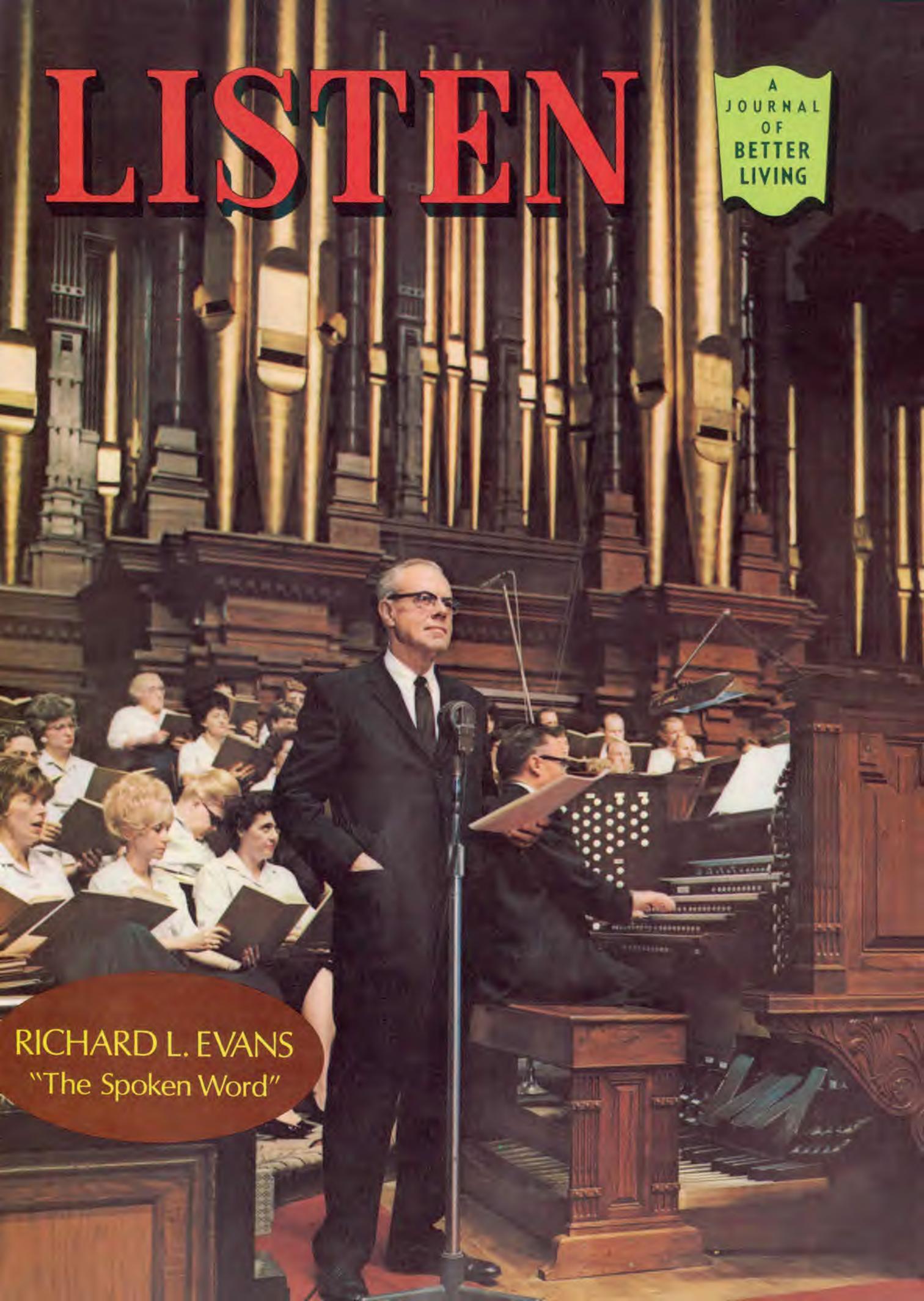


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



RICHARD L. EVANS
"The Spoken Word"

I Dare You!

It is not surprising that cigarette consumption continues to go up in spite of health warnings. Furthermore, it will continue to go up, judging from the devilishly clever advertising the tobacco men are coming up with these days.

For several years now the cancer scare has pointed up the fact that smoking is a dangerous way of life. The risk in the habit is clear to the public in general.

When evidence began to build up on this subject, tobacco advertising went on the defensive, countering each new finding with a cry, "It's not so, it hasn't been proved." In this way the advertising tried to counter the evidence. It minimized the danger.

This approach didn't succeed very well, as is shown by the fact that tobacco consumption dropped. Such tactics merely drew more attention to the evidence against smoking.

Then the industry's attack changed. Now it began to make living dangerously seem attractively daring. The campaign on behalf of Tareyton cigarettes illustrates this point. Its eye-blackened unswitchables, repulsive to some readers, nevertheless got attention, and reflected the smoker's image of himself as an unconcerned daredevil.

That this tack has been more successful is proved by the ring of the cash register at tobacco counters and the attraction of new young customers to these counters.

Last year the tobacco industry won an important victory in Congress when the labeling act was passed requiring a health warning on each pack. At this time tobacco advertising was afforded protection and sanctuary by the provision that no governmental organization—Federal, state, or local—can regulate such advertising for the next four years.

With such "protection"—afforded no other industry—tobacco men are free to do virtually whatever they wish in their advertising, restrained only by the most general and innocuous "self-imposed" code. About the only taboo that remains is picturing a baby in his cradle smoking a cigarette. Even Santa Claus sells cigarettes. Mother sells them too. She is not exempt.

Obviously, consumption will keep going up—until some brakes can be applied to this runaway trend of "I dare you."

LISTEN

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Spring Is in the Air

W. Schweisheimer, M.D.

SPRING is in the air. But many weeks before its official arrival you feel a certain restlessness; your heart beats faster, and you feel like going somewhere, like accomplishing something. You feel happier, without knowing why, just as you may feel happy after a night of deep, dreamless sleep.

This mental excitement may even produce fever, or at least the impression of fever—spring fever. In sensitive people it may culminate in a kind of spring ecstasy, with a state of excitability and a sharpening of the intellectual creative powers.

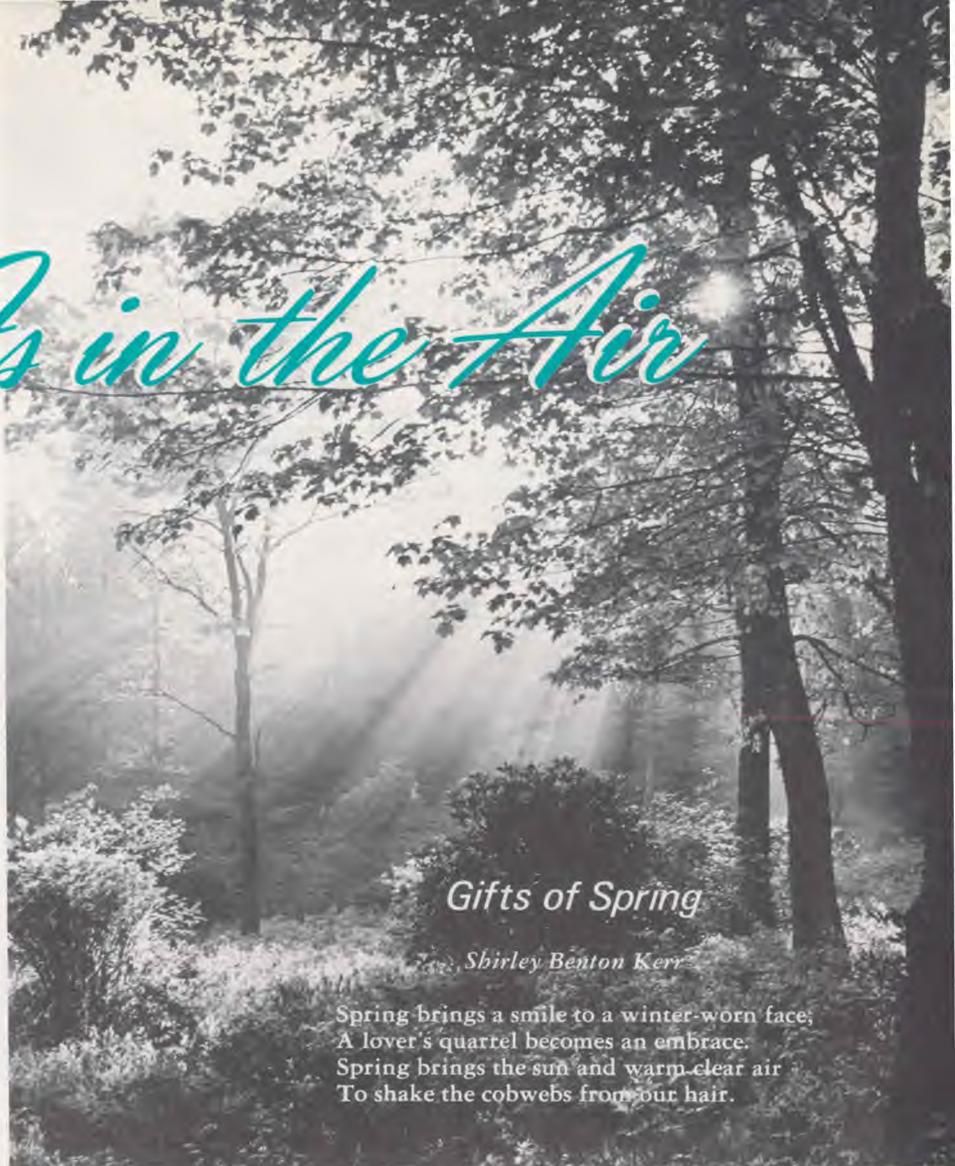
Richard Wagner, the composer, wrote during a spring teeming with inspiration for him, "I am tired and, presumably from the onrush of spring, have of late been very agitated, with thumping heart and boiling blood."

Many causes of spring ecstasy have been suggested—lack of vitamins in the food of winter, perhaps changes in the atmospheric pressure or in the electricity content of the air. In adjusting itself to the sudden seasonal rise in temperature, another theory says, the body must work extra hard in spring to throw off the extra heat it needed in winter. The upshot is a stimulus to your vitality.

Spring brings contact with the mightiest medicament of all—the sun. The warm rays lure those who need them most, out of the houses. As mushrooms appear in bunches after the rain, so do young and old alike gather in sunny places. They feel happy under the healthful rays of the sun. The sunlight contains ultraviolet rays which are important for growing and well-being.

Dr. W. F. Petersen, University of Illinois, and Dr. H. H. Reese, University of Wisconsin, have shown that changes of mood which happen in spring, as well as in other seasons, can be identified with changes in the chemistry of the blood. Periods of restlessness, irritability, and depression following alterations of the blood, are directly influenced by weather changes. Petersen has revived the old Hippocratic theory that a knowledge of the science of seasons and weather should underlie a knowledge of medicine.

Not all people feel happy in spring. Some people feel tired and weary. They are fatigued, out of sorts, complaining



Gifts of Spring

Shirley Benton Kerr

Spring brings a smile to a winter-worn face,
A lover's quartet becomes an embrace.
Spring brings the sun and warm clear air
To shake the cobwebs from our hair.

about headaches and suffering from depression. The French philosopher Montaigne once said that every year he looked forward to spring as does the bridegroom to the bride; but when spring arrived, he felt like a man of seventy who had married a girl of eighteen.

Thus we explain that the spring months with their stimulating effect on human personality are also peak months for insanity and homicide. The same spring stimulus that increases health, happiness, and fertility of normal people overstimulates the abnormal and weak-willed.

Spring winds and storms influence the human body and the human mood. In Italy the court considers extenuating circumstances if the sirocco, an exciting Mediterranean wind, was blowing at the time of a crime. Similar exciting effects are produced by the foehn wind of the Alps, and the dry khamsin which blows over Egypt from the Sahara in spring.

The intimate connection between man and nature has been changed to a great degree by modern civilization, and at times interfered with by artificial agents such as drink and drugs. Man's blood, however, still knows the laws of the rhythmic ups-and-downs in the course of the seasons. They appear in the form of feelings of happiness or depression in the springtime. Knowing these facts seems to put a person on the alert to keep physical feelings under control and mental attitudes in balance.



Richard L. Evans--

"the

"AN INSTITUTION is the lengthened shadow of one man."

When Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote these words more than a century ago, he described perfectly "The Spoken Word," which today has become to millions of radio listeners a real institution.

Part of the famed weekly program featuring the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the great organ, this interlude consisting of brief practical messages on better living, has now become synonymous with its author and speaker, Richard L. Evans. Many listeners tune to the program just to hear "The Spoken Word."

For some thirty-seven years—longer than any other nationwide sustaining program on the air—"Music and the Spoken Word" has been broadcast every Sunday morning from Salt Lake City, "crossroads of the West."

For nearly as long, Richard L. Evans has been producer and speaker, connecting with the public as a seasoned radio veteran already, having served KSL in Salt Lake City as announcer, scriptwriter, director of publicity, and production manager. As a young radio reporter, he had covered many events, including the international speed runs at Bonneville Salt Flats near Salt Lake City.

Ten months after the start of the broadcast on a national basis, he began to write, produce, and announce them. He was then twenty-four years old. Since then he has missed only one program, for physical reasons.

Obviously, he is best known for his short-to-the-point inspirational messages. These he writes himself, each one a sensible aid to practical living. To prepare one, he dictates his thoughts for a coming sermonette, has them transcribed, dictates them again, and boils them down. He repeats the process as often as necessary to compress what he has into

Lumber for the original Tabernacle organ was hauled by ox team for hundreds of miles to complete the original instrument in 1867, after twelve years of construction. It has since been enlarged, until it now is world-famous for its size (10,000 pipes) and its magnificent quality.

Spoken Word"

by Francis A. Soper

out three minutes. Being in charge of the program, he can vary the length of "The Spoken Word" until he feels it expresses exactly what he desires.

"There is no use saying a piece of copy is final if you can improve it on or off the air," he says. The entire broadcast is to a large extent unrehearsed. Of course, the organists practice, and the choir rehearses (two hours Thursday, an hour and a half Sunday, maybe two hours Tuesday), but the various elements never practice together until air time.

"There is something about a live performance, the reality of it, that brings out the best everyone has," Evans observes.

"The Spoken Word" covers, with little repetition, virtually every topic touching on character, human relationships, and life in general, especially those subjects which encourage positive values in life. "Negative influences in our world are overwhelming," the speaker comments; "we will need every positive influence possible."

In dwelling on this side of life, instead of the sinister, Richard L. Evans has developed a seasoned understanding of human problems, especially those confronting youth today. Nor does he feel that the answers are easy or that he has all the solutions.

When asked how best to reach youth with positive values, he replies, "Things don't suddenly happen. They must begin early."

That the process began early in his case is evident. He came from a devoted Christian home where love was ever present, and hard work was the order of the day. "Do your duty always," was his mother's watchword.

Not long ago he commented that the phrase from David Livingstone, "Fear God, and work hard," is a great prescription. This sums up his own life and the ideals he and his wife are passing on to their family.

This is not all of their life, however, for the Evans household has long been known for its conviviality. Long to be remembered are the picnics and social occasions at the family campground on the Weber River east of Salt Lake City. Dad was there, as often possible, building bonfires and swimming with the children.

The four Evans sons (each three years apart) early learned sports such as football and basketball in order to grow physically and to develop sportsmanship and the ability to give and take.

As far as ideals are concerned, it was strictly "no nonsense." "Freedom," it was made clear, "is not the right to do what we want, but what we ought." Moreover, "If we acquire habits or do those things or take unto ourselves that which would impair our own output, that which would impair our own capacity, we are somehow robbing the world of what we owe."

Richard L. Evans has lived a life devoted to his church. For three years he served as a missionary in England, at the same time being introduced to writing and editing, a profession at which he has excelled since. He is at present a senior editor of the church's paper, *The Improvement Era*.

In 1938 this active leader was appointed to the First Council of



Every word is important as "The Spoken Word" messages are prepared. They are now collected into eleven books, most of them published by Harper and Row in New York City. *Reader's Digest*, *Look*, and other major publications have featured articles by Richard L. Evans.

Nuggets From "The Spoken Word"

Let men decide firmly what they will not do, and they will be free to do vigorously what they ought to do.

Conscience is a safety device; and when we tamper with safety devices, we give an open invitation to trouble and to tragedy, to misery and remorse.

Among the greatest gifts a parent can give a child—even greater than a hovering, solicitous protection—are the wisdom, the character, the standards that will help him safely to make his own decisions and provide his own protection.

A good rule always to follow is: When in doubt, stay where you know you are safe.

The experience of others is a great heritage, and the more we learn from it the less of life we waste.

There are truths which are irrevocable whether or not they are comfortable or convenient.

Just this once is a long step; but just once more is an easier step—and so men often forge their own fetters from link to link.

It is true that an isolated act or instance may seem a small matter at the moment; but it is no small matter at any age to let a false standard get started or to let a wrong habit harden.

It has been observed that the measure of a man is what he thinks when he doesn't have to think, what he thinks when he is alone, what he thinks in his idle hours.

The memory of a mother's waiting is a safeguard against temptation.

There is no way of endangering ourselves, or doing what we shouldn't do, without its having an effect on others with hazards and heartaches. And not at any point can a person truly say, "It's only my own life, or my own health, or my own reputation, or my own future, or my own failure."

Expedients are for the hours; principles for the ages.

The best tranquilizer is a clear conscience.

Men are punished by their sins, not for them.

The man of "The Spoken Word" loves his home and family. No one is more dear to him and his wife than are their four sons. Two are lawyers, one a missionary, the other a senior in accounting at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City.



Always active in public and community affairs, Mr. Evans has long served his Salt Lake City Rotary Club with distinction, which has led on to larger fields in Rotary International. In its 1965 convention, this worldwide service club named him as its president elect, his term to commence on July 1, 1966.

In recognition of his major service to broadcasting, Richard L. Evans receives from officials of the National Association of Broadcasters its much-coveted Certificate of Commemoration.

the Seventy, the youngest member of that group, and in 1953 was selected as the youngest member of the Council of the Twelve.

In the writing field he adapted "The Spoken Word" as a syndicated feature for six years and has over nearly four decades collected his sermonettes into eleven published books.

Salt Lake City itself is better because he was born there and still lives there. Early he became interested in community affairs and has served well with the business and professional groups, especially the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club. His active participation attracted attention across the country and around the world. This year, in July, he takes office as president of Rotary International, a worldwide service organization with half a million members in some 11,000 clubs located in 123 countries.

Few persons are more versatile than Richard L. Evans or have lived life more fully than he—or are more human. He has not fallen into the fault of taking himself too seriously. Interspersed with his many activities are flashes of humor, often coming at most unexpected times to lighten up what would otherwise be routine.

The man of "The Spoken Word" cannot be described as routine or average. For millions whose lives he has touched, his energy has lifted, his example has inspired, his understanding has broadened. Every spoken word he delivers, he first lives.

From under this massive, vaulted dome the weekly program of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and the great organ is beamed across the nation and around the world. Famous for its construction, the auditorium was so built that the sound of a pin dropped at one end can be heard distinctly at the other end.



"the spoken word"

Abstinence and Moderation

Richard L. Evans

Moderation is a word that has a very acceptable sound, and we might fall into the fallacy of thinking it is the answer to everything. But it isn't always. Indeed, there isn't anything that is always the answer to everything; and this in itself is a matter of moderation.

Sometimes it is easier to do something that seems more difficult to do than to do something that at first sight seems easier—for if we give up something only partly, there are always the questions When? How much? How far? But if we give it up altogether, these questions resolve themselves.

It isn't possible to accommodate ourselves to all things, and still preserve principle. It isn't possible to partake of a little of everything or anything and still preserve health—or life. Even a little of some things is too much—sometimes fatal, literally so. Some things are wrong, basically and inherently wrong; and we shouldn't allow ourselves the right to do wrong—even in moderation.

In some situations the mistakes themselves may not be so serious if we recognize them as such; but rationalizing ourselves into a comfortable complacency could be exceedingly serious.

We sometimes hear talk of "tapering off." It also has a tempting sound. But would we recommend tapering off stealing, or many other things that might be mentioned?

There are often extenuating circumstances, and we cannot expect perfection; but we shouldn't rationalize the principle. We are stronger and safer if we face facts and do not seek to accommodate ourselves to error or evil or unhealthful habits—not even in moderation.

If we have a habit which is likely to lead to a wrong result, we could be safer to give it up altogether than to give it up part way.

We do ourselves a disservice if we mix everything into the same mixture and say that a little of everything is all right, when a little of some things is really wrong.

In other words, the best way not to do what we shouldn't do is not to do it.

—Adapted, "The Spoken Word," heard over Station KSL and the CBS Radio Network, from the Tabernacle, Temple Square, Salt Lake City, August 1, 1965. Copyright, 1965. Used by permission.

JIMSONWEED CHEWING: THE FAD THAT KILLS!



Leo Rosenhouse

DURING the autumn of 1965, the police of Ojai, California, a small bustling community north of Los Angeles, received the most unusual emergency call in the history of their department.

Distressed adults had encountered a group of teen-age boys who were screaming, laughing, shivering, and trying to fight an imaginary enemy. These youngsters, coming from the brown fields near their suburban homes, appeared, and actually were, in a state of dangerous hysteria. Worse yet, they had been so seriously drugged that their lives were in jeopardy.

Ojai is a peaceful settlement. True, it has had some mild encounters with teen-age vandalism and mischief, but nothing has ever gotten out of hand.

Now confronted by a number of boys who were experiencing unusually disturbing hallucinations, and who were violently ill, the law enforcement officers were temporarily at a loss to know what proper action was warranted.

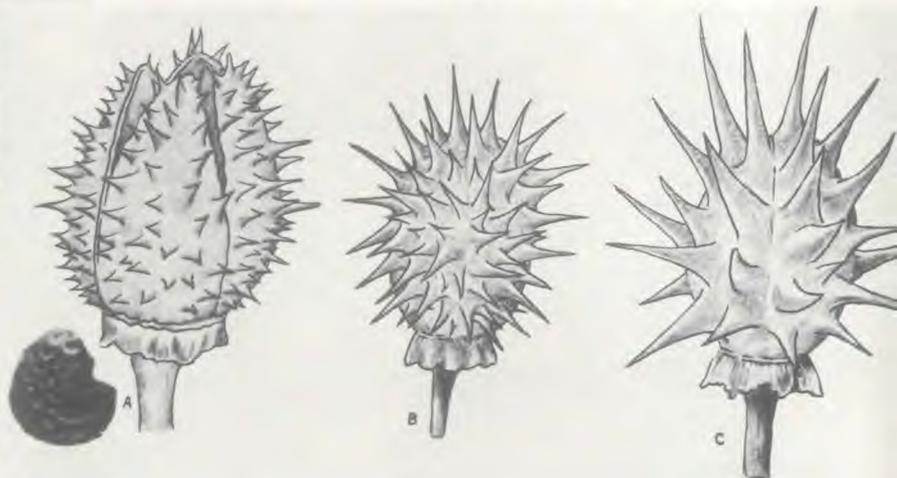
After the boys were rushed to the hospital, it was determined that the hallucination victims had munched freely on jimsonweed seeds. There were large fields of these plants growing nearby.

Classified as poisonous, the jimsonweed, known also as thorn apple, is widely spread in warmer parts of the United States. Photo shows the plant and its flowers; and the insert shows appearance of the seeds within the pod. Pod is shown above upper left corner of insert. (Photo from *Weeds of California*, by Robbins, Bellue, and Ball.)

Jimsonweed, showing flowers, plant, and developing capsule which contains seeds that are dangerous to life. The seedpod or capsule is labeled "E." (Photo from *Weeds*, by W. C. Muenscher, 2d edition. Published by The MacMillan Company, New York, Copyright, 1955.)



Capsules of (a) jimsonweed, (b) thorn apple, and (c) Chinese thorn apple. All are related. A seed is shown on the left. The plant is rank-smelling, grows one to five feet high, and causes dangerous hallucinations if seeds or part of the plant are chewed or ingested. (Photo from the book *Weeds of California*, by Robbins, Bellue, and Ball. A State of California publication.)



The experience had brought three boys near to death. One of the young men later admitted that he was unable to answer questions asked by the police or doctors because the toxic effects of the weed had caused him to lose his speech for eight hours. He also reported that he had a terrible thirst and felt he was so heavily weighted down that he could hardly move his limbs.

"Look at them! Those red grasshoppers must be a foot long, and they're coming after me. Somebody get them!" This is what an Ojai detective said one of the boys kept screaming.

Another youth thought the animals he envisioned were giant red and white alligators. When hospitalized, he saw them climbing up the walls of his room, and he was terrified by the sight.

The three boys had chewed the jimsonweed seeds on a Saturday afternoon, and by nightfall they were hospitalized in a state of delirium.

"I don't think we can get rid of it," says Ojai Police Chief James Alcorn, worriedly referring to the abundant weed growing in the empty fields on the edge of town. He toured the north section of Los Angeles with a county supervisor to see if the weed could be destroyed. It is also apparent that no law exists that makes it illegal to chew the jimsonweed.

"It is certainly nothing new," states Dr. Bonnie C. Templeton, chief botanist at the Los Angeles County Museum. "Indians used to brew a tea from its leaves. Then the tea was fed to young men on the edge of adulthood to produce dreams. If the dreams involved animals of great strength and bravery, the youth was welcomed and was expected to become a great brave. If it showed something like a snake," she says, "a fatal accident often happened to the boy."

And a nearly fatal accident had involved the three Ojai boys. The jimsonweed belongs to the nightshade family of plants, and is related to the tomato, potato, red pepper, eggplant, tobacco, and petunia. The poisonous material of the weed is found in the leaf, root, and seed.

The jimsonweed is rather prolific in the Central States, but is found nearly everywhere in North America. At times it has been called the "unloved thorn apple." Its foliage is dark green, and it produces large white flowers which open in the late afternoon. The plant is rather pleasant to look at, but it repels the interested in that it has a slightly unpleasant odor. The deadly seeds are found in a spine-covered burr which ripens upright on the stem.

The jimsonweed is properly labeled *Datura meteloides*. It was possibly brought to the United States centuries ago from Asia, either by a traveler, the wind, or a bird.

To the physician, jimsonweed poisoning has some rather classic but frightening symptoms. The patient hallucinates, suffers from extreme weakness, has disturbed vision, dizziness, and widely dilated pupils, showing involvement of the central nervous system. Sometimes it is difficult to treat the victim because he is fighting violently against the creatures he visualizes are attacking him. Emetics and stimulants are often given.

The jimsonweed, because of its abundance and the ready availability of its seedpods, is dangerous but inviting to children. The seeds, even if stored for years, retain their original poison content.

The toxic effect of this plant was well known to our ancestors. In 1676 the governor of the Bermuda Islands issued

NOTE FROM HISTORY

"Bundle of Sticks"

Henry F. Unger

A "bundle of sticks" prohibits the sale of liquor on certain property in the State of Arizona.

A minister once owned a large stretch of land in the Scottsdale area, from Scottsdale and Indian School roads to Pima Road and Brown Avenue.

He sold it—all but one "stick." And that stick has succeeded in preventing the sale of liquor on that property ever since.

This stick apparently assumes the form of a deed restriction, and is one of a "bundle" that comprised the minister's complete ownership of his land. When the property was disposed of by the minister, he still kept the right to prevent the sale of alcohol on it.

Today, a large bank has been built on part of the land, along with some other buildings.

This right of real-estate ownership to include more than one involvement has its beginnings in English common law. These rights are known as a "bundle of sticks," and it indicates that a man may not have bought the whole bundle when he buys a lot for a home or a business investment.

A person may sell a piece of land but retain mineral rights, or restrict the style, size, and use of the buildings to be erected. These are important to the developer or the community—more so, even, than zoning laws.

That is why this "bundle of sticks" constitutes a thorn in the flesh of any person who plans to introduce liquor onto this particular section of land, the deed restriction remaining in effect for the duration of the restriction.

a warning against the weed when it began to show up in abundance and permeated the air with its offensive odor.

The chemical ingredient within the weed which causes hallucinations severe enough to kill—and a mouthful of seeds can do this—belongs to the alkaloid family. Hyoscyamine, scopolamine, and atropine are made from the jimsonweed and its relatives. These are valuable drugs in the field of medicine.

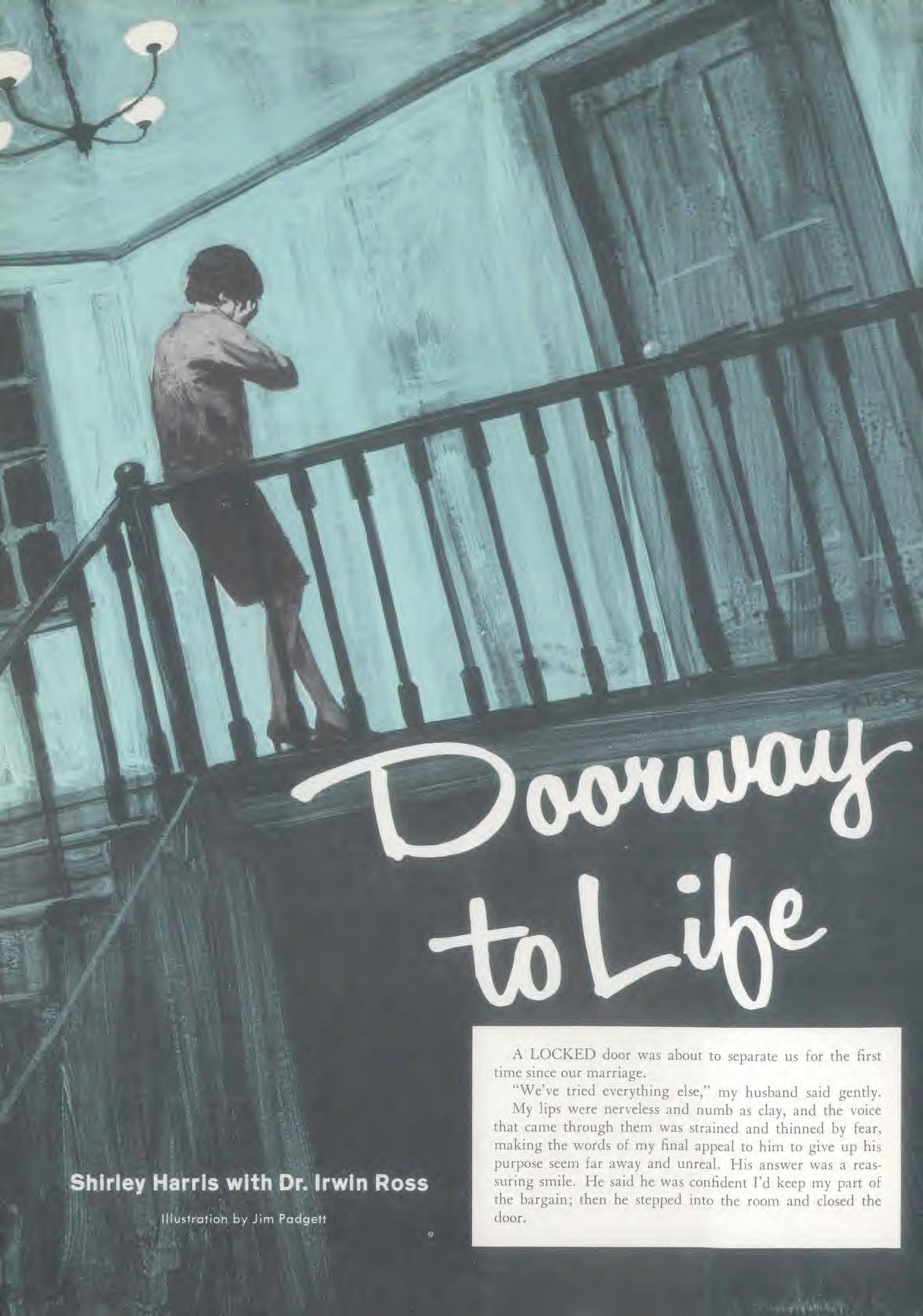
Centuries ago, herbalists advised their patients to wander into a field of jimsonweed to free themselves from attacks of asthma or from pain of unknown origin.

Today, thousands of children continue to wander into deadly fields of jimsonweed on their way to and from school or while at play. Teen-agers either seek the weed deliberately, or discover its remarkable mental effect by accident.

Any community experiencing a case of jimsonweed poisoning should immediately determine whether the situation involved accidental contact with the weed or the deliberate ingestion of seeds, and then act accordingly.

Chewing the jimsonweed seed can become a deadly fad and can add one more narcotic-like menace to tempt those who are prone to drugs.

In many communities a jimsonweed eradication program may have to receive top priority in order to prevent the recurrence of such tragic experiences as happened in peaceful Ojai, California.



Doorway to Life

Shirley Harris with Dr. Irwin Ross

Illustration by Jim Padgett

A LOCKED door was about to separate us for the first time since our marriage.

"We've tried everything else," my husband said gently.

My lips were nerveless and numb as clay, and the voice that came through them was strained and thinned by fear, making the words of my final appeal to him to give up his purpose seem far away and unreal. His answer was a reassuring smile. He said he was confident I'd keep my part of the bargain; then he stepped into the room and closed the door.

Watching him walk into the private hell I knew was waiting for him wasn't easy, but I locked the door behind him as I'd agreed, and clutched the key in my apron pocket.

Knowing the vigil would be a long one, and believing that movement would relieve taut nerves and quicken the dragging minutes, I started to walk. I kicked off my slippers so my husband wouldn't hear my pacing in the uncarpeted hall of our house.

While I was walking those anguished hours away, memory slipped back across the years and I lived again, step by step, through the events that led up to that long, long night . . .

On the stark, barren, blizzard-swept plains of Wyoming, a storm-broken telegraph wire dangled from the top of an ice-crusting pole twelve miles from the Army garrison at Fort Laramie. The sergeant who rode out alone to make the necessary repairs was the man who was to be my husband three years later. His cold fingers bungled, and he fell from the pole's height to the frozen ground. Several hours later he was found by a rescue party from the post.

Recovery from major surgery, shock, and exposure was slow in that far outpost by reason of the primitive equipment of the period which handicapped postoperative care. The means of allaying pain were likewise crude and limited, and the injured man's suffering was relieved by the only available means—frequent hypodermic injections of morphine.

During his first year out of the service he was wracked by intermittent spasms of pain, and in those spells of torment he turned to the only agency he'd been taught to look to for comfort—morphine.

Nature finally healed his physical distress permanently and gave him back his bodily health and strength, but his brain had become a helpless prisoner of the drug.

Before our marriage, he acknowledged to me his loss of mental well-being; and on the hopeful premise that our love would conquer any opposition to a happy, healthful life together, we pledged our common strength and religious faith to meet the challenge.

Looking back across the years that followed, my memory is sharp and vivid of my young son's many trips to the corner drugstore with a coin wrapped in a note instructing the druggist to give him a vial of quarter-grain tablets of morphine sulphate. In those days you bought narcotics over the counter as freely as a package of cigarettes today.

During the years of acquiring our family—there were six children eventually—my husband drove himself into a pitiable state of aching nerves and miles of floor pacing in futile, but determined, effort to cut down dosage and stretch the number of hours between relief.

Our backyard was piled with wooden cases of empty bottles that had contained highly advertised "cures," pathetic markers on the endless road of his hopeful struggle.

He wanted to be important in our community, and could have been but for the ravages of the drug which

dulled his intellect and defeated every effort of his diverse talents to function. It was a heartbreaking sight to watch the destruction of his ambitions, to see his dreams and promises of prosperity for his family fall apart. With all the encouragement I could gather, I'd help pick up the broken pieces of his plans and ideas and put them back together again cemented with fresh promises of success next time—promises that came from the lips and heart only, and had no authority of mind.

The event which provoked my husband's decision to cut the chains of his bondage was a simple birthday party of neighbor children down the block. My two older boys, seven and nine, were invited; and scrubbed and shining in their shabby best, they marched happily off to the celebration. It was a treat they had looked forward to, for parties were an unknown luxury at our house. They had seen our desperate efforts to find money for actual necessities; if any was left over it went for their father's "medicine."

They understood there was no money for gifts for the little boy who was having the party, but their embarrassment at being the only ones who came empty-handed was soon forgotten in the excitement of the fun and feasting. Their father called for them, and on the way home the oldest boy asked his dad if he thought they might manage just a *small* party for his birthday, a week hence. He'd never had one, he reminded him. The youngster's wistful appeal decided my husband to take the step that built my memory of his great heart into a timeless monument.

No festivities marked the arrival of my son's tenth birthday. There were no packages for him to open, no celebration for the neighbor children to enjoy. Nevertheless, the day became the most important of all the days of our family's history because of my husband's gift to all of us.

He handed me the worn leather case which held the instruments of his unwholesome slavery. "I want you to lock me in our bedroom," he told me, "and under no circumstances open the door or give me that stuff back unless I ask for it."

My frantic protests against such rash measures were silenced by his determination. His instructions were a command rather than a request, and the tone of his voice was one I'd never heard before. He slipped an arm around my shoulders in mute apology for his brusqueness; then he led the way upstairs. I told the children their father wasn't feeling well and wanted to rest. They tiptoed down the hall to their rooms, and my vigilant waiting outside the locked door began.

There was a long spell of quiet inside at first. Then came hours of the steady tramp-tramp of restless feet. Another stretch of silence followed, which I hoped meant he'd tired himself and was sleeping. I ran downstairs and looked at the parlor clock. It was bright daylight—he'd been in there nearly ten hours. I woke the children, fixed their breakfast, and got them off to school, then went back upstairs. All was still

The Rain and You

N. R. Horne

Rain is washing poison
From the air;
Have you banished hatred
Here or there?

Rain is bringing weeds their
Cooling drinks;
Are your favors kept for
Garden pinks?

Rain is cooling sun-parched
Soils and trees;
Does your hand bring comfort
In disease?

Rain brings healthful growth
Toward higher goals;
Have you steered craft safely
From the shoals?

quiet inside the room. I sat on the floor opposite his door with my head against the stair railing and fell asleep.

A scratching noise, seemingly muted by great distance, brought my senses swimming back to reality. The scratching persisted, and I shook my head to clear it, like fighters do after a hard blow. Fully awake then, I realized the scratching came from the other side of my husband's door. Hopefully, I took it for a sign that he'd given up and wanted to come out; but he answered my query with a savage No.

As the second night wore on, I divided the dragging hours between prayer and walking the length of the hall, with occasional looks in on the children. The tramp-tramp inside finally became less regular and more broken, and the incoherent speech that came through the thin walls was no more than the thick-tongued jabber of a drunken man. I begged him to give up. Nothing was worth what he was going through, I called to him, but his answer was No, as before—lots weaker, but still determined. I went to my knees again.

Seventy hours after I'd turned the key in that door, a feeble knock told me he was ready to come out. Joyously I unlocked the door, and a haggard, broken parody of my husband stepped out and staggered into my waiting arms. We both cried a little, and I held him close until he was quiet. Apprehensively I offered him the leather case. He cut his hands on the little glass windows in the metal syringe as he bent it double in his fingers and tossed it, together with the case and contents, back into the room he had just quit. I sent my oldest boy for the neighborhood doctor and put my husband to bed in another room.

A warm bath, sedatives, and light nourishment soon had him comfortable. I sat by his bed until merciful sleep ironed out the deep lines his suffering had stitched around his eyes and mouth, and he slipped away into the peace he'd so valiantly earned. Gently I disengaged his fingers so tightly laced with mine, and went into the room that had been both his sanctuary and his torture chamber. At intervals along the walls I found patterns of five parallel gutters deep in the plaster where his hands had dug the record of his Gethsemane. The room was a shambles and told a story of self-punishment transcending human understanding.

Six months later we moved into a larger house on a better street, and my husband lived there with us in glowing health and prosperity.

As the children grew old enough to understand the thing that had held their father captive through the years, so did the incident behind the locked door grow to have significance to them. That proof of his great moral strength, along with their discovery of true family happiness, bound the children to their father in a love that previously could not manifest itself.

As for myself, I had respected and loved my husband during the darkest years, and this new life was evidence that I had been right to keep hoping. My greatest reward was to see the change in him. Outwardly, he obviously became a healthy, happy human being. Neither words nor pictures could do justice to the inward alterations.

Suffice it to say that when he died quietly fourteen years later, he left us as a man, as head of the family. The tribute to him was not so much the musket fire or the flag-draped casket at the military funeral, but the saddened pride and honor with which we thought of him as we stood there.

"Created in His image—"

Tale of a Winding Road

Ruth A. Walton



THERE'S a road just north of Cumberland, Wisconsin, that winds round Beaver Dam Lake which virtually surrounds the city. It is known as County Highway H. It's a pretty road, winding in and out among the towering oaks and slender poplars with the lake shimmering nearby—a good drive for a family to take on a Sunday afternoon.

After the road leaves the city of Cumberland, it winds into the town of Maple Plain. In 1949 the residents of this township voted on the issue of permitting on- and off-sale of beer in the township. Feelings ran high, for and against, and voting was heavy. Such sales were defeated by three or four votes.

Two years later, however, by a vote of eighty-nine to sixty-three, the township permitted the issuance of on- and off-sale beer licenses.

Taverns sprang up, and it wasn't long before there was a rash of accidents on a side road leading to one of the taverns. This problem was tackled at the expense of the taxpayer by rerouting part of the road.

In the State of Wisconsin eighteen-year-olds are allowed to buy beer, so the taverns became hang-outs for young people. In one accident five young people lost their lives on the winding road of Highway H. Speeding became a problem. People living on the road no longer felt safe in traveling it. Something had to be done.

So again at the expense of the taxpayer the county began rerouting the road, taking out the more dangerous curves. The road is still under construction at this writing. It is expected to cost \$32,000 when it is completed.

The Wisconsin occupational beer tax is one third of a cent on a bottle or can of beer. There is also a 3 percent sales tax, which would raise the state tax approximately one and a third cents on a bottle of beer. Thus, more than 2,400,000 bottles of beer would have to be sold to pay for this work on the highway.

There is no way of putting a price tag on a human life, but if only the expected life earnings of the young men who have lost their lives on that road were totaled, along with medical expenses of the persons who were more fortunate, it would be a staggering sum indeed.

Ironically, after the county began work on the new road, the lease expired on the tavern in question and the doors were closed. To date they have not been reopened.

Drink, Drugs Loom as Double Trouble



Some 200 delegates from around the world met last December 5-10 at Indiana University for the Fourth International Conference on Alcohol and Traffic Safety. Legal, medical, and educational authorities presented current methods of coping with the drinking-driver menace.

Dreaming More? Maybe It Is Your Smoking!

Smoking now seems good for something—for dreaming, that is.

Based on animal experiments, researchers have found that smoking produces the kind of brain activity associated with vivid dreaming.

The effect, they say, is brought about by the nicotine taken into the bloodstream. Though the exact nature of the effect is not known, this supports previous evidence that smoking influences mental processes as well as physical organisms. This may open up a new direction for smoking research—what the habit does in relation to nervous and mental diseases.

Also indicated by the same studies is that nicotine has a far-reaching impact on the production of certain hormones.

"British System" Fails

Britain's lenient system of prescribing heroin and cocaine for addicts through local doctors has failed to curb "a disturbing rise" in drug addiction—especially among the young.

Reporting this, a government committee recommends that prescription loopholes be tightened to keep supplies from new addicts.

It urges that confirmed addicts be treated only at special centers and be forced to continue through the

difficult withdrawal period. Doctors who treat addicts without notifying the authorities would be guilty of a crime.

This represents a reversal of policy by the committee on drug addiction, which made its report to the minister of health. The group is headed by Lord Brain, former head of the Royal College of Physicians and a distinguished neurologist.

The British Medical Association, representing most of Britain's general practitioners, agreed that the report depicts "a most disturbing situation" and says it is giving careful study to the committee's proposals. It describes them as drastic.

The British system has been studied by American authorities, and a team of investigators from New York recently recommended strongly against adopting the British system.

Under British law, doctors are allowed to prescribe regular doses of drugs to addicts registered with the government while ostensibly trying to cure them. Unregistered addicts can be imprisoned.

There are no official figures for the number of unregistered addicts. The home office admits they are a problem.

What to Do?

Thirty-five years from now the average person will have twice as much leisure time as the person of the present, predicts Regan Brown, sociologist at Texas A & M University.

That driver weaving down the highway may be drunk not only on alcohol. He may be drunk on drugs too.

That is the finding of Dr. H. Ward Smith, a Canadian toxicologist, who reports that as many as 10 to 20 percent of all drivers may be using drugs.

In one study of 423 drivers killed in single-vehicle accidents, 11.6 percent of them had drugs in their blood, and in most cases substantial concentrations of alcohol as well.

"A discussion of the effect of the drug on drivers is notable by its absence," says Dr. Smith.

This has led to such dangerous ideas as the suggestion that stimulants might actually make for keener reflexes and better driving until the effects of the drug wear off.

A more practical finding, according to Dr. Smith, comes from a recent study of the widespread use of amphetamines (pep pills) among truck drivers.

"Amphetamines [called *bennies*] cover up normal feelings of fatigue and keep the driver awake when he should be sleeping, but at the expense of concentration and judgment," Dr. Smith points out.

Among the drugs singled out by Dr. Smith are:

1. *Barbiturates*. They slow reactions.

2. *Meprobamate* and other tranquilizers. They induce aggressiveness in some people.

3. *Benzedrine*. It leads to altered perception, hallucinations, and inappropriate response.

4. *Librium*. It leads to an expansiveness that is accompanied by an increase in accidents, especially since it is being administered to people who are already disturbed.

As for such drugs as mescaline, marijuana, and LSD, Dr. Smith says, they distort perception of time and space.

"Their use by drivers must be viewed with alarm."

In This NEWS

★ Teen-agers now need their own mental hospitals. See page 14.

★ What does knitting have to do with smoking? See page 15.

★ The alcoholic has one great need. See page 16.



'road of the winos'

HENRY F. UNGER

So many liquor- and wine-addicted prisoners move through the gates of the Phoenix, Arizona, police compound that authorities have erected a sign at the entrance bearing the inscription, "Camino de los Winos," or "Road of the Winos."

The compound furnishes more than 3,000 man-days of labor to the city streets and parks departments and for airport work. This produces annually about \$288,000 in savings in city labor.

About 90 percent of the prisoners are repeaters. Some of the inmates consider the compound their home, being picked up again within hours of their release for the same petty crime that caused their previous arrest.

Teen-Agers Need Their Own Mental Hospitals

Teen-agers, with their own movies, dances, music, language, and cars, may soon have their own mental hospitals.

Special facilities for disturbed teen-agers have been recommended to the National Institute of Mental Health by a team of "architectural psychologists" at the University of Utah.

Teen-agers are now housed together with adults in mental hospitals. Because of the adolescents' excess energy and disruptive capacity, the ratio of teen-agers to adults in present facilities should not exceed one to ten.

Roger Bailey, a co-director of the Utah research team, recommends that today's facilities cannot adequately handle the rapid increase in mentally disturbed teen-agers.

Centers should resemble residential schools rather than mental institutions. They should be within easy travel distance of population centers, so that families can participate in their teen-ager's therapy.

Ideally, the homelike hospital would be surrounded by thirty-five to forty acres of land. Wards would contain no more than fifteen or sixteen patients, and bedrooms no more than four. The residents of each

ward would share a living room and bath.

Professor Bailey's group consulted with people at twenty mental-health centers last summer to collect information for the recommendations.

William Tell Imitated

Elizabeth Van Denburgh, five, is dead. Her father is in jail.

She and a playmate saw her father cleaning his rifle in the living room of their Santa Monica, California, home. She shouted to him, "Daddy, I'll bet you can't shoot this off my head like William Tell!"—recalling the famous story of the Swiss patriot's saving his life and his son's by shooting an apple off the boy's head with an arrow.

She held a tangerine in her hand and then placed it on her head, standing in front of a wooden fence about fifteen feet from the window.

Her father lifted the rifle, sighted, and pulled the trigger. Elizabeth fell, a bullet in her forehead.

He had been drinking.

Did You Confess?

When Catholics go to confession, they should admit to violations of traffic laws, says Pablo Gurrpide Beope, bishop of Bilbao, Spain.

In a pastoral letter he said that in his local province alone, there had been sixty-seven persons killed and 501 injured in road accidents during the previous ten months.

"We want," he said, "to awaken the conscience of all, so that when they start preparing themselves to make a good confession, they do not pass over the sins they might have committed as a driver or a pedestrian."



Banish the Bulge

For a drinking man, he drinks more calories than he may think.

In treating a hundred patients, Dr. Morton B. Glenn of New York University carefully determined the alcohol each consumed in a day. The two-martini-for-lunch man, he says, tended to forget the wine with dinner and the cans of beer during TV viewing. Many of the patients were drinking at least 10 percent, or more, of their total caloric intake.

Suicide Is Youth Threat

Suicide is a greater threat to college students than to any other population group in the United States. Although the number of collegiates who kill themselves is actually low, suicide ranks second as a cause of death in this group as a whole.

Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, in revealed nationwide statistics, says, "It is therefore obvious that an effective national suicide prevention program must be extremely sensitive to the needs of young people in adjusting to the stresses of adult living."

Two Years for Victory

Smokers are not really cured of the smoking habit until they have abstained from cigarettes for at least two years, says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Even a skate board can let a fellow down!

Surprised? Some habits let people down, too. The tragedy is that the victims enslaved by them often discover their peril too late to do much about it.





"One guess
which car belongs
to the owner?"

Can't Stop Smoking?

Josephine Lowman

Reach for the knitting needles!

This is a suggestion from the National Hand Knitting Yarn Association, the educational arm of the yarncraft hobby industry.

Reach for the knitting needles if you are trying to cut out or cut down on smoking. I think this is excellent advice. Heavy smokers are usually nervous or high-strung individuals, and knitting is relaxing. Also smoking is, to some extent, a mechanical habit.

If you observe, you will note that people who knit, crochet, hook rugs, or work on needlepoint, carry on a conversation while working, but only once in a while stop to light a cigarette or pick up a snack.

But those who have nothing to do with their hands will frequently punctuate their conversation by "lighting up" or popping something to eat into their mouths. When both hands are busy, you can't work with one hand and reach for anything with the other!

Many persons feel that smoking is relaxing. If you have decided to cut down or out, then keep your knitting needles and yarn by the cigarette box and unwind with a ball of yarn instead of a puff.

Will Methodists Change?

The Methodist Church has long been "conservative" relative to its official stand on drinking—advocating abstinence through the years. Now, however, it is urged to relax its attitude toward student drinking in Methodist-affiliated colleges.

Dr. Ralph W. Decker, director of the department of educational institutions of Methodism's Board of Education, calls for "a certain amount of permission," claiming that efforts to stop or control drinking "do not succeed very well." He says to ban drinking by students is "unrealistic."

Akron Goes for Clean-Up

In Akron, Ohio, some 2,500 civic and church leaders, community officials, and citizens kicked off a clean-up campaign for their city.

Determined to combat "the moral decay" in the city, the crusade was

inaugurated by visiting radio personality Paul Harvey, who emphasized the need to "point out the credit side of the ledger to younger folk."

Some sixty churches in the area have already joined the drive to uplift the moral standards of the city.

Good Business?

Many of the most capable workers in American business are alcoholics, says Clifford F. Hood, former president of United States Steel.

He estimates that alcoholics cause a business loss each year of at least \$2 billion. Some two million workers are employed who can't stop drinking—employed, that is, for the present.



DO ALL TEENAGERS
GO THROUGH PERIODS
OF REBELLION?

YES
NO



No. Anthropologists report that in many cultures there is rarely any such stage of rebellion as we find in our culture. Teen-age rebellion is common with us because parents fail to wean their sons and daughters emotionally as children. The complexities of our industrial culture prolong childhood unduly so that it's harder for our young people to be as fully accepted as adults as they are in more primitive societies. You can help your teen-ager by your willingness to accept him, by respecting him as a person, and by letting him grow up.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

I am fourteen. My father and mother both drink. How can I help them?

Do you have an opinion, or an answer? Write your reply, briefly and to the point, to the Editor, Listen, 6840 Eastern Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.

LAST MONTH'S QUESTION

I would like to meet people but am afraid. How about a little drink to improve my personality?

"A clean life and pure breath will do more to improve your personality than drink ever can. Don't be deceived by alcohol, it is false security. It is better to meet fewer people than to start a habit that could prove disastrous."—D. M.

"Personally, I would rather associate with someone having an inferiority complex than with someone manifesting the uninhibited bad taste which commonly follows drinking."—D. S.

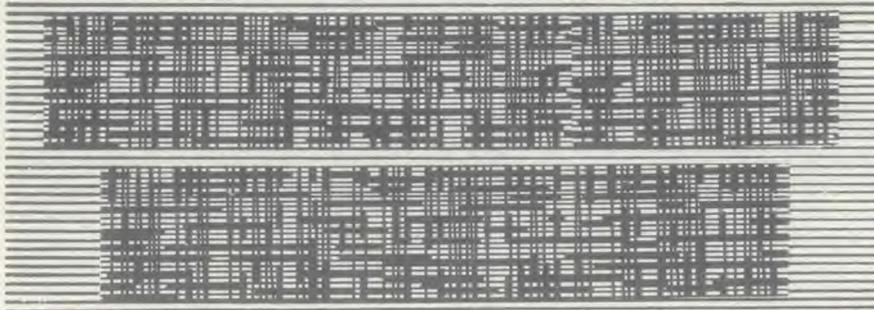
"Drink does not improve one's personality. It only puts to sleep the control centers of the nervous system. With one's inhibitions out of control and the brakes off, a timid person may become very bold. We often hear the remark, 'I didn't know what I was doing. I was drunk.' A better plan is to take part in beneficial social functions with those of your age group. Become well read and teach yourself to be conversant on many subjects. Talk to others in a dignified, sober manner; then you'll enjoy meeting people, and they will enjoy meeting you."—M. T.

"You say that you are fearful and uncertain in meeting other people. Welcome to the club! All of us are bothered by insecurities from our childhood. Usually these insecurities take the form of thinking of other people as being powerful and ourselves as being weak and unimportant. Too often we try to compensate for these feelings by bizarre and grandiose actions or by complete withdrawal. What is really needed is self-acceptance. You are very much like everyone else. Deal with yourself with honesty and respect, and then extend this to others. Drinking artificially extends personality beyond its limits. This extension is not real and is often followed by greater uncertainty and fear, which often results in total escape into alcohol. You do not need the bizarre and grandiose, but rather a wholesome self-acceptance which releases you from childhood fears."—S. V.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Manne Slawin

Singer Features



Test your eye-Q. To read this, slant the page down in line with your eye. You will find what gives you more for your money than it did ten years ago.

Most Colleges Forbid Undergrad Drinking

About 85 percent of state colleges and universities in forty-eight states prohibit campus drinking by undergraduates, according to a survey done by Dr. John F. Quinn, vice-president for student affairs, University of Rhode Island. This involves fifty-three out of sixty-two institutions in the survey.

Half of these institutions also prohibit or discourage the use of liquor at university functions off campus.

An examination of the replies indicates there is occasional grumbling about the regulations against possession and consumption of liquor, but that there is no groundswell of student opinion in favor of liberalizing existing rules.

Champagne Well Used



Champagne may be better for hippo christening—such as this one in Hamburg, Germany—than for human use. And it's better on the outside than on the inside also.

Veterans Pay the Price

Some 90 percent of war veterans smoke, says Dr. James F. Morris of the United States Veterans Hospital at Portland, Oregon.

"And at least 75 percent of them have emphysema," he adds.

"I think if people ceased smoking cigarettes, we would have only about five cases of emphysema for every hundred we have now—and they would be medical curiosities."

Caught in the Web

At least 25,000,000 Americans are caught in the giant web of tragedy named alcoholism.

Some 5,000,000 are called alcoholics. The others are family members whose lives are directly affected.

All too often emotional appeals are made by concerned families in order to help the problem drinkers—"How can you do this to me?" "Where is your self-respect?" "What about the children?"

These are ineffectual. The alcoholic may promise to stop, but he won't stop. At this stage, he can't stop.

One of the best ways to help an alcoholic is to remove ignorance. Try to make your home and family relationships a healthy setting for the alcoholic's recovery.

And, difficult as it may be, show love—not censure. Love is the alcoholic's greatest need. It is basically because he does not know or trust or feel worthy of love that he drinks.

Moonshine in Atlanta

The city of Atlanta, Georgia, consumes more moonshine liquor than any other city in the world, according to Dale McClanahan, assistant regional commissioner for alcohol and tobacco tax, United States Treasury Department. As a very conservative estimate, Atlantans drink 35,000 gallons of illicit liquor each week.

Drinkers are now able to buy "white whiskey" in Atlanta with little more difficulty than going to the corner drugstore for a bottle of soda pop. This condition, says Mr. McClanahan, results in a huge increase in crime, not only on the part of the alcoholics seeking money for more whiskey, but also in muggings, rollings, and shootings caused by alcoholic consumption.

The "business" is no longer in the hands of the hillbillies of the Georgia mountains. The State of Georgia and the Federal Government are cheated out of \$20,000,000 in taxes annually. Profits to the racketeers handling the murderous traffic are enormous. Not the least of the evils stemming from this traffic is the corruption of what would otherwise be honest law enforcement officers at various levels.

What has become of the "wet" promise that Repeal would do away with bootlegging?



BOB BROWN



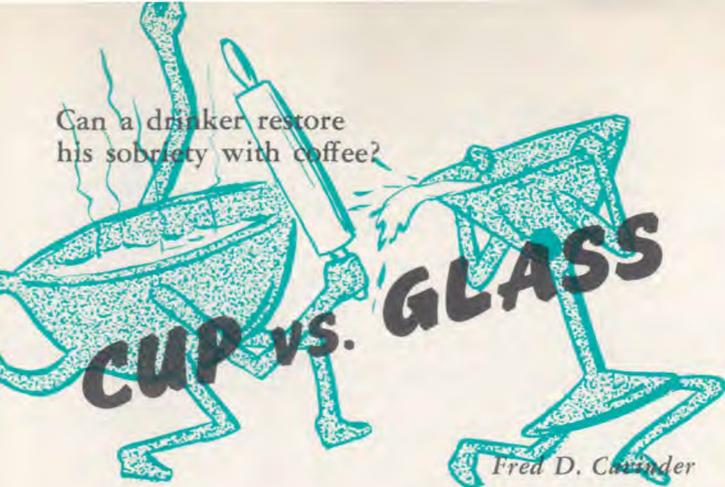
PROBLEM: An air wave.

NEEDED: Cardboard tube, paper, glue, a candle flame, and two blocks of wood.

DO THIS: Make a cone from the paper and glue it on the cardboard tube as shown. Place a piece of paper over the other end of the tube and hold it with a rubber band. (Tissue paper is good for this experiment.) Point the cone toward the candle flame and clap the boards together at the other end of the tube. The air wave created as the boards come together will come through the tube and may be seen to move the candle flame at the other end.

HERE'S WHY: If we do not cover the back end of the tube, a stream of air created by the blocks as they come together will travel through the tube and blow out the candle flame. We do not want the stream; we simply want a wave. The wave here is similar to a sound wave and travels at the speed of sound through the tube.

Can a drinker restore his sobriety with coffee?



GULPING down coffee in the hope that the magic ingredient, caffeine, will sober you up is an exercise steeped in tradition but unfortunately based only on a fallacy.

The results of an experiment at Indiana University's Medical Center show that caffeine, while more or less harmless to the drinker, is also without any benefit.

"You may as well say, Make the one for the road milk or water," says Dr. Robert B. Forney, who, with Dr. Francis W. Hughes, conducted the experiment.

The only benefit from coffee seems to be that while drinking it, you give your system more time to throw off the alcohol through normal metabolism.

Furthermore, coffee drinkers may be startled to learn that there is some evidence that caffeine, rather than being a pick-me-up, lets you down. Caffeine reduced, rather than enhanced, the performance of subjects in the experiment.

The experiment was one of a series to determine the effects of low levels of alcohol (one or two drinks) on performance, and the reaction when alcohol and other drugs are combined.

In 1960 these researchers tested the effects of alcohol and caffeine on rats. Surprisingly, the rats functioned worse when they took alcohol plus caffeine than when they took only alcohol. The caffeine heightened the effect of the alcohol.

The next step was to see if the use of coffee by human beings in order to sober up was scientifically effective, or only an old wives' tale.

For the experiment eight subjects, under stress, performed seven tasks under the following four conditions—sober, after the equivalent of one mixed drink, after taking the amount of caffeine contained in about two cups of coffee, and after taking both caffeine and alcohol.

The subjects read forward and backward, counted forward and backward, did four tests in addition and subtraction, and took a color discrimination test.

In all the tests an audio feedback system was used to place the subject under stress. His own answers were played back through earphones after a .23-second delay. In other words, while he answered the questions, his ears were bombarded with his own answers just late enough to be confusing.

Alcohol increased errors. Caffeine also increased errors.

This suggests that caffeine, considered a harmless stimulant, may actually reduce efficiency.

When the subject took alcohol and then caffeine—the same situation in which a drinker takes coffee to sober up—almost as many errors were made as under the influence of alcohol alone.

"It [caffeine] probably doesn't hurt you, but there is no evidence that it helps you," say the doctors.

The subjects were not intoxicated, they point out, since they had only the alcohol contained in from one to two mixed drinks, or about three beers.

"The public in general believes that this amount of drinking will not interfere with normal behavioral patterns," Dr. Forney says.

This experiment shows, however, that there is a significant reduction in performance due to what might be called social drinking.

The caffeine taken was also not excessive—only the amount contained in from two to three cups of coffee. And the subjects did not know at any time what they had been given. For each series of tests they were given a pill and a drink without knowing whether the pill, the drink, both, or neither was phony.

If such small amounts of caffeine cannot offset the effects of such small, socially acceptable amounts of alcohol, logic dictates that no amount of coffee can help a person who is intoxicated.

KNOW the truth about drug addiction



You, as a parent or educator, must know the truth so you can inform your children. You, as a voter, must know the truth so you can demand law enforcement. You, as a teen-ager, must know the truth so you can protect yourself and your friends.

Merchants of Misery, a book by J. A. Buckwalter, lets dope addicts speak for themselves. Dozens of interviewed addicts reveal how people get "hooked," the dangers of drugged euphoria, and the pain of withdrawal. Written in a highly readable style, the book tells the story of narcotics addiction in the United States today and what's being done to stop it. Order by writing to Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040.

Price, only \$1.50. Include 15 cents postage, and sales tax where necessary.



Party Pick-Ups



DECORATIONS

"Good for pretty."

With practice, Pennsylvania Dutch hexes, roosters, lovebirds, and flower patterns can be strategically placed in the room. If you know anyone from this area, you might pick up some authentic motto cards or decorations, or your local party store may carry paper service with Pennsylvania Dutch medallions.

GAMES

"So youse will have a wonderful lot to tell."

Find the Truly Fairs: After the guests have assembled, pin the names of famous men on the backs of male guests, and the names of counterpart wives or lovers on the backs of the women guests. Your friends must first find who they are by asking questions of others that can be answered by Yes or No, and then each must locate his or her partner. You may want to leave your guests buddied-up in this manner for part or the remainder of the evening. Suggested names might be Lyndon—Lady Bird; Hiawatha—Minnehaha; Mark Anthony—Cleopatra; Miles Standish—Priscilla Alden; Romeo—Juliet.

Elopement: Pack two suitcases with oversized boots, coat, hat, and um-

This scintillating season of the year, with its awakening freshness, can be aptly characterized by the hearts-and-flowers motifs of the Pennsylvania Dutch of Berks and Lancaster Counties.

These energetic people have developed a reputation for their warm hospitality, sumptuous meals, and their own unique version of the English language. For example: "Don't horn your car so loud—you'll blow the baby awake." "Chonnie went to the train to saw off Uncle Amos." "It wonders us—chust what's ouchen Pop." "We walked the town all over and looked the windows through." "Throw Papa up the stairs a hat."

Borrowing from their traditions, let's plan a hearts-and-flowers evening—

A PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH "PARTY"

Blossom Engen

brella. If possible, provide two small ladders. Divide guests in two groups. At a given signal number one in each group picks up the suitcase, runs to the ladder, opens the suitcase, dons coat, hat, and boots, climbs the ladder, puts up the umbrella, puts it down, climbs down, doffs coat, hat, and boots, re-packs the suitcase, and dashes back and gives the paraphernalia to number two, who repeats the performance, and so on, until one team finishes the stint. Characteristically, a Pennsylvania Dutchman with a marriageable daughter paints the door of his house blue, incidentally.

REFRESHMENTS

"Kissin' don't last; cookin' do."

SHOO-FLY PIE

(One 9-inch pie)

Pastry for 9-inch pie plate

Crumb Mixture

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon each nutmeg, ginger, cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Liquid

- 1 egg yolk, well beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon soda

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine crumb mixture by sifting dry ingredients and cutting shortening into this. Beat egg yolk; add molasses. Stir soda into boiling water and then, working quickly, combine liquids and pour into unbaked shell and immediately sprinkle with crumb mixture. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake until firm, about 35 minutes. Cool, and cover with foil until ready to serve.

Traditionally Shoo-Fly Pie is a cake mixture baked in a pie shell, and it is dunked as it is eaten.

COLONIAL CHOCOLATE

(Six generous servings)

- 4 tablespoons cocoa
- 2 tablespoons water
- 2 cups water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 3 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
- Whipped dessert topping
- German chocolate shavings

In a heavy pan mix cocoa and water to smooth paste; add remaining water, sugar, and milk. Bring slowly to a boil and blend in cornstarch-milk combination. Boil 3 minutes longer, stirring often. Remove from heat and set in a warm place. Before serving, beat with rotary beater, blend in vanilla. Pour into cups and garnish with whipped dessert topping and shavings of German chocolate.

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The Portuguese man-of-war spells doom to all but the Nomeus fish, which chooses these dangerous surroundings in which to live and take shelter from its enemies.

ANYONE who has spent time on the beaches in the Southern States is familiar with the Portuguese man-of-war. Many have also come in contact with the stinging tentacles which hang from the underside of this jellyfish. Few, however, have had the opportunity of seeing a small fish which lives precariously among these tentacles of death.

The Portuguese man-of-war is most familiar as a blob of bluish jelly washed up on the beach, but this notorious demon of the sea is more at home when out on the open sea. It inhabits tropical waters the world around, and holds its inflated sail aloft to catch a passing wind which will carry it afar to new seas and new horizons.

From above, it is a thing of beauty—a bit of the sky captured by the sea. From beneath it becomes a denizen of the deep. The long tentacles, hanging sometimes forty or fifty feet below the main body, spell doom for the creatures that become ensnared in them.

These tentacles look like long, trailing strings of blue and purple yarn. Unsuspecting fish or other small creatures, thinking to take refuge in the tangle, are instead caught up and consumed by the jellyfish above.

The danger lies in specialized cells called nematocysts which are present by the thousands, covering the surface of the tentacles. The nematocyst is biologically a piece of engineering genius. In essence, it is a tiny harpoon gun with a poisonous dart which the jellyfish fires at its prey.

All these nematocysts remain intact until triggered by some external stimulus such as the presence of a fish or other object. The tiny darts are released, and the poison penetrates the victim, be it fish or man.

The tentacles need not be connected to the jellyfish to do their damage. The nematocysts seem to operate independently of the man-of-war that produced them. A piece of tentacle floating in the water can be equally as painful as one that is attached to the fish.

The exact nature of the poison is not known, but it is believed by some to consist of three toxins, one of which produces paralysis of the nervous system, another which affects the respiration, and a third which results in extreme prostration and death. The poison is lethal to nearly all small creatures and very painful to larger animals such as human beings.

While most small fish are killed by coming within range of the nematocysts, it is not so with the Nomeus fish, which chooses to make its permanent home among the dangerous tentacles. It has never been found in any other locality.

Scientists do not know how these fish escape death, whether they are immune, or whether they are constantly only "playing with fire."

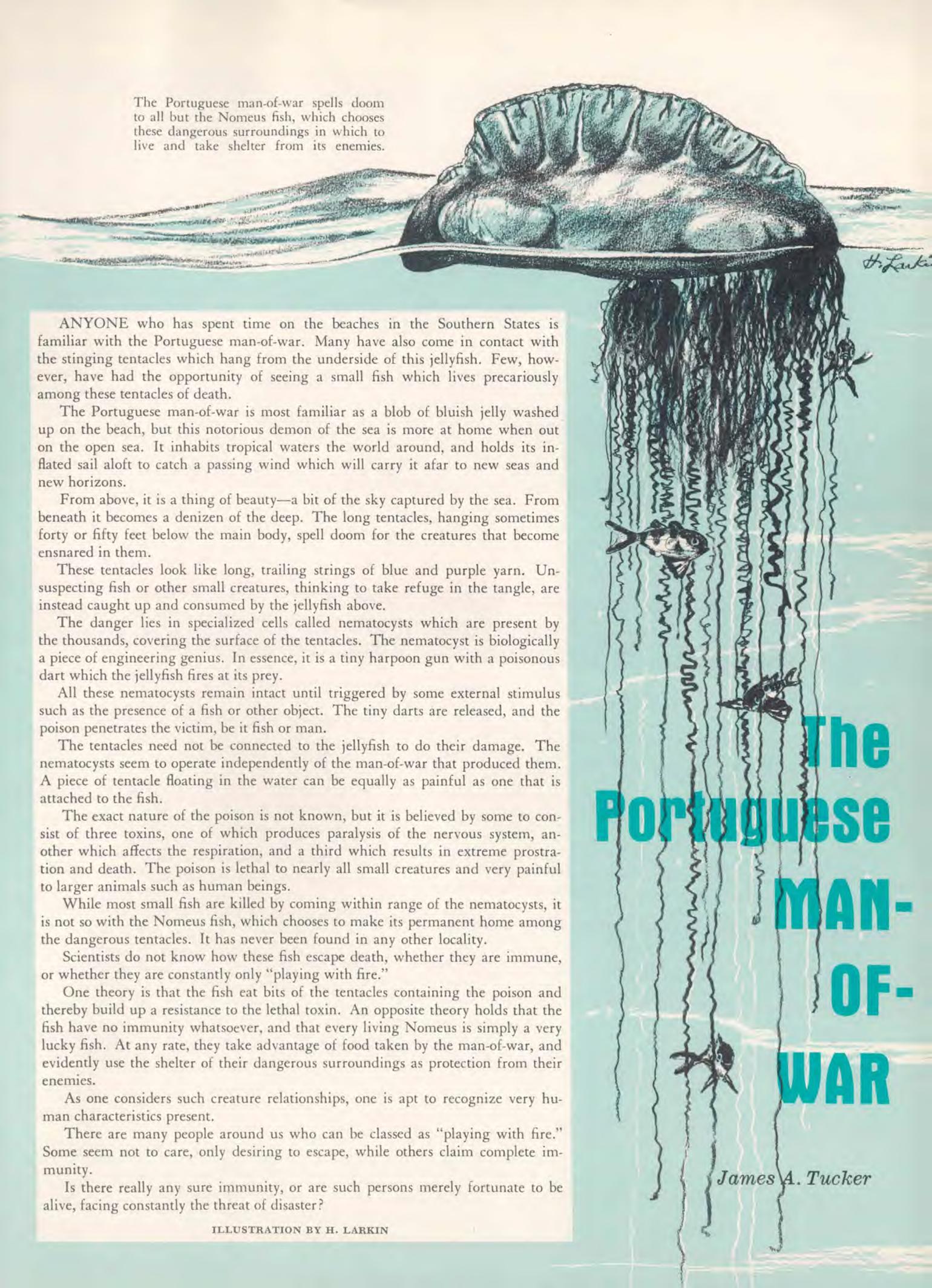
One theory is that the fish eat bits of the tentacles containing the poison and thereby build up a resistance to the lethal toxin. An opposite theory holds that the fish have no immunity whatsoever, and that every living Nomeus is simply a very lucky fish. At any rate, they take advantage of food taken by the man-of-war, and evidently use the shelter of their dangerous surroundings as protection from their enemies.

As one considers such creature relationships, one is apt to recognize very human characteristics present.

There are many people around us who can be classed as "playing with fire." Some seem not to care, only desiring to escape, while others claim complete immunity.

Is there really any sure immunity, or are such persons merely fortunate to be alive, facing constantly the threat of disaster?

ILLUSTRATION BY H. LARKIN



The Portuguese MAN-OF-WAR

James A. Tucker

"YOU'RE BIG, BOY, TOO BIG!"

Duane Valentry

WHAT can equal the self-consciousness of a boy who has shot up head and shoulders above his friends? He feels he is too long, with skinny arms, big feet still growing, and gangling legs that always look too long for his pants.

Clint Walker knows the feeling. He couldn't get some jobs he tried for. "You're big, boy, too big," he was told.

"There isn't any serious disadvantage in being unusually tall," says 6'6" Clint, who weighs 235 pounds. "That physical attribute is something most other people admire. But the kid who towers over his companions has a good chance of having an emotional problem as big as he is."

Walker points out that boys in their teens have a need to feel "like everybody else." But a big kid is different, whether he likes it or not. He doesn't realize that a few years may make his height an asset.

Clint Walker, besides being one of the tallest stars in television, is an exponent of clean living, a man looked up to by youth and respected by his peers.

Born in Hartford, Illinois, Clint had no intention of becoming an actor. Nothing could have been farther from his thoughts, and he held some twenty-five other jobs on his circuitous route to the top.

Clint joined the Merchant Marine after high school and for three years sailed the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean with the Army Transportation Service. Along the way he saw plenty of drinking and what it could do to wreck careers. He decided it was not for him, a resolution he's never been tempted to break even for the social pressures of Hollywood.

Nor does he smoke. In fact, his No to these indulgences has been conspicuous, like everything else about this big man, making others sit up and take notice.

When this reporter asked Ed (Cookie) Byrnes in a personal interview who among his friends abstained from drinking, Ed remembered quickly. Without hesitation he said with evident admiration, "Clint Walker!"

Somewhere along the way, Clint married Verna, his teen-age sweetheart, and later with his wife and baby daughter went west to Texas in a jalopy he bought for \$65, then on to Las Vegas where he became deputy sheriff.

Now, if you'd told him that this job would lead directly to an acting career, he'd have called you crazy, yet it did. While he was working as deputy, Actor Van Johnson met him and told him he should try acting, even suggesting his own agent.

When he got over laughing, Clint thought this over. Why not—he had tried everything else. After a course of dramatic lessons he was tested at Warner's and given a long-term contract and the title role in the television series "Cheyenne," which was to be his image far longer than he knew.

In fact, at the eighth anniversary party of the series he threw a milk and health-foods party at the studio in celebration. But the long pull playing only one character wasn't to his liking.

"I hate anything that is static. I believe we were put on this earth not merely by accident. We're here for a purpose, and that purpose is to progress as human beings."

Since the end of the series he has made many movies and has had opportunity, he feels, to grow as an actor. A stickler for realism on the screen, he insists on doing his own stunts and even dodges the customary subterfuges of film making. Supposed to appear in a picture hot, weary, and thirsty, for instance, Clint refrained from taking liquid until he was dying for a drink. There are few men or women in Hollywood who are as honest or as candid in their opinions.

As a hobby, Clint likes nothing better than to explore a state like Utah by motorcycle. He also goes prospecting for gold or precious stones in the desert, taking his family and trailer. From this hobby arose an interest in archaeology.

More articulate than he seems, Walker has written a book on physical fitness and clean living, and he was appointed to President Kennedy's physical fitness committee. He has researched Western music to such an extent that he sings and strums a guitar at rodeos and fairs around the country. In his characteristically thorough way, he accumulated a library of the songs and poems of the Old West which were conceived on the long cattle drives and at the roundups of yesterday.

Being taller than most fellows didn't handicap Clint Walker for long. He thinks it taught him some psychology.

For instance, the big kid is sometimes going to be picked on deliberately by smaller guys who think challenging and possibly licking a big guy makes them superior.

But this tall man stays out of trouble!

