

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



*Do It Worth
the Price?*

John Steel

The Hares and the Hounds

To some extent at least the public furor has died down following the proposal by a Harvard University psychiatrist that in order to solve the alcohol problem we should have "practice drinking" in elementary grades, continuing on through college. Begin with very weak drinks, he said, increasing the dose gradually as the children grow older, in order for them to develop a "healthy" attitude toward drinking.

Incidentally, this has been exactly the procedure of the French nation for many years, a procedure which the French have found to be a major cause of its dubious position as the most alcoholized nation in the world.

The practice-drinking idea is so absurd (why not try practice smoking to solve that problem?) that it needs no serious attention by thinking people. It might have been a coincidence, however, that about the time this proposal was made, another was made by the liquor industry, obviously worried that its public image is being marred by so much youth drinking.

"We believe," said the *Beverage Bulletin*, "a study should be undertaken by a legislative group to investigate in depth the purchasing of alcoholic beverages by minors."

The seriousness of the problem should not be underestimated, the *Bulletin* went on; it is the responsibility of the entire community to take effective action.

"We strongly recommend that every person connected with the minors' problem should urge that action be taken immediately," the editorial concluded.

The industry, shedding crocodile tears because of the blot on its image caused by youth drinking, should be much more concerned with the prospect of practice drinking by youngsters, perhaps as young as six years old, if the suggestion was made seriously at all.

If such an idea ever caught hold in the public schools, pity the liquor industry! Economically, of course, it would welcome the idea for obvious reasons. But the long-range results would indeed lower its public image, maybe destroy it altogether. It is virtually a case of running with the hares and hunting with the hounds.

The question is: Which is of primary concern—the health and well-being of schoolchildren and a good potential for their future, or the adding of a few million dollars to the coffers of the liquor industry?

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... in this issue

- 2 The Hares and the Hounds *Editorial*
- 3 Saved From the Junk Heap *by Barbara S.*
- 6 Grow Up—And Inherit the World! *by Richard Lake*
- 7 Friendship (Poem) *by Verna Fuller Young*
- 8 Is It Worth the Price?
- 10 What Alcohol Does to the Brain *Pictorial Feature*
- 10 For the Woman Driver *by Roberta Wrain*
- 12 The Decision *by Jean Sullivan*
- 14 Do You Talk—or Mumble? *by Alan W. Farrant*
- 15 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL**
Listen's newspaper in condensed form
- 20 Peter Koch—Artist of the Camera *by Marjorie Grant Burns*

... in the next issue

- ★ Are you really "bored to death"? June's *Listen* will help you answer that question.
- ★ They know they can get what they most need because Dr. Robert W. Baird is there! Who? What? Where?

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SAVED

From the Junk Heap | BARBARA S.

PHOTOGRAPHY: HAMILTON STUDIOS

THIS STORY I wish to tell is not unique, nor is it my story alone. It is a story to which young men and young women everywhere are adding each day. It is not a story that has a happy ending, because life, unlike fiction, often mocks the they-lived-happily-ever-after ending.

I lay in my bed and tried to muffle the scream that hung midway in my throat. My nerves seemed to be ripping loose from my flesh, and the feeling of nausea which lodged in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable.

My parents were downstairs eating breakfast. My little eight-year-old brother, Ken, was shouting something about his bicycle tire being flat. Jeanette, my fifteen-year-old sister, was running from room to room trying to finish dressing before racing off to catch the 8:15 bus to Wilson High School.

Today was Monday, but it could have been Thursday, or any other day, because each day had been the same for me for the past four months, since "that day"—the day I had my first fix of heroin.

Each morning I began the new day with a silent prayer that I would be able to "score" enough "stuff" to keep a semblance of normality, lest my parents learn my secret. I knew the knowledge would kill them, as surely as the octopus of "white death" was crushing the life out of me.

"Barbara! Barbara! Are you up?" my mom called

up the stairwell, and I tensed in agony as another involuntary spasm swept my body.

"Please, God. Don't let her come up now. Please!" I succeeded in calling back a reassurance that I was up, which seemed to drain my last ounce of strength.

My mind plodded over what lay ahead for the next twenty-four hours, until I would awake again tomorrow morning, perspiring and nauseous, as I now was.

It was now costing me \$35 a day to obtain the necessary drugs to feed my habit, a lot of money for a seventeen-year-old high school girl whose only income was a \$2 weekly allowance from her father.

At first it hadn't been too bad. I could get five capsules of heroin for \$10 from Jimbo, the local pusher. He attended to the needs of about ten other addicts in the neighborhood that I knew of, in addition to me. I couldn't keep to only five capsules for long, however; and before I knew it, I was using twelve, fifteen, and now twenty caps—two grams a day—at a cost of \$35, seven days a week—\$245 a week. That's a lot of money for anyone.

The cramps in my legs almost drove me out of my mind. I stuffed a piece of sheet in my mouth and bit until my teeth ached. Across my shoulders and down the back of my neck a sensation not unlike twenty severe tooth-



Old beyond her years, Barbara is afraid to look at her reflection in the mirror. Her eyes have become glassy, her face thin and lifeless.

aches almost caused me to pass out. But I fought harder than ever, driven on by fear.

I'd promised to meet Beth downtown at 9 a.m., only fifteen minutes after my parents believed I was engrossed in my first class at school. Beth, also an addict, knew a way we could get some badly needed money to tide us over today. Life now consisted of existing from one fix to the next—until the next day when the horrible nightmare began all over again.

How many times I have gone over in my mind that first time I was introduced to heroin.

I had gone to a beach party with a bunch of kids, and we'd ended up at the beach house of an older fellow named Jeff, a handsome man of about twenty-eight, who seemed more than pleased to act as our host. Food and liquor were plentiful, and we all were having a wonderful time when my girl friend, Penny, called me outside.

"Barbara, I want you to meet the host, Jeff. Jeff, this is my girl friend, Barbara, the one I've told you so much about."

He seemed genuinely pleased, and we got along wonderfully. We spent the rest of the evening away from the crowd, and I kept asking myself how I could be so lucky.

The next day he called and invited me to come down

to his place for lunch and a swim, and I quickly accepted.

After lunch the next day we walked out in his backyard and after about fifteen minutes he excused himself, going inside the house. In a few minutes he returned.

"Hope I wasn't gone too long," he said. Then he added, "I had to get straight."

"Straight?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing, really. I just had to go fix myself. You know, so I'd feel right again." And he produced a small syringe, a little white capsule containing some powder, a spoon, and a small metal cylinder which contained some inflammable fluid and a small wick, all in a small wooden box.

Shocked isn't really the word to describe the way I felt. A hundred times I'd read about "dope fiends" who stuck needles in their arms, but this was the first time I had ever met one. I wasn't afraid, only fascinated, like the victim of a king cobra.

"Come on, honey. Wanta try it? You'll dig it. Betcha."

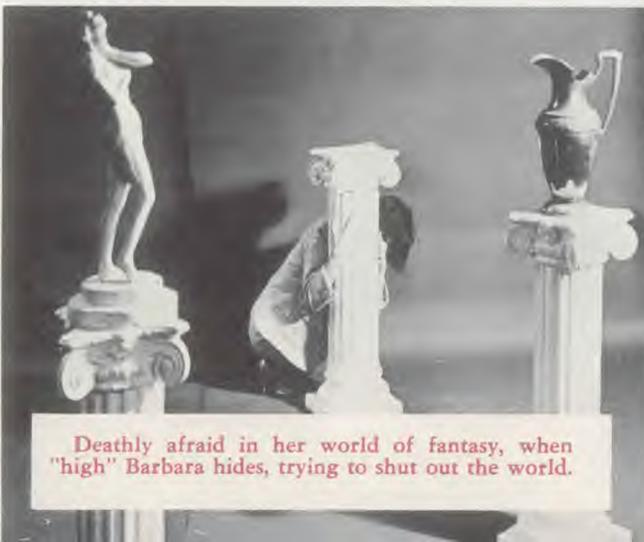
And that's how it began.

I tried it and almost before Jeff had withdrawn the spike (needle) from my arm, I vomited (a reaction called "flashing" in addict jargon), and experienced the euphoria that drove me on to try it again and again in the weeks that followed.

I kept rationalizing the reason why I enjoyed it, telling myself that I wasn't hooked, that I could quit anytime I wanted to; until the day I realized that not only was I unable to stop, but I was past the point of caring. Life had become reduced to its simplest denominator: syringes, eyedroppers, number twenty-six needles, and little white capsules containing poison.

During the first weeks after my "turnout" at Jeff's apartment, I was able to borrow the necessary money from my dad under the pretense of purchasing additional school materials or a badly needed dress. I knew that sooner or later he would wonder about my constant financial demands, but I was unable to stop asking. I was being driven on by a nemesis that asked everything and gave nothing in return but misery and pain.

My sister Jeanette emptied her purse and gave me her



Deathly afraid in her world of fantasy, when "high" Barbara hides, trying to shut out the world.



Ignoring all the beauty and enjoyment in life, she lives only for the needle. She no longer appreciates any other part of life, existing only with a crutch.

small savings of about \$25, and unnoticed I shook little Ken's piggy bank for the few dollars it contained. Several dollars in change, my mom's shopping money, also went to Jimbo. Each day became a living nightmare.

Somehow I managed to clean up and board the bus with Jeanette at 8:15, and twenty minutes later I alighted in front of Wilson High School.

Quickly I walked the few blocks to the café where I was to meet Beth, and arrived exactly at 9 o'clock. Beth was waiting.

"Hi, honey." She waved a meaningless greeting from her secluded table in the corner. An olive-skinned young man sat stiffly beside her, and appraised me as I walked to where they sat.

"Barbara, meet Hurley, an old friend of mine."

"Gladto meetcha," he said casually, making the greeting sound like one word.

"Hi. Glad to meet you," I said, sitting down, and joining them with a cup of coffee that remained untouched while we sat there.

"Like I told you, honey, Hurley's going to help us. He's the plan I was talking about yesterday." She waited for an answer, but I sat waiting, anxious for whatever had to be done so I could get a fix.

Very briefly Hurley explained that he had "a few girls" working for him, who earned more than enough to keep their habit going.

"Most of the kids I take care of," he said, "are hooked like yourself." He grinned slightly, and I could see his discolored teeth, badly chipped and ugly. It didn't matter, really.

We left the café and drove in Hurley's car over to the East Side, stopping before a large five-story apartment house. We entered a spacious apartment on the third floor, empty except for one young girl, younger than either Beth or myself, who sat sprawled across a tufted white sofa. She barely noticed us.

"Lovett, two friends of mine, Beth and Barbara," Hurley said by way of introduction.

"These kids are going to be working with you for a while," he said. Then he added, "Help them out, will you, honey?"

She nodded absently, deep in the semicomatose state of recent heroin use.

During the first week or so I experienced difficulty in explaining my absences at night to my parents, who often were awake when I returned home late. I fabricated a whole host of "mystery" boyfriends who would alternately

be taking me to a drive-in or a dance. My school attendance was far from regular.

I turned eighteen, an age most girls look forward to expectantly as the beginning of a new era of maturity, a hallmark of the "teens." To me, it was only a signpost that indicated that I had been hooked for nearly seven months.

More than once I had harbored the idea of confronting my parents with the truth and asking for their help; but fear, coupled with the heartbreak the knowledge would bring them, caused me to remain silent.

Once I considered going to the school authorities or police and asking for their help. I told Beth of my plan one night, and she became furious.

"You stupid!" she screamed. "They won't do anything but lock you up in prison. Besides," she paused, "you'd get Hurley in trouble, and he'd get you."

Hurley now tried to be more careful. After a client called, he would get his phone number and call back. Many times, if he felt it might be a police trap, he would meet the client at some café to make sure the man was really a client and not a vice officer.

It was on a Friday night that Arrons, a regular customer, called and said that he and a friend wanted to come over.

The friend, Al, was pleasant, no older than thirty-five, and very handsome. He seemed more interested in me than in either Beth or Lovett. No sooner were we alone than he showed me his credentials which identified him as a special agent assigned to the vice detail.

One phone call and fifteen minutes later, "Al" was joined by three other officers who arrested all four of us and took us downtown to police headquarters, where they questioned us. It wasn't long until they learned how Hurley was pandering for a group of young female addicts and supplying them with drugs and a few dollars in return.

My parents were notified immediately, and following a tense interview with them and the detectives, I was released in their custody. Several months later I testified against Hurley, as did the other girls, and he was sent to state prison.

The day following my arrest I was taken by my parents to a private sanitarium, where I received not only help in undergoing withdrawal, but also a series of interviews with staff psychiatrists who aided me and my parents to understand my problem better.

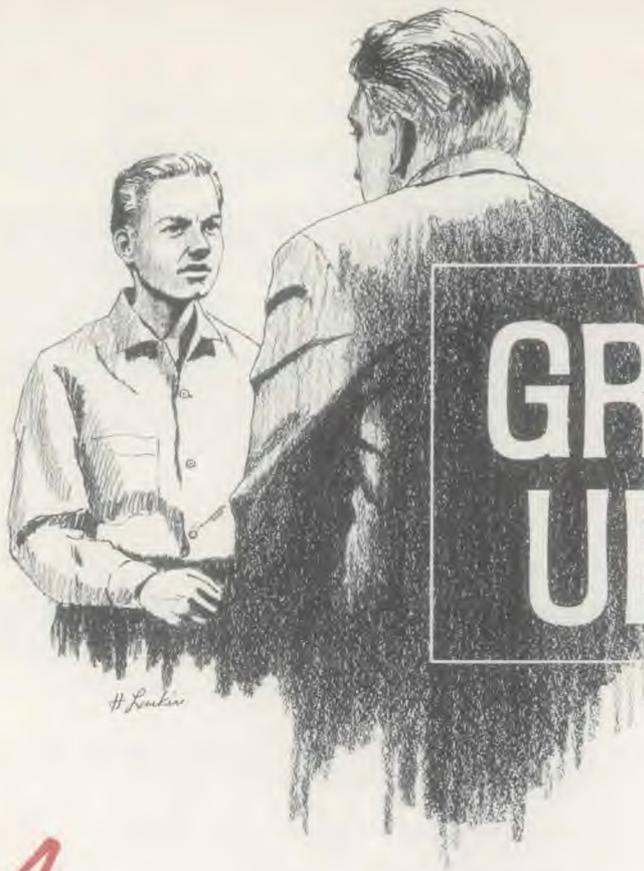
My parents were more tolerant than I could possibly have imagined. They expressed pity and love and have done everything possible to help me (Turn to page 14)



Many addicts, like Barbara, support their habit by prostituting themselves. The men who pay for her "fix" mean nothing to her except a means to an end. All seem unreal, like stuffed manikins.



Finally, as she sits rejected and alone, Barbara finds a helping hand extended to her, willing to aid in recovering at least part of what has been lost.



#Larkin

Teen-agers are human beings, but their parents are too. How can two generations get together?

GROW UP — *And Inherit the World!*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LARKIN

Richard Lake

AS A PSYCHOLOGIST, my best and most honest advice to you, young men and women of today, is to grow up. I add, "inherit the world," because I am a mean old codger, and I want to frighten you a little as well as encourage you. You will inherit the world, with all its burdens and awesome responsibilities, but also with its riches, its promises, and its joys. First, you must grow up.

Growing up is most difficult. It has been so for me, and although I am over fifty I am sure that I have not fully accomplished this job of growing up, at least not to my own satisfaction. Every day, every month, every year, I find ways in which I am still acting like a child. I feel sorry for myself, I lose my temper, I sulk, I hurt the feelings of others, I play hooky, I clamor for attention, and I try to get out of doing my share. I know that other adults do these things, too. But when we do them for the purpose of avoiding responsibility, we are not grown-up.

When I tell youngsters and oldsters alike to grow up, I am, of course, asking too much. Curiously, the youngsters are usually the first to point this out. They remind me that we must enjoy life, and that if we lose all capacity for having fun in growing up, what's the use of being adult?

I am glad when they mention this, for they are looking at both sides of the problem. They are looking at something as a whole, and not merely at some of its parts. A grown-up person always retains some qualities of his childhood, and as a child he already has some recognizable aspects of the person he is becoming. When I advise a youngster to grow up, I do not mean that he should hurry to take on years or to assume dull and careworn ways. When I advise the older person to grow up, I do not mean that he should lose even further the joy and spontaneity of his youth.

I mean that we all should try to become ourselves, to realize most fully all the assets of our continuing lives.

You youngsters want to grow up. A girl said to me,

"We're going to get married right away, even though our folks think we're too young, because being married will help us grow up."

A week earlier a woman who had done this very thing fifteen years before confessed to me, "We got married too young, and we've done nothing but run away from the realities of our marriage. I wonder when we're going to grow up."

Boys often tell me, "I'm in a hurry to get into the service—to go to college—to have my own business—to get out on my own." They stress getting married as often as the girls do, and they, too, think it will help them grow up.

I tell them, "You're in a hurry—stop right there." These things are good things to do, including getting married; but when you're in a hurry to do any of them so that you can grow up faster, you'd better stop and ask yourself why you're in such a hurry. If you are running away from the unpleasant or uncomfortable circumstances of being young, you will keep right on running when you come face to face with the difficulties of being older.

The young person too often believes that an older person has the power and the money and the privileges and the freedom, plus the security and the self-confidence to handle all these. Maybe he has. If he has such, he has earned it by learning to understand himself and to take the responsibility of his own living.

Young people often ask, "How can I learn how to grow up? My folks drink—they're on the verge of divorce, and they won't talk to me; my older brother is in jail, my sister's marriage is on the rocks; and my friends are in the same boat."

Parents tell of the same problems when they talk to me. "My kids won't pay any attention to me; we don't talk the same language. All they want is money, fast cars, and a good time. Most of the marriages I know are in the

same shape as ours. What example can I learn from?"

I tell both children and parents, "You must learn from each other." If older and younger do not talk the same language, they can learn to do so.

Youngsters do not know where they are about to make their mistakes. Adults in many instances do not know where they made their mistakes. All travel the same territory. Teen-agers can help adults look backward. We can help them look forward. The secret lies in our willingness and determination to do the job together, instead of each group's trying to place the blame on the other.

In our tradition of parent-child relationship, we at times neglect the wonderful ways in which the young person can teach each parent. Of course, the adult must be willing to learn. He must accept the possibility that the youngster has something to teach him.

Where many adult lives are so mixed up, where adults have so little sense of direction in living, we cannot expect the adolescent to find attractive models for living. On the other hand, where the teen-ager presents a frantic example of grasping for thrills and kicks, and chiefly negative attitudes, we cannot expect adults to be inspired.

But a generous hope exists in the willingness of parents and children alike to acknowledge a common need. Parents can no longer direct, "Don't do as I do; do as I say." Teen-agers can no longer excuse themselves by claiming they are merely following the parents' example. Both must learn to persuade each other, "You help me and I'll help you."

The problems of smoking, drinking, and drug taking may furnish some illustrations here. A parent is right in hoping that his son or daughter will not acquire the smoking habit. If the parent is grown-up enough to understand something about self-indulgence, he may realize something of how people use the narcotic intoxication of cigarettes to serve as a substitute for dealing realistically with anxieties and tensions. If he understands this, he may be able to teach his children the dangers of smoking without causing them to become resentful and rebellious.

But suppose he is a cigarette smoker himself. At least from his experience he should understand the harmfulness of the habit; and he can at least try to approach his teen-agers like this: "Let's study this problem together. Tell me why you feel impelled to smoke. Let's see if it's the way I felt."

Or, "Let's quit the smoking habit together. We can help each other stay off the habit."

Many teen-agers, including probably the parents here, started smoking cigarettes to feel grown-up, to feel independent, to feel important. The motives for self-indulgence, for easing anxieties, for avoiding tensions, are usually hidden or concealed. If parent and teen-ager seek for and discover these hidden motives together, they will achieve companionship and mutual understanding.

The drinking and drug-taking problem could be handled similarly. Parents seem at their hypocritical worst when they caution teen-agers about the evils of alcohol, while they are firmly devoted to their before-dinner cocktails and their evenings in nightclubs. A majority of teen-agers take their first drinks as a means of lubricating social embarrassment, and as a token of admission to groups that seem grown-up and alluring because of their sophistication.

Many adults also drink, before they become addicted to drinking, because it is "done" in certain sets or clubs and because they lack courage or imagination to break away from such alcoholic routines and seek more creative entertainment.

Why shouldn't the teen-ager with his price-of-admission drinks, and the adult with his cocktail-party-routine drinks, level with each other?

What seems to me most important in this business of growing up is that you, the teen-ager, should take the lead. You have the advantage of a fresh approach. The world expects the young person to make mistakes and is eager to forgive. The adult, who has to pretend that he is already grown-up, has a tender pride. Can you bear in mind that this seeming grown-up is really not grown-up at all? He is a person much like yourself. He has sore spots that he feels like defending. He is uncertain. His emotions are a mystery to him. Can you learn to talk with this difficult person? He is often eager to talk with you.

Again let me stress that the first step is to recognize and admit the common difficulty. "Dad—Mother—the truth is I don't know how to talk with you." Chances are that the parent, inside himself, is ready to agree, "We have the same trouble; we don't know how to talk with you either." It may be that the parent cannot bring himself to admit this immediately. He may feel that he has to try once more, "Now, you listen to me!" If you are honest, you will tell him, "This is the way this friend of mine talks to me, and when he does that, we just quarrel."

Friendship

Verna Fuller Young

The ties of friendship are the threads
That weave a tapestry.
Each strand, though fragile in itself,
When woven patiently
With love and kindness from the start,
Can firmly bind heart to heart.

One of your difficulties as a young person lies in realizing that your parents are human beings. They still feel much the same as you do. You can talk more easily with another adult than with your parents. Well, of course. To your parents you do not like to reveal your weaknesses, your dreads, your foolish mistakes, your fears. This is regrettable. Your parents have the same embarrassment with you. They don't like to reveal to you their weaknesses, mistakes, and fears—the many ways in which they are still not grown-up.

When you can break the ice and let your parents know that you and they can be on common ground without too much loss of face on either side, (*Turn to page 14*)

When you consider that drinking is involved in half of our highway toll—

Is It Worth the Price?

WHILE YOU MAKE a twenty-minute speech—or listen to one—there will be a person in the United States killed by a drinking driver, and sixty persons will be injured.

This is the average toll exacted by the bottle—constant, continuing, all across the nation. As the clock ticks on, more victims pay the price. On the basis of accumulating evidence, drinking is responsible for about half the total traffic toll.

The National Safety Council supports this conclusion and cites two studies as samples of many which give the same general result.

California—Among 1,134 drivers tested for blood alcohol in nineteen counties during 1964, 55 percent had been drinking. Among drivers responsible for the accidents, two thirds had been drinking.

Florida—An eight-year study in Dade County (Miami) revealed that 47 percent of all traffic victims tested for alcohol had been drinking. A further analysis shows that 92 percent of the drinking drivers were clearly at fault.

Incidentally, these were only the drivers who were tested. How much higher would the percentage be if the whole story were known? And remember, even using this conservative estimate, this is only half the picture, with the whole representing some 48,000 persons a year killed and

1,700,000 injured. If war casualties were only a fraction of this toll, immediate and drastic measures would be taken. Yet the highway toll ticks on!

Perhaps some highway tragedies could not be avoided, considering the mechanical age in which we live and the speeds at which we travel. However, the half of the toll which spews out of the bottle is preventable. It is unnecessary. It simply doesn't have to happen. These accidents are from the human element alone, not caused by failure of machine, faulty road engineering, or bad lighting. They come from the hands, the eyes, the nerves, the brain behind the wheel.

All this would be shocking enough if only the drinkers paid the price. But this is not so! Infant Susan, young Robert, mother, daddy, grandma, favorite aunt, businessman, teen-ager, lawyer—whoever it may be, the innocent also pay. Is it worth the price?

To visualize a bit more graphically this astonishing murder toll of the bottle, *Listen* herewith presents in picture form a representation of the annual carnage—the unnecessary carnage—in which drinking is involved. *Listen* is indebted for the comparisons and factual fill-in to Leo Orso, of Washington, D.C., owner and operator of Orsonic, Inc., a professional recording service.

Parade of Death

What would be needed merely to comprise the funeral procession for the highway victims of the bottle in one year?

••• AIRPLANES—

The phantom air armada.

The Air Transport Association reports that at the end of 1964 there were 384 planes in regular local airline service. Assuming sixty-three passengers to a plane, at least in coach service, that means that every

airplane of every regularly scheduled local airline would have to be in the air at one time, or a mammoth air operation of 384 flights, to transport all the persons killed as a direct result of alcohol involvement.

••• RAILROADS—

The ghost train.

The Association of American Railroads advises that the average modern passenger coach holds fifty-eight people, and is about eighty feet long. Considering

50 percent as a conservative estimate for the drinking toll, it would require 412 coaches, or a train six miles long, to carry those killed by drinking drivers.

••• AUTOMOBILES—

The spectral procession.

The average car holds six people. With 24,000 killed in a single year, we could make a funeral procession consisting of 4,000 automobiles, with dead people filling the cars. If the average car is, say 16

feet long, this would mean the funeral procession of the dead would be 64,000 feet long, or approximately twelve miles of nothing but hearses, driven by dead chauffeurs!

OUR COVER

Hark! That police officer speaks. "Is it worth the price?" he asks the driver—any driver—who has had one for the road.



It is indeed fitting that the first art cover "Listen" has ever featured should carry this personal safety appeal, particularly as it relates to drinking and driving. Write "Listen" for information on how to get this cover (without title) in poster form to put in your driver education classroom, police station, et cetera.

John Steel is "Listen's" cover artist.

Fallacies and Facts

FOR SOME TWENTY-NINE YEARS the coroner's office in Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Cleveland), has been continuously surveying the incidence of alcohol in the blood of traffic victims. Since 1937 it has determined the amount of alcohol, if any, in the blood of every person over fifteen years of age who died within twelve hours after an automobile accident. This consistent testing has shown, according to Coroner Samuel R. Gerber, M.D., a significant involvement of alcohol in approximately 50 percent of the cases.

Also, because of this close relationship of alcohol and violent death, the coroner has prepared drawings and comparisons to show what alcohol does to the mind and the ability of drivers. The drawing of the brain and the fact-and-fallacy material in this "Listen" feature are adapted from Dr. Gerber's official report for 1964.

It is thought that—

Everybody drinks alcoholic beverages.

... BUT at least 40,000,000 adult Americans do not drink alcoholic beverages.

It is thought that—

Drinking of alcoholic beverages is merely a pleasure in which one can indulge or not as he pleases.

... BUT for many people it becomes a habit. More than 5,000,000 persons in this country cannot control their drinking. The full number cannot be determined accurately because many people do not admit to themselves that they depend upon alcohol to quiet their fears and "give them courage."

It is thought that—

Alcohol is a stimulant.

... BUT alcohol actually has the opposite effect. It is, in fact, a depressant with anesthetic-like effect which is obvious in advanced stages of intoxication. Any appearance of stimulation is due to the dulling of judgment and the release from restraints normally imposed by inhibitions or sense of propriety.

It is thought that—

Anyone can drink a couple bottles of beer without any alcoholic effect.

... BUT two bottles of 4 percent beer contain approximately the same amount of alcohol as is contained in a one-ounce shot of 100-proof whiskey or a four-ounce glass of 12 percent wine. Two drinks of any of these beverages will result in a blood alcohol concentration of .04 percent in a person who weighs 160 pounds. A person who weighs less will have a greater concentration.

It is thought that—

Alcoholic influence begins at blood alcohol concentration of .15 percent.

... BUT signs and symptoms of intoxication are obvious

or can be detected readily in any person whose blood alcohol concentration is .15 percent. However, impairment of the judgment and skills required for safe driving begins at much lower levels of alcohol in the blood. A study of 30,000 tests performed in Geneva, Switzerland, led to the conclusion that one third of persons with blood alcohol concentrations between .06 percent and .10 percent will show clear signs of drunkenness. In Sweden the law provides penalties for the driver who has a concentration of .08 percent or more. The penalties may be invoked whether or not the driver is involved in an accident. In Sweden and other Scandinavian countries, it is proposed that a driver should be punished if found to have a concentration over .05 percent. Norway has had such a law since 1926.

It is thought that—

Coffee or other stimulants will offset the effects of alcohol.

... BUT the effects of alcohol are much too potent and deep-seated to be counteracted by such home remedies. It is too much to expect that a cup of coffee will offset the effects of drinking that has extended through an evening.

It is thought that—

If one waits an hour after his last drink he will be capable of driving safely.

... BUT in one hour most of the alcohol contained in one ounce of 100-proof liquor or a twelve-ounce bottle of 4 percent beer or four ounces of 12 percent wine will be dissipated by the body. Slightly more than two hours will be required for double this amount, and more than three hours for three times the amount.

Statistics from the coroner's office reveal only the incidence of alcohol in the fatalities coming to the attention of the coroner. Thus, they do not depict the number of persons not under the influence whose death was caused directly or indirectly by persons so affected. Nor do these statistics show the aftereffects of drinking. The problem of "hang-over" as a factor in accident causation or contributory to homicide or suicide has not been fully recognized and explored.

A significant statement by N. E. Halaby, then administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency, appeared in the Federal Register (30 F. R. 8799) on July 13, 1965: "The harmful effects of alcohol continue after the alcohol itself has left the blood. Even when the severity does not reach hangover status, the aftereffects include decrease in alertness and thinking ability, a reduction of motor skills, and a loss in coordination. In fact, after drinking a modest amount of alcohol there is a feeling of fatigue and drowsiness as much as ten to twelve hours afterward, long after the alcohol has left the bloodstream but still exerting an effect upon the brain tissue. . . . Perhaps a level acceptable for air safety should be as low as 20 milligrams (.02 percent). This is substantially less than the alcohol level generally accepted for driving an automobile, but it gives appropriate weight to the greater complexity of aircraft operation and the effects of altitude."

How is your road sense?

For the Woman Driver

Roberta Wrain

THE TERM "woman driver" has many twists and meanings, but women drivers are here to stay—and no joking! Women need to drive. There are the groceries to bring in, the children to take to school on rainy days, the doctor and the dentist to visit. And many a woman is in a profession where driving is a must.

Probably you are driving safely already, but a checkup can often contribute to that "ounce of prevention." Each of these ten questions should be answered No, for the reason given. How do you rate?

1. Do you drive when emotionally upset? It is a woman's nature to be more emotional than men, so there's more risk involved when you drive with a worried mind. You need calm judgment and a clear head all the way.

2. Do you ever start a trip without being sure the children are safe for driving? See that all doors are locked so no one will fall out. Any heavy objects on the ledge above the back seat should be removed, as jarring and sudden stops can bring these objects flying down on the rear riders.

3. When the children are with you, do you treat them like children at home? You shouldn't! If you take a second to give Sissy a pat or a kiss, you might wind up against a pole or the bumper ahead of you. Driving is no time for discipline either. If such is necessary, stop to administer it.

4. Do you window-shop as you drive along? Lack of attention is a major cause of traffic accidents. Keep your eyes ahead and your mind on your business.

5. When driving do you wear dangling bracelets or flowing sleeves? They may get caught in the wheel or shift lever, causing you to lose control of the machine.

6. Do you wear high-heeled shoes? They can keep you from hitting that brake pedal squarely, or get tangled up in a pedal. Lower heels are safer for driving.

7. Do you wear tight skirts while driving? They hamper leg action which may be needed to hit the brakes for a split-second stop.

8. Do you take a cocktail now and then, either at home or at parties you attend? Drinking before you drive is like seeing how close you can get to a gasoline tank with a lighted match before the tank blows up. The result in either case could be equally final.

9. Do you let other riders, especially rattled males, cause you to take chances? Obey your own sense of caution. Be calm. Think.

10. Do you talk a lot when on the road? It would be impossible to drive along with someone and keep stony and mum. However, a lot of prattle which could draw your attention is certainly a risk.

★ According to the Association of Funeral Directors, it requires approximately three to five hours to embalm a body for burial. This means that fifty funeral directors would have to work seven hours a day for a total of 275 days, or more than one working year, to embalm all the bodies of the persons killed on the highways by drinking drivers in a single year.

★ The average grave is a standard three feet by nine feet. Not allowing for any walkways, but putting the graves side by side, it means that in a single year we create a cemetery of about fifteen acres, allowing 43,560 square feet per acre.

The action of alcohol on the brain is from first to last like that of a narcotic drug.

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES TO THE BRAIN

1

Frontal Lobe

(reason and self-control)
Affected by .01-.10 percent alcohol

Removal of inhibitions
Loss of self-control
Weakening of willpower
Feeling of well-being
False confidence
Impaired judgment
Loquaciousness
Dulling of attention



JIM CONVERSE



2

Parietal Lobe

(sensory control)
Affected by .10-.30 percent alcohol

Dulled or distorted sensibilities
Unsteadiness of movement
Inability to write
Speech disturbance
Loss of technical skill

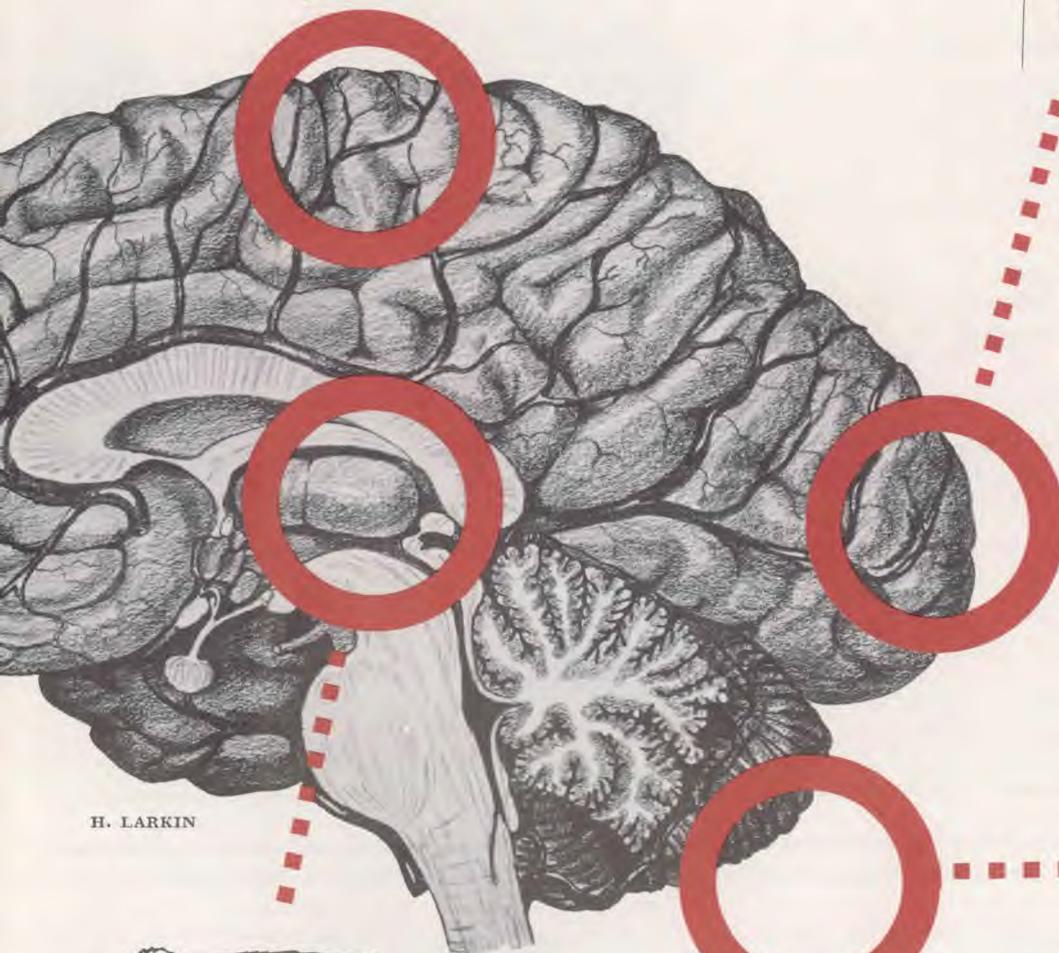


3

Occipital Lobe

(visual sensations)
Affected by .20-.30 percent alcohol

Loss of color perception
Distortion
Seeing double
Loss of distance perception



H. LARKIN



5

Thalamus and Medulla

(respiration and circulation control)
Affected by .25-.50 percent alcohol

Apathy
Depression of respiration and other automatic movements
Failure of circulation

Subnormal temperature • Stupor • Shock • Death



4

Cerebellum

(coordination center)
Affected by .15-.35 percent alcohol

Disturbance of equilibrium and coordination



"I'm warning you, Mr. Tortoise, the world won't stand still for you!"

The Decision

Jean Sullivan

THE PIERCING RING of the alarm clock made Emma Wakefield wince.

Her husband jumped at its sound, and, for a moment, as he changed position, his arm slid across her shoulder. But he didn't really wake up.

"Pure alcohol," Emma gasped, sitting up and trying not to breathe. "I can't, I absolutely can't get that child to school today."

She fell back as a wave of dizziness and pain struck her. "Like a shower of stones," she croaked.

"Stoned, that's a good one. At least we're in our own beds. But where did we end up last night? Who got the baby-sitter home?"

"Eddie," she roared, breaking into a sweat at the effort, "Eddie, get up! Do you hear me? You're late for school again."

Under the white chiffon nightdress her heart began a crazy, frantic lurching. Emma watched the quivering of her chest, fascinated. Like a trapped beast, she thought. Then she mumbled, "I'll have to pull him out. The fifth grade isn't baby stuff. They won't excuse him over and over."

She struggled out of bed, panting with effort, knees shaking.

"Why? Why? That's all I want to know. When I can't even remember whether I had fun or not. When I'll have to call my friends to find out what I did."

She made her way into ten-year-old Eddie's room. The



ILLUSTRATED
BY JIM PADGETT

child lay curled around his pillow, his dark red head, so like Emma's, covered by his arms as if to ward off a blow.

"Get up, Eddie," said Emma, throwing back the covers. She yanked his arm, pulling him half out of bed.

"Now, hurry, or you'll be sorry!"

Making sure Eddie was up, she went into the bathroom. She put on a robe and drank three glasses of water. Her eyeballs ached. "I wonder, did I laugh a lot or cry a lot last night?" she asked her reflection in the mirror; then she went down the hall to the kitchen, leaning frequently on the wall.

Pancakes, Emma thought. No. The smell. Poached eggs. Toast and orange juice. Corned-beef hash. That'll give him enough nourishment. And milk.

Her tongue worked across her dry lips, and as fast as she could she poured a glass of cold milk. With both hands she lifted it, spilling some in the sleeve of her robe. Then she drank another, and with many indecisive, trembling

movements began to cook breakfast, talking to herself in a painful, compulsive monotone.

"I always get his breakfast, a good one. Not like some mothers. Mamma used to say a good hot breakfast every day, and Sunday School, and no child could go wrong." Emma's lips twisted wryly. "No, sir. No child could go wrong. So always I get Eddie a good breakfast. And he never even says a thank-you."

Twice she made her way to Eddie's room, growing more ill as her hangover dug in, more impatient with Eddie's snail-like progress. When the boy finally appeared, she shook with nerves and rage.

"You wretched child," she shrilled when he slid into his seat with a little duck of his head. "Why can't you get up in the morning like other children? I'm warning you, Mr. Tortoise, the world won't stand still for you. You're going to get left, and then when you want to know why, remember I told you so."

Eddie's hands agitated his fork, his napkin, his milk glass. He blinked, then tried to slide from his chair.

"Oh, no you don't," Emma grated. "I didn't get out of bed tired to death from being up half the night to cook breakfast and then have you leave it."

Eddie's eyes grew larger and his mouth worked as he began to eat a little.

"Hurry, you little no-good. No wonder your grades are bad."

Suddenly Emma's nerves shredded completely. With a cry she grasped the fork and began pushing food into Eddie's mouth.

Eddie chewed wildly, tears spattering out of his eyes.

Then Emma looked at the clock. "Now you've done it, and I'll have another happy little chat with your teacher. I knew I'd have to drive you. Come on!"

All the way to school Emma kept lashing Eddie. By the time he had scurried from the car she was breathless with exhaustion, but she managed to get home and into the house. She collapsed on the sofa and lay very still for a long time. Then she began to cry.

"How can I do it to him? He's so good, so quiet, so patient—with those big gray eyes that look at me and look at me. I wish I could die."

Emma stared into space and shivered. "Or if I didn't drink. Drink—"

Slowly Emma got up. "I have to apologize, make him understand I love him even when I act like this."

She went into the bedroom and dressed as fast as she could. On the way out she hesitated, thinking desperately that a stiff drink would unclench her muscles and dispel her nausea. When I get back, she promised herself. Then she drove slowly to Eddie's school.

"May I speak to Eddie a moment, Miss McIntyre?" she asked nervously when the teacher answered her knock.

When Eddie came out of the room and saw his mother, he shut the door quickly behind him.

"Eddie," began Emma, "I'm sorry for being so mean. I couldn't stand it, so I came to ask you to forgive me."

Eddie looked at her, then politely glanced away like a well-bred boy avoiding a cripple.

"Please, darling, look at me. Let me explain. You know sometimes we drink too much and stay up too late, and you know how Mamma hates getting up. So when I have

to get you off to school and feel sick on top of it, well, I get cross and impatient."

Emma's face twisted with earnestness. "But I get you a good breakfast. I do that. I love you, and nothing hurts me more than when I'm mean to you. Do you understand? I'll try to do better, honestly. Scolding you doesn't mean I don't love you—it only means I'm hating myself. Can you see that, Eddie?"

Emma was crying again, her face red and distorted in pain.

Eddie looked at her, then quickly away, his embarrassment gone. Momentarily Emma thought she saw a gleam of pity, of understanding, flick across his shuttered face.

"You wait, Eddie. It's going to be different, I promise you."

Eddie sighed, avoiding her pleading, hopeful look. "That's all right, Mamma," he said. "That's—" and then he froze where he stood.

In a desperate silence Emma realized the door had swung open while they talked. Now she saw Eddie's classmates looking at them, silent, openmouthed, their eyes wide and fixed in shocked curiosity as Miss McIntyre turned innocently from the blackboard toward them.

"You're through, Mrs. Wakefield? Good. I was about to start a test. Come along, Eddie."

Emma nodded stupidly as she watched Eddie, propelled by Miss McIntyre, walk stiffly back into the classroom. Then with an effort she got to her car.

Away from school she pulled against the curb, breathing great gulps of air. Almost unbearably she needed a drink for its jolt of solid warmth, to relieve and smooth away the panic.

With a drink, what had happened would become merely an incident. And with another drink, then more, the day would die as so many days and nights had died before, until she laughed about it with her friends, and Eddie grew smaller and more shadowy.

Emma cried out, sharply. "I don't want him to vanish! I love him—and then to pile this on him! A burden like this for such a little boy."

Emma thought of the agony on Eddie's face, the humiliation and shame when he realized his classmates had heard. And she knew that nothing could wipe it away, that she would remember it until the day she died.

With much trembling Emma drove slowly up the street. Half a block from home she saw a car swing into her driveway. People were piling out, and as she slowed to turn, someone waved a familiarly shaped brown paper sack and pantomimed a stagger.

Oh, no, thought Emma. Not today. I can't face those people without drinking, and if I join them Eddie's life is gone. I've got to decide right now, and not one soul in this world can do it but me.

She looked at the gay, silly people. She saw again Eddie walking so slowly back into the arena of his classroom. Suddenly the great, jagged ache inside of her was dulled by a fierce determination.

"If I keep thinking of Eddie," she said prayerfully, "I can do it. A step at a time, but I can do it."

Emma clamped her foot hard on the gas pedal and drove straight past her house.

SAVED FROM THE JUNK HEAP

(Continued from page 5)

reconstruct my life. In looking back over this experience, I suggest three simple rules to aid any young person so that he may be spared the tragedy of learning the hard way, as I did.

1. When approached by anyone who offers to give or sell you any form of narcotic in cigarette, pill, or capsule form, decline the offer and report the incident immediately to your parents, school supervisor, or police.

2. Learn to confide in your parents. In 99 percent of the cases they will understand and do everything in their power to help you.

3. Be critical of the friends you choose—your girl friend may be another Penny or Beth. Also, you are judged by the company you keep.

To parents, I can only add a postscript, but it is an important one: Make it your business to know what Mary and Johnny do with their spare time. Don't snoop, but be concerned. They may be meeting a Hurley or Jeff or Beth at the corner drugstore.

Although authorities tell me that my chances of having a relapse are better than two to one, I've got to believe that such statistics tell only part of the story. I realize now, even after the physical craving is gone, that the psychological addiction will be a thing I will have to fight each day for the rest of my life.

GROW UP—AND INHERIT THE WORLD!

(Continued from page 7)

they will be quicker to understand your needs and welcome your understanding of theirs.

You are most likely to be the ones to break the ice. You say, "But Dad, you and Mom got married when you were younger than we are, and you didn't finish college. So why do you want to keep us from growing up?"

Dad may answer that he wants you "to have a better chance than your mother and I did—not just repeat our mistakes." You will come back, "But things turned out all right for you two. Why wouldn't we do as well as you did?"

This is good ice breaking. Dad can go on and tell you why he thinks he made mistakes. He can admit some of his worries and fears. You may be able to tell him why you are in such a hurry. The beauty of it is that you will enjoy sharing your ideas and feelings. This sharing is much more important than deciding who is right and who is wrong. What you will decide to do is important, but it is equally important for you to realize that you are making decisions about your own lives and taking the responsibility for deciding.

It is also important for your parents to realize this. They want to help you make responsible decisions.

The world you can inherit as you grow up is a world where old and young understand each other better. Neither youngsters nor oldsters have all the wisdom. In a world where youngsters and their parents have such an understanding, both can make progress toward growing up.

A DO-IT-YOURSELF AID / Alan W. Farrant

WHAT YOU SAY is important, but perhaps even more important is how you pronounce your words. In today's busy world, all of us are expected to have pleasant speaking voices, voices that are low and easy to understand.

How do you rate vocally? Your family and close friends usually can understand you because they are accustomed to your voice. But what about strangers? Do they catch every word? Your voice speaks volumes about your personality, background, and disposition. It rattles if you're bored or impatient. It tells others if you are charming or sincere.

Test your speaking voice and learn how you rate. Make your voice one which will carry well, and one your listeners will understand.

Try talking before a lighted candle. If you blow it out on the first sentence, you are breathing improperly. This makes your voice breathy and strained. To correct this, inhale and exhale so the rib cage expands and contracts.

Some people have lazy lips. These people speak with the voice back in the throat and do not move the lips sufficiently to pronounce their words fully and adequately. A good exercise to correct this speech defect is to hold a pencil between the teeth



Don't blow out the flame!



Move those lips.



Let your voice bounce back.

DO YOU TALK—OR MUMBLE?

while reading aloud. The pencil forces the lips to move and helps to bring the voice forward. Exaggerate lip movements as you repeat such words as "you" and "form."

Learn to stand and sit erect. Proper body alignment places organs in correct position and results in improved breathing habits; and these, again, help keep the voice young and vigorous.

To check your progress, test your voice now, and then again after you have practiced. A tape recorder is the best way; but if you don't have the use of one, use a paper cup. Hold the paper cup lightly and talk into it. The sound will bounce back and give a strong hint of how your voice sounds to others.

Now is your voice less breathy? Do you project better? Is your tone clear and distinct?

Keep practicing, because how you rate vocally is important to you, much more so possibly than you realize. Speak slowly, and pause often enough for breath, but don't let the sound of your breathing reach your audience.

Professionals know that smiling as they speak into a phone or microphone gives the voice a warmer, pleasanter sound. Even voices which are thin or raspy become easier on the ear when a smile is introduced.

Much of your future success may well depend on how you talk. So—talk well!

Life Expectancy Is Static for Men, Longer for Women

Government Expects Advice to Be Ignored

In spite of its expanded educational effort against smoking, costing initially \$2,000,000, the Federal Government evidently expects its citizens to smoke more.

Also, it feels that increased activity against alcoholism will not serve to reduce drinking among its citizens.

When the President presented his annual budget to Congress in January, he forecast that Government revenues from alcoholic beverages would soar more than \$150,000,000 above estimates for the fiscal year starting July 1.

Tax receipts from cigarettes were expected to go up at least \$10,000,000 in fiscal 1967.

In the same budget the President asked for nearly \$120,000 to staff an emergency alcoholism unit for the District of Columbia, to provide an alternative to jail for chronic drunks. This would establish a fifty-bed center staffed by twelve workers.

Obviously, if the people drink more, as Government leaders seem to hope, for financial reasons, then there will be more business for such a treatment center as is envisioned for the nation's capital city, and other centers like it.

No Safety in Diet

How much alcohol does it take to give a man a fatty liver?

In reply to this question, Dr. Charles S. Lieber of Bellevue Medical Center in New York, writes in *Medical World News*:

"You don't have to be an underfed drunkard to have cirrhosis of the liver. Alcohol can damage the liver in the presence of a good diet. No matter how well one eats, if he drinks too much, he'll get a fatty liver, the advance warning of cirrhosis."

Alcohol Stays Awhile

Some A.A. leaders estimate it takes at least two weeks to get alcohol out of a human system that has been drenched with it.



PILLS FOR MEMORY: From experiments on rats, Scientist N. P. Plotnikoff (shown here watching one of his subjects) says he has discovered a drug that may stimulate learning and strengthen memory.

The substance seems to enhance the making of ribonucleic acid (RNA), a basic "workhorse" chemical in the nerve cells which makes possible the producing of proteins which in turn are connected with the process of learning and memory. Experiments are now being conducted on human beings to test the drug's potential, particularly for retarded children and persons approaching senility.

What Puts the Women Behind Bars Today?

Drugs and alcohol have replaced need and greed as incentives to the crimes that put women behind bars in Federal prisons.

So says Miss Eleanor Holleran, who recently ended a twenty-four-year career with the Bureau of Prisons. She is convinced that need of money is not what makes women go wrong nowadays. Narcotics offenses top the list of crimes committed by the 1,960 women in her charge at the Federal prison on Terminal Island near Los Angeles.

Forgery is second. "But I am not convinced it is need or greed that makes them commit a crime," said Miss Holleran. "Time and time again a woman has told me: 'I wouldn't have done this if I hadn't been drinking.'"

The ex-schoolteacher who always hoped for "a happy ending" for her "girls," said there is a high percentage of women alcoholics in prisons. "Of course, many of them don't admit it."

How long will you live?

If you are in reasonably good health now, no doctor can give you a reliable answer. However, there are some yardsticks which give an indication of the life expectancy of the average man and woman.

Most of us will live about as long as our parents do or did. Barring accidents or serious illness, you can well count on this rule.

However, during the last forty years, about nineteen years has been added to the life-span of the average American. A boy born during the last two or three years can expect to live to the age of sixty-seven. A girl can expect to live about six years longer.

Women tend to live longer than men. In fact, in only four countries—Cambodia, Ceylon, India, and Upper Volta—do men usually outlive the so-called "weaker sex."

Moreover, the life expectancy of women has been increasing steadily in the last ten years, while that for men has remained practically static.

Most women who are sixty-five now can expect to live another fifteen years. Men of the same age will probably live only an additional twelve years. One third of all women attaining the age of sixty-five go on to live another twenty years.

There are all kinds of formulas for a long life. If, for example, you accept the aging process with the proper mental attitude, this in itself will exert a considerable influence in delaying the rate of deterioration. Failing to accept the inevitable changes may hasten the decline.

A 107-year-old Chicago resident, Mrs. Lina Berg, advises those who want to live as long as she to "work and play hard, but don't drink or smoke." John Turner, who at 109 is believed to be Britain's oldest resident, also believes in this formula.

In This NEWS

- ✦ A twelve-year-old smokes to show you shouldn't. See page 16.
- ✦ How much advertising is thrown at you today? See page 17.
- ✦ Six reasons why people drink more. See page 18.

Jumping Out a High Window Is Easy Too

I'm too fat, my brother smokes too much, and my father wants to cut down on his drinking. Isn't hypnotism the easy way out?

In answering this question, Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn, popular medical columnist, says this:

"The easy way out is most often the hardest. In fact the most likely way to fail. I can't sit by close-mouthed while you and yours subject yourselves to hypnotism which may actually hurt more than help.

"Many of my psychiatrist colleagues have told me that they have been asked to treat patients who have come down with severe neuroses after being treated by hypnotism.

"True, some have given up tobacco through hypnotic trances, but later they have become alcoholics, and vice versa. True, some have developed nervous reactions which required expert psychiatric management.

"Hypnotism the easy way, the quickest way to overcome a bad habit? So is jumping out of a high window to get downstairs fast. It's much quicker than taking the elevator or running down the stairs. But the results are not as good as most people hope they will be.

"The best way to reduce is the hard way. The best way to give up smoking is the hard way. The best way to give up heavy drinking is the hard way.

"The hard way is the shortest

road to your objective. There may be hard bumps on the way. At least, there's no danger in getting lost in a maze of detours such as hypnotic trances may provide."

Teens Tipple Early

In many United States suburbs, 85 percent of the children drink at fourteen, about three quarters of them with their parents' permission, declares Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman, committee on alcoholism of the American Medical Association.

Because of this, he observes, the attempt to enforce a legal drinking age is "slightly ridiculous."

Drugs Peril Schools

Reports from college and university campuses across the country indicate an increasing use of dangerous drugs by students.

Illustrative of many similar trends in various areas is the undercover investigation carried on in the University district of Seattle, where as the result it was estimated that about 500 young persons are involved.

Of these, a "hard core" of up to twenty-five are frequent users, who are a source of supply to the others.

"The situation is expanding, however, with the hard core getting a little bigger, the next group expanding as some experimenters step up their usage and more persons become experimenters."

Officials at the University say they know of no general use of drugs by students.



Single-Car Accidents

Reporting on an eighteen-month study made by the Chicago Citizens Traffic Safety Board, Cook County Coroner Andrew J. Toman says alcohol was found in 58 percent of the drivers and 46 percent of the passengers who died in single-car accidents.

Blood tests were made on 105 accident victims from January, 1964, to June, 1965.

It Pays to Quit

One hundred two smokers, all of whom had been "cured" of mouth or throat cancer, were divided into two groups, sixty-five who continued smoking, and thirty-seven who stopped. Within approximately six years, twenty-one of the sixty-five patients who continued smoking acquired a second "tobacco area" cancer; only two of thirty-seven quitters developed second cancers in this same period.

The highly significant difference in distribution of second cancers implicates tobacco in the formation of most mouth-throat cancers.

This is reported by Dr. Condict Moore, in "Smoking and Cancer of the Mouth, Pharynx, and Larynx," *J.A.M.A.* 191:283-286, 1965; p. 283.

Two Packs May Be Enough to Clog Sam's Valves!



Here's a twelve-year-old who smokes to show you why you shouldn't smoke!

Developed by Melvin Jacobson of Arlington, California, Smoking Sam is a manikin the average size of a boy twelve years old.

Smoke from the cigarette in his mouth is drawn through plastic tubes into his "lungs" (two-quart jars) which filter out the tar (through spun glass or "angel hair"). The smoke is then pumped by means of a hand-operated bulb with two-way valves back to the head to be expelled through the nose.

Sam can smoke a cigarette in a fourth the time a person normally takes, by constant pumping of the bulb. Less than two packs of cigarettes is sufficient to make tubes and jars black with tar, even possibly stopping up the valves—what it does eventually to a human smoker. And this is what it takes to make him smell like a veteran smoker!

A small shelf under the shoulders is provided so Sam can talk via a recorder in the voice of a twelve-year-old lad, who in this way can tell how

he started smoking, his desire to quit, how difficult it is for him to stop, and his advice to other young people.

This startling display is ideal for use in fair exhibits, before youth audiences or children's groups, and in schools and churches. Incidentally, you can learn more about Smoking Sam, and how to get him, by writing c/o "Listen," 6840 Eastern Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20012.



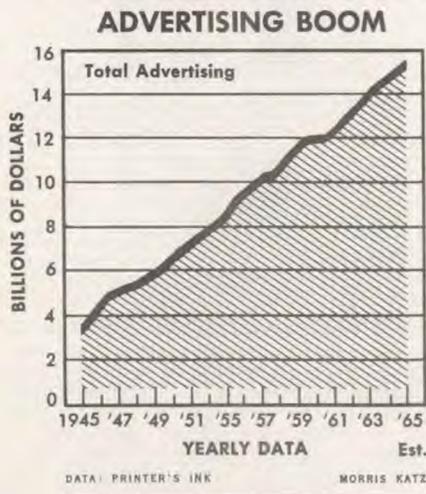


**"Where's
the
complaint
department?"**

**Less Money May Guard
Youth Against Drinking**

As a result of increased spending money, teen-agers are engaging in heavy drinking, Dr. G. M. Carstairs, professor of psychological medicine at Edinburgh University, observes. Some people still in their twenties are presenting the clinical picture of severe alcoholism, he finds. Formerly alcoholism was especially associated with poverty and squalor, but now it has spread to the more wealthy.

The average family in Britain spends under \$2.00 a week on drink, about 4 percent of its weekly expenditure. In an alcoholic's house the proportion could easily become ten times as much. The World Health Organization estimates that there are at least 350,000 alcoholics in Britain, a quarter of them showing physical and mental deterioration.



Advertisers bombarded the American public with an average of 1,500 messages a day in 1965. In the coming year, there may be more. "Printer's Ink," an advertising magazine, estimates advertisers spent \$14,935,000,000 in 1965. In 1966, the billings are expected to top \$15 billion for the first time. They were \$14,155,000,000 in 1964 and \$13,107,400,000 in 1963.



FALSE. Morale is mainly a matter of emotional attitude, not of external conditions. Bad conditions make bad morale only if they are resented as unfair and unnecessary. Working conditions in a building that is being remodeled or redecorated may be very bad, but if the workers understand the reasons for their inconvenience they accept it cheerfully and without complaint. On the other hand, good working conditions won't improve the morale of workers who are basically disgruntled and resentful. The important thing isn't the conditions, but the psychological climate.

**QUESTION
OF THE MONTH**

Do you agree that alcoholism is a disease and should be treated as a disease?

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

OUR READERS' REPLIES:
"People drink for many reasons. Your parents could be physically, psychologically, socially, morally, or religiously sick. Each of these requires its own type of help. It will take much patience, love, and prayer on your part to help your parents. Why not persuade them to see your doctor and pastor for counsel?"—M. K.

"Provide your parents with literature on the dangers and injurious effects of drinking. If they resent this, why not leave some lying around the house? They may then read of their own volition. Try to interest them in a different way of life."—S. T.

"Please face your problem bravely. Don't let it be your ruin. Let your parents know, though only when they are sober, that you do not drink because it is harmful, and that you have seen what it is doing to them. Let them know how it pains you to see ones you love in such condition. Do not try to reason with either of them when they are under the influence. Be a good son (or daughter) by helping to keep the home running as smoothly as possible.

"Serve them fresh fruit juice when they need refreshment. Try surprising them this way. Always have a sense of humor, but try not to coddle them in their habit.

"Appeal to them when they are sober to attend A.A. meetings in your town. Be ready with full particulars should they need them. Go to your heavenly Father for comfort and strength for yourself. Avail yourself of the help of Alateens. This is a branch of A.A. specially for teen children of drinkers. You may get help from the experience of other teen-agers. Go to church. This may also help your parents, and pray daily for strength and guidance."—E. C.

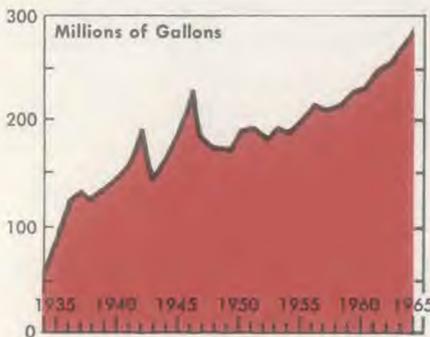
ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Do You Know How to Care for Your Pets?

Jane Sherrod Singer, M.A., University of California

The wit Josh Billings said, "Money will buy a pretty good dog, but it won't buy the wag of his tail." Most people like pets and have some around—from goldfish to elephants. Perhaps some of these points will be helpful, especially if you are not housing an elephant. TRUE or FALSE?

- | | TRUE | FALSE |
|--|------|-------|
| 1. Animals are wiser in their eating habits than human beings. | — | — |
| 2. Birds enjoy and should have air conditioning when possible. | — | — |
| 3. Furry dogs should be protected from moisture by blankets or coats. | — | — |
| 4. Domesticated dogs should be limited in their walking. | — | — |
| 5. Cats and dogs should be scrubbed down with soap and water every two months. | — | — |
| 6. If for some reason you must leave your pet, return it to nature where it will find freedom. | — | — |
| 7. Domesticated animals thrive on travel. | — | — |



—"Wall Street Journal."

Binge Business Up

This graph shows that "hard drinks" set a record in 1965, with more than 290,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits being consumed by Americans, up some 14,000,000 gallons from 1964.

On all alcoholic beverages last year more than \$13 billion was spent, including \$6 billion for hard liquor, nearly \$7 billion for beer and ale, and \$700,000,000 for wines.

Reasons for the continued upsurge in binge business vary. For example:

Prosperity—the more money available, the more can be spent on drinking. It is estimated that 87 percent of all families with incomes of \$10,000 or more drink.

Farm to city—urban areas feature the cocktail hour; suburban areas, the drinking weekend. There is much more drinking in cities than on farms.

More leisure—people work fewer hours and shorter days, leaving more time for incidental activities. This includes parties, sports, and social occasions where drinks are featured.

Women wetter—when World War II ended, somewhat more than half of all women adults drank. Now, more than two thirds do.

Eating out—more families eat out today. The restaurant business is booming. Thus there is more drinking, especially since the women imbibe along with the men. Before-dinner cocktails are prevalent, as are businessmen's lunches which include drinks.

Air travel—with most airlines pushing drinks onto passengers, the surge in flying also ups the drink bill.

Learning the Lesson

"John Smith was taken to the hospital and pronounced dead on arrival. The steering column had been pushed back on impact and crushed his chest. This sent a piece of a broken rib through his heart, causing instant death."

The victim isn't dead. He is a very-much-alive Kentucky

ANSWERS: (based on advice given by Marlin Perkins, director of the Saint Louis Zoo, Saint Louis, Missouri.) All the statements in the quiz are FALSE.

1. Animals in the home will eat themselves to a fast grave if permitted. Set up proper feeding time and adhere to it. Pets should not be indulged with sweets.
2. Air conditioning is bad for all pets but especially for birds because of the drafts.
3. Blankets and other covering lowers an animal's resistance.
4. Animals need exercise even more than human beings. A medium-sized dog should walk at least two miles a day.
5. Soaps remove the natural oil from the skin, causing small cracks which may become infected.
6. Domesticated animals have lost their ability to fend with nature. Try to find a good home for your pet. If that is impossible, take it to the local animal shelter.
7. While it has become quite common practice to travel with pets, they will live longer and have fewer ills and better dispositions if they are kept at home.

teen-ager who was ticketed for speeding and sentenced to write his own obituary by a tough-minded judge who hopes the bitter medicine will help keep him alive.

The judge is thirty-nine-year-old A. Jack May of the Danville (Kentucky) City Police Court. In four years on the bench, he has battled to see that teen-agers get a better understanding of the dangers involved in taking the wheel.

"If I merely punish an offender without the form of punishment administered being a deterrent to him and to others like him, I have accomplished nothing," he says.

From this has sprung a list of unorthodox sentences meted out to youthful offenders in lieu of the customary fine.

Youths may be sentenced to go to a funeral home to interview an undertaker and see what victims look like after they are extricated from high-speed wrecks.

In some cases, offenders must visit the emergency room of the hospital where color photos of accident victims are shown them.

In four years, Judge May has not had a single repeater brought before him.



BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: A test for vitamin C. **NEEDED:** Cornstarch, water, tincture of iodine, orange or lemon juice, a heat source, and containers.

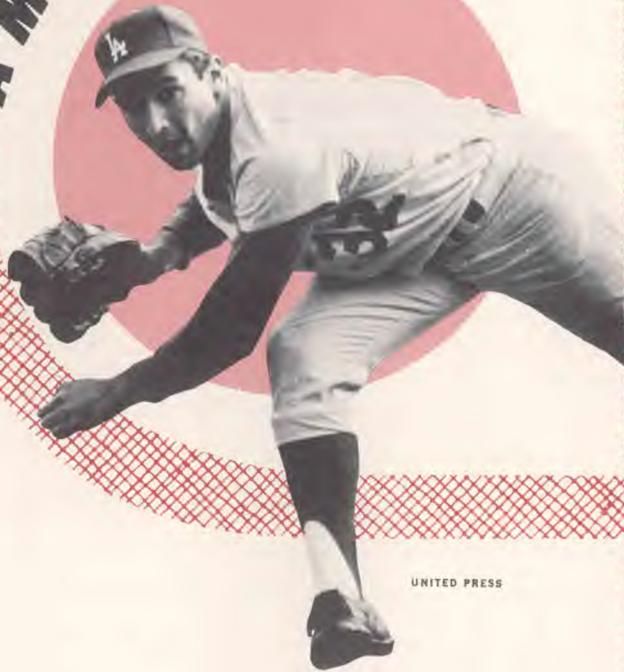
DO THIS: Boil a teaspoon of cornstarch in a cup of water. This dissolves some of the starch. Put ten drops of this mixture and one drop of tincture of iodine into half a glass of water. Add food containing vitamin C, such as orange or lemon juice, drop by drop, until the blue color disappears.

Try fresh orange juice, then test some that has been boiled for five minutes. This will show that cooking destroys the vitamin C.

WHAT HAPPENS: Starch and free iodine unite to form a substance of unknown composition called starch-iodide. This delicate blue-purple color is removed by heating or adding enough fruit juices containing vitamin C.

Boiling citrus fruit destroys vitamin C, at least in part.

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Gentlemen: Without any obligation on my part, I would like to have more information regarding

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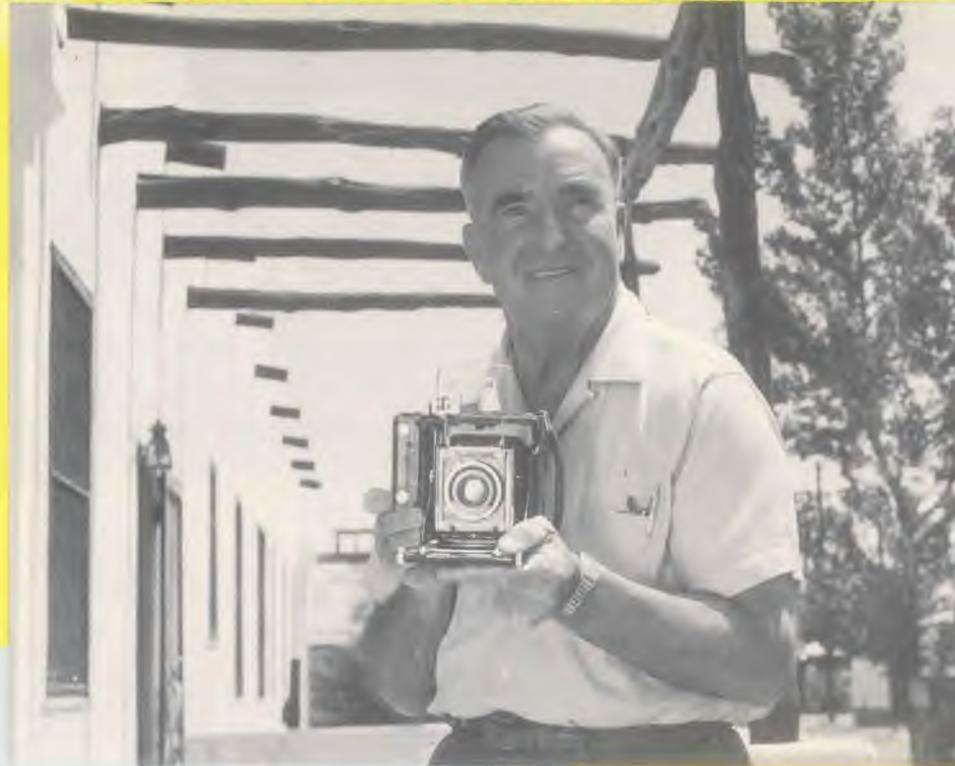
Peter Koch

ARTIST OF THE CAMERA

PETER KOCH, photographer and lecturer, has had an adventurous life. Now in the travelogue and motion picture field, he is known for his storytelling type of presentation.

He has hiked to hidden valleys of the Great Smokies, journeyed in a pirogue down the Mississippi, blinked his camera in the Everglades and Big Cypress and Okefenokee Swamps. On a raft made of century-plant flower stems he dared the three great canyons in the Big Ben country of Texas. He has penetrated deeply into Dutch Guiana jungles. He always goes unarmed, except for his camera, and without guide or interpreter. Pete is known among his friends as a man's man.

Of his cameras Pete says, glancing at them like a cheerful sparring partner, "Those cameras are my worst enemy!" Worst or not, he conquers them in a way few others do, as thousands know who have seen his movies and stills.



THE best teacher I ever had once said to a group of students he had taken on a fishing trip, "All your life you will live with yourself. Now, what kind of person do you want to live with?" It was not difficult for me to decide what kind of person I wanted to be.

I wanted to be strong. I wanted to be mentally active, to learn about many things, and I wanted to share what I learned with others. I wanted to have friends and be a friend. I wanted to see the world we live in and tell others of its beauty, its power, its life. I wanted a rich life, not a life of riches. To achieve that kind of life is the reason I turned to nature photography. Frequently now, I find myself living with the kind of person I wanted to be.

It was not easy to make correct decisions. Perhaps the most difficult concerns the matter of social drinking. It is not always easy to turn down a drink offered in the name of sociability. However, I discovered that real sociability and friendship do not come out of a bottle. Rather they come from a happy spirit finding joy in being with people. Nor is it necessary to find stimulation, when faced with a difficult situation, from the contents of a frosty glass, no matter how powerful—especially when the events to be recorded on film are themselves stimulating, exciting, and perhaps even violent. To meet critical situations successfully demands a clear mind and steady nerve and split-second coordination. Anything other than these has no place in the life I want to live.

Peter Koch