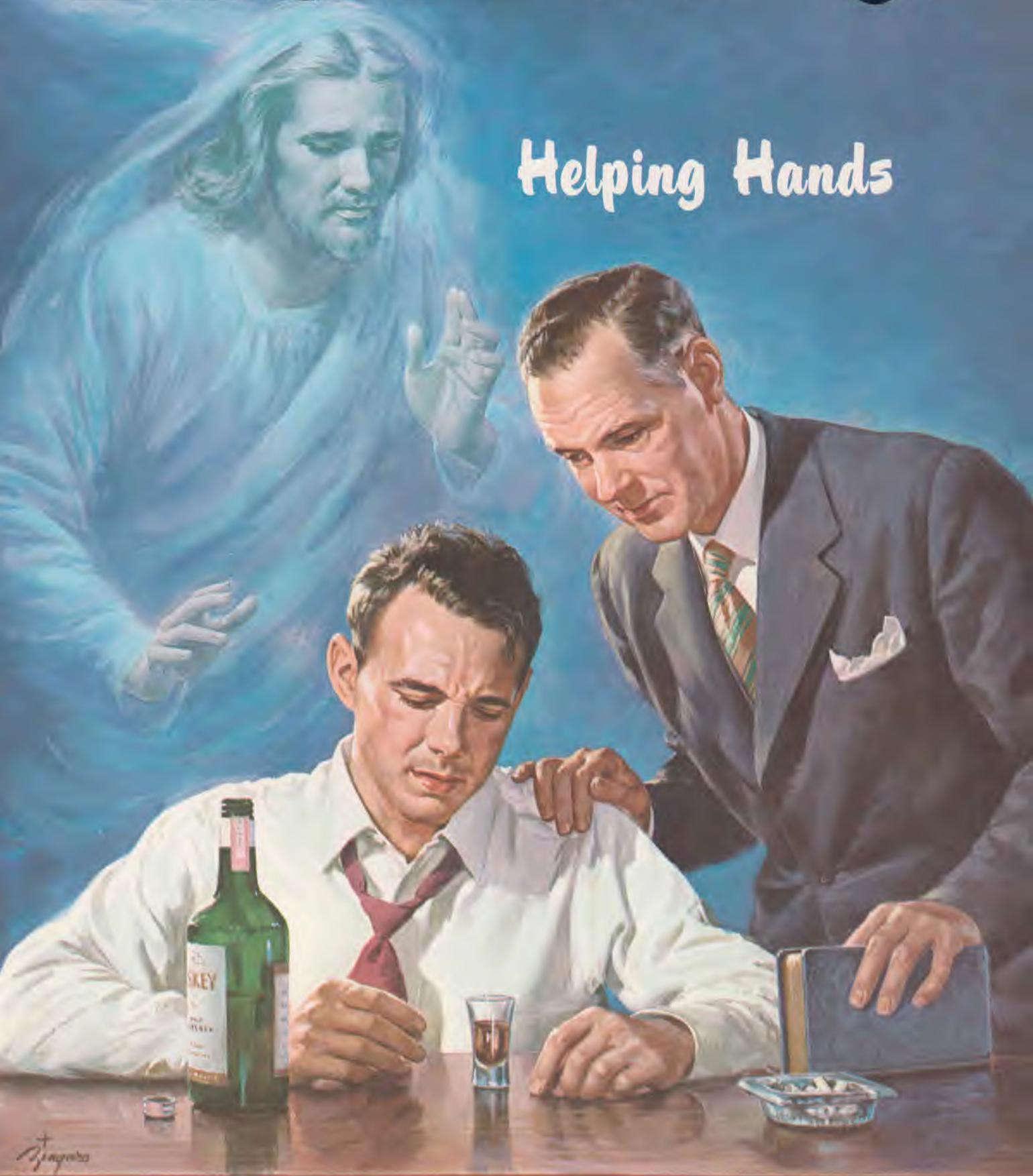


LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING

Helping Hands



Angela

Helping Hands



In response to many requests, this single-theme issue of *Listen* is being devoted to the study of one of the most tragic of present-day problems—a problem which is evident everywhere. It affects not only much of our nation, but also the entire world. While we approach the problem with realism, yet the scene is not all pessimistic and dark. There is help available for everyone who desires it.

There are now some 6,500,000 alcoholics in the United States, according to the National Council on Alcoholism. Some estimates, including the *New York Journal of Medicine*, put the figure as high as 9,500,000.

"One out of every ten drinkers becomes an alcoholic," says the American Medical Association.

Only about 10 percent of this tide of tragedy can be observed in skid rows and in the Monday morning jail lineups. Ninety of every hundred are found in homes, in factories, in offices, and in good communities across the country.

Losses to industry alone because of alcoholism now total more than \$2 billion each year. The overall cost to the nation, and the human loss to persons, families, and neighborhoods can never be estimated.

Alcoholism is ranked as America's fourth major public-health problem, along with cancer, mental illness, and heart disease. If the whole story were known, perhaps it might be first.

Obviously there is need for helping hands, many of them, ready and willing to aid a human being in trouble.

Maybe you personally are not involved in this kind of trouble. We hope not. Judging by the law of averages, however, there may be a member of your family who is, or a near neighbor, or a business associate. This person needs a helping hand, your helping hand.

Moreover, alcoholism is a condition that often goes beyond all human help. Alcoholics Anonymous and other agencies dealing with this problem recognize that the additional help of a Higher Power is essential too. That is the theme of this month's *Listen* cover. Divine hands are always near to aid human hands that are being extended in love and sympathy toward those in need.

So we bring a message of courage, of strength, and of hope to all who face the temptation, the urge, the compulsion to drink.

We bring also a message of invitation to the nontempted to extend a helping hand to those less fortunate. Helping hands, working together, using their skills and abilities, in cooperation with the Higher Power, can turn lives back again into happy, productive channels.

Francis A. Soper

E. J. FOLKENBERG, *Executive Director*
FRANCIS A. SOPER, *Editor*

Edna M. Tarr, *Assistant Editor*
Grace E. Tucker, *Editorial Secretary*
Euel Atchley, J. V. Scully, *Contributing Editors*
T. R. Torkelson, *Office Editor*
Howard Larkin, *Art Director*
Eric Kreye, *Layout Artist*
A. R. Mazat, *Circulation Manager*
L. R. Hixson, R. E. Adams,
Sales and Promotion

... in this issue

- 2 Helping Hands *Editorial*
- 3 A Boy Writes His Dad . . .
- 4 . . . His Dad Writes Back
- 6 The Fine Art of Fishing *Thomas J. Shipp*
- 8 Steps to Alcoholism—And Back
- 10 "Yes, Virginia, There Is a God"
Elaine V. Worrel
- 12 Rebel (Poem)
Betty Unkrich Keeler
- 13 **COLOR STREAK SPECIAL**
Listen's newspaper in miniature
- 17 A Flair for a Figure
Shirley M. Dever
- 18 What Are You Afraid Of?
Gene Church Schulz
- 20 Ten Most Wanted Men
Adapted Guideposts

... in the next issue

- ★ "Warrior of the Sea" rides waves up to fifty feet in height—a surfer's story you'll not forget.
- ★ How will the space age affect your health? November's *Listen* has the whole story.
- ★ Also "Nature's Orb Weavers" and "Salute to Youth."

Photo and Illustration Credits

Cover, Charles Zingaro, artist; page 6, H. Armstrong Roberts; page 10, Padgett; page 13, Mike A. Jones; Don Smith from Hamilton Studios; page 14, Walter Chandoa; page 15, United Press International; page 16, Science Service; Bob Brown.

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

Publication Office:
Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1350 Villa Street,
Mountain View, California 94040

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, United States, its possessions, and Canada, \$3.00; single copy, 35 cents; to countries taking extra postage, \$3.30; single copy, 35 cents.

Send change of address to LISTEN, 1350 Villa Street, Mountain View, California 94040. Zip code must be included. Allow thirty days for change to become effective. Give both the old and the new address.

Copyright, 1966, by the American Temperance Society. LISTEN, monthly journal of better living (twelve issues a year), provides a vigorous, positive educational approach to health problems arising out of the use of tobacco, alcohol, and narcotics. It is endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Inc., also by many organizations in the field of rehabilitation. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California. Form 3379 requested. Printed in the United States of America.

A Boy Writes His Dad . . .

Dad,
How long is this going to last? You say you love me, but how can you? When a boy reaches sixteen, he wants a father he can be proud of--not one that comes home every night drunk.

Why do you always want to hurt Mamma? Don't you know she loves you? Why can't you love her? Dad, yesterday you took me swimming, and you got yourself drunk and almost killed us.

Well, that was it--from now on I don't want anything to do with you until you can stop drinking and learn to love us.

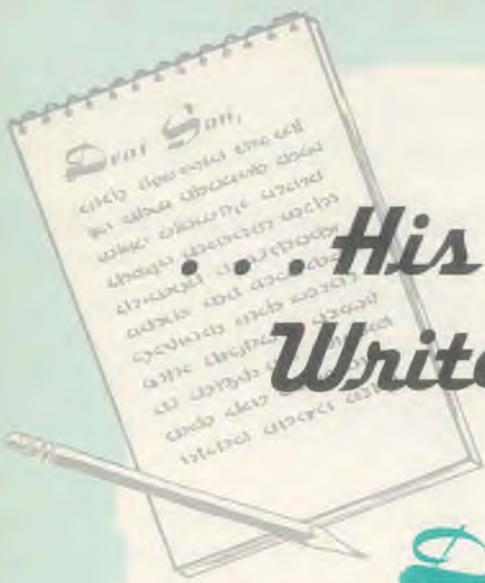
If you could only realize that things aren't as bad as they seem. Dad, in my heart there is a lot of love, and I give it freely. But Dad, my love for you is gone--there is nothing there. Only one thing can bring it back--stop drinking.

Your ex-son.



This letter from a sixteen-year-old son to his father is not imaginary. It is real! The father's reply is real, too. He is the patient of a New England physician and psychiatrist, to whom he passed this correspondence. This father is still struggling. Though he has slipped more than once, he is striving to become a father of whom his son can be proud, and no longer an "ex-father."

His Dad Writes Back . . .



His Dad Writes Back

Dear Son,

I have nothing to sell you, but I do have something to share. I can tell you how it feels to be the most rotten man you have ever known. I can tell you how to look in the mirror and see one of the most corrupt souls a man has ever imagined, staring back at you. I can tell you how to take a wonderful wife, with a heart overflowing with love, and destroy her almost completely. I can show you how to take the lovely smile of an eleven-year-old daughter and change it to a thin, white line of fear.

I can show you how to have a sixteen-year-old son write you a note, covered with teardrops, and signed "Your *ex*-son." I can show you how to take everything you have worked for, for the last seventeen years, everything you have loved, and everything that has loved you, and smash it to a mass of almost absolute hate. It's easy—just put God in a bottle. I know, because I did it. I'm an alcoholic.

I started my drinking career as a social drinker. The fellows I started bowling with eight years ago liked to have clam cakes and a couple of beers on the way home on Thursday nights; and I liked clam cakes too, so I joined them in the local bar.

I hated the taste of beer at first, but gradually, as the weeks went by, I acquired a liking for the effect that I got from those two or three beers. I could laugh louder, tell more jokes, be the life of the party, and go home feeling pretty proud and smug about my manliness.

I felt like a king, but I began to notice that, as time went on, the fellows were always waiting for *me* to finish my fifth or sixth beer so we could go home. That's when I discovered vodka. I didn't want them to think I had to have all those beers to get the glow going, so I carried a pint of vodka under the seat of my car. By now I was using my own car, but I'd take a few swallows out of the bottle before I'd start bowling, find an excuse to go out to the car during the game for a few more, and be the first outside when the game was over, for just a gulp, then off for the two beers and the clam cakes, and we'd all leave together.

Then I'd finish off the vodka and get rid of the bottle. It took me a year or more to reach this stage. It came so slowly that I didn't even realize what was happening to me.

By this time I had given up my bowling and my friends. I'd taken a part-time job at night in a store that sold liquor, and the trouble with my wife and children had begun.

I didn't think anyone knew about my drinking but my wife knew, and so did my son. When I came home from work, I picked on them without cause, cursing them till they were terrified. Then calmly I would march off to bed and sleep like a dead man, while they lay awake almost afraid to breathe for fear of waking me. I had succeeded in replacing them with the bottle.

Then came the home. For seven years I had worked night and day to remodel the old house until it was the nicest on the street. Now I wouldn't even cut the grass or weed the garden. I had replaced this with the bottle.

For years I had been scoutmaster of a first-class troupe of boys who loved me and whom I loved in return. Our weekend camping trips began to be three days of half-drunkenness for me. They were interfering with my getting completely drunk, so I gave up scouting. I replaced this, too, with the bottle.

I had boys of all faiths in my troupe, and in order for them to earn their badges in religion, it was necessary for me to learn or study their faith in order to teach them so that they could pass their tests. I knew of God, and I had always loved Him. I went to church faithfully before my drinking days, and I believed. We always said grace at our meals. My wife and I would kneel and pray side by side every night. God was a big part of our lives, and life was good, full of love and happiness.

By now I had been drinking about five years. I would get to the table first and begin eating before the grace was said. I refused to pray with my wife anymore, and church interfered with my Sunday morning drinks, so naturally I replaced God with the bottle.

The bottle, the dear, wonderful friend who blots out all my troubles, is like a weed in the garden that eventually chokes off and kills everything beautiful. I had reached the stage where my wife was in utter despair, my children did their best to avoid me whenever they could. I had bottles hidden all over the house, in places where I couldn't even find them. My wife always had enough money to run the house, but I made such good pay that two men could have stayed drunk all the week on my spending money alone.

I wasn't so stupid that I didn't realize what was happening—the quarrels, the sickness, the remorse, the self-pity, the actual hate I felt for myself when my father said, "No strength, no manhood, not an ounce of will-power, a spineless jellyfish." This was what the bottle had made of me.

I went to the family doctor: physically—A-1; mentally—question mark; diagnosis—alcoholism; prescription—Alcoholics Anonymous.

I made it. For three months I had the world by the tail. They showed me what they thought was wrong—body chemistry out of balance, nothing to do with will-power; it was a mental obsession coupled to a physical allergy whereby if I took *one* drink I could not physically or mentally stop myself from taking the next ten.

So for three months I didn't take the first drink, and hell slowly disappeared. I was riding on a pink cloud, and we were beginning to be happy together again, doing small things together. Our love began to grow and thrive.

They warned me in A.A. that alcoholism was a progressive disease, that it could never be stopped once it started, once you crossed that invisible line between a social drinker and an alcoholic you were an alcoholic till the day you died. My mind believed them, but not my heart.

One day, nine months ago, I decided to try a social drink once more. They were right. The drink became another drunk, but much worse this time because I knew what was the matter with me. All I had to do was stay away from the first drink and I'd be safe. I just couldn't do it. It was easier to get another drink than to suffer from the pains of withdrawal from alcohol, and each new drink meant another drunk.

I'd go to A.A. meetings and buy a bottle on the way home and be drunk in half an hour. It happened over and over. The half pints and pints became fifths and quarts, and I drank around the clock. The hell in my home before was heaven compared with what existed there now. I shouted at the Lord, "Where are You; You put me on this earth; You are the Master; why don't You help me? I've never done anything so wrong as to deserve this; why have You deserted me?"

The final blow came when on a day that I had already drunk a fifth of vodka, I brought another bottle and hid it so I'd be sure to have a drink to stop the shakes in the morning.

That was the morning I found the note from my son—the one that was signed, "Your *ex*-son." He had risen early and left the house rather than face the wreck that was once his father. I happened to be on vacation at the time, my wife was away at work, my daughter was at camp, and I was alone in the house. Without eating I went for my hidden bottle, a whole quart of vodka. I was still drunk from the day before and wondered why until I found my bottle; it was only a third full. I had gone sometime during the night and drunk two thirds of that bottle, and didn't even remember a thing about it. I had had many blackouts before, but this was the worst one of all. I sat in a chair, trying to think what to do next. Two words came through the drunken fog—"get help."

I put the empty bottle on the floor, walked outside, and got into my car. I remember that it was pouring rain, but I remember nothing of the drive I took until I turned into a driveway marked "Fuller Sanitarium."

I stopped the car and sat wondering whether I had the courage to have myself committed to this place. I still cherished a vain hope that maybe I could lick this myself if I tried once more.

A nurse drove by and waved to me. An hour later when I came to again I was in the parking lot next to the main entrance of the sanitarium, and this same nurse was asking me if she could help me. The window was down, and my arms and head were soaked with rain.

I told her she couldn't help me—I was too drunk. But I would like someone to help me.

She asked me for the keys to my car, and in a few minutes two men were helping me down a hallway and into bed. At that moment I felt that God was finally going to give me one more chance.

My treatments began immediately, and I tried my best to do exactly what was asked of me no matter what I thought of it. I tried to keep my mind open to every suggestion because I knew, somehow, that the answer I was searching for was here, and I had just to find it.

My family was very pleased that I had pocketed my false pride and gone to seek help. They must have prayed hard for me, for I did find the answer to my problem. I found the way back to lick this terrible, terrible desire for drink.

The nurses and doctors were a great help, but it was a booklet given me by one of the doctors that gave me back my life.

One night after most everyone was asleep, I opened the booklet at random while sitting on the edge of my bed. All the while I was thinking to myself that something was still missing in my search for sobriety.

Where was that missing link? And there it lay right before me—a blank white page with four words written in the middle: "Let go—let God." I had found my answer at last.

For eight years I had run my own life and come close to destroying the most beautiful things I have ever known. Now, in one instant, I had the answer, and I knew it positively, absolutely.

That jagged chunk that for years had filled my chest suddenly became a warm, round, mellow glow of happiness. I had deserted God, but He had taken me back. I got down on my knees and prayed as I have never prayed before, and I *knew* that He was listening. I *knew* that He cared. I felt the relief of humility as I have never before experienced it. The feeling of relief and gratitude is almost impossible to describe; and as the days passed, I let God take over. I could feel the worries slip from my shoulders one by one. The problems were still there, still as big as ever; but the answers to those problems were now in His hands. I knew everything would turn out for the best because they would be answered His way, not mine. My whole personality changed. Even my wife and children could see the change, and love shone in their eyes once more.

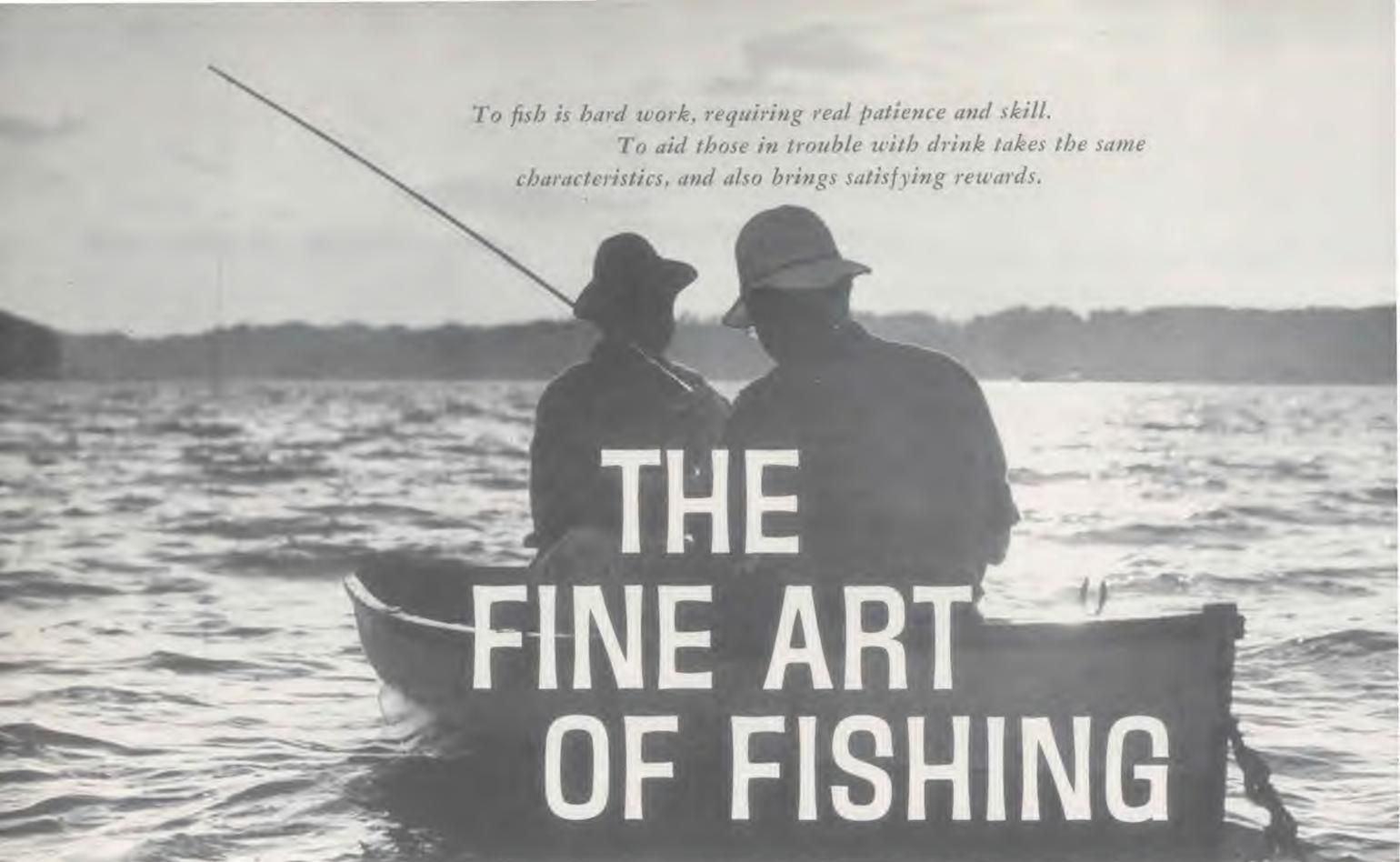
I know that this is not the end of my story. It is only the beginning. I think I have a long life ahead of me to be lived for the honor and glory of my God. If only I had not deserted Him for so long. If only I had "let go and let God," think of the suffering and shame we all would have been spared over the years.

Well, yesterday is a canceled check, and on my knees in the morning He gives me a new contract, good for twenty-four hours, that I may do with as I wish. But I fill out my part of this contract with the same words every time, "Lord, not my will, but Thy will, be done."

Hopefully, Dad

To fish is hard work, requiring real patience and skill.

To aid those in trouble with drink takes the same characteristics, and also brings satisfying rewards.



THE FINE ART OF FISHING

From the book "Helping the Alcoholic and His Family," by Thomas J. Shipp, © 1963, Prentice-Hall, Inc. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

Thomas J. Shipp

A number of years ago I was on a fishing trip with a mixed group of anglers, some of them experienced and some neophytes. At the end of the first day we made camp and began figuring the success and failure of the various members. Sam, our guide, was pretty upset with the ineffectual efforts of a number of the younger men. He singled out the ones he considered to be poor fishermen. These were led aside and gathered round the guide.

"I want to tell you a few things about fishing," he said. "They will not only help you to enjoy fishing, but at the same time they will assist you in catching fish."

Sam looked round at the semicircle of eager young faces. He took on a serious look, and continued. "If you are going to be good fishermen you must learn to like fishing; you must love it with all your heart. If you don't really like to fish, it can become the most miserable experience you can have."

Do You Want to Fish?

Every eye was glued on the old man. "If you do not want to fish, if fishing means nothing to you, I have a suggestion." He reached behind his back and brought forth a number of well-thumbed paperback books. "Tomorrow when the others are ready to try again, I suggest that you stay here in camp and read a good book."

When you analyze it, the same set of rules will apply to the person who is making an effort to work with the alcoholic. The only possible way to help people is to have a deep-seated love for them. If you do not care for people,

then take a word of advice and do not try to work with them.

Most alcoholics are sensitive and exceptionally perceptive in their ability to analyze people round them. The confirmed alcoholic in most cases has a faculty to detect immediately those who do not like him. If your desire to work with alcoholics is motivated by a feeling of duty alone, follow the advice of Sam, the fishing guide, and stay at home. If you have all the technical knowledge in the world and do not have love, you become as ineffectual as a steamship trying to operate with an outboard motor.

Know the Water -- and the Fish

Sam took a long pause and then looked at the intent faces of his audience who were squatted round the glowing fire. When he had determined that he had their undivided attention, he went on, "The second thing you must do if you plan to be a good fisherman is to familiarize yourself with the water and the fish. This knowledge can be obtained by your own experience or through the acumen and background of your guide."

When he was sure his words had been completely digested, he went on, "Look at the body of water stretching out before us. It looks beautiful, but you are seeing only the surface of this lake. Now turn for a moment in the other direction. You can plainly see rocks, hills, trees, grass. Much of the same type of terrain exists within this lake, but the water hides it from the casual eye.

"Fish, like humans, have certain places where they like to hang out. To you, as men, it may be the corner drugstore—to a school of fish it could be beneath the trunk of a sunken tree. It is not only necessary for you to know the water

where you fish and what lies beneath the surface—it is equally important to know the fish and their nature.”

If you are going to enjoy any great amount of success in working with those who have drinking problems, you must know something about the nature of alcohol and the alcoholic himself. You may gain this knowledge in one of two ways. You can learn by working with the alcoholic himself or by accepting the guidance and know-how of one who has been on the firing line. When you first meet an alcoholic, his life may very well appear to be calm and unruffled like the fishing lake. Beneath the surface his entire being may be torn by many conflicting things that conjure up a raging storm. The hills and valleys of his emotions may be likened to the physical makeup of the floor of the lake. You must know what is going on beneath the surface.

Have the Right Tackle

“The third thing you must remember,” continued the guide, “is to apply the right technique to fishing. One reason our trip today had such disappointing results was that many of you had not made proper preparation for the trip. Certain equipment is needed and a knowledge of the use of each piece is absolutely imperative. Without the right tackle you may very well hook a good-sized fish and not even be able to land him.”

To be a good fisherman of men, you must have a perfect blend of the right equipment and the knowledge of how to apply it. If you are lacking in either department, you may well discover that you have lost the alcoholic or his family in the process of trying to help them.

Success Is Not Easy

Interest round the campfire remained at a high pitch, and Sam continued, “The fourth factor you must bear in mind is that you must be willing to sacrifice to succeed. There will be many obstacles, many inconveniences, and many hazards. If your attitude toward these problems is not right, fishing can easily become a nightmare instead of a pleasure.”

Like the fisherman, the person who enjoys success with alcoholics must be prepared to sacrifice many of his cherished conveniences. Conditions with an alcoholic are never ideal, and your path will be strewn with a great number of obstacles and difficulties. When the alcoholic’s call for help comes, it is never at an opportune time. So you are not likely to be successful, regardless of your knowledge or equipment, unless you are willing to sacrifice yourself for him.

Go After the Fish

“The next important thing to remember,” said Sam, “is that you must go after the fish. They will not come to you. You could walk down to that water with the most expensive rod and reel, and if you didn’t have the fishing know-how it would be an accident if you caught a fish.”

The same situation exists with the alcoholic. To help him one must go where he is. It is a rare occurrence when one will seek you out and ask for assistance. You must make the first move.

It was getting late, but Sam still had several important points he wanted to make before bedding down for the night. “To be a good fisherman you must have patience. If

you are restless and quick to be ready to go back home, your time at the lake will be ill spent. I have seen fishermen leave here without a nibble. In most instances these are men who are easily disturbed—men who are ready to quit any endeavor in a hurry if they do not experience immediate success.”

In working with the alcoholic it doesn’t make any difference how effective you may be generally—there will be a certain percentage of strikes that will not result in a catch. You must learn to ignore discouragement when time after time the alcoholic rejects you and refuses to accept help. If you allow yourself to become discouraged, this feeling will be passed on to the one you are trying to aid, and there is a good chance he will be in a worse shape than when you first entered the picture.

Know How to Play the Fish

“Once you have been successful in getting a fish on your line,” continued the guide, “you have reached the final test—that of getting him into your boat. That’s where your sense of timing comes into the picture. A successful angler must know how to play the fish once he has made contact, or it will be lost. There will be many times when you will have to let him go away from you in order to bring him back close enough to scoop him in with your net. To know when to reel in and when to slacken your line is one of the most important things in fishing—too much tension at the wrong time, as well as letting your line get too loose, can release the fish.”

In working with the alcoholic, you may apply the same rule. A sense of timing is absolutely indispensable. You must know when to approach him, when to leave him alone, when to talk, and when to keep your mouth shut.

Fish in Way-out Places

“Another vital factor,” said Sam, “is to learn early that you cannot always fish in the easier and more accessible places. Often you will have to go to hard-to-reach spots.”

I have a feeling that we tend to spend far too much time working with people who like us and have been nice to us and have done things for us. This naturally results in cutting down the amount of time left to work with those whom we find unpleasant and difficult and yet who need our help far more.

Vary the Bait

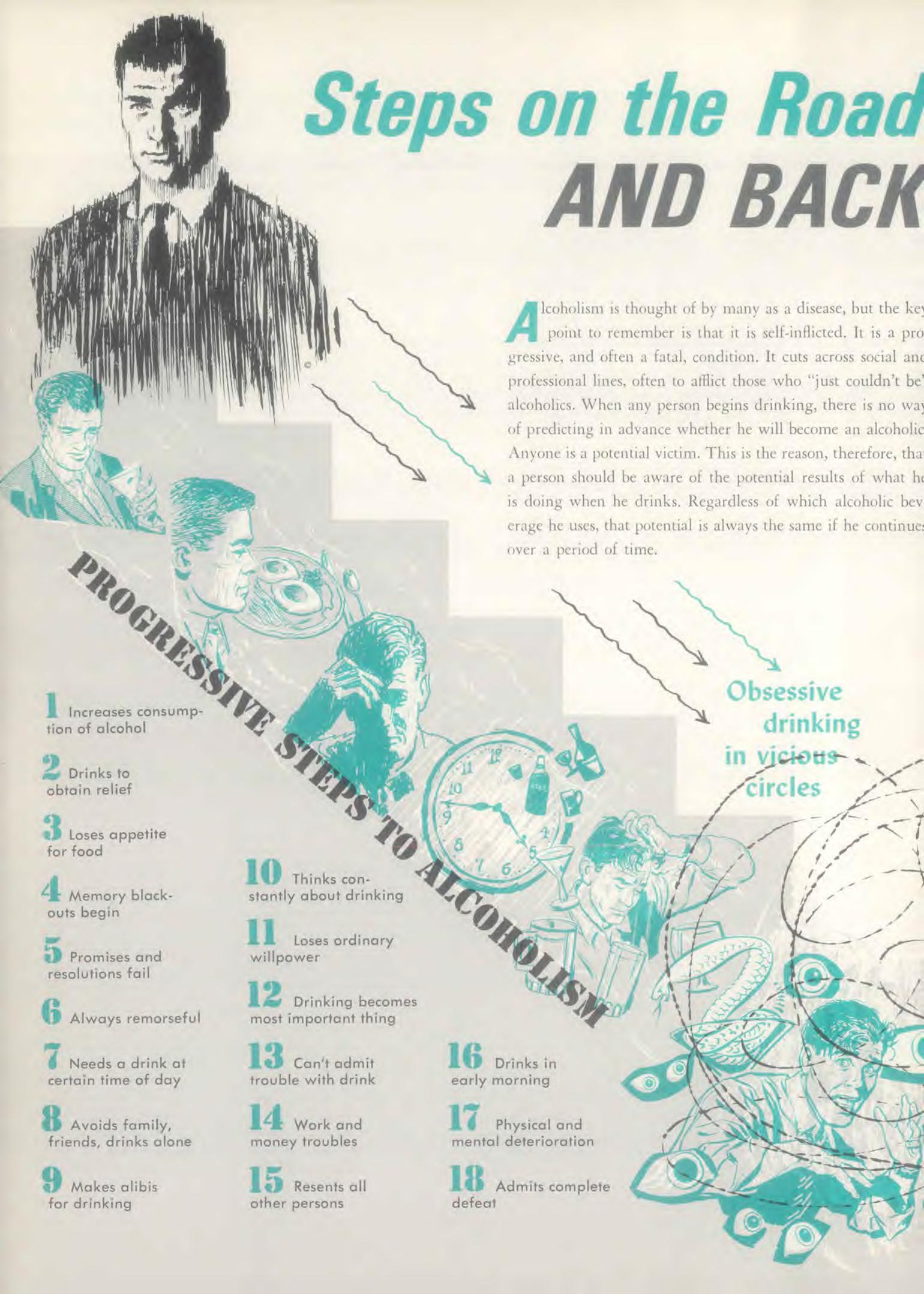
“A good fisherman,” the guide concluded, “will not always use the same methods or the same bait in attempting to catch all types of fish. Some require minnows, others go for worms, many will be attracted by lures, and some like dough balls. Sometimes you will cast with a rod and reel, but many large catches have been brought in by fishermen who used a cane pole and a cork for a bobber. There is no way to force a fish to take your bait if it is not attractive to him.”

How true this principle is in working with the alcoholic! You may use the same general approach in dealing with them all, but you will find there are many variations of method and technique because every alcoholic must be dealt with as an individual in his own right.



Steps on the Road AND BACK

Alcoholism is thought of by many as a disease, but the key point to remember is that it is self-inflicted. It is a progressive, and often a fatal, condition. It cuts across social and professional lines, often to afflict those who "just couldn't be" alcoholics. When any person begins drinking, there is no way of predicting in advance whether he will become an alcoholic. Anyone is a potential victim. This is the reason, therefore, that a person should be aware of the potential results of what he is doing when he drinks. Regardless of which alcoholic beverage he uses, that potential is always the same if he continues over a period of time.



PROGRESSIVE STEPS TO ALCOHOLISM

- 1** Increases consumption of alcohol
- 2** Drinks to obtain relief
- 3** Loses appetite for food
- 4** Memory black-outs begin
- 5** Promises and resolutions fail
- 6** Always remorseful
- 7** Needs a drink at certain time of day
- 8** Avoids family, friends, drinks alone
- 9** Makes alibis for drinking

- 10** Thinks constantly about drinking
- 11** Loses ordinary willpower
- 12** Drinking becomes most important thing
- 13** Can't admit trouble with drink
- 14** Work and money troubles
- 15** Resents all other persons

- 16** Drinks in early morning
- 17** Physical and mental deterioration
- 18** Admits complete defeat

Obsessive
drinking
in vicious
circles

to Alcoholism - AGAIN!

The final stage can be summed up in one phrase: The alcoholic lives to drink and drinks to live. But proper treatment can still rescue such a person.

The first step in the struggle back to a normal life is recognition of need and a desire to be helped. From this as a starting point, the alcoholic can regain what he has lost. There is hope as his family, his friends, his business associates, all lend a helping hand in understanding and patience.

The design in this *Listen* feature is based on the article, "Group Therapy in Alcoholism," by M. M. Glatt, M.D., in *The British Journal of Addiction*, Vol. 54, No. 2.

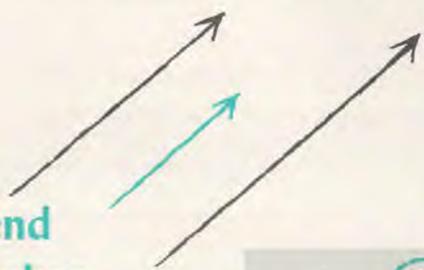


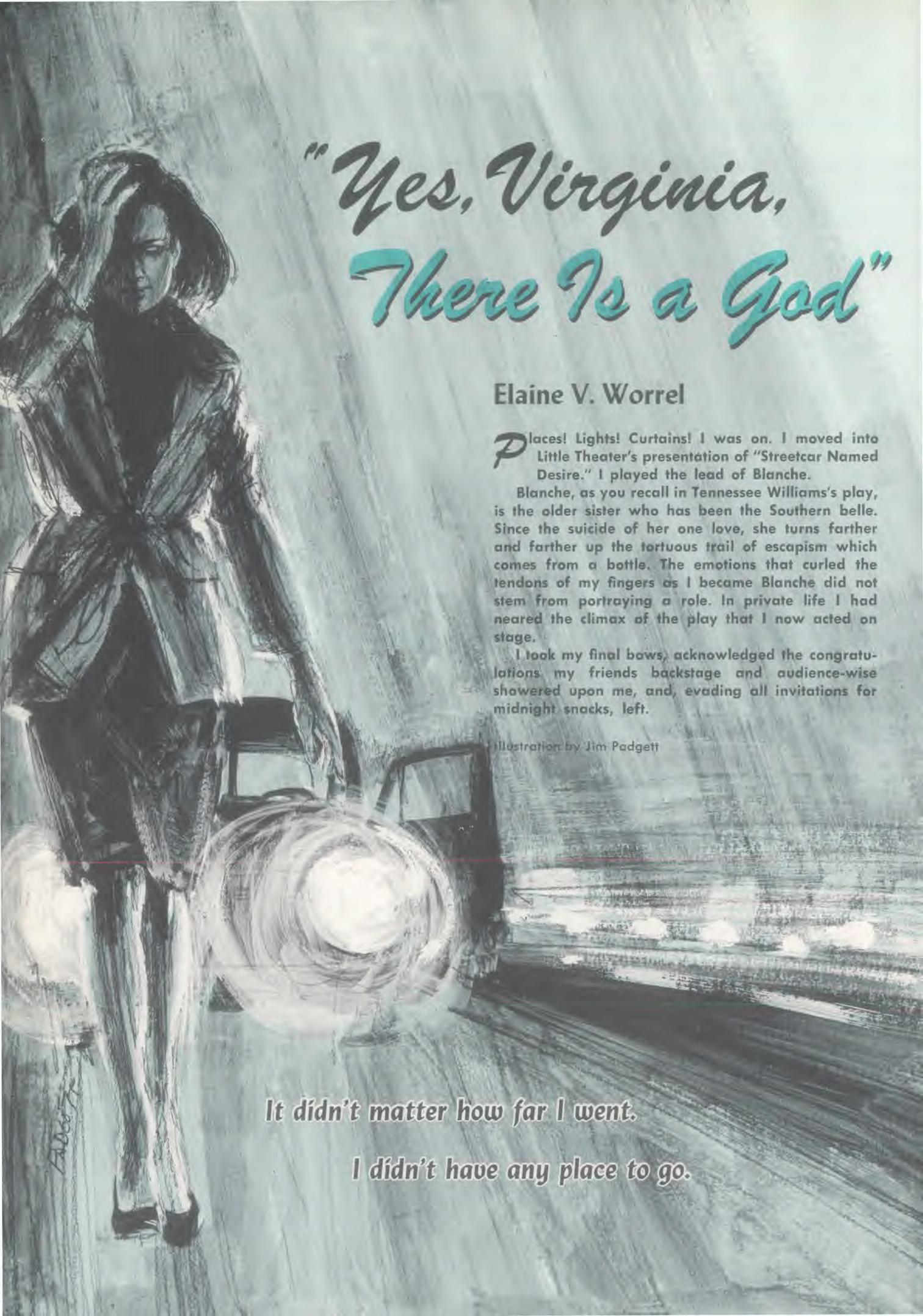
(The end if drinker isn't helped)



STEPS TO REHABILITATION

- 1 Honest desire for help
- 2 Told addiction can be arrested
- 3 Stops taking alcohol
- 4 Meets former drinkers now normal and happy—group therapy
- 5 Physical examination by doctor
- 6 Starts eating regularly
- 7 Spiritual needs examined and onset of new hope
- 8 Facing facts realistically
- 9 Return of self-confidence
- 10 Natural rest and sleep
- 11 Readjustment to family and community
- 12 Increase of emotional stability
- 13 New economic ability
- 14 New life opens up





*"Yes, Virginia,
There Is a God"*

Elaine V. Worrel

Places! Lights! Curtains! I was on. I moved into Little Theater's presentation of "Streetcar Named Desire." I played the lead of Blanche.

Blanche, as you recall in Tennessee Williams's play, is the older sister who has been the Southern belle. Since the suicide of her one love, she turns farther and farther up the tortuous trail of escapism which comes from a bottle. The emotions that curled the tendons of my fingers as I became Blanche did not stem from portraying a role. In private life I had neared the climax of the play that I now acted on stage.

I took my final bows, acknowledged the congratulations my friends backstage and audience-wise showered upon me, and, evading all invitations for midnight snacks, left.

Illustration by Jim Padgett

It didn't matter how far I went.

I didn't have any place to go.

Out the stage door, through the shadowy dark to my old car! I groped quickly to the back of the glove compartment for the pint of vodka I had placed there before the performance. I savored half of it without a pause. Within a few moments the crawling nerves that seemed to have taken on separate identities lulled to normal. With a long sigh I recapped the bottle and pushed it far back into its dark pocket.

I gasped. Patrick, my third husband, looked down into my startled eyes, his tone contemptuously biting off words. "I thought if I waited out here long enough, once I found your bottle, Virginia, I'd get that chance for a few words I've been trying to say to you for a week."

I nearly stumbled as I stepped from the car in my need of wanting to mold myself into his strength, wanting to know that I was needed, draw strength from him somehow so I could find myself again. His hard, open palm on my shoulder propelled me back against the half-open door. It shut with a clunk.

Patrick's voice was that of a stranger. Brisk. Very concise. "I don't want you to come home until you've beat the alcohol, Virginia. It's as simple as that. Your mother is with the kids. She agrees with me." He took his time saying this. "For her grandchildren's sake, she doesn't want you home, either, until you come back the right way. There's not a court in this state that wouldn't give me legal custody if you force yourself—home."

Again he went on. "You haven't been home for three days this time. You make your performance and run to the booze. Where you and the booze end up is something I won't think about. Wife!" He thrust something toward me in the dark. "This is the last money you'll get from me. Get some more booze, and a room on skid row. That's where you belong."

The money fell into the dark. "Patrick," I whispered. "No. You can't mean this. You can't just quit loving me because I'm weak. I'll be all right again." I rushed against him, burying my head into his shoulder—No, against a cold statue's shoulder. I looked up, saw the angle of his chin, tried again. "I love you. I love you more than anyone in my thirty-five years. I love my kids—*our* baby Pat." My voice was shrill, nearly screaming now. "Help me. Talk to me as you used to."

A robot pushed me away. The contempt back in his voice again. "I've said what I have to say, Queen of Little Theater. Booze hog of the county. Git with it, Virginia, and if you ever have your fill, and *if* it isn't too late, write me a letter."

He turned angrily, and then paused, his final words hitting me as acid. "The only help you'll ever get from anyone who doesn't expect payment is from God. That's the only place left for you, and I suggest you run, not walk, to wherever you can find Him, and let your agnostic, alcoholic friends do without you."

His hard steps crunched away from me.

I quickly stooped to retrieve the bill he had flung at me, my anger washing out all need of him or anything connected with him. Patrick knew I did not believe in God, that I *could* not! My life had denied any supreme being since childhood. For a flick of a second I went back until I stood a trembling ten-year-old again. My older sister lay celebrating the satire of her twentieth birthday. She had

been well on her way to stardom as a dancer when osteomyelitis had struck. I had handed her a scarf, and she had fixed her brilliant eyes upon me to say, "Virginia, remember there cannot be a God who would let people as I suffer from this incurable disease when I have hurt no one in life."

A few days later she swallowed an overdose of sleeping tablets. Dad never recovered from the death of his oldest daughter, and a few months later he had taken his life in the garage with the motor of his car running. There was the tragedy of three broken marriages back of me now.

God? No. But there *was* the bottle.

The bottle! Patrick's footsteps had receded, gone. He had tried for two years. I had made the decision. So this was it. A burst of truth I did not want to know flung itself into my mind. Simply this: I wasn't running to drink when I wanted to. Drink ran with me when *it* wanted to, and there was no refusing the burning call.

I tried to hold back the dry sobbing that shook me. There wasn't a ghost of a chance anywhere. I wiped my suit sleeve against my face and climbed into the car. Slowly I finished the vodka. Good old Blanche. I flung the empty container out onto the asphalt, smiled as I heard the splintering sound, and then wheeled, fast, out to catch the Hollywood Freeway.

The next thing I recall was forty-eight hours later. Some sort of a glow from indistinct memories told me I'd purchased more vodka, and had been through one of the most wonderful times in my life. I'd stayed at a girl friend's who kept a plush apartment and modeled part time, also worked as hostess in a nightclub. There came a blur of handsome fellows, good food, lots of attention, and laughter.

Suddenly, through the mental images, a car's brakes screeched and horns honked wildly from all directions. In terror I realized I was attempting to turn onto the freeway ramp on the wrong turn. Somehow the cars swerved out until I could creep back. I huddled on the shoulder, groping for the direction I wanted to go.

Yes, Santa Ana was the other way. I crept into my right lane and realized it must be midafternoon. The faces of the kids came to me, the youngest a year and a half old, with his big grin and bumbles, his tick-a-lock hands. My foot pressed on the gas pedal. The twins with their freckles and sweet thin arms, my solemn nine-year-old.

Then the humiliation of Patrick's words came again. "Booze hog of the county . . . if you ever have your fill . . . if it isn't too late, write me a letter."

My eyes burned with tears of self-pity. My throat seemed filled with cotton and my insides watery. From somewhere another memory came. I reached down under the car seat, my hands finding the bottle. I drained the few swallows left. The freeway! I remembered it now. Sixteen miles without a turnoff. Sixteen miles without a drink. The shakes were so violent now, my whole body vibrated. My vision was partially blurred, and suddenly I didn't care!

I'd find out and I'd find out now about this God the smug people talked about—that Pat had hurled at me.

I extended my head from the window and with eyes completely off the road and straining through my own personal smog, I shouted as loudly as I could, "All right, God, if You're up there, help me! Help me, or I'm going to let this car hurtle where it wants and take whom it wants

REBEL

Betty Unkrich Keeler

You still rebel.
Mere rules have never quite restrained you.
You still rebel
Against conventions that compel
Most to do what others do.
You say just what you think quite well!
You still rebel
At ficde crowds who scorn the few.
You still rebel
When stagnant minds would rush to quell
A thought that is too new.
To keep your faith untouched and true—
You still rebel.

along with me. Do You hear me, God? I'll give You fifteen minutes to show Yourself."

I laughed at the image I must present to the other drivers, shouting as a mad woman to no one. For fifteen miles, then, I played teen-ager in a hot rod, only I drove a beat-up old station wagon that pulled to the center, and creaked and greaned. I swooped in and out of lanes and even passed a few new sports jobs. I glanced at my watch. I had a few seconds to go.

"And that's for You, God," I whispered back of a tight face, "and that's for You."

There sounded the loud report as of a shot being fired. The steering wheel jerked itself from my hands. I heard my forehead hit the dashboard—or was it the windshield?—with a sort of plunking sound. Blank, black space! I came to, retching. Slowly memory flushed back. My watch told me but a minute had passed. A left front tire had evidently blown, propelling me in a dizzy circle cutting across traffic and back, for the old car sat nearly square on the shoulder, off the far lane.

I left the car to inspect the damage. The left front tire hung in shreds, its acrid smoking smell making me dizzy. I looked down at myself, then tried to tidy myself a little.

I left the car and started walking. It didn't matter really how far I went. I didn't have any place to go, or anyone to meet. I didn't think, I didn't feel. I just walked.

A car slid smoothly in ahead of me after a while and stopped. I started to walk around. A woman's voice, brisk and full of life, made me pause. I glanced toward the slight, gray-haired figure, slim and trim in a blue sheath, back of the steering wheel. She opened the door. "I'm Ann Williams. Come on, hop in. That's your car back there with the flat, isn't it? You may be more badly injured than you realize. You've a nasty egg-sized bump on your forehead."

I nodded, climbed into the front seat and slumped back tiredly. I blanked out.

Someone was walking me. Someone else cupped my

chin up, and I swallowed hot black coffee. Sputtering, I straightened swiftly, hearing the cup hit to the side of me. I readied myself to strike whoever had been trying to choke me when I met the tired blue eyes of Ann Williams, the gray-haired woman who had given me a ride. There were lines in her face I had not noted when she stopped for me. I looked up into the dark eyes of a tall, middle-aged man whose arm was still about my shoulder.

"This is my husband, Mr. Williams, Virginia," Ann said. She went into another room and returned with more coffee. She tipped it up for me. I realized why, then, I shook so badly. I could not have held it. As an automaton I let Mr. Williams keep me walking. I let Ann keep pushing the black coffee down me, her voice in cadence with my steps.

"Just keep walking, Virginia. Just keep walking. A few more cups of coffee and you'll be all right. We had a doctor look you over. To be blunt, he said the only thing wrong with you is that you are coming out of a binge that has really been a binge! You're in a twelve-step house in Long Beach. If you want to work with us, we'll work with you. I found the empty fifth, Virginia. Your identification was in your purse. It's here now on the table. You have exactly one dollar and four cents, and a wallet full of pictures."

"Twelve-step house?" I cut in. "Some sort of a religious organization?"

Mr. Williams led me over to a large wing chair, and let go of me. He answered, "Twelve-step house is supported by A.A., Virginia."

"What beautiful children!" Ann extended my billfold to me, opened to the children's picture. "What are their names?"

The whole sordid story spilled out of me. Their eyes grew more kindly, more filled with suffering as it poured from me. I came to the part where I had shouted to God, if there was such an entity, and stopped abruptly. Their eyes were contacting each other's with such electricity of understanding, I could not finish.

"Why do you look like that?" I rose, trembling violently. "I didn't ask for your help, I didn't lie and tell you I believed in a God. Believe me, all I do want is a drink, a good strong one!"

Mr. Williams pushed me firmly back into the chair. He knelt in front of me on one knee so our eyes were level. "Virginia, at the time you were asking for help, my wife was praying that God would let her find someone to help through His power, as she has been helped. He has sent several to her now. You see, she was further gone than you when a member of A.A. helped us. Out of gratitude she and I are spending every spare hour we can outside of our business hours helping others. Such persons as she and you *can* live full, complete lives again."

Suddenly, through my skeptical, stubborn rejection of a higher power, reason bowed. HE heard me! HE heard me! I thought over and over, the real comprehension of what my mind said—what my heart knew—at last becoming articulate.

"Help me! Oh, help me!" I whispered aloud, looking into the kindly blue eyes meeting mine.

She knew to whom I spoke, and her face became almost luminous as she answered softly, "Oh, He will, Virginia. He has!"

LSD Is Delusion to Thrill Seekers

Can Adults Say to Youth, "Follow Me"?

"Teen-ager problems have their roots in adult society," says Patrice Gauder, America's Junior Miss for 1966.

It is the natural tendency for youth to "emulate and imitate" grown-ups, she observes, but then they find adults preaching one thing and practicing another.

"It's a topsy-turvy world for young people," says eighteen-year-old Patrice. "Women dressing like children . . . parents telling children not to smoke, then smoking . . . not to drink, then drinking . . . children pushed into adulthood too rapidly, girls wearing lipstick at ten or eleven, dating at twelve."

The young Junior Miss is not preaching from a pedestal—but observing from association with her own age group and the things they talk about.

"I feel that a lot of youths' problems can be put on the doorsteps of parents. I don't mean that teenagers shouldn't make decisions on their own, but the basic values you get from parents. There has to be a strong moral climate at home."

Patrice also sees the school as a teen-ager's guide to life. "I think if we were taught in school about the effects of alcohol, of smoking, of dope, yes, about sex, we'd have fewer problems. Treating them mysteriously so often makes them desirable. We're a curious bunch."



Teen-agers should make decisions on their own, but the basic values come from guidance by parents and teachers.



Reaching for new mystical experiences in life, many people who experiment with drugs like LSD find instead sinister dangers and frightening specters.

Brain Is Clock for Hibernating Animals

A substance has been discovered in the brain of hibernating animals that appears to block the temperature-regulation mechanism of the body.

Such a substance, if applicable to humans, might have great potential value in medicine and surgery, medical authorities say. Ultimately, it conceivably could be used in manned space flight to produce a kind of "hibernation" for prolonged voyages.

The substance has the ability to induce a state of natural hibernation, according to its discoverer, Dr. Leonard R. Axelrod, of the biochemistry department, Southwest Foundation for Research and Education in San Antonio, Texas.

Injections of the crude but very potent extract discovered in hibernating hamsters and ground squirrels put nonhibernating animals—rats, cats, and dogs—to sleep for hours. Their body temperature went down and their respiration slowed, as though they were true hibernating animals.

One inoculation of only a millionth of a gram was enough to produce this effect in a cat for two days. Upon awaking, the animals resumed normal functions.

In normal people, the hallucinogenic drug LSD evidently does bring some increased artistic appreciation and greater self-understanding, but the changes are not striking, according to a nine-month study at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles on seventy-two male graduate students. The study dampens much of the enthusiastic belief in LSD as a tonic for the personality.

On the other hand, intensity of an LSD experience is clearly related to personality, reports Dr. William McGlothlin, a psychology professor at USC. Those who prize internal control and an orderly life generally "have no taste for the experience and tend to respond minimally."

But those who prefer a more unstructured, spontaneous, introspective (though not socially introverted) life react most intensely to LSD and show the greatest changes.

Subjective reports of "wide-ranging" personality changes were considerably stronger than the tests seemed to indicate, says Dr. McGlothlin. Fifty percent of the LSD group said they had greater self-understanding, and 45 percent reported they were less disturbed by little frustrations. Also many reported increased music appreciation.

According to the tests, LSD did not make anyone appreciably more creative.

Smokers Sniffle More

Twice as much time was lost through lower respiratory infections by cigarette-smoking student nurses as by their nonsmoking classmates, according to a report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, based on a one-year study.

Forty-seven smokers and an equal number of nonsmokers in the senior class at the Vancouver General Hospital School of Nursing were compared.

In This NEWS

- ★ What is the typical U.S. soldier like? See page 14.
- ★ Found—The "overwhelming" reason for youth drinking. See page 15.
- ★ How does discouragement affect the average person? See page 16.

Lady, Are You Really Only a Social Drinker?

Millions of women who see themselves as "social drinkers" would do well to take a close look at a list of danger signals for female imbibers as drawn up by Marty Mann, executive director of the National Council on Alcoholism.

If any woman sees herself in six or more of these situations, she is no mere social drinker:

1. Gulping drinks.
2. Making promises about drinking, but only to herself.
3. Lying about her drinking—minimizing the number of drinks, or concealing the fact that she has had any drinks at all.
4. Taking a drink before going to a party where liquor will undoubtedly be served.
5. Feeling the necessity of having drinks at a set time every day or night.
6. Needing three or four drinks before she can entertain her husband's boss at dinner.
7. Needing drinks for "nerves" because of a shattering day at the office or a frantic day with the children.
8. Drinking when blue—to forget her worries.
9. Insisting on drinks as part of any special event—concert, theater, baseball game, or even a Sunday hike through the woods.

Mrs. Mann also says that most alcoholic women start drinking later in life than men. For a man, ten years of heavy drinking is enough to bring him to the early stages of alcoholism. For women, it takes much less time. They slip over the line a lot faster.

The U.S. Soldier—What a Man He Is!

The average age of the combat GI in many units in Vietnam is eighteen and a half.

And what a man he is!

A pink-cheeked, tousled-haired, tight-muscled fellow who, under normal circumstances, would be considered by society as half man, half boy, not yet dry behind the ears, a pain in the unemployment chart.

But, here and now, he is the beardless hope of free man.

He listens to rock-and-roll—and 105 mm. howitzers.

He just got out of high school within the past year, received so-so grades, played a little football, and had a girl who broke up with him when he went overseas or who swears she is still faithful although he is half the world away.

He has learned to like beer by now because it is cold, and because it is "the thing to do." He smokes because he gets free cigarettes in his C-ration package, and it is also the thing to do. He is a private first class, a one-year military vet-

eran with one more to go. His eyes are clear, but his future is not.

He still has trouble spelling, and writing letters home is a painful process. But he can break down a rifle in thirty seconds and put it back together again in twenty-nine. He can describe the nomenclature of a fragmentation grenade, explain how a machine gun operates, and, of course, utilize either if the need arises.

He can also dig foxholes, apply professional first aid to a wounded companion, march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.

He obeys now, without hesitation. But he is not broken.

He has seen more suffering than he should have in his short life. He has stood among hills of bodies, and he helped to construct those hills.

He has wept in private and in public, and he has not been ashamed either place, because his pals have fallen in battle and he has come close to joining them.

And he has become self-sufficient; he has two pairs of fatigues, washes one and wears the other. He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but not his rifle. He keeps his socks dry and his canteen full. He can cook his own meals, fix his own hurts, and mend his own rips—material or mental.

He will share his water with you if you thirst, break his rations in half if you hunger, split his ammunition if you are fighting for your life.

Eighteen and a half years old—what a man he is!



Alcoholism Underrated

Despite all its outward manifestations, alcoholism is "man's best-hidden secret," according to Dr. Lincoln Williams of London.

"The terrifying thing about this disease," he told a meeting of specialists, "is not those who present themselves for treatment, but those who do not."

He put the ratio of known to unknown alcoholics at approximately one to five.

Too Many Pills

A surprisingly high proportion of American adults—as many as 25 to 70 percent in some sample surveys—take tranquilizers, according to the National Institute of Mental Health.

Warnings from the Institute emphasize that some users come to depend on the pills for relaxation and sedation, a dependence that can hurt their work and private lives. Little is known, the Institute points out, concerning the long-term consequences of using these drugs. It calls the tranquilizer problem a "serious" one.

"They say that drinkers are big wheels, but I've found they just go round in circles."





WE LIKE THOSE WHO
LIKE US!
TRUE
FALSE



True, on the whole. In a study of men in a college dormitory over a four-month period, each man was asked whom he liked best, and whom he thought liked him best. As time went on, the men changed their preferences. The remarkable thing was that as they changed, so also did the attitudes of their friends, and in essentially the same direction. Usually those whom we want to be friends with, want to be friends with us.

Youth Drinking—It Starts at Home

If you don't want teen-agers to drink, you have to provide a meaningful substitute, says S. George Clarke, director of community services of the Florida Alcoholic Rehabilitation Program.

The overwhelming reason for teen-age drinking, he declares, is that it symbolizes the teen-ager's adulthood to himself and to other teens.

"They do it as a mark of adult stature. This is the way the boy says, I'm a man, and the girl or young lady says to herself, I am an adult young lady."

Other opportunities for teen-agers to assert their manhood or womanhood may be lacking, Clarke says; so many youngsters seize drinking as a means of demonstrating their adulthood.

He further comments that most teen-agers, contrary to popular belief, didn't have their first taste in parked cars, wild parties, or unscrupulous gin mills, but rather at home.

"Youngsters tend to follow the pattern of their parents. This finding explodes one of the folk myths about teen-age drinking being a form of rebellion against their parents. Rather it is quite obviously a form of conformity."

TODAY'S DRUG ADDICT

The drug addict of 1966 is not much different from the drug addict of thirty years ago, except that now he is likely to be a Northerner instead of a Southerner, is considerably younger, and has switched from

morphine—the major drug in 1936—to heroin.

This is the conclusion of a report from the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky.

The typical addict of the '60's is a twenty-seven-year-old white New Yorker. Thirty years ago he was a forty-year-old man, or older, from the South. Drug addiction has done a complete turnabout on the basis of age. In 1936 it increased progressively with age. Now it falls off as men get older.



DRINKERS DIAL—making it ever easier to order drinks, this device in London's Victoria Hotel permits diners to order their drinks by dialing the number of the drink they desire. The machine then prices the drink and adds the total bill for the barmaid to deliver.

Tide of Drug Ads

Psychiatrists do not have to search far for new tranquilizers and antidepressants, if the number of ads in a single issue of their professional journal is any indication.

One recent issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* contains advertisements for thirty different tranquilizing and antidepressant drugs. These take up fifty-eight of the seventy-six total advertising pages.

Considerable skill and artistic effort have gone into making the ads dramatic enough to win the doctors' attention away from competitors.

"A rapid lift from the hell of depression," reads one ad, followed by an illustration from Dante's *Inferno*.

Another claims, "Regained: the ability to make decisions, the emotional energy to complete his work."

One four-page ad for a tranquilizer presents the reader with a bigger-than-life picture of a dewy, red apple. Under the apple is the claim, "Helps restore the appetite for life." The next two pages contain colored drawings of various kinds of stress; red for insomnia, green for loss of appetite, brown for loss of interest, yellow for stomach upset, and purple for lethargy.

What's in Tea, Coffee?

In one cup of tea there is an average of $\frac{3}{4}$ grain of caffeine, and in a cup of coffee there is $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains, according to the National Association for the Specialty Food Trade, Inc.

ARE YOU PUZZLED? Jane S. Singer, M.A.

Do You Have a Mania?

With the growth of interest in psychology, there has developed a new and impressive vocabulary. See how many of the following words you can match with their correct meanings. (Hint: a mania is an intense desire to do something or have something. A phobia is a fear of something.) Scoring: With 11 or more correct answers, you know your psychology without a question. 5 to 10, very good. 1 to 4, you didn't guess very well.

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. sophomania | a. craving for some special food |
| 2. gerontophobia | b. fear of closed places |
| 3. doraphobia | c. fear of the sun |
| 4. photomania | d. fear of air |
| 5. dipsophobia | e. delusion of being exceptionally intelligent |
| 6. acrophobia | f. compulsive desire to wash |
| 7. opsomania | g. fear of great heights |
| 8. heliophobia | h. intense displeasure in touching skin or fur |
| 9. pyromania | i. abnormal desire for light |
| 10. logomania | j. intense fear of drinking |
| 11. sitomania | k. desire to set fires |
| 12. ablutomania | l. compulsive talker |
| 13. aerophobia | m. excessive craving for food |
| 14. claustrophobia | n. excessive fear of sound or the spoken word |
| 15. phonophobia | o. obsession of growing old |

Can a Machine Tell You How to Behave?

A major step in the correlation between computers and human behavior has been accomplished by Dr. Richard Bellman of the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, who has simulated for the first time some psychological elements of an interview between therapist and patient.



Not a porcupine, this spiny device is an electrical plug for an aerospace communications system. The connector pins, gold and silver plated for reliable connections, contain ferrite and ceramic materials to filter out unwanted radio frequencies and static.

In human terms, the computerized interview was exceedingly simple. In computer terms, it was highly complex and sophisticated.

The computer acts as the patient. For each question asked by the therapist the machine has one of two answers, which are either "convergent" (cooperative), "divergent" (hostile), or ambiguous. Depending on the answer given by the machine, the therapist is presented with two more choices. He selects one, and the process continues with machine influencing therapist and therapist influencing machine. Even by the fifth interchange, the total number of possible questions and responses has sprouted into an immense tree, says Dr. Bellman.

Ironically, Dr. Bellman's success in creating the computer program testifies to the very real limitations computers have in the behavioral sciences.

In using computers to study human behavior, he says scientists are no closer now than they were thirty years ago, except for one thing: "In the last ten years, we have begun to realize how difficult it is."

He points out that scientists have made thousands of attempts to build ships and even shoes with computers, and it could not be done. If mathematics could not be used for such engineering problems, said Dr. Bellman, how could it be used to test theories of human behavior?

Answers: 11-m; 12-f; 13-d; 14-b; 15-n. 1-o; 2-e; 3-h; 4-i; 5-j; 6-g; 7-a; 8-c; 9-k; 10-l;

Discouragement - No Laughing Matter

Mental depression is being recognized as a critical medical problem, causing a wide variety of symptoms that resemble those of physical ailments.

Fatigue is the most frequent symptom of patients diagnosed as depressed. Sometimes patients feel so exhausted they cannot get through their daily work. Yet they report they cannot sleep well.

Headaches are another common symptom. Depressive headaches tend to be worse in the morning, and often resist all ordinary remedies.

Other symptoms include weight loss, breathing difficulty, dizziness, palpitations, nausea.

Depressed persons often shrug off their feelings as results, not causes, of their aches and pains. They often fail to mention their dejection when seeking medical help.



BOB BROWN

PROBLEM: A simple rocket.

NEEDED: A balloon, pencil, paper, scissors, and paper clip.

DO THIS: Roll the paper around the pencil. Remove the pencil, and fasten the rolled paper with the clip. Put the roll into the balloon, as shown in figure 2, inflate the balloon and release it.

A little experimenting with scissors will result in the right size and weight of the paper and clip. When this is correct, the released balloon will sail up. If the rocket trick is tried indoors, the balloon will push against the ceiling until the air comes out.

HERE'S WHY: For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. This is the rocket principle, Newton's third law, dating from 1686. The balloon pushes the air out and the escaping air makes for a lighter pressure on the neck side than on the opposite inside of the balloon. The weight of the paper and clip and the balloon neck keep the balloon in an upright position so it will climb.



SHIRLEY M. DEVER

A Flair for a Figure

Some people smoke to control their weight, but here is a much more sensible plan to avoid those unwanted pounds.

IN AN AGE of food fads and fancies, and crash diets, perhaps you're tempted to say: "Forget it. Diet watching is too complicated."

But if you long for a firm but slender figure—and who doesn't?—and would like to gain a flawless complexion for a bonus, lend an ear. You see, figure control is really quite simple. You don't have to go on the latest crash diet which seldom has lasting effects or limit yourself to special foods—you merely have to learn to eat in moderation.

Basically, the foods essential for good health are the foods which will help you keep your weight under control. Proteins, for example, are a valuable ally in keeping your weight where you want it. By eating more protein when trying to reduce, one brings on an action which can be likened to opening a draft on a furnace. Excess body fat is burned up quickly.

At the same time, proteins keep a diet watcher from becoming tired or feeling weak. When you eat plenty of protein foods, you do not become hungry as rapidly. These foods have a magical staying power which will help keep you from snacking, a Number One enemy for all who wish to control their figures.

Milk is rather in a class by itself, enjoying the unique position of being close to a complete food. It contains protein, fat, carbohydrate, salts, calcium, phosphorous, and some vitamins. So, diet watchers, drink plenty of milk while weight watching—there are other places to cut corners.

The big three S's which slow up reducing are salt, starch, and sugar. One reason for this is that they have a tendency to retain water in the tissues of your body. And, believe it or not, when you cut down on the three S's, you are apt to lose from three to five pounds right away due to the water factor. This is one reason why crash diets appear to work.

Although cakes and pies and pastries are delightful to the taste, they lack the staying power of protein foods and milk. So, if you indulge in carbohydrate "goodies," you will be hungry again in no time. One splendid source of carbohydrates is fruits. When substituted for pastries as dessert, they help you keep your weight down, and at the same time they supply extra vitamins and minerals to give your face a rosy glow.

When it comes to vegetables, most of the calorie-conscious experts agree: Eat all you want of these. Rich in vitamins and minerals, low in calories, they can be a real boost to a weight watcher. You don't care for certain cooked vegetables? How about delectable low-calorie salads? In an artistic arrangement, combine lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and celery with cottage cheese heaped in the middle. Or substitute fruits such as peaches, pears, pineapple, for the vegetables. How about a salad of shredded carrots, raisins, and pineapple? Or a molded jello salad with raw carrots and celery or shredded cabbage?

A few miscellaneous items to avoid like the plague if you wish to keep your weight down are salad dressings and mayonnaise, sauces and gravies, syrups, peanut butter, most candies, malted milk, ice cream, and nuts. These are the same foods which are taken away from teens who suffer from acne. High in oils and fat, as well as calories, they can cause severe skin problems if overindulged. Of these foods, ice cream, because of its milk content, is probably the one which will give you the least trouble; but settle for one scoop at a time rather than a banana split or a fancy sundae.

All right, so this sounds like a prison sentence. Your goodies

have all been taken away. Now is the time to think about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. You literally can't have your cake and eat it too—at least, you can't have your cake and have a good figure. So it really boils down to a matter of choice. Do you wish to pamper your palate and wallow in excess weight; or do you desire, most of all, a firm, full figure which will reward you in good looks and good health? If you stay trim, you'll have vigor and vim—if you stay fat, you'll have just that—fat!

Teen-agers have one tremendous advantage over the adult who needs to lose weight. Because they are active and burn up fat fairly fast, they can eat considerably more now than they will be able to later. If they keep their weight down, they will have fewer problems later.

The key word relating to calories is *moderation*. Calorie counting may be too time-consuming and complicated. If you have a weight problem, there are countless ways you can tackle it. If you ordinarily eat two sandwiches for lunch, for example, cut down to one. If you are going heavy on rich desserts, switch to fresh fruit instead. Cut down on, or cut out entirely, all sauces, gravies, salad dressings, and syrups. If you have bread with your dinner, limit yourself to one slice—and one pat of butter or margarine. If you drink soft drinks throughout the day, either switch to fruit juice or limit yourself to only one soft drink a day. Remember, soft drinks are high in calories and have no food value, so what do you have to lose if you give them up? And, if you can swing it,



forget these. You may find you can lose considerable weight by limiting yourself to three meals per day—period!

Let's assume you can settle for a basic diet which will run something like this: Breakfast—milk, eggs, toast (or cereal), fruit. Lunch—one sandwich, fruit, and milk. Dinner—entree, potatoes, vegetable, salad, milk, and dessert (preferably fruit). If you are reasonably active, you can probably keep your weight where you want it on these menus. However, if you are overweight now, you may have to cut a few corners here or there—like cutting down on the helpings at dinner. If you still have a weight problem, you may need only to cut on one or two items to reduce slowly, which is the only safe way to reduce. Often an extra snack before bed or an extra slice of toast in the morning is the culprit that keeps you plump rather than trim.

By experimenting you can learn how much fuel intake *your* system requires to keep operating. If you keep adding more fuel (or calories) than your body can burn, you'll be overweight. Until you get your weight where you want it, you will have to consume less fuel; then, to maintain your ideal weight, you'll need to adhere to the diet right for you.



Gene Church Schulz

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

"Fear," said Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, "has always seemed to me to be the worst stumbling block which anyone has to face. It is the great crippler. Looking back, it strikes me that my childhood and my early youth were one long battle against fear."

You may call fear by other names: anxiety, apprehension, doubt, worry. Whatever you call

it, fear can be your lifelong companion, the one that stands beside you when you are lonely, discouraged, or depressed. In other words, when you are vulnerable, fear goes to work. It undermines your confidence and attacks your nervous system. Give fear an inch, and it may take your entire life. Make up your mind to fight it, and you may give it an even stronger foothold.

"You can use fear or fear can rule you," says John Dollard in *Victory Over Fear*. "This is the choice which every one of us faces. Fear can cripple and limit life, or it can be used as a springboard to a better life. Those who know how to think and plan use fear as a constructive force."

Will fear become a constructive force in your life, or will it weaken and conquer you as it has thousands of others? The answer depends on what causes your feelings of fear and how you respond to these feelings.

Fear Can Serve You

Fear is a protective mechanism. It helps an individual to tackle the problem of what to do, how to act, where to turn. Run! it may command if the danger is critical or very near. Far from being the coward's way out, running may be the best solution to that particular situation, the only escape.

When residents of Cameron, Louisiana, evacuated their homes in the face of hurricane Hilda, they ran. They were virtually ordered to do so by local civil defense officials. Experience had already taught them a lesson about hurricanes, and remembering Audrey, they fled to shelter and refuge farther inland. Hilda would be given no chance to repeat the tragic toll of 1957.

When health or safety is threatened, fear is the normal, wholesome reaction. It brings you up short and gives you a chance to reevaluate your plans and, if necessary, to modify them. It may lead you to investigate further before taking any action.

On the other hand, normal fear is a temporary reaction. When the danger is past, fear subsides. If certain fears begin to take a permanent place in your life, other problems will likely follow.

Writes Dr. Lester L. Coleman, "Fear does not stand up to be counted. Its greatest potency lies in being hidden. Because it can't be counted, it is not adequately charted in the diseases of man. . . . The great danger, I believe, lies in fearing a phantasy."

Ignorance is fear's greatest ally. When you blindly follow fear's command, you also yield to its power. When you face up boldly to what causes it and why, you have made the first successful step toward losing its hold on you. Knowledge conquers fear as surely as ignorance fosters its growth.

It seems that so-called shadow fears represent the greatest threat to most of us today. Fear of disapproval, fear of displeasing others, fear of embarrassment, fear of failure—these are typical of the relatively groundless fears that threaten mental health and peace of mind.

When danger threatens, you should be fearful. If, on the other hand, you are often subject to vague fears based on imaginary threats, your fears can destroy your confidence and success.

We are more afraid, most of us, of what we cannot achieve than of the real threats to our security, such as storm, world conflict, or illness. Perhaps this is because, in one sense, we are prepared to meet any real threat. But who can conquer the unknown?

Does this sound frightening? It poses no real danger. The problem we haven't even met is certainly not worth the emotional upheaval that some of us lavish upon it. Am I able to fulfill the obligation? Will I succeed? What will the outcome be? Let's face it, after a few stumbles we usually find the resources within ourselves to deal with every situation we meet.

USE THESE TECHNIQUES TO CONQUER FEAR

The strong-minded or positive approach to overcoming the problem of fear ("I won't let it bother me!" or "I will put fear in its place") will usually fail because it is not the feeling but the "cause" that creeps into our lives and does its work so effectively. Here are some better ways of dealing with shadow fears:

1. Find out why you are afraid. Psychologist John J. B. Morgan says, "The greatest ally of fear is ignorance." You can cope with your fear by learning more about what causes it and by doing something about that.

2. Rely on faith. The Scriptures record that when Timothy undertook a dangerous journey, he had this advice from the apostle Paul: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

3. Remember that you are not alone. Others are also subject to the same fears that plague you; many have overcome them.

4. Bring fears out into the open. There is no better way to cope with groundless, nagging fears than to discuss them with someone who is qualified to counsel and advise you.

5. Do the thing you are afraid to do. According to author John Dollard, "Fear disappears very rapidly with even one successful trial in the danger situation."

In learning to conquer fear, we find new maturity and gain matchless experience for the other battles of life.

Announcing...

"Weighing What You Want to Weigh"

A NEW COMMUNITY SERVICE

"WEIGHING WHAT YOU WANT TO WEIGH"

Set of 9 Reels in Glorious Technicolor!

ONLY **\$96.50** WITH CASE



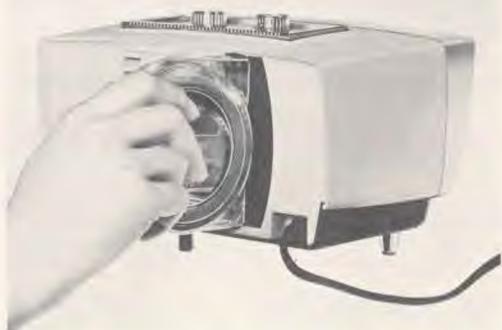
by Technicolor



This 9-reel set of better-living films is for use in the new

**INSTANT-LOAD
TECHNICOLOR MOVIE PROJECTOR**
which requires no threading, no rewinding.

The world's easiest-to-use Movie Projector with the new Magi-Cartridge



Here's all you do

- ready** Plug in the cord
- set** Snap in the cartridge
- show** Click on the switch and the show is on

Bigger, brighter, sharper pictures!
Instant film cartridge loading. No threading.
No rewinding. Technor Zoom Lens, 20-32 f/1.4.
Amazing foolproof projector anyone can operate.

Instant Movie Projector, for showing new Super 8mm films for better living. Weight, 8 pounds.
Standard equipment of Model 510Z: 20-32 f/1.4 zoom lens easily adjusts picture to fit screen size without moving the projector.

A new concept for showing better living films in homes, before small audiences, and at fair displays.

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

The film series, "Weighing What You Want to Weigh" (9 reels in color). Per set, \$96.50, with case.

The Super 8/Model 510Z Projector.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"Weighing What You Want to Weigh"

6840 Eastern Ave., N.W.

Washington, D.C. 20012

10 MOST WANTED MEN



—Adapted, "Guideposts."

-
1. The man who has a ready smile and a pat on the back for others.
 2. The man who can see his own faults before he sees the faults of someone else.
 3. The man who gives his money, time, and talent without thought of return.
 4. The man who throws himself totally into a project, and then gives the credit for its success to his helpers.
 5. The man who is willing to say, "I was wrong. I'm sorry."
 6. The man who will look at temptation squarely and say No.
 7. The man who brings his children to church rather than sending them.
 8. The man who puts God's business above any other.
 9. The man who tries to be the right example to every child rather than talk about it.
 10. The man who has a passion to help rather than a passion to be helped.
-