earth!

Birds for their size have bigger appetites than almost any other living creatures. One owl will hunt and eat at least ten mice a night, and it is nothing for a medium-size bird to swallow fifteen or twenty worms an hour. Fuel like this is all the tern has to travel on for his tremendous flights halfway round the world.

How does a little bird, nothing but a few light bones, some feathers, and a tiny nervous system, make such a journey? How does he stay above winds and weather like a small jet-propelled cloud, coming down exactly where he wants to?

Somehow, mysterious as it may seem to man, he has been divinely equipped with the necessary know-how!



SUMMERTIME food is so inviting. Seasonal foods are colorful, and fresh fruits and vegetables which are in abundance are extra delicious.

An outdoor atmosphere coupled with such open-air activities as swimming, ball, and canoeing are real appetite stimulators. What's more fun than a picnic!

Unless you plan a cooperative fare, keep your number small. Food for more than twelve people becomes a major undertaking, and don't forget transportation is also a problem with increased numbers.

There's more to a picnic than food. Picnickers want to take advantage of this opportunity for some good outdoor exercise.

Try **back-to-back racing** for a hilarious relay, both to run and to watch. Couples, backs to each other and arms locked, run from a starting line to a goalpost and back. Pit one side against another for accomplishing this feat.

Dodge ball is always fun. Divide your crowd into two groups. The object is for the half outside a circle to throw a large ball to hit those on the inside. When a player is hit, he becomes part of the outside circle. The person who dodges the ball the longest is the winner.

In a **wheelbarrow race**, the fellows walk from start to finish line on their hands, their feet supported by their fair ladies. Better make this one short!

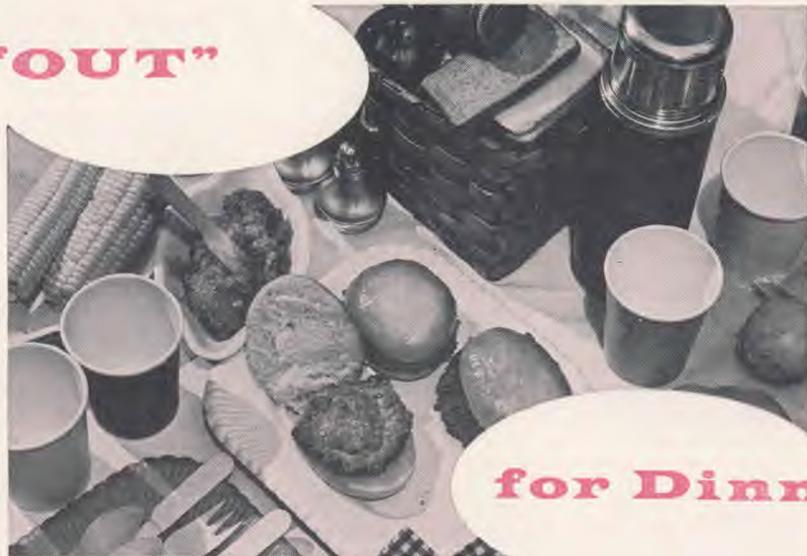
Take advantage of local park facilities for horseback riding, waterfront activities, or hiking.

Everyone pitches in on the food preparation with the following menu:

- Chuck-Wagon Tomato Burger
 - Onion Butter Biscuits
- Roasted Corn on the Cob
 - Potato Salad
- Sparkling Triple Fruit Punch
 - Watermelon

A word of caution with picnic foods: Be sure hot foods are kept hot and cold foods cold. Particularly susceptible to bacterial attack at in-between temperatures are foods containing meat, eggs, mayonnaise, and milk-and-sugar combinations. Chill cold foods completely at home and pack in a well-insulated chest with plenty of ice. Many sandwiches, salads, and desserts fall into this category. Potato salad is a good example. Chill immediately and thoroughly and give it a one-way ride—don't bring

"OUT"



for Dinner

PARTY PICK-UPS with "Blossom"

any home. Thermal containers should be heated or cooled according to manufacturers' directions before filling.

Tie a string around your finger to remind yourself of the items to take along. Better yet, make a detailed checklist and be sure it includes such items as bug repellent, hot pads, lots of newspaper, can and bottle opener, tablecloth, saltshakers, essential cooking, eating, and serving utensils—and the food! If outdoor grills or fuel are at a premium, better take your own.

Campfire songfests are a good way to finish a perfect evening. Be sure you have the marshmallows along for an accompaniment. Don't forget to douse your fire before you go, and stir the ashes to be sure the last embers are out.

P.S. Remember to leave your picnic site the way you would like to find it.

CHUCK-WAGON TOMATO BURGER WITH ONION BUTTER BISCUITS (12 servings)

4 tablespoons oil
 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
 3 cups burger
 1/4 cup lemon juice
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 2 (6-ounce) cans tomato paste
 1 1/2 cups water
 1/2 teaspoon celery seed
 1/2 teaspoon paprika
 1/2 teaspoon thyme
 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
 1 teaspoon garlic salt
 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
 Sauté onions and peppers. Add burger and brown lightly in oil. Combine with remaining ingredients and sim-

mer together 1 hour. Pour into preheated thermos.

2 tubes prepared biscuits
 1 cube butter or margarine
 3 tablespoons dry onion soup mix
 Melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Stir in soup mix. Drop biscuits into hot skillet. Cover. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Turn with spatula and bake an additional 8 to 10 minutes, depending on heat of fire.

ROASTED CORN ON THE COB (At least one per person)

Turn back husks and strip off silk. Trim away undesirable portions. Lay husks back in position. Wrap individually in foil. Place on grill over hot coals. Turn after 15 or 20 minutes. Roast till husks begin to dry and corn takes on sun-tanned appearance. Serve with plenty of salt and butter.

POTATO SALAD (12 servings)

6 cups sliced cooked potatoes
 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 2 1/2 teaspoons salt
 2 teaspoons sugar
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise
 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 1/2 cup diced dill pickles
 1 cup sliced celery
 1/2 cup sliced radishes
 Combine all ingredients, using part of the radishes and egg slices for garnish. Chill thoroughly.

SPARKLING TRIPLE FRUIT PUNCH (18 8-ounce servings)

1 tray ice cubes
 2 (6-ounce) cans frozen lemonade
 4 cans cold water
 2 (12-ounce) cans apricot juice
 2 (12-ounce) cans pineapple juice
 1 quart ginger ale, chilled
 Chill gallon thermos. Combine juices with water and ice cubes. Add ginger ale just before serving.

TEEN-AGE JURY

(Continued from page 9)

or cleaning some public place. This is something he cannot get out of. He has to do it himself."

In addition to providing members to serve on this jury, the Youth Council now operates forty-two community-service programs and activities.

The Council sponsors a Youth Employment Center in cooperation with the Florida State Employment Service. It finds summer work for high school and college students.

A weekly radio program over station WQTY for and by youth is also sponsored by the Council. There are interviews and projects of community interest.

To awaken civic pride, the Council has established a beautification committee which undertakes many worthwhile projects each year.

When called upon, the Youth Council works with service organizations and community drives such as the March of Dimes, the Cystic Fibrosis drive, the Cancer Crusade, the Council of the Arts, the Downtown Council, the Chamber of Commerce, the Child Guidance Clinic, the Traveler's Aid, and the Humane Society.

It also sponsors many recreational and educational activities such as Le Grand Bal de Mardi Gras, annual talent festivals, reading lectures, and debate programs. Study programs and other recreational and cultural-enrichment projects are held during the year.

As to its future, Director Evans says: "As other communities follow our lead, the Youth Council is experiencing tremendous growth. With unlimited potential, the Youth Council is a courageous endeavor by our youth to grow into their duties of preserving our American heritage."

PANDORA'S BOX

(Continued from page 11)

tween "the psychiatric viewpoint and law enforcement."

On August 20, 1962, Dr. Jerome Hill, professor of law at Indiana University, in an article in *The National Observer*, described this psychiatric viewpoint as "compassion corrupted and a threat to society."

For years the advocates of the psychiatric school of thought, which holds that all criminals are sick and that all the old-fashioned techniques for dealing with crime are obsolete, have been propagandizing the American people in behalf of this new approach. When



"Our party was a great success the other night. Harry forgot to order liquor."

Harry J. Anslinger reached the retirement age of seventy and retired as chief of the Bureau of Narcotics in 1962, they were eager to take over and inaugurate their new experimental approach.

Meanwhile, enforcement officers, working on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, have been trying to cut off the sources of supply and put those guilty of the illicit traffic in jail. Yet California officials have complained repeatedly of being frustrated by lack of cooperation at the Federal level.

This appears to be the blind spot in the national program and also in the recent commission's study of the problem.

Senator Dodd, who as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency has given the problem close study, has strongly criticized present Federal regulations controlling interstate shipments and importation of dangerous drugs as "almost totally inadequate."

Not long ago he said: "Nobody can tell me that if they [the United States and Mexico] really wanted to put a halt to the smuggling of narcotics across the border, they couldn't stop it overnight."

California's Attorney General Mosk, Governor Edmund G. Brown of California, Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York, Police Chief William H. Parker of Los Angeles, and others have also advocated strong law-enforcement policies in dealing with narcotics.

It is easy to see why law-enforcement officials, who deal every day with dangerous, often dope-crazed persons, do not share the psychiatrists' viewpoint that lawbreakers are merely sick persons who need hospital rather than jail confinement. The officers deal with reality, not theory. And while they,

too, believe progress is needed in curing the dope addict and the mentally ill, they are primarily concerned with protecting the public. So they have learned to fear the soft approach.

They note with alarm that the commission, which was top-heavy with doctors and had no prominent law-enforcement official, recommended that parole and probation procedures should be relaxed for "small-time peddlers" and persons caught in possession of drugs.

But just how do you tell a "small-time peddler" from a "big-time peddler"? And aren't these "small-time peddlers" the ones who work around the school yards, recruiting addicts among the teen-agers?

In this and other recommendations of the commission, the enforcement officers see the danger of the soft approach. They recall that some of these "small-time peddlers," who have been paroled after short prison terms, have killed police officers. One case of this type is still fresh in the minds of Los Angeles police. On March 9, 1963, Police Officer Ain James Campbell was kidnapped and shot to death by a thirty-two-year-old felon who had recently been paroled after serving a short time as a "small-time" dope peddler.

Will lighter sentences for those engaged in any phase of the narcotics traffic contribute to solving this nation's staggering crime situation?

Those proposing the new, experimental approaches to the problem refuse to face up to the realities of the narcotics traffic in America. They also close their minds to the fact that they are advocating an experimental, untried system to replace a system of law and order, which has proved through the years and under the most trying conditions that it can exert substantial control over the illicit narcotics traffic.

Have they taken the lid from a Pandora's box, releasing new dangers for America's youth?

Law-enforcement officers are in general agreement on the following program:

1. Strict control on the manufacture and distribution of dangerous drugs.
2. Making smuggling of drugs into the United States a felony.
3. Creation of a joint Mexico-United States commission on narcotics, including enforcement officers.
4. Mandatory removal of addicts from society until cured.
5. Tougher penalties to include misuse of new drugs, such as barbiturates and amphetamines.
6. Expansion of treatment programs and hospital facilities, so that all addicts including teen-agers may be treated.

7. Continued research into all phases of addiction, enforcement problems, and curative techniques.

They are emphatic in rejecting the soft approach, which handicaps enforcement and fails to protect society. The experimental approach is now on trial, and the problem continues to be a major challenge for the days to come.

I TOOK THE ROAD BACK

(Continued from page 15)

physically when they had to. They told me I would get over the longing for dope; they talked to me in the language I knew. I cried and I pleaded, but I couldn't resent their counsel for long. They had been through the same ghastly experience.

Eventually I could admit my feelings and my cravings, both in group therapy held three times a week, and with those who "stood guard" over me. Within a month I was over my anti-social urge to run and to destroy myself. Taking the advice of the people at Synanon, I placed my children in a foster home and I was then ready to start afresh with no outside pressures.

Everyone who lives at Synanon is "clean"—no drugs, no liquor. About 90 percent of those who stay ninety days or longer are off drugs for good. Misfits all, former addicts must learn to respect their own value as individuals, leaning on others until they are strong enough and wise enough to help newcomers the way they have been helped.

Still out on bail for my last arrest, I was again rescued by Synanon through an ex-addict attorney who lives at the House. He went to court and gained my acquittal. That was a relief! Though I hadn't a cent, I was never asked for money. Synanon was strapped for funds and in litigation about zoning, but somehow contributions came in. The House never solicits them.

Gradually I found a useful life, starting with housecleaning and maintenance jobs to earn my keep. We have nearly 150 people with all kinds of backgrounds, but they all get the same help for a common problem. I began to realize that I was worth much more than just a body in which to stick a needle. I found that the normal, everyday life which most people lead may not be so easy to take, but it is far more agreeable than being sick from drugs.

In six months I was well enough to have my youngest daughter, Fawn, come to live with me in one of the houses for women with children. My other youngsters, seven and nine, live with a kind family in a Los Angeles suburb, and *(Turn to page 32)*



YOUTH ASKS.. THE DOCTOR ANSWERS

R. W. SPALDING, M.D.

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

What is the cure and prevention of alcoholism?

Your last question should be answered first, for it is the least complicated. Never take the first drink of an alcoholic beverage. No one ever became an alcoholic without drinking alcohol!

When a person comes to recognize that he can no longer control his drinking, then he can be helped. He must come to recognize that he and his actions are controlled by his dependency upon this narcotic and anesthetic drug. There is no cure for alcoholism until the alcoholic recognizes his helplessness and sincerely asks for help.

Many of the symptoms of alcoholism are caused by poor nutrition in addition to the effects of the drug itself. Alcohol is detoxified by the liver, which requires vitamin B to assist it in this process, and vitamin B is apt to be deficient in the diet of the alcohol addict or devotee. Consequently, large amounts of vitamin B are beneficial in assisting in the recovery from alcoholism.

Some of the important factors causing alcoholism in the social drinker may be psychological. A young person may feel more at ease after a drink of beer, or wine, or one of the "hard" drinks. Why? Because alcohol removes the inhibitions. It puts to sleep the judgment or the conscience, which distinguishes man from beast.

When a man who drinks has a quarrel with his wife, he is apt to return to his drinking in order to forget his troubles. He may know of no better way of forgetting that his wife is unhappy with him. She in turn may drink and play bridge in order to forget her trouble. Alcohol does help people to forget, for it is an anesthetic.

Alcohol does not remove trouble, anger, remorse, or financial problems. It compounds any and all of them.

An attractive, affectionate home with

kind sympathy and understanding helps to remove some of the possible causes of alcoholism. Cooperation in solving the problems at home and at work decreases tensions which often send a man to the tavern. Thoughtfulness on the part of all, especially the teen-ager toward his parents, improves the relationship within the home. Talking over teen-age problems with parents often increases the understanding on the part of all concerned.

Secure a diet list for a balanced diet from your doctor or home economics teacher and encourage all to follow it. Modify the diet as necessary, adjusting it to the liking of the alcoholic, following the suggestions of your doctor or home economics teacher. Include an abundance of fruit and vegetables in the diet, with a minimum of salt, pepper, and condiments, and only moderate amounts of meat. Be sure to eat a good, nourishing meal of fruit, cooked cereal, milk, and toast for breakfast, for this is the most important meal of the day.

A family-council meeting once a week to discuss all family problems, financial, dietary, and social, can help to remove many of the tensions within the home. Helpful, impersonal discussions within your classes often produce practical suggestions.

How early in life should one begin to use alcohol?

Only those who have developed the ability to choose wisely should be given the freewill choice.

It is debatable whether any individual has a right to use in any amount a protoplasmic poison, an anesthetic, narcotic drug, whose first effect is to remove the ability to make mature decisions.

Furthermore, should we who have learned of the dangers of using that drug allow the uninformed to follow the road to suicide and murder on the highways and in the byways?

I SELL THE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

how well Mr. Average Man can hold his liquor.

The gains here cited are actual gains, using the same four-month period as the previous table:

| Year | Increase in Gallons | Percentage |
|---------|------------------------|------------|
| 1958 | 1,916,874 | 2.3 |
| 1959 | 2,611,046 | 3.1 |
| 1960 | 4,729,472 | 5.4 |
| 1961 | 2,543,962 | 2.7 |
| 1962 | 4,703,518 | 4.9 |
| 5 years | 16,504,872 | 19.8 |

Mr. Average Man, if you can take it or leave it alone, why that 19 percent increase?

Sixteen million gallons of whiskey is a pretty good party. There were some good times to be had! But how many broken homes are in that 19 percent?

In those 16,504,872 gallons of alcoholic drinks, how many lives have been wrecked?

Living as I do in a small town, I learn to know many of the people. We are near a large veteran's hospital, where more than 35 percent of the patients have a liver ailment and suffer from malnutrition—not from a lack of money for food, but from refusing to eat food, preferring to drink. Heavy drinking kills the appetite.

It's a vicious circle!

Here is a partial list of things I have taken in "hock" as a liquor clerk: Watches, car titles, gold teeth, wedding rings, plain diamond rings, radios, billfolds.

The list goes on and on. Where will it stop?

Only you can say, Mr. Average Man.

One day you may wonder how it could ever have happened to you. How could you ever have seen the bottom? You may look back on the many times you took a small one with the crowd, then another.

Then another!

And another!

One more!

You're on the way. That's the road.

One little sociable drink.

JUST ONE!

I TOOK THE ROAD BACK

(Continued from page 31)

I see them often. I am now divorced, but someday I hope to have my own home again and I'll have the children back with me.

For a few months my regular job was to care for the children at the

House, a task I shared with other mothers. Then a minister asked if one of us would like to work at his church's nursery school in return for her child's tuition. I was eager to accept the job, to feel part of a normal group once more. Children are a wonderful contrast to the synthetic life I had led.

Fortunately, the nursery school decided to create a training program for me as a teaching assistant. If I take some college courses, I'll be qualified as a full-time teacher. Meanwhile I work five mornings a week, planning the routine for ten preschoolers.

When a few of the church-board members resisted my working with children there, the minister and the school's director were my champions. I think I will prove that an addict *can* make a new life.

I have plenty of years ahead in which to make up for the time I lost while living like a human animal. I'm un-

derstanding more about myself through helping others, just as I was helped. The mirror on my wall is now a friend, not the revealing enemy it was for so long.

I am determined to keep it that way.

STEAMBOATS AND SOBRIETY

(Continued from page 23)

that the steamboat was at last a success.

It may have been partly true, as most historians claim, that Fitch's failure was due to his lack of political pull with such important figures as Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, but a passenger service needs public goodwill. Fitch was said to have been always shabbily dressed while he spent money "standing up the house" in bars and taverns. Then imagine the sentiments of passengers when they ventured aboard this strange "fire boat" to find both the captain and the engineer slightly intoxicated!

The last blow that descended on their passenger service was also struck by liquor. Fitch had always been confused about religion. Now he and Voight organized a deist society which they thought it wise to keep secret; but, as Fitch recounted in his autobiography, "there being great numbers of people coming to see us at the boat and we frequently getting middling glad in liquor, spoke our sentiments perhaps more freely than was prudent for us to do."

In fact, these men became so abhorrent that most self-respecting citizens dared not be seen boarding the steamboat. By the end of that summer the business had proved such a financial failure that the stockholders refused to advance money to build a second boat, necessary to fulfill the terms of Fitch's patent, or monopoly, granted by the state. Modern historians say the stockholders were fools, but these were

EITHER WAY

H. Praul Clarke

Strong drink is like a monkey wrench;
It works both left and right.

A monkey wrench, just like strong
drink,

Is used to make nuts tight.

shrewd businessmen. After all, investing in an invention was investing in a man. Might they not have foreseen something of the tragic end that awaited this man who, losing control of himself, was apt to drink up any money they put at his disposal?

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TEACHER'S EDITION OF
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"Listen" Teaching Guide

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Poems
With a Purpose



IMMORTALITY

Mary Ann Putman

This I am certain,
This I know,
We are not shadows
Where we go,
We leave imprints
On each mind.
We are cruel—
We are kind—
Every mark
Is underlined!

DREAMS

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

If you have sought a wondrous dream
That life denies to you,
Then live without it, but go on
And pray that it comes true.

Our God has ways and wisdoms for
The dreams that will not dim,
So keep them for a little while,
Then take them back to Him.

The tale is told by countless men
Who failed when first they tried,
And found fulfilled, in later life,
The dream that never died!

GARDEN COME HOME

Kay Crammer

I've found a rare contentment planting seeds;
Strong satisfaction pulling weeds.
Loosening the ground, the rich, dark soil,
Makes gardening a pleasure, combined with toil.

I bury disappointments in the earth;
Appreciating life, learning the worth
Of transforming what icy winds would harden,
Victoriously to regain my summer garden.

TABOO

Thelma Ireland

One must not write of birds in trees,
Of barefoot boys with ragged knees,
Or puppies scampering in play,
Or sunset, or the break of day.

These things, alas, have all been done
And are taboo, trite as a pun.
So what is there to take their place?
I'll write of rockets, jets, and space.

My verse will be profound and vast,
A modern poem that will last,
A mouthpiece for futurity—
Like thrushes in our apple tree.

NATURE VIGNETTES

Frederick Woodard

I love the cloud ships of the sky
That sail in seas of blue on high.
I love the dawning cry of birds,
The gentle low of homing herds.
I love the windswept prairie wide,
The sandy beach's rolling tide.
I love the lily's snowy bell,
The woodland daisy's sunny dell.
And when day sinks in flaming west,
I love eve's quietude and rest.

After numerous attempts to raise money and after a partly finished boat was wrecked by a storm, Fitch gave up and wrote his melancholy autobiography. From there on we have only records. One of them is his strange will, in which he asked that a person go to his grave on the first of February every year and sing "The Song of the Brown Jug" in the presence of several witnesses, who would pass a jug of liquor and drink copiously from it.

Ironically, one verse of the song went like this—

"While out walking there's no harm
With the little brown jug right under
my arm."

Harm? It was death! Finally Fitch, completely indigent and broken in health, went back to his family home in Connecticut. It was the age-old story of the alcoholic being rejected by all those close and precious to him. In 1794 he turned up in Bardstown, Kentucky, where he made a bizarre deal with a tavernkeeper named Alexander McCowan. Believing that some of the richest plantations of the town belonged to him because he had surveyed the land when he was young and had filed claim to it, Fitch initiated lawsuits and promised to pay McCowan handsomely to board him at his house and give him one pint of whiskey every day until his death.

"I'm not getting off fast enough," Fitch complained to McCowan one day when his lawsuits dragged out in court. "You must add another pint, and here is your bond for another 150 acres of land."

Even this failed to satisfy his craving. When a doctor prescribed opium pills to ease his mental suffering, Fitch saved the pills for several days and then took them all at once, washed down with a glass of whiskey. In this way a brilliant man died at the age of fifty-five and was buried in an unmarked grave.

Seventeen years later Robert Fulton built a steamboat, having studied all

DEFEAT What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.—Wendell Phillips.

FAULTS Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—Richard Whately.

TODAY Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and it never happened.—Anonymous.

CHEERFULNESS The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

known plans for steam-propelled boats, including those of Fitch. Since Fitch died such an ignominious death, Fulton's name went down in history as the inventor of the steamboat.

Fulton was only a good businessman. He had none of the far-reaching dreams Fitch had had of opening up the West with his steamboat and winning the whole North American continent for the United States. Fitch was such a talented inventor and his ideas were so far ahead of his time that there is no telling how much he might have changed the world had he only remained sober!

FRANCE TURNS THE CORNER

(Continued from page 13)

from cirrhosis of the liver and alcoholism dropped from its 1957 high of 20,270 to 17,870 in 1960. Total deaths due to alcohol have gone down 25 percent.

Of all the current changes in the

French nation none is more significant than the fact that France is now facing realistically the problem of alcoholism and adopting some practical measures to solve this problem. France may yet become the showplace of the world in demonstrating that alcohol need not rule over a people which becomes aware of its menace and rises up in concerted action to stop that rule.

PEYOTE

(Continued from page 7)

are concerned about a growing use of the drug by teen-agers who neither know nor care about high-sounding explanations. The emotional instability of the youngsters who experiment with peyote is a factor which compounds the problem. In a hallucinatory state, individuals are seldom responsible for their actions, a fact which has broad implications.

The Journal of the American Medical Association has warned against the growing incidence of ingestion of hallucinogenic drugs, including peyote or mescaline, stramonium, lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD 25), psilocybin, marijuana, and morning-glory seeds (*Rivea corymbosa*). It decries the growing support for use of these drugs by members of college faculties, ministers, and even some physicians.

It is difficult for most laymen to understand why young men and women will participate in peyote experiments since the drug is bitter to the taste. One experimenter described it to be like "rancid, dried orange peels," and it often causes violent nausea. Furthermore, the possibility of great psychological aftereffects makes the odds too one-sided for even limited experimentation.

Authorities in several states know they have a problem on their hands. Tightened controls on other dangerous drugs are being considered and enacted. The next target is peyote.

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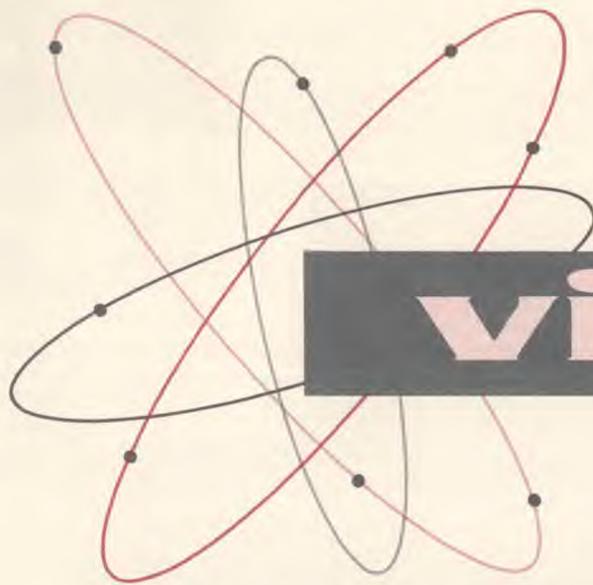
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views

❖ **ALCOHOL AND CRIME.** A Toronto magistrate, who claims that alcohol is almost always linked with crimes of violence, has stated that liquor advertising should be abolished. "The results of drinking are even more obvious and staggering than the results of smoking," said Magistrate Charles A. Fassel of Toronto, Canada.

❖ **EDUCATED DRINKERS?** The more education an American has, the more he is apt to drink, says Robert W. Jones, assistant director, Center of Alcohol Studies, Rutgers University. Well over half the people with only an elementary education drink, he notes, but approximately 70 percent of those with high school educations drink, and the percentage is greater among college graduates. Most American drinkers begin the habit at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he says.

❖ **CAFE CORONARY.** Death from strangling caused by food stuck in the windpipe is often mistaken for coronary failure. In a report in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," Dr. R. K. Haugen of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, calls this condition "café coronary," because it happens mostly in restaurants. Dr. Haugen blames bad table manners as the greatest cause of this problem. He says that alcoholism and poor teeth may be contributing factors.

❖ **ONE DRINK IMPAIRS.** One highball can impair your performance on simple tests taken under stress-provoking conditions, say Drs. Francis W. Hughes and Robert B. Forney of the Indiana University School of Medicine.

❖ **GREAT PROBLEM.** World Health Organization statistics now indicate that the United States incidence of alcoholism is greater than that in France, and higher than any other Western civilization country. About one in every twenty persons in the United States is an alcoholic.—Dr. Robert Dean, Colorado Psychopathic Hospital.

❖ **SOBERING EXPERIENCE.** "If all goes well, I should be completely sober within ten days and, with God's blessing, I shall never take another drink." So said Vermont Democratic State Chairman John M. Spencer, special assistant to Governor Philip H. Hoff, as he resigned his position and entered an institution for "professional treatment."

❖ **BEAUTY ADVICE.** "My big advice is to stop smoking. Every part of me, the way I look, feel, and act, improved once I gave up cigarettes. You have to have a closed mind not to admit that it is an unhealthy habit."—Vera Miles, actress.

❖ **DRUGS ON CAMPUS.** "The college psychiatrist sees only a small proportion of the student population (usually from 5 to 10 percent) in his work. But these disturbed students represent in dramatic form more widespread sicknesses, which afflict many other members of the college community at large in more subtle but nonetheless destructive ways.

"One increasingly common resort taken by the apathetic student is the drug. As a way to find a new and more exciting environment or as a means of stimulating themselves to feel more enthusiastic about their present surroundings, some college men and women have recently begun to smoke marijuana, swallow mescaline, LSD, and psilocybin, or inject opium and heroin.

"Students feel that these drugs increase their perceptiveness and sensitivity, bring out latent talents, and inspire a feeling of extraordinary togetherness among the group which is enjoying the 'drug experience.' Of course, the drug generally provides only the briefest of delusional respites. But some of it leads to hopeless addiction or months of insanity." —Dr. Graham B. Blaine, Jr.



Sir Cyril Black

Member of Parliament
for Wimbledon

Great Britain

"We are living in days of unparalleled gravity, in which decisions taken now may have a decisive bearing upon the future destiny of mankind. These are days in which we should lay aside every hindrance, and should be prepared to accept any self-discipline which circumstances demand.

"For me, intoxicating drink is a luxury I never have been able to afford, and which I can even less afford today, for the times demand that I should be at my best."

I Can't Afford It!

