

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING



Jim Ryun, No. 1 Miler

Champagne for Breakfast

On a flight out of San Francisco the other morning on a big American Airlines jet, the stewardesses were serving breakfast. In the first-class section complimentary champagne was included as part of the reward for the several dollars extra charged for passengers to ride in that part of the plane.

Soon it became evident that the stewardesses, even with their well-trained graciousness and winning smiles, were having trouble peddling their product. The passengers simply didn't want champagne.

One man hesitatingly held out his glass, asking for "just a little." He tasted it, and later said, "Take it back—orange juice instead." Most of the people when requested, "Champagne please?" said, "No, I'll take an orange juice."

When given a choice, the vast majority turned down the alcoholic drink for the fruit drink. They seemed bored with the very idea of champagne, even as "first-class" treatment.

To be sure, there are few things more boring than the constant pressure these days to drink. The radio drips with suds, the television is always wet with the drinks of its stars, magazines and newspapers are flooded with glamorous "garbage" inducing readers to drink, cocktail parties are repeated with tiresome sameness.

Some of the world's renowned hostesses, known for their partying, have commented on their boredom with such parties, and with the people who frequent them.

If you believe the advertising, drinking will bring you happiness, gaiety, satisfaction, social grace. Actually, when drinking partygoers become frank and truthful, they describe the other side of the coin. They would much rather avoid such occasions—they are bored with them. They recognize that no person is so bored and boring as someone who is drugged, which is exactly what happens whenever any person drinks.

Indeed, these are days when many people are bored. Fresh, invigorating activities, and stimulating things in life, are becoming fewer and fewer.

Arthur Hoppe, popular columnist, comments, with tongue in cheek: "Good news! For years we've worried about being incinerated to death by a thermonuclear explosion or suffocated to death by a population explosion. Well, we don't have to worry any longer. We're all going to be bored to death instead."

Significant is the news reported elsewhere in this *Listen* that some 4,000 Catholic priests across the country are alcoholics, the chief basic reason being boredom.

Obviously, there are many causes—and cures—for boredom, but one big cause could be removed if the tried old idea of constantly drinking wouldn't always be foisted on us. Perhaps if more choice could be afforded to people these days, they would begin to choose that which is more rewarding and healthful.



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LISTEN

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*Physically and mentally,
a laugh helps you
keep in top condition.*



Laughter-

The Best Medicine

W. Schweisheimer, M.D.

WHEN YOU LAUGH, YOU ARE HAPPY. It may also mean that you are well and healthy. People who laugh a lot are usually sure of themselves. According to modern scientific research, laughter affects all the organs of the body from the lungs to the intestines.

Laughter speeds the cure of disease. It is an old custom in the children's wards of Bellevue Hospital, New York, that every year the circus comes to the hospital with its clowns and acrobats and its wild animals. Sick, bedridden children wait for weeks and months to see the performance. Watching and laughing, they forget their pain and suffering. Many doctors are convinced that the healing process during circus week is more rapid in their happy little patients than at any other time.

There is a popular old saying, "Laugh and grow fat." It indicates that people who laugh easily and heartily are much more likely to be healthy and to continue in good health than people who seldom laugh. Dr. James J. Walsh, by checking up on this old saying, has discovered some interesting facts.

He checked the influence of laughter on the internal organs of both children and grown-ups. Children like to laugh. They start laughing during the early months of their life. Children have more laughter-producing zones. When you

touch a baby under the chin or rub his scalp or tickle him along his legs, he will be induced to laugh.

Laughter has been looked upon as an innovation of nature to compensate for the diminished organic friction and massage of the internal organs, caused by man's erect position. Mechanical massage of the diaphragm by laughing is most important for all the organs.

There are first and foremost the lungs. Laughing moves the diaphragm up and down, and air is drawn into the lungs and then forcibly ejected until every portion of the lungs is thoroughly ventilated. Large quantities of air are sucked into the lungs with an abundance of vitalizing oxygen. Even deepest inhaling will not approach in thoroughness the effect of good hearty laughter.

Laughter by moving the diaphragm also stimulates the activity of the heart. This increases the number of heartbeats, raises the blood pressure, and makes one feel well. The emotional quality of laughter, combined with its mechanical effect upon diaphragm and heart, is responsible for the wholesome stimulation.

Laughter, by its up-and-down movements of the diaphragm, causes a massage of the liver. This means a greater flow of bile which is produced by the liver. People who laugh



Preserving Christmas Cheer

Henry F. Unger

A twenty-four-hour Alcothon, designed to assist ex-alcoholics over the Christmas holiday without drinking, has been a great help to these persons in Phoenix, Arizona.

Rendezvous point of the Alcothon is the Bethel Methodist Church hall, and the duration of the unusual setup lasts from early Christmas Eve until Christmas Day.

Members of Alcoholics Anonymous form the bulk of persons attending the Alcothon while many of their friends imbibe at Christmas parties. However, the hall is open to anyone anxious to avoid drinking during this crucial period.

Participants represent more than fifty groups scattered throughout Phoenix and the surrounding towns. They share their "hope, strength, and experience" in one-hour relays all through the day and night during the twenty-four hour period.

Last year more than 600 persons attended the meetings, and at least as many are expected this year. The program was launched five years ago when a woman alcoholic suggested that some practical method might help members of A.A. keep sober during the holiday merriment.

Taking part in the Alcothon are also husbands and wives of alcoholics, and their teenage children. Called the "Alanon" and "Alateen" groups, they learn how to adjust their lives to problems built up by drinking in the home.

A large book left for voluntary suggestions made by the participants about the Alcothon reveals many poignant notes. One former drunk said, "What a blessing to spend the holiday sober!" A man recently released from prison said, "Thank God, I'm here, not there!"

during meals enjoy better digestion of food and better absorption of nourishing materials than people who are moody and dissatisfied while eating.

Many people who like to rest after meals are those who like to laugh. Other digestive glands in stomach, intestines, pancreas, and so on are also stimulated by laughter.

Some doctors believe that a number of the ills of mankind are derived from sluggish intestines. Constipation is a common ailment. Poisonous substances are absorbed due to delay within the human body. Laughter stimulates the movement of the bowels. More laughter may mean less constipation.

Laughter gently massages the endocrine glands, and thus increases their secretion. The thyroid gland, the suprarenals, and the pancreas are directly stimulated by laughter, and as all endocrine glands are affected by each other's secretion, laughter affects the whole chain of glands. Mental conditions such as worry, fear, or anger on the one side, and cheerfulness and merry laughter on the other, affect the secretion of gland hormones adversely or favorably—an obvious sign of psychosomatic influences.

Laughter stimulates the pituitary gland, that pea-sized lump at the base of the brain. The most important hormone of the pituitary gland is the growth-promoting hormone, and on it depends the growth of a child. If too much hormone has been secreted, the growing organism becomes a giant. There are dwarfs, well-shaped miniature men, where the gland's activity was below normal level. Stimulation of the endocrine glands near the diaphragm by laughter has a valuable, normalizing influence on the whole system of endocrine secretion. It assists the normal production of the growth-promoting hormone.

In smiling, laughter, and humor we are dealing with fundamental elements. Primitive laughter was associated with the enjoyment and digestion of food. Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University, an outstanding child psychologist, has described the different stages of smiling and laughter in early childhood.

The well-fed infant tends to smile from sheer satisfaction. He smiles socially on the sight of his caretaker at the age of eight weeks. At twelve weeks he chuckles. At sixteen weeks he laughs aloud, and throughout infancy he participates in various grades of nursery humor, from rollicking roughhouse to many kinds of peekaboo and mock-scare games. But these things create laughter only when the child and his opposite are in a playful attitude.

Children would not indulge in so much spontaneous and meaningless laughter, Dr. Gesell says, if it did not have a wholesome effect upon their behavior and mental growth. Even at the age of one year, the child likes to repeat performances laughed at by his elders. At two years he can start humor and carry on with his playmates. At three years an abundance of laughter accompanies his play.

The three-year-old child is already refining the gross humor of the two-year-old. He enjoys the play of tossing a word back and forth with someone who will play with him. At five years he enjoys slapstick humor. The age of six is notably not a humor age. At seven the child enjoys hackneyed jokes. The typical eight-year-old has a high sense of humor.

At nine and ten the sense of humor, if it matures, becomes more robust. The child is not only able to perpetrate a more or less practical joke, but he can take one on himself. He may even be able to laugh off teasing, which is an excellent achievement.

Laughter has its place in surgery. It has been said that laughter has an effect on the body resembling that of a blood transfusion. We call its influence psychosomatic. We are convinced of its importance. However, it is only a new name for what doctors have believed in through the centuries; namely, that laughter is good for their patients. Mental happiness, an inner chuckle, makes them feel well; no boisterous laughter is needed.



Alcoholism and the Law

ON JANUARY 22, 1966, a case was decided in court that may eventually become a landmark in the relationship of the law to chronic alcoholism. The decision was handed down by Circuit Judge Albert V. Bryan of the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit.

We start with the State of North Carolina, where the case originated, and take a look at the defendant in the case.

He is fifty-nine years old. His first conviction for public intoxication occurred at the age of twenty-four. Since then he has been convicted of this offense more than 200 times! For nearly two thirds of his life he has been in prison on this charge. Indeed, while out on bail pending determination of his appeal, he was twice convicted for similar violations.

What laws has he violated? The North Carolina General Statute section 14-335 reads as follows: "If any person shall be found drunk or intoxicated on the public highway, or at any public place or meeting, in any county . . . herein named, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be punished as is provided in this section."

In Durham County where this case started, the law reads that for the first offense the penalty be "not more than fifty dollars (\$50.00), or imprisonment for not more than thirty days; for the second offense within a period of twelve months, by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars (\$100.00), or imprisonment for not more than sixty days; and for the third offense within any twelve months' period such offense is declared a misdemeanor, punishable as a misdemeanor within the discretion of the court."

As more than a three-time repeater in Durham County, the defendant was sentenced to imprisonment for two years for each of two offenses occurring on December 18 and 19, 1963, respectively, the terms running concurrently. While he pleaded guilty, the evidence taken conclusively proved him to be a chronic alcoholic. His inebriation in public was an involuntary exhibition of his infirmity, according to the district judge.

The basic legal problem is this: Can a chronic alcoholic, as

the defendant was proved and confessed to be, constitutionally be convicted of a crime and sentenced, as he was, for public drunkenness?

He lost his case in the state courts. Thereupon he unsuccessfully petitioned the Federal District Court for a writ of habeas corpus to procure his release from imprisonment ordered on his sentence. This was denied, and from this denial his case then went to the Circuit Court.

What was it that the defendant claimed? His argument can be summed up thus: His chronic alcoholism is a disease which has destroyed the power of his will to resist the constant consumption of alcohol, and his appearance in public in that condition is not his volition but a compulsion symptomatic of the disease. Therefore, to stigmatize him as a criminal for this act is cruel and unusual punishment.

The importance of this claim was recognized, for attorneys submitted a brief on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Capital Area Civil Liberties Union, and the Washington Area Council on Alcoholism, as *amici curiae*. Under this method, if the claim that he is a chronic alcoholic is accepted, then all the court has to do is to decide whether or not his contention is correct.

The court took the view that there was an indisputable finding that the defendant was as he claimed. But how does one define a chronic alcoholic? In arriving at its decision, the court did not concoct legal definitions of "alcoholic," but accepted the definition by the National Council on Alcoholism of an alcoholic as "a person who is powerless to stop drinking and whose drinking seriously alters his normal living pattern."

The American Medical Association defines "alcoholics" as "those excessive drinkers whose dependence on alcohol has attained such a degree that it shows a noticeable disturbance of or interference with their bodily or mental health, their interpersonal relations, and their satisfactory social and economic functioning." The World Health Organization recognizes alcoholism as "a chronic illness that manifests itself as a disorder of behavior."

The court then went on to say, "It is known

Harold Gluck, Ph.D.

no longer
CRIMINAL



that alcohol can be addicting and it is the addict—the involuntary drinker—on whom our decision is now made. Hence we exclude the merely excessive-steady or spree-voluntary drinker. This addiction—chronic alcoholism—is now almost universally accepted medically as a disease. The symptoms, as already noted, may appear as disorder of behavior. Obviously, this includes appearances in public as here, unwilling and ungovernable by the victim.”

With this view of the court, the conclusion is obvious, as noted by the court: “When that is the conduct for which he is criminally accused, there can be no judgment of criminal conviction passed upon him. To do so would affront the Eighth Amendment as cruel and unusual punishment in branding him a criminal, irrespective of consequent detention or fine.”

The court went farther, for it took the view that although his misbehavior comprises the elements of a crime, it lacks the intent, which is an indispensable ingredient of a crime. However, the court did point out that this does not preclude appropriate detention of a chronic alcoholic for treatment and rehabilitation.

Now, this is all the court held—and no more. If John Doe gets drunk voluntarily, and then commits a crime while under the influence of alcohol, he can't use that as an excuse. In this decision, Judge Bryan mentioned the case of *Robinson vs. California* (370 U.S. 660), and stated that this case “sustains, if not commands, the view we take.”

In this case referred to, the United States Supreme Court held invalid as cruel and unusual punishment prohibited by the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments a California statute which made drug addiction a crime. The court said such addiction was a status involuntarily assumed, and therefore to punish it as a crime violated the constitutional provisions.

On March 31, 1966, the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia handed down a decision similar to

what is now called “The Driver Case” described above. In the Court of General Sessions of the District of Columbia, at a trial by a judge without a jury, DeWitt Easter was found guilty of having been “drunk and intoxicated” on a stated date on a street of Washington, D.C. This was in violation of the code provision reading: “No person shall . . . be drunk or intoxicated in any street, alley, park, or parking.”

He was given a suspended sentence of ninety days' imprisonment. That he was drunk or intoxicated at the time and place stated was proved and was uncontested. His defense was that he was a chronic alcoholic. The judge did not rule that the evidence fell short of establishing that DeWitt Easter was a chronic alcoholic. The judge merely ruled that the evidence to this effect was not pertinent, that it wasn't a defense to a charge of intoxication in a public place. The District of Columbia Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction. An appeal to the Court of Appeals was granted.

In deciding on the Easter Case, the court cited the Driver Case as precedent. It held, “Our decision is that chronic alcoholism is a defense to a charge of public intoxication and therefore is not a crime in violation of our code.”

However, in order to come to this conclusion it had also to examine the Act of Congress of August 4, 1947, entitled, “Rehabilitation of Alcoholics.” In it a chronic alcoholic is defined as “any person who chronically and habitually uses alcoholic beverages to the extent that he has lost the power of self-control with respect to the use of such beverages, or while under the influence of alcohol endangers the public morals, health, safety, or welfare.”

To be guilty of a crime, a person must engage responsibly in the action. Thus, an insane person who does the act is not guilty of the crime. The law in such a case, based on morals, absolves him of criminal responsibility—so too in the case of an infant. This is now extended so that chronic alcoholics cannot be held responsible for being drunk in public. Drunkenness as a chronic condition is held as a sickness, and the very nature of it goes where the victim goes.

The decision of Judge Bryan was cited and also the holding in *Robinson vs. California*. Then the court made this important point: “The fact that in our case the sentence of ninety days was suspended, whereas in *Robinson* there was imprisonment, is immaterial on the questions of cruel and unusual punishment: it is the fact of criminal conviction that is critical. . . . In the light of contemporary human knowledge, a law which made a criminal offense of such a disease (mental illness, leprosy, or venereal disease) would doubtless be universally thought to be an infliction of cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments (370 U.S. at 666).”

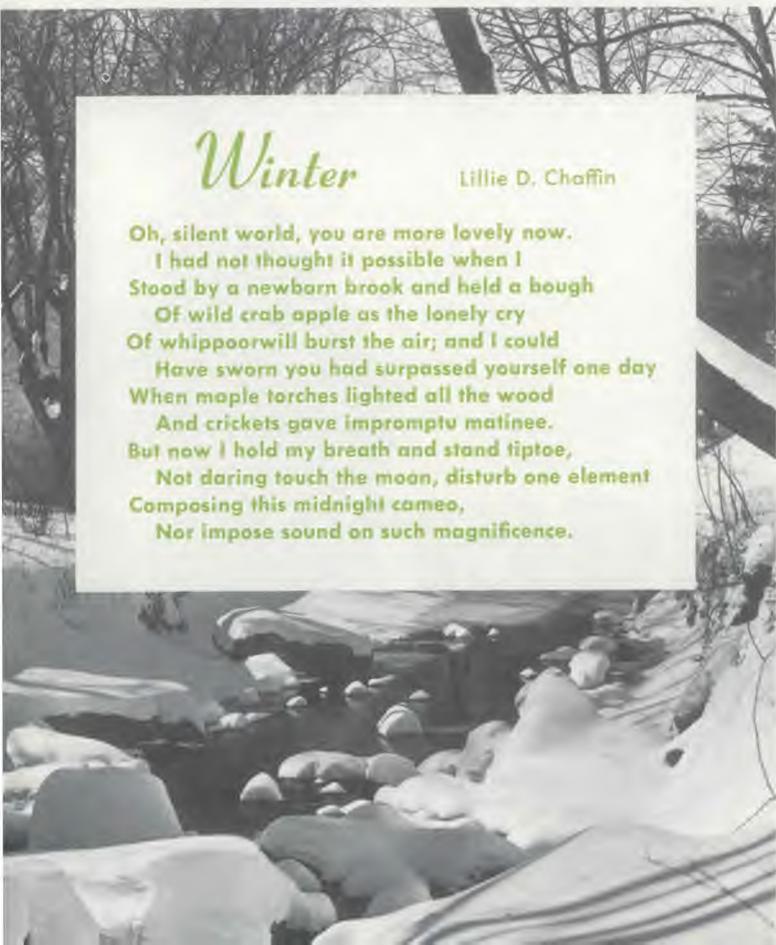
This is now the law of the land. Even if it went to the Supreme Court of the United States, it probably would be upheld.

There are at least three important consequences of these decisions:

First, the chronic alcoholic is no longer a case for the police to handle, since alcoholism is now not a criminal situation but one of sickness, from a legal standpoint.

Second, treatment in the field of rehabilitation must increase the percentage of cures.

Third, with the legal recognition that alcoholism is a sickness, it follows that the field of preventive medicine must now be applied more fully to this situation so that human beings can be prevented from contracting this sickness.



Winter

Lillie D. Chaffin

Oh, silent world, you are more lovely now.
I had not thought it possible when I
Stood by a newborn brook and held a bough
Of wild crab apple as the lonely cry
Of whippoorwill burst the air; and I could
Have sworn you had surpassed yourself one day
When maple torches lighted all the wood
And crickets gave impromptu matinee.
But now I hold my breath and stand tiptoe,
Not daring touch the moon, disturb one element
Composing this midnight cameo,
Nor impose sound on such magnificence.

Spoiler in Paradise

HERBERT FORD

HAWAII—so say the gaily colored travel folders—is the “Paradise of the Pacific,” and how right they are! From the ancient canoe landings on the “Big Island’s” South Point to Kauai’s verdant, rainsoaked Hanalei valley, the fiftieth state is, indeed, one of the beauty spots of earth. Each of the major islands—Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Hawaii, and Kauai—offers lush, never-to-be-forgotten scenes which thrill visitors from around the world.

But for many an eager tourist, jetting into Honolulu’s international air terminal from San Francisco or Los Angeles, Tokyo or Manila, the paradise he seeks may well be spoiled by that bugaboo of an increasing number of the world’s tourist attractions—the discarded beer can and whiskey bottle.

Bent on a quick dip in the tropical waters of Oahu’s famous Waikiki Beach, the tourist may become suddenly acquainted with the problem.

“That was last night’s fun—all *pau* [over] now,” grinned a bronze-skinned beachboy as he dug a wicked-looking piece of brown glass out of the Waikiki sand.

A short time later an unbroken bottle stared up at us from among the coral, about half a mile out from the beach where a friend and I were snorkeling in search of seashells. Before our exploring was done, numerous discarded cans and bottles showed up beneath our face masks in the otherwise unspoiled coral loveliness.

A few days later we joined another friend on the island of Maui in search of an earlier Hawaii, away from Waikiki’s crowds. From the island’s bustling airport at Kahului we sped through tall, waving sugarcane, past the little hamlet of Kamaole, along the historic western coast. At last the paved road ended, and we plunged on through bushy thickets, past crumbling concrete pillboxes and antitank traps erected years ago to stem an anticipated Japanese invasion in World War II.

Finally we stopped on a little hill overlooking what is



surely one of the world’s loveliest beaches. A block-wide glistening stretch of white sand edged a small bay of deepest blue water. Gentle waves swept in on the beach, flattening out in soft, smooth swells as they moved closer to the sand.

“Ever see anything like it?” asked our friend.

It was beautiful.

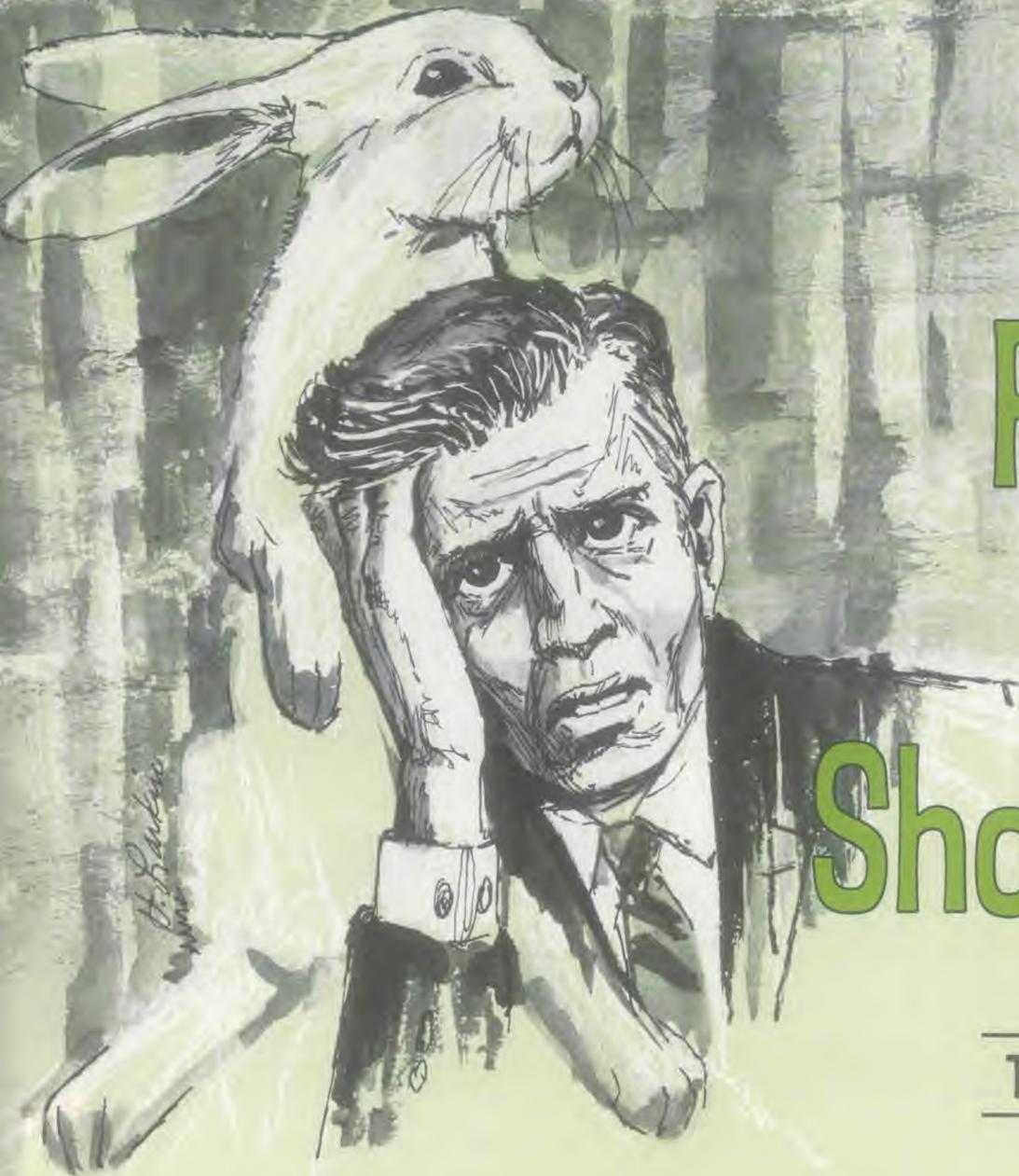
But we had to pick our way through beer cans and broken bottles to reach that lovely stretch of sand. The tourists hadn’t yet discovered the place, our host explained, but the local residents were very familiar with it. The beach was a popular place to hold *hukilaus*, or fish feasts. There was nothing left of the fish to mar the beach’s beauty—only the metal and glass reminders of man’s thoughtlessness.

Late in the afternoon we traveled back along Maui’s western shoreline, past sparkling Haalaea Bay to beautiful Lahaina, Hawaii’s early capital.

Today the picturesque town is most noted for its shops which sell rare black coral taken by divers from the ocean. Plush hotels draw thousands of tourists from Oahu.

On a clear day a magnificent view of Lanai, Hawaii’s “Pineapple Island,” can be seen from a spot on Lahaina’s main street between the little shops. But woe to the tourist who lets his gaze slip downward from the sight of the distant island to the water lapping below the street.

Hawaii—“Paradise of the Pacific” it surely is. But when you take a look at the beautiful bays, the jagged, towering *palis*, and the hundreds of majestic waterfalls, the view is best from a distance. Closer inspection might show that the droppings of *Homo sapiens* have spoiled the natural beauty.



"That Rabbit on Your Shoulder"

Thea Trent

New hope for down-and-out drinkers.

THE LONG BLACK CAR traveled smoothly down the suburban street of a large Western city. Overhead, on both sides, fan palms rustled in the late afternoon breeze; the sun near the horizon sent golden shafts over vacant lots. The four men looked much alike. All were middle-aged, dressed in neat, conservative business suits.

"How goes it, Fred?" asked the driver, not turning his eyes from the road.

"Great, George," one of the men in the back seat answered; "but—why that rabbit on your shoulder?"

"Right away," the second man in the front seat said. "Turn off the road."

The second man on the back seat gripped the arms of the one sitting beside him and, being very strong, kept his seatmate motionless.

As soon as the car had slowed down and turned onto

the grassy level shoulder, it stopped. The man beside the driver quickly climbed over the back of the seat. There was the flash of a hypodermic needle drawn from a pocket case, and Fred, whose eyes had turned dull and glassy, sank moaning to the floor of the car.

The driver started the car, swung back onto the road, and soon turned into a driveway leading to a large house.

But what is this all about?

The action of the four men in the car might have meant any of a number of things. Perhaps a crime, the three men having offered Fred a lift, only to rob him after rendering him helpless. But no—nothing like that.

The man who saw a "rabbit" sitting on the driver's shoulder was an alcoholic on the verge of an attack of delirium tremens.

Fred was a hard drinker of long standing, a man of

great physical strength, so the ravages of alcohol had struck first at his nervous system. He was a successful businessman and well liked by many of his friends; but of late all who cared for him were deeply concerned. His own doctor had tried every possible way to fortify him against his compulsive drinking; but, after a tense day on the stock market, he could not resist stopping on the way home at a tavern and having a "few relaxing drinks."

The real nightmare began when Fred reached the stage of the first attack of delirium tremens. The neighborhood was panicked by the screams of fear coming from the house. The police and his doctor arrived almost together. Fortunately the doctor, summoned by the wife, came in an ambulance with attendants. The police were assured by the doctor that the man would be put under restraint, so they did not enter charges.

Fred went into violent convulsions and had to be given heavy sedation and restrained in a straitjacket. Long after he came out of the attack, his hands shook as if he had the palsy, and his face was the color of clay.

He swore he would no more take another drink than he would put a gun to his head, but in a short time the memory of the horror passed like a forgotten nightmare; and on a raw, wet evening, after a very trying day, Fred decided to stop again at the familiar tavern, "just to prove that I can have one or two without going overboard."

Not realizing the false note in his excuse, Fred heaved a sigh of relief as he sank into his favorite bar chair.

"Scotch. A double on the rocks."

Soon a couple of his drinking pals joined him, and there was much joking about what he had seen crawling up the walls in the hospital. Was he sure he didn't see anything in the bar?

"That's all a thing of the past, fellows. You're looking at the most moderate drinker this side of A.A."

Of course the men took the challenge, and all demanded to treat him to a drink. But Fred had only one more, as he had planned, and went out, proud and laughing. His little wife, welcoming him home with a kiss, smelled the liquor, and her eyes filled with fear. But Fred explained his theory of moderation, and turned on all his charm. "One drink smells as strong as a flock, honey," he said. "After what I went through, do you think I'm nuts enough to start heavy drinking again? All I'm interested in is making up to you for the worry this bad boy has caused you."

He insisted on broiling the steaks and helping with the dishes afterward, so they could go out for the evening. His wife was so happy that she could not keep back her excitement, for Fred was her whole life.

Fred too was in a glow of confidence. "Just wait until I see our friend the doc," he said gleefully. "The old fogy! Telling me I could never take another drink without losing control! It's just a matter of a man's using his willpower and common sense. I learned my lesson plenty, honey, with that bad attack. And you are never again going to have the sorrow and fright I must have caused you. You see, so many of my big real estate deals are polished off amidst the informal atmosphere of a drink. 'Moderation' is the word, and I shall never forget it."

Everything went well until an unusually frustrating day came—a deal that had looked so certain fell through.

Fred reached the tavern a little later than usual, and several of his friends were already in a glow. He felt the old craving, fierce like before.

The two double shots didn't bring relaxation and relief from his tension. A compulsion to drink took hold of him like the grip of steel claws. He could have groaned aloud. He could have gone behind the bar and snatched the first bottle his hand touched and drained it dry! But his mind was active. He had been talking too much about "moderate" drinking. He had bragged too much to his friends of his self-control. If he got really "gassed" in the tavern, he'd never hear the last of it.

He looked at his wristwatch, made an excuse of "company for dinner," and left. There were a number of bars along the highway, so he chose an insignificant one where he was unlikely to see any neighbors or friends. He drank until a great tide of relief and an alcoholic glow swept over him.

When his wife heard the stumbling steps coming from the garage to the house, her heart seemed to break. The doctor had explained to her, as well as to Fred, that anyone who had gone as far along the road of alcoholism as Fred had, could never safely take another drink—not even a single one!

Very soon the doctor's words were demonstrated, for Fred began to slip into another attack of delirium tremens. Then his wife phoned the doctor; and, for her sake, he came, and a few minutes later the ambulance.

"I'll try to fix you up once more, Fred," the doctor said almost coldly. "I am your friend. Yes. But I am also dedicated to healing the sick, not to sobering up drunks. Your brain won't take it forever. Do you want to land in an asylum?"

But the situation was repeated later. This time when Fred's wife phoned, pleading for help, the doctor sadly replied, "You heard what I told you last time. I cannot do anything more for your husband now. The hospitals have refused to accept cases like his."

"What shall I do? In God's name, tell me where can I get help?"

"There is only one place I know of. The Salvation Army has a small, well-run sanitarium for cases such as yours. Yours is a medical problem. The A.A. could not handle it, but the Salvation Army hospitals are having some good results. I'll phone them at once, and I know they'll help. They should be right over. Meanwhile give him three of the capsules I left last time he had a crisis."

That is the story of the four men in the car. Two of them were workers on the hospital staff and the third was the doctor who gave Fred a shot when his hallucinations began to appear.

Salvation Army doctors apply the theory that by keeping the alcoholic under sedation for a number of days, they can avoid the ravages of an attack on the brain and nerves. They also give powerful vitamin shots and intravenous feeding to rid the blood of the high alcohol content. This organization has long provided a real service to alcoholics in its chain of city missions and halfway houses, but only recently has it set up in certain areas the hospital service as described in this story. As this new program develops further, it will provide aid for numerous victims of alcoholism.



No.1 Miler

by Francis A. Soper

BECAUSE of the war in Vietnam, the United States men's world's mile record—for the first time in twenty-nine years—was broken. Bombing raids on North Vietnamese targets gave the United States and Poles a political excuse to pull out of a scheduled track meet in Berkeley, California, thus forcing a change of venue and the substituting of a lanky teen-ager to run the mile.

And "run" it he did, to the tune of only 3 minutes 53.6 seconds, surprising 2.3 seconds faster than Michael Jazy of France, previous holder, had done a year and a half ago.

Jim Ryun is the youngest of the new crop of American middle-distance runners, with a chance in the future to lower all middle-distance world records in the book. In the mile he already owns one of the best world records in all of sports, and for that reason has emerged as one of the most closely watched figures in the sports world.

Jim's record has not come easily. Ask him how he got it, and he will point to training methods that many have called "overworkful," or "overwork." He merely shrugs off such remarks, saying, "I get used to the pain, doing it every day," he says.

The "it" he refers to means anywhere from eighty to one hundred or more miles a week running. His training book, *Run with Jim Ryun*, keeps faithfully, lists a six-mile workout every day, beginning at 5 o'clock, along with repeated jaunts down the track for shorter runs such as the 220, the 440, the 880, and the mile, including with an evening five-mile cross-country.

Probably no one is more familiar to the life of a farm boy than Jim, a farmer's son near his home in Wichita than Jim, who has been a figure appearing as regularly as sunrise. And his training continues during the school year as he starts his own dog business and passes milk-delivery trucks in Lawrence, where he is now a sophomore at the University of Kansas. Even zero weather doesn't put a stop to his workouts.

Lifting weights and regular sessions of weight training add to Jim's strength of muscle and endurance. His thin frame is deceptively vigorous and loathes competition.

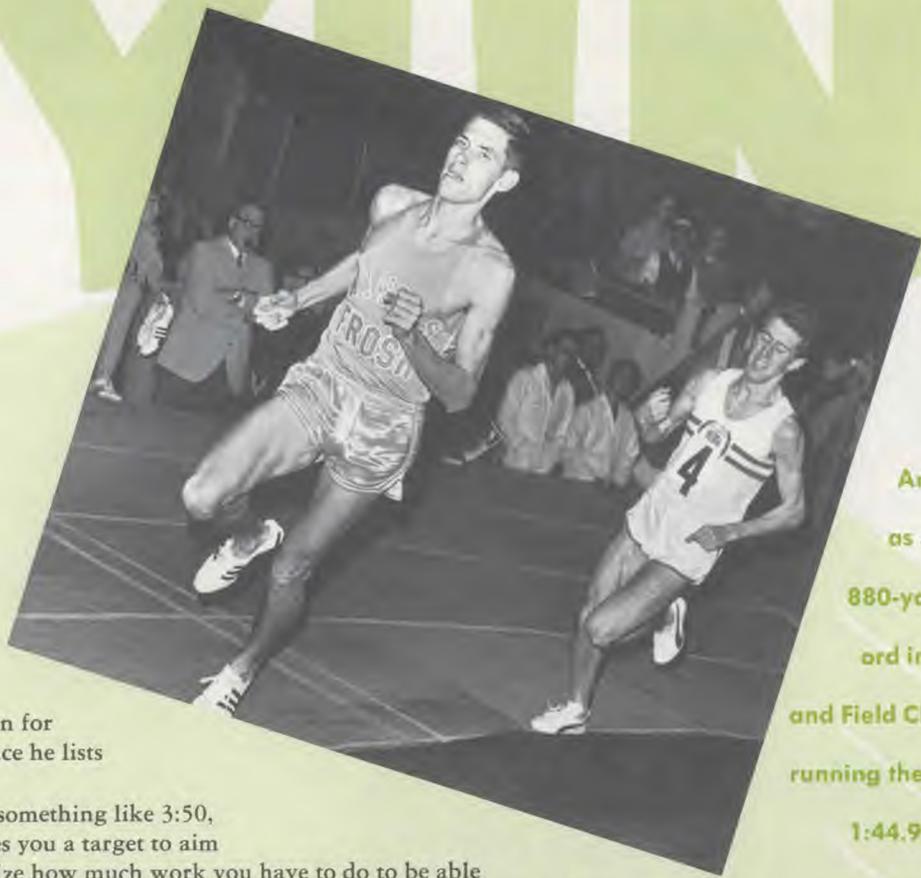
Four years ago, while Jim was running for the University of East High School, he was tagged as an up-and-comer by coach Bob Timmons, who persuaded him later to come to the University on a track scholarship after he himself had taken a coaching job there.

As a fifteen-year-old high school sophomore, Jim was only a mediocre ability for cross-country running. In junior high school he had been dropped from the team, but with a rigorous physical and mental build-up he improved so much that by the end of his junior year he had run a 3:59 mile.

Now in the university, Jim is a B-plus student, with a reputation for popularity in his classes. At least three hours every night he is with his books, "I'm probably not a real good student," says his coach, "but he's always

In what amounted to a warm-up for his world-record-setting mile, Jim Ryun sets a new meet record in the San Francisco "Examiner" indoor track meet.

RYUN



Another mark falls as Jim smashes the 880-yard world record in the U.S. Track and Field Championships, running the distance in 1:44.9.



Our Cover

There is no more exciting moment for sports fans than the breaking of a tape at the close finish of a mile race, especially when that finish sets a new world record.

"Listen's" cover of teen-age Jim Ryun, who now holds the record, is by Ken Regan.



good grades because he tries. Jim is a trier—in everything he does."

And being a trier, he sets goals for himself, finding them to be a vital inspiration for his training. Before each race he lists his goals on a 3 x 5 card.

"If you set up a goal of something like 3:50, say, for the mile run, it gives you a target to aim at," he observes. "You realize how much work you have to do to be able to run a mile at that pace. It's important, of course, not to get too discouraged if you don't make it."

But also he is human, enjoying a good time when one is around, and always anxious to look into something new, as long, that is, as that something won't detract from his track. During his track season—at least thirty races—his whole life is bound up with running. At its end, he loves to take off on a motor trip for a vacation in the mountains, where his runs are nonscheduled and quite less demanding. His "nontraining" at home consists of sinking into an easy chair, putting his feet up, and watching TV. Mostly, however, such relaxing is merely "I'd just like to."

Jim never smokes or drinks. Of course, he leaves these habits alone because of some legal restrictions on teen-age drinking, since he is a law-abiding youngster, but this is merely a minor reason. Such habits simply do not add to his preparation for supreme achievement. He cannot equate smoke with the thrill of breaking the tape for a new record, or the glass with reaching the top in the sports world.

With Jim, his surpassing concern remains his devotion to running. Anything which may detract from this becomes a hindrance. He is simply too busy and occupied with all-consuming interests to be bothered with "small" things.

Too, this fleet-footed miler is a conscientious member of the Church of Christ, a church which is traditionally fundamentalist in faith and practice when it comes to health matters.

What of the future? All athletes recognize that sports records are made to be broken, but still the question arises, What is the ultimate of human performance? The "sound barrier" of the four-minute mile, for years thought to be insurmountable, now has been bettered by no fewer than seventy-one runners. Jim Ryun was the first high school boy to do it, but since then he has repeated it eight more times.

The four-minute barrier was first breached by Britain's Roger Bannister twelve years ago. He feels that eventually the mile will be run in 3 minutes, 30 seconds, because of two factors: good coaching and the power of positive thinking. Motivation is the key, he believes.

Already the No. 1 distance runner in history, Jim Ryun still has most of his racing career ahead of him, and he hasn't set any limits to what he feels he can achieve.

"Faster," says Jim; "I always feel I can run faster." If such factors will continue to lower world records, no other athlete will have a better chance at breaking his own mile record than Jim Ryun himself, No. 1 in more than one way.



This General Learned by Experience

GENERAL NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST, Confederate cavalry leader, faced death many times; but one of his most horrifying experiences took place when he was about twelve.

Bedford, a blacksmith's son, and a young friend had been watering their horses every morning in a creek not far from the village of Chapel Hill, Tennessee. The road led past a farm which boasted two huge, ferocious hounds. The boys would gallop past, teasing the dogs by shouting and throwing stones from their pockets at them. Down the road they then would race on their swift mounts, the hounds leaping and barking furiously like avenging demons until they finally would have to turn back with their tongues hanging out. Riding tall in the saddle, the boys felt absolutely safe. The more they teased, the more ferocious the hounds became. Great fun, the boys thought.

One morning Bedford was riding a colt that had not been properly broken. He threw stones and shouted as usual. Then, as the barking dogs bounded forward, his mount refused to gallop away. It shied, throwing him almost into the jaws of the angry hounds.

Those few seconds in the air and when he hit the ground were the most fearful in his whole life. He cringed, waiting for the attack by the avenging animals.

But nothing happened!

He leaped up, and then ran at top speed for some distance before he dared look back to see how close the hounds were. He was amazed to see that they were running as fast as they could, but in the opposite direction!

Stones they were used to, but when the sudden, unex-

pected missile of a large boy, arms and legs churning wildly, came hurtling through the air, it was too much. Right then the boy learned a principle of military tactics that he used to great effect later on: the bold, surprise attack, even when he knew he was inferior in strength to the enemy. It was a lesson he never forgot.

One summer day two years later, in 1835, when he was fourteen, he was sitting on the cutting table in his uncle's tailor shop, his gray eyes watching five husky woodsmen drinking there. Noting his gaze, they decided to have a little fun with him. They urged drinks of whiskey on him. He refused them. Then they began taunting and jeering. Their large-framed leader, Adams, made some vicious remarks. Bedford asked Adams to leave him alone, but Adams only laughed.

Meantime, the boy reached, unobserved, across the table and picked up his uncle's shears, carefully working them apart. Adams made a lunge for the boy; but when Bedford leaped toward Adams, a sharp-pointed blade in each hand, the big man turned and fled in dismay, as did the other four. The boy ran out after them, but his uncle and two other men caught and held him while the drunks made it to the safety of the woods. The next day word got around that if Bedford hadn't been restrained, some of the drunks might have been badly hurt.

It was shortly after this that the Forrest family moved to Tippah County in northern Mississippi. When the boy was almost sixteen, his father, William Forrest, died, leaving him to look after his mother and eight younger brothers and sisters.

He worked the farm from dawn to dusk; then evenings he made buckskin moccasins and coonskin caps for the children. All this gave a fine sense of achievement to the boy who was to become the Confederate leader that General Sherman called "the most remarkable man our Civil War produced on either side."

In a society that took its liquor hard and treated tobacco as a staple of life, Bedford reached the age of twenty without drinking. Having seen many men under the influence, he wondered what it was like to become drunk. One day he decided to find out. Knowing that it made some men furious fighters, and being a rough fighter himself when aroused, he decided not to perform his experiment in public. So he took a jug of whiskey to the woods. If he'd a mind to fight, he told friends later, he couldn't hurt the tree trunks.

The stuff burned his throat, but he drank until he passed out. When his senses returned, he was sick with fever. He dragged himself home and to bed. His fever rose. He developed a severe case of pneumonia.

His mother tried to mask her fears, and he didn't want her to suspect that he too thought he was going to die. But he prayed, saying that if God would spare his life, he would never take another drink as long as he lived. He kept that promise. He became a tough, courageous fighter during the war, with an almost uncanny ability to inspire loyalty in his men.

The man who entered the Confederate service as a private when he was almost forty and came out as a lieutenant general had learned two valuable lessons early in life—the importance of the bold surprise attack in combat, and the fact that drink may do something other than bolster a man's courage either in peacetime or in wartime.

The Brain Pays

Barbiturates temporarily impair memory, judgment, and learning. Dr. John Bunker, Stanford University, found that patients under mild sedation may talk normally and rationally, but fail to recall anything they say.

Volunteers, given small doses of a common barbiturate, could not remember material read to them, and eighteen hours later their judgment was still below normal. Some non-barbiturates have similar effects, especially if their use is abused to a considerable degree.

Drug Control Urged

World narcotics experts have called for stringent national and international controls over pep pills, tranquilizers, and barbiturates.

A ten-nation committee, convened by the United Nations Narcotics Commission, also passed a strong recommendation against the misuse of LSD, the hallucinatory drug that can have terrifying effects on people who take it for kicks.

The experts passed a unanimous resolution that the manufacture, distribution, and use of LSD should be placed under strict control.

The final report stressed that there are far too many people, particularly in the Western world, who are turning to drugs to ease modern tensions.

Even Doctors Are Not Immune When It Comes to Liquor and Other Drugs



Fortunately it doesn't happen often, but a surgeon under the influence of alcohol is little short of a licensed murderer.

How to Stay Pretty

Merle Oberon has long been a well-known movie star. When asked how she preserved her beauty, she said, "It boils down to the fact that I like to do the things that are good for me. I eat very carefully, and I don't drink or smoke." Exercise helps, of course, so there is a swimming pool at each of her homes in Beverly Hills, Mexico City, Acapulco, and Cuernavaca.

At least one doctor in ten does not measure up to the standards of the medical profession, says Dr. C. Nelson Davis, chief psychiatrist of the Malvern Institute in Philadelphia, where he specializes in treating doctors who are addicted to alcohol or other drugs.

In listing various conditions which make doctors "incompetent," Harald J. Taub, writing in *Pageant*, also includes drug addiction along with alcoholism.

"Of the known drug addicts in the United States, divided into occupational groups," he says, "medical doctors make up the largest single group. The reason is obvious. The doctor is in a demanding profession that keeps him under tension. The effects of constant nervous strain can easily impair his skill or judgment. Frequently, out of an altruistic desire to serve his patients better, the doctor begins to take drugs, always available to him with no questions asked. By the time he learns he has made a mistake, he is hooked."

He continues, "A vice even more dangerous to the patient is alcoholism. Liquor can cloud a doctor's judgment and destroy his reflexes far more effectively than narcotics. As with narcotics, the medical profession has the highest rate of alcoholism of any occupational group."

"The patients of alcoholic doctors—there are estimated to be about 20,000 such M.D.'s—risk their lives every time they go for treatment. The wrong drug or the wrong dosage of the right drug can make you seriously ill or kill you. Even the sloppy use of a hypodermic syringe can cause a blood clot that may bring on a heart attack.

"Fortunately, the alcoholic doctor usually cannot hide his weakness for long. His patients may not be aware of it, but his colleagues certainly will be. As the medical profession's attitude toward incompetence changes, alcoholic doctors will be among the first to be compelled to cure themselves or leave the profession."

In This NEWS

- ★ Willpower is not yet passé. Page 14.
- ★ Why do priests become alcoholics? Page 15.
- ★ Seeing yourself as others see you. Page 16.



MENTAL CHAOS—This impressionistic painting hangs above the desk of Dr. Timothy Leary, who helped start the present fad of experimenting with LSD and other drugs. Perhaps pictures of this nature prepare the mind for "trips" with these dangerous drugs.



MANY ON A MATCH—These six "Smoking Sams" are busy smoking—to show the bad effects of smoking to teenagers. Used by the Central California Conference of Seventh-day Adventists in its health educational program in high schools, these life-size manikins have inside them a collection of tubes, bulbs, and jars which collect the resulting tars from mechanical smoking by the "Sams." The collected tars, called "cancer-producing" by medical authorities, are displayed to student audiences. The manikins also "talk" to students via tape recorders mounted inside their bodies.

Willpower Not Passé

People don't control their appetites by the shock treatment, Dr. Gary Stollak of the University of Indiana has found.

In a series of experiments this professor of psychology tried electric shocks to help 120 volunteers curb their appetites by setting up an unpleasant association with food. None lost weight.

Obviously, it still takes willpower to control those pounds.

Alcohol Use Hurts Potential of Mind

Even a single alcoholic drink may seriously impair one's ability to pay attention to more than one thing at a time.

Dr. Herbert Moskowitz of the University of California at Los Angeles's neuropsychiatric institute in a study on alcohol found that moderate doses do not noticeably impair vision, hearing, or time perception.

But when subjects were asked to identify a tone while repeating numbers given to them through an earphone, there was a significant effect. Although sober, the subjects averaged only 78 percent. When the subjects had one ounce of vodka for

every forty pounds of body weight—they fell below this mark by 16 percent.

For a 160-pound man, this would be two drinks. The legal measure of intoxication, .15 percent blood alcohol, is achieved by four (two-ounce) drinks.

In driving, people are impaired long before the .15 percent blood alcohol is reached, according to the study. Dr. Moskowitz says that many underestimate the complications of driving, in which the brain must pay attention to many things.

Quiz

Alcohol and Accidents

Dr. P. Carbone

With alcoholism becoming an ever-increasing problem, and the death toll on the roads mounting yearly as the result of the drinking driver, how much do we really know about the effects of alcohol? Mark the following statements True (T) or False (F) in the box at the left.

- 1. The extreme drunk is one of the greatest safety hazards on the road.
- 2. Strong black coffee or caffeine pills will offset the effects of alcohol.
- 3. Two or three drinks make no appreciable difference in visual acuity.
- 4. During the Christmas holidays approximately one out of every five fatal accidents involves a person who has been drinking.
- 5. Drinking is not a hazard for pedestrians.
- 6. Lapse of memory when one is drinking is a danger signal of alcoholism.
- 7. Hangovers cost industry more money each year than the common cold.
- 8. Several drinks of alcohol cut down an individual's reaction time.
- 9. Alcoholism is a mental disease.

Answers to Quiz:

- 1. False: The drunk on the highway can usually be detected by his erratic driving and should therefore be avoided. The "social drinker" gets by—until an emergency looms before him.
- 2. False: Only time can eliminate alcohol from the bloodstream and the system.
- 3. False: Two cocktails may reduce one's visual acuity as much as if he were wearing dark glasses.
- 4. False: The appalling number is nearer one out of two.
- 5. False: A great percentage of pedestrians killed on the streets have been drinking.
- 6. True: The normal functions of the brain undergo a process like that produced by an anesthetic.
- 7. True: Even if the worker is on the job, his efficiency is so drastically reduced that industry has come to fear hangovers.
- 8. True: Reaction time is drastically reduced.
- 9. True and False: Alcoholism may begin because of mental problems, but the constant heavy use may produce drastic changes in body chemistry until it can also be considered a physical disease.



Drug Users Rejected

The Defense Department rejected 743 draftees for military service in the twelve months of fiscal 1965 because they were users of narcotics.

A department spokesman said that 422 of those rejected were users of heroin. Of that number, 250 of the cases were in New York City.

Brain Exercise

Don't let your mind become lazy, for scientists now think that mental activity can make your brain put on weight.

Dr. Edward Bennett, of the University of California, after thirteen years of intense research, has shown that rats are more capable of performing difficult tasks, as well as being more alert and "gay," if they are constantly stimulated when young.

And he feels sure that the same principle holds true for humans too.

If it were possible to inspect minutely the brains of two children, one normal and the other deprived of learning and stimulation throughout its life, then it would be highly likely that "you would find actual differences in structure and function," says Dr. Bennett.

New Heart



In an effort to save a failing heart, Dr. Michael De Bakey, Houston specialist who has pioneered the development of the artificial heart, implants a mechanical heart in one of his patients to bypass the damaged left ventricle of the natural heart.



"At least we won't have to worry about this bunch."

Priests Are Bored

Boredom is one reason why so many Catholic priests become alcoholics.

So says Austin Ripley, the founder of Guest House, near Detroit, a center exclusively for the care and cure of alcoholic Roman Catholic priests.

He estimates that of the 60,000 priests in this country, some 4,000 are alcoholics. This is at least double the alcoholism ratio among the population in general.

"For the priest who is physically or emotionally vulnerable," says Mr. Ripley, "life becomes cluttered with anxieties. The priest finds alcohol the most convenient and socially acceptable defense against these anxieties."

Dependent on Government Paychecks

Nearly one out of every three adults depends for part of his income on a regular check from Uncle Sam.

Once or twice each month, the Federal Government makes out checks to 34 million individuals, according to the Treasury Department.

By 1970, the number of people drawing allowances of some kind from Washington will near 40 million, official forecasts show.

Some of the increase is due to the expansion of the central Government and additional new benefits.

The swelling Federal payroll also is partly responsible. Such antipov-erty programs as the Neighborhood Youth Corps put 500,000 teen-agers on government allowances.

But the principal cause of the trend is the tendency of people to live longer. Most of Uncle Sam's income-maintenance effort is directed at older people, increasing faster than the working-age group.

Nearly a million names are added each year to the rolls of those receiving Social Security or various Government-sponsored pensions.

By 1970, almost 25 million people will be collecting Social Security benefits.

The 34 million getting regular payments from Uncle Sam this year include:

- ★ 21,400,000 Social Security beneficiaries.
- ★ 5,052,000 veterans or their dependents who get pensions or compensation for service-connected disabilities.
- ★ 3,093,000 servicemen on active duty.
- ★ 537,000 retired servicemen.
- ★ 2,574,000 civilian employees of the Federal Government.
- ★ 750,000 retired Government workers.
- ★ 914,000 railroad retirees.



Quoting Mr. Nixon -

"The deterioration of respect for the rule of law all across America can be traced directly to the spread of the corrosive doctrine that every citizen possesses an inherent right to decide for himself which laws to disobey and when to disobey them. . . .

"But if every man is to decide for himself which to obey and which to ignore, the end result is anarchy.

"The way to make good laws is not to break bad laws, but to change bad laws, [by] . . . constitutional process.

"In the last analysis, the nation simply can no longer tolerate men who are above the law. For, as Lincoln said, 'There is no grievance that is a fit object of redress by mob law.'"



DIVORCE RUNS IN FAMILIES! TRUE □ FALSE □



True, it certainly does. Some years ago sociologist Judson Landis made a careful study of divorce patterns in three generations, represented by nearly 2,000 university students. He found that those who came from homes in which parents, grandparents, and uncles and aunts divorced frequently, were themselves most likely to divorce. Furthermore, they tended to date and marry those who, like themselves, had come from broken homes.

Sedated Minds

In his popular column, "Mirror of the Mind," Joseph Whitney answers the question, Will one drink a day keep the jitters away?

"Not for long. There is evidence that one or two social drinks before dinner produce only a temporary sense of camaraderie and goodwill. Dr. Stanley Gitlow of the New York Medical College told the National Council on Alcoholism that when the effect of a predinner drink wears off, anxiety and tension are heightened, accompanied by an irritable mental state.

"The quieting, calming effect of a before-dinner drink reaches its peak some two hours after the alcoholic beverage is consumed. When that passes, the calming, sedative effect begins to lose its hold, agitation comes into the picture, and friendly tolerance gives way to . . . petulance.

"The sedative period is short and acute," Dr. Gitlow wrote in *Medical World News*, "while the agitation is long and subtle." The aftereffects can continue into the next day, he said, "causing the drinker to experience diffuse feelings of discomfort and anxiety."

Flying "High"

One of the first formal studies of general aviation accidents, made by Drs. Charles Harper and William Albers of the Federal Aviation Agency, shows that in 158 of 477 fatal general aviation accidents in 1963, some fifty-six, or 35.4 percent, of the 158 pilots registered positive at autopsy as regards alcohol in the blood.

ARE YOU PUZZLED?

Frieda M. Lease

HISTORICAL FOLK WITH TWO "FIRST" NAMES

Match the two lists of "first" names to get well-known American history characters.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Patrick | a. Jay |
| 2. Chester | b. Anthony |
| 3. Robert | c. Pierce |
| 4. Benjamin | d. Sherman |
| 5. John | e. Willard |
| 6. Susan B. | f. Eddy |
| 7. Jesse | g. Henry |
| 8. Mary | h. Arnold |
| 9. William | i. Curtis |
| 10. Frances | j. Douglas |
| 11. Betsy | k. James |
| 12. Franklin | l. Arthur |
| 13. Charles | m. Lee |
| 14. Stephen | n. Ross |
| 15. Benedict | o. Franklin |

Jefferson Medical College, where the experiment was done, "these men were made aware that alcohol was responsible, not some uncontrollable outside force, for their failures."

Alcoholics through this means see their actions while under the influence and hear themselves answering questions about their personal lives, with obvious attempts at circumventing the truth.

Alcohol and the Mind

About one third of the persons who go into state mental hospitals in the State of Maryland are admitted because they are alcoholics. This is twice as many as were admitted for this reason four years ago.



BOB BROWN

To Prevent Suicides

In Washington, D.C., the National Institute of Mental Health is opening its National Center for Suicide Prevention. The center will seek to teach medical practitioners, clergymen, law enforcement officers, and others to recognize the subtle warnings of violent behavior.

Suicides in the United States number some 21,000 each year, and hundreds of them are teen-agers.

Dr. Stanley Yolles, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, says that suicides could be reduced by 25 percent in five years if the Government made a concerted effort.

The major thrust of the new national center will be directed at finding clues to self-destruction and at

lowering "the threshold for other people so they can hear these clues."

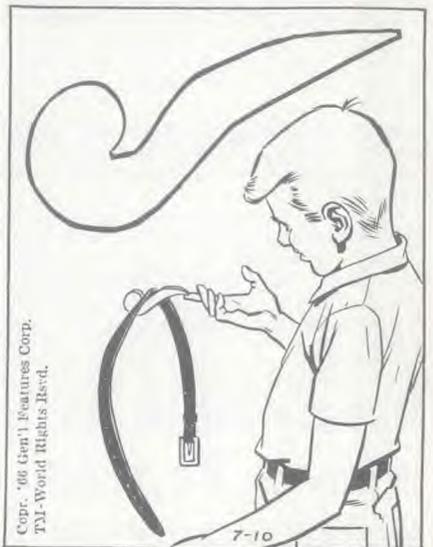
"Every time you open a closet door and see a rag, you don't start screaming 'Fire,'" said a psychiatrist at the Institute. "But if you see a pile of oily rags, you know to do something. You don't just leave them."

Liquor Coughs Up

Ohio now has a plan of taxing liquor outlets in order to provide part of the money needed to combat alcoholism.

The state law earmarks one half of 1 percent of liquor permit fees for the alcoholism program, this amount to be matched with money from the state's general funds. The total will amount to about \$90,000 a year. This plan went into effect in November, 1964.

First distribution of such funds took place early the next year and provided for twelve projects in the Department of Health, including community service programs of personal counseling and alcoholism information, rehabilitation centers, research on young alcoholics, and the expansion of diagnostic facilities.



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PROBLEM: A gravity trick.

NEEDED: A piece of thin plywood or stiff cardboard, a knife, and a leather belt.

DO THIS: Cut the plywood in the shape shown. When the belt is placed in the wood, it can be held on the finger as the boy in the diagram is doing. This seems at first glance to defy gravity.

HERE'S WHY: The belt pulls down on the piece of wood. As the large end of the wood starts to move down, the ends of the belt move closer to the body than the supporting finger. The belt may be held at rest in this position because the center of gravity is directly under the finger.

This trick will not work with an ordinary weight, but requires a leather belt which is stiff enough not to bend easily.

Seeing Yourself

When you see yourself as others see you, it's enough to get you off the bottle, even when all other methods fail.

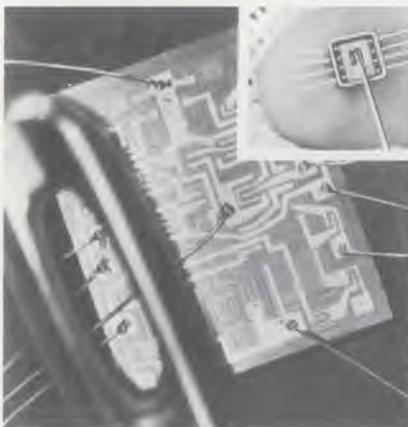
Chronic alcoholics, after having failed with drugs, psychotherapy, and hypnosis, have been rehabilitated by showing them movies taken while they were drunk.

"For the first time," says Dr. Floyd Cornelison of Philadelphia's

ANSWERS TO QUIZ:

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

Small Stuff!



Science Service

Much smaller than the eye of a needle are the welded connections on this tiny microcircuit. Ultraminiature parts such as this have enabled more than a million functional parts to be packed into a cubic foot of space.



Tomorrow—What?

PHOTO BY MARTHA CORNIOLA

THE VOICES of my five younger sisters died down. Pattie thirteen, Elaine twelve, Connie nine, Suzie seven, and Melinda six had managed to fall asleep despite the uncertainty of tomorrow.

Would we still be a family tomorrow? Frantic thoughts scurried through my head as I closed the girls' bedroom door and planted myself by the kitchen phone.

I prayed, "Dear God, don't let our mother die."

The phone shrilled into the whirring beehive which was my head. I tore off the receiver. "Pop? How is she? How's the baby?"

"Not good, Liza, not good at all."

"Why did you let this happen, Pop?" I asked bitterly. "Why didn't you come home and look after Ma?"

"You see it was this way, I met this buddy and—"

"Sure." Rage surged within me for this man who was my father and an alcoholic. "It's your fault, Pop—yours alone. You've made Ma's life miserable all along."

"I'm sorry, Liza, so sorry." There was a sob at the other end of the line, then a click. He had hung up.

Oh, how I despised him!

I should have been warned of the coming disaster this morning, but it had seemed like an ordinary morning at first, with Ma standing by the griddle and we girls gobbling up the pancakes as fast as she could turn them out.

Then Suzie had snatched Melinda's plate. Her tricks never failed to upset Melinda, whose eyes quickly filled with tears. Suzie held the plate teasingly over Melinda's head. Melinda reached for it, couldn't grasp the plate, and turned to me for help.

Pop glared at us, red-faced. I knew he was about to ex-

plode and that Melinda would get it even though Suzie had started it. Melinda was sweet and timid like Ma. Pop disliked her for it; I guess she made him feel guilty.

"Hush up, Melinda," I whispered, drawing her close.

She started to wail instead. In this moment Pop's hand struck out; I ducked quickly, covering my little sister. The full blow of Pop's fist sent us sprawling to the floor. I was too stunned at first to feel the dull ache on my head. Melinda ran crying to her room.

"Covering up for that brat!" Pop's eyes bulged and his breath reeked.

Hurt and furious, I scrambled back into my seat. Noticing Ma's shocked look, I said nothing. My sisters, used to such scenes, soon resumed their silly giggling and bickering.

"Will you shut up! A guy could go crazy in here," Pop yelled. "How about more hotcakes, Ma? I ain't got all day."

Why didn't Ma hurry it up? Alarmed, I followed Pop's bulging eyes. Was he going to hit her, too? Ma stood by the rubber plant and pulled off its last brown leaf. The plant had mysteriously dropped all its other leaves during the last weeks.

"Can't you fuss over this weed later? I'm sick of the way you keep looking at it, sick of your whole noisy brood." Pop's fist shook the table and made the dishes clatter.

This was when this incredible thing happened.

Ma, our sweet, patient, pregnant Ma, grabbed the rubber plant's pot and smashed it at Pop's feet. Black dirt crumbled from the plant's exposed roots and a thick, milky sap seeped from its broken stem. I looked at the rubber plant with horror, thinking of the years of loving care Ma had given it.

"You know what killed it?" Ma said softly. "Whiskey, the same thing that ruins people."

Pop kicked the mess out of his way and stomped swearing out of the house, presumably to forget about us in a bar. He had not been working for months. I guess it isn't easy for a man who has been fired again and again to find another employer who'd put up with a drunk.

As Melinda emerged from her room I washed her tear-stained face. "Pop didn't mean it, sweetie," I said, kissing her pale cheeks.

"You know what, Liza? Pop hates us."

The look of her knowing eyes hurt. "You mustn't say a thing like that, Melinda. Pop loves us in his own way." I forced a laugh and gave her a little push.

She kissed Ma good-bye and ran after her sisters to catch the school bus. Ma straightened up with difficulty and leaned moaning against the counter. She didn't look well.

"What's the matter, Ma, is it time?" I put my arm around her.

"No, I feel fine, Liza."

"You got to lie down, Ma. Promise to call the doctor if it gets worse." I helped her to bed, furious that my own school bus was due. "Can't I stay home from school today, Ma?" I pleaded.

"No, Liza dear; don't worry; I'll be fine."

I left reluctantly.

My school hours were usually like soft, silvery clouds which lifted me temporarily out of the dismal situation at home. But today I could think only of Ma.

After school I rushed home. The girls met me at the door with fear-filled eyes.

"Ma's sick. Do something!" they chorused.

I ran into Ma's bedroom. She lay in a heap, unconscious, among stained, crumpled sheets. Terror clutching at me, I called the ambulance. Minutes later the siren wailed, and Ma was carried out on a stretcher.

Choked but determined to stay with Ma, I kept at the ambulance helpers' heels. About to climb into the car, I became aware of Melinda's little hands, tugging at my skirt.

"Don't leave us, Liza. We're scared," she said.

The terror-filled faces of my sisters made me stay. Ma was in good hands now, but the girls had only me to cling to.

Pop couldn't be reached anywhere. Hours later he came home.

"Where's Ma?" he asked, bleary-eyed.

I had to explain twice before he understood. Then he went charging off to the hospital.

Long after midnight I heard his old jalopy in the drive. He stumbled into the kitchen's bright, merciless light. His unshaved, alcohol-bloated face looked sallow, drawn, collapsed. The whole man seemed to have shrunk. His shoulders slumped as he slouched into his rocker, burying his head in his big hands.

"She's dead, Liza—she and the baby boy."

I couldn't stand to look at him. My sisters' bedroom came to life. The girls stuck their heads through the doorway. What could I tell them—about tomorrow?



Of the Birds and Bees --Especially Bees!

Grover Brinkman

Most people today have heard the admonition, "If you drink, don't drive." To this oft-repeated warning, L. M. Leiper, an Illinois State bee inspector, adds: "If you drink, stay away from apiaries."

The Creator has developed our natural world to a high degree of sensitivity, of instinctive reaction to what is good or bad, safe or harmful. Birds and animals seem to sense the approach of a storm with uncanny accuracy. A deer, running before a forest fire, perhaps has never seen fire or felt the effects of its heat. But some instinctive awareness tells it to run at the first sniff of smoke.

So the busy honeybee detects the presence of alcohol on a human being working near an apiary, and resents it by stinging the person in a protective effort that is really a defense for its own safety.

Mr. Leiper, an apiary inspector for long years and an authority on the various types of honeybees found in the United States, says further, "Bees attack most objectionable odors, but one of the odors they hate most is alcohol. It can come from any form of such beverage—beer, whiskey, wine, rum, raw moonshine."

When asked why, he shrugged. "Possibly it is purely an inherent instinct in the bee. It smells alcohol and immediately goes on the defensive." The same happens if you blow tobacco smoke into a hive of bees. It infuriates them, and they go on the warpath.

"I'll guarantee that if you take a few stiff drinks," he continued, "and then go to an apiary with me to work with bees, opening up hives, you'll get stung and I won't."

Mr. Leiper has no magic with bees other than an understanding of them. He says he cannot remember the time he was ever stung. He wears a face mask solely to keep the bees out of his eyes and nose while working.

Personally, I was still not sure of the alcohol-and-bee relationship, but I was soon to be convinced. Before he went to look at the next apiary, the inspector hired a "guinea pig," a man who shortly before had indulged in a few alcoholic drinks.

As the hives were opened to check the apiary for a disease called American foulbrood, Mr. Leiper worked with the bees crawling all over his bare hands and arms, without any trouble from stinging. The man who had been drinking suddenly let out a yell and fled the scene. Already he had been stung, and the bees followed his retreating form with vengeance.

To further authenticate this, I remained on the scene for photos while the apiaries were being inspected. Soon I was covered with bees. They even clouded the camera lens and had to be shaken off. During all the time of the inspection, no one was stung but the man who had taken the alcoholic drinks. He remained at a distance, nursing several spots on his face and arms where he had been stung, not believing what had happened.

If the bee hates alcohol, it must be because some instinctive awareness warns it of danger. Would that every human being had the same awareness! It might save a lot of trouble in our old world.



Beeman Leiper, who inspects some 1,800 apiaries a year, says bees have an instinctive sense of danger.



In skiing Toni Sailer has excelled . . .

Toni Sailer-

Teen Idol



. . . becoming the "world's best skier," . . .

HIS sun-tanned young Austrian is Europe's new teen-age idol. Toni Sailer has black hair, dark eyes, and flashing white teeth, all a familiar sight to continental movie fans. But Toni is not only an actor who receives rave reviews, and a singer who sells more than 150,000 records a year; he is also a successful model, a writer, a mountain guide, a hotel owner. Yet his main fame has come on skis.

Toni Sailer won this fame at the Olympic Games in Cortina, Italy. He was one of the world's best amateur skiers until he turned professional by making a ski movie, "The Black Lightning." By now he has made half a dozen or more films—all of them produced in Europe.

Wherever Toni goes, teen-agers ask for his autograph. His signature also appears in Italian textile ads, on Austrian phonograph records, and on the letterhead of his winter sports hotel in Kitzbuehel.

Many celebrities flock to Sailer's hotel. They see Toni ski, but they never see him drink, since he shuns anything alcoholic. "Alcohol deadens the nerves and reflexes, destroys the concentration," Sailer says. "You have to be in perfect form when you race down the snow slopes at eighty miles an hour. Try it with liquor in your stomach. You will crack up."

Does Toni need alcohol at any time? "Nein," he says.

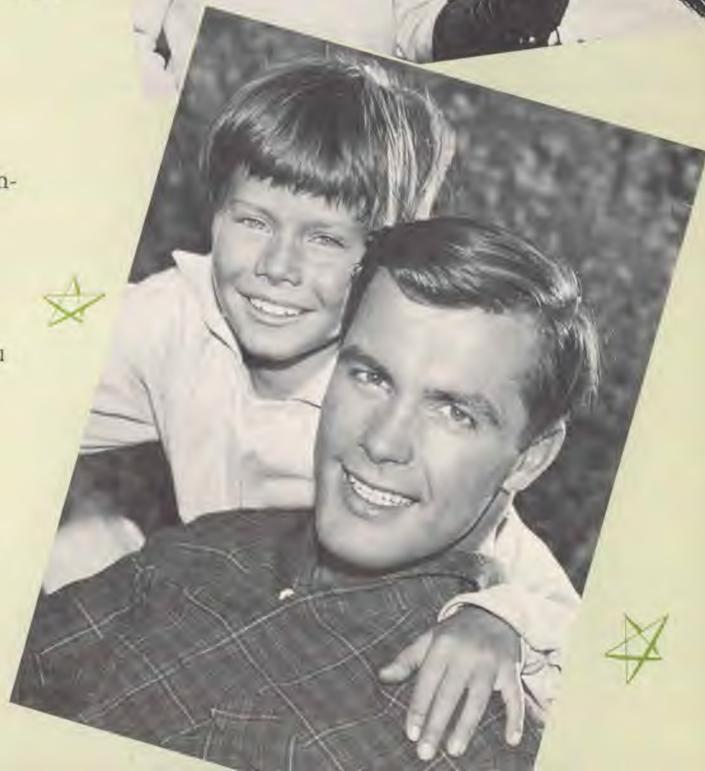
When his day—of skiing, modeling, acting, singing, writing—is done, Toni Sailer has no trouble relaxing in natural ways.

by Curtis W. Casewit

. . . and in motion pictures (here with the child star, Oliver Grimm).



. . . but he also excels in outdoor life . . .



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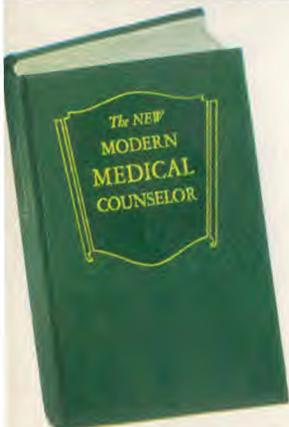
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News	18-1-2; 18-2-2; 18-3-2; 18-4-2; 18-5-2; 18-6-2
Notes From History	18-2-21; 18-3-17; 18-4-24; 18-6-24; 19-1-18; 19-6-9; 19-7-15; 19-12-12
Party Pick-Ups	18-1-29; 18-2-29; 18-3-29; 18-4-29; 18-5-29; 18-6-21; 19-2-18; 19-4-18; 19-6-14; 19-8-18; 19-11-18
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Smoking and Tobacco Education

Elephant Story Did It! An	A. E. Terrill	19- 7-17
Flair for a Figure, A	Shirley M. Dever	19-10-17
How One School Tells Its Youth About Smoking	Dorothy Brant Warnick	19- 7- 3
I Didn't Have to Quit Smoking	Ralph E. Prouty	18- 5-27
Smoking Mothers and Undersized Infants	Michael A. Jones	18- 2- 6
"Texas Bob" Takes the Smoking Cure—in Tennessee	Paula Becker	18- 2-22
Vera Miles—The Joy of Health	Duane Valentry	19- 2-13
What If It Were Peanut Butter?	Mary Branch	18- 4-21
What Price Conformity?	Alta Robinson	18- 4- 5

Social and Cultural Aspects

Bill Mau—Hawaii's "Son of the Land"	William Nietfeld	19- 9- 5
Bud Collyer—"To Tell the Truth"	Duane Valentry	19-11-20
His Parish Is the Wide Atlantic	Charles Layng	18- 2-11
James Garner—He's His Own Man!	Duane Valentry	19- 9-20
I'm Repaying My Debt	C. Winn Upchurch	18- 4-13
"Just Ask"	Duane Valentry	19- 1-13
Linda Loftis—"Chrisma Girl"	Marjorie Grant Burns	18- 1- 8
Miss Teenage America—1965	Francis A. Soper	18- 6-16
On Thin, Thin Ice	Thea Trent	18- 4-22
Roberta Shore—Girl With Inbuilt Bounce	Duane Valentry	18- 3-11
Salute to Youth	William M. Hall	19-11- 3
Steve Allen—Versatile Comic	Duane Valentry	18- 6- 9
TV Cowboy, The—"It Just Ain't So!"	Marion Rubenstein	18- 4- 6
Vera Miles—The Joy of Health	Duane Valentry	19- 2-13
"You're Big, Boy, Too Big!"	Duane Valentry	19- 4-20

Sports

Billy O'Dell	Interview by James C. Furman	19- 8- 9
Buzzy Trent—"Warrior of the Sea"	Thea Trent	19-11-10
Finding the Key to the Hall of Fame	Varner J. Johns	18- 1- 7
He Wins to Lose	Michael A. Jones	18- 3-18
High Diving at Sixty-Three	Henry F. Unger	18- 2-36
Higher, Faster, Stronger	E. H. J. Steed	18- 2-14
How to Be a Champion	Raymond Schuessler	19- 7- 5
Jim Ryun—No. 1 Miler	Francis A. Soper	19-12-10
Linda Cooper—High Diver	Blendena L. Sonnichsen	18- 4-36
Message of the Olympics	As told to Paul G. Niemark	19-11- 6
Randy Matson—Shot-Put "Superman"		19- 1-20
Surfing as a Sport		19-11-12
Toni Sailer—Teen Idol	Curtis W. Casewit	19-12-19
To Win the Game	George F. Kinney	18- 5- 8

Statistics

How Can This Be Stopped?	Bert Giddens	18- 6- 6
What Alcohol Costs Los Angeles		18- 1-14
What Has Happened in Iowa?	William N. Plymat	19- 8- 5
What Makes Him That Way?	Irwin Ross, Ph.D.	19- 9- 3

Stories (See also "Narcotics Stories")

Christmas Love Song	Carrie Lynn Brown	18- 6-22
Decision, The	Jean Sullivan	19- 5-12
Gil's Legacy	Audrey Appel Corn	18- 5-30
"I Loved You So Much"	C. M. Pettiford	18- 2-26
Man's Privilege, A	Marjorie Grant Burns	18- 5-22
Oddball	Marion F. Ash	18- 1-20
Roses for Jennifer	J. N. Hepburn	18- 3-24
She Cared Enough to Smile	Heather Hume	19- 2-14
"That Rabbit on Your Shoulder"	Thea Trent	19-12- 8
"That's What I Thought"	Betty Lubinski	19- 7-16
Tomorrow—What?	As told to Erna Holyer	19-12-17
We Rewrote the Verdict		18- 1-26
When I Was Offered My First Drink	Clayton Bowers	19- 6-13
"Yes, Virginia, There Is a God"	Elaine V. Worrel	19-10-10