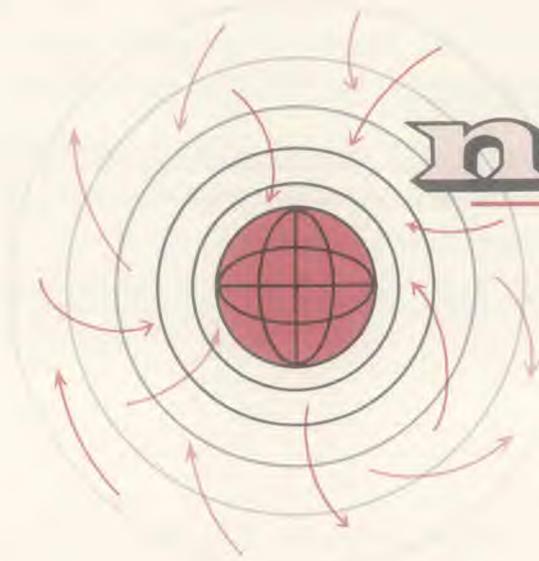


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Carolyn Mignini -
MISS TEENAGE AMERICA



news

— Alcohol Kills —

In eight years, 44 percent of the not-at-fault drivers who have been killed in accidents in Dade County (Miami, Florida) died because of drinking motorists, reports Dr. Joseph H. Davis, county medical examiner. Some 47 percent of all traffic victims tested by his office "had been drinking," as had 45 percent of pedestrian victims, and 68 percent of drivers in single-car accidents. "Ninety-two percent of the drinking drivers killed were clearly at fault," Dr. Davis says.

❖ **RATS ARE ADDICTED.** To test the relationship of alcoholism to the nervous system, a technique of putting pure grain alcohol directly into the skulls of rats was attempted in a research project. Almost immediately the rats became addicted, although they had not tasted the drink before and normally would not like it.

As a result, a new biochemical theory of alcoholism may have to be worked out, says Dr. Robert D. Myers of Colgate University. Although the role of the central nervous system in human alcoholism is poorly understood, Dr. Myers says, there is much evidence that the "state of the nervous system is significantly related to one's selection of alcohol."

❖ **SLY NEW YORK.** States surrounding New York State don't let their teen-agers drink alcoholic beverages legally until they are twenty-one. Therefore many of these teen-agers go to New York, where all kinds of liquors are available if a person is eighteen.

Since the states around New York don't like to have their intoxicated teeners hot-rodding back and killing themselves and local people, they are pressuring New York to raise its legal minimum drinking age. But Governor Nelson Rockefeller and his

colleagues don't want to, and have avoided the issue by ordering a special study to be made.

This study shows that the state's present alcohol law has not been enforced. In fact, the survey, which involved 1,132 youths, fourteen to eighteen, in six communities, indicates that 59 percent drank and that 45 percent had been introduced to alcohol in their own homes.

With this paradox to its discredit, New York seems in no mood to raise any minimum drinking age laws. Such laws cannot be adequately enforced anywhere until adults look to their own habits.

❖ **ALCOHOLICS NOT DRUNKS.** Every alcoholic is not necessarily a drunk, a Canadian health official has stated. Thus, says Dr. A. Boudreau of the Quebec Health Ministry, "nobody is immune from alcoholism—even the fact that one has never been intoxicated is not an indication of immunity."

"It is important to distinguish between alcoholism, alcoholic intoxication, and drunkenness," he said. "Alcoholic intoxication is a temporary state caused by the presence of alcohol in the bloodstream. Alcoholism is a permanent phenomenon of a mind ill-adapted to alcohol. Drunkenness is the external show of the action alcohol has on the cerebral cells."

"It has been demonstrated by experience that it is possible to be an alcoholic without ever having been drunk," Dr. Boudreau declared. Actually, he said, the alcoholic is unable "to adapt his personality or his organism to a nonessential, habit-forming chemical product called ethyl alcohol." He noted that anyone can avoid becoming an alcoholic by swearing off the stuff.

❖ **NO NEW CUSTOMERS.** Regulations to prevent the spread of the drinking habit have been put into effect in the province of Quebec, announced Attorney General Rene Hamel.

These place severe restrictions on beer, wine, and spirits advertising, with the aim of blocking the breweries and distilleries from developing new consumers. Advertising must not now give the impression that drinking "contributes to social prestige, business success, or popularity with the opposite sex." All promotion in newspapers, magazines, circulars, pamphlets, and on radio and television has to be directed at existing consumers, couched in terms avoiding any connotation that the beverage is health-giving, nutritious, medicinal, a stimulant, or otherwise good for the diet.

OUR COVER "Projection," "communication," and similar technical terms remain abstract until personified in life.

Carolyn Mignini does this superbly. Her personality literally radiates. Little wonder she was chosen Miss Teenage America for 1965!

Carolyn is not an "average" teen-ager, but represents ideals most teen-agers strive for. She, however, modestly disclaims attainment.

Listen's cover picture is by F. A. Matricciani.



ARTICLES

Teen Sense	Editorial	4
. . . Even Colder Now!	Nikki Lamont	5
How Can This Be Stopped?	Bert Giddens	6
Why Teens Drink	Browne Sampsell	8
Steve Allen—Versatile Comic	Duane Valentry	9
What About Gambling?	J. Lewis Schanbacher	10
The City That Lives Again	Elizabeth Wakefield	11
Aspirin—What It Can Do FOR You and TO You!	Edward F. Schuerman	14
Winning of the West	Ernie Holyer	24
Obese?—You're in Danger	Jack Maloney	26

SPECIAL FEATURES

Reno Will Die This Year!		6
Behind the Riots	Gordon Cologne	12
Meeting the Menace of Narcotics	James V. Scully	15
Miss Teenage America—1965	Francis A. Soper	16

PERSONALITIES

Steve Allen—Television Star		9
Robert W. Duggan—District Attorney		15
Carolyn Mignini—Miss Teenage America		16
Jim Houston—Cowboy	Marjorie Grant Burns	36

REGULAR FEATURES

News		2
Party Pick-Ups	Blossom Engen	21
Note From History		24
Youth Asks—The Doctor Answers		32
Views		35

STORY

Christmas Love Song	Carrie Lynn Brown	22
-------------------------------	-------------------	----

POETRY

Summer Nights	William Allen Ward	20
Poems With a Purpose	<i>Listen</i> Authors	33

MISCELLANEOUS

Parents Can Play Their Part	William L. Roper	7
Mountain Climbing—Hobby of the Heights	Raymond Schuessler	28

PHOTO AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Page 4, Max Tharpe from Monkmeier; page 5, Spenser Gordon; page 6, Oklahoma City Police Department, United Press International, Eric Kreye, Devaney; page 8, Orville Andrews; page 9, Duane Valentry; page 11, SPA News Bureau; page 12, United Press International, Los Angeles Police Department, McCurry Foto Co., Wide World; page 13, Eric Kreye; page 14, D. Tank; page 15, Ewing Galloway; page 17, William L. Klender; page 23, H. Larkin; page 26, Eastern Photo Service; pages 28, 29, Raymond Schuessler; page 28, U. S. Forest Service; page 30, Al Spong; page 33, Gene Ahrens; page 36, Ferrell Butler.

*A JOURNAL OF
BETTER LIVING*

November-December, 1965

Vol. 18, No. 6

Editorial Office: 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

Editor Francis A. Soper

Associate Editor Euel H. Atchley

Assistant Editor Edna M. Tarr

Editorial Secretary Grace E. Tucker

Art Director Howard Larkin

Layout Artist Eric Kreye

Circulation Manager A. R. Mazat

Sales and Promotion L. R. Hixson

Jesse O. Gibson

Editorial Consultants

WINTON H. BEAVEN, Ph.D., Director, Institute of Scientific Studies; MATTHEW HILL, Washington State Supreme Court; CYRIL B. COURVILLE, M.D., D.N.B., M.Sc., Director, Cajal Laboratory of Neuropathology; GEORGE T. HARDING, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., President and Medical Director, Harding Sanitarium and Hospital; LAURENCE A. SENSEMAN, M.D., D.N.B., F.A.C.P., Director, Fuller Memorial Hospital.

Publication Office, Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94041. Printed in U.S.A.

LISTEN—bimonthly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotics addiction. Endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Incorporated.

Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3579 requested. Copyright, 1965, by the American Temperance Society, E. J. Folkenberg, Executive Secretary.

LISTEN

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$2.50; single copy, 50 cents; to countries taking extra postage, \$2.75; single copy, 50 cents.

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94041. Please send the old address as well as the new, and allow four weeks for change to become effective.

Teen



Sense

Not long ago in the nation's capital some 800 teenage girls gathered, representing every part of the country. The occasion was the annual national Y-Teen Conference of the Y.W.C.A. One of the highlights—perhaps the highest light—of the week-long session was an address by psychologist Helen Southard, associate director of the Y's Bureau of Research and Program Resources, who tossed out for discussion some of the questions that plague teen-agers and suggested sane approaches to help answer them.

"Until you deal with yourself," she told the young girls, "you can never make wise choices."

In today's world, she continued, it is difficult to hold onto values. She especially advised against throwing out the old while looking for the new.

To youngsters on the threshold of adulthood and independence this specialist offered a guide to help in making choices:

1. *Face reality.* Learn to live in the world around you without attempts to escape into a dream world. Problems simply don't dissolve into thin air, but they do yield to a frontal attack.

2. *Keep fit.* Sickness of any kind interferes with one's best performance. Teen-age suicides are increasing today because more and more young people do not stay on top mentally and physically.

3. *Watch your crutches!* Being dependent too long can hinder growth and development. This does not mean, however, that a young person should not consider advice and receive help from parents, counselors, or fellow youth. In this connection, too, a chemical crutch of any kind can be dangerous, not only temporarily, but even more so on a long-range basis.

4. *Keep informed.* Know the teen-age job market. Read the statistics on marriages, divorces, venereal diseases. Be aware of what goes on in the world and its relationship to you.

5. *Don't wall yourself off too soon.* Too early a marriage has its hazards and may cause you to wish later that you had had second thoughts.

6. *Play for keeps.* Face the consequences of what you do. Realize that every action has a reaction and that every habit has continuing impact.

7. *Appreciate the uniqueness of others.* You live in a society with many people around you. Make an effort to like them and get along well with them.

8. *Don't "use" others when your own needs or desires are interfered with.* It doesn't pay to downgrade another's skills, personality, or good looks. Blaming someone else doesn't improve your own situation or solve your own problems.

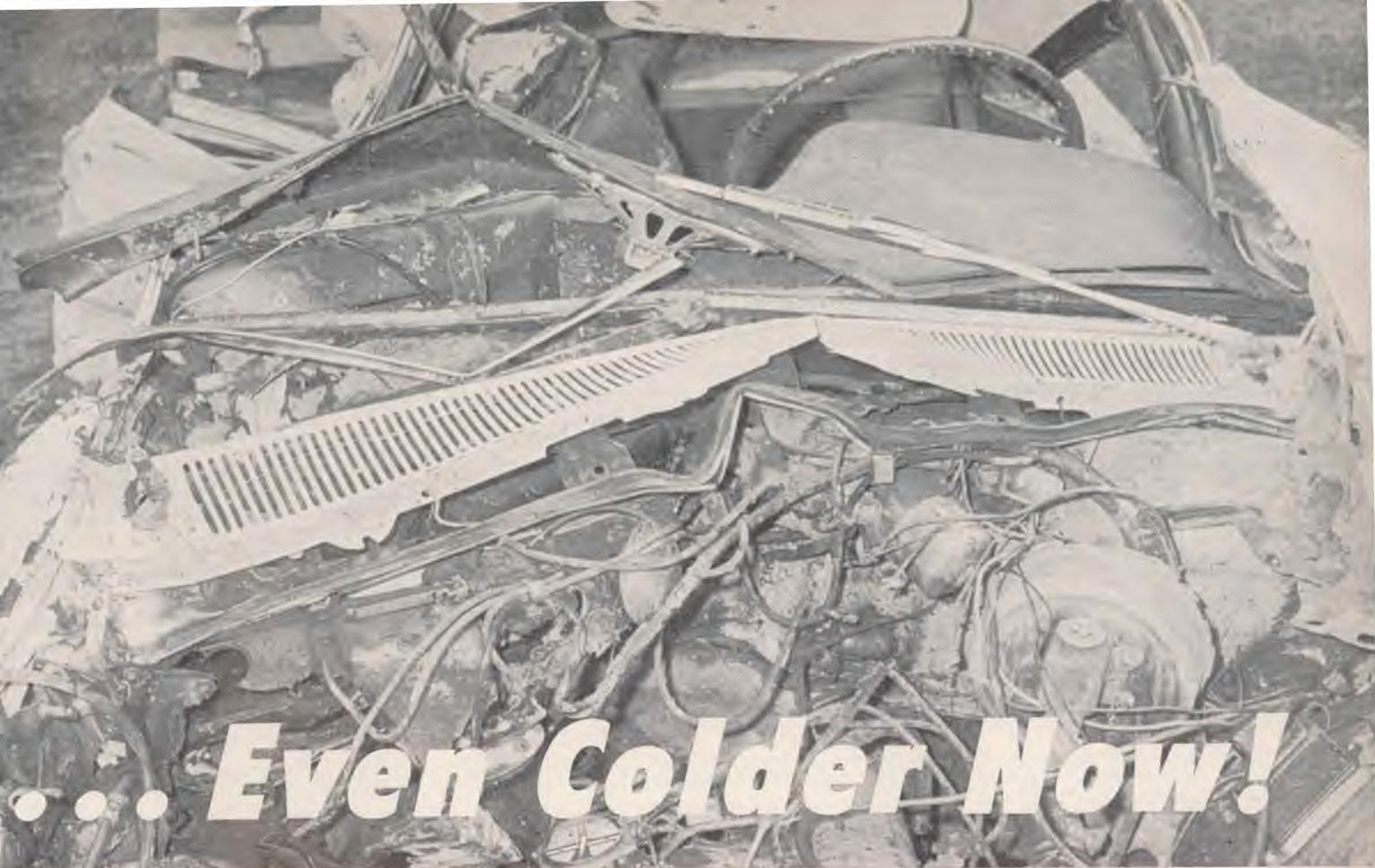
9. *Develop realistic goals.* These should be related to your potential, your training, your aims for home and career. Do not be afraid to make some mistakes. It is much better to stumble and get up again than not to have tried at all.

10. *Sort out your own values.* Don't be a blind follower. Initiative on the part of each person is essential not only for success in life but for your enjoyment of life while you are living it.

So much is being written and said about teen problems these days, and so many theories are being expressed as to what teens should do or should not do, it is refreshing to come upon a very practical, concise guide of principles that is both simple and usable.

Every young person, and older ones, too, would do well to study carefully these suggestions and make specific application in his own life.

Francis A. Soper



THE CLOUDS are low tonight, and the wind howls. A coldness fills the room.

This picture on my desk—do pictures ever shake you? They shake me. This car is mangled just like the bodies were.

Some say they were running from the police. One says they were merely trying to see if they could do sixty miles in twenty-seven minutes. The run included two stops, and the navigating of traffic in two towns.

Someone else says that originally there were four men in one car, and a boy and a girl in the car they hit. They say the fourth man left the group because he was afraid he might die.

Of course, the boy and girl weren't thinking of dying. They were engaged and planned to be married in the summer. They didn't even know what hit them.

One girl, when she saw the wreck, thought the bodies were already gone. But one body was still there, and the sheet blew off it just as she passed. She looked down into a mangled face that wasn't over four inches wide at any point.

The cars gave me an empty, sick feeling in my mind. Besides the blood all over the crumpled mess, there was this lipstick lying in a pile of slivered glass. It said "Mocha Rose" across the end of it.

The papers gave no clues; there had been no witnesses. The supposition was that the boy and girl were crossing the main highway when suddenly this second car came over a small rise. There were no brake marks, and the speed of the oncoming car was estimated at between 110 and 120 miles an hour.

The blinding impact carried the two cars some distance, where they settled finally in a ditch, one

on top of the other. The bodies simply went right out through metal and glass. The wreck had an odd smell of seared metal, burned wires, blood, broken batteries—and beer.

"Were they drunk?" I asked a close friend of the three men who died in the one car.

"No. I've known those boys all their lives. They were good boys. I've never known them to be in trouble, or to be drunk at any time."

"But the smell of beer all over the place?"

"They had a case of beer in the car."

"Had they been drinking?"

"One beer maybe. They had a cold six-pack on the front seat. Probably drinking it on the way home. But they wouldn't drink enough to get drunk."

"Maybe it would have been better if they had been drunk. They couldn't have driven that fast—but one beer."

"Yeah, one beer." He pushed his hat back and looked at me. "One beer makes you so you don't care, you know."

No, you don't care, that's for sure. I see their tombstones now and then as I pass. The two who died with them can't care, either.

It's so wet and cold tonight, even colder now. The clouds are scudding still, and the wind still howls. I feel empty, and somehow a little afraid. Two people are in the graveyard tonight because they happened to be in the way.

— **NIKKI LAMONT** —

What if some morning you picked up your newspaper and read this headline—

Reno Will Die This Year!

During 1965, some 50,000 persons will have lost their lives on American highways. This is approximately the same number as live in Nevada's famous resort city, Reno. It will be as though Reno were wiped off the map, as far as population is concerned.

?
WHO
?
IS
?
GETTING
KILLED?
?
?
?

The injured will total some 1,800,000, or more than six times the entire population of the State of Nevada.

America's traffic deaths total nearly 140 every day, upwards of a thousand a week. At least half of all these die as the result of drinking.

And the toll continues to rise! With traffic expected to double in the next ten years it seems certain that drinkers will be snuffing out 50,000 lives a year by 1975, with speed and other causes taking a like number—a ghastly national tragedy of 100,000 lives lost, in only one year.

HOW CAN THIS BE STOPPED?

As told to T. E. Halldorson
by Chief of Police Bert Giddens, Evanston, Illinois

A REDUCTION in the number of driver failures and traffic violations will reduce the number of accidents and traffic fatalities. There is a direct relationship between the quality of enforcement and the degree of safety with which citizens may use the streets. Enforcement efforts must be centered against those violations and in those times and places which give rise to the greatest number of accidents.

Many studies have been conducted concerning accidents in which the persons involved had been drinking. We know that even one or two drinks will impair one's driving ability.

I believe that education in driving a motor vehicle



Chief of Police Giddens

must be built around the familiar slogan, "If You Drink, Don't Drive."

The prospects are good for an effective solution of the drinking-while-driving problem. However, we must first remove every doubt that it can be done, by doing it in a hard-hitting manner never before tried. We have the laws necessary, but they must be enforced in order that every drinking driver can be reached with the least red tape possible.

The public will not ease gently into anything they have doubts about, even through necessity, such as the horrors of traffic tragedies, but are quickly jolted by sudden dra-

Much More Deadly Than War!

(for the years 1900 through 1964)

Adapted, "U.S. News & World Report."

Americans killed in wars

576,268

Americans killed in traffic

1,501,000

Americans wounded in wars

978,640

Americans injured in traffic

52,850,000



matic disasters such as Pearl Harbor, which shocked the whole nation. I believe public apathy toward highway casualties in which liquor plays a major part, can be dramatized and made exciting if presented to the people honestly and with detailed facts. This can be done through education, because such information is startling, not only in

"'The Luckless Legion' [drinking drivers] is becoming one of our most shameful problems. For a people which has always tackled its problems with vigorous and creative solutions, we have remained indecisive and helpless against the rising tide of this legion of doom."—J. D. DeWitt, president, The Travelers Insurance Company.

the year-after-year losses in life and material, but in the very fact that we, the people, have so far failed to solve the problem.

Though we do have sufficient laws to do an effective job, the apathy of the public makes it difficult at times to enforce these laws. Until it becomes socially unacceptable for drivers to drink, we will not reach any degree of permanent success.

The merits of repetitive nationally distributed information for the education of drivers, prospective drivers, and all who may be affected by insobriety of drivers, are legion. Continuous long-term dissemination of information, such as spotlighting the casualties in highway traffic, is necessary for positive action. I believe this could be effective.

A teen-age driver who has passed regulation (Turn to page 31)

Parents Can Play Their Part

William L. Roper

It is a summer evening. Pretty seventeen-year-old Nancy Hitchings smiles happily as she poses before the full-length mirror in her home. She twirls round, admiring her new formal. It is a pink-and-white creation, and it is lovely, as life itself is rose-colored and promising for Nancy.

Her father, vice-president of American Airlines, has always seen to it that Nancy has had many of the things she has wanted from life. And this beautiful party dress is one of them.

This night is something special in Nancy's life, too. She has been invited to the big social event of the season in her hometown, the coming-out party of her friends, Christine Ann Hughes, Lucile Otterstrom, and Marguerite Felt.

Adding to Nancy's excitement is the fact that Michael Valentine Smith is to be her escort. This eighteen-year-old, a college freshman, is one of the town's glamour boys. And Nancy's mother has consented to let Michael drive her new Ford station wagon.

When Nancy and her escort arrive at the home of Dr. and Mrs. George S. Hughes, where the main party of the evening is to be held, the long, ranch-type residence is ablaze with lights. Many of the 200 youthful guests who have been invited have already arrived, the orchestra members are in their places, and the frolic is getting under way.

To accommodate the large crowd, a marquee has been erected on the broad lawn between the house and the lily pond.

The hosts have provided tasty food, lively music, and a bountiful supply of drinks for their teen-age guests. Two bars have been set up, one serving soft drinks and the other a variety of alcoholic concoctions.

Nancy and Michael join eagerly in the merrymaking, but as the evening progresses the drinks begin to have their effect on the six-foot, 180-pound Michael. After downing twelve Scotch-and-water highballs, he loses interest in dancing. Feeling neglected, Nancy asks William Alpert to dance with her.

Yet when the party ends at 2:30 a.m., no one seems to question Michael's ability to drive. He and Nancy are among the last to leave. But at 4 a.m., Nancy, Michael, and Mrs. Hitchings's new station wagon have not arrived at the Hitchings's home.

About that time a motorist has discovered the wrecked car. It had failed to make a curve and, after crashing through a hedge, had smashed into a tree.

Michael is lying unconscious on the ground fifteen feet from the wrecked car. Inside the station wagon is the crumpled body of Nancy Hitchings, her beautiful pink-and-white formal blotched with blood. She is dead.

For an evening of gaiety "sophisticated style," a seventeen-year-old girl has paid with her life.

The police and the coroner begin to

(Turn to page 32)

ONE FORM OF

Preventive Education -

In an effort to start safety education early, the American Trucking Associations sponsor a school "safety circus," featuring Police Officer Ernest E. Pressley, his leading lady, Lassie, who proudly displays her "walk safe, ride safe, play safe" message, and his other nine trained dogs (Brownie, the smallest, does a paw stand). Also, the Associations sponsor Police Sergeant Carl S. Pike and his magic, assisted by students, to put across a safety emphasis.





Browne Sampsell

◀ Exciting, healthy fun can be enjoyed more without a depressant, dangerous drug such as alcohol.

Studies made in Nassau, New York; Racine County, Wisconsin; Winchester, Kansas; and other selected areas, reveal that the "typical high school student patterns his drinking behavior on that set by his parents or other prestigious adults in his community." Usually he tastes alcohol first in his home.

Alcoholism is not hereditary. It is environmental. In a home where at least one parent drinks, even moderately, there is a good chance that one of the children will become an alcoholic.

The explanation of an A.A. member is that "teen-agers don't live in a vacuum. Their drinking habits reflect our adult world." Most public-opinion polls taken in this country place the major blame for drunkenness and other aspects of juvenile delinquency on "parents and homelife."

I have a friend who does not drink, nor does she serve alcohol in her home. Neither does her neighbor. But when she gave a party for her teen-age daughter, she and her husband were amazed when their young guests brought their own liquor. The daughter dismissed their protests with, "Well, they knew you were too stuffy to have anything but soft drinks. I'm the only square around who doesn't drink."

One father thought a football game was an innocent affair for his daughter to attend, but the girl was brought home "smashed."

"My old man didn't know I drank until I was booked for drunken driving," a seventeen-year-old boasts, "but I started to drink when I was fourteen."

"I came from a very religious family," a nineteen-year-old member of A.A. says. "Drinking was prohibited at home, but I learned to drink with my dates in drive-in theaters. My parents did not find out until I became alcoholic and pregnant. Then they disowned me. If they had not closed their eyes to the teen-age drinking in our high school, they might have steered me the right way."

Why do teen-agers drink? For the same reasons adults do—to escape boredom, to allay anxiety, tension, and frustration, but more particularly to hide failure in school or sports, or lack of popularity, especially with girls. Some drink to see what it is like to "get smashed." Others drink because advertisers claim that drinking is part of the American way of life.

Drinking helps a youngster to fool himself into believing that he is grown-up. "Adults have the legal right to drink, and if we drink it makes us feel like we're grown-up," the teens say. Again, drinking serves as a rationalization for bad behavior. A drunk is not responsible for what he does, so he cannot be blamed, is a popular idea.

Also the teen-ager is convinced that unless he drinks he will not be accepted by his group. A girl interviewed said she did not know any girls who really liked to drink. "We do it because the boys expect us to." A boy confessed, "I hate the taste" (Turn to page 30)

"Smashed"—"square"—"stuffy"—"chicken"—
such words fly around these days among teen-agers when it comes to drinking, but here's a penetrating insight into—

WHY Teens DRINK

OF FIVE HUNDRED boys, aged seven to nineteen, arrested and processed through the courts, 318 admitted to the Youth Service Board of Massachusetts and the alcoholic clinic of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital that they were repeat drinkers. Some 20 per cent blamed alcohol for their behavior.

In the first years of Alcoholics Anonymous those who came for help were usually middle-aged persons. "But now," one veteran A.A. observes, "we're getting more and more youngsters."

The National Safety Council puts the odds "500 to 1" that the average American teen-ager will be handed a drink before he is handed a high school diploma.

During the past fourteen years, approximately 16,000 United States high school students have been the subjects of a series of searching studies on teen-age drinking.



he listened, & learned what to do.
he watched, & learned what not to do.

WITH TWO vaudeville comedians for parents (his father died when he was quite young), it was perhaps inevitable that TV's Steve Allen would be a comic. But he also excels at writing, music, and acting; and recently he delivered a lay sermon at a New York church.

Those who wonder how a well-known comic could, or why he would, deliver a sermon, again do not know Steve Allen. First and foremost, he is a man who does a great deal of thinking. With "Pride" as his subject, he said, among other things:

"Whatever a man can do, if he possesses unique talents, as surely given to him as his ten fingers and ten toes, he is powerless to resist the temptation to use them."

Although not usually considered a religious man, Allen expresses himself forthrightly on important issues even if such expression meets with criticism.

"Important business is every man's business," he says. "To be interested only in yourself or your own social circle is, it seems to me, truly un-American as well as unchristian."

The syndicated "Steve Allen Show" is immensely popular; no viewer knows what to expect during a program. Whatever it is, Allen is usually in the midst of it, whether it's skindiving and surfing, with cameras set up on a chilly beach, or riding in a stunt car. But there are serious moments, too. As one critic says:

"There is sense and sanity in Allen's madhouse. Steve is a man of such extraordinary energy and broad range of talents that he's capable of functioning simultaneously in many areas."

Daryl Duke, distinguished and controversial young producer lured from Canada to handle the Allen show, calls it the "last great, free, wide-open area in American television. Here is television as it should be—free to go any way that feels right. No restrictions, and no feeling that occasionally you can't fall flat with a show. That's the trouble with American television. People seem to feel you have to win every hand. There's no room to experiment. Everything has to be played safe—except here on Steve's show."

Steve Allen is polite, genial, and quiet. Modest about his own abilities, he says: "Talent, if I do not unduly flatter myself, is not bestowed by popular acclaim; it is God-given. I have been granted the gift of being able to make people laugh, to play the piano, to compose music, to act, and to write. My reputation, therefore, is merely a matter of public acknowledgment of the existence of these gifts."

Steve Allen often thinks of his favorite uncle whose

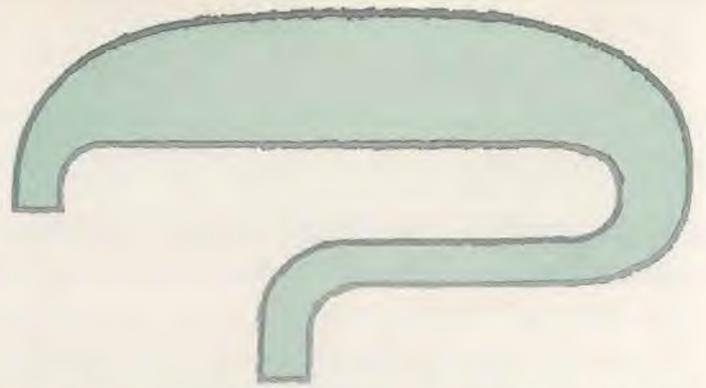
name he bears; the one who drank and fought and got into trouble and died of it. Whether or not it was this early influence and these memories, he himself grew up with no desire to drink.

"I suppose men like Uncle Steve would envy me my lack of interest in liquor," he says philosophically. "I've been lucky, of course; you can channel some appetites correctly, but no good can come of a lusty appetite for alcohol."

A mixed-up childhood seems to have had no ill effects on this champion of causes, even when unpopular. The only child of Belle Montrose (a talented little lady who has appeared on his show) and Billy Allen, both well-known vaudevillians, he was born in New York on December 26, 1921. He boarded with various relatives and attended many different schools until his father's death; then he and his mother (Turn to page 34)

steve allen- versatile comic





What About GAMBLING



of their winning?
There are many reasons why people gamble. Often it is a frustrating reaction to frustration. Some gamble in the hope of sudden wealth or to cover financial shortages.

NEVER HAS the lure of the dice, the bookie, the lottery ticket, and the roulette wheel been so pervasive, or so persuasive, as today. It is estimated that fifty billion dollars is being spent each year, legally or illegally, in various forms of gambling.

So, what about gambling? The money is mine, isn't it?

Unfortunately, gambling tends to support the illusion that one can get something for nothing. That is contrary to every sound principle of economics. We benefit only when we give something of equal value in exchange for what we receive. There is no royal road to wealth. Those who seek it are only deluding themselves. "They are wasting time," says one authority, "which they will someday realize might better have been spent in far more rewarding activities."

J. Lewis Schanbacher

Gambling, like the use of alcoholic beverages, tends to become habit-forming. It appeals most to those least able to bear financial loss, and entices those in need of money. It may seem the only way by which a person can get back on his feet. An occasional small success only confirms the belief that it offers an easy solution to all financial problems, but soon gambling becomes a way of life. Productive effort ceases to have purpose except to provide dimes for a slot machine or dollars for a lottery ticket. Rarely does a gambler give up pursuit of the illusion that wealth is within his grasp.

The mental attitudes and moral viewpoints which gambling engenders are probably its most destructive features. Case histories show that it is often the beginning of a road that leads to failure, dishonesty, alcohol or drug addiction, and crime. Usually the spouse of a gambler, tired of trying to support the family unaided, seeks a divorce. That means another broken home, tragic disillusionment, a struggle against poverty, and frequently juvenile delinquency.

"Gambling," one writer states, "is never an entrance to steps that lead upward, but an exit—down and out."

Why do people gamble if there is not a good chance

Some gamble just for "kicks"—to relieve the boredom of a life that has failed to find more constructive outlets. Others risk their money because it seems quite the proper thing for persons of affluence and leisure to do, and they wish to impress their friends that they belong in that privileged class. The truth is that comparatively few of those who have accumulated wealth gamble. They know that they did not make their money at a roulette wheel and they know that that may be a quick way of losing it.

It is true that big winnings do sometimes come, but this is far rarer than most believe. When someone "hits the jackpot," it is big news and the event receives wide publicity. But we seldom hear about those millions of people all over the world who have wasted the earnings of a lifetime at a gaming table.

To understand the evils of gambling better, let us try to comprehend the fundamental principles on which all forms of gambling are based. First, let it be made clear that, contrary to popular tradition, there is no such thing as "luck." No man or woman possesses a rabbit's foot, or a four-leaf clover that can even slightly improve the possibility of winning any game of chance. There is no "lucky day" and no conjunction of the stars that can in any possible way help one to win. And it has yet to be proved that anyone possesses sufficient extrasensory perception or is subject to reliable "hunches" to make him a consistent winner.

All gambling, whether legal or illegal, is based upon an infallible law—the law of chance. In theory that law governs the outcome of all games of chance. To illustrate, if a coin is tossed on the floor enough times, we find that it lands heads up as often as the opposite. There are exactly thirty-six possible combinations in which a pair of dice may come to rest; in only two instances will the spots add to eleven. The same is true of the six-ace combination, so the likelihood of rolling a "natural" is always only one in nine. If one were to bet repeatedly at these odds, he would surely win as often as he lost.

But in all forms of organized gambling the odds are always raised against the player or else there would be no profit for the house. And gambling is always profitable for the operator, make no mistake about that. Thus for \$3 one might buy a
(Turn to page 30)

THE CITY THAT LIVES AGAIN

GAMBLING had become big business in Hot Springs, but on March 27, 1964, the ax descended, when the Arkansas legislature passed a resolution to shut down all illegal gambling in the city.

The next day, March 28, the Hot Springs police were ordered by Governor Orval Faubus to act, with the threat of state-police intervention if needed. The local force carried out the surprise edict, and gambling operators responded in an orderly manner. Because of all this vigorous activity, Hot Springs overnight came into television and newspaper prominence. All its gambling houses were closed.

Immediately predictions came thick and fast. "Hot Springs is headed for a future ghost town," said one. "It will never survive the blow," commented another. Business leaders predicted, "With such a drop in tax money the city can never make it." It was virtually written off as far as financial success was concerned. For a time some forgot that Hot Springs had been through hard experiences before and had thrived. They also forgot that it is an American city, with a population of approximately 36,000 American people, whose initiative when needed could overcome most any obstacle.

Few cities have had such a colorful, varied background as has Hot Springs. Seventy-nine years before the landing of the *Mayflower*, or in 1541, DeSoto discovered the hot springs that even today remain unchanged within the city limits. In 1682 LaSalle explored the area around the springs and claimed it for France. Eighty years later France gave the land to Spain. At a secret Treaty of Madrid, in 1801, Spain returned it to France. At the time of the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, the territory became a United States possession.

While Thomas Jefferson was President, he delegated the scientist William Dunbar, and Dr. George Hunter, to run an analysis (Turn to page 31)

1. Showplace of Hot Springs is Bathhouse Row, bordered by holly and magnolia.

2. This new auditorium attracts conventions to Hot Springs.

3. A beehive of summer activity, Lake Hamilton serves as a resort center for thousands seeking recreation in boating or fishing.

4. Unparalleled anywhere for primitive beauty, Lake Ouachita stretches along tree-bordered beaches and inviting inlets.

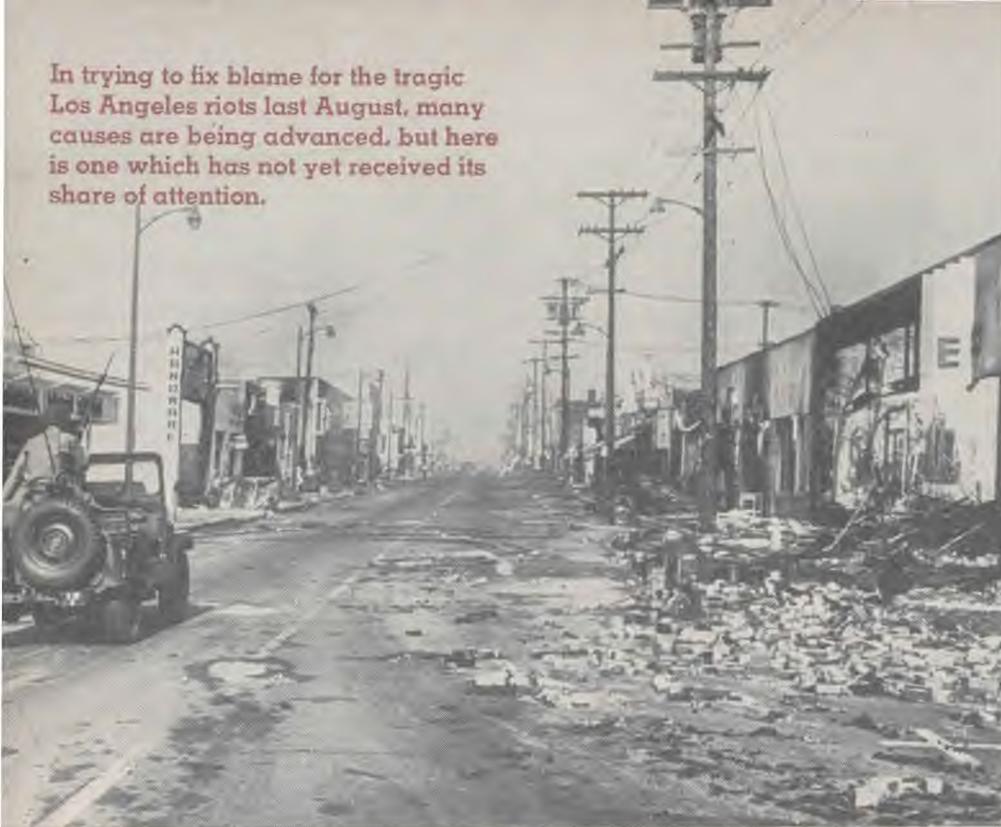
Hot Springs was written off as a dead city when the Arkansas legislature knocked out its big gambling industry, but it has refused to lie down and die.



Elizabeth Wakefield



In trying to fix blame for the tragic Los Angeles riots last August, many causes are being advanced, but here is one which has not yet received its share of attention.



Not a street in some bombed-out, war-ravaged city overseas, but a scene on 103rd Street in the Watts section of Los Angeles following the worst outbreak of violence to occur in the United States during the past two decades.

This driver, now securely handcuffed, watches as police take liquor and other items out of his car in a continuing check of suspected looters.



ABOUT 7:45 o'clock on the hot summer evening of August 11, 1965, Lee Minikus, an officer of the California Highway Patrol, was sitting in his car in the Watts area of Los Angeles awaiting a call. He was approached by a passing motorist who reported a car weaving down the street.

Officer Minikus took off in pursuit of the car, overtaking it near the corner of 116th Street and Avalon Boulevard. On stopping it, he found it being driven by Marquette Frye, twenty-one, who was accompanied by his brother Ronald, twenty-two. The driver reportedly was unable to pass the sobriety test, and could not produce a driver's license.

As the Frye boys were being questioned, their mother appeared. At first she scolded them for their drinking and driving. Then as the officer proceeded with the arrest, Marquette resisted, and both Ronald and his mother came to his defense. A crowd began to gather, the commotion increased and tempers flared, so that the officer, supported by city police, had to remove the boys and their mother while



Police Chief William Parker became the target for many who sought a scapegoat for the riots.

State Senator GORDON COLOGNE.



Liquor stores were the most popular targets for looting rioters, some going so far as to turn on the lights and neon sign so they could see better to get their loot.



under the hail of rocks and other missiles from an estimated 200 onlookers. The battle was on!

News of the incident, seeded with allegations of police brutality, spread rapidly throughout the Watts community. At midnight crowds were still growing and becoming unruly. By 2 a.m. policemen reported that they were unable to hold barricades and needed further assistance to restore order.

Most of the following day was spent in watchful waiting, but by supertime the restive crowd had begun to move. Before this night was out, the mob had covered a wide area, setting fires, looting, and leaving a swath of rubble in its path. Some 7,000 persons joined in this uncontrolled and complete disregard of law. "Molotov cocktails" were hurled into stores, at fire trucks, and at police vehicles. Sniping became so widespread that it was unsafe for anyone to be on the street.

As one observer saw it, "Pawnshops, furniture stores, liquor stores, grocery stores, every possible form of store had its windows and doors shattered, its stock completely stripped, sometimes before and sometimes after being put to the torch. People of all ages and descriptions were to be seen struggling through the streets loaded down with booty, some of it such as to cause serious concern in any thinking person.

"Liquor flowed like water; stolen guns loaded with stolen

by one means or another they had been able to get hold of.

As the second day of rioting came to a close, the air was filled with smoke from a hundred or more fires. The police were powerless to quell the riots, or even provide protection to firemen who were trying desperately to control the blazes.

The third day opened without relief. The National Guard arrived under orders from the state governor. Now troops began to patrol the streets of America's third largest city in a manner reminiscent of the cities in the battle zones of World War II. Mobs had stepped up their rampage, and looting and burning continued, even being spread into other areas of the city by roving bands.

The weekend produced no major relief. Governor Brown, returning from an overseas vacation, arrived on the scene late Saturday night, but his efforts to enter the riot-torn area were made difficult because of snipers. More than 16,000 police and National Guardsmen went on duty.

Before the rioting was finally brought under control on Tuesday, August 17, police had arrested 4,532 persons, including 642 juveniles, and had issued some 2,600 felony complaints. Some 76 percent of those arrested had former police records. Property damage was estimated at \$200,000,000. At least thirty-five had been killed. The greatest damage was done, however, in loss of mutual trust between the Negro and white communities in the area, and the worldwide publicity given to a most tragic series of events.

Not to be overlooked is the nature and makeup of the Watts community, where the trouble centered. Predominantly Negro, the people have a heavy concentration of unemployment. Some 23 percent of the people are on welfare rolls as compared to the 5 percent average for all of Los Angeles County. In other words, nearly five times as many in Watts are on relief as in the county as a whole.

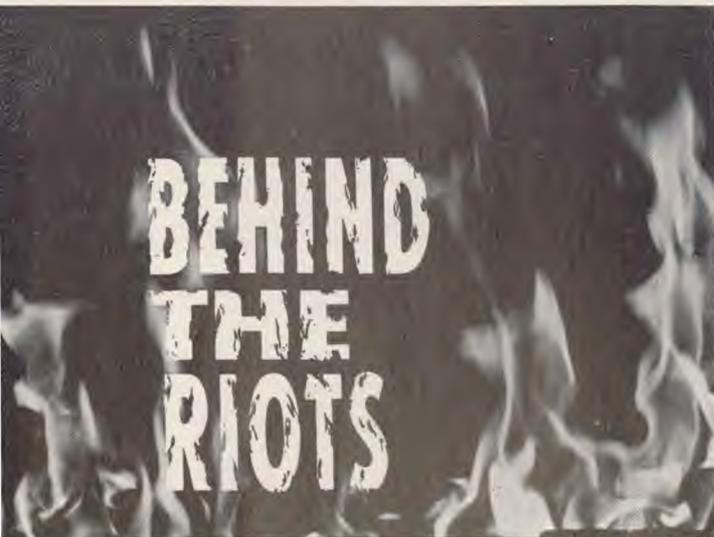
Combine this with the fact that there are 597 off-sale liquor licenses existing in the curfew area, which even James O. Reimel, director of the State Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, says is "oversaturation" of the area. In addition, there are 982 on-sale licenses, making a total of more than 1,500 licenses in this one area alone. It is significant that signs on some stores, "We are blood brothers—we shall overcome," did not always prevent looting of the licensed outlets. At least 165 were looted and either partially or wholly destroyed. It is obvious that liquor has been, and is, flowing too freely in this area.

The combination of poverty and alcohol has a way of feeding on itself to compound the danger involved. Which may be the motivating factor for the other is not always possible to say, but the two together leave a trail of trouble and tragedy.

In this connection the record of arrests for drinking offenses in the Watts area during the year 1964 is apropos:

Police Precinct	Adult	Juvenile
1. Newton Street		
Drunkenness	4,862	33
Drunk Driving	929	4
2. 77th Street		
Drunkenness	3,222	69
Drunk Driving	2,133	3
3. University		
Drunkenness	2,705	42
Drunk Driving	1,295	1
One-Year Total	15,146	152

Where the ultimate responsibility for the Los Angeles riots will be formally placed is problematical. Mr. Reimel of the A.B.C. says that while the riots were erupting he "recognized the problems of" (Turn to page 32)



ammunition disappeared under clothing, only to appear again later to direct that ammunition against firemen trying to do their duty, against policemen, National Guardsmen, or just plain citizens who happened to be within range. The faster the liquor flowed, the faster the guns fired and the more often."

Significant indeed was the fact that in most instances the looted stores had off-sales liquor departments. Alcohol seemed to be the prize booty of the rioters, and police found carloads of liquor being carted off. One newspaper reported two children under ten hauling home in their little wagon a load of Scotch from one liquor store. Youngsters eight and nine years old were seen with whiskey bottles in their pockets, drunk from the contents.

A Los Angeles state legislator whose offices are in the affected area, admitted that the situation was aggravated by the fact that many of the rioters were under the influence. It was reported that very young teen-agers were drinking the free supply, and afterward were using the guns which

◀ This store is closed, but through the broken front window another looter has climbed to search the shelves for a possible bottle missed by the swarm of looters before him.

Aspirin -

MOST people want nothing to do with pain. Undoubtedly this is why so many have so much to do with aspirin, for it is today's No. 1 pain reliever.

In one year the men, women, and children in the United States swallow more than 16 billion tablets—by weight, more than 10,000 tons of the white pills. And for this remarkable aspirin tonnage they pay out an amount in excess of \$282 million.

It is a statistical fact that during the next year you will take at least eighty-four aspirins to relieve some kind of physical misery—that is, if you're an average American aspirin-swallower.

Are we really so afraid of pain? How are enough aspirins produced to meet this great demand? Consider for a moment the production capacity of the Bayer Company, perhaps the best known of all aspirin manufacturers. Bayer's aspirin-making subsidiary, Sterling Drug Inc., Trenton, New Jersey, recently announced its 100 billionth aspirin tablet.

"If 100 billion aspirin tablets were laid in a straight line," this company says, "the line would reach to the moon and back and back to the moon again."

The popularity of aspirin as a medicine has for many years been the target of the drug industry. No other drug has so well survived the challenge of the years. Unlike most other medicines, capsules, and remedies that have appeared in our drugstores in the past half century, aspirin is still there; it is still our favorite pain reliever. In fact, the humble white pill has increased in sales every year since it was first sold at retail in the United States in 1915.

There is virtually no household where the medicine cabinet does not include at least one bottle or tin of the familiar drug. There are very few people in the country who have never taken at least two aspirin tablets. And because the analgesic is not habit forming and can be purchased without a doctor's prescription, it is sold by practically every retail outlet handling drugs and sundries that is important enough to have its name over its front entrance.

For example, one small store in central Kentucky points up the thoroughness of aspirin's distribution. Although

this store has only one light burning, is too poorly financed to stock more than one brand of any commodity, and is too inadequately staffed to provide more than six open-for-business hours each day, the establishment sells aspirin in a wide selection. It has plain aspirin; it offers flavored aspirin for children; and it sells the effervescent type for those who want their

Edward F. Schuerman

PHOTO BY D. TANK

dose bubbling like a soda-fountain novelty. Moreover, two big white pills with a glass of cold water is the little store's single-dose "package" for only a nickel.

To be sure, the manufacturers of aspirin have not allowed supply to drop behind demand. The question, "Where can I get aspirin?" is best answered by another: "Where *can't* you get aspirin?" Without a doubt aspirin is the best-known, easiest-to-get, most-asked-for drug in the country. In fact, all this buy-it-whenever-you-are availability of the white pill has brought about a commonness some doctors consider aspirin's greatest shortcoming. These physicians say the medicine-patient relationship is too close for comfort and safety.

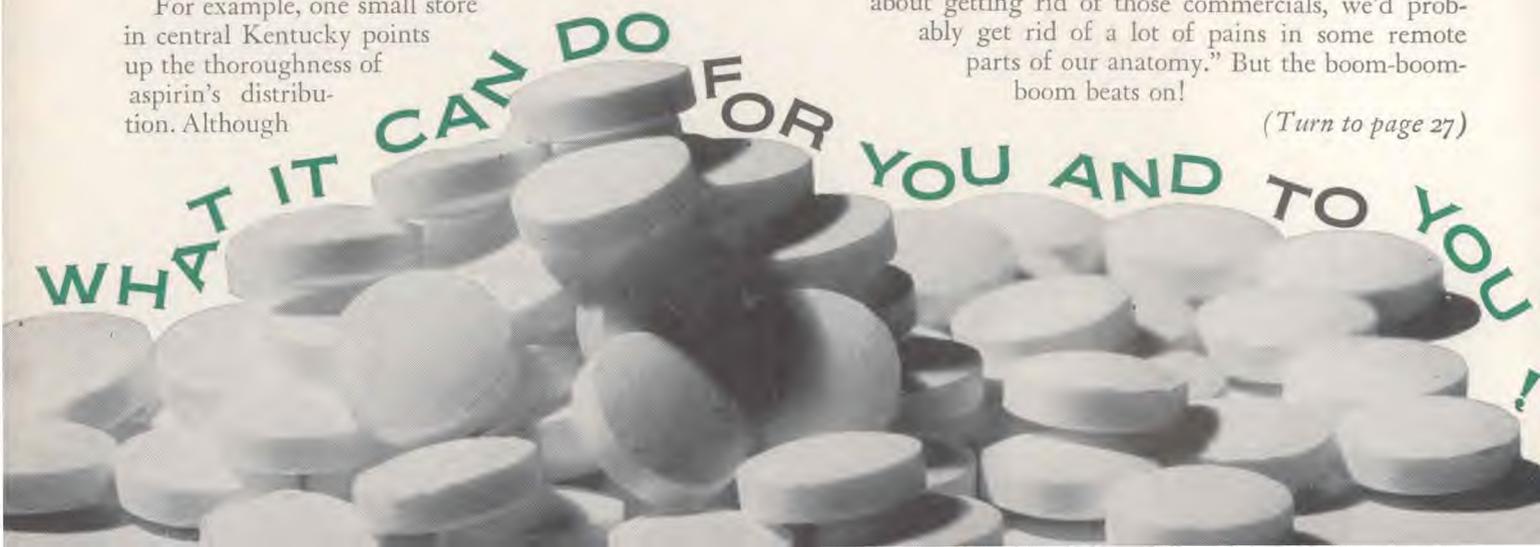
Then, too, aspirin's vigorous advertising efforts have only intensified this medicine-patient tie. The boom-boom-boom, "medicine-show" type of commercial on television particularly has been severely criticized even by medical writers.

In their textbook on drugs, Louis M. Goodman, M.D., and Alfred Gilman, Ph.D., state: "There is probably no other field in which commercial drug exploitation is so excessive as in the manufacture and over-the-counter sale of headache nostrums."

For example, one aspirin combination product which has motivated or at least fueled the fire for the Goodman-Gilman criticism is well known among television audiences. As one viewer put it: "If they'd be fast, *fast, FAST* about getting rid of those commercials, we'd probably get rid of a lot of pains in some remote parts of our anatomy." But the boom-boom-boom beats on!

(Turn to page 27)

WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU AND TO YOU!



MEETING THE MENACE OF NARCOTICS

The Honorable Robert W. Duggan, district attorney of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, is an outstanding civic leader.

He was elected to his present office by a majority of some 35,000 votes, and was sworn into office on January 6, 1964. He was named Young Republican of the Year for efficient, unselfish devotion in his position.

Soon after his election, he was described as aiming a one-two punch—friendly persuasion and an iron fist—at juvenile delinquency and drug addiction, and since that time he has vigorously pushed efforts against these destroyers of society.

Interview with
Robert W. Duggan,
district attorney,
Allegheny County
(Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania)



Mr. Duggan, what in your experience has given you concern over the present narcotics problem in your area?

"First, as assistant district attorney I have seen the results of narcotics first-hand. We have had to prosecute eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds who were under the influence of narcotics at the time of their crimes. The narcotics they used included even such things as pep pills and sleeping capsules. One unscrupulous doctor we found passing out pills like candy. We felt that in such a situation we should, instead of making statements about him, close the fellow down, which we did."

Is the use of narcotics among young people a growing problem?

"No question about it. It is a major problem, and is often connected with the upper class. However, we feel that Pittsburgh has no more of this problem than many other large cities."

Is the drug traffic tied in with other illegal activities?

"Drug racketeering is generally associated with other rackets that are brought into this county. Also we have prosecuted for the illegal use of firecrackers, and we are against bingo games that operate without a permit, for

we feel that all illegal practices are related and will encourage crime and racketeering in our county, including the illegal drug traffic."

What do you feel is the most efficient way to handle the drug problem?

"More stringent enforcement of the law with the maximum penalties. Any peddler prosecuted the second time should receive as a maximum penalty, life imprisonment without parole. We find that people who engage in drug traffic do not care about the future of the youngsters, but are interested only in financial profit."

What about high school lectures? Is this too early or too late?

"I believe this should begin with the junior high school. This is not too early, for 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined!'"

What about the relationship of drinking to the use of narcotic drugs?

"I believe that a person who drinks is especially susceptible to narcotics peddlers. It is against the law for teen-agers to drink alcoholic beverages. Therefore, someone must be supplying them with liquor illegally. To secure liquor in this way makes (Turn to page 34)



Carolyn Mignini-

MISS TEENAGE AMERICA- 1965

WHAT would you say has been the greatest thrill in your life?

I think being named "Miss Teenage America."

What contribution do you think contests like this make in the experience of a girl?

It has helped me to gain poise, and I have had a chance to meet and talk with so many people and to see places that I would never have seen otherwise.

You speak of developing poise. Do you feel that this is a real need among teen-agers today?

I think it is a need for anyone. That's a way of growing up and of maturing. It is only one phase, but I think everyone should develop poise.

What about the teen-age girls who are not so fortunate as to be entered in such a contest? How do they develop poise?

In their own circles. They can develop poise in being

in things in school and in developing personality. That's part of developing poise.

Who do you think exert the greatest influence in the life of a teen-ager today?

First of all, I think the parents. They have quite an impact on the lives of their children and on their outlook on life itself. And then, of course, their friends, their teachers, too—and their general surroundings.

Would you pick out any one group above another?

I think they are all of equal importance, in different ways. Early in life the home is more important, and as they grow older the school has more of an influence, and maybe the church would come in there. I think it is a matter of different periods of maturity.

What would you consider to be the greatest problem that faces the average teen-ager today?

Maturing. Adjusting to the world around him.

Do you think a teen-ager needs to run with the gang and do everything the gang does in order to mature?

Oh, no. Quite the opposite. I think the average teen-ager should be a little different. I don't mean different necessarily in dress, and completely odd. I mean he should dare to be different as far as standards go.

From where should a teen-ager get standards?

From the three sources we mentioned before—the home, the school, and the church.

Many teen-agers are being influenced by this matter of drinking. Do you feel one needs to do this in order to be accepted?

No, sir. Definitely not. Drinking is a follow-the-crowd thing. I think it takes character to be different.

How would you turn down a drink if one were offered you?

I usually say, "No, thank you. I will just have a Dr. Pepper."

Do you think that the average girl respects a boy who drinks?

She doesn't appreciate his drinking when he is going to take her out and is responsible for her. But as for his drinking when he is not with her, I don't feel she really thinks too much about it.

Why do you think teen-agers begin to drink in the first place?

Because other teen-agers do it. They may have seen their older brother do it when he was a teen-ager. It seems that this is another follow-the-crowd thing.

Do you feel that this is increasing among young people today, from your observation?

Yes, sir. I think so. It has been increasing during the past five or six years.

What do you feel brings the most happiness and satisfaction to young persons today?

Being accepted and having friends. That seems to be the thing they are striving for, all this crowd-worship, being popular.

Interview by Francis A. Soper

When would you say a person should leave going with the crowd and become an individual?

One shouldn't start off going with the crowd. He should be an individual all his life. You can have a crowd of friends, but as far as following their general downward tendencies, you should start out being an individual.

In other words, you would say that it is important for the young person today to have well-established convictions?

CAROLYN MIGNINI has packed more into her young eighteen years than most folk get into their whole lifetimes. A bundle of personality, talent, and unbounding energy, she reigns as the 1965 Miss Teenage America, queen of some 24,000,000 American teens.

Now attending Boston Conservatory of Music, Carolyn is using her \$10,000 four-year Miss Teenage America scholarship to prepare herself for a musical career, to fulfill her greatest dream.

During the year of her reign she serves as teen-age safety spokesman, addressing youth groups, civic organizations, and Scout meetings, and appearing at auto shows, to urge the use of common sense and care on our crowded highways.

Distinguished awards and honors have been conferred on Miss Teenage America, including the "Outstanding Catholic Award," an honor previously accorded to Theresa Brewer and Sargent Shriver. Her television stints have been numerous, on such programs as Johnny Carson's "Tonight," Richard Chamberlin's "Dr. Kildare," and Bud Collyer's "Thanksgiving Day Parade." Her float, "Buttons and Bows," captured the special award in the 1965 Cotton Bowl Parade. At the New York World's Fair she presented the "All-American Youth Bowl Awards."

Carolyn says she is an "average teen-ager." She makes many of her own clothes, sets her own hair, has served as a fashion model. Her hobbies: stuffed toys, tennis, swimming, horse-back riding. Her real interest: "I love all kinds of music, but my favorites are musical comedy, folk music, and classical."

Miss Teenage America is crowning her successor on October 29, climax of the Miss Teenage America Pageant in Dallas, Texas. This pageant attracts some fifty finalists carefully selected by local contests in franchise cities or "at large" competition. Judging is based on intelligence, personality, poise, talent, and good grooming. There is no bathing-suit competition. The coronation is viewed by millions on the national C.B.S. network.





You say "well-established convictions." That's hard, at maybe thirteen. You get those convictions as you go along, but there's always a little something that tells you when you should stop; there's always something with me! Of course, a lot of times that something is my mother!

Do you feel that much of the difficulty that arises today with teen-agers comes from a lack of love and training at home?

I think so. Of course, that subject has been run into the ground a bit. All the blame can't be put there. To a certain extent the basis for all of your ideals is laid in the home, but there is a point where your own character comes in. And if you haven't developed it by the time you are sent on your own, you won't come through. In other words, it's not all the parents. It's the young people themselves, too.

In other words, young people should develop responsibility on their own?

Sure. They have to. By the time they are eighteen, I think they are pretty well decided on what they know is right and what isn't. At that time I don't think one's parents can do too much about one's actions.

What would you say influenced you personally not to drink?

A lady shouldn't drink, or even smoke. I don't think it looks too good, or is too good.

This matter of smoking—what is your opinion of the habit by teen-agers?

It doesn't bother me too much. If it were a choice between drinking and smoking, the lesser of the two evils would be smoking, I'm sure. But I still don't like to see girls smoke.



Carolyn enjoys a rare moment in Baltimore with her family, including father (a clothing cutter), mother (a professional hair stylist), brother Paul, Jr., sisters Edith, Constance, Victoria, and mischievous Mary, the youngest.



... is escorted by John Connally, governor of the State of Texas.



As Miss Teenage Mignini appears in her title...

... serves as youth safety spokesman, urging all to use extreme care on our busy highways.



... visits Disneyland on an escorted tour of the famous spot.





... poses with her much-coveted trophy.



... as teen-age chairman of the 1965 Easter Seal campaign, appears with Nancy Durkin, smiling Easter Seal girl.



... practices her musical comedy, which she dearly loves and is well suited for.

1965, Carolyn
g her coronat-
ress . . .

You feel that you will stay away from it as far as you're concerned?

Yes, sir. For more reasons than one. Because I don't think it looks so good, and I want to go into singing.

You feel it would affect your singing voice?

At least it would affect my breathing capacity. I don't know to what degree, but I don't particularly want to find out.

Do you think commercial advertising has much influence on teen-agers?

Yes, sir. I think very much so. It has an influence on the public as a whole, but teen-agers especially. Advertising is geared to the teen-agers. They have their own money, and they know what they want to buy. They know what they like and they buy it. Of course, I think advertising has an influence on this. Advertisers work toward a teen-age market because they know what their opportunities are.

Do you think Hollywood and television have a lot to do with this in terms of teen-age idols?

To a certain extent, but I don't think teen-agers idolize people as much as they used to. Teen-agers today are so much more realistic than they were even when my father was a teen-ager.

Carolyn, what does "sophistication" mean to teen-agers?

It can denote a snobby, blasé feeling about things, but it can also refer to an elite person, or it can describe a person who overdoes it. Sophistication for a fourteen-year-old means high heels and a black dress.

Then sophistication could mean a good thing?

Oh, yes, definitely.

Would you say that it is something for a person to strive toward?

Oh, again it depends on how one looks at it. If one thinks of sophistication as being aloof and above the crowd, he is wrong. It's not. True sophistication is being a perfect lady or a perfect gentleman.

Some teen-agers strive to find sophistication in smoking and drinking. Is this sophistication?

I don't think so. Not for me. Not really for anyone. That's merely a front, a false front.

Do you feel that average young people should strive for a college education?

Yes, sir, if they have the mental capacity—more especially boys. They are the ones who will have to support the families later on.

Is a college education a better preparation for family life?

Yes, sir. I think the role of a mother is such that she should be well-rounded and have intelligence.

What suggestions might you have for a teen-ager in his desire to make a real success in life?

I said this before, but I stick to the same thing: Be yourself. You usually don't go wrong. If you are yourself, you will be OK. Use your capabilities and intelligence.

Would you call this a code of life as far as you are concerned?

I think so. In life I use my talent and develop it. And that's what I am doing now.

How best can a person help others toward higher ideals?

I think example is the best way. You can tell someone something a million times, but if you do it yourself that will get the message across loud and clear. That's the way my parents are. They have always given a marvelous example to all of us. I've learned from that.

Do you feel that teens today are more aware of what's going on than they used to be? Are they more adult at eighteen than before?

Well, being aware of everything and being adult are two different things. I think teen-agers are much more aware of things. They are aware of the world around them, the world situation, politics, elections. I know in our school we have done much as far as civic affairs are concerned. We talk about such things. I don't think teen-agers always have done this, but now they do. At lunch table we used to talk about boys and clothes and dates, but now we talk about things like Vietnam or presidential elections. As for being adult, that again depends on the individual.

What is your concept of adulthood?

Not following the crowd is a sign of adulthood. I always think of adulthood as being over twenty-one, but it really refers to maturity.

When the mind controls the emotions, is this adulthood?

Partly the mind controls the emotions. I mean if someone suggests something ridiculous, a wild thing, immature teen-agers might be more apt to do it than adults. But if you have intelligence and think it out, you realize that it's not the thing to do. An adult won't do it, but someone who isn't adult might.

In other words, an adult is a person who decides to do something on the basis of its rightness or appropriateness?

That's right. Using common sense, which you have to develop in order to become an adult.

I suppose you have dates quite often?

Yes, sir, I do, when home.

What is your idea of a good date?

With a boy who has a pleasant voice and is courteous. One who seems to think it a privilege to take you out, and he looks at it like that. He takes care of you, like he's supposed to.

What are you looking for in marriage? Is there an appropriate time for marriage?

The necessary requirements include first of all the things we have been talking about, maturity and adulthood.

Summer Nights

William Allen Ward

Summer nights are queens who wear Stars for jewels in their hair,
And in their brilliant diadems
The milky way is used for gems.

You also have to look at it financially, economically. A man has to be capable of supporting a family, and the girl has to be able to raise a family, too. I think she shouldn't go into it without knowing how to cook and manage a household. There's no specified age, but I don't think teen-age years are very good for marriage. I think any time after that, depending on the circumstances.

What do you think of the impact on teen-agers today of the constant emphasis on sex in advertising and in modern life?

It affects the whole society. Teen-agers are a part of that society. I don't think the result is so very good. It depends on whether you have the right outlook to start with. Once again, with my mother's training, I feel that I know what's right. Not everyone has had that advantage.

Coming back to school, you mentioned that you were having a history test, I believe. Is history your favorite subject?

Yes, sir, my favorite.

That's rather a unique choice on

your part. Is there a reason for that?

Really I am fascinated by it, first of all by the way history repeats itself. I think it's marvelous. You see, the things in ancient times follow up today. I think of the different personalities, and it is fascinating.

Then you like to study history in its relationship to what is going on today?

Definitely. The teacher I have at school parallels current events with what happened years ago. It is so fascinating to see how things work out, and to know that you're making history all the time.

Does religion have an important part in your life?

My religion means a lot to me. It's a very personal thing, though. I think it should be with anyone.

Do you think young people would be better off today if religion had more of a part in their lives?

One person cannot speak for another person.

Are you indicating that there are different shades of religious experience?

That's it entirely. Religion, or the lack of it, or faith, or the lack of it, is something individual.

What do you have in mind when you use the word "faith"?

For me, faith is a gift of God, and is given to me to wait on Him.

It is a very personal thing, then, on your part?

Yes, sir.

Are you really happy to be alive, Carolyn?

I certainly am!

What contribution to society could you make that would bring you a real sense of satisfaction?

Singing. It makes me the happiest person in the world to be able to sing. I think if I could be able to make others happy, to make them laugh, that would be the way. That's why I am going into musical comedy. Not only because I love it, but I feel that if anybody gets half of what I get out of it, that would be good.

Your ambition in life, then, is to make someone else happy and more able to meet the somber things of life?

I never thought of it quite like that, but that's what I want to do.

Party Pick-Ups

Surprise! Surprise! For informal vacationing friends there's lots of fun in a—

Come-As-You-Are Brunch

THIS type of party must be co-hosted to be successful. You'll need some help to put it across. This party becomes especially interesting to the planners and is full of surprises.

Depending on whether you choose Thanksgiving or Christmas, use a seasonal motif for your table centerpiece. Choose a menu that is easily prepared in advance and simply served. Plan on something hot for a nippy day which you'll probably have at this season. Breakfast menus are most conveniently served at a sit-down buffet where the main food is picked up by guests and carried to a table which is set with silverware and beverage—or use a conventional family-plan service.

It is best to limit the number of guests to no more than eight—with twice that many on your invitation list. If you can wheedle from prospective invitees what their schedule for the day will be, you may be better prepared to know who'll be coming. For a laughing good time you may want to limit this party to those of your own sex.

With everything in readiness, you and your cohort, with some trusty means of transportation, go inviting. Stipulations are that your guests do not touch their coiffures or change their footwear. If necessity demands, they may need to add a top layer of clothing to make them presentable for society. The earlier you get around on a vacation day, the more likely you'll have some real "beauties" to grace your table.

When your guests have been collected and deposited at your home, your first round will be an honors award for the one who went to bed earliest the night before, the one most likely to succeed as a night owl, the healthy, wealthy, and wisest one who got up the earliest, and so on. An introduction and rehash of ensuing events will be fun for the rest of the family to hear when the guests return home.

Since food is the most important part of your program, don't attempt further regimentation with games. Try the menu below:

Menu

- ★ Broiled Grapefruit
- ★ Deluxe Scrambled Eggs
- ★ Blueberry Muffins With Butter
- ★ Baked Apples With Caramel Syrup
- ★ Hot Chocolate

BROILED GRAPEFRUIT (8 servings)

Halve grapefruit and cut around individual sections if desired. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Broil until surface becomes bubbly.

DELUXE SCRAMBLED EGGS (8 servings)

- 8 large eggs
- 1 cup cubed processed cheese (such as Velveeta)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine

Beat eggs together with salt. Melt margarine in 8- or 10-inch skillet. Add egg mixture and stir as they cook. When nearly to the desired texture add cheese and toss together.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS (12 medium-sized muffins)

- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup oil
- 1 beaten egg
- ½ cup milk
- ¾ cup well-drained blueberries

Sift together flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder. Add combined egg, oil, and milk. Stir only until ingredients are blended. Carefully stir in blueberries. Bake in preheated oven 20 to 25 minutes at 400°.

BAKED APPLES (8 servings)

- 8 large apples
- ½ cup sugar
- Raisins
- ¼ cup water

Core apples and score horizontally through skins around the center. Place in baking dish. Fill with raisins. Sprinkle with sugar. Add water. Cover with lid or foil. Bake at 375° for 45 minutes or until tender.

CARAMEL SYRUP (2 cups)

- ½ pound vanilla caramels
- ¼ cup water

Melt caramels over hot water. Stir in water. Serve hot or cold.



CHRISTMAS

THE CHIMES in the church tower rang, "Silent Night, Holy Night." Gilbert drew the curtains in the living room and turned on the lights. It had been a hectic day in the office—sales and more sales. People were coming and going, laughing and talking, selling and buying. Gilbert thought of them as buzzards around carrion. The phone kept ringing and ringing.

But it was Christmas Eve now, so he pushed the clang, clang of the day from his mind.

Then he tiptoed over to the Christmas tree and placed a small gift under it—a tiny gold wristwatch set with diamonds. When he picked it out at the jewelry shop and had it gift wrapped, had a fleeting Christmas run through his mind? A yesteryear? Or was it the jangle of the crowd, or that last drink? Whatever it was, he was home now. His thoughts, hopes, future were here tonight.

Smoothing the gray at his temples, he went into the kitchen. There was his new sweetheart, Sharon, cooking dinner.

"My party girl can cook, too, can't she?" he said, chucking her under the chin, then kissing her.

"Maybe," she answered, and then pushed him away. "My hair. It will get mussed."

He let go, disappointed, then saw the bottle on the table and her almost empty glass. "Love me?" he asked.

"You silly boy," was the apt reply. "Want a drink?" She turned quickly and fixed him a strong one. He smacked his lips as he drained it; then he went to the bathroom to shave. His gang was coming in tonight to celebrate his new home. He had all new friends. Everything under the sun was his. He would marry Sharon soon, then she, too, would belong to him.

As he shaved, the hot-water faucet dripped a rhythm, "Silent Night, Holy Night." He cursed as he cut his face with the razor. "New house. Loose connection has to be fixed." He felt better now.

". . . and with this ring, I thee wed." "You are now joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony." In anticipation he saw himself and Sharon joined together at last, and no more tomorrows alone!

Gilbert showered and dressed and looked at his reflection in the mirror. "I am good-looking, not too old. Pass for forty," he was thinking, and smiled at his image. A face came into the mirror beside his—Joan's, with a sparkle in her eyes. Then tears glistened in them like raindrops on a nasturtium leaf. He saw sadness in her face, then the likeness vanished. He pushed the last memory of her face from his mind, and the song—how does one push a song away?

He hurried into the kitchen. Sharon was letting his guests into the living room. He would mix them some good drinks. Parties, people—these were things that he could understand. They all belonged to his way of life. Unpleasant thoughts were not for him. Treasures—Sharon, gang, his money—these were pleasantries. Gilbert was influential now, and everything was his!

Morning dawned, and he had a bad taste in his mouth. The party was over, and everyone had gone home. Gilbert was alone, sober, suddenly fearful. Thoughts stabbed his mind as he lay on his bed and tossed, thinking back to last night—the party, ribald laughter of the crowd, jokes, a toast to his tipsy Sharon. He knew she was a party girl. It was one of the reasons he had proposed to her. Then from somewhere in the recesses of his mind came a still, small voice singing, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

The desperate man needed to shut out the memories. Carefully he got out of bed. His head was throbbing. He pulled on his clothes, dragged his feet out of the house, and went to the office—his nest for pertinent decisions.

This was Christmas morning. The lonely man opened the door of the office and walked into the musty room. He saw another Christmas. A tree stood in the corner of the room, and there was Joan, who never liked drinking parties. Her eyes were sparkling as he put a gold watch on her wrist. She kissed him, and he could still feel the warmth of that kiss. Sharon had never kissed him that way. The thought suddenly came to him that she never could. Why did he buy Sharon a watch? Gilbert could find no answer, unless—

He shook his head again, trying to shake off memories; then he walked over to a window box of plants in the corner of the room. When Joan was working for him, they had planted the box and added china figures to the green garden. Ferdy, the bull, was the biggest one, with Ferdy's cow, a calf, a lady-friend cow, two worms, a rooster, a hen, two rabbits, mama and papa squirrel. Gilbert reached down and stroked old Ferdy gently on his white breakable head.

"Ferdinand, don't you like me?" he asked. "Why? Because Joan is no longer around? Well, I don't blame you at all, at all, boy."

He must have a drink at once—to forget. He went to the back room in the office and got out a music box, a gift from Sharon. It held eight glasses, and one fifth of whiskey. Sharon had him keep two fingers of liquor in the bottle, so as not to break the spell of her love. A song played when the box was opened. Gilbert poured a drink and raised it to his lips—the song was, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

LOVE SONG

Angrily Gilbert dashed the drink to the floor, breaking the glass, but the song played on and on, so he picked up the box and threw it on the floor. The bottle and glasses broke and liquor ran all over, but the song played on. He picked up the box again and broke it against a chair. The song stopped suddenly as if someone had choked the singer.

He shook. Weak and spent, Gilbert dropped to his knees, trying to pray. The long-forgotten words seemed to choke in his throat, but he made a decision and felt relief. He would give up Sharon. She was no good for him. He would try to go back to Joan, if she would have him. She would help him shake his habit.

Gilbert stayed on his knees, his body spent. It seemed as though a quieter peace than he had ever known had come upon him. He went to the phone and dialed a number. No answer. It might be too late. He would have to try again. While he was waiting, hoping, he cleaned up the mess. The smell of the liquor no longer held the same attraction for him. He went to the phone again; someone answered.

"Hello, Joan girl," he said, happy to reach her. "It's good to hear your voice again. I miss you so much, girl. Can you ever forgive me?"

He waited a long time for her answer, and when he heard it, he hurried on. "Thank you, girl. You were right about things. I can't face up to them." He cleared his throat in painful remembrance. "I thought I wanted a life of parties. I don't. I would rather have you. Remember our Ferdy? I don't think he likes me anymore. Neither do I." He spoke into the phone, rattling on while he still had time to tell Joan everything. He was almost afraid she would hang up.

"Remember our other Christmases? God's love song, 'Silent Night, Holy Night'?" He paused to hear her reply. "I want to see you again, if you will let me. Now? I have taken the first step about my drinking, you will be happy to know. Will you help me? With the Lord's help and you beside me, I can make it. Will you give me the chance?"

He waited a long time, it seemed, as she thought of what to say, but when the reply came, he was so relieved he hung up the phone without saying good-bye. Talking to himself out loud now, he said, "I know it is a long way back." He looked at Ferdy and thought he saw a smile from the fern bed, and he patted the china bull's head.

As Gilbert closed the office door, he softly hummed, "Silent Night, Holy Night."

The tune still hung in the air as he went to his car.



ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN

Carrie Lynn Brown

How much more glorious could have been the niche occupied by Johann Augustus Sutter in the—



Winning of the West

THE YOUTH'S tension mounted as he walked up to Sutter's Fort on a rise a mile and a half from the Sacramento River. Still physically upset from his 12,000-mile journey which brought him from Switzerland to California, he worried doubly about his father's conspicuous absence on his arrival in San Francisco.

Johann Augustus Sutter, Jr., wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Why was it that the fields around the fort lay in such neglect? Had the greed for gold gone to the heads of his father's servants to such an extent that they did not even bother to harvest the ripe grain?

Growing doubts stole into the youth's heart. The contradicting rumors he had heard about Captain Sutter back in San Francisco buzzed through his head. Some had said the gold discovery was making him the richest man on earth; some contended he was so much in debt through his careless ways that all the gold in the world could not save him. Still others had called him a slovenly drunk and a squaw man. In a rise of anger, Johann had struck out against the gossipers; nobody would call *his* father names! No, he would not believe one word without proof.

With mixed feelings he entered the unguarded fort. "Can you direct me to Captain Sutter?" In his best English he called out to three men who squatted in the shade of the guardroom playing cards.

One of the men looked up. He took a swig from the bottle beside him and wiped his beard with a filthy sleeve. "Hahn and Lang can tell you. We're only passing through." He pointed to the two-story adobe in the fort's center.

Johann thanked him and headed for the building's outdoor staircase. Upstairs, amidst a litter of bottles and empty glasses, he found two drunk men. He shook the nearest one out of his stupor. "Where is Captain Sutter?" he demanded.

"Who?" The man stared at him blankly.

"Captain Sutter."

"Left for the mines."

"Did he not know that his son was coming?"

"Sure. That's why he left in the first place; too scared, you know." An ugly laugh accompanied the man's puzzling statement.

"You had better sober up, for I am Johann Augustus, Captain Sutter's eldest son."

The man staggered to his feet and showed Johann to

his father's private quarters adjacent to the guardroom. He hastened away before the youth had a chance to open the door.

Johann received an ill-tempered welcome from a hostile squaw. He dodged the cooking utensils she flung at him and turned her out. Only then did he notice the scramble of legal papers strewn about his father's three rooms. He picked them up carefully and studied the ones he could decipher. It didn't take him long to discover that his father was up to his neck in debt.

Had those wagging tongues back in San Francisco spoken the truth after all? Johann groaned. He buried his head in his arms and, had it not been for his twenty-one years, he would have cried. What news could he send to his mother, the teen-age brothers, and Eliza waiting hopefully in Switzerland? Ever since his father left home, fifteen years before, the family had lived in poverty. Johann saved up the fare to America out of his meager earnings as a clerk, and now, it seemed, he was not welcome in his father's house.

Following a week of anguish, Johann saw his father. Could this aging man with his red, bloated face, baggy eyes, and receding hairline, be his forty-five-year-old father? The initial happiness of the reunion dissolved quickly, for hardly a day passed when Captain Sutter, his clerks, partners, and Indians were not in a general frolic, intoxicated.

Johann, an upright, God-fearing Christian, suffered intensely under the demoralized conditions in Sutter's Fort. The days' events tortured his young mind, but for his family's sake he was determined to help his father. Yet, he wondered, how can you help a man who, in his drunkenness, gives away riches?

In a rare hour of sobriety Captain Sutter called his son. "Back in 1841 I bought Fort Ross and Bodega from the Russians," he said gruffly. "The Tsar sent his underlings to Washington, and now I either pay the \$31,000 I owe, or . . ."

"\$31,000?" Johann gasped.

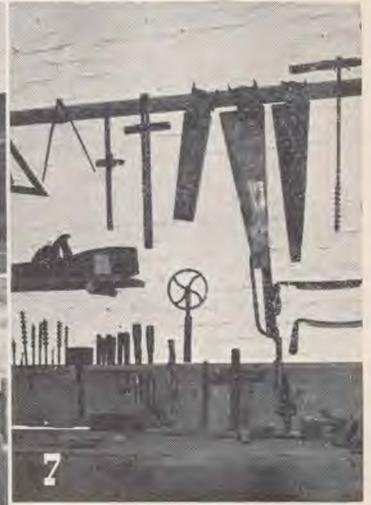
Captain Sutter nodded. "The Russians will confiscate my property—unless I sign it over to you right now."

"Would that be legal?"

Captain Sutter shrugged. "There's no law in California today. The Mexicans lost the war, and the Americans haven't taken over yet." (Turn to page 26)

Ernie Holyer

NOTE FROM HISTORY



1. John A. Sutter came to California in 1839 after an adventurous journey which took him to Missouri, Oregon, Hawaii, Alaska. He pioneered in the oak-studded wilderness of the Sacramento Valley, acquired two huge Mexican land grants, bought Fort Ross on credit—and lost it all.

2. John A. Sutter, Jr. laid out the city of Sacramento and wiped out his father's debts in an incredibly short time. This portrait in Sutter's Fort State Historical Monument reflects some of the ill treatment the young man received while in California.

3. Only a gable end remains of Hock Farm, Captain Sutter's palatial two-story home south of Yuba City. River boats used to bring shiploads of visitors, the finest champagnes from France, and expensive Havana cigars while Sutter's money held out.

4. Bristling guns, guards, and uniformed Indian drill teams gave Sutter's Fort a military appearance. Commands were given in German.

5. Johann Augustus Sutter, Jr., upon his arrival from Switzerland, walked the few steps from the guardhouse (door nearest gate) to the central building with mixed feelings. Where was his father?

6. "Charge it to Sutter" was the most commonly used phrase in the fort's store. The careless, easy-going Swiss signed countless letters of credit and paid the bills.

7. A carpenter shop was essential in a wilderness where manufactured goods were frequently unobtainable.

WINNING OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 24)

Johann took the offered quill hesitantly. If he signed he'd save money to bring over the family, and his mother wouldn't have to pinch pennies any longer. If he signed he would also assume responsibility for the staggering debts. To the date, October 14, 1848, he slowly added his signature.

"You understand that the transfer is on paper only," Captain Sutter grunted. "The two Mexican land grants, New Helvetia with the fort and Sobrante with Hock Farm, also Ross and Bodega, are still mine."

"What about the debts, Father?" Johann attacked a hornet's nest.

At the end of the clash that followed between father and son, Captain Sutter equipped himself with a good supply of brandy, summoned his favorite squaw, Mary, the one Johann had met earlier, and left for Coloma. In the mines, like a crazy man, disregarding his doctor's warnings in regard to his liver ailment, Captain Sutter let himself become snowbound through the winter.

Johann, honest but shrewd in business matters, started to pay off a host of creditors. He retained the newly arrived Peter Burnett as his general manager. With the assistance of this honest and capable lawyer he planned a city between the fort and the banks of the Sacramento River. Sacramento City lots became quick sellers. Johann paid out gold dust as soon as it trickled into his pockets. Honor bound, he even paid off the \$31,000 debt to the Russian American Fur Company.

In June, 1849, he sent Heinrich Lienhard, twenty-five, a faithful employee who, like himself, abhorred drinking and moral laxness, to Switzerland to fetch the family.

Double-talking "friends" took news of Johann's doings to Coloma. Captain Sutter, in fits of rage, signed away Sutter's Fort and other real estate, doing everything in his power to harm his enterprising young son. He returned from the mines filled with hate and without gold.

Johann suddenly came down with a mysterious violent illness. Rumors had it that he was slowly being poisoned. Sick and helpless, Johann yielded to his father's request and signed back the property into Captain Sutter's name.

Glib crooks and schemers again approached Captain Sutter, for once debt-free, with flattery. He granted any favors they asked as they slid quill and transferrals into the intoxicated man's

hand. His blurred vision eventually cost him all he had.

The family arrived in January, 1850. Without telling Johann, Captain Sutter picked up his wife and children in San Francisco and escorted them up the Feather River to Hock Farm. Johann had little opportunity to enjoy the family's presence, for his father coldheartedly sent him off to Sacramento. The sick, misunderstood, and desperate youth, who could have saved the family fortune, fled to save his life.

Captain Sutter showed no remorse. Only when his wife's eyes had Johann's anguished look, his conscience may have bothered him. Drink and visitors counteracted worries. Favor seekers, drawn by bubbling champagne banquets, fluttered into the newly spruced-up palatial Hock Farm the way moths flutter into a circle of light.

The limelight lasted but a short time. Alone, with spent cash and exhausted credit, Captain Sutter's "friends" and even his own sons deserted him. His liver attacks put him to bed oftener, and rheumatism bothered him more than ever before. Then there was the trouble with the squatters. Not even his warnings in the newspapers kept those arrogant pests from settling on his land and robbing it.

The unsettled laws of the new state made matters worse. He was forced to fight for his Mexican land grants. New Helvetia had already been sold or signed away in parcels; the fact that it was later confirmed was the more crushing. Fort Ross and Bodega were sold for lawyer's fees. But the immense Sobrante grant must be saved! Acid legal battles started to sear the ailing old man with the fires of disappointed hope and beginning despair. When his favorite son, Alphonse Wilhelm, died, in 1863, Captain Sutter's hair had turned white. The heavy cane, for years his dashing companion, became a necessity. Defiant squatters cut precious trees before his very eyes, and vagrants loitered around Hock Farm's parklike surroundings shamelessly. Public opinion had turned against him.

"They're up to no good, Anna," he told his wife in sleepless nights.

The huge blaze of 1865 confirmed his fears. Hock Farm's ashes turned Captain Sutter into a bankrupt man. Stunned, he appealed for public charity, and with the promise of small relief, he left his chosen land.

"I will win back my Sobrante grant, Anna. I will persuade Congress," he babbled as he left the train in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Sutter said nothing. Perhaps she thought of Johann and Eliza, both

living in Acapulco, Mexico. Johann had existed among Indians in Mexico's blistering deserts until his health was restored. The good boy had since become a respected man. Mrs. Sutter sighed. Life could have been good for the family if her husband had been like Johann, responsible and sober.

In Washington, Captain Sutter's plight took on pathetic proportions. Leaning on his cane, he tottered from office to office, a figure of public ridicule. Often on the steps of the national capitol he could be seen passing the time of day and talking aimlessly to any who would listen to him. Even children in the street mocked the feeble-minded man.

But Captain Sutter clung to his obsession; he must win back his Sobrante grant! On June 16, 1880, he dragged himself down the glaring steps of Congress. He was exhausted. The Forty-sixth Congress had adjourned, and again the "Bill for the Relief of John A. Sutter" had not come up. Puffing, he reached Mades Hotel and crawled into bed. Two days later he was found dead, an empire builder who had squandered his last hope.

OBESE? - YOU'RE IN DANGER

Jack Maloney



ASPIRIN

(Continued from page 14)

Have we really gone overboard in the aspirin-taking practice? Considering the tons we swallow and the millions we spend each year on aspirin, it does seem sadly overdone, doesn't it? But medical authorities look at our habit more realistically.

"Even though aspirin is considered a relatively safe drug," says the American Medical Association, "any drug powerful enough to help you has the potential to hurt you."

It is this potential with which you should be chiefly concerned. What can aspirin do FOR you and TO you?

No one will dispute the fact that relief from pain is the most commonly sought of aspirin's benefits. If you could recall the last 100 aspirin tablets you swallowed you'd probably discover at least 90 were taken to relieve some kind of pain: headache, toothache, menstrual cramps, or other human misery.

Perhaps the second most frequently sought aspirin benefit is the pill's anti-

pyretic (fever-reduction) action. Although the A.M.A. advises against self-diagnosis of any illness which includes fever, many aspirin takers continue to see for themselves. But it's a dangerous thing to do. When you take aspirin to lower your temperature, you can easily obscure other important symptoms your doctor could use in making his professional diagnosis of your illness. Remember, always call in your doctor when fever strikes. Let *him* put out the fire with aspirin if *he* decides that's the best way.

Many times the eager aspirin swallower will take additional doses if the fever doesn't show any signs of subsiding. It will be well to know the symptoms of overdosage. Included are: ringing of the ears, headache, dizziness, dimness of vision, mental confusion, nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea.

The third benefit of aspirin lies in its relief of inflammatory diseases like arthritis, lumbago, rheumatism, gout, and others. Although arthritics and other sufferers have been known to refer to aspirin as "the greatest blessing we have," medical authorities say that

aspirin taken for chronic diseases may cause your intestines and stomach to bleed. Be sure to consult your doctor before you start on any multi-dosing-of-aspirin program to relieve arthritic pains.

Although the label on the bottle may say "Aspirin for Children," we should not take the statement too literally. Keep the bottle out of any child's reach! The advertised "pleasant-to-take" feature may develop into an eagerness to eat the orange-flavored analgesics, and you may have a dying, or dead, child on your hands. Extreme caution here!

Remember that aspirin is for *mild* pain only. If your pain hangs on, multiple dosing is dangerous. Again, as with the fever-complicated illnesses, let your doctor see you before you go berserk on an aspirin-taking spree.

Another important thing to remember about taking aspirin: Follow each dose with a full glass of water. In fact, people who find that the pills cause nausea or stomach upset shouldn't take them on an empty stomach. Take your aspirin after a meal or snack.

People who have an ulcerated stomach should never take aspirin. Don't make your ulcer and the aspirin fight it out in your stomach. You're asking for trouble; your ulcer may bleed.

Similarly, if you have asthma you're allergic to aspirin. By no means should you take the pills. If you do, unconsciousness may develop after taking only two aspirins. The A.M.A. confirms this fact.

And while you're at your medicine cabinet next time, take out the bottle of aspirin, remove the cap, smell the contents. If there's a decided vinegar odor coming from the pills, they've probably spoiled with age right in the bottle. Throw them out. A two- or three-month supply of aspirin is all you should keep on hand. If the pills tend to crumble apart when held between your fingers, they're also probably old and bad. Clean house. Get rid of them.

Now, if you're wondering how aspirin became our No. 1 pain reliever with all of these dangerous traits, let's recall the words of the American Medical Association: "Any drug powerful enough to help you has the potential to hurt you."

We should bear in mind that no drug will ever be so safe that it doesn't require good common sense in its administration. And with the unbeatable combination of common sense and the remarkable powers of aspirin, the humble white pill will probably remain our No. 1 pain reliever for quite some time yet.

Obesity, or overweight, is a state of the body in which excessive fat is stored in the tissues. This is one of the most common disorders to which the human race is subject.

Prevention and treatment of obesity is important, not only for the sake of appearance, but also because overweight decreases human efficiency, shortens life, and predisposes the subject to many chronic disorders.

The fundamental cause of obesity is the absorption of a greater caloric value of food than is necessary for the energy expended by the body. It is true, while two persons may eat the same amount of food, one may gain and the other lose weight. This difference is due to factors regulating the amount of energy expended.

One who gains weight and who does not apparently eat to excess (such a person eats more than he realizes or admits) is usually phlegmatic, reacts slowly to outside stimuli, is not easily worried, dislikes exercise or expenditure of energy in any form, sleeps longer and more soundly, and relaxes more completely than either the thin person or the person of normal weight.

Some persons who fall in the overweight group have disturbances of their endocrine glands, especially the thyroid or pituitary or both. But the explanation of most obesity is the one factor of simply liking to eat large quantities of fattening food—carbohydrates, starches, and fats.

Marked obesity can cause shortness of breath and fatigue on slight exertion. It also seems to predispose to other diseases or accentuate their symptoms. An overweight person with heart disease may develop heart failure sooner than a thin person with the same degree of cardiac disease.

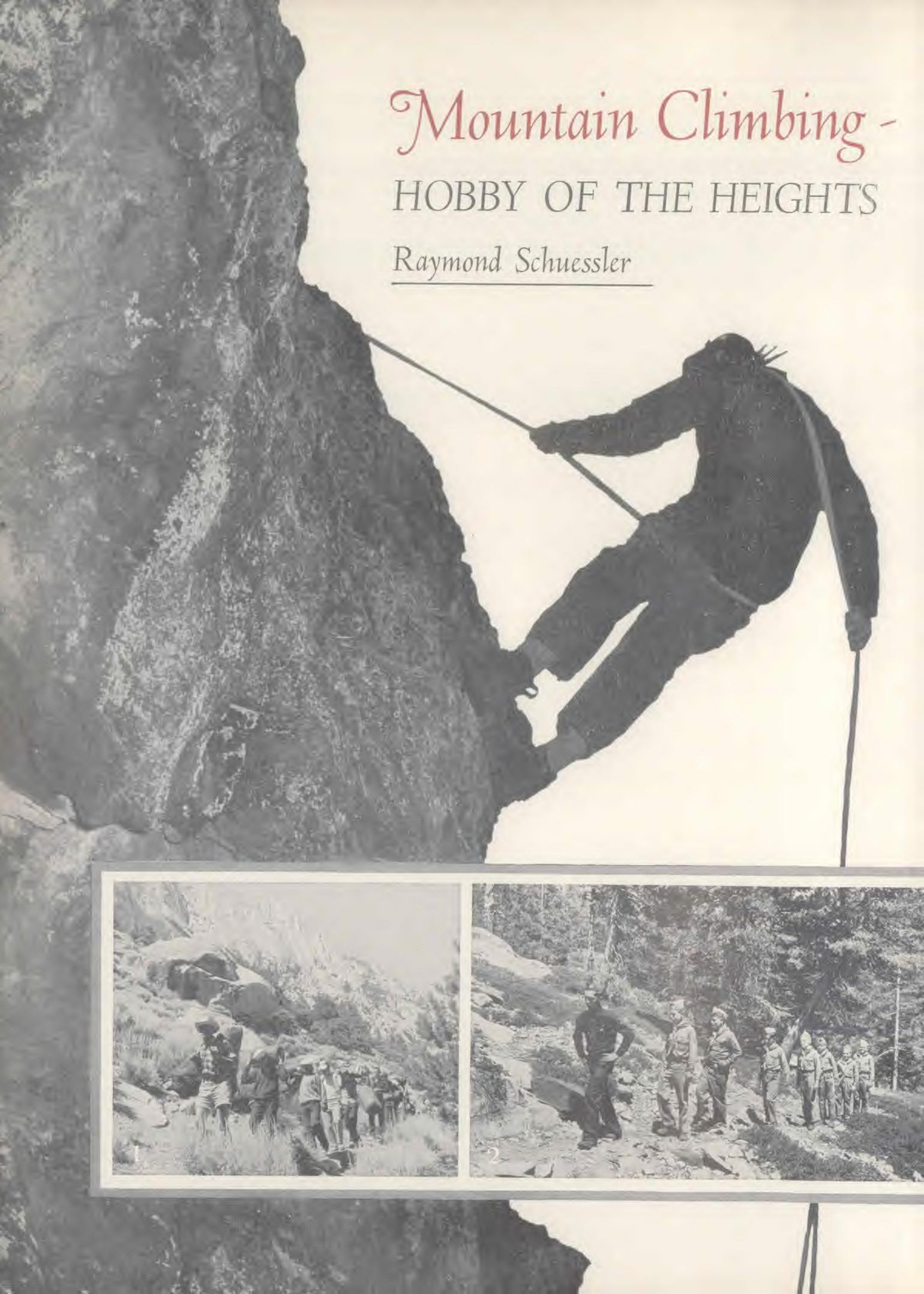
Arthritics having pain in the legs or back notice considerable improvement in their symptoms, as a rule, with reduction in weight. Because of obesity, the kidneys, pancreas, and liver carry an extra burden. Overweight predisposes to diabetes and also to increased blood pressure. Pneumonia at times is more serious in the obese.

Treatment of obesity lies along two lines. First, the amount of food must be reduced and at the same time a balanced diet adhered to. The rapid loss of weight by radical diets is harmful and actually in some cases may cause death. Second, there must be increase in exercise, which unfortunately increases the appetite. Those who suffer glandular troubles must also be treated for these disorders.

Mountain Climbing -

HOBBY OF THE HEIGHTS

Raymond Schuessler



HAVE YOU ever envied a bird as it soared into the sky? Have you ever wanted to look down upon our earth from heights above? To reach a spot where no one else has ever been and to say proudly, 'I am the first one here'? That is the reason why I climb mountains."

So says an old-time mountaineer, as his eyes glisten with that faraway look.

To those who conquered Everest, their victory symbolized "a triumph of the human spirit over the world's most towering physical obstacle—the world's only hope of achieving solutions to problems even greater than Everest."

Mountain climbing is thrilling sport for all, but one should take progressively longer hikes on flat terrain to accustom the body to the strain. These should be followed by short, half-day climbs over gradual inclines. Soon you will be able to take a full-day trip extending over about seven hours, and including about 3,000 feet of climbing.

Climbing requires less expensive equipment than any other sport. The oldest and strongest clothing will do nicely. A light, windproof jacket and a warm sweater are a must, for there is always a cold breeze, especially if you climb above timberline.

The most important single item of equipment is a pair of broken-in boots of double leather, waterproofed, with a rubber-type sole, and large enough for two pairs of socks. An ice axe is essential if there are glaciers to be crossed.

On higher climbs you will need a length of nylon rope about eighty to 120 feet long and a small packsack with shoulder straps to carry a sweater, camera, poncho, binoculars, compass, and lunch.

One may learn much from expert mountaineers. For instance, the leader is in entire control on a climb. He makes all the final decisions. He maps out the route, checks the equipment of rookies, carries a snakebite kit, keeps check on time so that the party returns to camp before dark, and makes sure all campfires are out.

It is interesting to watch how an experienced rock climber skillfully and gracefully works his way from hold to hold, like a ballet dancer, with balance and rhythm; how a climber picks out his holds in advance, so that he has a picture in his mind of the route he will take, and the alternates he may be forced to use; how he lifts his body with his legs, using his hands for balance only.

Holds are a matter of practice and imagination. At all times three contact points must be maintained, leaving only one hand or one foot to move. If there is not enough projection for a cling or a hold, the climber may try a pressure hold where the flat of the hand presses directly down on a small level surface, or by pressing two hands outward against a crack. Holds must be carefully tested in all directions before the climber trusts his weight to them.

On our first real climb we started early just as the black shadows of a pine forest began to take on the details of

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."—*John Muir*.

trees. We saw birds like none of those at sea level. New and more distant peaks appeared over newer ridges. Soon we left behind the last gnarled tree as we passed the timberline. We kept a slow, steady pace, resting ten minutes every hour. No one talked much at these high altitudes. We needed all our breath for the climb.

Up almost perpendicular walls, we climbed into the realm of the eagles. Mountains look impassable only from a distance. Up close, one step at a time, they can be surmounted.

When the ascent became tough, our leader pulled out the tools of the trade, including a piton or one-eyed spike which he pounded into a rock. Into the eye of the piton a carabiner or metal snap link was hooked to hold the rope and act as a pulley, and up we went looking for more hand- and footholds. The harder the climb, the more splendid was the view.

Finally at the top we rested. Looking below, we saw a vast empire of peaks, hills, cliffs, canyons, glacier trails, a fuzzy green forest, and tiny dots of lakes.

There are a serenity of mind and aliveness of body that come to those who climb upward on foot. Heaven is surely up there.



1. Hikers climb the trail from Whitney Portal to Mt. Whitney's summit in California. Though highest at 14,495 feet in the continental United States outside Alaska, this peak is accessible by trail, and popular among hikers of average ability.

2. Boy Scouts patrol from Troop 48, Camp Harvey West on Upper Echo Lake, hiking along the trail into the Desolation Valley wild area in California.

3. Nearly every weekend you'll find Sierra Club rock-climbing enthusiasts trying their skill at Pinnacle Rock in the midst of a Berkeley, California, hillside residential district.

THE CITY THAT LIVES AGAIN

(Continued from page 11)

on the chemical contents of the water in the hot springs. In April, 1832, under President Andrew Jackson, Hot Springs became the first Federal reservation, the springs and four acres of land surrounding them being set apart as Government property.

Hot Springs is built in the pine-covered Ouachita (Wash-i-ta) Mountains, the area adjacent to the city comprising Ouachita National Forest, which is the South's oldest and largest park, having been established by President Theodore Roosevelt in December, 1907.

Hot Springs Reservation was incorporated as a city on April 5, 1876, and after nine years the nation's first Army and Navy General Hospital was opened there. In 1921 the name "Reservation" was changed to "National Park." This, attached to "Hot Springs," is the present name.

During 1964, some 1,787,324 visitors registered in the city of Hot Springs, coming from the various states and from many foreign countries. The fact that for three fourths of the year there was no gambling allowed in the city didn't seem to stem the stream of people pouring in there.

The five mountains which half surround the city have elevations of 600 to 1,450 feet above sea level. Paved roads wind up to the summits, and mountain trails afford enjoyment for hikers.

The three nearby lakes, Catherine, Hamilton, and Ouachita, provide water sports and fishing the year round. For homesites no place could be more beautiful than the shoreline of Lake Hamilton.

Hotels and motels by the score provide quality accommodations for guests. An influx of 30,000 or more can be taken care of at any one time.

Bathhouse Row, with its landscaping of holly and magnolia trees, is the center of attraction. Near the inviting buildings one may visit one of the forty-seven original steaming springs discovered by DeSoto. All the others flow directly into the bathhouses, having an average temperature of 143° F. This is the only place in the United States where natural hot waters are owned and controlled and their use regulated by the Federal Government. Licensed physicians prescribe hot baths as part of regular medical treatment.

Hot Springs is a renowned convention center. The new civic auditorium was built in 1964 at a cost of \$2,000,000,

and has a seating capacity of 4,000. Recently in one year some 2,000 large conventions and 16,000 smaller conventions were held in the area.

At the nightclubs guests played many games with or without money, as suited their fancy. Gambling, fine food, and musical programs were considered high-class entertainment for those of society who sought such pastimes. The club guests indulged in pari-mutuel betting at the races, and the city officials saw no harm in either form of the game. In keeping with the others who operated entertainment places, the club owners obtained their permits from the city upon payment of the required tax money.

The enforced closing of the clubs in March of last year threw the city into a financial dilemma. Guests began to check out. The sudden exodus put a damper on the business of hotels, motels, bathhouses, service stations, and buying in general, causing unemployment problems. By July approximately 1,000 persons had applied for state unemployment compensation.

City officials, however, met the issue with calm deliberation. A boom in the building trade was set in motion. By midsummer the contract for building the previously planned convention auditorium was let. A new constitution for the Urban Federal Housing Authority was adopted and work began on a project of 375 units, to which later was added an eleven-story apartment building.

Continental Trailways started and finished its new depot. A shoe factory enlarged its quarters. A new aluminum-door factory was opened. A city survey was carried out and a new settlement of 6,000 people was annexed to the town. Improvements were made at the airport, and some stores and business places were redecorated.

A new city hall is being built, at a cost of \$185,000. Early in 1965 the city had already granted home owners permits for remodeling up to \$31,950 this year. Building permits totaling \$303,500 had been issued for constructing new homes. Permits to put up new business establishments amounted to \$183,485, bringing the entire value up to \$418,930.

A city businessman has patented and is producing a new kind of barbecue, now being served at his new-style Pig-N-Go Drive-In. This will be the model for a thousand others which he expects will be installed throughout the nation within the next few years.

His brother, an Illinois businessman now living at Lake Hamilton, is promoting an amusement park at a cost

of \$7,000,000. A 134-acre tract has been purchased, now known as Enchanted Hills. The theme of the project will be in the nature of Six Flags Over Texas, another Disneyland. The Erco Company, builders of those two parks, has been given the contract for Enchanted Hills, and work is scheduled to begin this year.

Mission 66 is a national program designed to be completed by 1966 which will assure the maximum protection of the scenic wilderness and historic resources of the National Park System. Hot Springs is also benefiting from this project.

It is evident that Hot Springs has no intention of dying. Although a different pattern of social life is being developed, the city has but one objective in view—that of keeping Hot Springs a health resort and a convention center second to none, with attractive facilities which are high class. The city is steering clear of those amusements which tend toward problems of law enforcement and decline of personal integrity.

HOW CAN THIS BE STOPPED?

(Continued from page 7)

driving tests and received his driver's license is still an immature freshman at the wheel of a motor vehicle, and is under the guidance of his parents who share his responsibilities. When youth are involved in traffic violations, our police courts decide on the merits of each case. However, the more mature youth must take the law as it is on the statutes, for each violation. In law enforcement by our police, it is necessary to be firm but absolutely fair. This heads off some repeaters who think their careless driving may be overlooked because of their youth.

The book of rules which is given to a person when he prepares for his driver's test, should be studied carefully by every driver and reread often. To keep drivers interested in constantly reducing the nation's casualty lists and improving their own driving habits, I believe that instructive talks and lectures should be available to all.

Parents should be sure their children understand the full responsibility and careful judgment for safety in addition to mechanical direction rehearsed from the book of rules and driving tests.

There are several accident deterrents that we have found effective in carrying out our traffic-safety program, and which we must constantly use. They are commonly referred to as the three E's: Enforcement, Education, and Engineering.



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.

Do you consider a little wine harmful?

What is wine? If you mean the unfermented juice of the grape, my answer is that it is a good drink with several important nutritive values. But my impression is that you refer rather to grape or other fruit juice which has been allowed to ferment, thus producing an alcoholic content.

For what purpose is this small amount of wine containing alcohol to be used? For medicinal purposes? Then it is to be prescribed by a physician in definite amounts. But there are other medications which are more effective and less dangerous.

If the small amounts of alcohol contained in wine are to be self-prescribed and administered, then there is definite danger involved. For even a physician who knows well the narcotic and anesthetic effects of alcohol on the body may be as susceptible to repeated doses of alcohol as the man untrained in pharmacology! Why? Because one of the first effects of alcohol upon the

body is to impair the judgment. And a doctor's ability to make the best judgment or decision in any given case of illness marks the difference between the average and the best of professional skills.

This means that *any drug self-administered is dangerous*, but any anesthetic and narcotic drug self-administered is *doubly dangerous*. Wine prescribed by a skilled physician may in properly selected cases be beneficial. But, as I have said, there are other medications, not always so readily available, which have superior effects with less danger.

The greatest danger is that the person or patient taking over the administration of the alcoholic beverage will lose his ability to use his best judgment. Wine and other alcoholic beverages have been used for social reasons for so many years that the use of such beverages for medicinal purposes by a skilled physician is often misinterpreted as a recommendation for social purposes and for self-medication.

PARENTS CAN PLAY THEIR PART

(Continued from page 7)

ask questions. Suddenly the town finds itself face to face with its moment of truth. Some of the socially elite, who had not seen things clearly because of an alcoholic blur, begin to shake their heads groggily and wonder if they could possibly have been morally wrong in serving intoxicating liquor to teen-agers.

But not all the socially elite are willing to admit they have done anything wrong.

"It's a well-established modern custom," one of them says. "If you don't serve something that has a kick, you're

a square, and the kids will go elsewhere for their fun."

Circuit Judge Rodney A. Eielson, however, was not moved by this blurred reasoning. He ordered police to make a complete investigation. He said that he intended to find out how it was that teen-agers were being served intoxicating liquor.

Having recovered from his injuries in the accident, mainly cuts and bruises, Michael Valentine Smith was brought before the judge and charged with negligent homicide. He insisted that he had no recollection of the accident and did not know whether he or Nancy was driving. But he did remember taking several drinks.

Judge Eielson continued young

Smith's case, and ordered warrants issued for the arrest of thirteen adults on charges of serving alcoholic beverages to minors.

It is obvious, he said, that those who serve alcohol to teen-agers must share in the blame. "There is where the guilt lies. I wish I had the power to get at every parent who is guilty. The guilt of needless loss of life is in every living room in this community."

All but two of the thirteen adults arrested chose to fight the charges in court. The two made a personal plea for mercy, arguing that they did not know that it was against the law to serve liquor to teen-agers. They were fined \$250 each.

Now that "one night in June" has put the spotlight on this form of contributing to juvenile delinquency, the socially elite of many communities are divided. Some see the light and seriously question the serving of liquor to minors. They believe that the law should be rigidly enforced.

But there are others, and they seem to be numerous, who insist that "the law was not meant to follow the bottle into the home."

Thus, the question is a national issue, spotlighted by the senseless death of seventeen-year-old Nancy Hitchings, but certainly not solved by the tragedy.

This is something that every parent must consider the next time a teen-age party, or any party, is planned. Much more than a question of legality is involved. Like the iceberg which shows only a small part of itself above water, there is much more to this question beneath the surface.

BEHIND THE RIOTS

(Continued from page 13)

mass drunkenness among the rioters and looters" and instructed his deputies to get liquor-store operators in the area voluntarily to close their doors. In some instances the officers met with cooperation, but in others the operators stated that they feared greater damage by closing and gave a tense "No," because, as they said, they were doing a "brisk business."

There can be no question, however, that alcohol was the trigger setting off the action in the Los Angeles riots and that it fueled the vicious, irresponsible destruction of life and property in this, one of America's most shameful outbreaks of violence. Furthermore, until this element of danger can be removed, there can be no assurance that such outbreaks will not be repeated, perhaps in many cities across the nation.

Friendship

E. Jay Ritter

The Christmas Fairy

Constance Quinby Mills

The Christmas trees on Main Street
Are standing in a row,
All lighted by a fairy wand
With lights that softly glow.

They give a festive spirit
All up and down the street
And a happy sort of feeling
To everyone you meet.

They seem to hold enchantment
In their pungent boughs of fir
For all the Christmases to come
And the Christmases that were.

Oh, when the fairy waved her wand,
She cast a magic spell,
Not only on the Christmas trees,
But on joyous throngs as well.

There's a magic that lies in friendship,
A magic that's like a song;
It brightens and cheers our pathways
Each day as we move along.
There's a magic that lies in friendship,
A magic that's deep and wide;
It brings a smile to the morning
And peace to the eventide.
A day will never be lonely
If we can say at the end,
"We've walked a pathway together—
Side by side with a friend."

Singing Lesson

Grace Bail

The pretty mockingbirds I hear
Sing joyful songs all through the year;
I wish that everyone I meet
Could sing so tenderly, so sweet.

Through cold and rain or torrid weather
The birds chirp words of praise together;
Perhaps their happy chorus could
Teach man of love and brotherhood.

Christmas Memories Return

Helen Sue Isely

All Christmas memories which I own
Return with falling snow;
Old sparkles and old thrills come back
When Yuletide candles glow.

With every package that I wrap,
With every card I send,
I sing my offered praises to
The Christmases I tend.

I think of old, familiar ways,
A scented cedar tree,
Hand-carved crèche—bowls of holly—
Laughter, mirth, and glee.

Christmas memories multiply—
No one can tell you how,
But Christmas-past and Christmas-future
Shine in Christmas-now.

Prelude to Winter

Shirley Benton Kerr

Each leaf performs a pirouette
To leave the trees in silhouette.
The branches wave a last farewell;
Their lonely sighs, a whispered knell.



Poems With a Purpose

STEVE ALLEN

(Continued from page 9)

settled in Chicago, and Uncle Steve helped fill his father's place in his life—when he was sober.

Psychologists notwithstanding, this less-than-ideal boyhood gave Steve opportunity eventually to become extremely self-sufficient as well as to develop all his potential talents. By the time he had finished high school,

Is your zip code showing? In placing orders for personal and gift subscriptions, please include zip code number with the address. The post office reports better service if the zip code is included.

he could play the piano by ear, edit the literary magazine, write verse and newspaper stories and plays, and compose music.

He attended Drake University and Arizona State Teachers' College. While he was at the latter an ad in a local newspaper brought him a job as a part-time radio announcer. Feeling at home behind the mike, he quit college to concentrate on radio, and later he moved to Hollywood.

Confident that he could write better material than some of that used, he dashed off a fifteen-minute show he called "Smile Time," and performed it for two years. Once, during a stint as disc jockey, he tried inserting comedy routines until a sharp memo reminded him his job was to play music.

"Allen read this memo to his audience, and indignantly they wrote to the management by the hundreds," recalls an associate, "demanding the comedy be reinstated. The station managers not only let him alone but gave him extra time, and soon the format extended to include guests with

whom he conducted highly humorous interviews."

A local celebrity on the West Coast, Allen was called to New York by C.B.S., and later moved to N.B.C. to emcee the "Tonight" show, after which he was given his own full-hour comedy program. In addition to his own show, he is heading the "I've Got a Secret" show.

Happily married to actress Jayne Meadows, and father of several husky sons, Steve Allen has never found not drinking a drawback to success or popularity, or that his abstinence makes him a damper to any show-business parties he and his wife may attend. Quite the reverse is true.

"It is difficult to assess my debt to big Steve," Steve adds reminiscently. "His advice was excellent, his example deplorable; and yet by listening to him I learned what to do, and by watching him I learned what *not* to do!"

MENACE OF NARCOTICS

(Continued from page 15)

it easier for them to follow illegal practices in obtaining drugs."

Do you believe our present laws should be strengthened?

"If a man stabs another man to death, we see that the offender is either committed to death or removed to a penal institution. The same thing should be measured against persons who help drive a person to dope addiction. The victim who dies of the stab wound, in a sense, fares far better than the dope victim, who must spend a lifetime in torturous misery from his addiction."

What can a community do to help offset this growing menace?

"I think that the combination of educational instruction and law enforcement would be the answer."

Are you carrying on an educational program in your county?

"Yes, including the services of such men as baseball star Donn Clendenon, County Detective Captain Robert Butzler, and Assistant District Attorney Martin Sheerer as speakers, along with members of the D.A.'s staff. These speakers appear before church, civic, and fraternal groups on the causes and cures of delinquency and drug addiction. This is what might be called preventive therapy.

"Our program shows the lifelong torture of drug addiction, and we hope will save young people from such a fate. To help in this program we have recently purchased the film *Narcotics: The Decision*.

"In our educational program we use the phrase, 'Watch your children,' and we try to point out how the dope traffic operates."

Where do parents fit into this picture?

"If we can cause parents to realize the necessity of watching their children and reporting any violation that comes to their attention, we feel we shall have made progress with our program."

Do you have a good response to your efforts?

"Many requests for speakers come to our office, and the reception these receive is gratifying. Groups of children from the various schools visit our office daily. Each group is given a short, illustrated lecture and taken on a tour through the office showing them the courts in action and how criminals are prosecuted."

Can you evaluate the results of such a program?

It's hard to gauge how successful a preventive program may be. We may be saving hundreds of young people from acquiring the drug habit. I feel if we save only one, it will have been worthwhile."

A JOURNAL OF BETTER LIVING • ATTRACTIVE • AUTHENTIC • INFORMATIVE • SCIENTIFIC

★LISTEN★

Take advantage now of the special two-year rate: 24 big issues, only \$5.75; one year, only \$3.00.

Enclosed find \$_____ for a _____-year subscription.

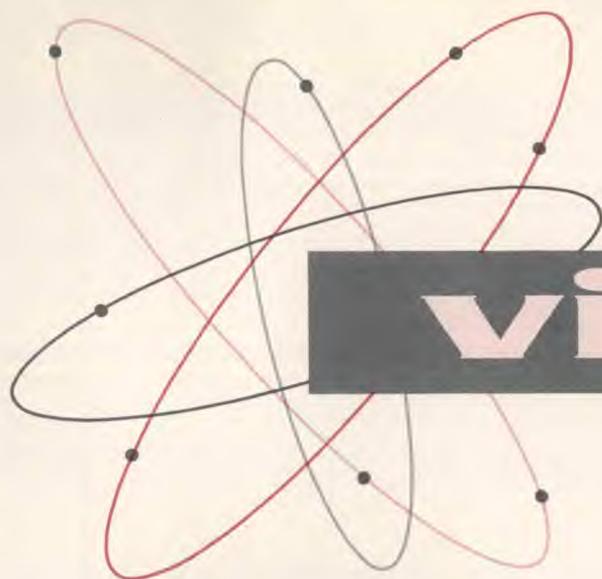
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Additional subscriptions may be ordered on a separate sheet.

LISTEN • PUBLICATION OFFICE, 1350 VILLA STREET, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA 94041



views

✦ **IS IT GOOD BUSINESS?** "Liquid lunches where salesmen or executives invite clients to drink, drink, drink—and buy, buy, buy—have become an accepted business technique.

"On the basis of solid statistics, such drinking doesn't always produce glowing results. Sometimes no results at all. An ad executive admits he lost a \$10,000 account by making a presentation to a client while under the influence of alcohol. 'I thought it was brilliant. It wasn't.'

"Getting business over a martini is a myth. It's just an excuse to drink. In the routine of martini lunches, 5 o'clock highballs, and evening freeloading, I recall that a lot of buyers I was trying to sell didn't drink at all. They didn't want to put themselves under obligation to a salesman. And I was drinking for them and myself.

"Companies all over the city are waking up—possibly because of such happenings or as a result of strong attacks by medical forces. One local internist reports that 'alcohol belongs to the anesthetic drugs,' and why in the middle of the day one should want to be anesthetized or sedated beats him."—Andrea Herman, in the Baltimore **News American**.

★ **MOST PRESSING PROBLEM.** *One out of every six families in the United States lists drinking as one of their major problems, according to a survey by Louis Harris, of the Washington "Post." Some 17 percent of adult respondents said there was a problem drinker "close to me," and 40 percent knew someone in that category. This problem was listed more frequently than any other—including marriage troubles, mental illness, unemployment, and loneliness, among others.* ★

✦ **FOOD ADDICTION.** The compelling urge for another cigarette, or an extra biscuit, may be as great—and more difficult to overcome—as the uncontrolled drive which pushes an alcoholic to drink, says Dr. R. Gordon Bell, head of the Bell Clinic in Toronto.

Speaking from a background of twenty years experience, he emphasizes, "Clinical management of a food problem is frequently more demanding and

more severe than that of a drinking problem." And he goes on, "We have had quite a few patients who have interrupted a drinking problem but who have failed to interrupt a tobacco problem." This has been true, he says, even in cases where "people know they are already damaged physically."

.....
EMPHYSEMA. "You are hearing more and more about emphysema because we have at last got around to telling you that this disease causes more fatalities than tuberculosis and cancer combined. And, unfortunately, there is no complete cure.

"But we can make many patients better. It depends upon how early they come in for treatment. If they are just coughing a lot and have a little difficulty in breathing, intensive treatment may help straighten them out. But when they are brought in with changes in the blood which causes blue lips, blue nails, extreme shortness of breath, and cough, then they are on the way to heart complications and serious trouble.

"As one chest specialist said to me recently: 'Talk about cigarettes and lung cancer, we suspect there must be some connection between the two. But emphysema. Show me the patient who continues to smoke and I'll guarantee he'll never get well.'—Peter J. Steincrohn, M.D.

.....
✦ **PERIL OF PILLS.** Organized criminal rings have taken up the bootlegging of sleeping pills and pep pills "in a very substantial way," reports George P. Larrick, commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration.

The pep-pill trade has become extremely profitable because of effective Federal control over other narcotics, he comments. "Many people use the pills to escape reality or for thrills. They lose a sense of responsibility. Some able people—workmen—become total bums. Homes are broken up. Criminals use them to stimulate their courage to commit crimes. Juveniles use them for thrills; and occasionally mob violence and fights result."



Interview by Marjorie Grant Burns



SPURS over his horse's shoulder, arm aloft, without bridle or saddle, Jim Houston clears the chute and charges into the rodeo arena, his bronc jumping, plunging, and bucking in a fruitless effort to unseat him.

Jim, world bareback bronc riding champion, last year won \$21,000 on his rodeo rounds.

A tall, handsome boy of twenty-three with a glint in his blue eyes and the characteristic mellow voice of the cowboy, Jim is known as the "rocking-chair" boy, for when he rides a bucking critter, it looks as if he is riding a rocking chair.

Bareback bronc riding is never easy. The rider must stay on his horse for eight seconds, have his spurs over the break of the horse's shoulder on the first jump out of the chute, and he must keep his free hand from touching the horse.

Jim believes in the clean life. He admits that a rodeo man has a great deal of time on his hands between performances and can get mighty bored. Many riders drink if only to kill time.

"I can go with a crowd and have just as much fun if I take a soft drink. I save my money and I feel better," he says. "Taking only one drink, as far as I am concerned, is a weakness."

No one in Jim's family either drinks or smokes. He emphasizes, "Good health is important to me—more important than smoking or drinking."

Rodeo is getting to be really big entertainment,



Jim Houston- "ROCKING-CHAIR" BOY

and young people admire the men who get to the top. When asked if he had a word for the youth, Jim replied with conviction:

"Yes, I do. You don't have to smoke or drink to be grown-up. I feel more of a man when I don't. Leave the stuff alone, and you'll be better for it. There's plenty of room at the top. You'll get there sooner and stay there longer if you live clean."